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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Not only some of our best subjects, but also some of our most celebrated experimenters, have succumbed at times to the conflicting demands of the will to succeed and the tenets of truthfulness and integrity. This is a particularly painful dilemma to confront; did not Freud consider the ability to tolerate ambivalence one of the chief criteria of mental wholeness? Certainly it is one we tend to do our best to evade rather than face. Some of the founders of the Society [for Psychical Research], for example, decided never to investigate further any medium caught in fraud, and to discount all his or her claims. This was in my view a thoroughly ill-advised (if understandable) decision, and it has retarded the proper study [of the paranormal] by decades: deception and error and illusion are part and parcel of a field at the very heart of which are the mysteries of multiple personality and altered states of consciousness. Sterility in pure culture may be very hard to find in the early and necessarily crude phases of a very complex subject, and to insist on it may be self-defeating and inappropriate.

— Anita Gregory
*Journal of the
Society for Psychical Research*
December 1979

MRS. GREGORY'S comments were made in the context of her superb review of last year's book, *Cyril Burt — Psychologist* by L. S. Harnshaw, in which she discusses two personalities of the famous British psychologist — Burt, the fraudulent scientist who faked, fabricated and misrepresented data to support his views, who claimed credit for the work of others, who persecuted and tricked his colleagues, versus the Burt who was "an eminent, brilliant and in many respects most admirable man who took a genuine interest in parapsychology and championed its cause."

We must come to grips with this sort of thing in psychical research, Mrs. Gregory says. If the subject is to establish itself as an academic discipline like any other we must deal frankly, openly with the problems of fraud. But let us not simply avert our eyes from the frauds. Let us instead understand that cheating "is a complex activity with subtle roots in a person's history and psychology, and is part and parcel of a complex totality. . . . I believe we owe it to psychical research to try to gain as much insight as we can from this distressing episode so as to advance beyond the vicious, quasi-manic-depressive cycle of claims and exposure."

HISTORICAL FICTIONS

HERE IS A complex problem indeed. Scientific fraud is hardly confined to parapsychology, as frequent exposures in other disciplines indicate. But modern parapsychological researchers, such as the late Dr. J. B. Rhine, have been particularly critical of it because, under constant attack by Establishment scientists, they have labored desperately to make their discipline respectable.

We also must take into account, I think, that acceptance or denial of the claims of parapsychology seems to be determined as much by mind-set and predisposition as by the validity of the evidence itself. Too few scientists are really open-minded despite their theoretical pretensions.

For example, we have the case of the "revision" of C. E. M. Hansel's critical book *ESP: A Scientific Evaluation* and its unquestioned acceptance by much of the scientific community, even though many of its main tenets were discredited at the time of its original publication years ago.



CRITICAL GHOULS

I AM further troubled by the repeated exhumation of old parapsychological cases for the purpose of disproving them in the light of "later evidence." The principals are dead and no longer can defend themselves. The "researchers" who set out to defame them can no longer be held guilty of libel since you cannot libel a dead man. I predict that we now will begin to see a whole series of such "exposés" of J. B. Rhine and his work now that he is no longer alive to de-

fend himself or to set the record straight.

We have been this route so many times before. Take the case of the eminent scientist Sir William Crookes who stands convicted, by Trevor Hall who writes with impunity after his death, of being sexually involved with the medium Florence Cook and of assisting her in the production of fabricated phenomena.

We have to understand that Trevor Hall and such like-minded persons as Archie Jarman have attacked many persons of a former era, seeking to besmirch them primarily because they believed in psychical research. In July 1965 FATE published a devastating article refuting Jarman's personal attack on Frederic W.H. Myers. Myers was a well-known poet and classical scholar and largely responsible for founding the British Society for Psychical Research. The FATE article was written by Robert D. Stein, who at the time was completing his doctorate at Northwestern University. Stein, an expert on the late Victorian poets and the Henry Sidgwick cultural group, wrote of Jarman: "His conclusions are pernicious and untrustworthy. His unfounded suppositions and allegations have done more harm than good."



AIMS AND IDEALS

A PRIMARY purpose of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal is to perpetuate and propagate such lies. It must be vastly embarrassing to the Committee when members defect because they can no longer stomach its



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methods or its conclusions.

One such embarrassment must concern Hans J. Eysenck, the internationally known British psychologist. Eysenck was one of those scientists who signed the original manifesto, prepared before the Committee was officially organized and circulated to denigrate astrology. No matter that most of the signatories never had studied astrology and were not entitled to an opinion on the subject! (Carl Sagan, for instance, refused to sign on those grounds.) The purpose was a witch-hunt and popularity contest, not scientific research.

But Eysenck ran into some evidence that suggested he had better look into the problem. Among other things he conducted a survey that indicated positive correlations between personality types and planetary configurations. And then he discovered the research on astrobiology of Michel Gauquelin, a French psychologist.

It appears that Eysenck is an honest man and he was fortunate to find, in the work of Michel Gauquelin and his wife Francoise, a stimulating and thought-provoking approach to astrological claims.

First of all, it should be stated that Gauquelin does not support conventional astrology. At the same time his work offers evidence that the planets do influence certain phenomena on earth. Gauquelin shows, for instance, that the birth dates of famous sportsmen, scientists, actors and other groups of people famous in various occupations have been characterized by particular planetary positions.

Eysenck comments: "This work has

been replicated and reanalyzed so many times by skeptics and cynical astronomers and physicists elsewhere, with positive results, that it must now be accepted as entirely factual, and exposing some very interesting questions to orthodox modern science."



THE SAFELY DEAD

QUESTIONS of fraud, of skepticism and the practice of crucify-

ing psychical researchers once they are safely dead are only part of the problems plaguing this crazy complex field. Ultimately we can make only commonsense judgments on many of the claims because no one has time to consider, to research, to gather evidence, pro or con. At FATE Magazine we are literally snowed with such claims. What can we do other than select some for brief descriptions?

• In Salem, Oreg., Charlotte King

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claims her hearing is so sensitive she can hear earthquakes before they happen. "I don't believe it's a psychic ability," she says. "It's more a developed sense of hearing." She describes the sound as resembling a distant fog-horn "or something like the sound you get from blowing across the top of an empty pop bottle." She hears the sound most of the time and when the tones become five or 10 seconds apart she says they signal another quake or its aftershocks.

Comment: When scientists report that pigeons are able to hear sounds below the human threshold, including the crash of surf hundreds of miles away, who are we to question Mrs. King? But at least her claims are easily testable by both hearing specialists and earthquake recorders.

- In China newspapers and scientific journals have been ridiculing claims of two young Peking sisters, Qiang and Wang Bin, who say they can read newspapers pressed into their armpits. Another dozen children in five provinces claim they can "read with their ears" pressed to folded sheets of paper. And two students at Shuan Cheng Middle School in Anhui Province are reported able to discern colors by listening to them. The Chinese press appears uncertain whether to be embarrassed or interested.

Comment: So what else is new?

- In San Antonio, Tex., nine-year-old Jody Mosier solemnly assures us he is receiving ancient energy beams that tell him where to find Atlantis. "An angel talks to me," Jody told Nestor Gonzales, staff writer for the *San Antonio News*. "I don't know what he looks like. I only hear his voice."

Jody is shy but gets along well with his playmates. He is extremely intelligent and is enrolled in the gifted child program at Trinity University. But since he was three Jody has been telling his mother Mary that he was "sent" specifically to find Atlantis. San Antonio psychic Christine Hayes and California psychic Maxine Asher believe him.

Comment: This is pretty hard to swallow. Maxine Asher has had her own difficulties trying to find Atlantis. And when questioned by Gonzales, Jody clammed up about the exact location of the mythical lost continent but drew a picture of an ancient temple. Jody says he eventually will go on an expedition to find Atlantis. When is eventually?

- The *New York Times* News Service reports that Soviet science is trying to isolate living cells from a frozen mammoth found in Siberia with the eventual hope of bringing the animals back from extinction. It is reported that at least five Soviet cytologists, specialists in the reproduction of cells, are working on the project. Vladimir N. Chernigovsky, a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, told the newspaper *Trud* in February that if mammoth cells can be cultured in a laboratory "the final stage of the experiment — creation of a living specimen of the prehistoric northern elephant — would be completely feasible."

Comment: There are two big ifs here. First, whether any living cells from the Siberian mammoths remain — one authority regards this as impossible. Second, the scientific techniques for cloning mammals do not

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seem far enough along as yet to accomplish such a feat, although a frog has been produced from a single cell by cloning.

• From Iki Island, Japan, Reuters reports that "in an unexpected act of almost human vengeance, 4000 dolphins massed around this island on March 8, forcing fishing boats back to port."

Comment: Japanese fisherfolk on the island, who compete with the dolphins for fish, had trapped and killed 200 dolphins the day before. Nonetheless, the story seems unlikely and has not been verified. Meanwhile the Japanese fishermen have not been in-

timidated and go on slaughtering dolphins.



WHAT CAUSES ICE AGES?

CATASTROPHIC theories of history are always with us. Another proposal for the cause of ice ages is now undergoing a revival — the notion, according to Walter Sullivan in the *New York Times*, that millions of cubic miles of antarctic ice can abruptly slip off the continent into the sea.

The melting of antarctic ice has been proposed as a cause of the ice ages before, with other twists such as

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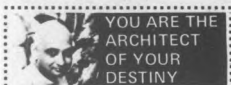
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Hugh Auchincloss Brown's theory that the antarctic ice keeps building up until the earth becomes unstable and capsizes, thus changing not only the poles but causing a new ice age.

Science has been groping for an acceptable theory to explain the cause of ice ages for a century. Catastrophist theories have been proposed to explain why the remains of large prehistoric animals sometimes are found clustered together, as if they had been assembled by a sudden flood.

The most widely accepted theory for the cause of ice ages was proposed by Milutin Milankovitch in the 1920's. It states that the important elements are changes in the tilt of the earth's axis and a change in its orbit. These control the amount of solar energy reaching high altitudes during the time of year when the winter snows normally melt. If the changes are so severe that the snows do not completely melt, an ice age is under way.

But now comes the theory of ice slippages or surges. When ice accumulates in a mountain glacier to a depth where it becomes unstable, the ice flows rapidly down a valley. It is now proposed that the same can happen on large ice sheets — and indeed it must have happened to explain the strange patterns of continental glaciation that has occurred during the ice ages. If this occurs in Antarctica, then enormous amounts of ice would slide into the ocean, world sea levels would rise and the ocean would be cooled. If all the ice from West Antarctica slipped into the sea it would raise sea levels only about 20 feet. But if it all slipped off from East Antarctica (con-



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INNER PATHS will be intelligently written, factually correct and provocative to whatever degree it is that the greatest teachers in human history can provoke you. But its point of view will always and solely be to inform.

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sidered unlikely) the average sea level
rise would be 200 feet.

Australian scientists have developed computer simulations of the various factors that might cause an antarctic ice slippage. They include thickness, melting at the base caused by friction and the terrain beneath the ice. W. F. Budd and B. McInnes of Melbourne University calculate that "minor arctic ice surges occur roughly every 5000 years and major ones at intervals of 100,000 years," according to Sullivan. There's a lot of contradictory evidence here, however, as to both timing and the urgency of the situation.



SOMETHING LIKE SMOKE

THE ANNIE S. is a deep coal mine near the small community of Antrim in Tioga County, Pa. The same area is being strip-mined and last fall the strip miners broke through one of the old Annie S. tunnels about 200 feet underground. And about that same time workers reported seeing a strange light and the shadow of a man in the woods.

The witnesses are reluctant to talk. Four of them described what they saw to Garth Wade of the Elmira, N. Y., *Star Gazette* but asked not to be identified. Who wants his neighbors to think he believes in ghosts?

About 8:00 P. M. last January 5, a dragline operator at the strip mine said he saw what appeared to be a miner's carbide lamp about 300 yards away on the other side of the cut. The operator's oiler saw the same light. "It didn't cast a beam. It shined in our eyes but didn't cast light on the win-

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Edgar Cayce is the best known psychic in America. Millions have read about his career. Many have been inspired by his work; others are baffled by its mystery. A new book, *Edgar Cayce Returns*, provides an opportunity to learn more about Cayce and his work. *Edgar Cayce Returns* is the report of a conversation between the spirit of Edgar Cayce and Dr. Robert R. Leitchman, through the mediumship of D. Kendrick Johnson. In this book, many questions about Cayce's life and accomplishments are answered and explained by Cayce himself.

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A copy of *Edgar Cayce Returns* can be purchased for \$2.50, postpaid. A subscription for all 12 books in the series can be purchased for \$20. The books are sent to subscribers as they are published, one every two months.

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dows of the dragline," the operator told Wade.

The light flickered out after a few minutes and then the pair put their powerful sealed-beam flashlights onto the area. The men told Wade, "A shadow that looked like a man appeared against the slag pile. It was something on the order of smoke. The light shone through it but it still cast a shadow on the pile."

The oiler first saw the light on Halloween '979 but didn't think much of it because he figured fellow workers were playing a joke. But it has reappeared toward the end of every month since then and the witnesses are puzzled. When they examine the area where they see the light they find no footprints.

Last January 28 another strip miner was out taking water samples when his truck got stuck. "It was just dark," he said. "Something was there and I thought it was a deer but I followed it across to where the woods were thinner. It wasn't horizontal on four legs. It looked like it was about the shape of a man. Then it was gone."

There was a light snow on the ground but the miner could find no tracks. He locked himself in the cab of the truck until someone he called by radio came and hauled his vehicle out.

Since the turn of the century two men have been killed in cave-ins in the old Annie S. But the most recent death there was 25 years ago. However, the witnesses suggest a "spirit" was freed when the tunnel was reopened at the time the strip miners broke into the Annie S. tunnel.

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BLESSED HAUNT

MILLIONS of Americans must believe in spooks, ghosts and spirits but are ashamed to say so. Folk and childhood memories and just plain old-fashioned superstitions well may be responsible for most experiences, but there always remains that residue of inexplicable occurrences.

In June 1978 Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Frede agreed to buy for \$95,000 an old mansion built in 1857 in Rotterdam, N. Y. Then they backed out of the deal on the grounds that the house was haunted and they had not been notified of that fact. They claimed that the ghost of Simon J. Schermerhorn, who built the house, rearranges the furniture.

The dispute became a court matter in New York state and by last fall

reached the State Supreme Court after the previous owner Johanna Mokhiber attempted to enforce her agreement with the Fredes. The mansion is not haunted, Mrs. Mokhiber insists.

The present owners John and Mary Fitzsimmons say they have had no evidence of ghostly doings since they bought the house after the Fredes backed out.

Another previous owner, Florence McClenahan, who lived in the house for 13 years, also denies that the house is haunted, although she admits to having had the house blessed before she moved in.



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College, Mich., believe their house is haunted by the ghost of a member who died more than 10 years ago. They claim that a spirit wearing a T-shirt has roamed the corridors making noises and playing practical jokes since 1975.

Bill Zebelian, now a dairy farmer in Armada, Mich., was a junior at Alma College when he confronted the ghost in 1975. He had just finished typing a paper in his basement room and had lain down to sleep when heavy footsteps woke him.

"I propped myself up on my elbows," he told a UPI reporter. "At first all I saw was a white shape. But after a few seconds I was fully awake and could see it was a man's torso — wearing a white T-shirt — floating just off the floor.

"I asked who was there and what it wanted and it turned and faced me. I know it happened because it wasn't just a quick flash. We were face to face for at least a minute . . . and then it turned, went up the stairs and was gone."

In 1976 Andy Jones of Clio, Mich., was studying alone in an upstairs room when he heard a strange noise in the house. He went down to the basement and found the shower running.

"I turned it off and headed back upstairs. But when I was halfway up the steps the shower came back on — and I was gone! I was out of the house!"

Another time Jones came in the front door of the house, turned on the light and "then I saw it going from one room to another at the end of the hallway. It was just a flash but I saw a white, V-necked T-shirt — no head, no body."

The fraternity house was built around the turn of the century and purchased by the fraternity in 1937. Since then it has been occupied except for brief periods during World War II when most members were in the armed forces and in 1976 when the fraternity charter was suspended for a year following a sexual assault.

Members believe the ghost may be the spirit of Al Borgman of Charlotte, Mich., who, at 21, was drowned while trying to shoot Alma's State Street dam in an aluminum canoe. No reason is offered for this belief which would seem to violate the theory that ghosts are associated with the place where they died.



UNCANNY FOOTSTEPS

WE ALSO HAVE a report of mysterious footsteps in the Everett Morris home in Linville, Va. Everett's wife Gertie was the first to hear the footsteps about three weeks after Everett's brother Dodd, who had lived in the house, died of cancer in April 1979. The footsteps sounded like leather slapping on the porch planks. Dodd Morris wore leather slippers with leather heels and soles when he was alive and Gertie described the footsteps she heard as sounding just like his.

Gertie kept hearing the footsteps for several months after Dodd's death but Everett didn't believe her. But then on the night of October 7, 1979, when Gertie was at church and the Morris' 17-year-old grandson Eugene Carper was visiting with his grandfather, the two men heard heavy footsteps on the porch about 8:30 P.M.

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"When I heard it for the first time I thought it was my grandma coming back from church," Eugene told Tom Dulan and Chris Simmons of the *Har-risonburg News-Record*. "I paid it no heed until I heard it the second time. It sounded like loud footsteps. It sounded like hard-heeled shoes. It walked slow."

He added that his great-uncle Dodd had always walked slow when he was alive.

The young man went to the living room which opens onto the porch and switched on the porch light. There was nobody there.

Later the footsteps again came clumping across the porch and stopped in front of the door. But this time Eugene was scared.

"I heard it come up on over the porch," he said. "I walked out there. The light was on. I thought the light would scare it away but it didn't. And then I heard it walking toward me. And it stopped right in front of me. It was like a person being there but it wasn't there."

The young man stood still for several seconds and then he closed the door. He and his grandfather listened as the footsteps slowly retreated across the porch.

The problem for researchers here is how to reconcile the soft-slipper footsteps that Gertie Morris consistently heard between 4:00 and 5:00 A. M. (which was the time that Dodd Morris would leave his bedroom and walk to the living room to sit in front of the woodstove when he was alive) with the loud hard-heeled footsteps heard in a different location at a different time of day.

NO VULCANISM ON IO?

ALTHOUGH the marvelous photographs of Jupiter's satellite Io, taken during the Voyager I and II missions, were interpreted as showing violent volcanic eruptions, Dr. Thomas Gold of Cornell University has great difficulty accepting the volcanic theory. He suggests instead that eruptions may be caused by large electric currents flowing through "hot spots" on the satellite. This would result in the evaporation of surface materials and periodicity in the eruptions could be expected.

Although he admits it is possible to argue in favor of vulcanism, Gold

points out that the Io surface materials are thrown to such heights that they must be propelled to velocities up to one kilometer per second. This would require the presence of volatile substances which should long since have disappeared from Io. For instance, water and carbon dioxide are the chief propellants on earth and there appears to be no water in Io's atmosphere.



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and proper seawater for nutrients, could produce all the fuel we need. We suggested that possibly genetic tinkering could produce such a bug if nature could not.

However, nature can accomplish a lot and does; now under way are widespread searches for bacteria that can be harnessed to help solve modern problems. For thousands of years man has used helpful bacteria and yeasts in productive ways — for digestive aids in his gut and for producing such staples as alcohol and sauerkraut, to name two.

In 1978 bacteria were collected from hot springs at Yellowstone National Park that appear to be superior to yeasts in producing industrial alcohol. These bacteria can work at higher temperatures — as high as 172°F. instead of 98°F. — which suggests continuous distillation processes are possible and can be accomplished without oxygen.

Lars Ljungdahl of the University of Georgia proposes that this newly found bacterium can be teamed up with another bacterium *Clostridium thermocellum* to break down cellulose products into sugars and thence into alcohols. If such a team can be made to work, huge amounts of alcohol can be produced from waste forest products — from straw, old newspapers, old leaves, grass clippings, etc.



TEXACO'S NEW ENGINE

BEFORE leaving the subject of energy we want you to note that Texaco has designed a stratified-charge engine that can run on a variety of liquid fuels — from jet or die-

sel fuel to high-octane gasoline. United Parcel Service is developing a kit to be used to convert its GMC 292-cubic-inch six-cylinder gas engines to use the new system. UPS has 35,000 heavy-duty delivery vans and believes it can increase its miles per gallon by 30 percent with accompanying reduction in exhaust emissions. For starters UPS will test its kit on 500 vans.



THE CITY OF RAMSES II

A WEST German archaeological team set out in late February 1980 to excavate a 3000-year-old city in Egypt's Nile delta where Pharaoh Ramses II is believed to have held ancient Israelites prisoner. The city that bore his name is mentioned in the Book of Exodus and biblical refer-

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ences indicate it may be where Ramses forced his Hebrew prisoners to make mud bricks. One of the most powerful of all Egyptian pharaohs, he ruled for more than 60 years beginning in 1292 B. C.

Dr. Arne Eggebrecht, director of the Pelizaus Museum in Hildesheim and head of the six-member West German team, told United Press International that the expedition's aims are to confirm the location of Ramses II's ancient Egyptian capital and establish its connection with the Hebrew tribes.

In the 1930's columns, tiles and stone tablets bearing the names of the pharaoh and a soldier named Musa (or Moses) were found near Tell el Daba'a (near the modern town of Kantir, 120 miles northeast of Cairo), but the ruins have never been excavated.

Ramses' city was built next to the remains of the capital constructed by the mysterious Hyksos invaders who conquered Egypt about 160 B. C. and who were defeated and expelled about a century later.

"Ramses apparently chose the site of the former Hyksos capital to demonstrate to his rivals in Palestine and Syria that Egypt was the most powerful land in the area," said Eggebrecht.

The Hyksos are believed to have been Semites from the land of Canaan, according to Austrian archaeologist Dr. Manfred Bietak. He is excavating the Hyksos capital, Auaris, near Tell el Daba'a where the German operation has started.

Ruins of the two cities are spread over an area about three miles square. Ramses' palace is believed to lie

under what is now farmland.



NEWS & NOTES

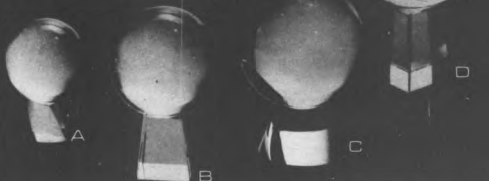
AMOS Nur of Stanford University theorizes that recurring earthquakes caused the collapse of the walls of Jericho and the miraculous halt of the Jordan River which allowed the armies of Joshua to cross. In 1834, 1906 and 1917 the Jordan actually stopped flowing because of quake-caused mud slides. Quakes measuring six to seven on the Richter scale are estimated to occur every 200 years along the associated Dead Sea rift.

GUIDO Franch, 69, of Villa Park, Ill., claims he can make gasoline out of tap water. He calls his substance "Mota-fuel" — "that's atom spelled backward." Franch is a former coal miner who says he can make one pound of magic granules out of 25 pounds of coal. Franch has collected money from potential investors and at this writing has been subpoenaed to appear in Federal District Court.

ARE the sun's fires burning low? Studies suggest that the sun has been dwindling for more than a century at the yearly rate of 8.3 miles of its 865,000-mile diameter. Although that's only one-tenth of one percent per century, if it had been constant during the lifetime of the sun the star (and all of us) would long since have disappeared. Hence Dr. Martin Schwarzschild of Princeton University suspects there has been an alternating long-term cycle of contraction and expansion.

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Panoramic view shows Loew's Theater in Syracuse, N.Y., as it looks from the stage. The first haunt, a beautiful young woman, appeared in upper right balcony.

LOEW'S— THE HAUNTED THEATER

When they learned the old theater was about to be demolished, solid citizens worked to save the historical landmark — aided by not-so-solid spirits from Loew's colorful past.

By Jaye Newberry

AFTER MIDNIGHT on a warm summer evening in 1978 four stagehands and employees were standing on center stage near the elevators in Loew's State, an old theater in Syracuse, N. Y. The last customer had left more than an hour before and Mark de Lawyer, Phil Spadaro, Jerry Haber and Mike Reynolds, their work over for the night, were joking and unwinding as they prepared to close up. So they were definitely startled when they glanced toward the uppermost balcony and saw a pale young woman, dressed in white, sitting in one of the seats on the right.

