

# DOUBT

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Castillo

EDITED BY

# TIFFANY THAYER

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## DOUBT

The Fortean Society Magazine

Edited by TIFFANY THAYER

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## THE BANNED NUMBER OF "ANIMAL PICTORIAL"

The Autumn number of *ANIMAL PICTORIAL* was banned by the Federation of London Wholesale Newspaper Distributors on account of a statement in an article by the Editor entitled: "The Truth about Vivisection," and as a result many of our regular readers were probably unable to obtain their copies. In consequence of this, which entailed large quantities of the magazine being returned to us after having been sent out to the wholesalers, we have several thousand copies of this number on our hands. Any readers who failed to obtain their copies should apply direct to this office. The price is 1/8, including postage.

Owing to the refusal of our Trade Agents to handle this number we decided to take over future wholesale distribution of all our publications. Accordingly we have formed our own wholesale department at this address, and we regret that owing to the sudden re-organisation thus made necessary, we have been unable to publish a Winter number. All direct mail subscribers will of course receive four copies for their annual subscription.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT VIVISECTION

By THE EDITOR

It is a curious thing that the medical profession, which has perhaps one of the highest of our ethical codes of conduct, should nourish in its midst a small group of members who claim that in the name of science all the customary ethical obligations (which include the obligation to tell the truth) may be suspended.

In the *Sunday Pictorial* of September 16th last there appeared an article entitled "Which Life Would You Choose?" by their medical contributor, who writes under the pseudonym of "Dr. Thomas Ark-

wright." I do not know who "Dr. Thomas Arkwright" is, but I do know that he is a man who does not scruple to lie deliberately.

A strong statement, you say? Yes, but he writes—

"Feeding and inoculation experiments make up at least nine out of ten of all animal experimental work. But I know you are thinking of cutting experiments. Of dogs' brains and stomachs being opened up. That's what gets under your skin. Well, here is the truth. You can't do that sort of experiment unless you use the same anaesthetic and aseptic conditions as you use for any modern operation. In other words, the animal has the same experience that you have if you have an operation. Some discomfort, perhaps, but rarely any pain."

There are his words, "some discomfort, perhaps,

but rarely any pain." Here are three cases taken from medical journals:—

### ANIMALS SHAKEN TO DEATH.

In *The Lancet* of April 3rd, 1943, details are given of experiments carried out at the department of Human Anatomy, Oxford, in which "... animals were placed in a rotating drum on the inner walls of which transverse ridges had been fitted. As the drum rotated the animals inside were knocked against the transverse struts. It was found that there was a definite relation between the mortality-rate and the number of revolutions to which the animals were subjected."

### ANIMALS BURNED.

In *The Lancet* of August 14th and September 4th, 1943, details are given of experiments in which a number of animals were subjected to artificial burns. Post-mortems on some that died showed damage to heart, lungs, liver, etc. Some of the burns took twenty days to heal.

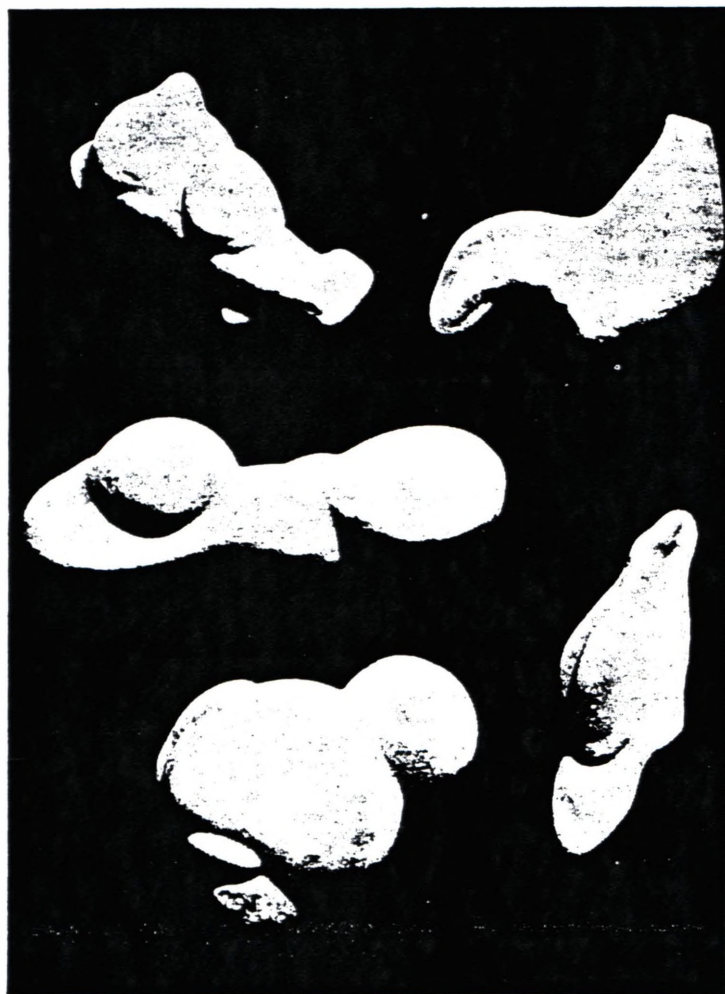
### ANIMALS MUTILATED.

In *The Journal of Physiology* Vol. LXXVI, No. 4, details are given of experiments made by Professor J. Barcroft, in which he inserted celluloid windows in cats' bodies in order to observe the spleen inside their bodies, and then subjected them to "exercise on a treadmill." He also extracted the spleen from a dog, fastened it outside the body and then made it run on a lead with a bicycle for four miles at an average speed of twelve miles an hour.

I invite "Dr. Arkwright" to explain how he reconciles his words "but rarely any pain," with these records. Does he ask us to believe that the cats on the treadmill and the mutilated dog led behind a bicycle were under anaesthetics? Medical and scientific journals record many similar experiments.

It is regrettable that any responsible editor should pass his article. If "Dr. Arkwright" is not fully acquainted with the facts about vivisection, he should not write on the subject. If he does know—and I think he does—then he has set out deliberately to fool his readers.

(Contributed by HFFS Eric Frank Russell, 16 F.S.)



## CONCRETIONS

By HARFORD POWEL, JR.

Near my Summer place in the Eastern townships of the Province of Quebec I found a number of objects which are called, by the local men of science, "concretions". They seem to be composed of clay, and are apparently forced through cracks in the hard surface of the ground. Once on the surface they presumably harden into the sculptured form which you will observe is reminiscent of "avant-garde" modern sculpture. But I think Charles Fort would have seized upon these so-called "concretions" with the same eagerness he seized upon the "thunderstones" he cites in *The Book of the Damned*.

(The photograph was made by Founder Aaron Sussman.)

## THE TAINTED

By GAREN DRUSSAI

"Get him, Nace. Get the dirty Alien!"

"Right, Captain!" Lenold Nace whispered hoarsely. He inched slowly forward on his belly; over sharp rocks, and around the large boulders of the playground. A strained, white face popped up a short distance away.

Lenold rose and shouted, "There, you blasted Alien! Zzzip, you're dried!" The toy dehydrator in his hand buzzed sharply as he squeezed the trigger.

The "Alien" dropped to the ground, in faithful, bone-jolting reproduction of sudden death.

"Hooray for the Lib'rators!" shouted several lusty young voices, as they erupted from behind various boulders and rushed to the dead "Outsider".

He raised himself up on an elbow.

"All right if I get up now? My mother wants me home early today."

"Sure, get going, mama's boy!" Lenold answered mockingly, slipping the gun into his snappy military holster.

"I don't think I want to play Lib'rator and Alien with you guys anymore," he announced somberly, as he stood up and brushed the dirt off his shirt. "I never get to be a Lib'rator!"

One of the others snorted.

"You're not strong enough to ever be a Trooper . . . , so how can you ever lib'rate anyone?" He shoved the dissenter to one side.

The rest of them laughed derisively, and another boy picked it up.

"If you want to be in our War Games at all, you've got to be an Alien —, or nothin'!"

