FATE

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

JANUARY 1975 FATE TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN Vol. 28 - No. 1 Iss

THE TRUTH behind "THE EXORCIST"



JANUARY 1975 60¢

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SINCE THE smashing success of William Peter Blatty's novel and the multimillion-dollar movie *The Exorcist*, about the demon possession of a 12-year-old girl, this whole country has been speculating as to its truth and curious about his sources of information.

Undoubtedly Blatty drew from many historical exorcisms cases but it is certain that he had one case particularly in mind: a demon-possessed boy who lived in Mount Rainier, Md. — 14-year-old "Roland Doe" — reportedly invaded by an invisible entity early in 1949. For sheer drama and horror the true story of Roland Doe far surpasses Blatty's book.

When nothing could be done at Georgetown University Hospital to relieve the boy he was taken to St. Louis, Mo., where Jesuit priests successfully exorcized the demon in an authentic Roman Catholic ritual.

In the fall of 1949 a "diary" kept by the exorcists in the Roland Doe case came to light.

(Continued on page 50)



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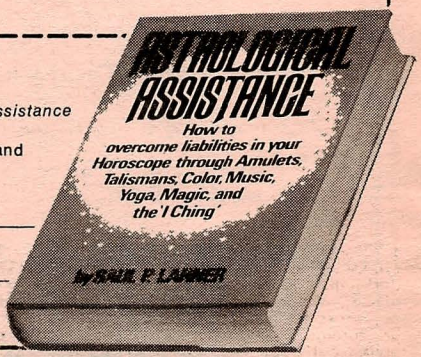
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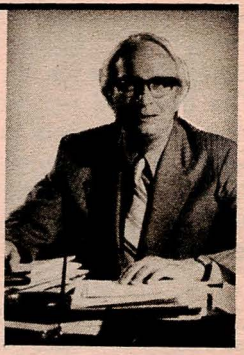
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I See by the Papers



Curtis Fuller

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

The studies of many scholars of climatic change attest that a new climatic pattern is now emerging. There is a growing consensus that the changes will persist for several decades and that the current food-production systems of man cannot easily adjust. It is also expected that the climate will become more variable than in recent decades. We believe that this climatic change poses a threat to the people of the world. The direction of climate change indicates major crop failures almost certainly within the decade. This, coinciding with a period of almost nonexistent grain reserves, can be ignored only at the risk of great suffering and mass starvation.

Report of the workshop on climate change quoted in the *New York Times* August 8, 1974.

AS WE write this President Ford just has suspended arrangements made by American firms to sell $500,000,000 worth of grain to the Soviet Union. The newspapers are filled with warnings of higher food prices in 1975 because of crop shortages created by both drought and early freezes. The doomsayers are predicting worldwide food shortages and mass starvation.

Weather crises are always with us. Frosts, droughts, destructive winds, hurricanes and tornados are usually random and local. The question the experts are arguing is whether the climate itself is changing. Most observers seem to agree that during the past 15 years the United States has had unusually good weather for growing crops. But they believe this good luck now has come to an end.

The *New York Times* article by Harold M. Schmeck, Jr., states that the Rockefeller Foundation, a unit of the National Academy of Sciences, and the Environmental Data Service of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration are either sponsoring conferences on

weather and climate or doing research. The workshop quoted above was sponsored by the International Federation of Institutes for Advanced Study. Spokesmen such as Dr. Walter Orr Roberts believe that more and more experts are coming to agree with its views. Dr. Reid Bryson, climatologist at the University of Wisconsin, is one of these.

But they don't all agree! Richard C. McArdle, an economist and climatologist in the United States Department of Agriculture, does not see global bad weather for the near future. He believes some areas of the world will have good weather for crops while others do not. He and others in the Department believe technology can overcome the effects of drought in the United States.

Especially, McArdle says he does not see any evidence for the 20-year-cycle of drought charted by Dr. Louis M. Thompson, associate dean of agriculture at Iowa State University. Thompson claims records going back to 1800 show that a severe drought occurs in the Iowa corn belt about every 20 years. And the next one is due now.

The issue then becomes whether the problems of 1974 are accidents of weather or indicate a general climatic change.

India seems to have the worst situation. Early in this century the monsoon rains were undependable and drought hit northern and northwestern India once in every three or four years. More recently there have been droughts once or twice in 20 years. Dr. Bryson suggests the trend is back to more frequent droughts. Meanwhile, the Indian population has increased enormously; mass starvation seems inevitable.

Such starvation already has occurred, of course, in the sub-Saharan zone of West Africa where it is believed at least 100,000 persons have died and seven million are alive only because of food sent in from other countries. Last summer this area was relieved by unusually heavy rains which interrupted the seven-year drought. But Dr. Bryson and other experts believe this relief is only temporary and that the drought will continue or intensify.

There is evidence of long-range changes. The mean temperature for the northern hemisphere increased steadily from the early part of this century into the 1940's. Since then it has dropped half a degree — which climatologists believe is enough to trigger important changes.

There is evidence that the Gulf Stream is turning toward a more

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northerly course. Ice is lingering longer on the coasts of Newfoundland. The drought in the United States is apparently matched by one in Russia although the Soviets have been less than candid in reporting crop estimates.

Despite the optimists in the United States Department of Agriculture a recent meeting of climatologists in Bonn, West Germany, agreed unanimously that the change in "global weather patterns poses a severe threat to agriculture that could lead to major crop failures and mass starvation."

∞

THE QUAKE AND L. A.

WHILE we're dealing with doomsday predictions we may as well report to you that the big Los Angeles earthquake is due in 1982. This may be a crackpot prediction but the men who are making it are not crackpots.

They are John R. Gribbin, geophysics editor of the English scientific journal *Nature*, and Stephen H. Plagemann, a researcher doing upper-atmosphere studies for NASA. Their prediction is made in a new book *The Jupiter Effect*.

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particularly true of the Los Angeles area where the fault has been dormant since 1856. (San Francisco is not without risk.)

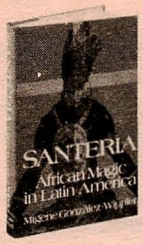
"All the San Andreas Fault needs to lurch into life is a small nudge," declare Gribbin and Plagemann. That nudge, they believe, will occur in 1982 when all the planets will be aligned on the same side of the sun — an event that occurs only once every 179 years. This alignment will create greater solar activity and cause changes in the earth's weather. The weather patterns in turn will alter the earth's rate of spin by a few thousandths of a second each day. And this extra stress will produce earthquakes.

"Geophysicists report that their measurements of the San Andreas Fault now show that it is overdue for a slip greater than that of 1906, and just needs a trigger. There can be little doubt, we feel, that the planetary and solar influence in the early 1980's, following the rare planetary alignment, will provide the trigger."

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Italy, had a "devil god" called *Tuchulca*. This mythical god was known to us through inscriptions and paintings; his head featured a bulbous nose, long ears, deeply furrowed forehead, gaping fleshy mouth and a goatee.

Now the first statue of *Tuchulca* has been discovered along with two apparently royal tombs which were carved into an 18-foot cliff near Cerveteri, Italy. The head and torso of *Tuchulca* were broken apart but the find is significant because here, guarding tombs built 500 years before Christ, is a satanic figure that clearly was a precursor of our familiar Christian devil.

Tuchulca shared his guardianship with two lions and a sphinx. Ornamental doors over the tomb were topped with a frieze of panthers and lions biting and clawing at stags and boars. The royal tombs that *Tuchulca* guarded, however, already had been looted and their floors strewn with broken vases and inscribed tombstones shaped like phalluses.