Phil frowned and called, "We're closed, ma'am." Then he added kindly, "Can we help you?"

"You're not supposed to be in here," Mark said. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave."

As if in compliance with their requests she got up, moved slowly down the aisle toward the center of the balcony and disappeared. They stared, not able to comprehend what they had just seen.

Later when Bill Knowelton, a member of the Loew's State Theater executive board of directors, was told of the incident he was intrigued and on an impulse called his friend Barb Verna. "Barb," he said half-joking, "do you know that we have a ghost at Loew's?"

"Oh, more than one," psychic Verna answered without hesitation. "But the one that I see most clearly is a woman who, when she was living, spent a great deal of time in the theater, not as a performer but because she was a frustrated actress, the wife of someone who once had worked at Loew's."

"That's interesting," Knowelton said politely.

"Then there's that sort of dressing room that's been boarded up until very recently."

"How did you know about that room?" Bill said, suddenly serious. Later he said Barb's statement made his blood run cold because a carpenter had discovered just such a room quite by accident several weeks before. No one knew why or when its entrance had been sealed. Theater personnel referred to it as the Turkish Room or the Red Room. The walls were adorned with bits of glass in decorative designs; at some time, probably in later years, the room had been painted over in red.

Knowelton had no idea how Barb Verna could have known about the chamber; he had never mentioned it to anyone and only a few persons knew of its existence. The public was not

Psychic Lynne May pauses outside the door to the mysterious "red room."



allowed on the lower floor of the theater.

"I see a woman combing her hair in front of the big mirror," the psychic went on, "and flowers on that odd shelf."

Now Knowelton was really agitated. One wall of the room held an unusually large mirror; under the mirror was a floor-level shelf which served no obvious purpose.

"This woman is all over the place," Verna continued. "She sits in on your board meetings and guides each of you by implanting ideas in your minds. I'm sure she had a hand in, you know — the decision," she added mysteriously.

The "decision" was one that surely would be of vital interest to any haunt. It had been very nearly decided to tear the old theater down. Certainly if there are spirits at Loew's — and many persons swear that there are — they had very nearly lost their home!

Once a showplace, often described as an Indo-Persian-Hindu temple, Loew's State was designed in the 1920's by the prominent architect Charles Lamb. Although it was the pet project of that monarch of movie houses Marcus Loew and later a model for its sister theater in New York City, Loew never lived to see his dream become a reality. He died in the autumn of 1927 and the theater did not open until February 1928. Ladies and gentlemen in formal evening attire came to the grandiose premiere to see the movie *Milady's Fans* starring a promising young actress named Joan Crawford.

Located on Salina, the main street in the heart of Syracuse, Loew's was elegant even for a time when all

theaters looked like palaces. To this day visitors gasp when they enter its lavish lobby. Staff director Rose Bernthal puts it this way, "It was and is so beautiful, you could sit back and feast your eyes on the theater if the movie was bad."

Only first-rate films were shown there and in the early days it even featured some live entertainment. Although not primarily a vaudeville house like Keith's or the Paramount, Loew's was often referred to as the Radio City Music Hall of Syracuse. It has hosted many big-name entertainers including Milton Berle, Ted Lewis, Sophie Tucker, Betty Grable (in the chorus line), Leontyne Price, Margot Fonteyn, Robert Merrill and many others.

Inevitably and sadly times changed. After the advent of television in the early 1950's fewer people attended the movies. As the years went by inflation and energy costs rose; heating bills in the winter ran close to \$1500 a week. The theater faced an uncertain future.

The ghosts at Loew's must have been appalled by the sensational films that now played on the screen. A rowdy clientele slashed seats and destroyed furnishings. In the early 1970's the Loew's Corporation ended regular daily business at the theater. From then on it was used only infrequently for special concerts.

In 1975 came the final crushing blow: The theater was to be demolished to make way for a parking lot.

Shocked into action, the citizens of Syracuse spearheaded a drive to preserve the theater. Fund-raising efforts began. Volunteers cleaned and refurbished the building — not an easy



Lynne May, dubbed the "Landmark Theater psychic," is certain that once she caught a glimpse of the ghost of Oscar Rau, left, who worked as electrician at Loew's.

task. The upper area, the lobby, dressing rooms and offices had grown dingy; the basement catacombs which twist endlessly under the theater were without electricity for the first month.

It was about this time that people working in the theater began to report strange sensations. "Eerie" is the way Mark de Lawyer, engineer, scientist and devout Loew's helper, succinctly describes that time. "Like something out of *Les Miserables*, water stood a foot deep in places down in the catacombs; you had to use a flashlight. I heard voices, felt blasts of cold air. But it's such a big sprawling building and so old — at that time nothing was working right — you found yourself justifying anything unusual."

Things began to look up for the old theater. Loew's celebrated its 50th anniversary with a gala event reminiscent of the grand opening many years

before. Henny Youngman, fan dancer Sally Rand, and a group of fresh-faced young tap dancers entertained an enthusiastic audience. The people who had devoted so much time to the theater were proud and happy.

Feelings about Loew's on the part of solid citizens — and not-so-solid spirits too, no doubt — have always been intense. Bill Knowelton, civil service employee by day, board member and Loew helper on evenings and weekends, had made up his mind that if the theater was demolished he would put in for a transfer to another city. "I want no part of a Syracuse without Loew's," he said flatly.

It was Bill who decided that some publicity about the spirits might aid the cause of the theater. He was sure the spirits wouldn't mind; hardly a day went by that one of the employees didn't report some new evidence of a

probably supernatural presence.

Barb Verna had left the city by this time but her psychic friend Lynne May was happy to take her place. One winter evening, armed with flashlights and open minds, the group entered the theater.

Mrs. May, young and blond with wide blue eyes, was unprepared for the welcome she received. She said, "Unbelievable! They came crowding around the minute I entered the lobby. Twice I was grabbed and once I was led gently across a room. That was Clare," she said, speaking of the most prominent female ghost. "She's lovely, with short dark hair and wearing the most beautiful dress, silvery with spaghetti straps, and a cloche hat. Nice but a little snooty — you know — affected," Lynne giggled.

Lynne, who is not a native of Syracuse, found the theater impressive. "It would be a terrible thing to see it destroyed. It's haunted, that's for sure, but I get no sense of evil, only good. I don't think some of them accept the fact that they are dead."

Lynne did get some bad vibrations in the Red Room, however. "I heard someone say, 'My, didn't they clean up the blood real well!' I'm sure some kind of violence once took place in that room, the result of a love triangle."

The only other discomfort Lynne felt was in the Walnut Room, a former reception hall and smoking lounge. "Awful," Lynne wrinkled up her nose, "women wearing cheap perfume! Cigar smoke! I felt as if the whole room closed in on me; it was so crowded with spirits."

Other people also do not like the

Walnut Room. Conrad Stanley, public relations director, has had his flashlight go dead several times as he walked across the room late at night.

"The thing you must remember about the Walnut Room," Mark explained, "is that all the worst things, the most damage, the real abuse through the years, occurred in this area."

Charred rafters in one section are mute evidence of a fire that fortunately was extinguished, but not before it destroyed part of the ceiling. Civil defense meetings were held in the room at one time. The floor is gouged; only the beautiful walnut paneling remains intact, unmarred through the years.

Even stage manager John Seifert, a skeptic and a realist, admits he is reluctant to go down there at night. "Maybe because the building is so old, I get the feeling that I'm not alone. It's like I'm being watched. I find myself justifying my presence," he laughed, "saying things like, 'Well, I'm going home now,' very loudly."

Although Seifert was not exactly pleased by a newspaper account which stated he had been guided at the light board by a spirit hand ("You have no idea how much kidding I took"), he will admit he would like to believe such things are possible.

"This theater is unique in one sense; there actually have been only two generations of employees. A carpenter who was here from the beginning is still living. Others were employed here all their working lives. The stage manager, for example, worked right up until the theater closed a few years back. He closed it; I reopened it," Seifert said quietly.

"I'd like to think they are haunting the place," Seifert leaned forward earnestly. "I'm sure they would feel as we do about this theater."

Psychic Lynne May is certain that she recognized one of the many spirit helpers. She had seen him before, she explained, when she was looking through a book of former employees. "Standing around backstage, seeing to things, he's short, full of energy, and wears his sleeves rolled up. You couldn't forget him."

"Maybe so, because sometimes things are so easy to find," said Seifert, pointing into the small stockroom backstage where an incredible welter of tools and paraphernalia has accumulated through the years. "We can put our hands on a tool or piece of equipment just when we need it."

"Remember the time Phil and I were working the light board," he said to Mark, "and we knew just what to do in an emergency situation, although we had never been confronted with the problem before?"

"Of course, I'm trained," Seifert, who is in his middle 20's, added hastily. "This is my profession but the fact is, although I had never handled a board this big, I was able to do so quite easily. It makes you wonder," he said shaking his head. "No one has ever literally talked to me, however; I mean I've never actually heard anything out of the ordinary."

One of John's friends has. Someone or something has spoken to him several times. Mark de Lawyer helps out in the theater and has his own set of keys. Late one evening he was doing some masonry work on a crumbling step when a woman called, "Mark, when

are you leaving?" He glanced up thinking he recognized the voice as belonging to a young woman who worked at Loew's. He was about to answer when he remembered she had left the theater three hours before.

"If that had been the only time," Mark said, "I would say it was my imagination. But the fact is it happens every now and again."

Rigger and college student Phil Spadaro was more fortunate, or unfortunate, depending on your point of view. It was nearing one o'clock in the morning when he walked through one of the many corridors in the catacombs and was confronted by a young woman.

"These things always seem to happen late, when there's nobody around," Phil said. "The first thing you think is that it's a person, an ordinary female. Then I noticed that she was all one color, just a sort of outline."

"Phil," she said, "what are you doing?" She beckoned and disappeared around a corner. Fascinated, Phil followed but when he reached the turn she was nowhere in sight.

Spadaro says he was not really frightened but he admits he raced up the stairs and out of the door. "Let's say I was unnerved," he said, grinning sheepishly.

Some of the people the haunts approach are not upset by the encounter. Dorothy Uhrig, chief of volunteers, for example, was sitting in the Turkish Room one day doing some book work at the table. When she looked up she saw a pale transparent woman over in the vicinity of the women's room. "I had the impression that she was comb-

ing her hair, looking in the big mirror," Dorothy explained.

One cannot easily dispute a woman like Dorothy who is calm and intelligent. As Kim Carrigan, the office manager, puts it, "If Dorothy said she saw something, she surely did. I never have but I believe there are spirits here, only," she laughed nervously, "I don't like to think about it when I'm working up here on the second floor all alone in my office."

"She wasn't clear," Dorothy explained; "she was a light really but I know it was a person or — a being."

The only concession Dorothy made to the strange phenomenon was to get up and examine the area carefully to make sure it was not a reflection she had seen. Then she returned to her paperwork. Only later did she report the incident.

"I just couldn't be scared," Mrs. Uhrig explained. "I know it had no desire to hurt me. In my opinion they realize that they owe us a lot."

It would be an ungrateful ghost indeed that would not appreciate Dorothy and her whole family; they have worked very hard to save the theater. Between them they have put in an unbelievable number of work-hours. Nothing glamorous, just pure dedication. For example, they spent several Saturdays chipping 50 years' accumulation of chewing gum from the backs of the seats.

"I've spent so much time in this theater," Dorothy mused, "I've only once paid for a ticket; that was for the second Harry Chapin benefit concert. Then I got up halfway through," she laughed. "I was restless; there's so much to do."

"This is going to sound crazy," Mark de Lawyer said, "but sometimes I get the feeling that this building fears for its life. Remember Shirley Jackson's book *The Haunting*? Well, if a house can have a soul, and I believe it can, certainly this theater has every reason to be terrified. At times I can feel the agitation. I know Loew's on a personal basis; I've even slept here."

John Seifert also has slept in the theater. Several of the young men have, after long nights of hard work when it hardly paid to go home to bed.

"It was the strangest thing," Seifert began seriously to describe one incident. "It was warm outside, early summer. Dawn was breaking when I woke up. For some reason my feet and part of my legs were like ice although the lower part of my body was covered and the rest of me was warm."

Unexplained blasts of warm and cold air are usually an indication of the presence of spirits at Loew's.

"That reminds me of that banister that runs around the back of the theater," Phil Spadaro said. "One night a bunch of us saw a blue light there. We were on stage at the time. We rushed back and right where the light had been on the banister you could feel a warm spot, like someone had been leaning there."

"Don't forget the Walnut Room," Mark de Lawyer added. "If you enter the area just right you can see your breath. And then there's the upstairs corridor which is like ice."

This small hallway, originally planned as an exit, is now an access to the catwalks across the cavernous theater. This is where almost everyone including Lynne May saw something.

"At first it was a blue light," Lynne explained. "Then when we got inside we could see it was a woman dressed in blue. Photographer Charles Striker and I both saw her clearly. Many of the others caught glimpses of her."

To walk in this small hall is a test even for nonbelievers. The room is pitch-dark with no windows or available light and the floor is rough and uneven. One of Lynne's students said, "You feel as if you might pitch on your face any minute, maybe from a push." The air is chilly and tomblike. At the end of the room, the glare of a flashlight illuminates something shaped like a coffin. The door to that upstairs corridor standing ajar reminds one of a scene from a horror movie.

Outside, through the archway, is the balcony, a good place from which to examine the walls, especially the carved wooden figures of gargoyles, monsters and animals. On the lower level is the famous "lost baby" — the face and body of a tortured cherub. Pictures of the little fellow have appeared in a book on the architectural design of old theaters.

"You get the feeling up here that eyes are watching," said John Seifert, pointing to the replica of yet another creature, a small serpentine animal with a beady-eyed stare. "Not that I mind," he added hastily. "We're just glad that the theater is still here. May-

be someday we won't have to worry. That would be great."

The employees and volunteers live with the fact that the fate of the theater remains in doubt; Loew's may yet be demolished. So they plan to make an effort to garner new supporters and admirers to help their cause. They can only hope that one day the struggle will be over and the future of the old theater secure. Until that time the haunts also will probably be in a state of unrest.

The week that this article was written, by coincidence, a piece appeared in a Sunday newspaper concerning the architectural design and beauty of the theater. Close-up photographs were featured of Loew's wooden columns.

"That's very strange," psychic Lynne May said, when she saw the newspaper, "and a little frightening. Look, there's a person."

Sure enough, lurking in one corner of one picture, slyly concealed amid the wooden scrollwork, there was a face, hoary, wizened and mocking.

"That's just a trick of the camera you know, a shadow or an illusion — isn't it?" John Seifert asked anxiously.

Perhaps, but people like Lynne and others who believe are sure that this is yet another indication that the ghosts of Loew's State, also called the Syracuse Area Landmark Theater, are not to be ignored.



PET SHOW LAYS AN EGG

EVEN A superior presentation wasn't enough to win the "Best of Show" award for a duck named Daffy at last year's Niagara Regional Exhibition Pet Show in Welland, Ontario. Four-year-old Daffy honked twice, flapped her wings and laid an egg — but a gray-and-white cat won the best-pet trophy.

CAN ANYONE HEAL?

Is it possible to "learn" healing? The answer is a resounding "yes," according to Ben Bibb's Seventh Sense graduates, and no mystery is involved.

By Gladys R. Graham



After an injury in October 1977, Mrs. J.S. of Wichita, Kans., suffered intense back pain. Problem was relieved within 24 hours of Mind to Mind treatment.

WHEN I saw the May 1976 issue of FATE I couldn't believe my eyes. Big white letters on the green cover proclaimed: "Anyone Can Heal!" That was provocative but in my experience untrue. I had been studying, praying and working for 17 years to "learn healing" — unsuccessfully.

The article related that Ben Bibb, a retired navy officer, had actually taught himself to diagnose and to send healing energy across a street or across a nation. Now he was teaching it to others, calling it "Mind to Mind" or "Seventh Sense" healing.

I'd have to see it to believe it. So on June 1, 1976, I joined 40 others in the activities room of North Long Beach (Calif.) United Methodist Church to look over this Ben Bibb and find out what he had up his sleeve.

The others were as curious as I. They had come from all points of the compass — ministers, teachers, a hospital administrator, doctors of medicine, chiropractic and osteopathy, students, secretaries and housewives. Our ages ranged from 14 to 80 plus; our religious beliefs varied.

As I had been, all were intrigued by the FATE article which brought a flood of appeals to the healer. The first 48 hours after the article came out on the East Coast, the Bibb telephone rang 200 times! A quick change to an unlisted number brought the family some relief but mail trucks



Benjamin O. Bibb III decided in 1971 to emulate Edgar Cayce and others who had learned how to diagnose mentally.

were bringing sacks of letters every morning — 40,000 letters in six months.

Who was the center of it? This kind, friendly, relaxed man with a southern drawl and thinning hair. His name is Benjamin O. Bibb III. In 1971 he read about Edgar Cayce's and others' ability to diagnose and heal at a distance and decided to try it. After practicing eight to 12 hours a day for four weeks, he found that he could do it.

Soon he was asked to teach others and they found they could do it too. And so it grew. In less than a year Ben and his wife Margaret had treated 1000 cases, the majority successfully.

Now he proposed to teach us his method. The first morning we had a thorough drilling in anatomy and

physiology and the importance of understanding the human body. In the afternoon we separated into groups of three to learn to "feel" and "see" mentally and to begin "distant diagnosis," working with real cases.

We learned about the three minds that comprise the "self" and how the "Inner Mind" (which built the body from one cell and runs it day and night) can be instructed to repair, replace or rejuvenate body parts and carry the job through to completion. We all practiced doing just that on more cases Ben gave us.

For three more days we were lectured and drilled in the various ways a physical body can malfunction and how to "fix" such malfunctions.



In his first seven years, Billy Joe Plowman neither walked nor talked. His improvement after treatment led his mother to say, "He is progressing faster than we ever dared hope he would."

The third evening, alone in my room, I "worked on" our family dog back home in Colorado. She had been injured when a horse stepped on her leg and when I left for California infection had set in. Then I "worked on" an unsuccessful cranial operation I had been told about — a four-year-old boy in a nearby Long Beach hospital.

The following Sunday I learned that the little boy was doing splendidly and was out of danger. When I returned home on Monday I found the family dog healed.

Within 36 hours of the start of the class a tremendous flow of energy filled our group. In fact, one of the students couldn't sleep at all the third night. But we learned to direct and use this energy anywhere and in any way we wished. And it worked!

All the while Ben reminded us of the Seventh Sense philosophy: Never refuse to try to help any living creature and never expect either praise or recompense. This power is God-given and we must use it wisely.

* * *

SINCE Ben and Margaret started mind-to-mind healing in 1971 they have worked on more than 40,000 cases — patients from nearly every country in western Europe, India, Pakistan, Israel, Egypt, Uganda, Liberia, Tanzania, South Africa, South and Central America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, the Philippine Islands and the Caribbean countries.

Ben is the first to say that he does not always achieve results but he refuses to excuse himself when he is unsuccessful.

"I should have been able to find a solution," he says. "Since we are All One, all having stemmed from God, and I am using God-given mind to work with the patient's God-given mind, I should have been able to direct the change which would have brought about the healing."

He also says that to call him a healer is incorrect. He is a *healing initiator*, for the patient's own Inner Mind accomplishes the healing after Ben has given it directions and motivation.

Nevertheless, there is general rejoicing when the impossible happens. Take for instance the true story of Alexander Clayton, one of the world's foremost portrait painters, as told by his friend and personal representative, John T. Sanders:

"In the early spring of 1969 Mr. Clayton and I went to Washington, D. C., to meet with Jeane Dixon to work out the details for painting her portrait later in the summer. Shortly after dinner the day we arrived Mr. Clayton was stricken with a very rapid heartbeat which caused him to perspire profusely and to feel cold and faint. The hotel called a doctor who found his heartbeat to be 185 per minute. He wanted to send him to a hospital but Mr. Clayton persuaded the doctor to try medication instead. The doctor gave him a large dose of digitalis and the next morning his heartbeat was normal.

"When we returned to Dallas, Mr. Clayton's regular physician, Dr. B., ordered a number of tests and EKG's and finally told Mr. Clayton he had Wolfe-Parkinson-White syndrome, which has something to do with misplaced nerves in the heart, placed him

on Lanoxin and Quinidine and told him that he would probably have to stay on this medication the rest of his life.

"Mr. Clayton suffered three subsequent attacks and was hospitalized each time at Baylor University Medical Center here in Dallas, the last time in April 1976.

"While Mr. Clayton was hospitalized this last time I read the May issue of FATE and saw the splendid article about Ben Bibb. I wrote to Mr. Bibb, not letting Mr. Clayton or anyone else know of my letter. I described the trouble, saying that at times his heart rate had gone as high as 225 beats per minute and the hospital attendants had to use three electric shock treatments to bring it back to normal. I asked if Mr. Bibb could do anything for him. My letter was written between April 13 and 16, 1976.

"Mr. Clayton was discharged from the hospital on April 16 and Dr. B. told him to come to his office for a checkup on April 23. I accompanied him that day and we arrived at 3:00 P. M. Mr. Clayton remained in the doctor's office for nearly an hour and a half. I began to fear that the doctor had discovered something else wrong.

"When finally we were outside the doctor's offices I asked him what had happened. Mr. Clayton smiled and said, 'You won't believe this but the doctor was taking one EKG after another because he could not find the Wolfe-Parkinson-White syndrome that has shown up on all my previous EKG's in years past. He thought something was wrong with his machine and he kept taking one after another but none of them showed it.



GLADYS R. GRAHAM, a retired court administrator, is currently a minister-counselor, remedial therapist and teacher of Mind to Mind reading.

She has written newspaper and magazine articles on foods and on Panama, where she and her husband lived for 12 years and where their five children were born.

Dr. Graham and her husband now live on a retirement farm in Colorado.

Dr. Ben Bibb's address is 311 Gaymont Circle, Statesville, N. C. 28677.

Dr. Graham's address is P. O. Box 321, Lafayette, Colo. 80026.

Dr. Bibb and Dr. Graham request that letters asking for healing or seeking information about healing enclose stamped self-addressed envelopes.

Then he went to his files and brought out all his previous EKG tracings and showed me how they differed from the ones he had just taken. Dr. B. said that in all his years of practice he had never seen the Wolfe-Parkinson-White syndrome just disappear. He

simply could not understand how it happened.'

"At this time I told Alexander Clayton about the letter I had written to Ben Bibb and when we reached home I gave him the Bibb article to read.

"Ben Bibb's reply to my letter arrived in the morning mail on April 26. His letter, dated April 23, 1976, stated that he had started his work for Mr. Clayton 'this morning.' And it was in the afternoon of April 23 that the EKG showed the absence of the Wolfe-Parkinson-White syndrome.

"Dr. B. has had Mr. Clayton come in for checkups every four months. None of his EKG's show the syndrome. Mr. Clayton has gained 10 pounds and looks better than he has in many years . . . despite the fact that he is now 72 years old."

As recently as January 1980 still another checkup showed no evidence of the Wolfe-Parkinson-White syndrome.

Sending healing energy across great distances is incredibly exciting. In a case in 1979, Ben Bibb was in Florida when he received a call from New Jersey. The caller, Jose Garcia, said that his close friend Paul Herrmann had just come home from a New York hospital when he suddenly began to cough up blood. His heartbeat was erratic and his skin had turned yellow-green.

First Ben and Jose synchronized their watches; then Ben told him to have Paul lie on his back and in exactly 10 minutes be standing on Paul's right. Jose was to place his hands lightly over Paul's lungs and think of a flow of healing energy coming

through his body into that of the stricken man.

Ben went out onto the balcony overlooking the ocean and began to gather energy. One minute before the scheduled time he mentally placed his hands on Jose's shoulders and exactly at the appointed time, he began to pour healing energy through Jose into Paul's lungs.

As Ben describes it, "The energy pour-through grew stronger and stronger as I concentrated, changing the energy color from white to green to seal the blood vessels, to red for vitalizing the lung tissues, then varying back and forth among the colors every two or three minutes. I 'saw' part of this flow veering down into the liver, clearing it and cleansing the blood. After 15 minutes I ended the energy relay with a flow of gold, as usual, and went back inside with a comfortable feeling of success."