As they walked to the entrance of the playground, Lenold disclosed airily, "Well fellas, this'll be the last week-end I'll be playing war games with you. Now that I'm gonna be a Trooper, it'll be the real thing for me from now on!"

"Say," one of them wanted to know, "What'cha gonna do with your 'hydrator, Lenold?"

"Oh, I guess I'll give it to my kid brother," he answered. "He'll be starting his war games soon, and I kinda think he'd like to have my gun."

Tomorrow's exercises overshadowed the rest of the conversation until they reached their intersection. There, they drew to attention, saluted each other, and marched off briskly to their homes.

Lenold marched into the house as if on parade, his close-cropped head held stiffly; his immature shoulders absurdly straight and determined. Little four year old Bronny followed him, striving valiantly to ape his big brother's stride.

Old Nace, comfortable in his usual chair, looked up and chuckled.

"Don't you do enough marching at that blasted school of yours? Leave off, will you!"

Halting abruptly, Lenold swung on his heel. With a quick, trained gesture he snapped the dehydrator from his belt and aimed it at his grandfather's head.

"Zzzip! You're dried!" he shouted in as ugly a voice as his twelve year old vocal cords could produce.

"Zip, zip!" piped Bronny, and pointed his chubby forefinger at him, too.

Old Nace remained sitting completely still. A vague, troublesome thought impinged itself on his mind. The smile dropped, leaving his face calm and imperturbable. The boy advanced with the gun.

"Lie down, old man. You're dead!"

"Now, wait a minute, young fella! As it happens, I'm not dead!" He paused. ". . . nor do I intend to play dead, every time you point that contraption at me. Which, I might add, becomes more often every day!"

With deliberate casualness, Lenold put the gun back in his holster. "I wonder," he said, "would you be talking to me like this, if this was a real dehydrator?"

"Son, son," Nace answered, his voice suddenly becoming gentle. "This is your own grandfather you're talking to. Surely you wouldn't want to aim a real gun at me, would you?"

The boy's surly lips turned into a sly smile.

"Oh, wouldn't I? You just wait and see! . . . you certainly haven't forgotten that I'm being inducted, have you? Well, tomorrow at the Exercises I'll be issued a real one, all for my very own!"

He leaned forward and spoke more softly. "And, you know what, old man? I've been practicing!" Then, turning carelessly to his brother, who had been listening entranced, "Come on, Bronny. Follow me. You've got plenty to learn before you get to be my age!"

He marched out of the room; Bronny toddling obediently after him.

Nace's features relaxed into a frown. . . . In a few moments he rose, somewhat wearily, and went into the kitchen.

Carla, blonde, slim and efficient, sat before a luminous panel, consulting a list in her hand. She looked up absent-mindedly and smiled as her father-in-law entered. Then, checking the chart again, she started punching the various buttons on the food-selector.

He shuffled about, almost embarrassedly; not quite knowing what to say, yet feeling a compulsion to speak to someone.

"Carla dear, if you're not too busy, I'd like to talk to you."

Without diverting her attention, she answered. "Not now, Dad. I'm planning next week's menus, and I'm awfully busy."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll wait till you finish."

"I'm sorry, Dad, but I'm going to have to leave in a few minutes. I'm getting my 25th Rotophrenic Defense Lesson this afternoon. . . . You know, that's quite a milestone," she added, with a distinct note of pride in her voice. "But, I'll be home for dinner, and you can tell me all about it, then."

To Nace, she sounded as though she were soothing a child. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Maybe you *are* getting old," he muttered to himself. "Could be that you're just imagining a lot of nonsense!"

He passed the playroom, and glancing inside, saw Lenold and Bronny absorbedly watching a visi-cast. He stopped. The screen showed a roughly-thrown-up studio on Calpurnia. A beefy, perspiring general was bitterly denouncing the oppressors.

". . . and so, every man, woman and child must pull together to liberate the Calpurnians. We have to —, we must defend our Solar System!!!"

Nace grimaced and walked past the door. He eased into a lini-chair out on the patio, and tried to forget the whole thing.

It was almost evening when Carla returned from her lecture. Nace didn't even try to talk to her, as

she swiftly and capably assembled the family dinner from the various compartments in the kitchen.

All during dinner Lenold kept talking excitedly about Tomorrow. He glanced at the boy now and then, puzzled and uneasy.

"Well Dad, tomorrow's the big day!" Carla smiled at him across the table.

Nace, aroused from his thoughts, was startled for a moment at her allusion.

Carla continued. "Aren't you going to be proud of your grandson being a Trooper, Dad?"

Nace forced a reluctant grin onto his face. "Yes, —oh sure; sure thing!" He busied himself with his food.

His son Jim, slightly corpulent and very self-assured, broke in. "Of course you're coming to the Exercises with us. I sure wouldn't miss it for anything! ... it's great things they're doing for our boys these days. Great things!"

"You're not thinking of—not coming, are you, Granddad?" Lenold asked, looking up from his plate innocently. "Why, what would people think if you didn't? That's practically admitting you're a peace-monger!"

A sudden rush of color came to Nace's cheeks. He couldn't stop it; but it receded just as swiftly. He continued eating, and mumbled, "Sure, Lenold. I'll be there."

"Me too!" little Bronny crowed jubilantly. "I'm going too!" He picked up his fork, and holding it out chanted, "Zzzip, you're dried! Zip, zip, you're dried!"

Carla reached over and took the fork away.

"Now, Bronny dear. You know it's not nice to point," she said lightly, absorbed in her own thoughts.

As usual, directly after dinner, they all headed for the playroom to watch the visi-cast. Nace managed to intercept Jim, and motioned him into the living-room.

"What's on your mind, Dad?" Jim asked, stretching himself luxuriously into the one lini-chair in the room.

Nace plunged right into his subject, as though he were afraid he might be put off again. "I'm not being foolish—at least I don't think I am—, but Jim, I'm becoming awfully worried about Lenold; and about Bronny, too, for that matter."

"But why, Dad?" Jim was surprised.

"Well, it's Lenold's school—the institute that Bronny will be attending soon. It seems to make children so brutal and unfeeling." He stood in front of Jim, looking so anxious and concerned, that Jim laughed reassuringly.

"Nonsense, Dad. All children are somewhat barbarous. You know what! Why, didn't you play the same sorts of games when you were a kid?"

The old man hesitated. "But, it isn't so much the games. Sure, we played rough. We played gangsters, and cowboys and Indians, and did a lot of 'bang-banging' around. But, somehow there was a difference. ... We knew we were just playing." He sat down opposite his son and leaned forward eagerly.

"Yes, that's it! We played games that were brutal, there's no question about that. But, we *knew* we were just foolin' around; whereas with Lenold, here, he isn't playing at killing.

"I believe he actually wants to kill; that he's looking forward to it!"

In spite of himself, Jim felt annoyed. He almost

sputtered as he spoke.

"You must be wrong, Dad! Why, he's just a kid. You're arguing against human nature! It's natural; he doesn't really want to kill anybody."

"Is he, Jim? If he's just a kid, why are they making him a Trooper tomorrow?" Nace insisted. "A Trooper is a trained soldier, isn't he? And, if you'll remember back a few months ago—for the first time, a batch of thirteen-year-olds were sent off to California to fight."

Jim squirmed uneasily in his chair.

Nace continued slowly and earnestly. "Tomorrow he becomes a Trooper, and he also gets his first real dehydrator." He ran his hand wearily over his face. "I never realized it before—I guess that's why I never worried about it till now—but children are being conditioned to kill: all the way from babyhood. Even the ones that don't become Troopers."

Almost as though he couldn't stand listening anymore, Jim rose suddenly. He put his hand on his father's shoulder.

"Dad, you're talking nonsense. We have to train our boys: do you want our Solar System left defenceless? Our boys have to take over from us, not only to protect our own Solar System, but to —, to liberate!" He waved his arm in a broad, complacent gesture. "That's the only reason. We've got to liberate the Galaxy. Like we're doing on California!"

Nace merely snorted.

"Come on, Dad. You've got to snap out of it. I know you'll be proud of our Lenold, and of Bronny, too; when he becomes a Trooper. It's a good honorable profession!"

"To be a killer?"