∞

WHAT, WHITE INDIANS AGAIN?

WE'VE BEEN reading about them for 50 years — originally in the sensationalized pages of Hearst's old *American Weekly*. So here we go again, with an Associated Press dispatch from

Rio de Janeiro saying workers have emerged from the Amazon jungle with the "astonishing" news of having met a tribe of white Indians.

The workers — from Brazil's National Indian Foundation called "Funai" — report that up the Ipixuna River they encountered white-skinned, blond-haired, blue-eyed Indians swimming in the river. Investigation revealed the tribe speaks an unknown Indian language and has about 100 members.

Funai's director Helio Rocha said, "The phenomenon may be explained by the presence of white men in remote times who might have stayed there and mixed with the Indian populations."

Our guess is the whole thing is a hoax. We'll believe it when we see pictures of these "white Indians." The *American Weekly* taught us skepticism at an early age.

SPRAGGETT vs. KRESKIN

ALLEN Spraggett, writer on psychical subjects and occasional contributor to FATE, is an amateur magician also. He takes particular exception to magicians who pretend to have psychic gifts when, in fact, they are performing tricks. In his syndicated column he focuses on



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Kreskin, the stage and television mentalist, who has written a book called *The Amazing World of Kreskin.* Spraggett suggests it be retitled *The Not-So-Amazing World of Kreskin.*

"Kreskin is about as psychic as an oyster," writes Spraggett, and then proceeds to expose an incident on Kreskin's TV show taped in Ottawa in which Dr. William Taylor brought to the show, securely wrapped, a fragment of a 6,000-year-old ivory comb.

Of course, Taylor told no one what he had and was absolutely amazed when Kreskin identified the object on the show. But he had forgotten that before the show Kreskin had asked him to write down the contents of the sealed box on a clipboard. Since Dr. Taylor had pocketed the piece of paper on which he had written the description he thought nothing of it. This is the "old clipboard trick" (price $35) in which an ordinary-looking clipboard had a carboned hard top which provided Kreskin with an exact copy of what Dr. Taylor had written. All he had to do was retrieve the clipboard.

Spraggett describes other tricks used by Kreskin and gives the prices of the necessary supplies at magic shops. One of the most fascinating is the trick in which a mentalist writes down tomor-

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row's newspaper headlines (or next week's or next year's for that matter) and locks his prediction in a box. When the box is opened the published headline matches exactly the headline scribbled by the mentalist.

The gimmick for this one is that the key which unlocks the box is large, elaborate, hollow and contains a spring mechanism. The correct prediction is written after the newspaper is published, loaded into the key, and in the act of unloading the box the rolled-up piece of paper is propelled inside the box.

In another column Spraggett reports an interview with Dunninger who debunks all other mentalists and explains their tricks. Among the magicians he debunks is Kreskin who, says Dunninger, "uses tricks that a boy scout could acquire from any well-equipped magic shop."

On the other hand, Dunninger implies that some of his own stage exploits represented genuine ESP. But because Dunninger has such ready explanations for his rivals' feats Spraggett raises this question: "Who now is going to believe that Dunninger is any different from the rest?"

∞

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KARAM Sabagh is four feet, six inches tall. She has

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sparkling brown eyes and wears a black babushka over her gray hair. She is 106 years old.

Mrs. Sabagh is Lebanese but lived in the United States with her son George until four years ago. She wanted to die in Lebanon, she said, and George took her back home and then returned to the United States.

But now Mrs. Sabagh is back in Port Huron, Mich., where George owned a coffee shop for 40 years. She is there because she dreamed George was sick. "I had to come to see him," she said.

Mrs. Sabagh dreamed true.

"I've always told my mother my health was good," George told an AP reporter. "I didn't want to worry her."

But George's diabetes was so serious that his left leg was amputated soon after he took his mother to Lebanon and last August his right leg was amputated.

Somehow his mother knew. Her fare back was paid for by family friends and she returned to sit by the bed of her seriously ill son.

"I'll stay until he is well," she said.

∞

NEARER TO HEAVEN?

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come to feel different about materialism vs. spirituality. Now the crew of Skylab III reports feeling changes of "almost a spiritual nature" in their views of themselves, of other human beings, of the possibility of life elsewhere in the universe.

These concepts were expressed in a news conference conducted from space with Lt. Col. Gerald P. Carr, Lt. Col. William R. Pogue and Dr. Edward G. Gibson. The changes seem to come from watching the panorama of the world, the sun and the stars. Here are words from each of the three men:

Colonel Carr: "I think this mission is going to increase my awareness of what else is going on besides what I'm doing. People in technical work seem to move along with blinders on."

Colonel Pogue: "I now have a new orientation of almost a spiritual nature. My attitude toward life is going to change, toward my family it's going to change. When I see people I try to see them as operating human beings and try to fit myself into a human situation instead of trying to operate like a machine."

Dr. Gibson: "It makes you speculate a little more" about life existing elsewhere in the universe. "Being up here and being able to see the stars and look back at the earth and see

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WHAT DOES IT TAKE?

I WONDER if these astronauts would have drawn the same conclusions if they had been orbiting Earth 26 years ago when FATE was just beginning.

Somehow I doubt it. Things seem to have a proper time and place. Spirituality, antimaterialism, antirationalism seem to be sweeping across the earth like a tide. They are in the air we breathe. They are in the new physical and social sciences we are beginning to understand.

The universe is no longer merely a mechanical clock and neither are people. Slowly we have come to realize that logic is a flawed mathematical exercise. People do not necessarily act for rational reasons. Emotional needs are recognized, respected and hopefully no longer suppressed.

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Now a British gynecologist reports that three babies have been born in Europe that were conceived in test tubes from ova removed from the would-be mothers and reimplanted in their wombs after seven to 10 days. This technique was developed for women who cannot conceive children because of damage to their fallopian tubes which carry the eggs from the ovaries to the uterus. This method of fertilizing human ova may solve the chief cause of female infertility when the technique is perfected.

We do object, however, to attempts to grow "test tube babies." It always has been a concept of science fiction that babies might some day be produced on order in giant nutrient cells. A decade ago Italian and Soviet scientists reported that they had kept a human fetus alive artificially outside the body. It seems to us that all significant psychological research indicates that unborn babies need to be carried by living human mothers, that they live in a unique environment inside the womb that helps make them human. The difficulties experienced with prematurely born babies substantiates this.

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has to do with gene manipulation and we read more and more about it. Some geneticists even talk of some day producing a superrace of humans by tinkering with the genetic code. The product of such tinkering, of course, would not be human at all. What would it be?

Under Hitler, German scientists experimented with producing a master race to their own Nordic specifications. Their assumption was that (1) they themselves were superior beings and (2) that they knew what traits to emphasize to make their descendants even more superior. This concept of their own superiority led to the conviction that all other races were inferior and provided the justification for exterminating huge numbers of Gypsies, Jews, Poles and Russians — all peoples with unique abilities and qualities of their own.

The Nazi breeding program was bad but tinkering with human genes seems far worse. Any experiments being done with human beings are doubtless secret but widespread genetic research has been carried on with bacteria and viruses.

We are glad to see that a National Academy of Sciences committee has appealed to the world's scientists to postpone this kind of genetic experiment. The

panel asks for a voluntary moratorium of six months so that the potential hazards of the experiments can be fully evaluated.