The next morning Jose called to say that Paul was normal in every way. (It came out later that Jose was so energized that he couldn't sleep for two nights!)

One of Ben's four-day classes in Denver gave us a perfect example of group healing power. Just as the class started a call came from Albuquerque, N. Mex., 400 miles away. A TV engineer had struck his elbow against a 25,000-volt line and had been in a coma for three days. If and when he came out of it, the doctors would have to amputate his arm. Would we help?

Ben read the message to the class and under his direction his students went into action. One after another, voices called out: "The nerves in his arm are shriveled and snarled up."

"He can hear but his body can't respond." "The cartilage in his elbow is cooked." And so on.

It took three-quarters of an hour for the class to straighten out the nerves, mend them, clear away damaged flesh, start healing in the arm and shoulder and relieve the body's numbed reflexes. Finally everyone agreed that the injury had been taken care of even to the extent that the engineer's pain had been eliminated. They "felt good" about it.

Before the class was over on the fourth day, we received word that the TV engineer was out of the coma and alert. He had full use of his arm, hand and fingers and there was no need to amputate.

* * *

SINCE taking that first class in 1976 in North Long Beach, I have been able to continue study under Ben Bibb and to teach his methods in Colorado and elsewhere. His message is this: Your own mind can heal you. Give it a chance! Besides the efforts of physical doctors, there is other legitimate help. Everyone should be aware of this.

Among the 4000 and more cases we have worked on since June 1976 there have been many remarkable healings. For example:

Mrs. J.S., aged 82, called from Wichita, Kans. She had injured her back in October 1977 and despite medical attention and chiropractic adjustments, her pain was intense. The next day, 24 hours after our "treatment," she had her first relief from pain and 10 days later she was sufficiently recovered to fly from Kansas to her daughter's home in Georgia.

Miss C. L. of Boulder, Colo., called because X-rays showed a growth in the lower lobe of her left lung. Seven weeks after we "worked" on her, the growth no longer showed up on X-rays.

Rodney Wilson, a seven-year-old boy who lives in Grand Junction, Colo., was playing at a building site (against his parents' wishes). A stack of roof trusses fell on him leaving him, according to the hospital report, with "exploded intestines, ruptured liver, damaged pancreas." As surgery was being performed, I worked on him, the surgeon and the staff. Rodney was out of the hospital in two weeks and "as ornery as ever," his family said.

Miss A. R. of Denver, aged 30, broke off a sewing needle in her right thigh. Her office manager called me to say Miss R. was in the doctor's office, waiting for treatment and suffering intense pain. I pulled out the broken needle (mentally), dropped it into a wastebasket, then filled the wounded area with painkilling energy. When the doctor saw her he could not find the needle, even with X-rays. Leaving the doctor's office she felt no pain and went back to work that afternoon.

Mind-to-Mind graduates don't even take credit for some "miracles." One who surely should is Alice Smith, a massage therapist. One Saturday afternoon a 23-year-old man came to her with a shoulder problem. When she began to work on him she noticed that his left thigh was an inch shorter than his right. He told her he had broken it and when it healed it shortened. She said nothing but after he left, she worked on that leg.

He came to her the next Saturday, tremendously excited.

"Look! My legs are the same length!"

All she said was, "My goodness, so they are. Isn't that wonderful?" He had no idea how this miracle occurred.

I asked her how she did it and she smiled and said, "I just made myself smaller and smaller mentally until I was the same size as the cells inside that bone. I talked to them and they got busy — and the bone grew."

Karen Sojka of Philadelphia, the wife of an osteopath, also read the May 1976 FATE article on Ben Bibb. In August she took the Seventh Sense course and in June 1977 became a Mind-to-Mind instructor.

Karen has worked on more than 1000 cases since taking her first class. In one of her first attempts she was asked to help a young Pennsylvania woman who had a brain tumor. The tumor disappeared so suddenly that the patient's surgeon urged her to permit an exploratory operation to find out what had happened to it. (Needless to say, permission was not granted.)

In March 1978 Karen Sojka and Ben Bibb, working independently, began to treat Billy Joe Plowman for Prader-Willi syndrome (a manifestation of mongolism). In the seven years of his life Billy had neither spoken nor walked. He rolled to where he wanted to go and uttered frustrated cries to

get what he needed. Since Karen and Ben began to work on him, he has learned to speak a few words and to use a walker.

Recently his mother turned away from the sink and said to herself, half-aloud, "I wonder where Daddy can be."

Instantly Billy retorted, "I don't know. Don't ask me." These are the first sentences he had spoken in his entire life.

Ben Bibb and his Seventh Sense graduates teach that no mystery is involved in their healing. One must understand what makes healings happen, keep oneself in an attitude of simplicity, and never plan how a case is to be handled. Inner guidance comes gently as one is working.

In many cities Ben's graduates have set up networks to help one another. I got a call from Burlington, Colo., one summer morning.

"We've got a 16-year-old boy in an ambulance on its way to Denver. He was driving a tractor when the boom hit a power line. He's unconscious and badly burned and he needs help!"

I called a couple of graduates and we went to work. By the time the ambulance had covered the 167 miles to Denver, the lad had regained consciousness and was improving rapidly.

Today I know that my doubt that "Anyone Can Heal!" was unfounded. Anyone can learn to heal — if he really wants to, if he is willing to work at it and if he believes he can!

HOW MUCH WORSE?

A TORNADO destroyed the home and the church of the Rev. Forest Lay of Manson, Iowa, on June 28, 1979. Searching through the rubble, the Reverend Lay found a small plaque which read: "Smile — things could be a lot worse." — Doris Johnson.

IS THE EARTH HOLLOW?



Part I

Some theorists believe that flora, fauna and even human life exist in a 6400-mile-wide hole at earth's center.

Scientists claim that the theorists have holes in their heads.

By Zbigniew Mamak

IS THE earth's interior hollow? Scientists tell us that the inside of our planet is either solid or molten metal. But ever since 1818 when Capt. John Cleves Symmes announced our earth is hollow and can be entered through holes at the poles, a far more exotic vision of the world's composition has caught the fancy of a small but vocal band of theorists.

The two men most responsible for bringing the hollow earth into the 20th Century are William Reed and Marshall B. Gardner, authors respectively

of *The Phantom of the Poles* (1906) and *A Journey to the Earth's Interior* (1913, 1920). Reed and Gardner speculated that when the earth was in a molten state during its formation it was whirling on its axis at such an enormous rate that centrifugal force caused the heavier materials to be thrown toward the outer boundaries. This process eventually left the earth, according to Gardner, with an 800-mile-thick crust, a 6400-mile hollow interior, a subterranean sun approximately 600 miles in diameter and

openings at each pole about 1400 miles across.

As the theory goes, the earth starts to curve in at 70 to 75 degrees north and south latitude. Since the polar openings are so large and the slope so gradual, people who pass these latitudes never know they are entering the interior of the earth.

But the theory's most startling tenet is that inside our planet various animal, vegetable and even human life exists!

What do scientists make of this? Prof. Paul Melchior, secretary-general of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, puts the scientific response bluntly:

"The 'theory' which states that the earth's interior is hollow is ridiculous. There are several criteria and results of precise measurements — by satellites as well as by seismic methods — which prove without any possible doubt that the earth's density increases toward the center.

"The earth is mainly composed by a crust (about 30 kilometers thick), a mantle up to 2875 kilometers in depth, a very dense liquid core and, in the center, an inner core of a radius 1220 kilometers which is slightly denser than the liquid core."

But what of the evidence advanced to prove the hollow earth theory? Is it sufficient to substantiate such a radical new vision of the earth's geography — or can it safely be ignored? To answer these questions, let's examine this evidence carefully.

STRANGE LIGHTS

On June 7, 1894, Prof. Percival Lowell saw a strange phenomenon

while observing the planet Mars. "I saw suddenly two points like stars flash out in the midst of the polar cap," he reported. A few moments later they disappeared.

Fifty years earlier, on August 30, 1845, Prof. O. M. Mitchell recorded a similar event during which a small bright spot projected out of the lower side of the polar spot.

On May 30, 1937, J. Latimer Wilson saw a series of bright flashes stretching across Mars' south polar cap. A line of tiny white spots seemed to extend across the cap and some of the spots united to swell into a brilliant white spot which quickly became yellow, then reddish-yellow. The phenomenon passed from right to left.

Many similar sightings have been documented on planets other than Mars. Astronomers have observed luminous spots and flashes emanating from Mercury, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter and its third satellite Ganymede as well.

Gardner believed such phenomena were caused by light shining from the central sun of the planet out through the openings at the pole. He added that when viewed through a telescope at night Mars' polar light is yellow rather than white, as a snowcap should be. Because Gardner considered the central sun to be an incandescent mass, he thought the direct light from the Martian inner sun would also appear yellow just as an incandescent electric light looks yellow when seen from a distance in the dark.

Not surprisingly, astronomers have quite a different interpretation of these phenomena. They tell us that according to data from Viking II and

Mariner 9 the Martian poles probably consist of either carbon dioxide or water ice or a combination of both mixed with some fine dust. When the earth, Mars and the sun are favorably situated, the reflection off the snow can produce the optical effect earth-bound observers have noted.

The yellow color observed from earth may be due either to the actual dusty color of the ice, to the ice's diffuse reflection through Mars' carbon dioxide atmosphere or — most likely — to scattered reflection of Mars' overall orange hue in our own atmosphere.

As for the other planets, Prof. Laurence W. Fredrick, secretary of the American Astronomical Society, reports that bright spots and flashes are caused by a combination of high-level clouds and refraction of sunlight — or, in the case of Mercury, simple optical illusion.

Caution compels us to note, however, that while scientists know more about planets today than they ever knew before, their explanations are sometimes based on incomplete information which changes as new data come to light. Consider, for example, the reevaluation and reexamination of theories about Jupiter and Saturn since *Voyager I* has transmitted fresh information. As Dr. Harry L. Shipman, education officer of the American Astronomical Society, admits, "Our interpretation of planets such as Mars changes very quickly."

OPEN WATERS

Some time before A.D. 1300 Icelandic Norsemen journeyed to the high northern latitude of the east coast

of Greenland and Spitzbergen. From observations the sailors made during their explorations, many people came to believe there existed an open and ice-free ocean north of the Greenland Sea. In 1569 a cartographer named Gerardus Mercator drew a chart of the north polar region, basing it upon two books written by Nicholas of Lynne about several voyages into the "northern regions" he supposedly made about 1360. The chart showed a small circle of land lying north of America, Asia and Europe and penetrated by four large gulfs through which poured the waters of an ice-free polar ocean which surrounded the pole.

Since then polar explorers such as Hall, Greely and Peary have reportedly encountered large stretches of ice-free water. But how far did these waters extend?

Reed speculated that they extended not just to the pole but directly into the interior of the earth and that many explorers who sailed upon these waters unknowingly ventured into the hollow earth.

In June 1854 William Morton, a member of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane's polar expedition, reached Cape Constitution at latitude 81° 22'. After climbing the cliff to a height of 480 feet he looked northward and saw an amazing sight. As far as his eye could see (about 40 miles) there was not a single speck of ice; to the south lay an unbroken belt of solid ice 122 miles in diameter. Louis Charles Bernacchi, during his 1898-1900 Antarctic voyage, wrote, "An open-sea comparatively free from ice is met within the Antarctic regions."

But were these observations accu-

rate? Did these bodies of ice-free water extend only to a point beyond the sight of the observer, where ice would eventually be encountered, or did they continue directly into the hollow earth?

According to information obtained by American navy nuclear submarines as they cruised beneath the Arctic ice cover, during the winter months five to eight percent of the Arctic Ocean is open water and as much as 15 percent open water exists during the summer. That may not seem like much until one considers that the Arctic Ocean and its shallow peripheral seas encompass a total area of about 10 million square kilometers and that they have seasonal pack ice which varies from 13 million to 10 million square kilometers.

So I think we can safely conclude that there is nothing really unusual about encounters with ice-free bodies of water, especially since there would be open water lanes all year round.

As for the causes of these lanes, Dr. David Elliot, director of the Institute of Polar Studies, states, "At any time it is possible winds and currents would force the ice away and leave vast ice-free stretches of ocean."

ICEBERGS

Reed wrote that icebergs are formed by rivers which float up from the hollow interior through the polar opening to the surface. Once these rivers reach the cold exterior, they freeze at the mouth and form mountains of fresh water ice. When summer comes the warmer weather causes these large masses of ice to break off and plunge into the sea to become islands of ice.

According to Reed, no other ex-

planation accounts for the fact that icebergs are composed of fresh water. Surely, he argued, the fresh water could not be supplied by precipitation: the Arctic has an annual rainfall of only two centimeters a year and the Antarctic averages only between 12 and 20. Moreover, Reed said, in the last 300 years no one has ever seen an iceberg leave its place of origin and plunge into the ocean.

Scientific evidence provides no support for Reed's theory. In reality the vast majority of Arctic icebergs originate on the west coast of Greenland and break off from glaciers that flow into the sea. The large tubular-shaped icebergs of Antarctica, on the other hand, are formed where glaciers or floating ice shelves (like the Great Ice Barrier) meet open water. There portions of the glaciers or ice shelves gradually weaken and break off to float north. To quote the National Science Foundation: "Not only have people seen (and heard) this happen. . . . several movies about the Antarctic even contain scenes that show icebergs breaking off glaciers and ice shelves."

Reed to the contrary, precipitation does supply the fresh water of which icebergs are composed. It is certainly true that very little rain or snow falls in the polar regions; therefore it takes thousands of years for glaciers and ice sheets to form. Prof. E. R. Pounder, director of the Ice Research Project of McGill University, says, "In the central portion of the Greenland Ice Cap, cores have been drilled with reasonable accuracy and the bottom of such a core represents snow which originally fell somewhat before the beginning of

the Christian era . . . over 2000 years ago."

Reed also claimed to be able to explain the appearance of rocks, dust and other debris found embedded in icebergs. Such material was thrown up by volcanic eruptions inside the earth and got caught in the icebergs as they were forming, he speculated.

In fact, dust does come from volcanic eruptions but the sources of these eruptions are known. The dust blows many miles from its original sources in Iceland, the Antarctic (which has two active volcanoes) and other parts of the world where volcanoes exist and some of it ends up in the ice.

Large rocks get embedded while the ice is still landlocked, before it breaks off from the glacier to become an iceberg. In December 1960, when Soviet scientists in the Antarctic found a 17-foot-high boulder resting on an ice surface which was heading out to sea, they were able to trace the rock's path back to the mountain — 150 kilometers away — from which it had rolled.

In short, it appears that icebergs have nothing whatever to do with the hollow earth.

ANIMAL LIFE

As polar explorers penetrated into the far Arctic north, they were bewildered to find an abundance of plants and wildlife. They were even more puzzled when they saw that animals such as the musk-oxen refused to leave their northern grounds and go south when winter came. Explorer Frederick Schwatka saw millions of auks flying northward as winter approached.

Reed contended that when winter

comes the musk-ox, auk and other wildlife migrate to the warm climate of the earth's interior. The explorers who saw these animals, he wrote, had already unknowingly entered into the hollow earth.

Actually there is nothing particularly uncommon or unusual about these sightings. Biologists have found that the Arctic claims over 3000 species of flowers, some of which were unknown until recent years. In Greenland alone, over 600 species of insects, including butterflies, moths and mosquitoes, emerge from lakes and ponds during the months of June and July. Wildlife which migrated south for the winter returns north for the spring and summer — the period during which most of these observations were made.

The musk-oxen, native to northern Greenland and the high Canadian Arctic tundra, remain in these regions even when winter comes. But according to Dr. R.G.B. Brown, research scientist with the Canadian Wildlife Service Seabird Research Unit, "The only bird which migrates north in the winter in the northern hemisphere is Ross's gull Other birds may temporarily migrate north in the fall but do not stay long."

The auks fly to northwest Greenland and molt there before moving south. Could this have been what Schwatka saw? Still, why do some animals and birds remain in the Arctic during the winter when they could go south to a warmer climate?

In April 1895 Norwegian adventurer and zoologist Dr. Fridtjof Nansen was astonished to find the fresh tracks of a fox along the 85th parallel. He had not gone far when he

came across another set of fox tracks heading in the same direction.

Dr. Larry Underwood of the Arctic Environmental Information and Data Center notes similar observations: "Bannikov reports that Russian scientists have found foxes at 88 degrees N., 800 kilometers from land. United States scientists, while occupying floating ice stations, have reported foxes within 88 miles of the true north pole and within 50 miles of the 'pole of accessibility,' i.e., that point in the pack ice furthest from land. . . . What are they doing there? We can only guess. Arctic foxes seen by U.S. scientists do not seem to be starving. The fact that other species, including the polar bear and Ross' gull, venture far out on the pack ice may indicate that food is more plentiful than we might imagine."

The Antarctic also has its share of wildlife mysteries.

In December 1964 workers at Vostok Station were greatly surprised to see a skua settle down near the station. What was this native Antarctic bird doing more than 1000 kilometers

from its feeding grounds in the sea? For two days it stayed near the station, then disappeared. No one saw it fly away; so the scientists did not know in which direction it went.

In 1911 Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen and his comrades were just as confused when they encountered a skua flying south, almost 700 kilometers from the nearest seacoast. Were these birds searching for food or drawn deeper inland by the wind current?

AS WE HAVE seen, much of the "evidence" for the hollow earth does not withstand scientific scrutiny. But has all the evidence been accounted for?

What of the two controversial satellite photographs which reputedly show the entrance to the earth's interior? And what of the man who reported he had sailed into the hollow earth and there encountered giant human beings? And what is the evidence that UFOs come from the inner earth?

This is Part I of a two-part article.



DEAD MAN DISCHARGES DEBT

By Georgia Hardisty

THE AUSTRIAN poet Heinrich Josef von Collin died in Vienna in 1811, owing his friend Hartmann 120 florins (\$58.00), a goodly amount of money at that time. Hartmann needed the money and the loss caused him considerable anxiety.

Then one night the dead Collin appeared to Hartmann in a dream and told him to place two florins on No. 11

on the first calling of the Austrian state lottery then about to be drawn. Hartmann was told that he should confine his bet to two florins, neither more nor less than that amount. Further, he was to tell no one about the information given in his dream.

Hartmann followed the advice of his dead friend and won a prize of 130 florins.

TRUE

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

LOST AND FOUND

By Marjorie Jorgensen

"**S**EE YOU about 10:30, as usual, Mom," my 17-year-old son Terry said as he stepped out the door that sunny afternoon in September 1962. He was dressed for the warm day in thin short-sleeved shirt and light trousers.

"Have you got a jacket?" I asked.

"In the car, Mom."

Terry, a high school senior, was leaving for his job as evening fire watch at a logging operation in the mountains southeast of our home in Springfield, Oreg.

The afternoon and early evening passed quietly. My husband Ted built a fire in the wood stove against the evening's coolness. At 10:15 I began contentedly to prepare Terry's late supper. Ted was reading.

Time went by. It was now 11:30. I'd continued fussing about the kitchen but I was getting worried. I walked restlessly outside and shivered in the autumn night's chill. There's no cause

for worry, I scolded myself. Still, Terry always reported home first, even if he intended to go out again for another hour or so before retiring. Panic set in.

Extrasensory perception had touched me on only two occasions that I remember clearly. Once I knew even though we had no telephone that Ted



Marjorie Jorgensen

wasn't coming home from his job that evening. At the very moment I sensed that fact, he was penning a telegram to let me know he'd been called out of town unexpectedly. The second time, sadly, I saw the gray-green death pallor (which no one else noticed) on my brother Edward Spencer's face when he and his wife stopped by our house for a moment to tell us he'd just recovered from "strep throat." He died that same evening.

Tonight, however, I had no thought of ESP. I was just scared.

My husband, who was also getting concerned, telephoned the logging company owner, who brushed Ted's worries aside. The kid was all right, the owner said; he was just gallivanting around somewhere.

At midnight Ted telephoned the owner again and finally persuaded him to drive the 20 miles to the logging site. With Ted as his passenger, the man drove to within view of the clustered equipment. "I hope you're satisfied," he growled. He turned his car around and drove back to Springfield.

Ted and I resumed our waiting. Another hour crept by. At 2:00 A.M. my husband called the owner again. By now Ted was angry. "Our boy is still on that mountain," he declared. "We're going back up there — or else!"

Shaking inside, I hurriedly filled a thermos of hot coffee. I placed this and a blanket in my husband's arms and saw him off to our car. Then I paced the floor and waited.

I seemed to be on two different planes of existence. Part of me was in a dark area where there was nothing but my worry like an opaque cloud.

The rest of me was aware of our living room blazing with lights, of the creeping hands of the wall clock, of the fearful anticipation that the telephone might ring with terrible news.

Suddenly I felt a profound sense of relief. It was with a strange, happy feeling that I made my way to a chair and sat down. I must note the time, I thought. This message was clearer than either of the others I'd received. The clock said 3:20 A.M.

I was still sitting there, relaxed and comfortable, when I heard our car in the driveway and my two men entered the house. After I'd hugged and kissed them, I heard their stories.

Terry had attempted to take the logging crew's shortcut home. Ted had found him in his car half a mile down the other side of the mountain, stranded without flashlight or jacket, his car battery completely dead. He'd tried to walk back to the logging site to use the radiotelephone but in the intense darkness of a moonless night in the woods he'd almost stumbled off the narrow road into the canyon. A startled deer had almost run him down and he had heard the eerie scream of a cougar up the hill. He'd returned to the car to wait for daylight.

Back then we were unaware of the dangers of hypothermia; but by the time his father found him, Terry was shivering almost uncontrollably. He had never appreciated anything so much in his life as that hot coffee and warm blanket!

I asked my husband, "Did you happen to notice what time it was?"

"Yes," he said. "I checked my watch. It was just 3:20 A.M." — *Springfield, Oreg.*

HELP ME! I'M BORNED!

By Margaret Mazei

*Where did you come from, Baby Dear?**Out of the nowhere into the here.*

THESE familiar words of the old nursery rhyme were just a jingle to us until Margaret began to talk. Even then we thought the occasional odd things she said were just comical statements to be dismissed with a loving laugh or a tender kiss.

But one night in the bathtub she fairly spooked her older sister with the pronouncement that she, Margaret, would always be "vewy, vewy cawfoo" in the water because one time she was in the water with no mama and no daddy and no sister to help her and water got in her eyes and in her nose and "I got dead."

At another time she gave a graphic description of falling or being thrown into a fireplace (which was not an apurtenance of their home or any other home with which she was familiar).

When she was about 2½ years old and her mother's next pregnancy was far enough along to begin to take a big place in our interest and conversation, her observations began to bother us.

"I was borned," she told her mother one night.

Her mother squeezed her and murmured confirmation.

Margaret elaborated, "I cried and I cried."

"Why did you cry?"

"I was so scared! I cried, 'Help me! Help me! I'm borned!'" The childish voice was pitched high in her version of a newborn baby's voice.

Where did my granddaughter Margaret come from? The same place, no doubt, that other babies

come from. But perhaps she pierced the veil more thinly. Perhaps the sad little life she apparently led at some time in the past, once left behind, made her more reluctant than most to start again. — *Miami, Ariz.*

DREAM WRECK

By Debbie Wright

MY ROOMMATES Linda and Cindy and I had gone to a club one snowy, bitterly cold December night in 1976 to hear the band T. Q. and the Topcats. The guys in the band kept coming to our table on their breaks urging the three of us to stay for a party they were having after the Ramada Inn club closed. Linda and Cindy wanted to stay but I felt we should go home.

When the time came to leave, Linda and Cindy refused to go. They said I would just have to stay too because we all had come in one car — and it wasn't mine. I got really upset and kept insisting that they let me drive home. Actually, even I couldn't understand why I was so insistent.



Debbie Wright

They finally got so mad they drove me home and went back to the Ramada Inn without me. I went right to bed and sometime during the night I dreamed that I was driving my Firebird down Winchester Road by the airport.

The city of Memphis was working on the road and only one lane was in use. A wood-and-metal fence ran along the right side of the lane. As I came around a curve in the road I realized I was going too fast; I tried to put on the brakes but my foot wouldn't move. It stayed on the gas pedal. Too late, I managed to put on the brakes but the car slid on the icy street and went straight on through the fence. I now was still fighting for control of the car although it was off the road. The ground was rough and my head kept bouncing against the ceiling of the car. Suddenly I just let go of the steering wheel and the car went completely out of control. I couldn't understand why I did this and it made me mad at myself. It seemed I was doing so many stupid things and that I couldn't control my actions.