Jim's eye shifted nervously. "You mustn't say those things, Dad. That's peace talk, and someone might hear you and report you for it."

Hopelessly dropping his hands, Nace stood up and started for the door. He turned dejectedly to Jim.

"Might be a good thing for the human race if we conditioned kids to live, instead of to die!"

Bronny burst into Old Nace's room early the next morning.

"Wake up, Grampa. Wake up!" he shouted. "Look what I've got!" He waved a toy dehydrator in his face, one that Nace recognized.

Then, his hair towseled, his baby face flushed and excited, he stepped back, singing in a monotone, "Zip, zip, zzip: oh, zip, zip, zip!" He hopped to the door and slammed it shut behind him.

Nace lay back against the pillows and sighed. Somehow he felt reluctant to start this day.

As he entered the breakfast room, Bronny was showing the gun to his mother.

"My, wasn't that nice of your brother to give you the lovely gun!" Carla said, setting some plates on the table.

Lenold slouched in his chair. "Aw, won't have any use for it myself, now. Today I get my real one!" He noticed Nace standing just inside the doorway. "Yep," he said, staring intently at the opposite wall, "A lot of big things are sure gonna happen today!"

Jim, sitting near the window, reading his Sunday paper, looked up and smiled fondly at Lenold. Bronny eased up behind him and suddenly poked the gun in his ribs, shouting "ZZZZip, you're 'hydrated, Daddy!"

Flinging his arms out theatrically, Jim laughed

and fell back in his chair. Bronny, bouncing up and down, squealed in glee. Then Jim saw Nace for the first time, laughed again nervously, and tried to excuse himself.

"Oh... oh, good morning, Dad! These kids! They sure make a guy act silly sometimes." He picked up his newspaper again, and opened it with a business-like snap. Avoiding Lenold's rather sardonic gaze, Nace walked slowly over to the table to wait for the others.

Hardly had breakfast been finished when a shiny, military gyro-bus pulled up in front of the house. Lenold strolled casually to the door.

"Well, folks; this is it! Be seeing you at the induction ceremonies."

"Oh, Lenold dear," Carla said reprovingly, "Why didn't you tell us they would be picking you up this early? I thought we'll all be able to have a nice lunch together before they came."

She put her arm around his shoulder. "We'll be seeing so little of you, now that you'll just be home on leaves!"

"Well, you know we have to get our uniforms." He wriggled free, distastefully, "These things take time, what with issuing us guns and identification, and things."

He opened the door, and his voice became clipped and brusque. "Just be sure you're there on time. Starts at one o'clock sharp!" Turning briskly, he snapped the door shut and marched down the steps to the waiting bus.

Huge, magnificent grandstands swept up from each side of the equally immense parade ground. Induction day for the new recruits was now a civic, as well as a military affair. It needed size.

Elevators and moving trackways were busy carrying the crowds to the further reaches of the stands, while relatives of the recruits made their way to the reserved sections at the inside edge. Jim parked the car under the grandstand area, and joined the others in their seats.

Carla and Jim were so busy chatting, and keeping Bronny in his seat, that they didn't notice how quiet Old Nace was.

But Nace was thinking. He didn't even notice when the Exercises began, with the old, seasoned Troopers performing in the field. Then the inductees, boys of twelve, awkward and yet arrogant in their new position, took over for their maneuvers.

Nace was remembering back when he was Lenold's age, way back in the 1950's. Words, dim with unused memory, came back to him with a rush. 'Bang-bang! You're dead!' 'I got you covered!' 'Rat-tat-tat-tat. Take that, ya yella-belly!' Others too, of all the games he had played, and stories he had seen and heard. And now for the first time he realized how much killing there was in all of them. But, it had only been make-believe to him, Nace thought. He was sure of that.

But, was it? And was it also make-believe when his son Jim started playing those games, and killing everybody dead with the latest in toy weapons?

Nace shifted uneasily in his seat, and stared almost unseeing at the field below him, where hundreds of boys were marching—rigid and unyielding as robots. Their trim uniforms were a mass of crimson blot against the hard-packed earth of the field.

He turned and saw Carla and Jim waving and cheering, and Bronny jumping up and down on his seat, still holding tight to his precious gun.

Rather bitterly, Nace remembered that they had taken Jim into the army when he was only fifteen. He also remembered how, at the time, he had wondered where society could be headed for, when it took boys of fifteen from one part of the world, to kill boys of fifteen in some other part of the world.

Well, this must be where it was headed for. Now, they were taking children of twelve: and they, the fathers and grandfathers, looked on—either complacent or apathetic! He looked around him at the faces of the spectators and shuddered.

It was too late! Only the very old ones remembered a different way of life; and for them it was too late for action!

He was aroused by the sudden increased cheering around him. Looking down, he saw the twelve-year-olds lined up along the field, facing, at about fifty yards, a row of animals. Even the old dummies were no longer satisfactory, he thought. Now they had to be alive. There were alley cats, mongrel dogs, and even a few rabbits.

As the boys raised their dehydrators and aimed, Nace recognized Lenold in the line-up. Almost gently he whispered, his voice drowned out by the crowd, "How will it feel, Lenold? How will it feel to make your first kill? ...If you're lucky, you'll kill many times!"

The squad captain's arm dropped.

A low, maddening beat was measured off by the drummers. One by one, trigger fingers tightened.

The air burned in a scythe-like sweep; and the long row of animals dwindled into dust.

It was late when they reached home that afternoon, and Carla, cheerful and excited, hurried to the kitchen to start serving dinner. She wanted this to be a gala meal, as it would be the last one at home for Lenold.

He had to report back at the base before midnight.

Jim, his arm about Lenold's uniformed shoulder, wandered into the play-room to see the visi-cast. Nace walked up and down on the back porch, watching Carla press buttons, pull the levers, and serve out hot food.

Little Bronny came to the kitchen door, his eyes shiny with elation. He pointed his gun at Carla and said, "zzip! You're 'dydrated, Mommy!" His voice rose to a scream. "You're dead, Mommy. Lie down, you're dead!"

Carla answered soothingly, not even looking up. "Not now, Bronny dear. Mother's too busy."

He petulantly stamped his foot, and Old Nace suddenly froze with horror.

"Zzzip, zzip!" he shouted again. Zzzip! went Lenold's new dehydrator in his hands, and Carla shrieved into a heap of grey dust.

## APOLOGIES TO ORWELL AND HUXLEY

The portrait-caricatures on the opposite side are, of course, Aldous and the late "george".

The scenery of the fishbowl is, of course, the contents of BRAVE NEW WORLD and NINETEEN-EIGHTY-FOUR (those childish alarmist pieces) as applied to the contemporary scene.



OUR MISCALCULATION,  
ALDUS, WAS IN  
ASSUMING THAT OUR  
NOVELS REFERRED TO  
A FUTURE CONDITION!

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H. OSILLA

## THE GIANTS OF MINNESOTA

By JACK CLAYTON

*We think of giants as occasional visitors to this earth...and that their appearances here were more than casual—but their bones—or the absence of their bones—* (Page 167—Books of Charles Fort)

One day while I was idly looking through a set of encyclopaedia, I came upon "Giant's Causeway", and just above it in the column was "Giants". According to the writer of this squib, giants were a mythical race and there is no concrete evidence that they ever existed. The item ended, "Students of the Bible believe the giant stories in the Old Testament to be erroneous." I have believed in giants ever since.

By giants. I don't mean monstrosities forty or fifty feet tall like the one liquidated by Jack in the Beanstalk. I do mean giants of perhaps eight, nine, or ten feet, similar to Goliath of Gath (9'9"), Og of Bashan (Deut. 3-11), or John Middleton of 16 century England (9'3"). Giants who would leave footprints 18 to 20 inches long, in the sandstone near Carson, Nevada. (Book of the Damned—Fort)

Richard Halliburton's book, *The Flying Carpet*, describes a city, hewn out of solid rock, in the Arabian Desert. For the life of me, I can't remember the name of this city, and I've lost the book, but I've also seen pictures of this place in *National Geographic*. Tradition has it that the city was built by "the giants of long ago."