Some molecular biologists are frightened. They know that new techniques permit DNA (the molecules of heredity) to multiply inside bacteria in the laboratory. They fear that such hazardous artificial molecules might escape accidentally and cause an uncontrollable epidemic of disease — or at a minimum increase the incidence of disease. Two forms of DNA could be especially hazardous according to Dr. David Baltimore of M.I.T. — forms that make bacteria resistant to antibiotics and any type derived from a virus able to multiply in animals.

∞

MORE "FOLK MEDICINE"

"FOLK" and "primitive" remedies for illnesses are constantly being rediscovered. One of the latest is a drug called "khellin" made from the seeds of a plant which grows along the Mediterranean Sea.

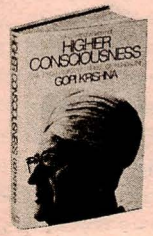
Khellin was used in ancient times, according to a copyrighted story in the *Chicago Daily News*, but apparently has been ignored by modern medicine until recently. Now, synthesized and slightly modified, it is being used against asthma with tre-

The evolutionary thrust of Kundalini

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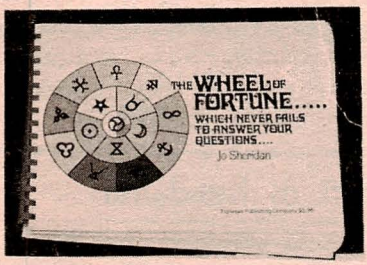
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mendous success. At a recent AMA convention in Chicago Dr. Sheldon Siegel of UCLA called it "the first major advance in treating asthma since corticosteroids."

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So score another one for folk remedies! How many other life-saving old wives' tales remain to be rediscovered?

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HERB STANTON'S FUTURE

HERB Stanton is an astrologer who makes a living by running the Tropical Roofing Company in Delray Beach, Fla., with his stepbrother Jack Strong. Last January Herb predicted the resignation of Richard Nixon and since then his fame as an astrologer has increased markedly.

But before we accept Herb's predictions unequivocally let's consider some other predictions he made last January and see how they have turned out as of

September 7, 1974, when I am writing this:

- Look for rising markets in the first half of 1974; then expect a downturn in the Dow-Jones averages.

Certainly we've got the downturn!

- Vice-president (now, of course, President) Ford is in severe physical danger and his security guards should be careful.
- The Vatican: Look for a new pope in either 1974 or 1975.
- The energy crisis or an assassination attempt may be used as an excuse to declare martial law in the United States.

Jeane Dixon expounds on this same theme.

- Liz Taylor faces a year in which she "may" divorce someone or something she has held dear.
- Three great rulers will topple in 1974.
- There's a 12-year-old boy in Jerusalem, born February 5, 1962, who is destined to become "the most famous man in the world." This lad will be heard from for the first time in 1974.

—*Curtis Fuller.*



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Gen. Isaac Stevens commanded Union forces in battle of Chantilly, Va., in 1862.

The KLICKITAT CURSE

Again and again Yakima sachem Ki Ma Hian called upon the God of Thunder to bring death to the hated governor.

By Joseph DuBovy

WHEN THE earliest white settlers came to the wilderness we now know as the northwest part of the state of Washington they found a beach covered with clean white sand. They found the Pacific Ocean, *whulge* as the Indians called the salt water of Puget Sound beating peacefully against the shore. With sharp ears one could hear the breathing of the seal in these waters. Inland there was such beauty that the Indians said *Nekhani*, the Great Spirit, had created this land as an expression of love for



The ancestors of Chief Seattle and his Suquamish tribe lived for generations around Puget Sound before the United States government destroyed their culture in 1854.

Ambitious young Isaac Ingalls Stevens achieved recognition as an adjutant engineer under General Scott in the war against Mexico in 1847-1848.



La-Wis-Wis, the queen of all beauty. And over the beautiful God-made forest the eagle screamed and the raven croaked their separate cries of freedom. The first settlers arrived at Tumwater in 1845 and at Olympia in 1847.

These white settlers also found the Suquamish Indians living here, as they had lived for generations. Their ancestors had met the navigator Juan de Fuca when he sailed up the strait which bears his name in 1592.

Not far from the beach of the Sound they found Chief Seattle living in what was called "the Old-Man House" and nearby was the Suquamish village of Puget

Sound. Chief Seattle had been born in the long, long "Old-Man House" which was 800 feet long, 65 feet wide and 15 feet high. The house covered an acre of ground and was built of bark. Its cedar shake roof was supported by 74 split timbers, each one three feet wide and six inches thick. These timbers were covered with carved figures, all grotesque, meant to frighten away evil. On the corner posts of each timber was carved the omnipotent Thunderbird. This sacred bird could summon that most feared god of all — the God of Thunder. And when the God of Thunder was angry huge electrified clouds blew in from the Pacific and discharged their wrath. The long house on the beach was divided into 40 separate apartments and faced the beach overlooking Agate Pass. The entire structure was slightly curved to follow the outline of the shore.

Seattle was chief of six tribes. He was an imposing figure — over six feet tall, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. He looked every inch a warrior but in fact, he used all the power at his disposal to help the early white settlers who migrated to his realm. The white men had steel fishing hooks and shared them with the Indians. In return the Indians showed them where the biggest fish could be caught. Indian canoes were valuable to every man who wished to quietly navigate the waters. Thus the two races lived in harmony, helping each other to fish and to hunt. But alas, this harmony was to be short-lived.

* * *

A WAR HAD just ended over a 1000 miles away, a bitter war which provided the training ground for many white men who later would bring havoc to many tribes of peaceful Indians.

Texas, a province of Mexico, had revolted and attempted to establish its independence. United States President John Tyler, through intrigue and threats, had attempted to add Texas to this country. His successor President Polk, describing the Mexicans as aggressive invaders, carried this desire for annexation into the battlefield. Mexico's army under Santa Anna was no match for the American forces under General Scott. Not that Scott himself was an able leader or even a skilled strategist — but he had on his general staff an adjutant engineer named Isaac Ingalls Stevens and it was Adjutant Stevens who planned the attacks on Churubusco, Monterey, Cerro Gordo, Molino del Rey and the capital itself. Unfortunately the Mexicans had no one to equal the military planning genius and surveying skill of Isaac Stevens.

Stevens was eventually awarded two brevets for his role in throwing the Mexicans out of Texas.

After his victory against the Mexicans in Texas, President Polk sent his army into California where they raided Mexican settlements. Polk also had naval forces poised off the coast to occupy California. The defeated Mexican government was in no position to challenge Polk and the United States completed its westward thrust, known as Manifest Destiny. Thereafter, diplomacy with the Mexicans was equated with diplomacy with the Indians. Both peoples were considered incapable of governing themselves and in 1848 the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations stated that all Mexicans should be removed to reservations just as the Indians were being moved.

When he left the presidency in 1849 Polk said, "Peace, plenty and contentment reign throughout our borders and our beloved country presents a sublime moral spectacle to the world." Such is the power of the human mind for self-deception!

After the war was over accounts of the brilliant young Stevens came to the attention of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis and Asa Whitney, the financial promoter. These two men were exploring five possible westward routes for the Union Pacific Railroad. The northernmost route between the 47th and 49th parallels, from St. Paul west to the mouth of the Columbia River, seemed to have the greatest promise. Secretary of War Davis, who had been wounded in the Mexican war, remembered Master Surveyer Isaac Stevens and offered him the governorship of the newly established Washington Territory if as part of the deal, Stevens would agree

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH DuBOVY was born in New York City in 1929. He received a Bachelor of Electrical Engineering degree from New York University in 1951. During his career as an electrical engineer he has specialized in the design of medical electronic instruments and belongs to the section on biomedical engineering of the Institute of Electrical Engineers. He also is an instructor at State University of New York.