Things must have been happening fast but for me in my dream they seemed to be in slow motion. I was thrown against the door on the right side of the car and hit my head hard. It dazed me for a moment and all I could see were stars. I felt my body jolting up and down but I was having trouble seeing. Finally the car hit down and stopped. I sat up. I could see now. I was sitting sideways on the backseat. I kept trying to think what to do but my mind wouldn't function. I was mad because my mind has always functioned best under stress.

I opened the left rear door and stepped out into the snow and mud. I began wandering around, not really seeing or hearing anything clearly. I didn't seem to know where I was or what I was doing. My feet felt cold and numb; when I looked down, I realized I didn't have any shoes. In fact, I was still dressed up from going out earlier. I thought my outfit had sleeves but when I rubbed my chilled arms with my hands, they were bare. I wasn't even wearing my coat.

I saw some people coming toward me from the road and I knew they were going to help me. I felt relieved.

Everything kind of faded into blackness. I remember lights and knew I was in a hospital but I felt so tired I just gave in and went to sleep.

The next thing I knew Linda was shaking me awake. I was in my own bed. They must have brought me home from the hospital, was my first thought.

"Oh, Linda," I said, struggling to get out of my twisted covers. "I wrecked my car last night. Did they bring it here? I have to see what I did to it."

I rushed to the window babbling the whole time. "I know it's totaled! I wrecked it pretty bad." But when I got to the window I couldn't believe what I saw. There was my car without a scratch on it!

"I don't understand," I said turning to Linda. "I distinctly remember driving down Winchester last night and wrecking my car!"

"Oh, Debbie," Linda said. "You didn't wreck your car last night on Winchester. Cindy did. Some people found her wandering around in the

snow and took her to the emergency room at Methodist Hospital. She's all right but she totaled her car."

"What happened?"

"Well," said Linda, "somebody stole Cindy's new \$400 leather coat last night after we got back. Cindy got really upset and ran outside. I managed to calm her down, I thought, and we stayed for the party. Cindy took off her shoes because they were wet. She had a few drinks and wanted to leave to go and see Rick. The next thing I knew she was gone. I tried to call you but you wouldn't answer the phone."

"Cindy's in the living room with Rick now. She gave someone his phone number and he went to the hospital and got her. They came back and picked me up on their way home. It's weird you should dream about wrecking your car and Cindy really did."

I didn't think it was so weird but I had to talk to Cindy to see if I was right. The first thing I asked her was, "Why did you let go of the steering wheel after your car left the road?"

"I don't know," she said.

"That's why you ended up in the backseat," I told her.

"I hit my head on the passenger side door and when the car stopped I sat up and I was in the backseat. . . ."

"How did you know I was in the backseat when the car stopped?" she interrupted herself.

But it was clear to me now. No wonder I kept doing so many strange things that I couldn't understand or control. The dream body wasn't my own. I had experienced the wreck with — or through — Cindy. — *Southaven, Miss.*

AN OLD BARLOW KNIFE

By Ben H. Knott

MY FATHER Ben Hooper Knott died on October 15, 1977. Every time I think of him — which is often — I recall an unusual event which occurred the summer before his death.

I spent most of one day during my brief visit with my parents exploring an old country store site near their home in Bradford, Tenn. My father, who accompanied me, had a great time remembering the old store and the old-timers who used to frequent it. Since I had my metal detector with me, I found some interesting artifacts but nothing out of the ordinary.

That night as we sat around the gas stove my father happened to mention our earlier excursion. "I can't understand why we didn't find one of those old barlow knives," he said. "Every boy I knew had at least one of them."

I paid little attention to his remark because I was on my way out the door to feed the dogs. It was dark outside but the moon was bright and I had no



Ben H. Knott

trouble finding the dog pen or the feed in the toolshed.

On the way back, for some reason I glanced down at the foot of a large tree and picked up a dark, half-buried object. I knew immediately what it was — an old rusty barlow knife! — *Warsaw, Ind.*

BLESS YOU, MR. OATS

By Lucille D. Bryan

WHEN I was a child growing up in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, we had a large gray horse named Mr. Oats who seemed to smile every time he was hitched to the red wagon with yellow wheels.

My father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Dytert used Mr. Oats only on Saturdays when they went shopping and on Sundays when they went to church. I was 10 years old at the time and they always put me in back of the wagon. The floor was covered with straw over which a bright red comforter was spread.

On Easter Sunday 1921 they hitched Mr. Oats to the wagon and started for church. They had to cross a long bridge but when they were halfway across Mr. Oats stopped in his tracks. My father gently applied the whip but to no avail. He even pleaded with Mr. Oats, again without success. Finally he got out of the wagon to see what was wrong. He looked the horse over but everything seemed all right — except Mr. Oats wouldn't budge.

Just as he was about to get back into the wagon, Father saw a black rosary

a few inches from Mr. Oats. He picked it up and gave it to my mother, then climbed back into the wagon. Mr. Oats shook his head and started across the bridge at a run.

I can remember how my mother clung to the rosary and said, "You're a good horse, Mr. Oats. God bless you."

When Mother passed away a few years ago, I inherited the rosary. I pray with it every night and I too say, "God bless you, Mr. Oats." — *Golden, Colo.*

CALL DAD NOW

By Iona Friedley

ONE DAY in 1931, when I was 16 years old, I was helping my friend Harry Walter's aunt with cooking and kitchen work while threshers worked in the fields on their farm near Helena, Ohio.

We were standing at the sink when suddenly she wiped her hands, hurried into the parlor and got out the Ouija board. The table practically leaped from letter to letter. It spelled CALL DAD NOW.

She raced for the telephone but just as she was reaching for it, it rang. It was her mother with the news that her father had just passed away. As she turned from the telephone, she and I suddenly felt very cold and a mist seemed to fill the area where we stood. As it slowly evaporated she became hysterical.

I am 64 years old now but I remember this as if it had happened yesterday. — *Clyde, Ohio.*



ONE HOUR BEFORE DEATH...

... we fell upon the Germans resting in their deep trench and took a prisoner — but it was an uneven exchange.

By John Gooder

WORLD WAR I was in its last months and the 14th Australian Battalion was resting. With some of my mates I was billeted in a farmhouse at Vaire-sous-Corbie in northern France. We had come out of the line about August 4, 1918, at Villers-Bretonneux and from there we marched the few miles to Vaire-sous-Corbie.

We were part of the command of Lt. Gen. Sir John Monash. The British Third Corps was on our left, north of the Somme River, and a Canadian corps was on our right. According to rumor, we were going to march on Le Hamel but now there was a lull in the area. Inevitably we would go back on the line but that was in the future, whether hours or days. As it turned out, the advance beyond Le Hamel was one of the last big operations of World War I in which Australian troops took part.

The other men in the billet were L. Cpl. Tommy Richardson from Footscray, Pvt. Bill Adams of Moonee and Pvt. George Garner from Kamarooka. George had just returned from leave in "Blighty," as we called England, and we wanted to hear about London.

Our billet was a two-story house

which had been shelled long before we arrived there. A large gaping hole in one wall faced the front line. The roof leaked and there was little plaster left on the walls but we had bedded down on straw in a small bedroom.

Pvt. John Gooder served in World War I as scout for 14th Australian Battalion and Fourth Brigade in Turkey in 1915, later was sent to Egypt, then France.



We had plenty of light during the day but in the blackness of night, even in the moonlight, we couldn't do much more than sit and talk. Although it was August, the nights were chilly and we pulled our greatcoats over us. We were not far from the front line but little noise of battle reached us. We occasionally heard the drone of airplanes but we never even got up to see whose planes they were; we were dead-tired. Little did we know that our idleness would be short-lived.

The night of August 7 we were looking out the gaping shell hole onto what once was a lawn in the front of the house. Looking at the battered trelliswork we could imagine the live climbing vines and luxuriant shrubbery — nature's casualties.

"I wonder who lived in this house before the war," Adams mused.

"A big family, I'll bet," replied Richardson. There were two other bedrooms besides this one.

"I wonder if the people are dead," Garner said.

"I don't think so," I replied. "There's no furniture around. They pulled their freight to Paris before Jerry got here."

About 8:00 P. M. a sergeant interrupted our chitchat. He was Johnstone from Melbourne, my hometown.

"Gooder, Garner, Richardson, Adams," he barked. "Prepare for a raid tonight — sometime before dawn. We have to bring in a German prisoner."

We had had no idea of going into battle so soon but it wasn't unusual for a noncom to pick out half a dozen men for a quick mission. I supposed



Author Gooder married a Scots girl in 1917 and they moved to Canada in 1923.

the intelligence officers wanted a prisoner to interrogate.

"Throw me your pull-through, Adams. I have to clean my rifle," Richardson said.

"I'm going to sleep," I said. But of course I couldn't sleep. In the deadly anticipation of what lay ahead, no one could.

Someone said, "Why didn't you stay in London, Garner? You would have missed this."

When Garner didn't answer the room became silent.

An hour or so later Sergeant Johnstone came in. "Get ready, you blokes. We move off in an hour."

When he left, Adams called out, "Hey, Garner, what you so quiet about? Tell us about Blighty."

Garner spoke in a voice not his own. He said, "I'm not coming back, fellows."

You could feel the silence as a soft wind floated through the shell hole. The ghostly house seemed to stir and the moon threw shivery shadows on the wall.

We joked with Garner and told him not to be silly.

"Why don't you go sick, Garner?" Adams asked. It was a silly question. Garner was a fighter.

He pulled from his pocket an old dirty notebook, a crumpled Red Cross envelope and a stubby pencil and began to write by the light of the moon. When he finished he wrote an address on the envelope, then handed it to me.

"Mail that to my girl in Melbourne, John," he said. Then he sat down.

We waited in silence until the sergeant barged into the room.

"Five minutes, you blokes," he said. A plane droned overhead as we left

the room, still wordless, and moved toward the front line, then into no-man's-land toward the German trenches. The line was quiet except for an occasional rifle shot. An hour before dawn we fell upon the Germans who were resting in a deep trench. The struggle didn't last long. We got our prisoner and hopped out of the trench.

"Let's go, boys!" Sergeant Johnstone called. Then the frantic Germans, surprised by our raid, began to send up flares.

"Everyone here?" the sergeant asked.

"Not Garner," Adams replied.

Johnstone and I ran back and found George Garner's lifeless body. We had exchanged him for a German prisoner.

How did he know he would die?



DOGWATCH

By P. J. Ebert

MY grandfather John Behun worked as a miner in the hills of Pennsylvania. Money was tight and he was the sole support of a wife, seven children and four grandchildren whose parents had died. He was small in stature, a little over five feet tall but large in faith.

One wintry Friday in 1915 he had just been paid his wages in cash and was on his way to his home in Port Marion. He was walking along a dark, misty, deserted street when suddenly, from between two buildings, three large men emerged. Their faces were covered and they carried small clubs. They grabbed him roughly and demanded his pay.

Grandfather closed his eyes in

prayer. As if in answer, through the fog appeared two huge dogs with enormous saucer-shaped eyes that shone with a light all their own. It took only one low-pitched growl to set the robbers running.

The dogs silently escorted Grandfather home. As he approached the house he could see his children at the window watching for him. My mother Pauline Pitzer was one of them. She remembers that as he opened the front gate the dogs disappeared. They didn't walk off; they simply vanished in full sight of Grandfather and the children.

His pay was saved that evening and he was never again bothered by would-be thieves.

Paraiba Inscription: A FORGERY?

Distinguished archaeologist concludes that tale of Phoenicians visiting Brazil is a "paper hoax" — despite cryptogram that allegedly supports its authenticity.

By Marshall McKusick

Courtesy of *Biblical Archaeology Review* July/August 1979

THE PARAIBA inscription on a stone found in northeastern Brazil in 1872 has been frequently cited as evidence that the Phoenicians sailed to the New World.* But today all but a few scholars agree that this inscription is a forgery.

In an article published in *Biblical Archaeology Review* (January/February 1979) Frank Moore Cross, a distinguished linguist, writes:

"After raising a minor stir in the 1870's, the Paraiba inscription was almost forgotten — until [it] was publicized in the 1960's by Prof. Cyrus Gordon, then of Brandeis University and now at New York University. . . . Gordon, in 1968, published an article declaring the inscription to be authentic. . . .

"The contents of the inscription are remarkable — although a skeptic might suggest that it is precisely what we should expect from a Phoenician inscription found in Brazil!

"The text recites the story of 10 Phoenician ships manned by Sidonians that sailed from Ezion-Geber, down the Red Sea, around the southern tip of Africa, and then headed north, presumably with the intention of sailing through the strait of Gibraltar, into the Mediterranean Sea and then to Phoenicia on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. Off the coast of Africa, however, one of the ships was separated by a storm and was eventually cast 'on this distant shore.' On board were 12 men and three women.

"According to Professor Gordon, the Paraiba inscription contains linguistic features which were unattested in Phoenician until after the Paraiba inscription was published. Unless the purported forger could have anticipated these recent discoveries, the inscription must be authentic, Gordon argues. . . .

"This is simply not true. Everything in the inscription was available to the forger in 19th-Century handbooks or

*See "Ancient Rock-Writing in America" by William D. Conner, June 1972 FATE.

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Scholars have never seen Paraiba stone. Inscription shown here was first brought to public attention after a copy of inscription was sent in a letter to Candido Viano, head of Brazilian Institute for History and Geography. The letter stated that inscription had been discovered on a plantation near the Paraiba River and copied by the son of the owner of the plantation.

from uninspired guesses based on these easily available sources. . . .

"To conclude that the Paraiba inscription is a forgery is easy. The more difficult question is to identify the forger and his motive.

"My own guess is that it was done by a scholar who was either ousted from a position or passed over . . . in short, a case of academic enmity. . . . That the forger chose this means to 'get even' with his academic enemies was quite expectable in the 1870's. Indeed, it was the season of monumental forgeries. . . ."

IN BOOK IV, Chapter 42, the Greek historian Herodotus (c. 484-425 B.C.) reports a fascinating voyage. According to Herodotus' account, in about 600 B. C. by our calendar, Pharaoh Necho of Egypt chartered some ships for an exploratory voyage. The ships were penteconters, 50-oared galleys suitable for extended coastal explorations. They belonged to the Canaanites, a

famous nation of seafarers and merchants, who spoke a language closely related to Hebrew. Greeks and later the Romans referred to them as Phoenicians. The galleys set out from Ezion-Geber on the Red Sea to sail around Africa in an effort to find the shortest route to the markets of Europe. According to Herodotus, the 50-oared ships finally made their way to the Mediterranean, arriving in Egypt nearly three years after setting out. The cruise, estimated at over 15,000 miles, was the longest ever made in ancient times. But because penteconters carried a square sail, they did not have to be rowed the entire distance.

This expedition, says Herodotus, was the first to prove that Africa was a continent. Unfortunately the route was too long — Africa was too large — to provide a profitable commercial route from the Red Sea to Europe.

Herodotus' account is brief and lacks details. He does not even mention the name of the commander of

the expedition, a surprising omission in classical literature, leading some to question whether the expedition actually occurred. Herodotus himself doubted at least part of the narrative because, according to the story, the sun's course was on the right side of the vessel when it rounded the African Horn. Herodotus thought it impossible that the sun's course could be on the right side rather than the left when rounding Africa.

In the early 19th Century — before the discovery of the Paraiba inscription — the great German naturalist, Baron Alexander von Humboldt, read Herodotus and concluded that the observation of the sun on the right side was convincing proof that the Canaanites or Phoenicians had in fact traveled far south of the equator. In the minds of many, this confirmed the authenticity of the circumnavigation reported by Herodotus.

In recent years most classicists have come to accept the voyage as one of the great sailing feats of antiquity. Once the Canaanite galleys reached the Horn of Africa, in present-day Somali, prevailing winds and currents would have pushed the ships all the way round the South African Cape where Atlantic winds and currents continue up the coast to northwest Africa. The galleys would have had hard rowing north along the present-day coast of Morocco, but once at Gibraltar, prevailing westerlies would carry the ships back to Egypt. Nevertheless, later attempts by Greeks and others to circumnavigate Africa from west to east invariably failed because of the winds and currents.

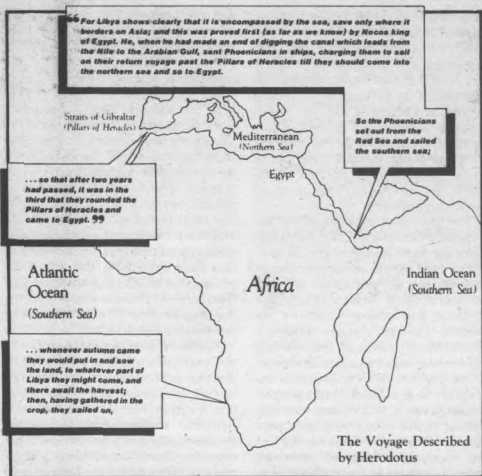
The account by Herodotus does not

mention the Benguela Current off West Africa, which sweeps across the Atlantic where it is known as the South Equatorial. This current could easily carry a disabled galley to the Brazilian coast past the Paraiba River, the place where the Canaanite inscription was reported to have been found in 1872.

This historical background in support of a very early Atlantic crossing can be interpreted in two ways — both for and against the authenticity of the Paraiba inscription. Those who are doubters argue that the story of the African circumnavigation was well known, particularly after Baron von Humboldt concluded that it was authentic, and could easily have suggested the creation of the forgery. Educated men knew that the Equatorial Current led to the Brazilian coast. Moreover, as a result of the scholarly interests of the then Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, who could read Hebrew, there was considerable interest in Semitic inscriptions in Brazil at the time. Since Canaanite inscriptions became a hobby among those who read Hebrew, one can assemble a strong case of circumstantial evidence suggesting that all the components of the Paraiba inscription were available to the forger.

And one can take the same facts and reach the opposite conclusion — that the inscription is genuine because of Herodotus' report. To think that a galley might have been disabled in a storm and, losing its way, would be carried to the Brazilian coast with a few survivors is not unreasonable.

The circumstances surrounding the discovery of the inscription can also



be viewed positively and negatively. Those who contend that the Paraiba stone is a fraud use as evidence the statement of the National Museum's director, Ladislau Neto, who said he could locate neither the plantation nor its owner who wrote the letter announcing the discovery; nor could he find the stone itself. This led the director to think that the whole affair was a hoax. The director, years later, said he concluded that there were only five men in Brazil who were

capable of composing such a Canaanite or Phoenician text, and so he corresponded with each of them to check their handwriting. The handwriting of one of the five replies matched that of the letter written by the so-called plantation owner. Neto, however, never named him.

Some have challenged Neto's account as untrue. What if the director lied about his identification of the handwriting or found it similar but not exactly the same? He was not an

acknowledged expert in handwriting. Moreover, the director did not tell the handwriting story for years and some wondered why he delayed so long. It has been said that the inscription was denounced as a fraud by a French scholar at the time it was first found. Perhaps Neto — not himself a formidable scholar — agreed with the Frenchman that it was a fraud just to avoid controversy. Perhaps Neto made up the handwriting story to justify his position.

The historical background of the expedition and the circumstances surrounding the inscription do not provide a final answer to the question of authenticity, and this brings the controversy down to the issue of language studies. Two eminent experts on Semitic languages disagree. Professor Frank Moore Cross of Harvard has advanced many arguments in support of his position that the Brazilian inscription was a fraud. With compelling arguments, he demonstrates that the inscription is not written in pure unmixed Canaanite, and that the letters represent a range of years and styles impossible to find in Mediterranean lands. According to Cross, the text was composed by someone familiar with 19th-Century Phoenician studies, a forger who was more familiar with Biblical Hebrew than Canaanite.

Professor Gordon, on the other hand, accepts the Hebrew mixture and uses it to strengthen the case in favor of the inscription.

In *Riddles in History* (1974) Gordon reports finding a secret cryptogram in the Paraiba text. Gordon states that the cryptogram is of a form

and type unknown to scholars until very recently and thus could not have been created by a forger in the 1870's. Professor Gordon unscrambles the cryptogram to read "We have been saved from Death" and "Trust only in Yaw (= Yahweh, God)." According to Gordon, although the author of the inscription was outwardly a worshiper of Phoenician deities, he was in fact a devout Hebrew who believed only in Yahweh. Professor Gordon points to the biblical book of Jonah as providing another example of a Yahwistic Hebrew at sea with a pagan crew and passengers. If the writer of the inscription were a Hebrew, this might explain some of the obvious influences from biblical Hebrew which modern-day linguists find so objectionable in the Paraiba inscription.

The Hebrew origin of the author of the inscription might explain some of the linguistic anomalies but does not explain all of them, so Professor Gordon is still in trouble on the basis of a linguistic analysis. Yet, as long as Professor Gordon's mysterious cryptogram is unchallenged, many will remain convinced that the inscription's authenticity is unresolved.

In the course of writing a book on pre-Columbian voyages I had to come to grips with this difficult Paraiba cryptogram. One test of Professor Gordon's cryptographic method is to see whether it has proved authenticity in the cases where he has used it. In addition to the Paraiba cryptogram, Professor Gordon claims to have found through his methods three other authentic cryptograms which he describes at length in *Riddles in History*. In all three of these other cases, stan-

dard and customary linguistic analysis has shown the inscriptions involved to be frauds. Professor Gordon's cryptographic method is irrelevant.

The Kensington Rune Stone was alleged to have been left by a Scandinavian expedition in western Minnesota in 1362. Professor Gordon was not the first to find an authenticating cryptogram in this inscription. The search for a cryptographic message in the rune stone was begun during World War II by a former U.S. Army cryptographer, Alf Monge, who was looking for very complex, hidden messages on runic medieval inscriptions. He was assisted by Ole Land-verk, a Viking enthusiast without formal training in medieval Scandinavian languages. Then Professor Gordon joined them. All three agree that the Kensington rune stone carries two cryptograms: "Tolik carved me, Harrek made me," and the date "24 April 1362." They assert that the presence of this hidden information proves that the inscription is genuine.

Orthodox linguistic analysis, however, has convinced all Scandinavian specialists who have examined and studied the Minnesota rune stone that it is a fraud. Using acrostic techniques, Carl Jensen, an amateur Scandinavian studies' enthusiast, discovered the names of the Kensington residents who participated in the hoax and the year it was manufactured and found (1898). He also found in the inscription a cryptogram which said "15 Feb. 1898 Maine Blows Up." If one can find cryptographic support for both modern and medieval origins, the techniques are obviously not perfected.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

MARSHALL McKUSICK received his Ph. D. in anthropology from Yale University in 1960 and has been at the University of Iowa since that time. He has been Iowa's State Archaeologist for 15 years.

His book *Atlantic Voyages to Prehistoric America* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1980) deals with the numerous hoaxes, frauds and misidentifications concerning Phoenician, Egyptian, Celtic and Norse voyages to the New World. Among these hoaxes, the Paraiba inscription is one of the most important because it was the cleverest of the 19th-Century forgeries and among the most controversial of the many alleged connections between the Mediterranean and the Americas.

Dr. McKusick lives in Iowa City with his wife and three children. His hobbies include canoeing, scuba diving and working on his two Model A roadsters.

Professor Gordon also found a cryptogram in a caption on the Vinland Map. It reads "Lysander" and is an alleged, if pointless, reference to a Spartan general who used secret messages. The Vinland Map seemed to be the only pre-Columbian map of a portion of the North American coast and was thought to have been printed in Basel, Switzerland, in the 1440's. Yale University Library purchased the map in the 1960's for \$100,000 for its rare books and manuscripts collection.

When Professor Gordon published *Riddles in History* in 1974 one could argue that if such a cryptogram were genuine and not artificially contrived, it might lend some possible authenticity to the controversial map. However, that same year, the great debate over the authenticity of the Vinland Map was resolved by a symposium of

papers given at the Royal Geographical Society in London. The map was proven to be a fraud because the ink contained anatase, a compound unknown until 1917 at the earliest. From many physical, chemical, historical and geographical lines of evidence, it is certain that the Vinland Map cannot be older than the 1920's and is possibly more recent. Again we find that Professor Gordon's cryptogram provides a spurious, untrue solution to the question of authenticity.