Fort asks if it could be possible that giants built Stonehenge, and I ask if giants could have placed the huge cross-piece, weighing twelve tons, on the gateway of Tihaunaco, Bolivia. This heavy chunk of rock is beautifully carved and no one seems to know how the ancients lifted it into place. Too, the Pyramids seem to be the handiwork of a large race (Ancient History be damned) and I ask if perhaps, on this earth, there aren't many other examples of "giant" architecture which we fail to recognize—and then find out that Fort asks the same question in *Book of the Damned*.

But the absence of their bones—

In Supai Canyon, Arizona, according to Harold T. Wilkins, there is a pictograph of a mammoth attacking a man. By the relative sizes, the man must be over ten feet tall. The local Indians say that these drawings were made by "the giants of long ago." (There's a phrase exactly the same as the one in Halliburton's book.)

Wilkins goes on to say that remains of a giant race have been found in the Yaqui country of Sonora, and at Manta, Ecuador. (*Monsters and Mysteries of America*—Wilkins)

In the book, *Cow By the Tail*, Jesse J. Benton tells of a skull found in a cliff dwelling, 30 miles south of Winslow, Arizona. Mr. Benton says he tried this skull for size with a 7½ Stetson and the sombrero sat on top of the skull "like one of these tiny hats merrymakers wear on New Year's." Evidently, it must have been a rather large skull. Benton also states that the skull had a gold tooth. Are the footprints in the sandstone those of a giant on his way to the dentist?

The Delaware Indians have a tradition, handed down from father to son, that their tribe once lived in western United States. For some reason they migrated eastward and were joined at the Mississippi by the Iroquois tribe, also migrating east for some

unknown reason. Both tribes were looking for a country that suited their aboriginal tastes.

Spies, sent ahead, had discovered that the country east of the Mississippi was inhabited by a powerful nation who built cities and huge fortifications along the rivers. These people were called Talligewi or Alligewi, and it is said that the Allegheny River and Mountains are named after them. The traditions say that these people were much taller than the Delawares or Iroquois; in fact, there were a great many giants among them.

The two migrating tribes asked permission to pass through the country of the large ones but it was refused. A bitter war followed, which may have lasted many years or even centuries. Finally, the Alligewi, fearing total extermination, fled down the Ohio and up the Mississippi River. (Legend from Vol. XII—Memoirs of the Hist. Society of Pennsylvania).

According to the traditions of the Dakotah (Sioux) tribe they exterminated a race "of huge stature, but very cowardly", when they came to Minnesota, ages ago. (*Ohio Hist. & Arch. Soc. Vol. 2, Pg. 395*)

Does that add up? The Delaware and Iroquois tribes chase a large race of people westward into Minnesota where the Sioux exterminate them. There are huge monuments of the mysterious "mound-builders" in Ohio. There are ditto in Minnesota. These mounds seem to have been built by the same people, in both states. They are large, very large, but does that mean that giants built them? Huge mounds are no proof of huge people.

Copper ax, weighing 38 lbs., found in Ohio mound. (pg. 168, *Books of Fort*) No Singer Midget used that weapon! Still, there are many average-sized men who suffer from egoism. Perhaps a normal-sized man overestimated his strength when he ordered that ax from some ancient coppersmith. The owner of that ax, if he was a giant, couldn't live forever. If giant weapons are found in mounds, why aren't giant skeletons also found in mounds?

They are.

Many years ago, two brothers at Dresbach (Minn.) decided that their brickyard needed enlarging. More and more settlers were arriving via steamboat, and bricks for homes were selling like hot cakes. There were some fairly large "Indian mounds" hindering this expansion project, and these mounds were removed. In one mound, bones "of men over eight feet tall" were found. (*Minn. Geol. Survey—Vol. I*) These bones crumbled when exposed to air. A copper hatchet was also found, with the cutting edge "hardened by some unknown process."

Nearby at LaCrescent, mound diggers found a large copper skillet and "bones of men of huge stature." (*Geol. Rpt.—Houston County, Minn.*) Evidently these giants like omelets.

According to the Chatfield (Minn.) Democrat: Mounds opened seven miles southwest of Chatfield, on Jordan Creek. Six skeletons found—"Men of enormous size" (*Aborigines of Minnesota—pg. 94*)

Clearwater, Minn.: Mound opened. Remains of seven persons, "seven to eight feet tall." Buried heads downward. "Skulls had receding foreheads and teeth were double all the way around, not like those of present race of men." (*St. Paul Pioneer Press—June 29, 1888*)

Fish Lake near Stark P. O.: Skeleton of man "of more than ordinary size." (*Hill Records—Minn. Hist. Society*)

Skeleton of "huge man" on Beckley's farm, Lake Koronis. (St. Paul Globe—Aug. 12, 1896)

Moose Island Lake: "Owners must have been over seven feet tall." (Hill Records)

At Pine City: Several skeletons, one of "gigantic size." (I'm going to refer back to this Geological Report from Pine County later.)

There is a lone mound near Warren, in north-western Minn. When it was opened, ten skeletons "of both sexes and of gigantic size" were found. Also in the grave were "bones of dogs, badgers and horses." (St. Paul Pioneer Press—May 23, 1882) That poses quite a question. If horse bones and giant bones are found in close proximity, the giants must have had horses. If they did have horses, they either lived here since Coronado's time, or the horse (contrary to scientific opinion) is a true native of North America, and we can quit listening to this malarkey that all the large herds of wild horses, which used to roam the west, are descendants of the nags used by the Conquistadors to bring the teachings of the church to the heathen.

The largest mound in our state is Grand Mound, in Itasca County. The book, *Aborigines of Minnesota*, describes the opening of this mound. "Large skulls and bones" are mentioned, but no size is given. In this mound were sea shells "from either California or the Gulf of Mexico." How did sea shells from that distance, find their way into a northern Minnesota mound? Conversely, how did peace pipes from the Pipestone (Minn.) quarry, find their way into mounds in Florida?

Near Grand Mound are the McKinstry Mounds, and I've saved them for a climax. In one of these mounds, about 100 skeletons were found, "some of men over ten feet tall." (*Aborigines of Minnesota*—Pg. 372) Several of these large skeletons were assembled on the grass and photographed, "but the negatives were never developed!"

When a person runs across a statement like that, he either lays down the book or slams it through a window, and in this frigid clime window-breaking is classed above murder. When I think of all the asinine photos which *do* get developed and then think of those poor "damned" negatives which were probably thrown away—

Since I dug up this data, I've been bothered by something. If these huge skeletons did exist, what happened to the bones which didn't crumble when exposed to the air? Are they hidden away in the dark cellar of some museum because they are "damned"?

I wrote to Prof. Wilford of the Anthropology Dept. at the U. of Minn., asking what he thought about these reports and inquiring if he'd ever found any large bones on his numerous field trips. His reply was very courteous, but I gathered that he was a little in doubt as to my sanity. He told me that he had never found any giant bones and that he considered such reports erroneous, just as the Bible students do.

He gave an opinion that the measurements by amateurs, at the mounds, were apt to be haphazard. In his mind, the mounds were built by Indians, either as burial places or lookout posts. Most of our Anthropologists and Archeologists in this state think the same way, but I disagree with them, and claim it is my Fort-given right to do so.

At the Pine City mound, only one "enormous" skeleton was found. The diggers had several regular

sized skeletons to compare with the one "King-sized" remains. My two-year-old nephew can readily distinguish between a fifty-cent piece and a dime, and I think grown men could do the same with skeletons. Then too, the account of the findings in the McKinstry mounds doesn't say that *all* the remains were over ten feet tall. It says, "*some* of them were over ten feet tall." There's another instance of comparison.

At the McKinstry mounds, even though the diggers had no tape measures, I can't see how they would think a normal man's bones would be ten feet tall. We Minnesotans do a lot of skiing and I've never heard of anyone's misjudging the length of someone else's skis that badly. A six-foot ski is never thought to be ten feet long, and I can't figure why a six foot skeleton, lying on the ground, would be mistaken for a ten foot remains. We Minnesotans take an awful pile of ribbing from comedians, because of our Swedish population, but I'll bet that even our dumbest "Scandahoovian" would know enough to lie down along side a skeleton, and thus judge whether it was of more than ordinary size.