His interests include biofeedback, the aura and numerology as revolutionary approaches to psychotherapy and to teaching.

His interests in the American Indian and the lost continent of Lemuria have logical origin: he is an authentic blood relative of the Chief Seattle who appears in this story. He and his wife and two children live in Putnam Valley, N. Y.

to survey the land from St. Paul west to Puget Sound in preparation for the coming of the great "iron horse" as the Indians called the railroad. Stevens was politically ambitious and wasted no time in resigning from the army in 1853 to become the first governor of the Washington Territory.

Governor Stevens soon found there was one obstacle to his holy mission of extending the rail lines west to the Pacific. This obstacle was the Indians along the railroad's future path. With dispatch, less than a year after taking office, Stevens arranged the Medicine Creek Treaty. This was the first of a series of treaties designed to remove the Indians to reservations. The same skill Stevens had displayed in engineering military campaigns in the Mexican War now was put to work in cajoling, bribing or threatening the Indians into signing treaties which would clear the land.

In the Old-Man House near the beach on Puget Sound, Chief Seattle spent many hours reflecting with anxious concern on the events which had taken place during the past year. Since his arrival the young territorial governor had requested that Seattle and his tribes leave their homes and move onto reservations. Finally making up his mind Seattle sent his first sub-chief Kitsap, who lived in the apartment next to him in the long house, to arrange a meeting with Gov. Isaac Stevens. Perhaps if this white man understood the Indian better his heart would soften.

In 1854 the two men met in the Suquamish village. They presented a study in contrasting personality types. The Chief was slender but broad-shouldered and deep-chested, carrying his six-foot three-inch frame straight and erect despite his 64 years. Stevens was only 36 years old, extremely short and stout, with a massive head. As Chief Seattle looked into this white man's eyes for the first time his intuition caused him even more concern for his people than he had felt before. For Seattle saw in Steven's eyes an ambition so fierce that nothing would stand in its way. It seemed an eternity passed before Chief Seattle spoke these immortal words to the new governor:

"Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold and which to us appears changeless and eternal may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says the great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun

or the seasons of the year.

"The White Chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and goodwill. That is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. . . . I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach our paleface brothers with hastening it, as we too may have been somewhat to blame. . . .

"Your God is not our God. Your God loves your people and hates mine. He folds his strong and protecting arms lovingly about the paleface and leads him by the hand as a father leads his infant son. But He has forsaken His red children — if they really are His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people strong every day. Soon they will fill the land. Our people are ebbing away like a rapidly receding tide. The white man's God cannot love our people or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? . . . We are two distinct races with separate origins and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

"To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written upon tables of stone by the iron finger of your God so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our ancestors — the dreams of our old men, given them in solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit; and the visions of our *sachems*; and it is written in the hearts of our people.

"Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander away beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being.

"Day and night cannot dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the White Man, as the morning mist flees before the morning sun. However, your proposition seems fair and I think my people will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace.

"It matters little where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be many. A few more moons; a few more win-

ters — and not one of the descendants of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see. . . .

"Every part of this soil is sacred. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. The very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to our footsteps than to yours because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Even the little children who lived here, rejoiced here for a brief season, will love these somber solitudes and at eventide they greet shadowy returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highways, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled and still love this beautiful land.

"The White Man will never be alone.

"Let him be just and deal kindly with my people for the dead are not powerless. Dead, did I say? There is no death, only change of worlds."

Thus spoke this great Chief to the new governor of the Washington Territory.

In agreeing so readily to move his tribes to the reservation Chief Seattle was merely saving face. He had no alternative. The army had established Fort Steilacoom. Where only a few short years before the red and white man had shared the fish, the hunting and the land, now the new governor made laws encouraging the settlers to stake claims to the land. Boren, Bell and Denny staked the first land claims; a rush of claims followed. For the Chief to resist would be tan-

tamount to inviting a confrontation with the army. The peaceful tribes he ruled, unarmed, would be massacred.

Governor Stevens, who was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1839 as a boy wonder with brilliant marks in engineering, was not to be frightened by Seattle's talk of returning ghosts. He must have smiled quietly over Seattle's words about vengeful spirits and evil curses as he pursued his ambitious mission even more aggressively than before. Only seven months later he concluded the 1855 treaty with Seattle's Suquamish, Duwamish, and 13 other tribes of Shapwailutan, Salishan and Chinookan Indians. These Indians ceded the territory from the Cascade Mountains to the Snake River and from Lake Chelan to the Columbia.

In yet another treaty that same year, Stevens fixed the hunting grounds of the Blackfoot Confederacy, including Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans, further to the east of the territory, north of the Missouri River in what today is Montana. Farther to the west the Yakima and Klickitats decided not to leave their good hunting grounds. They did not wish to move to land where "even a horned toad wouldn't survive." Yakima Chief Kamaiakan and his people decided to fight if the governor attempted to enforce this treaty by removing them.

Stevens was not about to tolerate disobedience from the red man. He remembered how easily he had crushed the Mexicans who resisted General Scott's invasion of their territory six years earlier. The red man could learn his lesson too! Stevens called upon Colonel Rains and Major Nesmith and their "volunteers" to invade Yakima and Klickitat country in November 1855. These officers led "volunteers" especially picked for their bloodthirsty natures and as a consequence a great number of Indian women and children who happened to be in the path of the invading volunteers were murdered.

The surviving Yakimas and Klickitats managed to flee to the mountains where temporarily they were safe. Not long after, the leading *sachem* (spirit doctor) of the Klickitats organized the battered remains of his tribe and held a ceremony. This ceremony was the public invocation of a death curse.

This particular *sachem,* Ki Ma Hian, was known far and wide for his ability to cause death to enemies, even to enemies far away. Sometimes sharp crystals or other objects would penetrate the enemy's body and kill him.

However, in extremely important curses the Gods of Thunder and Lightning were called upon to bring about the death. The omnipotent Thunderbird carved upon the corner post of each timber of Chief Seattle's long house also was a purveyor of the powerful Thunder Spirit of the Klickitats. The Thunder God was the most powerful deity of all.

Soon the ceremony began; the Indians danced in a large circle, chanting *hayéé, hayé.* This bloodcurdling intonation echoing down the mountain valleys caused the eagles, owls, ravens and other birds and animals to flee. The God of Thunder was asked to take the life of Gov. Isaac Ingalls Stevens. The *sachem,* Ki Ma Hian, rolled on the ground, burned his arms and feet with a flaming torch and went into a frenzy the like of which his tribe never had seen before. The ceremony continued throughout the night and into the early morning at which time the weak sound of thunder was heard off in the distance. The God of Thunder had answered! He had heard their prayers. The *sachem* lay prostrate on the ground, his hands clasped together pointing skyward in thanksgiving. The orange sun came up in the east and the ceremony was over.

The bloody Yakima war as it was called later continued another three years, until 1858, when a force of 700 cavalry, infantry and artillery under Colonel Wright finally defeated the Yakima Chief Kamaiakan. Kamaiakan managed to escape into British Columbia but 24 other captured chiefs were either hanged or shot.