The Spirit Pond rune stones from Maine were found in 1971. Prof. Einar Haugen of Harvard has dismissed them as obvious forgeries because they were concocted by someone familiar with the Kensington rune stone rather than with medieval Old Norse — a fake based upon a fake. Spirit Pond runes spell out a word in modern Swedish, misuse runic numbers to write a date and contain many amateur errors of the same kind. The map on one of the stones is copied from the local U.S. Geological Survey's topographic sheet of the Spirit Pond area rather than from Champlain's earlier and quite different map — an important proof because the shoreline has changed over three centuries. Professor Haugen's work cites extensive references by runic studies specialists who reject the cryptographic approach which Monge and Landsverk advance in connection with the Kensington rune stone and the Spirit Pond rune stones. The runic cryptograms from Spirit Pond discussed by Professor Gordon once again provide an erroneous solution to the problem of authenticity. The

stones are fakes and a "secret message" cannot convert them into genuine antiquities.

The Paraiba inscription from Brazil is the fourth unsuccessful attempt by Professor Gordon to transform a fraud. As Professor Cross correctly stresses, the forger must have based his information on available 19th-Century sources and handbooks. Where these sources erred, so did the forger. The inscription could only have been written in the 19th Century because of the misuse of letter forms and words which in antiquity dated in usage over a span of at least 1000 years, but never occurred together at a single time or place. By modern standards, the Paraiba inscription cannot possibly be genuine. No cryptogram, no matter what its message, can correct these deficiencies.

As a result of my study, I am convinced that the tablet never existed, and that the hoax was composed entirely on paper, shortly before 1872, by someone with a passably good knowledge of Canaanite for his time. There is no longer a mystery. Professor Cross is correct; Professor Gordon is wrong; uncertainty is no longer possible.

Why has Professor Gordon been wrong four times out of four? When one tries to follow his methodology, one encounters an extremely complex solution formula. He attributes numerical values to individual letters, then chooses and places them in complicated patterns, doubles their values, adds their values together, and then reconverts them into anagrams. In short, he has created a hodgepodge wherein almost anything can be read

into any long inscription, whether ancient or modern, genuine or false.

If one is convinced an inscription has a secret message, such methods

will produce one, but such contrivances have little to do with the authenticity of the inscription or any intent on the part of its author.

26-YEAR DISCREPANCY EXPOSES HOAX

By Maurice DesJardins

THE APRIL 1979 issue of *FATE* carries an intriguing filler titled "Century-Old 'Bottle Note' Found Authentic." If true it would have been quite a story but as it turned out, the episode provides a lesson for researchers and students of the unusual and even a museum and a reliable publication like *FATE*. All were gulled by a fabrication.

The note, retrieved off the South Carolina coast in August 1978, read: "My name is Robert White. I write this from aboard the *Ann Alexander* out of New Bedford. We killed our first whale yesterday and I cast this into the sea for good luck. Please post a letter to me telling the whereabouts you found this. Send to Robert White, 310 Salisbury Road, New Bedford, Mass. 17 Sept. 1877."

When I read this I was perplexed. How could the *Ann Alexander*, a whaler famous enough to be written up in Ripley's "Believe it or Not," have been on the sea in 1877 when the vessel was stove in by an infuriated sperm whale and sank to the bottom of the Pacific on August 20, 1851?

The existence of "Robert White" was questionable too. New Bedford city directories of the late 1800's listed only one, an iron molder, who did not live on Salisbury Road. In fact no one could reside there. There was and is no Salisbury Road, only a Salisbury Street whose highest number is not 310 (or 130 as the New Bedford police suggested) but 62.

It only added to my perplexity that the North Carolina Mint Museum gave the note its stamp of authenticity. According to Milton Block, the museum director, "There is no doubt in my mind that this is authentic. The glass, the paper, the writing are com-

patible in age." He was mistaken.

Here are the facts as I learned them. Robert White turned out to be a Carolina lawyer who is very much alive. He and his cohort, Gene Laughter, an advertising man, decided to liven up an otherwise dull family vacation. After purchasing two dozen or so bottles from an antique store they disbursed at least three of them into the Atlantic. But the accompanying notes were the truly creative part of the adventure. Laughter explained the way the paper was made to appear old. They simply "cured it" by saturating the foolscap in tea and coffee. The pair invented their own ink by mixing together a concoction of India ink and more of their morning brew. Using their real names and writing superficially convincing messages for the receiver to acknowledge, they caused waves that have yet to subside.

"It's amazing to me how they could have gotten away with it at all," said Elton Hall, curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum.

But how they were caught is unique. Seldom do two wrongs make a right but a Carolina telephone operator's tapping in on a conversation between the two practical jokers proved the beginning of the end of their charade. When the operator told a Charlotte newspaper of the deception she had overheard, she was summarily fired for violating private conversation. Later, however, Laughter said that he and White would try to see that she got her job back.

When asked why they chose the 1877 date instead of a pre-1851 year which would have been harder to dispute, Laughter answered simply, "The year 1851 just seemed to be too old to be believable."

Update . . .

By Jerome Clark

MYSTERY OF DISAPPEARING BOY REAPPEARS.

In the March 1980 issue of FATE Joe Nickell quoted the confession of a writer who claimed he had invented the famous story of Oliver Lerch, the Indiana farm boy who is supposed to have vanished mysteriously near his home on Christmas Eve 1890. "Every single bit is fiction," said the writer, whose story was published in 1950. "As far as I recall, the name 'Oliver Lerch' is pure fiction on my part." Since Nickell's article appeared, new evidence has emerged to suggest — incredibly — that the "hoaxer" confessed to a hoax for which he was not responsible.

WHERE DID THE STORY COME FROM?

Reader Richard Heiden has sent us a copy of a booklet published in 1948 — two years before the hoaxer allegedly concocted the tale — referring to the Lerch story. In it author Harold T. Wilkins quotes a 1932 letter from a South Bend Tribune editor who says, "We frequently hear of this supposed incident regarding the Lerch family but have never been able to locate such a family." The statement proves that the hoax is far older than the "confession" would lead one to believe. Robert Schadewald, an authority on Fortean hoaxes, suggests the story first appeared in Religio-Philosophical Journal, "perhaps in early 1891. . . . RPJ was a weekly tabloid devoted to what we would now call 'the paranormal.'"

PSYCHICS DON'T HELP COPS MUCH.

At least that's what Dr. Martin Reiser, director of behavioral sciences for the Los Angeles police, has concluded. He fed identical evidence from murder cases to two groups of psychics and two groups of nonpsychics. The result? "The information the psychics came up with was not any better than that of the two comparison groups. . . . The pattern of responses seemed to be pretty much like guessing" — except that on the whole the psychics "seemed more confident in their responses."

CHRIST APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.

A year or two ago an image of Christ appeared on a tortilla — or so some believers insisted. Now people in Delcambre, La., claim they can see his face in a window screen on the side of Lois Linden's house. Mrs. Linden's father, the Rev. H. J. Simmons, believes "there is some message there," perhaps that sin is at an all-time high in Delcambre. Others believe the message is that Christ is coming again soon. Some people can't see the image at all but that's because their hearts aren't pure enough, one observer explains. Skeptics may prefer another believer's explanation, however. To see the image, she says, "you have to imagine it."

UNIVERSITY AWARDS FIRST PARAPSYCHOLOGY PH.D.

In June FATE contributor Jeffrey Mishlove will receive the first accredited doctoral degree in parapsychology from an American university. Mishlove, who teaches at John F. Kennedy University, will be awarded the Ph.D. from the University of California at Berkeley. "It's not that there hasn't been doctoral-level research before," he says, "but mine will be the first degree officially labeled parapsychology." His interest in psychic phenomena grew out of his own ESP experiences.

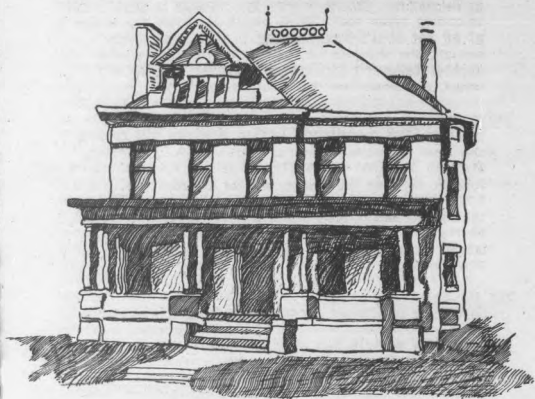
ROY MACKAL TRACKS AFRICAN MONSTER.

University of Chicago biologist Roy Mackal, who spent years investigating Scotland's Loch Ness monster (see our interview with him in the July and August 1977 issues of FATE), has now turned his attention to Africa's less well known but equally mysterious *mokele-mbembe*. Two of these creatures, described as "dragonlike," are said to have entered Lake Tele in 1959 and one was spotted as recently as last year. Dr. Mackal recounts the doings of these and other unknown animals in a book to be published soon.

A DRUNKEN MARY CELESTE?

John Maxwell's new book is fiction but contains a theory on the Mary Celeste mystery. Maxwell researched the story and discovered the ship carried alcohol barrels which leaked. The gas blew off the fore hatch and the captain, fearing fire and explosion, abandoned the floating bomb.

The Mary LaClaire Horror



No one knew who had committed the incredibly brutal murder
until a psychic's insights identified
the killer and her camera photographed his spirit.

By Michael Owen Lynette

THE HARLEM of 1921 was vastly different in character from what it is today. Although already an area of urban blight, many of the buildings housed middle-class families and only a few years separated Amsterdam Avenue from the town houses and mansions of Edwardian New York City. Much to the concern of the New York City police department, many of these once fine houses had been shut up and so provided ample hiding places for all manner of characters and crimes.

Due to the antique nature of some of these structures and the local history remembered by many of the area's older residents, several locations became the focus for stories of ghostly sightings and eerie noises in the night. One such house was the Roget Mansion located on the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and 116th Street.

According to old records the mansion was built in the late 1880's by Augustin Roget who made his fortune selling bad meat to the Union Army during the Civil War. He later was a stockholder in the line that owned the General Slocum which burned at her dock in 1904 with over 1000 lives lost. If his house was indeed haunted, no one living in the area would have doubted that the ghost was that of old man Roget. After an investigation revealed the rotting condition of the excursion steamer which had killed so many, he mounted to his attic, placed a navy pistol in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

During the First Great War his widow Merriam became a recluse who often was seen at the windows holding

a candle in the darkness. Finally she was taken away to an insane asylum and the house was shut up. Thus in 1921 it was a less than desirable property and badly in need of repair.

Beginning in the spring of 1921 there were several reports of ghostly screams coming from inside the house, of lights flickering past the



Psychic's photograph, taken in bathroom of house in which body was found, shows murderer in room of his own home.

dirty windows and of the figure of a woman seen dimly, hanging by her wrists.

If the police took any note of this, it was to put it down to tramps who more than likely were stripping the house. But the place really belonged to no one and the authorities could not interfere unless requested to do so.

As in the case of many such houses,

there probably would be a large gathering of winos who would, in the end, burn the place down, thus solving the problem.

January 22, 1921, was one of those nasty winter days when smog from the East River Power Plant mixed with that from the Bronx Incinerator and wrapped Manhattan in a blanket of semidarkness at noon. A dismal rain pelted early morning travelers with icy sleet and the cold penetrated even the warmest coat and boots. Two gentlemen of the grape entered the old Roget house through the broken basement door at the rear and prepared to make themselves comfortable. Much to their annoyance, however, a foul odor was wafting up, apparently from the basement. A search revealed nothing until one of them came upon an old steamer trunk shoved into a corner. When he opened it, his scream and sounds of revulsion brought the other quickly to his side. A rush of foul air almost overcame him as he looked at the indescribable mass lying on the floor of the trunk. It appeared to be the body of a woman in an advanced state of decomposition.

Fearing that they might somehow be blamed, they made a hurried call to the 125th Street station house and then vanished. The girl, or what was left of her, had been bound with electric wire. Her neck had been crushed and there was evidence that she had been scrubbed with lye. Her tormentor had left not the slightest clue to his identity or the woman's. Her clothing, in a heap under the body, had been torn to shreds and the labels cut out. Police estimated that she had been about 28 and had red hair. Judging by

the number of broken bones, they concluded she had been brutally beaten before her death. As nearly as could be estimated, she had been dead since early November. Although the crime itself was maniacal in nature, her tormentor had concealed his crime in a coldly realistic fashion.

All efforts to identify the woman failed until a priest in Boston wrote a letter asking for news of his missing sister Mary LaClaire. The letter stated she had gone to New York in early November to do her Christmas shopping and simply disappeared. A check of the hotels and railroad stations turned up a bag checked at Grand Central on November 5 which contained a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon. They were signed by someone called Charles and bore a return address at a box at the main post office in Manhattan. One letter not yet collected contained a photograph of an attractive woman and was signed with love from Mary to Charles. It was a familiar story: a promise of marriage from a married man. Charlie turned out to be a middle-aged clerk with a wife and three children. Police felt certain he had not murdered her.

Winter had run its course and brightened into early summer when the priest, hearing of Julia Murray's success in locating the missing Spuyten Duyvil children through psychic investigation, wrote and asked if she would help bring his sister's murderer to account. He enclosed a check for \$100.

The local police did not care to get involved with a "witch" but as long as she did not present them with any problems or withhold any evidence,

she was at liberty to investigate as much as she liked. Officially the case was closed and the file marked unsolved.

On Wednesday, August 10, 1921, Julia Murray, who was my aunt, entered the Roget house and noted the presence of many disturbed spirits; the focal point, she said, appeared to be a bathroom on the second floor. As Julia later wrote, "I could have spit [sic] in any direction and hit a spirit. The place was infested with them."

She also suggested that because the house lacked the feeling associated with a horrible crime the girl had been murdered somewhere else. But she said she would set up her photographic equipment upstairs and attempt to catch the murderer's likeness on her plate.

The photograph she took is indeed a strange sight and shows not a bathroom but a large room. The man appears to be only a shade which indicates that the fiend had passed over, having died by his own hand. Julia Murray, in her notes, reveals that she attempted to contact the spirit but the torment she experienced was too great. The upstairs bathroom was so filled with emotional charges that she admitted she was not sure which spirit was the strongest. She wrote later that she envisioned a name like Belwyn or Baldwin and some kind of sickness.

She twice attempted to set up her tripod and camera to photograph the bathroom and each time a force like a cold wind blew it down. The room became cold as death and a fog appeared over the lens. Finally Julia managed to get off a shot; then, grabbing her equipment, she retreated from the

house as quickly as possible.

The plate was for many years in the Murray collection and appeared to be only one of many she had taken of spirit phenomena until the date was checked against old newspaper accounts. There is no doubt the print shown is the one mentioned in her account for August 19, 1921.

The photo along with her impressions was sent to the priest in Boston and to the New York City police. She observed that only the man appeared to be in the house and that it was her opinion that the girl was killed at another location. Again, the cold and systematic mind of the murderer was shown to be in complete control. Whoever he was, he had killed for a reason — but why a perfect stranger? Certainly the girl could have done nothing to provoke such a demented attack.

In October 1921 the records of a Long Island doctor arrested for selling drugs mentioned a man named Baldwin whom he had treated for advanced syphilis. Questioned further, the doctor revealed that the man had come to him in mid-November with severe lye burns on his hands. The address given for Baldwin was a building in Long Island City.

A search of his apartment revealed not only several bottles of lye but a cardboard box containing lengths of electrical wire, a crude whip with ball bearings and a pad of sketches of a woman bound by her wrists.

Shortly thereafter a wallet belonging to a Stanley Baldwin of Long Island City was found on the stern of the Weehawken Ferry. Investigators speculated that he had gone over the

side and drowned in the frigid waters of the North River. However, his body was never recovered and very similar crimes took place in upstate New York and western New Jersey in the years 1923, 1925 and 1928; they seemed duplicates of the Mary LaClaire horror — the victims were attractive women in their late 20's and all had red hair.

The final news story of the affair of the hapless Mary LaClaire of Boston applauded the "excellent police work" by New York's finest and surmised that in his twisted mind Baldwin had associated Mary LaClaire's red hair with the woman who had infected him with syphilis and thus given rise to his thirst for revenge. It was thought that he had lured Mary LaClaire to wherever he killed her and that he had visited all his passion and hate upon her body even after she was dead.

Although the police never acknowledged Julia Murray's clue to the name and the photograph which greatly resembled Baldwin, she did not care. She had been retained by the Boston priest to find his sister's murderer and she had done what she was asked to do.

* * *

THIS IS a case my father worked on in 1921 and again in 1923. He was a reporter on the old *New York World* and later on the *New York Graphic*, on the homicide desk. I grew up around the city room of various papers and very early became something of an amateur criminologist. But it was simple good fortune that led me in 1963 to one of the tramps who had found Mary La-

Claire's body. He told me how he and his companion had gained entrance to the house and he described to me the steamer trunk. For many years Gus had been a regular around Stillman's gym in New York City. If he had a proper name, no one knew it or cared to ask — Gus was all anyone called him. He was, until his death in 1966, a Broadway nobody who sold used newspapers and bottles and lived in a flea trap on 10th Avenue.

There are good reasons still for not including the name of the priest. His murdered sister was not the most saintly of persons. Although she was married, supposedly happily, to a Boston stockbroker, she had made these trips to New York before. It just happened she did not return from this one. Mary LaClaire was a cover name she used when she wrote to the various men she found listed in the lonely hearts clubs.

There are a few people alive today who believe Julia was a witch and indeed the Catholic Church declared her "accursed" in 1909.

This is how Julia described her involvement with the Mary LaClaire case in a journal entry dated August 8, 1921:

"A dowerish figure of a man who peers out of heavy glasses like a bird of prey about to devour something weak and helpless. He has a battered face and several scars above his right eye. He is taken with fashionable design and fancies himself somewhat of a ladies' man. He is inscribed with a social illness and a burning desire to murder his paramour who is deeply in debt to henna dye."

On August 10, 1921, Julia took a

photograph in the Roget mansion and the result is to be seen in the accompanying ghost photograph. This photo was among her collection; no claims are made as to how this or any of the photographs in the Murray collection were taken or what they actually show. The only claim made is that Julia was sincere. Her journal entry for September 28, 1930, carried this brief thought in regard to the photos in her collection:

"My camera is a device for you to see beyond the veil. Only the mind perceives change, hears the murmur of the wind or the fall of rain on the windowpane. If you were not present, these things would never exist."

At the time this particular photograph was taken no one knew who the man was or where the room existed — it was discovered later that the man was Baldwin and the room was in his home.

The police often acted on Julia's readings, although they never acknowledged the source of their leads. She had stated that the killer (Baldwin) had syphilis, that the girl had been scrubbed with lye and that a Dr. North had been supplying his patient (Baldwin) with drugs. The name of the murderer and his medical record tallied when finally it came to light as part of the police investigation. In New York City in 1921 the police were greatly handicapped in solving murder cases. An APB, or its 1921 equivalent, was sent out to other police departments but there was little cooperation between law enforcement units.

Baldwin was never apprehended and allegedly went over the side of a

ferryboat into the North River. But when she read of his alleged death Julia wrote in her notes that he was still alive. This was never proven either way.

The Roget house burned in 1932. The *New York World* reported in a July 12 story that two firemen swore that, having broken open a door on the second floor, they saw through the flames the torso of a redheaded woman hanging by her wrists. And just before the roof fell in a horrible scream was heard. When the rubble was searched, however, no body was found.

Julia Murray was branded a witch at the age of nine and later referred to in the press of her generation as "Dark Child." I make no claim concerning the authenticity of the Murray photographs; certainly I was not present when she took them. They have been a puzzle to the professional photographers who examined them. Some of Julia's photos are wispy and fogged; others like the Baldwin photo shown here are clear and dimensional.

I had her camera until 1970 when someone broke into my car and stole it. I had taken dozens of rolls of film with it and never got so much as a puff of smoke.

I am no expert on antique camera equipment but I was told that her Kodak "Autographic" dated from 1915 and that it had a ball bearing shutter behind a Kodak Anastigmat F7.7 84mm lens which she mounted on a mahogany tripod. Her notes of the modifications show the replacement of the standard back to accommodate the use of a Seneca 3 1/2 x 4 1/2-inch glass plate. She noted, "The

spirits provide their own light." Julia was an accomplished photographer and had her own darkroom. Her formulas for developing her plates were

all standard to the profession. So whatever was needed to take psychic photographs of the spirit world must have been supplied by Julia Murray.



ODD FOG

By Jim Miles

AS IF we don't have enough driving hazards, a new threat has recently been introduced to the highways: odd fog.

It first manifested on February 17, 1979, when George Bungo, a 54-year-old resident of Lancaster, Pa., was driving on Route 219 at 8:30 A. M. A large patch of what seemed to be smoke suddenly appeared directly in front of him. When the car entered the dense cloud, it struck a large unidentified object. Whatever it was, it left the scene of the accident. The collision left Bungo uninjured but caused extensive damage to his car.

Several weeks later, on the morning of March 29, the same type of phenomenon caused an accident on Interstate 95 near Savannah, Ga., which resulted in three deaths, five injuries and the total destruction of six vehicles.

According to Garden City Police Chief Robert B. Sellars, the chain-reaction accident was triggered when a tractor-trailer truck entered what

was described as "a mysterious patch of fog" 200 to 300 yards wide which obscured a highway overpass. A second truck entered the cloud and was struck from the rear by a third truck. The first and fourth truck also collided, along with a van and a Ford Thunderbird. The van was crushed between two of the trucks and a truck fuel tank ruptured and set all the vehicles on fire. Three bodies were burned beyond recognition and the van was crushed to the size of an office desk. Five other people were seriously hurt.

The fire required the services of 60 firemen who fought the blaze for half an hour using chemicals usually reserved for aircraft fires. The resulting traffic jam backed up cars for 10 miles into South Carolina.

"Police were baffled about the source of the foglike smoke that apparently set off the string of crashes," reported the *Atlanta Journal*. The only official theory offered was that a grass fire in a neighboring county caused the peculiar "minifog."



THE TELLER WAS ONE IN A MILLION

LARRY Graves and Barbara Jackson, subscription salespeople, went to a Bank of America branch in Fresno, Calif., to cash a \$52 check and ran into the wrong teller.

She was Debra Baroni who noticed

it was one of her own personalized checks from a batch she had ordered but had not received. She hadn't received them because they had been stolen from her mailbox, investigating officers determined later.

PSYCHIC WEATHER CONTROL

You've heard of mind over matter — but what about mind over *nature*? Can psi powers cause storms to appear or disappear?

By D. Scott Rogo

THE MIND can make direct contact with the world in a variety of ways. It can cause tables to levitate, heal diseased organs of the body and influence the roll of dice. And if the mind can influence inert matter, can it also manipulate nature itself? The idea that an act of will can affect weather conditions is an ancient one, perhaps best illustrated by the American Indian belief that medicine men could produce rain at will and by the medieval notion that witches could call up great storms.

Perhaps the earliest known account of psychic weather control appears in the Old Testament and concerns Elijah's confrontation with the priests of Baal. *1 Kings 18* relates how, after God instructed the great prophet to bring rain to drought-stricken Israel, King Ahab decided he would test Elijah's divine powers against those of the opposing priests.

When Elijah, the priests of Baal and the Israelites gathered in an open area, Elijah challenged his opponents to call down fire from heaven. Although the priests "cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives,"

they could not make fire (perhaps a lightning bolt?) strike an altar they had constructed for the contest.

Elijah had a trench dug around his own altar, filled it with water, drenched a sacrificial bullock and called on God. "The fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench," the Old Testament relates.

Elijah then prostrated himself before the Lord seven times. A small cloud "like a man's hand" arose from the sea and dropped a vast quantity of rain on the parched earth.

Many centuries later Joan of Arc demonstrated her weather control. This is not so well known as are her apparent clairaudient and ESP abilities but some of the instances are well documented. In April 1429, for instance, the French army left the city of Blois for Orleans to do battle with British troops. Before reaching Orleans the French came to the Loire River. The English who were encamped on the other side outnumbered the French three to one. The French

figured that they could avoid a head-on clash with their adversaries by traveling inland down the south bank of the river. They could then cross it out of sight of the English and strike from the east.