I disagree with the theory that these mounds are lookouts for this reason: In the eastern part of this county, along the St. Croix River, there are several large mounds. The St. Croix valley is the most beautiful one on the face of this earth (our local opinion) but you can see no more of the vast reaches of the river, from the top of these mounds, than you can see if you stand in front of them on the edge of the bluff. The same holds true at Mounds Park, in St. Paul. You can see no more of the Mississippi valley from atop the mounds than you can from the front side on terra firma, as it were.

If the Sioux built these mounds for lookouts, why don't we have reports from the great plains where the Sioux used to raise hell with the wagon trains, of huge earthen embankments, used for lookouts? The prairies would be the natural place to build places for better vision, and surely the Sioux wouldn't have forgotten how to build mounds if they built them in Minnesota in the first place. Mounds similar to those of Minnesota and Ohio, have been found in Siberia. (*Century Book of Facts*) It looks as though those Russian sleighs were not pursued by wolves, but rather by Sioux Indians who used the mounds for lookouts. (Another "first" for Soviet newspapers)

I think the Sioux and all the other tribes merely used the mounds, which were already here when they came, for burial purposes. (Just as I'm using the land that someone, named Eli Kinney, according to my abstract, cleared way back in 1853.) Perhaps the Indians built a few small mounds, just as I've changed around some of Eli's fields, but I think it was on a "monkey see—monkey do" basis: they found large mounds and were merely copying them on a small scale. There are about 8,000 mounds, of various shapes and sizes in this state. On almost every chart that I have, of mound locations in various counties, I find a few really large mounds and a great many smaller mounds all scattered around haphazardly and even forming extensions of the larger mounds in some cases. On these charts, it looks like the big mounds were there first.

Prof. Wilford ascribes the reports on giant bones to the old belief that the mound-builders were a race of giants. In other words, the diggers were looking for big bones and found them, just as scien-

tists can always find anything they need to prove a theory. I've never read that there was such a belief concerning the mound-builders, but vaguely remember reading about an Indian legend of a giant race of whites who were here when the Indians came. I can't remember where I read it, and that was before I became a Fortean and saved interesting data.

My theory is that the Mound Builders and the mysterious copper miners of Lake Superior are the same people. No doubt they were giants in stature, just because everyone says they weren't. Perhaps they even came from Fort's Monstrator. Take the famous Serpent Mound of Ohio; and the "flying-bird" effigy mounds of Minnesota. From which direction do you get the clearest view and appreciate them the most?

From up in the air, above them, of course!!

## TOO LATE FOR DREAMS

By NORMAN MARKHAM

*It's later than we thought!*

Across the shrunken world a shadow creeps

And prayers are powerless against

The frightful fear that curls in its path.

*Oh, later than we dreamed!*

Mad prophets bawl puerilities abroad—

Their janglings can all sum down to this:

The lot is cast.

Great thieves have split the swag before the crime.

Each who thought he had a precious neck

Has thought his neck more precious than all others'.

Those who survived by finding boots to lick

Can find no further service in such fawnings.

The war's been planned;

The clever lies all told.

*Oh, that we had more time!*

Would that we could re-write the play and change

The stupid statesmen for conclaves of men!

Would that we could

Put clamps upon all scientific zeal—

Ostracize the cunning and the vain—

Lay low all greedy schemers—

Strip off uniforms—

Kill as mad dogs the fiends who led us here!

Would that we could have weeded out and slain

All those who battered on the gain of treason!

*Too late—too late!*

Where mankind might have walked in dignity

A pack of mean-eyed mandrills will be found;

Where liars made their fortunes telling lies,

Where immorality gave keys to power,

Where brutal selfishness grabbed up the reins

A lousy mob of frightened ape-like beasts

Will scream and lay about them right and left

Without regard to what or whom they hit.

*The end! The end of all familiar things!*

We rationalized this life like schizophrenes—

The sumptuous lushness of our foolish dreams

Will turn to a hard and jagged bed of stones.

Our paradises will turn into hells—

And those who cherished softness as a drug

Will fall and be trampled by the grinding boots

Of simpletons driven to panic by the fear

Of death loosed on us by our vapid Great!

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

By B. S. STEVENS

Rollo's nostalgic harking back to the good old days in his inquiry into the Copernician theory of the solar system is pretty much like Don Quixote's tilting at non-existent windmills. So long as science

labels the Concept as a theory, just that long it will be not proven. It will remain as it always has been a more convenient theory than its predecessor.

Motion is defined as a relative displacement between two objects. Obviously so long as the observer is confined to one of the two objects between which the said motion takes place, lacking a point of mutual reference to which to relate the position of each object he can never know which one moved. So long as man is confined to earth he can never prove if the earth moves or if the heavens do the moving.

Since the earth seems to be a part of the solar system and since we are reasonably sure that the other planets do move both around the sun in orbits and that some of them seem to rotate, then it is also reasonable to assume that the earth does likewise. There are also the daily and yearly cycles to enable us to make this assumption. It is more convenient.

To write a whole book inquiring into whether one theory is more true than another is futile. A theory, being nothing more than a frame within which the mind can think, it follows that the one with the greater scope of thought range is the better. The Copernician theory of heliocentricity as opposed to the geocentric system opened the range of thought to man from the dirt under his feet to the whole of the solar system and even beyond to some extent. In having done that it has more than justified itself.

Now if someone will just come along with one that will shatter the limitations imposed by the three-dimensional mathematic concept and open the way for thinking in infinite dimensional terms he will benefit man by lifting his thought range from solar systems to Cosmic systems. He will also start a revolution in every branch of human endeavor, one might say he will start a new renaissance that will so far overshadow the one due to the Copernician theory that future ages will date the beginning of enlightenment from the time of this new concept and call our civilization the dark ages.

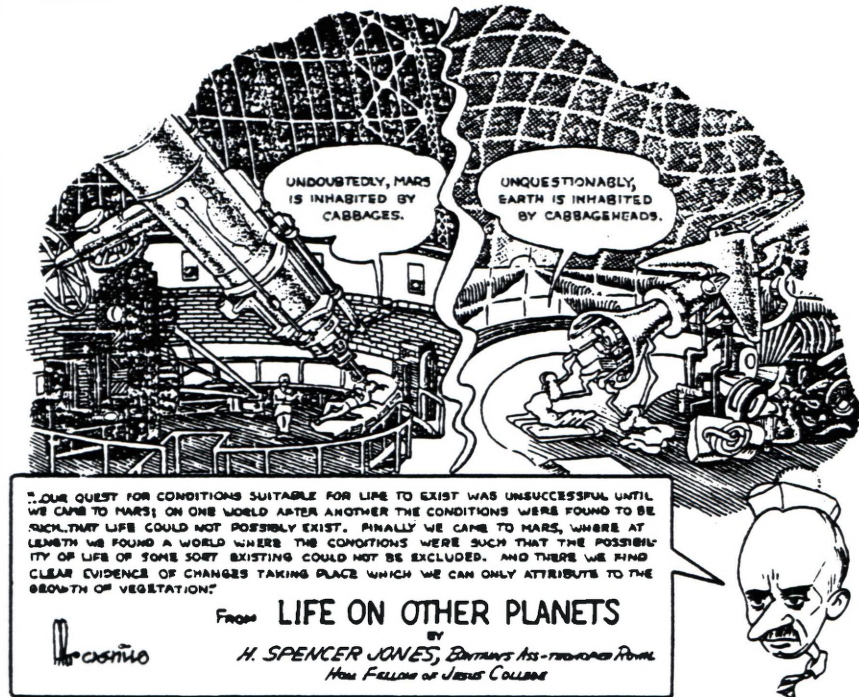
There will be, however, always those who will question whether the new concept or theory is true or if the old one was not, in fact, the real and only one possible. Just lethargic mentalities clinging to the past. Perhaps never becoming aware that the question is not one of the truth of any theory, but is of the thinking scope contained within its limits.