The command of the United States Department of the Pacific was under a Maj. Gen. John E. Wool who was an old hand at Indian affairs and had acquired some maturity in these matters. He publicly criticized Governor Stevens for unnecessarily prolonging the Yakima war and for the brutal and vicious attacks on Indian villages that had occurred in his territory. General Wool said, "Some white men, like vultures, watch and are ready to pounce on their prey the Indians to strip them of everything they have."

However, far more important to the United States government was the fact that these western lands were now safe for the Northern Pacific Railroad. The government promptly granted the railroad a territorial charter, generously giving the company 60 miles of land on both sides of the future track.

The financial promoters of the rail line, the War Department and the Democratic Party did

not forget the man who had made this magnificent progress possible. Although settlers in the Washington Territory could not vote, Gov. Isaac Stevens went to the nation's capital to represent the Territory in the House of Representatives. Not yet 40 years old, Stevens was the youngest member of the House and seemed assured a brilliant political future. Surely there were no limits to the heights he could climb; surely even the Klickitat God of Thunder could not stop this man of destiny.

In four short years the war between the states broke out. Stevens entered the army of the north as commanding colonel of the 79th Division in July 1861. Two months later he was given the rank of brigadier general and command of two of Gen. W. Smith's divisions of the Potomac. In October 1861 Stevens led his division in a brilliant defense of Washington, D.C., and then set off on the South Carolina expedition. During the summer of 1862 Stevens was again promoted, this time to major general and at the second battle of Bull Run he commanded the First Division of the Ninth Potomac Army. Lincoln had shuffled his command some time earlier to make Gen. John Pope head of the new Army of the Potomac but the pompous Pope turned out to be Lincoln's biggest single mistake. His men detested him; he repeatedly led them into unnecessary battles in which large numbers were killed. In late August 1862 the President took notice of Gen. Isaac I. Stevens. High-level discussions were held in the Capitol to explore the possible replacement of General Pope with General Stevens as the new Commander of the Army of the Potomac.

On September first Confederate General Stonewall Jackson reached a crossroad in Fairfax County in Virginia. He was exhausted. The day before he had engaged a large section of General Pope's forces near Gordonville. Although Jackson had won, the battle had been a bitter one. General Jackson had been in a grim and savage humor, for heavy rain had fallen. When one of Jackson's colonels had requested that his men be withdrawn because their cartridges were too wet to ignite, Jackson had replied, "Tell him the enemy's ammunition is just as wet." Jackson's spirit was matched only by that of the fearless General Kearney of the Union Army who dashed from place to place showing no more concern for bullets than he did for raindrops.

General Pope had had his

worst setback of the war, having lost almost half his entire force. Pope's replacement by Stevens was already being considered before this battle and this assured it. One northern historian later summed up the events of these two days saying, "John Pope had been kicked, cuffed, hustled about, knocked down, run over, and trodden upon as rarely happens in the history of war."

On the morning of the first, General Kearney and General Stevens reached a mansion called Chantilly and dug their forces into the deep mud to intercept Jackson's advancing army. Stonewall Jackson's forces would go no farther after reaching Chantilly!

General Stevens led one successful charge in the afternoon. An hour later he found himself, quite by accident, riding alongside a Confederate gun emplacement. The three Confederate soldiers, surprised to see such a high ranking officer, yelled for the general to dismount and surrender. This was unthinkable! Stevens hastily jerked the reins of his horse, startling it into making a sudden and rapid turnabout. A volley of rifle shots rang out as the general's horse now bolted in the other direction. General Stevens slid off his horse and fell face down into the mud. The back of his uniform was torn to shreds by bullets. He was dead.

And just as Stevens died at Chantilly a thunderstorm broke, a storm so violent that survivors later said the roar of the cannon was completely drowned out.

On that miserable rain-swept day in Virginia a fierce wind blew in from the northwest and the Klickitat God of Thunder spoke his final word for General Stevens. A brilliant young general who might someday have become the President of the United States lay dead in the mud — paying his debt for murder.

Chief Seattle, the Klickitat *sachem* Ki-Ma-Hian and all the murdered Indians had their revenge. Their God had not deserted them after all.

LUCKY WRONG NUMBER

IN JULY 1973 when Mrs. Richard Koeber of Mesa, Ariz., began to suffer from an erratic heartbeat she told her three-year-old son Ralph to telephone a neighbor for help. Ralph misdialed and accidentally reached the Mesa Lutheran Hospital coronary care unit, reports Associated Press. Nurse Beverly Parker kept the child on the line for 15 minutes while the telephone company tracked the call and alerted the police.

Hidden deep within a Czech mountain is an ancient shaft and tower seemingly built by advanced technology but older than the bones of extinct beasts.

Did Stone-Age Man Build This Shaft?

By Antonin T. Horak

IF THE "Prague spring" had continued and if trips to Czechoslovakia had not become difficult and even dangerous, I would have done some on-the-spot research into this story.

This is the story of the discovery in October 1944, during the Czech resistance against the German invaders, of a cave in the form of a crescent-shaped shaft, seemingly of artificial origin. Czech friends have confirmed the basic facts of this story which was made public in March 1965. Unfortunately they have other problems at this moment and I understand their position.

The riddle is as strange as it is fascinating. The work of extra-terrestrial beings is the first explanation that comes to mind and is the one I would prefer.

I hope that more detailed research using modern methods will one day bring us the truth about a mystery that is one of the most astonishing on this planet.

The following true adventure, related by a captain in the Slovak Uprising of World War II, transpired during October of 1944. Dr. Antonin T. Horak — now a linguist — has attempted for years to persuade speleologists to investigate what he considers one of the underworld's strangest mysteries — an ancient shaft he discovered in a dismal Czechoslovakian cave.

Reprinted from EXTRATERRESTRIAL INTERVENTION: THE EVIDENCE by Jacques Bergier, published by the Henry Regnery Company, Chicago.
"The Mysterious Moonshaft" © 1967 by the International Fortean Organization

The story is taken from a diary written on the scene and is reprinted from the March 1965 issue of *NSS News* (National Speleological Society) by permission of the author. The cave in question is located near the villages of Plavince and Lubocna, at about 49.2 degrees north, 20.7 degrees east. — Ronald Calais.

October 23, 1944: Early yesterday, Sunday, October 22, Slavek found us in a trench and hid us in this grotto. Today at nightfall he and his daughter Hanka came with food and medicine. We had not eaten since Friday and all we had had before, during the last two battles, was maize bread and not enough of that. Our commissary had been on its last legs anyway; the supply carriers had been dispersed by confusion and the enemy.

Saturday afternoon the remnants of our battalion (184 men and officers, a quarter wounded, 16 stretcher cases) were retreating through the snow of the north slope. My company was the rear guard. At dawn Sunday, two 70mm guns opened up at us from close range — about 300 meters. Having held our position for 12 hours, I ordered a gradual breakup of the skirmish and a slip-off. But in our left trench someone became careless and that drew two direct hits — shells, two wounded. Arriving there I bumped into the enemy, caught a bayonet and a bullet with my left palm and a blow on the head which put me out. Without my fur cap it might have been fractured.

I came to when someone was pulling me from the trench, a tall peasant. He packed snow on my hand and head and grinned. Then this rough and ready Samaritan grabbed Jurek, stripped off his pants, yanked a long sliver of steel from his thigh, and planted him bare-bottomed and gasping into a heap of snow. Martin, with a slash across and into his belly, was tenderly bandaged. Building a stretcher, the peasant introduced himself as Slavek, a sheepman, owner of the pastures hereabouts. With Slavek hauling and guiding it took us four hours to reach this cranny.