St. Joan flew into a rage when she heard the plan, since she believed that God wished the French to descend directly upon the English ranks. An argument between the saint and the French commander, the Count de Dunois, erupted. Meanwhile plans already had been made to send boats secretly from Orleans upstream to secure provisions for the troops. Unfortunately, since the wind was blowing downstream along with the current, this plan seemed doomed. But St. Joan finally saved the day by simply announcing that the wind would change to their advantage. And it did, almost instantaneously with her announcement.

Similar stories of psychic weather control were told of St. Francis of Paolo (1416-1507). One story was reported originally by Bernadino Pugliano, a friend who lived near St. Francis in the city of Paterna where the saint had founded an order. Pugliano related the following incident at a posthumous inquest into the saint's life held as part of his consideration for canonization.

Pugliano said he had set a small fire on his land one day to clear it of some trees and shrubs. He wanted to cultivate the parcel and this was the easiest way to get started. But the wind rose suddenly and the fire spread into the surrounding fields. St. Francis, who happened to be in the area, saw the flames moving toward a cache of lum-

ber which he wanted to use to build a new monastery. Raising his hands into the air, he ordered the fire to "burn what you are supposed to burn, but do not touch what is mine!" According to Pugliano's eyewitness account, the fire immediately stopped in its path, smoldered and extinguished itself.

After his death St. Francis became something of an unofficial patron saint of the elements and at least one miraculous weather change is widely attributed to his posthumous intervention. In 1598 Sicily was suffering from a drought so severe that by the end of April the local bishop led a penitential procession in homage to St. Francis. During the group prayer ceremony which followed, according to St. Francis' biographers, "suddenly the skies became clouded and a tremendous rain started falling, lasting for hours, completely restoring the farms and gardens throughout the Island."

The incident may well have been an example of "group PK." In my book *The Haunted Universe* I argued that many so-called miracles may be colossal PK effects brought about by masses of people united in a single goal, each contributing a tiny amount of PK to a gigantic complex of extraordinary magnitude. After I had written *Universe* I learned that William McDougall, one of the great psychologists of the 20th Century, once proposed a similar theory. Perhaps this concept explains many freak weather changes which have resulted from petitionary prayer. Naturally these effects seem linked particularly to religious crises and ceremonies.

Another possible effect of this kind occurred in 1570, when King Philip of

Spain dispatched his fleet to battle the Turks in the Mediterranean. The Spanish ships served as one component of several representing the combined forces of the Holy League. The Turks had separated the Spanish from the other forces of the Holy League and were about to destroy them. As the story goes, the Spanish sailors prostrated themselves before an image of Our Lady of Guadalupe (an image inspired by the Blessed Virgin's miraculous appearances in Spain 39 years earlier), whereupon a freak storm arose and scattered the Moslem forces.

A more modern account of a psychically produced miracle comes from Remiremont, France. The day before it happened, town officials had angered the primarily Roman Catholic citizenry by refusing it permission to march in a religious procession. The miracle occurred the next day, May 26, 1907, when a hailstorm struck. Among the huge hailstones which fell were several imprinted with the likeness of the Blessed Virgin! Although some investigators have argued that the Remiremont miracle was a collective hallucination, such an explanation seems unlikely in view of the fact that several witnesses took hailstones home and examined them at their leisure.

Abbé Gueniot, a local church official and an eyewitness to the event, wrote an account shortly after the storm occurred. According to his account, the abbé was resting at home when the hail struck. When one of his servants told him that miraculous hailstones were falling to earth, he was skeptical.

"In order to satisfy her," Gueniot

reported, "I glanced carelessly at the hailstones which she held in her hand. But since I did not want to see anything and moreover could not do so without my spectacles, I turned to go back to my book. She urged, 'I beg of you to put on your glasses.' I did so and saw very distinctly on the front of the hailstones, which were slightly convex in the center, although the edges were somewhat worn, the bust of a woman, with a robe that was turned up at the bottom, like a priest's cope.

"I should perhaps describe it more exactly by saying that it was like the Virgin of the Hermits. The outline of the images was slightly hollow as if they had been formed with a punch but were very boldly drawn. Mlle. André asked me to notice certain details of the costume but I refused to look at it any longer. I was ashamed of my credulity, feeling sure that the Blessed Virgin would hardly concern herself with instantaneous photographs on hailstones. I said, 'But do not you see that these hailstones have fallen on vegetables and received these impressions? Take them away. They are no good to me.'

"I returned to my book, without giving further thought to what had happened. But my mind was disturbed by the singular formation of these hailstones. I picked up three in order to weigh them without looking closely. They weighed between six and seven ounces. One of them was perfectly round, like balls with which children play, and had a seam all around it, as though it had been cast in a mold."

The Remiremont townsfolk claimed that the miraculous hailstones behaved unlike the normal ones falling

at the same time. They appeared to float to earth and did no damage to any crops upon which they landed. This is, of course, the way objects move during poltergeist attacks. Household knick-knacks will float about as if being carried and rarely cause any injuries even when they slam into people.

The Remiremont hailstorm may have resulted from the kind of psychokinetic process that produces poltergeists. The entire town may have been the agent for the miracle. Frustrated by town officials and left with no way to express their shared hostilities, the townsfolk may have produced a group-PK effect by interacting with the weather and somehow mediating the creation of the miraculous hailstones.

* * *

WE DO NOT, however, have to delve back into 15th-Century chronicles or study the lore of religious miracles to demonstrate that paranormal weather control is a psychic faculty recognized throughout the world. In primitive cultures certain individuals supposedly are able to contact the gods, control the dead, levitate, put hexes on people and manipulate the weather. These persons, sometimes called *shamans*, are known all over the world. Some writers have suggested that our own concept of the psychic is a modernized cultural adaptation of the shamanic tradition.

David Read Barker, who was affiliated until recently with the Division of Parapsychology at the University of Virginia's School of Medicine, conducted his doctoral research among the Tibetan refugees in Nepal and India during 1970-73. These settlements

were established after the Tibetans fled their homeland when the Chinese overran it in 1950. During his stay Barker was able to successfully inculcate himself with the primitive animistic view which the Tibetans maintain. And on one occasion he was able to witness personally a psychic weather control demonstration conducted by a Tibetan lama.

Speaking before the 21st annual convention of the Parapsychological Association held at Washington University in St. Louis during August 1978, Barker stunned the audience with his description of the incident.

"Tibetans believe that *Lamas* or shamans can influence the weather for benevolent or malevolent purposes," Barker said, "and many sacred texts tell of priests who caused hailstorms to descend on the ripe grain fields of enemies or caused a long stretch of good weather for a monastic celebration."

Barker of course knew of these traditions but had hardly expected to see something of this sort when he decided to travel to Nepal and India. Nonetheless, he said, "In Dharamsala in Northern India there is an annual gathering of Tibetans to mourn the flight of the Dalai Lama from Tibet on March 10, 1959. My wife and I attended the 14th annual gathering, held on March 10, 1973. Storms had been rolling down the southern slopes of the Himalayas for weeks, bringing cold torrential rains, sleet and hail. An elderly lama, Gunsang Rinzing, who is greatly feared and revered locally for his powers of meteorological control, was employed by the Dalai Lama to stop the storms long enough for the day-long festival to occur."

Since he was living so close, Barker decided to watch the lama's ritual. The day before the scheduled celebration, at about 8:00 P.M., the lama arrived on the grounds and built a fire. He had to work hard to keep it lighted because of the rain.

"He was in a state of intense concentration," Barker said, "and recited mantras and a *sadhana*, frequently blowing on a trumpet fashioned from a human thighbone and beating the two-headed drum of a shaman. After several hours of watching him from a respectful distance, we retired to bed, certain that the weather would be as miserable the next day as it had been for the preceding days.

"Early the following morning the rain had diminished to a drizzle, and by 10 o'clock it had become only a cold fog over a circle with a radius of about 150 meters. Everywhere else in the area it continued to pour but the crowd of several thousand refugees was never rained on during the six hours it was assembled. At one point during the speech of the Dalai Lama a huge hailstorm swept past, causing a tremendous clatter on the tin-roofed houses adjoining the festival grounds, but only a few dozen hailstones fell on the crowd."

Barker also noted that the space around him seemed to have an "airless" quality and the anthropologist described himself as feeling "disoriented" for weeks by what he had witnessed.

As Barker was delivering his report, I suddenly remembered something I had come across years ago while reading an old parapsychology book. Earlier in this century the Rev.

Charles Tweedale was in charge of Weston Vicarage in England. He was also a dedicated student of psychical research, which wasn't surprising since his wife was psychic and his church was haunted! In his book *Man's Survival of Death* he describes a remarkable weather control performance which he himself probably effected.

The incident occurred on Sunday, October 12, 1919. The local bishop was scheduled to preach at Weston at 3:00 o'clock that afternoon and a celebration in his honor had been scheduled. The weather, however, was hardly inviting.

"All the morning was gloomy and overcast. Barometer low," Tweedale wrote. "Before I left the church after morning service it was raining heavily, with low drifting clouds and banks of fog."

Tweedale was distressed because many of the people attending the day's festivities had come expressly to see the bishop and to hear him preach. Tweedale felt helpless as he stood alone in his church.

"I went up to the altar and there alone I spread my hands unto the Lord," Tweedale reported. "I asked that it might be fine by 2:00 P.M. and that we might even have sunshine and that the sun might shine upon the Bishop and illumine the church."

The clergyman was asking for a great deal. The sky was black and the drizzle seemed endless. But then:

"I left the church at 1:00 P.M. in heavy rain. At 2:10 P.M., the rain had ceased. At 3:00 P.M. the church was crowded. At 3:30 P.M. as the Bishop walked down the long chancel to

preach the sermon, suddenly the clouds parted and a long bright ray of sunlight shone through the small west window like a searchlight, brightly illuminating the Bishop from head to foot as he walked slowly down the chancel, and continued to shine upon him during the singing of the hymn. I gazed at this spectacle with mingled awe and delight, realizing how literally my prayer was being fulfilled before my eyes. As the hymn ceased the clouds again covered the sun, which shone no more that day." (Tweedale's italics.)

This was the second time Tweedale had witnessed an apparently paranormal change in the weather. In October 1917, when a daylong rainstorm threatened to ruin a festival being planned at his church, the desperate cleric went outdoors and prayed for an end to the rain. He began his prayer at four in the afternoon, only one hour before the festival was to begin, asking for blue skies and an end to the storm. It happened.

"Before 4:30 P.M. the rain had ceased," Tweedale wrote. "A few minutes after 5:00 P.M. a large portion of blue sky appeared, with the moon shining brightly in it. By 6:30 the Church was crowded to suffocation, and the sky brilliantly clear from horizon to horizon, and when we came out of church the stars were glittering like diamonds, and so continued until long after midnight; one of the clearest skies of the year!" (Tweedale's italics.)

Tweedale, I should point out, was a respected amateur astronomer and meteorologist and presumably in a position to know just how unlikely

these weather changes were.

One of my favorite rainmaking stories is set in Colorado in 1963. A severe lack of snowfall had seriously threatened the state's financially critical ski resort industry. The Christmas season looked as if it were going to be a total washout until some Indians from a nearby reservation performed a ceremonial dance and two feet of snow fell within the next three days.

There is something amusing and incongruous about an ancient Indian tribe's coming to the rescue of old-fashioned American commercialism!

The late Ivan T. Sanderson, a naturalist and Fortean, personally witnessed an exhibition of weather control. But the agent was no one so exotic as an Indian medicine man or a Tibetan lama; he was Charles H. Hapgood, a retired college professor and author of several books on psychic and Fortean subjects.

The incident occurred in Charleston, W. Va., where Sanderson and some colleagues, one of them Hapgood, had gone on an archaeological dig. A heavy rain was disrupting things and threatening to ruin the expedition.

"It had rained torrentially for three days before our arrival," Sanderson wrote in *Investigating the Unexplained*, "and continued to do so all night. Next morning, we asked Hapgood kiddingly to do something about it. He went out onto the veranda alone for a time, and lo and indeed behold, a large break appeared in the dense, dark overcast precisely over Charleston. It stopped raining and the hole continued enlarging until the sun shone through from a perfectly clear blue sky. The weather remained

almost perfect over about a hundred square miles of the Kanawha Valley for the two days while we conducted our operations, though *it continued to rain all around*. Within an hour of completing our fieldwork, the sky clouded over and it rained again!"

Some psychics claim to possess the ability to make clouds break up. Rolf Alexander has been demonstrating this ability for years. He has been successful enough so that his work has been featured in general interest magazines and on British television. In the United States, Trevor Constable asserts that he can break up clouds by

projecting nonphysical energy into the sky through metal tubes.

Of course all of the above accounts are purely anecdotal. They certainly do not constitute proof that the human mind can manipulate the weather but at least they suggest that such feats might be possible. Perhaps in the near future some brave parapsychologist will leave the shelter of his laboratory and conduct experiments with gifted psychics to see if they exert an uncanny influence over the elements.

If they can, an exciting new dimension of parapsychology will open before us.



ELEPHANT GHOST?

By Carl W. Maiwald

ABOUT 50 years ago I was working on Elmer Peasley's dairy farm near Montgomery, N. Y. At the far end of one pasture there was a swamp where the cows never ventured, although there was no fence to keep them away from the lush swamp grass. When I asked my employer why his cows avoided the spot, he replied tartly, "Why don't you ask them?" Then, turning away abruptly, he muttered, "Wind in the east brings out the beast."

Being young and venturesome I could hardly wait to find out what he meant. Two nights later, when the east wind whispered through the trees, I eased out of my bedroom window onto a low shed roof and headed for the back pasture. In the dim light of the half-moon, I approached the swamp, guided by the mist above it. I was startled momentarily by an eerie cry of "Who? Who?" but I went on when I realized it was only an owl.

Standing on the edge of the swamp I hurled a challenge at the "beast," confident the heavy stick in my hand was ample defense against any fox or

coyote. All was deathly still so I shouted again, "Whatever you are, come out of there!"

Very slowly a monstrous form rose from the mist. Up, up it surged until I saw it was an elephant, its little pig-gish eyes searching for anyone foolish enough to challenge its ownership of the swamp. But what an elephant! Bigger than any circus pachyderm, it had long wicked tusks and its shaggy hide stank of ancient ooze. Dropping my puny stick, I ran as if the devil were after me.

I have lived in the area all my life and occasionally have heard rumors of the "ghost elephant." I never met anyone who would admit seeing it, so I too have remained silent.

Many years later a newspaper headline gave me a clue to the identity of the apparition. It read: "Road Construction Crew Discovers Mammoth Skeleton in Swamp."

The removal of the bones to a museum of natural history must have laid the ghost to rest, for there have been no rumors of an elephant ghost since that time.

NIGHTMARE FALL into Reality. . .

. . . but it was not I who was falling. Later the broken body lay on the concrete, just as it had in my dream.

By Gerald Fitzgerald

I FIRST met Bill Mitchell at Thanksgiving dinner in 1965 in the Long Island University dormitory where I then lived. This 16-story glass-and-white-brick building housed male and female undergraduates, married students and a few professors. For the students who had remained at the school for the holiday, the manager of the dorm had planned a sit-down dinner. It was to be served in the "rotunda," a semicircular extension of the student cafeteria usually reserved for university professors and administrators.

Rather than return to my hometown in Pennsylvania for the four-day vacation I had remained in New York so that I could see Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade for the first time.

At dinner I found myself seated with other scholarship students, perhaps 20 in all, who had remained in the dorm either because the trip home was too long or because they simply didn't have the money for transportation. Among them was my roommate and best friend Curt Moore. We had just returned from the Macy parade.

Another student who had stayed in New York was William Mitchell. He had taken a seat opposite me at the cir-

cular table only after considerable pressure from the residence hall manager, an elderly spinster who believed herself responsible not merely for the comfort and well-being of the residents but for their social development as well.

"Why, here's a nice table for you!" she prattled, guiding him with the sure hand of an ex-kindergarten teacher into the seat opposite me.

His presence meant nothing to me — he was just another freshman. I could not have known that a few months later I would have a nightmarish premonition of tragedy and he would be the principal figure.

My friend Curt, whose father had been a pipeline worker, had spent his childhood migrating from one trailer park to another. This may have given him his unusual facility for making friends, his ability to start a conversation with anyone. Mitchell was difficult, though. He was sullen, almost belligerent. Everyone was joking about why we had been left behind when the swarm of holiday buses left. Yet when I asked Mitchell where he lived and why he had remained in the city, he answered with one word — "Indiana" — and glared at me so

stonily that I was effectively silenced for the duration of the meal.

From the conclusion of the Thanksgiving dinner until the eve of the tragedy I cannot remember having seen Mitchell again. I must have passed him in the hall or stood with him in the same elevator but this young man lacked almost totally that quality of personality called "presence."

On the afternoon of March 21, 1966, however, it was hard not to notice him. Curt and I had just returned from our Monday afternoon course in "The Novel in English." It was 4:30 P.M. and the cafeteria was just opening for supper; it would remain open until seven. Curt and Tom Zelinsky, our third roommate, sidled toward the cafeteria as I took a few steps past the entrance on my way to the elevators.

"Hey, Fitz," Tom called, "aren't you going to eat?"

"Sure," I said, "I'll be right down. I'm just going to get rid of these books."

A few more steps brought me to the elevator which stopped only at the 10th to 13th floors where male undergraduates lived. Having pressed the "up" button I turned to read the student activities bulletin board opposite the elevators.

Imagine my amazement when I saw Mitchell — in his underwear — leaning against the bulletin board just as if he were waiting for his girl friend or a roommate to step off the elevator! He smiled strangely, perhaps pleased that he had startled me.

My response to this spectacle was like that of others who, with heads averted, were passing the unclad man

in the lobby. The urge to remove myself from the scene won out over my better instincts — which told me to talk to him, to help him in some way. But without a backward glance I jumped into the elevator. Had I been a newcomer to New York I surely would have said something to him or at least asked someone in authority to help. But after two years as a New Yorker, I had become calloused. The "don't get involved" city attitude had me strongly in its grip. I did nothing.

In my room a few minutes later I put down my books and then, having taken a few swipes at my hair with a comb, I was about to join my roommates in the cafeteria when an irresistible drowsiness took hold of me. I felt I had to lie down for a few minutes until this sudden weariness passed.

Lying on my steel frame bed I sank into a strange state which seemed never to become complete sleep. I still heard all the sounds from the street 12 stories below; I was aware of the texture of my dungarees and of the coarse spread on which I lay; yet it was sleep. Had I been asked to say how long I lay this way my guess would have been five or 10 minutes — not more — but when I awoke it was dark outside.

It was dark and I was screaming — screaming and sweating. The clock on the desk read 7:30 P.M. and Curt and a friend from down the hall, Joe Sullivan, were in the room.

"What's wrong?" they demanded. "What the hell is wrong?"

In those final moments before awakening I had been experiencing that nightmare sensation of falling for a long time — like Alice's tumble into Wonderland — but halfway through,

the fall had become real. It was no longer the nebulous dream fall into the world of wakefulness; it was a real fall from the roof of our 16-story dormitory building. But it was not I who was falling.

Now I saw myself at the dormitory roof's edge watching another person fall to the concrete mall below. And this fall did not terminate in my bed. It ended with a death scream and a thud. With an ease that's possible only in a dream I found myself on the mall alongside the victim. Despite a paralyzing anxiety I turned his face toward the light to learn his identity. It was my roommate Tom Zelinsky.

"Where's Zelinsky? Is he dead?" I asked Curt and Joe.

"Hey, you've been dreaming!" they replied.

I wouldn't shut up or sit still until I had seen Zelinsky. "Where is he then? I want to see him."

"He's taking a shower."

I ran into the bathroom and charged to the windows which look out onto the rear of the building. I strained to see the section of the mall where the body had fallen in my dream. There was no one there. The globe-shaped lamps around the mall were bright enough to convince me no body lay at the rear of the building.

Just then Zelinsky emerged from the shower.

"Are you O.K.?" I asked.

"Sure, I'm O.K." he said, puzzled that I should ask.

Back in my room the fellows wanted to know why I hadn't come to the cafeteria, why I had slept through supper. I was unable to explain to anyone's satisfaction, even my own. Nor

could they calm me with assurances that I had been only dreaming. True, Zelinsky was alive but it *had* been his face I saw when the 16-story fall was over. These facts did little to dissipate the anxiety I felt; I could not relax.

Curt went with me to the hamburger joint across the street, then suggested we take in a movie. He said I needed something to take my mind off that disturbing dream. But I felt too tired. Awake less than two hours I needed sleep again. Soon I was in bed for the night. It was our habit to chew the fat until just before sunup but that night my roommates had to get along without me.

AT ABOUT 11 o'clock the next morning I lay half-awake awaiting the alarm which would ring in 15 minutes. Suddenly a strange unrest seized me as I realized that outside in the corridor something was happening. Then the door flew open and Joe Sullivan walked in.

"Hey, you guys, get up!" he shouted. "Some guy just jumped off the dorm."

Instantly sleep left and ugly fear replaced it. "When?" I asked.

"Just now — a few minutes ago," he said.

"Where?" I demanded, sitting up in my bed.

"In the back. Come on!" he urged, ignorant of the events of the previous evening.

"Jesus Christ," Curt said. "It's not Zelinsky, is it?"

He had noticed, as I had, that Zelinsky's bed was empty.

"No, no," Joe said. "It's some freshman kid from Indiana — the one who was downstairs in his underwear last night."

The full portent of my dream now was clear. My mouth went dry and my heart pounded as I followed Curt and Joe to the window looking out onto the mall. There, on the concrete, just as it had appeared in my dream was the broken body, not Zelinsky's, as I had dreamed, but William Mitchell's. School officials and police officers clustered around while photographers

snapped pictures from all possible angles.

That evening the Brooklyn edition of the *New York Daily News* headlined the story of the suicide, describing a disturbed and lonely boy who had tried to gain recognition by any means available — a boy who, now that his objective had been achieved, would never take his bows.



COLOR CUE

By Raymond C. Otto

ONE DAY several years ago at the Arlington Park Racetrack near Chicago, I was not having much luck with my bets. As the fifth race was coming up I started looking at the listing of horses entered for that race. My mind wandered, I guess, and then suddenly I noticed the color one of the jockeys would be wearing — robin's egg blue. At that precise mo-

ment I looked up from the program to see, standing directly in front of me, a woman wearing a robin's egg blue dress.

That was just too coincidental. I immediately placed a bet on the horse to be ridden by the jockey in robin's egg blue. The horse won the race and paid handsomely: \$28.50 for a \$2 bet.



THE FOURPENNY CASTLE

By Georgia Hardisty

MONKSTOWN Castle in Ireland's County Cork is said to have been built in 1636 at a cost of only fourpence.

Anastasia Goold married John Archdeken who left her to fight for Philip of Spain. During his absence, Anastasia decided to build an imposing home which would be ready on his return from the wars.

To finance the building project, Anastasia supplied the workmen with food and other necessities at the current retail prices. As she bought all the provisions at wholesale, she found on balancing her books when the castle was completed that her profits had paid all the costs of building it except for the sum of one groat — or fourpence.





Marvin Clair Jacobsen and son Marvin Willard learned coincidences in their lives extended even to the women they had married — blondes with initials "J" (Jo and Judy).

Lost, Stolen or Strayed — One Father

Reunited after many years of separation, father and son found that in some eerie way they had lived the same life.

By Georgia Lee Jacobsen

THE PHOTOGRAPH Marvin Willard Jacobsen carried in his billfold was faded and dog-eared. Nevertheless, it remained his most prized possession; it was the only thing he owned that connected him with his real father Marvin Clair Jacobsen. His grandmother Patricia Moerscher had given him the picture many years ago; it showed him as a

toddler about two years old being held in the arms of his dad.

Now, at 38, the quest to find the man in the picture, begun when Marvin was 10, seemed hopeless. He looked once more at the picture, shrugged his shoulders and shoved his wallet back into his pocket. No sense thinking about it, he mused. Might as well get back to work.