For many minds a foot is exactly twelve inches and nothing more, for others a foot is a method of conventionally measuring a part of an infinite distance. Though we know that it is a part, we also know that our mind can never conceive of the whole distance. We don't live long enough.

Time is a yardstick with which we measure rate of motion relative to two or more objects in the objective world. It is not duration any more than a three foot rule is the distance measured by it. It is interchangeable with the yardstick when we have any object moving along the linear dimension we wish to measure. It is not as per Einstein a dimension, although duration has an appearance of being one. Since duration is essentially a motion between two or more objects, it cannot be analyzed as a dimension.

A dimension is defined as: 1. measurement as of length, height or breath; 2. scope, magnitude or importance.

For the amusement of the societies' members, why



not have a scientist define an object such as an apple by and in three dimensions, so that a mind unable to perceive the thing defined objectively can comprehend what is defined. He may succeed by using an infinite number of dimensions, but can never do it in three-dimensional terms. This is an infinitely dimensional universe and when man realizes its nature his thinking scope will widen in accordance with his concept of reality.

suggestions or advice in this matter would gain my deep appreciation in the interests of our common cause of tree-living!

With sincere regards,  
Best always!  
(signed) Russell Jaque

U. S. Public Health Service  
Washington, D. C.  
Gentlemen:

October 2, 1951

Undersigned writer herewith brings following facts to your attention for consideration and appropriate action.

## FORCIBLE POISONING

### Two letters from Russell Jaque

October 10, 1951  
(old style)

"In the interest of our common heritage enshrined in the 52 words of the Preamble of the Constitution of these United States of America I write these lines.

If freemen still roam the broad expanse of this country, free from compulsion or restraint, if justice still blossoms in the communal activities of the American people, if commercially-minded medical exploitation does not influence, dictate to and control governmental agencies and services such as U. S. Public Health Service, if the nervous system, and not the erroneous germ theory, provides the basis upon which the cause of disease rests, what can I expect in this instance from the Infinite Intelligence of the Universally Inherent Life Force and Principle?

I enclose herewith for your information, publication, and comment, a copy of letter of protest I have written to the U.S. Public Health Service. Please use it in any manner you may deem advisable to bring it to the attention of approachable individuals. Your

1. At approximately 12 noon, September 13, 1951, medical officers of U. S. Public Health Service took me from Missouri Pacific Railway coach in Laredo, Texas to office of James L. Crawford, medical officer in charge of U. S. Public Health Service at the bridge.
2. I had refused to accept vaccination from said officers due to my conscientious, religious and scientific convictions being opposed to the pollution of the human blood-stream with pus-virus from diseased cattle for formation of syphilitic-like sores and reputed immunization against contagious disease.
3. Said medical officers informed me that I would be required to sign a vaccination refusal form, which they did not have with them in their vaccinating tour of the train.
4. James L. Crawford refused to permit me to sign vaccination refusal form. He detained me in his office and thereby compelled me to submit myself to vaccination by member of his staff before I could resume my journey from Mexico City to

San Antonio, Texas.

5. James L. Crawford refused to accept my offer to submit myself for blood test to show that I did not carry any contagious disease in my blood-stream.
6. Consequently, I found myself subjected to needless delay, expense, inconvenience, and embarrassment at the direction of James L. Crawford who exercises arbitrary authority in permitting or not permitting resident-citizens of this country to sign vaccination refusal form provided by U. S. Public Health Service.
7. As a free-born, native American (Kansas City, Missouri, June 6, 1898) I herewith register my most vigorous protest to above described treatment and compulsory vaccination. Furthermore, I demand proper and adequate reparation from U. S. Public Health Service for its pollution of my blood-stream with vaccine of Batch D2152, on September 13, 1951, at Laredo, Texas.

Yours truly,

(signed) Russell Jaque

## JOHNNY KELLY

By KENNETH LAWRENCE BEAUDOIN

There are always Johnnys wherever there are G.I.'s and Johnny is such a sweet name, full of tender meaning remembering the John who sat on Christ's left hand. There was old blind John Fuller who was not altogether blind but blind enough; and little Johnny Snow with his curly hair and his red face; and Johnny Trusty who stayed only 8 days before he was caught in another county and held for so long in their jail; and there was Johnny Barron who was always suing for his wages from folks who didn't think he'd earned any, and Johnny Crupie who would have made an architect but was a bell boy instead; and there was little round, chubby, pink-haired and pink-freckled John T. Brown who came from Michigan and was in every respect much milder tempered than the John Brown of American history about whom the Benets wrote a few decades ago. But John T. Brown was somehow more convincing than the Benet's Brown. He was more real which is not really remarkable because he is.

But the sweetest Johnny was John O'Kelly who lived across the river in another town. Johnny was rough and skinny and a little bit afraid, but he was a soft-eyed Johnny and when he smiled the levees all along the river rattled and the big bridge moved on its piles.

And Johnny had a soft-eyed wife and a fat little son, and lived in a trailer in a trailer court along the road. Because Johnny knew he had to work and feared a time when all the work might be done and gone Johnny was sometimes afraid.

Johnny was a soft-eyed Johnny who brought all of his pay home to his wife and his boy.

Then one day Johnny lost his job and his wife was pregnant and he had to come to town with her, bring her to the clinic. And there was trouble in it for a month before she had flooded spilling blood all over the trailer and Johnny was afraid. That was when he bought a pint of whiskey and he sat in the drug store on the corner and drank it before school. And nobody noticed very much and it was all right until later that night when the

others on the wall said, Johnny go buy us some more, and Johnny did, delivered it at the front door, through the front office, and then Johnny was afraid again and started talking fast about having no job, and his wife being pregnant. And it was bad. They said, Johnny go home. But Johnny wouldn't go home, and another boy named Wilkins came in and said, Let me take Johnny home, and Johnny said, that Wilkins is telling them I am drunk. I will wait and fight that Wilkins and he did but he didn't win, and they did at last take him home but he didn't stay for he was worrying and he was afraid. He was afraid his love had hurt his wife, and that he would have no work and they would put him out of school. He was afraid and next morning he used the telephone and they said, Go home Johnny, and come in Monday and we will see.

And he came in Monday and they said, Don't do it no more now. And Johnny was very sorry about the boy Wilkins and they shook hands and Johnny didn't do it anymore.

But in another month Johnny's wife had to come to the hospital. The new baby had come three months early and it was hard on her. And Johnny came in and said he would sire no more babies, and he said it just like he said it when he said he would fight Wilkins and he did.

So nobody knows. Nobody knows yet. But this is the story of Johnny Kelly.

## ODE TO SWIFT DEATH

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERICK

O sweet, swift-footed Death,  
Anoint me with thy breath,  
And let me pass uncowed,  
Like a young priest of Baal or Ashtoreth,  
Into the Stygian vale  
Where, in an obscure cloud,  
Vague shadows glide and crowd,  
Listless and pale.

O beautifully swift,  
O swiftly beautiful,  
Bring dissolution as a royal gift;  
Let me go hence with dignity and ease,  
No pain to wrack my nerves, no dull  
And slow disease,  
Before I stride through fields of asphodel  
To make obeisance to the Prince of Hell.

If I must bear on my rebellious head  
A crown of thorns, let roses bloody-red  
Burst from the stem  
In tuneful ecstasy—  
Before I join the silent, nameless dead:  
Let me depart without apology,  
Wearing my sorrow like a diadem!

Chase me not as a hunter to its lair  
Pursues the hare,  
But take me as a bridegroom takes his bride,  
Ere my loins shrivel and the years deride  
My pride's eclipse.  
While I am I, I welcome your embrace,  
But do not tarry, tarry overlong;  
Smite, while a smile still blazes on my face  
And on my lips  
A song!

# MORE NOTES of CHARLES FORT

The material on this page and those following comes from the MSS notes of Charles Fort. The notes begin with the year 1800 AD, and we are printing them chronologically, transcribed to the best of our ability. As you have observed from the several we have produced in facsimile—life size—the handwriting is difficult, to say the least; many are written in symbols and code, a personal shorthand. Each date is on a separate scrap of paper. They fill 32 boxes. The boxes are in two series, one numbered, one identified by letters of the alphabet. The numbered boxes contain records of non-human phenomena, the others, records of persons. It is our device to alternate the two series so that the printed record is chronologically consecutive.