Slavek moved rocks in the cranny and opened a low cleft, the entrance to this roomy grotto. Placing Martin in a niche, we were astonished to see Slavek become ceremonious: he crossed himself, each of us, the grotto and with a deep bow, its back wall where a hole came to my attention.

About to leave us, Slavek went through the same holy rites and begged me not to go further into his cave. I accompanied him to

fetch pine boughs and he told me that only once, with his father and grandfather, had he been in this cave; that it was a huge maze, full of pits which they never wanted to fathom, pockets of poisonous air and "certainly haunted." I was back in the grotto with my men at about midnight, exhausted, head very painful, soothed it with snow. Martin was unconscious, Jurek feverish. For breakfast-lunch-dinner, he and I had hot water and thank God, I had my pipe. I placed warm stones around Martin and Jurek got the first watch.

Miserable night. Martin at times conscious. I gave him three aspirins and hot water to sip with drops of slivovitz (brandy). Jurek hobbled hungrily around the two German helmets in which he boiled water to which I added 10 drops of slivovitz, our breakfast. With this deluge of snow, avalanches imminent, and enemy skiers roaming, Slavek may not be able to get through to us with food for days to come. And neither should I try hunting and track up the landscape while I have two immobilized men on my hands. But here we have this cave which Slavek knows only partially; it may have more than this known entrance and it may contain hibernating animals. These possibilities I mulled over while Jurek was chewing pine bark and as expected, he implored me to go poaching into Slavek's cave and promised to keep mum. And I was not only starved but equally eager to find out what makes self-assured Slavek scared enough to invoke the deities. I started my cave tour with rifle, lantern, torches, pick. After a not too devious nor dangerous walk and some squeezings, always taking the easiest and marking side passages, I came, after about one and one-half hours, into a long level passage, and at its end upon a barrel-sized hole.

Crawling through and still kneeling, I froze in amazement — there stands something like a large, black silo, framed in white. Regaining breath, I thought that this is a bizzare natural wall or curtain of black salt, or ice, or lava. But I became perplexed, then awestruck, when I saw that it is a glass-smooth flank of a seemingly man-made structure which reaches into the rocks on all sides. Beautifully, cylindrically curved it indicates a huge body with a diameter of about 25 meters. Where this structure and the rocks meet, large stalagmites and stalactites form that glittering white frame. The wall is uniformly blue-blackish, its material seems to combine properties

of steel, flint, rubber — the pick made no marks and bounced off vigorously. Even the thought of a tower-sized artifact embedded in rock in the middle of an obscure mountain, in a wild region where not even legend knows about ruins (or) mining industry, overgrown with age-old cave deposits, is bewildering — the fact is appalling.

Not immediately discernible, a crack in the wall appears from below, about 20 to 25cm wide, tapers off and disappears into the cave's ceiling two to five cm wide. Its insides, right and left, are pitch-black and have fist-sized, sharp valleys and crests. The crack's bottom is a rather smooth trough of yellow sandstone and drops very steeply (about 60 degrees) into the wall. I threw a lighted torch through; it fell and extinguished with loud cracklings and hissings as if a white hot ploughshare were dropped into a bucket.

Driven to explore and believing myself thin enough to get through this upside-down keyhole, I went in. Wriggling sideways, standing on my head, cramped, though my right arm with the lamp could move in the extended crack above me, the crush got the better of me and I had to get out, back, quickly. And that became a struggle. When out and breath regained, I was too fascinated by the whole riddle and determined to get at it. For the day I had had enough and had to think about tactics.

I was in camp about 4:00 P.M. Jurek had washed Martin, kept him between warm stones, and I gave him three aspirins and hot water with slivovitz to sip. I explained to Jurek that the hunt in the cave requires much smoke, poles and a rope. Thank God, Slavek and Hanka did come with provisions. When they left I accompanied them to fetch torch boughs, was back in camp about 2:00 A.M., dead tired, but finally we had eaten — Jurek too much — and I got the second watch.

October 24, 1944: Peaceful night; Martin sipped fever-tea with honey; hope we can pull him through. Jurek's posterior is not even swollen, but my head still is. I cut our belts, braided eight meters of solid rope. At 10:00 A.M. was at the wall, anchored the rope over a stick across the crack, and keeping it slung over my shoulder, forced myself again into the grim maw. Like yesterday the lamp, this time carbide, was on a stick ahead with the jaw above. When it came through and down, it swung freely over some void into which I could not see and there was again rushing as if from agitated waters. And unable to turn, I feared a waterfilled pit

ahead and to end in it — literally — in a headstand.

I wriggled upward, back again; my clothes caught on the protrusions, descended on my shoulders and head and formed a plug. The resulting struggle nearly caused me to be burned alive. When out and on my feet, I was shaking from exhaustion and had lurid visions.

There were no loose stones about the wall and so I hacked stalagmites into short rolls and bowled them down through the crack. They rolled on, causing enormous echoes, and knocked to a standstill, indicating a solid floor and room to turn. I launched the unlit torches after the stones, undressed keeping the shorts only, and went after the stones and torches. Already acquainted with the meanest fangs in the crack, I came through with only a few cuts, dropped a little, rolled down an incline and was stopped by a wall which felt familiar, satiny smooth like the front wall.

My lamp was still burning next to me but there were confusing sounds. Lighting some torches, I saw that I was in a spacious curved black shaft formed by cliff-like walls which intersect and form a crescent-shaped, nearly vertical tunnel — rather, shaft. I cannot describe the somberness and the endless whisperings, rustlings and roaring sounds, abnormal echoes from my breathing and movements. The floor is the incline over which I rolled in, a solid lime "pavement."

All the lights together did not reach the ceiling or where these walls end or meet. The horizontal distance between the apexes of the concave back side of the front wall and the convex back wall is about eight meters; along the curve of the back wall is about 25 meters. To explore further I needed more light and my pick which does not fit through the crack and must be taken apart.

I left jubilant, in a sort of enchantment mixed with determination to explore this large structure which I believe is unique, singular.

This time with my head up, with no clothes to ensnare and burn me, I was through the crack fairly unscathed, dressed, smoked a pipe, and was under way to my men. I tried to catch some bats but caught none. Jurek was boiling potatoes and mutton and therefore inclined to excuse my bad huntsmanship; he even appreciated its hardships when he had to grease the scratches on my back and mend my shirt.

Martin had a crumb of bread with honeyed fever-tea. After

6:00 P.M. I went for a new load of torches, was back at about 10:00 P.M. Jurek got both watches.

October 25, 1944: We had a good night. Martin seems to mend. Am glad that Jurek's thigh is not yet well enough for him to want to go with me poaching for bats. It is better that he knows nothing about the cave's secret.

I went directly to the wall, undressed like yesterday, smeared mutton fat over me, slid my things through the crack and went in, feet first. Extending the carbide lamp on double pole, with four torches burning, still the upper ends of the cliffs remained in the dark. I fired two bullets up, parallel to the walls. The reports caused roars as from an express train but no impact was visible. Then I fired a bullet on each wall, aiming some 15 meters upward from me, got large blue-green sparks and such a sound that I had to hold my ears between my knees and flames danced wildly.