Marvin Willard, a Los Angeles County sheriff's deputy, had been placed on light duty. On February 11, 1977, he had been wounded by gunfire while on duty, so now he was confined to his desk. It had been an accidental shooting. He'd gone to investigate a burglary call. The man who'd placed the call, evidently thinking he was the burglar, had shot at him from inside the house. The bullet had nicked the top of his badge. Instead of hitting his heart it had ricocheted downward through his diaphragm to lodge in his back, where it lay too close to his spine to be removed. But he wasn't complaining. If he hadn't been wearing the badge he'd have been a dead man.

The nights passed slowly. Constant desk duty was not his long suit. Suddenly for some vague reason he could never explain, one night he found himself running a "make" through the Department of Motor Vehicles . . . a "make" on himself. As he routinely watched the scanner a name suddenly leaped out from the list of Jacobsens. The hair stood up on Marvin's neck and goose bumps covered his arms. **MARVIN CLAIR JACOBSEN.** It couldn't be, he thought, but there it was!

Hurriedly he checked the legal data. Height: 6' 2 1/2". Eyes: hazel. Birth date . . . Everything fit. It seemed too good to be true.

Later that night Marvin Willard talked over this discovery with his wife. Somehow he was afraid to call.

"Go ahead," his wife urged, forcing him to pick up the telephone and dial. "After all, all he can do is say no."

"Hello," a woman's voice replied.

"May I speak to Mr. Marvin Jacobsen, please?"

"Just a moment."

After what seemed a long pause a man's voice, strong and resonant, said, "Hello."

"This is Marvin Jacobsen also. I wonder if you could help me out."

He told Marvin Clair his middle name and explained that for years he'd been trying to find his dad. The man on the other end of the phone mentioned his mother's name. "Is it she?"

"Yes. Yes, it is! I've found you! I've finally found my dad!"

They talked a long time and arranged to meet the following morning.

Marvin Clair hung up the phone. His face was white and his hands were trembling. It was hard to hold back the tears, so he didn't even try. After 36 years of separation one of the sons (there had been two) he'd searched so desperately to find was actually coming to breakfast next day.

Marvin Clair and his first wife had married at an extremely early age. Irreconcilable differences arose after the birth of two sons, so he had left Detroit to obtain a divorce in Las Vegas. Later he had moved to Los Angeles.

It was years later that he began to search for his sons. He checked schools, school records, departments of health, all to no avail. He had no way of knowing his former wife had remarried and taken the boys to Hawaii to live.

In 1978 he had remarked to his present wife, "Hon, I've tried every avenue I know. I just can't look any longer. I'm going to leave it in God's

hands. But somehow I know — call it instinct, intuition, whatever — I can almost 'see' one of my sons walking into this house."

The very morning after the fateful phone call father and son embraced at the elder Jacobsen's front door. Strange, almost uncanny coincidences and similarities in their lives began to pop up as they talked, after settling down for a Sunday breakfast reunion. Was it merely because of the similarity of their genes? Or had they been connected by some sort of unconscious telepathy?

After moving to Los Angeles the father Marvin Clair had become a police officer. He had retired as a detective with the Los Angeles Police Department's Narcotic Division. He too had been wounded on duty by gunfire. Of the five bullets that had hit him one had lodged a fraction of an inch from his spine, while another was still present within his body. The parallels between the men's lives are astounding:

Both were police officers; both had been wounded by gunfire in the line of duty; both had bullets still lodged in their bodies; both are artists (one sketches while the other paints in

oils); both work with leaded glass; both collect antique guns; both Marvin Willard and Marvin Clair have many pieces of antique furniture in their homes; both love woodworking; both are married to blondes whose first names start with the initial "J."

Marvin Clair left Las Vegas for the West San Fernando Valley, while Marvin Willard left Hawaii for the very same vicinity.

"One wonders," the senior Jacobsen quipped, "how many times we have passed on the street or been in the same restaurant and never known."

"Maybe it's a good thing I never had a son," the younger Jacobsen said. "I'd hate to think of him somewhere with a bullet lodged in his body."

Marvin Clair now has learned that his other son Charles Alfred lives in Portland, Oreg. When Marvin Willard left the home of his mother and stepfather when he was quite young his brother had remained at home. He and his brother had not kept in touch. Their father now wonders what strange coincidences and similarities will be found between his life and the life of Charles Alfred, when he finally meets him.



THE BAFFLING BUTTERFLY

By Carol Reed

IN THE summer of 1977 as a joke my daughter caught a butterfly and put it on her brother Mike's shoulder. I had just come out of the house to drive him to work. We drove with all the windows in the car rolled down but the butterfly stayed on Mike's shoulder.

When he went to work he gently placed the butterfly in a corner out of

harm's way but it continued to return to Mike's shoulder. When his shift was over and I went to pick him up, the butterfly came along.

At home he placed the butterfly in a tree, then went into the house. The butterfly tried various windows as if trying to get in and find my son.

By morning it had disappeared. We never saw it again.

MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each story published in this department. Stories must deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be mailed to FATE Survival Editor, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. Manuscripts must show author's name and address and include a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

TWO ENCOUNTERS

By Randy Mizereck

ON A cold February night in 1967 I was awakened from a sound sleep by the voice of my grandfather Stanley Mizereck. Knowing that he had been dead for several years, I immediately thought I had been dreaming. But now I was awake and I still could hear him speaking in Polish, his native tongue. Not having the slightest interest in or knowledge of psychic phenomena, I was startled and somewhat frightened. To this day I do not know the reason for this encounter — unless it was to make me aware of the reality of the survival of death.

Through the years I have grown increasingly interested in psychic phenomena and have organized a local research group. Some might say that my interest makes me an unreliable witness, since I know about

and wish to experience phenomena. This may be true but it does not explain my next encounter with the unknown.

About 11:15 P.M. on February 21, 1979, I was talking with my friend Steven Hill in the cellar of a century-old public building which is said to be haunted. Steve suddenly said that he was feeling a cold chill in the air. I also felt it, despite a heater which was running and my certain knowledge that all the doors and windows were closed. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye I saw the pale, forlorn face of a woman.

I asked Steve, "Did you see that?" When he replied that he had, I told him not to say a word. I gave him a blank sheet of paper and a pencil and told him to draw what he had seen. At the opposite end of the room, so that we could not see each other's sketches, I drew the face I had seen.

Upon comparing the drawings, we found



Steve's drawing is at left, Randy's at right.



Randy Mizereck

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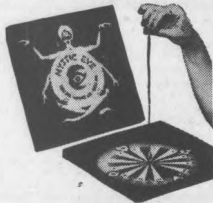
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that each of us had drawn the same thin female face with bell-shaped hair.

Had we simultaneously caught a glimpse of someone who was once like us? — *Baldwinsville, Mass.*

AND GOD WAS WITH HER

By Michael St. Clair

IN MY family it is customary to wake a deceased person in his or her house. We all feel that it is the only way to be completely close to that person in death. In February 1962, when I was only seven years old, I traveled with my parents Clarence and Doris St. Clair to Westport, N.Y., to attend the funeral of my great-grandmother Lucy Plouffe. She was in her coffin and my grandparents and aunts and uncles had already built the traditional altar in her living room.

On the second day of my great-grandmother's wake, many of my relatives were sitting around the casket praying. To the amazement of everyone, the living room curtains rippled out as if in a strong wind — but all the windows were closed! Immediately after that, the family Bible rose about three feet into the air and dropped back onto its table with a thud. Everyone looked around to see if it was a terrible prank — but no one was close enough to the Bible to grasp it.

By now we were stunned but the eeriest thing was yet to come. My great-grandmother had a white shawl which she had worn much of the time. When she wasn't wearing it she would place it over the back of her rocking chair — where it rested during her wake. In full view of all of us, the shawl lifted off the chair, rose into the air and floated to the open casket where it draped itself over the edge, resting half on the body. We could not believe our eyes.

Looking back on that day, I feel strongly that God came to my great-grandmother's wake and guided her soul to heaven. — *Schenectady, N.Y.*

LONG-DISTANCE CALL

By Carl W. Maiwald

ON OCTOBER 3, 1972 — a date I'll never forget — I got a telephone call I can't explain by "rational" means. Sleeping soundly after a day at the beach, I was awakened by a ringing sound. Automati-

cally my hand groped for the bedside phone. But there was no telephone. Half asleep, I switched on the bed lamp. Its glow lit up the antique furniture in my rented room reminding me of where I was. On one wall was an old hand-crank phone, a relic of the 19th Century. The grandfather clock stood at 11:13. Again the telephone sent out its urgent ring. Not wishing to have my blissful vacation interrupted, I took my handkerchief, intending to cram it against the vibrator to silence the bells.

I had slipped away from the city's rat race without telling anyone. I didn't want my vacation spoiled by a gang of my friends descending on me with beer and stacks of disco records. How they'd tracked me down was a mystery but I wouldn't let them spoil my peace of mind.

At that time I was a foreman at a large warehouse and lived in a bachelor apartment nearby. The pressures of my job and my social life often left me exhausted. While driving near the seashore one Sunday I found the ideal spot to spend my vacation. "Room for rent" said the sign on a little rose-covered cottage.

"Just call me Grandma," said the spry old lady who answered my knock. The room she showed me was delightfully antique and spotlessly clean. The charge for the room was reasonable; I took it.

It was heavenly to wake up to birdsongs, eat a leisurely breakfast and then spend all day at the beach. It was too good to last. And it hadn't.

Who could have discovered my hide-away? Sandra? Chet? No matter. I'd stuff something against the vibrator in the bell. I was about to do this when curiosity made me put the heavy receiver to my ear. Very distinctly my father's voice came though, "Ah, there you are, Carl. Your mother will be trying to reach you. Call her up; she has a message for you."

Wondering what the problem might be, I replied, "Call her to the phone, Dad, I'll talk to her now."

"I can't; she is not with me."

"Where are you calling from?"

"It's a very beautiful place. Be sure you call your mother. Good-bye, Carl."

The phone went dead. I wondered how to work one of these old doodads. Oh, yes, you turned the crank and got the operator to get your number for you. But no amount of cranking got any sound from this phone. Perhaps I'd dreamed the whole incident, I told myself. I took two sleeping pills to help me forget.

Grandma was surprised when she had to call me three times for breakfast. She was distressed when I pushed back my plate untouched. "Is something wrong with the eggs?" she asked. So I told her of my "dream" call.

She gave me a strange look. "That telephone is an item my late husband picked up at an antique shop. It's not connected to any wiring. You better call your mother right away." And she handed me her modern yellow kitchen phone.

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Mother answered on the first ring. "Carl, where on earth have you been? I've been nearly frantic, trying all night to locate you! Your father died last night of a heart attack at 11:13. Nobody knew where you were."

I told her I'd catch the first plane I could. Then she asked who had located me.

I replied, "I'll explain that when I see you, Mom." — *Pine Bush, N. Y.*

UNEXPECTED VISITORS

By Josephine Dubish
As told to Mary Cron

OURS WAS a wealthier peasant home, as anyone could see. Most peasants in Austria-Hungary at the turn of the century shared their one large room with their beloved and faithful animals — but not so the Turons. We had two rooms, one large and one small. The larger one was for the family and the smaller, for our animals.

In other ways, though, the home was like that of poorer peasants. The shrine for the Virgin and Child stood in the corner with a vigil light burning unceasingly and a table and chairs took up the center of the room.

Mama and Papa had a curtained-off alcove which afforded them privacy when we children were abed. They were now in their 50's but still lovers and still young and gay. Far into the night they talked and reminisced and loved and rejoiced that God had blessed them with such fine children, such a fine home, such fine crops and such fine animals.

The night their good neighbor's daughter Mania married that stalwart, clean-cut son of the Baras was a time for jollity. The Baras lived just five farms down the road and Joseph and Agnes Turon were going to the wedding feast to dance and eat and joke with their neighbors. The farm chores had to be done in a great hurry so that Mama and Papa could be off for a night of fun.

We children had to help. We swept clean the hard-packed earthen floor and put the cow and chickens and dog into the second room.

At bedtime we climbed up onto the big stove which baked our big loaves of black bread and so many good foods but which now was without a fire. The top of the cavernous stove was piled high with warm sweet-smelling hay. As usual, we teased and pushed and giggled until sleepiness overcame us.

But what was happening? The door was opening! Could Mama and Papa be coming home early? No, it couldn't be — and surely no neighbors were around. Everyone was at the Bara wedding.

We made no sound but lay wide-eyed and wide-eared. The clock on the shelf said 10:30 and in our frightened silence its ticking seemed louder than before.

The door finally came fully open. What a relief! It was only Babcha and Grandpa, as beloved as Mama and Papa themselves. But our grandparents behaved strangely. They did not say anything and they did not sit down. They just walked in, looked around, shook their heads, then walked to the door and out again. Now we were more frightened than before. Babcha and Grandpa never had acted so strangely. Always they had some tidbit for each of us to cap their long-drawn-out loving greetings.

Finally Mama and Papa came home. As they walked in we children tumbled down from the stove, all talking at once, to tell of the late visit and odd behavior of Babcha and Grandpa.

But Mama and Papa laughed and said,

"Come, now, children, you must have dreamed it. Babcha and Grandpa were visiting your uncle today to welcome the latest grandchild into the family. They had a long journey at the end of the day and they are probably safe at home and in bed right now. Go back to sleep, children, and dream happy dreams this time."

With a laugh and a kiss, each child was once again tucked into the warm sweet-smelling hay.

In the morning the sun was bright and we awakened to the animals' friendly noises and the song of the birds. We spilled out of bed noisily and happily, as we always did. But alas, our joy was short-lived.

A horse and wagon came tearing down the road and stopped at our house. The driver had bad news: Babcha and Grandpa were dead. On the way home from their visit to the newest grandson, evidently the horse had lost his way and stumbled into a ditch, overturning the wagon. It fell on top of Babcha and Grandpa, crushing them.

It happened at about the time we saw them in our home, as if they had come to see it once again before they left this earth.

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No wonder they had acted strangely! After all, spirits do not act like you and me. — *Roselle, N. J.*

EIGHTY SILVER DOLLARS

By Elizabeth Hensel

QUITE FRANKLY, I've never believed in survival after death but now, at the age of 73, I admit I have begun to ponder. And I suddenly recalled an incident that happened when I was 12.

At the time of Father's sudden death we lived in a place called Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, Canada. Father was drowned in the Bay of Fundy in 1919. He had always been a good provider but his insurance clause did not allow for drowning and in those days I guess there was no welfare help, so Mother, who was pregnant, was in bad straits.

We were often cold and hungry. I recall times when Mother, having made corn bread and divided it among us four children, said she herself was not hungry.

One night in the bitter cold in the old unheated kitchen Mother drew us close. As we huddled about her she said, "We must pray. Ask God to help us and also pray your dad will return in spirit to help us."

Weeping, we did as she requested. Then, wrapped in all the quilts we owned, we went to the two beds in the little room off the kitchen.

In the morning, very early, Mother called Stella and me to come quickly. She pointed out the kitchen window. There in the trackless snow were the imprints of feet and knees, as if someone had knelt there. There also was a small package. Putting on a jacket, Stella went out and brought it in.

It was a small package wrapped in a torn piece of a raincoat, or slicker, as Dad had called it.

Mother tore it open with a trembling hand. Inside were 80 silver dollars, exactly the amount known to be on my dad's person at the time of his death. Since that tragic day neither coat nor money had been found.

Did Dad return? If not, who left the money?

I like to think his spirit returned to help us in our desperate hour of need. No other explanation seems possible. So there must be survival! — *Holley, N. Y.*

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BOOKS

NEWS & REVIEWS

by J. Gordon Melton



REVIEWER'S LOT

EACH MONTH when I sit down to write this column, I have a problem. Some 50 to 60 books find their way to my desk and I have to determine which deserve comment and which are best ignored. But I have one distinct advantage over many book reviewers. My boss hired me to review books, not to be an extension of the advertising department. "We are trying to perform a genuine service to readers," I have been told on more than one occasion.

Because I take that task seriously, I feel that I should not only highlight the best new books but also warn you about the garbage — and there is all too much of it in the fields which concern FATE. Over the years I have developed some criteria for judging books which I would like to share with you this month, both to show you how I reach a decision about a book and to suggest, for whatever use you may wish to put it, a way of arriving at your own decisions.

To begin with, I do *not* judge a book by the degree to which it expresses views similar to my own. I agree with the authors of few books I read and it would be unfair for me to attempt to impose my narrow beliefs on you. The sole exception occurs when an author presents a case so well that he forces me to change an opinion. I consider such persuasiveness a big point in a book's favor.

THE GOOD

AS SPECIFIC examples of how I judge books, I have chosen six titles. Two of these are very good books; two are so-so and two are awful.

Michael Balfour's *Stonehenge and Its Mysteries* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N.Y., 1980, 192 pages, \$14.95) is one of the very good ones. I approached it with suspicion, wondering why anyone would bother to write a book on such an overworked topic as Stonehenge. Was this just another rip-off exploiting public interest in the megaliths of England?

Not at all, it turns out. Balfour has made a real contribution to the Stonehenge literature. Writing for the intelligent lay reader, he provides a well-written, informed compilation of historical, archaeological, geological and even metaphysical data about Stonehenge. You can read this book and be confident that you received from it a good working knowledge of what the leading scholars of the Stonehenge question are thinking about the mysterious monument.

Walt Anderson's *Open Secrets* (Viking Press, New York, N.Y., 1979, 230 pages, \$9.95) also deserves your attention. Anderson attempts to open the frequently baffling world of Tibetan Buddhism to the average Westerner for whom Buddhism may seem like so much metaphysical mumbo jumbo.

The book works for three reasons. First, Anderson reports what he knows from experience as a Tibetan Buddhist student and does not try to pass himself off as something he is not (a Buddhist scholar). Second, he shows us Westerners that Buddhism is not wholly alien, that it has its parallels in humanistic psychology and Western religion. Third, Anderson writes in a smooth, interesting, readable fashion.

If you have never read a book about

Tibetan Buddhism and its esoteric practices before, you will find Anderson's a marvelous introduction.

THE BAD

UNLIKE MICHAEL BALFOUR, who found a fresh way of presenting a stale subject, Richard Wingate, author of *Lost Outpost of Atlantis* (Everest House, New York, N.Y., 1980, 198 pages, \$12.95), takes an overworked topic and mangles it.

Atlantis, of course, is a hard topic to write about, as the considerable literature on the subject amply attests. Writers have clouded the subject with volumes of speculation supported by the flimsiest evidence. This evidence has usually consisted of claimed relics of a continent whose very existence is debatable at best.

Wingate uses South American archaeological ruins as his personal contribution to the case for the lost continent. Fine — except that the knowledgeable reader soon discovers that he is wasting his time. Wingate has taken dubious evidence for a questionable theory — Erich von Daniken's ancient astronauts — and used it to support improbable speculation about an unlikely place — Atlantis.

The book opens with an account of Wingate's visit to Father Carlo Crespi's church in Ecuador. Father Crespi has amassed a collection of native artifacts and housed them in the church building. These objects, which Wingate presents as a pre-Columbian find, are the main component of his case that South American archaeology supports the Atlantis myth.

What Wingate conveniently forgets to tell you is that Father Crespi's "treasure" is well known to South American archaeologists and ancient astronaut enthusiasts. Von Daniken wrote an entire book (*Gold of the Gods*) about these "gold" artifacts. Von Daniken's work, like Wingate's, proved only that some people will go to any length to sell an idea, not to mention a few books. In reality the items are not ancient; they are made by the native population in several "factories" close to the church. Crespi buys them as one means of helping the natives support themselves. They are not gold and precious metal, just brass.

For his effort to mislead and misinform the reader, for his attempt to use another person's case (von Daniken's) — and a poor case at that — for his own ends, and for his dubious achievement in adding yet another bad book to an already overcrowded field, I award Richard Wingate's *Lost Outpost of Atlantis* my 1980 Bowwow Award for the dog book of the year.

Kenneth Cinnamon and Dave Farson's *Cults and Cons* (Nelson-Hall, Chicago, Ill., 1980, 106 pages, no price listed) gives *Lost Outpost* a run for its money, however. *Cults and Cons* deals with the exploitation, as the authors term it, of the "emotional growth consumer." In the end, however, Cinnamon and Farson merely exploit their readers.

Cinnamon, a clinical psychologist and writer, and Farson, a high school social psychology teacher, should know their field well enough to write an honest critique of what they perceive to be perversions of it. Instead they lapse into name-calling and guilt-by-association attacks.

The object of Cinnamon and Farson's venom, the humanistic psychology and human potentials movement, deserves a critique. Much that happens under those labels is of questionable value. But unlike Walt Anderson, who spent several years reading, taking classes and immersing himself in Tibetan Buddhism before he wrote his *Open Secrets*, Cinnamon and Farson seem merely to have gone to one weekend seminar, read a handful of pamphlets and talked with a few persons who reacted negatively to the human potential groups they encountered.

Anderson wrote an insightful summary of Tibetan Buddhism, its teachings and practices. He did not hide his bias but did not allow his favorable attitude toward Buddhism to prevent him from criticizing where he thought it was warranted. Cinnamon and Farson, on the other hand, simply caricature the human potentials movement and humanistic psychology, apparently assuming neither deserves anything better. They downplay or ignore altogether the widely divergent views held by persons within various factions of the broad movement. This of course makes it easier for Cinnamon and Farson to condemn everybody for the sins of a few.

The authors of *Cults and Cons* are irresponsible. As psychologists they are authority figures but they abuse that authority. They do so by telling their readers what to think rather than persuading them with a well-reasoned argument based upon facts and observations. For their exploitation of the readers and their taking up of my time, I award them four doggy prints.

THE IN-BETWEEN

I HAD mixed feelings about two books I read this month.

Roy Norvill's *Giants* (Aquarian Press, Wellington, Northamptonshire, England, 1979, 160 pages, £4.95) takes old evidence and draws new conclusions from it. Norvill brings together a fair amount of information about giants and contends that a race of such beings once inhabited the earth. He interprets literally the famous line from Genesis 6:4 ("There were giants in the earth in those days") and goes on to suggest that giant buildings (a picture of Stonehenge adorns the cover) and earthworks may have been built for big people.

Norvill deserves credit for creativity and imagination. His is a unique, interesting way of considering megaliths and other oddities. Unfortunately he fails to make his case. He is unable to show that his theory explains things better than more conventional theories do. He uses the same kind of fallacious reasoning von Daniken and Wingate employ in trying to put over a theory with little real support.

Giants is a nice try, though. It is engaging and well-written. It is also, alas, ultimately forgettable.

I wanted *The Medicine Wheel* by Sun Bear and Wabun (Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1980, 203 pages, \$5.95, paperback) to be a good book. Sun Bear and Wabun are among the new Indians who are exploring, recovering and sharing traditional Indian ways with a new generation of Native Americans.

I plunged right into the book and the first 11 pages excited me. But then the pace slowed and I started to remember how I felt when I read my first book on Chinese astrology. This time, however, I was not reading about rats and monkeys and horses but about geese and otters and

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deer — and personality types, all 12 of them.

I suffered through. There is some vital new information in *The Medicine Wheel* but it's easy to overlook because the text in general is dull and repetitive. I finished the book hoping the authors would write another that more successfully communicates the intensity of the vision the two have experienced but so far described only inarticulately.

OTHER REVIEWS

MIND AT LARGE edited by Charles T. Tart, Harold E. Puthoff and Russell Targ, Praeger Publishers, New York, N.Y., 1979, 267 pages, \$21.95.

Mind at Large contains papers presented at symposia held by the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers. Charles Tart, professor of psychology at the University of California at Davis, is a well-known parapsychologist. Harold Puthoff and Russell Targ, physicists at the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, Calif., have attracted wide attention for their imaginative research in remote-viewing (which incorporates elements of telepathy and clairvoyance).

The coeditors contrast the novelty of the material with "card-guessing and dice throwing in laboratory cubicles." They note that the new work involves such experiments as "computerized extrasensory perception (ESP) tests, psychokinetic interference with radioactive decay, psi transmission to a submerged submarine, and long-distance tracking of a U.S. experimenter in the Soviet Union."

Several of the papers are reports on the author's own work, including the detailed Puthoff-Targ study, "A Perceptual Channel for Information Transfer Over Kilometer Distances," which deals with the main body of their remote-viewing work, and an account of more recent tests, "Direct Perception of Remote Geographical Locations." The fascinating experiment in "precognitive remote viewing from Chicago of an outbound experimenter traveling in the Soviet Union" is part of a paper contributed by John Bisaha and Brenda Dunne undertaken at Chicago's Mundelein College and presented

under the title "Multiple Subject and Long-Distance Precognitive Remote Viewing of Geographical Locations."