The letters BA refer to Reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which many US libraries have. The numerals, such as '11 or '64 etc., in connection with BA sometimes refer to volume number, sometimes to year. In applying for this material at your public library, mention that to the attendant and you should have no difficulty.

Back numbers of DOUBT contain all the notes to the point where we begin below. Subsequent issues will continue them until the 32 boxes are printed.

1861

Dec. 19 Quakes Caucasia, Central America, Persia  
BA '11.

1862

## Box A (Resumed)

Body of Mrs. W. I. Peters, Frankfort, Indiana See Dec 22, 1888  
Sleeper Susan C. Godsey near Hickman Ky. See July 14, 1869

## Box 3 (Resumed)

- Jan 2 Hartford, Conn. 3:45 A.M. / a luminous cloud, W to E followed by another. Meteors from N to S very numerous A. J. Sci. 2/33/290
- 2 New Haven, Conn. Morning. Mets ab. 4 A.M. as many as three a minute were seen by one observer. Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc. 13-501.
- 3 New York City 7:17 A.M. large fireball. A. J. Sci. 2/33/291
- 5 Sunset / Meteor Long Island, N. Y. A. J. Sci. 2/33/291
- 6 LT p 10 Vesuvius
- 11 London / Met appear below the moon. B Assoc. 1862/42 W R Birt (cut)
- 14 Slains See Oct 28 1863 Jan 15 1866.
- 14 (Slains) Slains and whole eastern coast of Aberdeenshire black, smoky looking cloud

that discharged a shower of rain like drops of ink. See May 20, 1862. Symons Met Mag 53/42 See Vesuvius Dec 8

- 23 Met as if from Rigel 9 P.M. BA 62-44
- 29 Met that came from "beneath the moon" London (cut) B assoc 1862/46
- Jan to Feb. Quakes China BA '11
- Feb 2 8:15 P.M. 9:15 10:23 10:54 11:11 11:30 great meteors England BA '62
- 2 East Haddam 8 P.M. / quake See Nov 9, 1810
- 2 Lancashire, North Oadbourn, N. Wales, Derbyshire / 8:20 P.M. Met — Moon BA 67-420
- 5-6 Salsburg Red snow / Tussig 382

## Box A (Resumed)

- 10 LT p 8 Ext. discovery from Springhead.

## Box 3 (Resumed)

- 14 Cor says that heard entire morning near Madison, Indiana discharges of artillery or like (indecipherable) quake shocks. Next day came news of bombardment of Fort Donelson, 200 miles away. Science 8/348
- 18 Algiers / Met BA 69-283
- 19 London 11:32 P.M. 11:50 12:10 Mets from Polaris BA 62-50 Next night air then object in Weston—Super-Mare. 21st London from Polaris.
- 23 Liverpool, Somerset, etc. Large fireball 9:25 P.M. BA 67-420 62-52
- 23 Met from near Jupiter / BA 1862-52
- 25 Venus in conjunction with Sun A 1
- Mar 4 Manila strong quake probable det met (See 1805) See Jan 3, 1863.
- 5 Austria
- 12 Saxony
- 13 Westphalia
- 14 Westphalia
- 19 Westphalia
- Fireballs BA 67-420 See Dec '61
- 20 Vulcan by Loomis Manchester N. Notices 22/232
- 21 Brisbane, Queensland Meteors frequent BA 65
- 25 Met ½ moon Tasmania BA 69-283
- 25 10 A.M. C.R. 55-200 North of Sumatra, violent concussions to a ship.
- 27 Dust fall Baunaud near Lyons, Ann. Soc. Agr., Lyon 6/42 R May 16 1846
- March 31 — May 16 — May 21 — June 29 — July 16 — Oct 12 Mets Athens BA 69-283.
- April 4 Met from Jupiter / B Assoc 1862-52 (cut)
- 14 7:42 P.M. London large fireball BA 67-420
- 17, 19 Sounds and concussions Dijon etc. C.R. 54-923
- May Hurricane England Intel. Obs. 1-439
- May 1 Caluke black Scotland D-32 See Aug 11 (cut)
- 3 LT p 12 France quake.

- 7 Remarkable hailstones near Leeds Proc Roc Soc London 12-239
- 7 Remarkable hail Headingley near Leeds / Phil. Mag. 1963 26/67
- 16 Met Athens BA 69-283
- 20 Chile
- 26 Austria
- 27 Switzerland
- 27 Austria
- 28 Peru
- Quakes BA '11 Sings eb 18 1889
- 20 Slains black / Scotland See rain / D-32 See June July (12)
- 21 Met Athens BA 69-283
- 22 LT p 8 Aurora
- June-July Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould writes in LT Aug 14 p 9 that been said were volcanic eruptions in Iceland. He had been traveling in Iceland and said that if been eruptions must have been slight.
- (Box A Resumed)**
- June 10 LT p 14 Slf — Met other case this year.
- (Box 3 Resumed)**
- June 16 7:15 A.M. / Adelaide, S. Australia. Very large meteor "like a large body of fire" E. to W. Loud report like that of a very large cannon. BA 1868-346
- 18-22 Several shocks Caudia and Malta LT July 11 p. 12.
- 21 7:40 P. M. / At Bougie / Met and rain 10 minutes CR 55-109.
- 29 Met Athens BA 69-283.
- (Box A Resumed)**
- July Dorah Wentworth / Washington.
- (Box 3 Resumed)**
- July 9 Ab 11 A. M. St. Louis, Mo., an explosive sound was heard, object crashed through window of Mr. John Rigg'n, real estate agent, north side of Chestnut Street, between 2nd and 3rd Streets. B. F. Shumard investigated. Says he was sceptical but became a believer but the object was found to be of iron but with no nickel in it. So when he learned that he again became doubtful. The object appeared to be a mixture of iron and other substances, weighed ab 1/4 pound, one and a half inches long, ten lines wide, half an inch thick. (Amer. J. Sci. 2/34/443).
- 10 Severe quake Accra. LT Aug. 12, p. 6.
- 10 Gold Coast
- 11 Peru
- 13 Philippines
- 14 Gold Coast
- Quakes BA '11 Sun (quakes) Feb. 18, 1889
- 20 Met Athens BA 69-283.
- 22 LT p. 13. Note on the moon.
- 24 Oullins, near Lyons—tiny fossil shells. See Sept. 24, 1898 / Said common in sand of N. Africa and in whirlwind.
- 27, 28 Havana Many mets BA 68-407.
- 28, 29 Increase of meteors, Havana and Rio de Janeiro, CR 6-732. He quotes as remarkable that at a meeting of the B. Assoc. that this stream had been seen emanating from Formalhaut, the most "meridianale" of all stars in the latitude of Havana.
- 29-31 Mistake in date? See July 28-31, 1865.
- Last of July N. Y. City. Vast invasion of moths.
- Aug. 1 Morlans, France / roof of house on fire — meteors? (CU) / La Sci Pour Tous 7/344
- Aug Comet 1862 (111) of the August meteors / Clerke Hist Astro. / 357
- Aug. 4 Began at 11 P.M., Paris—Aurora from Cor Caroli to Omicron in the Great Bear — LT Aug 8, p. 10 (Fr.)
- (Box A Resumed)**
- 7 Mrs. Anna Rees dies at South Bend, Indiana. See Aug. 11, 1872.
- (Box 3 Resumed)**
- 9 Aurora Mets / BA 62-65
- 9 Weston-super-Mare. Remarkable aurora began at 11:10 P.M. BA 62
- 9 Weston-super-Mare / Aurora — principal beam contact — Beta-Gamma Little Bear 11:10 Gamma Draconis 11:20 Alpha Lyrae and Beta 11:27 Polaris 11:30 extending to Alpha Aquilae / Another large streamer began at the Pointers. LT Aug 12, p. 9.
- 14 Dont mix this comet with another pointed one near orbit of Mars.
- 14 Comet with naked eye by Charles Shea at 10 P.M. immediately under Pole Star 1/4th the distance LT 18 p 6—Hind said would be nearest sun on 23rd—said would pass toward Antares and disappear in the North sky Sept. 10th or 12th bet. Pole Star and the northern star of the Pointers. LT 16, p. 12 / Then be about 2,000,000 miles from earth's orbit. LT 22, p. 8 Hind says would cross ecliptic on Sept. 11 but be visible until about 20th. / Also LT 29, p. 5.
- 22 Quake, medium. Seville, Spain BA '11
- 22 Sound / Weston-super-Mare 11:30 P.M. / Met & det BA 62/68
- 23 4 P.M. Probable met rain in Georgia "Great luminosity like a sword—handle silver and point red; ten times as broad as long—pointed "for" (from?) S. W. to N. E. BA '63-218 (Fort's question, not mine, T.T.)
- 23 4 P.M. / Great met Georgia BA 63-218.
- Sept. 2 Lavington and Easterton — Wiltshire / very great th. storm Column in LT Sept. 6, p. 10.
- 10 LT p. 7 Terrible hail at Corfu.
- 12 Rainstorm Philadelphia J. Frank Inst 44-59
- 12 Storm Philadelphia J. F. Inst 74/281
- 16 Met Athens BA 69-283
- Sept. 19 10:15 P.M. Ext. Met. Great Britain. Pages of description BA 62-72 See Rept. 1863
- 19 Large meteor over London / looked up / LT Sept 20, p 12 Sept 22, p 4, Sept 23, p 12.
- 19 About 10 P.M. Meteor Caen CR 55-594
- 19 10:30 P.M. / Norwich etc. / det like a rocket BA 62-74
- 22 11:33 P.M. Met moving near Mars / 11:48 another from Slater's Obser. London B Assoc 1863/222
- 25 6:15 and 6:30 P.M. Mets. Eng. BA 62-76
- 25 6:45 A.M. / Meteor Paris CR 55-556
- 25 6:30 P.M., 7:40 P.M. 8:30 P.M. Mets around London BA 63-224.
- Oct. last week St. Esteve, near Perpignan, France, after storm and lightning windows and doors covered with substance like melted