Assembling the pick caused more uproars. I probed the "pavement" and started digging where the lime is thin, in the horns of the crescent. At right is dry loam; at left I came, at about half a meter, upon a pocket of enamel from the teeth of some large animal; took one canine and one molar, replaced the rest. Digging on nearby, the back wall has, at about one and one-half meters below the pavement, a vertical, finely fluted, undulating pattern (this has been suggested as an indication of machiners). It seemed warmer than the smooth surface. I tried with lip and ear and believe the impression is correct. In the middle the pavement is too thick for a trench-pick.

When the torches were extinguished and I was in a freezing sweat I left the "moonshaft," dressed and went where the bats are, and bagged seven. Jurek stuffed them with bread and herbs and they became exquisite "pigeons."

Slavek and Olga, his other daughter, came about dusk with hay, straw, a sheep's fleece, more medical herbs — self-heal and stonecrop — and seeds from the Iris, an excellent coffee substitute. I accompanied him, fetched pine torches, two long poles, and was back about midnight. Martin got the last aspirins, honey-water; and Jurek both watches.

October 26, 1944: It was a good night. I went into the "moonshaft" to continue experimenting. On my longest assembly of poles the carbide lamp did not light the upper ends of these cliffs. I fired above the lighted areas; the bullets struck huge

sparks and made deafening echoes. Then horizontally at the back wall with similar effects — sparks, roaring, no splinters, but a half-finger-long welt which gave a pungent smell. After that I continued in my digging in the left moon horn and saw that the wavy pattern extends downward; but in the right horn, I found no such pattern.

I left the "moonshaft" to probe the front wall and its surroundings. Next to the stalactites are some enamel-like flecks which, scraped, yield a powder too fine to be collected without glue, which I will try to boil from our "pigeons'" claws. I wished to obtain a sample of the peculiar material of the walls but even firing two bullets into the crack, upon the protrusions and hitting them, I received only ricochets, a blast of thunder, welts, and the same pungent smell.

Returning to camp I caught some bats and we again had "pigeons." I ordered Jurek to carefully remove any trace of them and kept the claws. The Slaveks arrived as usual at nightfall bringing this time a quarter of a deer, one-half kilogram of salt and a tin of carbide. Jurek took both watches.

October 27, 1944: Martin dies, slept into death. Jurek knows his kin, took charge of his belongings, including his wallet with 643 crowns, watch with chain, and my certificate. Now we are free and ready to leave and rejoin our battalion which is somewhere east of Kosice. With his stick Jurek can march some 10 kilometers daily and we have to move carefully anyway. We will start tomorrow.

At 10:00 A.M. I was in the cave probing passages for a way around behind the "moonshaft"; looked also for ice and poisonous air about which Slavek had spoken and found none, though there may be some. Then I slipped into the "moonshaft" to sketch, dig and ponder, and returned to camp at about 4:00 P.M. I ordered Jurek to prepare our packs, clean the weapons, boil food enough for seven days, and have ready what we will not need to be returned to the Slaveks. He and both girls, as if the family had sensed that Martin died, came and we carried him into the dwarf pines to the trench where he had received his mortal wound, took turns to dig his grave, prayed, and buried him in a blanket.

October 28, 1944: Restful night, good breakfast. Cut my name, etc., on a leather strip and together with the golden back of my watch rolled and inserted both engravings into a glass bottle, plugged it with a pebble and a ball of clay mixed with char-

coal, and deposited this record in the "moonshaft" on top of the ashes of my torches. It may stay there for a long time, possibly until the structure is completely hidden behind its curtain of stalactites and stalagmites. Slavek has no son to tell about his cave-mystery; his womenfolk don't know about it, and anyway daughters usually marry to other villages. In a few decades nobody will know, if I do not come back and have the structure explored.

I sat there by my fire speculating. What is this structure, with walls two meters thick and a shape that I cannot imagine of any purpose known nowadays? How far does it reach into the rocks? Is there more behind the "moonshaft"? Which incident or who put it into this mountain? Is it a fossilized man-made object? Is there truth in legends, like Plato's, about long-lost civilizations with magic technologies which our rationale cannot grasp nor believe?

I am a sober, academically trained person but must admit that there, between those black, satiny, mathematically-curved cliffs I do feel as if in the grip of an exceedingly strange and grim power. I can understand that simple but intelligent and practical men like Slavek and his forebears sense here witchery, conceal it, and also fear that if the existence of this "moonshaft" is ever made known, it would attract armies of tourists, and all the commotion, tunneling and blasting, hotels, and commercialization which would probably ruin their nature-bound trade and honest life.

On my way back to camp I burrowed and hit the crawl holes which lead towards the wall; the cave may have entrances which Slavek does not know and some chance discoverer may start blasting "for treasure" before a scientific team can get there. I was in camp after 3:00 P.M. and about 5:00 all three Slaveks arrived, bringing some hard-boiled eggs.

With the hearty Slovak handshakes, we shouldered our weapons and packs and went. When we entered the pines and turned, we saw Slavek concealing his cave and the girls sweeping away our tracks. The moon was bright and the snow glittered.

In the very last days of World War II, on my way towards Bohemia, I revisited the place. The Slaveks lived temporarily at Zdar. I visited Martin's grave and looked at the cave entrance. I had taken the animal teeth I had collected to the curator of paleontology at Uzhorod, and he classified them as adult cave

bear, *Ursus spelaeus*. Thereupon I speculated: the crack is too small; the lump of limestone and stalagmites in front of the crack would not let any debris through; this bear seems to have fallen into the "moonshaft" which may have had a connection to the surface.

On my last visit to the place I examined the mountainside above the cave and found no sinkholes or pits, the assumed connections toward the "moonshaft." But on these steep slopes in the Tatra Mountains rockslides could have obliterated or filled in any such connections.

MULTICOLORED UFOs

By S. A. Davidson

AT FIRST we thought the children had spotted some toy balloons, clear plastic red, green and yellow spheres, let free after some child's birthday party. My husband and I were lying on our backs beside the pool near our apartment building in Coconut Grove, Fla. About two o'clock in the afternoon five-year-old Andrew pointed them out to us. Our two older sons, eight-year-old Warren and nine-year-old Rolf, jumped off the lounge chairs, shaded their eyes and joined us in watching the progress of the balloons as they moved slowly, lazily, in a jagged line across the sky.

But a funny feeling came over me as I began to realize that whatever we were seeing must be stranger than toy balloons. A DC-10, just beginning its descent toward the airport five miles away, blocked our view of the spheres — which meant they were much higher and thus much larger than we had first thought.

By now a crowd of neighbors had gathered around on this hot Sunday afternoon in June 1974. We watched the movement of the spheres for about 15 or 20 minutes when suddenly a larger silver opaque "balloon" appeared. The other spheres stopped their motion and appeared to gather around the silver sphere. I decided we must be watching some man-made vehicle, perhaps a small plane using balloon-like equipment to gather weather information.

But the next event cast doubt on that explanation. The silver sphere made a sharp, 45-degree turn and all the colored spheres stretched out in a straight line behind it. Then the silver sphere blasted off like a rocket and within five or 10 seconds the entire group of spheres had disappeared into the sky. Nothing man-made could possibly have moved so fast.

We called the air force, the airport and the weather bureau but no one knew what we were talking about. All denied having equipment that could fit my description of what we had seen. Next we called the newspapers, radio and television stations. Nobody else had reported seeing the objects. Someday we hope someone can explain what we saw that June afternoon — but I doubt that the explanation involves earthly phenomena.

the TRUTH behind "The Exorcist"

By Steve Erdmann



STEVE ERDMAN was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1944 and educated at Washington University and Brown Business School. Currently he is studying journalism and liberal arts at Washington University while he does free-lance writing and reviewing.