Other papers deal with related subjects or throw light on phenomena from different locations. In his introduction Edgar D. Mitchell pleads for greater scientific attention for the psychically gifted individual and recognition of man's extraordinary capabilities. From the creative psychic's point of view, Ingo Swann, artist-author and one of the subjects of the remote-viewing experiments at SRI International, calls for the "establishment of a holistic view of parapsychological potential," which would eliminate the "unreal formal division between psychic abilities and experimenter."

Tart explores "real-time ESP," outlining tests that would eliminate information from future and past targets. Helmut Schmidt, senior research associate at the Mind Science Foundation, San Antonio, Tex., presents "Evidence for Direct Interaction Between the Human Mind and External Quantum Processes." He writes that subjects tend to predict "the outcome of

quantum jumps, which according to current theory should be unpredictable," or "try mentally to affect the outcome of these quantum processes." In a related paper O. Costa de Beauregard, director of research at the National Center for Scientific Research, Paris, examines "Quantum Paradoxes and Aristotle's Twofold Information Concept," while describing his "rational pilgrimage through physics toward parapsychology."

Michael A. Persinger, Department of Psychology, Laurentian University, Ontario, Canada, suggests that extremely low frequency (ELF) electric and magnetic fields might facilitate telepathy and clairvoyance. He outlines experiments to test how electromagnetic fields might "mediate" spontaneous ESP phenomena. The closing paper in the book presents "An Investigation of Soviet Psychical Research" by four contributors, of whom Edward Wortz is the senior author.

Mind at Large is a timely, comprehensive book, well illustrated and produced. It is the primer of the new parapsychology. — Martin Ebon.

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**THE TAO OF PSYCHOLOGY: SYN-
CHRONICITY AND THE SELF** by Jean
Shinoda Bolen, Harper & Row, San Fran-
cisco, Calif., 1979, 111 pages, \$6.95.

Tao is a difficult word to translate. It is a
Chinese concept which means something
like "the underlying principle of unity."
Jean Shinoda Bolen, a Jungian analyst and
a cofounder of *Psychic* (now *New Realities*)
Magazine, uses it as she argues that we are
all psychically connected to each other and
to nature at a deep level of mind and being.
This connection, she claims, manifests it-
self in the phenomenon of synchronicity.

Synchronicity is C.G. Jung's term for
"meaningful coincidence." Jung also meant
it to include such phenomena as telepathy
and precognition. In *The Tao of Psychology*
Dr. Bolen argues that synchronicity is a
powerful psychological force and that by
understanding it we can better understand
ourselves and our world. The book is high-
ly autobiographical, showing how "unusual
coincidences" and psychic events have
guided the course of Bolen's career and
therapeutic work. She says that many of the
coincidences that occur in our lives are not
chance events but have been brought about
by the dynamic force of *Tao*.

Bolen's very personalized way of treating
the phenomenon of synchronicity is appeal-
ing. Many writers on the subject (notably
Arthur Koestler and, to a lesser degree,
Alan Vaughan in his *Incredible Coinci-
dence*) cite cases of synchronicity but do not
explore the underlying meaning the event
has for the participant. For instance, every-
one has had the experience of running into
an ex-fiance right at the time a current
relationship is on the rocks. Synchronicity,
certainly — but what does it mean? Why
did just this event occur in just this way?

Bolen addresses these questions directly.
She shows that frequently synchronistic
events occur at emotionally crucial times
and they have a symbolic as well as literal
meaning. She writes that instances of syn-
chronicity are not just "freak coincidences"
but attempts on a deep psychological level
to alert us to important messages about our-
selves.

"Working with synchronistic events as if
they were dreams and unraveling their sym-
bolic meanings can be as valuable as work-

ing with dreams," Bolen asserts. She then suggests ways we can use synchronicity to better understand our unconscious needs and potentials.

This all may sound vague but as Bolen points out the very ideas of Tao and synchronicity are hard to define by the use of language. You must experience them to understand them. Still she has produced a fairly concise thesis on the practical and philosophical aspects of synchronicity. *The Tao of Psychology* should be valuable to students of psychology, parapsychology and religion because it touches on all these subjects. — D. Scott Rogo.

SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY IN PARAPSYCHOLOGY FOR INSTRUCTORS AND STUDENTS compiled by Marian L. Nester and Arthur S. T. O'Keefe, American Society for Psychical Research, New York, N.Y., 1980, 27 pages, \$2.00.

This *Selected Bibliography* of parapsychological articles published from 1970 to 1979 lists articles from five English-language periodicals only. It contains entries the editors consider "especially readable, useful material in subjects covered in parapsychology courses." The compilation, undertaken by the education department of the American Society for Psychical Research, is presumably designed to help in responding to inquiries from teachers and students in search of printed material.

Marian Nester and Arthur O'Keefe have divided the subjects into 44 categories — from "Altered States of Consciousness" to "Theory" — and cited papers from the ASPR's own *Journal*, the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research, the *Journal of Parapsychology* and *Parapsychology Review*. They have coded each entry with an "I" for "Introductory" or an "A" for "Advanced" and sometimes with both letters. The book also includes papers from the volumes on *Research in Parapsychology*.

The editors restrict themselves to the more or less academic approach to parapsychology, although "Witchcraft" appears under "Anthropology." Oddly, three titles dealing with occult fiction, Spiritualism and occult history are mentioned at the

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end, apparently because publication by university presses gives them a measure of respectability. — *Martin Ebon.*

POLE SHIFT by John White, Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., 1980, 410 pages, \$14.00.

The earth's axis, about which our planet rotates as it moves around the sun, is inclined about 23½ degrees from earth's orbital plane. This axial tilt gives us the seasons to which life on this planet is so closely attuned. But what would happen if that tilt increased — if, say, some outside force caused our planet to "fall" over?

In *Pole Shift*, subtitled "A Scientific-Psychic Forecast of the Ultimate Disaster," John White presents the reader with a mass of evidence, circumstantial to be sure but nonetheless worrisome, indicating that earth has flipped not once but several times in its past. But that's not all; White believes it could happen again as soon as the end of this century!

He warns, "A pole shift is literally a world-shaking event . . . [as] the planet tumbles in space, flipping end over end, so that the poles literally switch places." The results would be devastating, with tidal waves, hurricanes, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, all of unparalleled magnitude, wracking earth's entire surface, killing its peoples and leveling its civilizations.

White draws his evidence from diverse sources: the theories of certain scientific revisionists, the predictions of 20th-Century psychics and interpretations of various ancient traditions.

The revisionists include Hugh Auchincloss Brown on whose theories (and initials) Allan Eckert constructed his novel *The HAB Theory* (which White reviewed in the March 1978 issue of FATE), Immanuel Velikovsky, Charles Hapgood and several lesser lights whose catastrophist theorizings have not found favor among establishment scientists. Edgar Cayce leads the list of modern seers while the section of ancient tradition draws on the Bible, the cryptic writings of Nostradamus, Amerindian lore and other older sources.

It all makes for a curious yet thought-

provoking blending of fact, fancy and fable. I do not share White's faith in seers and ancient writings but I do believe each reader should carefully assess the material White presents and decide for himself what it means.

As White admits, there is a certain amount of nonsense and contradiction in the material he has collected. The various pole shift catastrophists seem unable to agree where it's safe or unsafe to be when the catastrophe hits or even what should be done about it. One man thinks a fleet of saucer-shaped lifeboats should be placed on every street corner for immediate use when word of approaching tidal waves is received. Another wants to melt the polar icecaps with atomic bombs.

However, presented with such evidence as "magnetic-field reversals . . . massive faunal extinctions, climatic changes, and periods of extensive volcanic activity" in the earth's past — events whose causes orthodox scientists do not fully understand — readers are likely to agree with White that the pole shift theory deserves better than an offhanded dismissal as the wild

imaginings of amateur theorists. Footnotes and end-of-chapter references will enable the serious reader to pursue the subject further. — *George W. Earley.*

VISIONS OF TIME by David E. Jones, Theosophical Publishing House, Wheaton, Ill., 1979, 404 pages, \$7.95, paperback.

The subject of *Visions of Time* is psychic archaeology. Today many archaeologists around the world are using psychics to help them locate sites, to psychometrize ancient artifacts and to perform other useful tasks. David Jones' work is in no sense a "popular" book. It is instead a massive report, often technical, on how the author has used psychics in his own work.

Dr. Jones became interested in psychic archaeology after he visited Florida's Cassadaga community, one of the nation's oldest Spiritualist settlements. Jones found several gifted psychics there, although only one currently claims to be a Spiritualist, and the book is devoted to the



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experiments Jones conducted with them. Over a several-year period Jones had them "read" archaeological artifacts in sealed boxes and gain impressions from photographs of dig sites. He often had two different psychics read the same materials to see how similar their impressions would be.

Visions of Time is exploratory in nature and consists mostly of extracts from the readings along with comments by the author on their accuracy. Some of the readings were stunningly accurate, a fact that should do much to dispel the widely-held notion that psychic abilities have no practical applications for science or society.

Besides publishing these extracts, Jones reprints verbatim transcripts of the readings in the form of a lengthy (150-page) appendix. This material will be invaluable to the serious student of parapsychology who wishes to study the process by which psychics gain their impressions.

Jones also offers suggestions on how best to work with psychics. He describes ways by which one can procure positive results, avoid interfering with a psychic as he is giving a reading, prevent the kinds of errors that can destroy the value of an experiment, and understand the very private language psychics often use in trying to articulate what they feel. These comments are excellent and insightful.

Unlike Jeffrey Goodman's *Psychic Archaeology* or Stephan Schwatz's *Secret Vaults of Time*, though, Jones' book has a very narrow focus. It mentions only in passing the researches of others working with "intuitive archaeology." So the reader may wish to read either of the above books before tackling *Visions of Time*. — D. Scott Rogo.

ALSO NOTABLE

STORMING EASTERN TEMPLES by Lucinda Frances Mooney, Theosophical Publishing House, Wheaton, Ill., 1976, 212 pages, \$4.25 paperback.

Jungian psychologist Mooney examines the world of the yogi and in the process his study turns into an inner adventure which he invites the reader to take with him. This is a deep and compelling treatment of the inner life.



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.

"SEE-ERS" OR FAKES?

Joseph F. Goodavage's article "The Blind Shall See" (April 1980 FATE) reminded me that a few years ago a woman in Owensboro, Ky., proved to investigators that she could distinguish colors with her fingertips while blindfolded. She moved to Michigan before I heard of her and I never saw her demonstrations.

However, in the late 1920's I did see a blindfolded girl drive a car all over downtown Madisonville, Ky., in heavy traffic. Local law officers had thoroughly examined and tried the blindfold and said they could not see through it.

Nevertheless, I can order such a blindfold for \$2.50 plus postage. It is guaranteed that one who knows the secret can see to read through this blindfold.

Are all these "see-ers" and their blindfolds fakes? — Cecil D. Clayton, *Slaughters, Ky.*

* * *

The mention of Margaret and William Foos in Goodavage's article brought to mind the time I invited them to my home more than 20 years ago.

The whole family showed up and Margaret put on an amazing demonstration. Her blindfold consisted of two large powder puffs covered by a thick, fluffy layer of cotton and finally a thick, black elastic binding, itself impervious to light.

Margaret correctly called a large number of playing cards and about 20 dice and finally she read, without any hesitation at

all, a paragraph from one of my books which had been opened at random.

I tried the blindfold myself and couldn't see a thing.

Margaret wore her hair in a ponytail, and her ears were exposed. I know no one was feeding her any clues. I am convinced there was no fraud. — J. C., *Richmond, Va.*

MYSTERY LIGHT STREAK

As FATE concerns itself with oddities, perhaps one of your readers can explain the picture I took in Moscow in August 1978. It was taken from a bus on Marksa Prospekt across from the Kremlin.

The mystery is the light streak issuing



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from the top floor of the old Lenin State Library. You can't tell whether it's coming or going. The square impression at the bottom right of the picture is also a puzzle.

It is possible that this is a double exposure but I doubt it; the preceding and following negatives are in sequence.

According to our guidebook, the old library building (the former residence of the Pashkovs, a rich land-owning family) is "one of the finest examples of Russian classical architecture of the second half of the 18th Century. This house was built in 1786 on a hill opposite the Kremlin by Vassily Bashenov (1737-1799) and is a typical example of a Moscow town residence of that time."

I hope someone will have an idea of what the light streak could be. — *Rose Munro, Puslinch, Ont., Canada.*

LANGUAGE OF THE BIBLE

In "Report from the Readers" (January 1980 FATE) Gardiner James states that Aramaic "is indisputably the original language of the Bible." I do not know of a single recognized authority on the subject of biblical language who agrees.

The fact is that the Old Testament was written in Hebrew and copied so carefully that we may confidently believe that the copies are 95 to 99 percent faithful. The New Testament was written in the common Greek of the day, the language of the marketplace, and it is recognized by all authorities as the sole medium of the New Testament's written words.

Every one of the most ancient texts known to us today, including the Dead Sea Scrolls, is written in Greek or Hebrew. I do not know of a single one that is written in Aramaic and there is no reason to suppose that the originals, none of which exist today, were written in Aramaic either.

"Fundamentalists" — a term which many people use but few understand — are not as illiterate as some like to think. The term does not mean that our minds are closed to the facts of science if they are facts and not suppositions or theories. It does mean that we hold to the fundamental faith that the apostles preached.

What Sen. John W. Jensen ("I See by the Papers," October 1979 FATE) and others are trying to do is introduce the facts of

science into the public schools in the light of biblical "creationism." They have no intention of making fundamentalists out of our children but rather they want to present geologic evidence, etc., and permit a student to choose his own interpretation instead of having the theory of evolution shoved down his throat. — *Miles C. Rhodes, Kaleva, Mich.*

Earl B. Miller asks, in his letter in the January 1980 issue of *FATE*: "How can anyone observe the flora and fauna around him without realizing that only an almighty Creator could have made it all possible?"

Since Miller is a true believer in a body of literature popularly known as the Bible, I will not attempt to reason with him. But I will state for the record that he disputes *Genesis 1:26* wherein this mythical God states, "Let us create man in our image." It appears that even in this compilation of myths and tales, there was more than one entity involved in the "creation."

I am an atheist and I agree with Mark Twain's evaluation of the Bible, i. e., "The Bible contains Jewish history, some noble prose and good precepts, and upwards of a thousand lies." — *Mel Rafe, Berea, Ky.*

QUIBBLING OVER DATES

Raymond Bayless does me an injustice in quibbling over dates in his letter in the January 1980 issue of *FATE*. Having corresponded with Prof. Hans Bender and having read his report, *The Phenomena of Friedrich Jurgenson*, I am aware that the Norwegian male voice discussing birds' nocturnal habits was recorded in 1959. However, it is accepted by European researchers (there are 400 in West Germany alone) that before this, Jurgenson heard paranormal voices; hence my reference to 1958.

I know that Attila von Szalay recorded voices before this and I read Mr. Bayless' report in the June 1974 issue of *FATE* ("Tape-Recording Paranormal Voices"). I was of the impression that the early recordings were "direct voice" rather than extraordinary voice phenomena which came later.

Let us remember that fugitive voices were heard from space in the early 1920's by radio pioneer Marconi. Scandinavian

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military authorities picked up strange voices in 1933 and 1934 and assumed they came from secret Nazi transmitters. Also, an amateur radio group in Chicago picked up voices in the early 1950's.

Since 1972 I have made more than 10,000 recordings and radio experts like Richard Sheargold have stated they are not radio intrusion but without any doubt "paranormal." In 1977 Professor Bender himself expressed interest in my recordings and methods. Many parapsychologists, unfortunately, have little real knowledge of this research. The British and American Societies for Psychical Research show no interest.

As a point of interest, I wrote to Mr. Bayless a year or more ago but received no reply. I have had no response from other American researchers to whom I have written. In contrast, European researchers not only reply but also exchange data and recordings, recognizing the importance of active research into the phenomena and cooperation between researchers worldwide. — *G. Gilbert Bonner, St. Leonards, Sussex, England.*

OUT, DAMNED TYPO!

In "The Psychic Photography of Masuaki Kiyota" by Walter H. Uphoff (January 1980 FATE) Masuaki Kiyota's date of birth is given as April 10, 1962, on page 76. On page 81, the copy reads, "Three hours after his birth . . . on April 30, 1962 . . ." There is a discrepancy of 20 days!

What is the real date of his birth? — *Mrs. S. Green, Daly City, Calif.*

April 30, 1962. — The Editors.

HOLY MOSES!

Ted Owens mentions me — unflatteringly — in his letter in the December 1979 issue of FATE.

His boastful letter confirms my condemnation of him and his works. He lacks moral and spiritual responsibility when he claims he has "guided hurricanes, caused thousands of fires in California, knocked out the power in five states" and so forth. Utterly destructive and utterly reprehensible with not a word of compassion for the innocent victims.

On his powerful ego trip (which we used to call wickedness) he boasts to have brought an end to the 1976 drought in England. He is only one claimant among many. Quite a few people have gotten into that act.

His claim that he contacted UFOs in the 1950's in the Mexican desert is entirely unverifiable. His contention that he is the first human since biblical times to have a "suitable brain" to facilitate communication with the "space intelligences" is risible. But that he equates himself with Moses is breathtaking!

Finally, his claim that the UFO entities aim to improve the human race is, as we Cockneys say, a bloody nerve! If this is their aim, history shows they are prime bunglers. We can look back on 1000 years of humanity's troubles — from Attila the Hun through Hitler and his Nazi cutthroats. Where were the UFOs and the "SIs" through all this? — *Judith Gee, London, England.*

YANKEE INGENUITY

I read in your magazine about a Boston attorney who is going back to Loch Ness with dolphins to try to take pictures of the creature in the lake.

Why not use some Yankee ingenuity? Why not just start pumping the water out of the Loch Ness until it's low enough to see what's there? — *Aleta Eggle, Modesto, Calif.*

THE MONEY PIT

A reader asks about "The Money Hole" in Canada ("Report from the Readers," February 1980 FATE).

Actually it is called "The Money Pit." It is on Oak Island just off the coast of Nova Scotia. Since it was discovered in 1795 many individuals, groups and companies have been convinced that it holds some kind of treasure. They have attempted to recover it with everything from hand drills to huge excavating machines, but the treasure always has eluded them because it lies below sea level. Underground connections with the sea flood out the equipment.

A book titled *The Money Pit* by D'Arcy O'Connor (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) traces the history of the money pit through 1977. The author writes that probably 100,000 man-hours were spent in its

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construction and he feels a valuable treasure is buried there. He theorizes that the treasure was buried at the time the Spanish pillaged South America in the 16th and 17th Centuries. — *R. O. Jones, Castleton, Ont., Canada.*

REDATING HISTORY

In "Velikovsky Redates King Tut" (March 1980 FATE) G. Arthur Rahman states, "Unlike the Egyptians, the Hebrews had a keen sense of historical order."

Like taking us in measured steps right back to the first man and the creation of the world just a few thousand years ago? — *Roy N. Ward, Fernandina Beach, Fla.*

HOW FARFETCHED IS IT?

On a clear summer night in 1971 a few friends were gathered around the swimming pool in our backyard. When we tired of throwing the Frisbee, my friends ran into the house looking for my brother to play basketball. I was left alone, Frisbee in hand, so I sank into a lawn chair to rest.

When I looked up through the huge oak trees in the yard, I saw a large, dull-grey, round object hovering just above the treetops. On the top of this strange craft were two small humps, like upside-down cups on top of an inverted bowl. I watched the object move slowly across the sky. When it passed directly overhead, I sprang to my feet and started toward the house to call my parents. I looked back at the sky and in that instant the object vanished. This all took place in a matter of minutes, leaving me stunned and confounded. Where had it come from? Where was it going? — *Margorie Armistead, St. Clair, Mo.*

DON'T BLAME RIPLEY

I was pleased recently to receive from a friend the March 1979 issue of FATE which contains the story by Dwight Whalen titled "Charles Coghlan Never Came Home." This is very interesting to me, for I am Charles Coghlan's cousin. But I find some points in the article that are debatable if not outright incorrect.

I find the "blaming" of Ripley unnecessary, for he took quotes from well-qualified persons who knew Coghlan. I have seen the cartoon and it refers to 1899, not 1897, as the date of his death. The statements that

the coffin floated to his home on Prince Edward Island were made by the Long Island *Evening Post*, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Lillie Langtry and George Tyler — not by Ripley.

Also, anyone seeing or hearing a resemblance between the names "Coghlan" and "Flockton" must be both blind and deaf. — *William C. Coghlan, Patchogue, N. Y.*

WHO'S CIVILIZED?

I have been interested in UFOs for more than 25 years and I guess I have seen about every photo published of "saucers."

For many years I was a professional photographer and I still have and use a number of cameras. I can take a photo of a plane 500 feet high and the enlarged print will show great detail, almost to the rivets in the body. I have also used a home movie camera to photograph the Goodyear blimp at night at about 1000 feet and each light in its sign is individually visible. There must be 100,000 people in the United States with cameras as good as or better than mine.

My point is this: All the pictures of "saucers" that I have seen are just fuzzy blobs. I am not saying that they are all fakes but I am saying that every one I have seen *could* be a fake. I know what can be done in a darkroom. It is hard for me to believe that none of the people who have seen UFOs close up in daylight had a good camera with which to take a *sharp* photo. What about reports of UFOs over ball games and other places where thousands of people were gathered, many with cameras? And what were the news people doing? I can't believe that *all* the news media is involved in a total conspiracy of silence.

People who drive on rural roads at night are always running into deer, cows, horses and other vehicles. I have never heard of a driver crashing into a saucer parked on a dark road at night. I wonder why.

Then there are the stories that the government is hiding crashed UFOs. If I found a crashed UFO, I would get samples, photos and witnesses — in that order. I would not call any arm of the federal government.

If I ever see a saucer hovering over my backyard I will put a few rifle slugs in it. This could trigger some spectacular retali-



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ation that even the government couldn't deny. Yes, I know this is not a wise or civilized act but who says humans are wise or civilized anyway? Anyone who thinks we are should read the newspapers. — *James C. Shelton, Nashville, Tenn.*

LOCH NESS MYSTERY SOLVED!

My favorite characters have come up with a solution to the Loch Ness monster mystery:

Ten witches made Scotland by TWA, Then went on to Loch Ness the very next day.

When the monster appeared (that's the one they call Nessie),

The oldest witch screamed, "Why, it's only Aunt Bessie!"

This is from my *Saga of the Ten Witches*. — *Mary Roe, Winchester, Ind.*

THE THREE MILE JINX

In "The Psychic Side of Three Mile Island" (April 1980 FATE) author Larry E. Arnold left out one peculiar prediction.

Paul E. Erdman wrote a book titled *The Crash of 1979* about economics and a nuclear war in the Middle East, giving the date March 28, 1979, as a turning point in the West. I read the book a couple of weeks before that date and waited to see what would happen. It is ironic that the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island occurred on that date. — *D. A. Uranek, South Portland, Maine.*

Apparently a "three-mile" jinx is affecting the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

On March 28, 1979, the near-miss nuclear accident occurred at Three Mile Island but the worst disaster in Pennsylvania history took place 90 years earlier. This was the Johnstown flood of May 31, 1889, in which 2200 people were killed.

The Johnstown flood followed the failure of the South Fork Dam 15 miles east of the town. The aging dam held back Lake Conemaugh, a private reservoir used by Pittsburgh industrialists as a summer resort. Curiously, because of the length of Lake Conemaugh, the dam was widely known in those days as Three Mile Dam. — *Joseph Trainor, Attleboro, Mass.*



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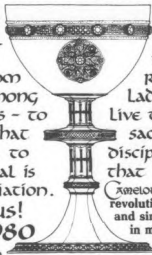
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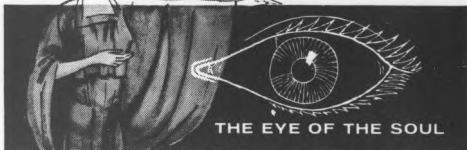
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