- tin. LT 1862 Oct. 10, p. 8. See Oct. 1864, July 23, 1884.
- 5 Op Mars A 1
- (Box A Resumed)**
- Oct. 2 weeks in / Sheep worrying by unknown dog / LT Oct. 29, p. 8.
- (Box 3 Resumed)**
- Oct. 4 and 9 5th Mag Star M. Notices 38/330 In 1877 J. Tabutt looking over notes of old observations found that he had noted 2 unknown stars in Ara, upon (sic) these nights, one of them a 5th mag.
- 7 12:30 P.M. / Meus, Furstenberg (Mecklenberg) stone / BA 63-224 (F)
- 12 Met. Athens BA 69-283
- 13 Mars / Ab 10 P.M. / Spot like long train of clouds on Mars by Lockyer and Dawes in England / La Nature 1/148
- 14-15 Meteors France CR 55/673
- 15 9:01 A.M.—(indecipherable) 9:15—(ditto indecipherable) 9:24—Prague, 9:30—Bohemia—as it from Polaris, this one all large fireballs BA 67-421.
- 15 Small quake Moluccas BA '11.
- 16 Medium Quake Asia Minor BA '11
- 18 8:13 P.M. / by Secchi, Naples / spot looked like a tourbillon on Mars—La Nat 1/148.
- Oct. 21 6:10 P.M. at Somain An object or met that left a train, seemed to explode and disappear leaving a cloud of smoke, but then rose and was visible about ten minutes Jour des Debats Oct. 28, p. 1.
- 26 That at Eaux Chaudes the sky for a moment had seemed afire. Jour des Debats Oct. 31, p. 2.
- 26 (F) Quake Condom, Pau, Mont-du-Marsion, Lourdes, Tarbes for a moment sky seemed on fire. See 1805 See Sept 24 '64.
- November One morning / Morpeth N.S.W. cor. to Sydney Morning Herald Nov. 20, 1866 says she saw a dark object size of a cask moving in the sky, with great rapidity.
- Nov. 1 Meteorite Stonetfall Seville, Spain BA 67-420.
- 2 10 P.M. / Large fireball Glasgow BA 67-421
- 3 Asia Minor great quake '11.
- 9 Sounds heard by Rev. T. Webb at Hardwick a'd by him to gunfire. Milford Haven 15 miles W of Hereford=80 miles from M. Haven. See Aug 1865 E Mer 100/279
- 10 Mars / 7 to 7:30 P.M. / 2 mets reported from Manchester by R. P. Greg "Directed apparently from Mars." BA 63-228.
- 11 Mars / 8:45 to 9 P.M. / "2 or three shooting stars" reported by H. W. Wood, of Weston-super-Mare "from Mars" BA 63-228.
- 12 10 A.M. In bright sunlight extraordinary brightness of Aristarchus — as a bright speck on the moon's disk, by Mr. Stetherat M Notices 23-75.
- 16 16, 22, 23 / by H. W. H. Wood / Met appeared near Mars. On 22nd one traversed sky disappeared near Mars / On 23rd 2 traversed sky and disappeared near Mars B Assoc 863-230.
- 22 Austria
- 26 Algeria
- 29 Chio etc
- 29 Caucasia BA '11
- 26 7:45 P.M. met apparent size of moon. Melbourne BA 63-230. Southerly direction.
- 26 Det met. Selkirk, Roxburyshire, great met 'light like the moon about a minute later a prolonged report was heard BA '63-230.
- 26 Leeds — Selkirk / 6:45 P.M. / det met / BA 67-422
- 26 Quake Algeria BA '11
- 26 At Peebles 6:48 P.M. at Selkirk (Roxburyshire) ab 7 P.M. / Met seen and rumbling sounds. BA 63/230.
- Nov. 27 5:52 P.M. / near Broadstairs / met from close to Mars 6° under Moon to Altair / BA 69-218
- 27 Probably 6:47 P.M. det met Colchester, Essex BA 79-92
- 27 Windsor 6:30 P.M. seems been another meteor BA 63-240.
- 27 5:50 P.M. Great detonating meteor South England Also France BA 63-234. Must have been several. The obs. are from 4:55 P.M. at Stressbourg to 6:03 in Worcestershire. Most obs E to W or NE to S W but at Harre N to S. Pages of details. BA 63-234.
- 27 Colchester Sound 5:47 P. M. / Met burst with dull report BA '79/93 63/232.
- 27 5:47 P.M. / Met wide as moon as long London, Kent, Nottingham / and Ireland (Dec. 3) LT Nov. 28, 29.
- 27 5:30 P. M. / Great meteor England and Ireland / France? (Fort's query) LT Nov. 28, 29, Dec. 3, p. 12.
- Dec. 4 Marseilles Aurora / CR 55/930 St. Petersburg — 930
- 1 8:42 P. M. / fireball / 3 large ones on 12th Westphalia BA 67-422
- 12 B. rain / Argentine ac to the Mercurio of Valparaiso ab 7 A.M. became intensely dark — cleared up — that night it had rained black water "The people of the district were very much alarmed and the female portion began to pray fervently." Eclectic Magazine 59/392 Intel. Obs. 3-145.
- 12 A.M. In 1¼ hours at Haverford, Pa., 28 mets from Gemini. A. J. Sci. 2/35/302.
- 14 5:50 to 7 P.M. Aurora England related to A. Lyrae LT 16, p. 12. In France, Marseilles, 6:24 to 7:25 Reappeared 9:20 —9:39 LT 20, p. 6.
- 14 Aurora 5:30-9:45 P.M. / Stream passed near A. Hercules at Clifton and at Weston-super-Mare LT Oct. 16, p. 12 At Paris—Dec. 20, p. 6.
- 15 6:50 P.M. Mets twice size of Venus, Dordogne, France, "during a brilliant Aurora". BA 63-240.
- 19 W Indies
- 19 Cent Amer
- 19 Caucasia (also in Nov)
- 21 Persia
- Quake BA '11
- Sun-quakes Feb 18, 1889
- 30 7:15 A.M. Thruyton Great meteor ½ minute Field Jan. 17.

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