His article and reviews have appeared in FATE, "Probe the Unknown," "Caveat Emptor," "Search," "Quest" and "Flying Saucers." He lives with his wife and two children in St. Louis, Mo., where he has been active in UFO investigations.

The actual possession case that inspired Blatty's famous novel and motion picture was far more horrifying than any fiction.

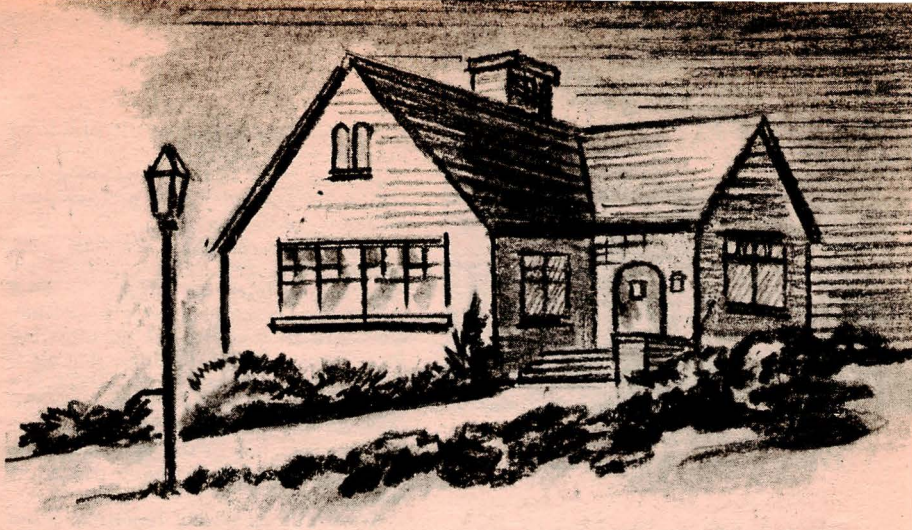
SINCE THE smashing success of William Peter Blatty's novel and the multimillion-dollar movie *The Exorcist*, about the demon possession of a 12-year-old girl, this whole country has been speculating as to its truth and curious about his sources of information.

Undoubtedly Blatty drew from many historical exorcism cases but it is certain that he had one case particularly in mind, that of a demon-possessed boy who lived in Mount Rainier, Md. — 14-year-old "Roland Doe." An invisible entity reportedly invaded the boy early in 1949 after he began experimenting with a Ouija board, a practice possibly instigated by his "Aunt Tillie" who took a lively interest in spiritualism and the occult.

When nothing could be done at Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, D.C., to relieve the boy he was taken to St. Louis, Mo. where Jesuit priests at St. Louis University successful exorcized the demon in an authentic Roman Catholic ritual. For sheer drama and horror the true story of Roland Doe far surpasses Blatty's book.

When Blatty was a student at Georgetown University in 1949 he became interested in the case after reading about it in *The Evening Star* and *The Washington Post*. He discussed it with his instructor, the Rev. Thomas Bermingham, S.J., and he may have been formulating the framework for his novel even then.

In the fall of 1949 a "diary" of the Roland Doe case came to light in a mysterious way. Fr. Eugene B. Gallagher, S.J., on the faculty of Georgetown University, was lecturing on the topic of the exorcisms Christ performed when one of his students, the son of a psychiatrist at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., spoke of a diary kept by the Jesuits



Modest St. Louis home belonged to Aunt Tillie, whose interest in communication with the dead may have sparked the boy's Ouija board attempts.

involved in the Roland Doe exorcism. Father Gallagher asked the psychiatrist, who may have been one of the professionals involved in the case, for a copy of the diary and eventually obtained a 16-page document titled "Case Study by Jesuit Priests" and apparently intended as a guide for future exorcisms.

William Peter Blatty, who sat in Father Gallagher's class, repeatedly asked for a copy of the diary but the priest refused.

In the spring of 1950 Father Gallagher loaned the diary to Fr. Brian McGrath, S.J., then Dean of Georgetown University, who wanted to make copies for himself. When Gallagher went to retrieve the diary, the Dean's secretary told him apologetically that seven pages of the diary had been "lost." Only nine of the original 16 pages remained and they were only carbon copies.

Did the diary somehow fall into Blatty's hands?

* * *

THE CATHOLIC Church has kept the exorcism of Roland Doe strictly classified. Therefore, only bits and pieces can be assembled to make some kind of factual framework, a framework that is spotty but nevertheless reveals the bones of a story that is as shocking and gripping as the fictionalized product, *The Exorcist.*

The case study by the Jesuit priests, the "exorcists' diary," first gives the background of the case:

Roland Doe

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Doe, middle class Washington suburban development.

Birth: June 1, 1935. Religion: Evangelical Lutheran, baptized six months after birth by a Lutheran minister. . . .

On January 15, 1949, at the home of Roland, a dripping noise was heard by Roland and his grandmother in the grandmother's bedroom. This noise continued for a short time and then the picture of Christ on the wall shook as if the wall had been bumped. By the time the parents of Roland returned home there was a very definite scratching sound under the floor boards near the grandmother's bed. From this night on, the scratching was heard every night about seven o'clock and would continue until midnight. The family thought that the scratching was caused by a rodent of some kind. An exterminator was called in who placed chemicals under the floor



Alexian Brothers Hospital in South St. Louis was scene of exorcism rites.

boards, but the scratching sound continued and became more distinct when people stamped on the floor.

The scratching sounds continued for 10 days, then stopped, although Roland believed he still heard noises. After a three-day silence another mysterious sound began, this time in the boy's downstairs bedroom. It was like "squeaking shoes" on the bed and was heard only at night when the boy retired. The squeaking continued for six nights and on the sixth night scratching sounds returned.

The mother, grandmother and boy while lying on the bed on this night heard something coming toward them similar to the rhythm of marching feet and the beat of drums. The sound would travel the length of the mattress and then back again, and repeat this action until the mother asked: "Is this you, Aunt Tillie?"

"Aunt Tillie" plays an intriguing part in the possession mystery, for she had taken an avid interest in spiritism and had gone to great lengths to make contact with the "other realm" before her death at the age of 54. She had lived in St. Louis, Mo., and died of multiple sclerosis on January 26, 1949 — 11 days after the phenomena surrounding Roland began.

The extent to which Aunt Tillie had succeeded in her occult practices may be reflected in an incident that happened some time before her death while Roland and his mother and father were visiting her.

The family, taking a Sunday ride, had driven a few miles when a lap robe in the back seat began to curl up. Then Roland and his mother were drawn together by an invisible force and pushed against the seat. When they arrived back at Tillie's home Roland's father reached for the ignition to shut off the engine but the key was not in the switch. Eventually it was found under the front seat.

After Tillie's death, recalling these peculiar circumstances, the family suspected some connection between the mysterious sounds and the boy's aunt.

The diary continues:

The mother continued asking questions but no verbal reply. She asked this question: "If you are Tillie, knock three times." There were waves of air striking the grandmother, mother and boy and three distinct knocks were heard on the floor. The mother asked again: "If you are Tillie, tell me positively by knocking four times." Four distinct knocks were heard. Then there followed claw scratchings on the mattress.

When the mother or the grandmother paid no attention to the mattress scratching the entire mattress would begin to shake. The action at times was very violent. On one occasion the coverlet of the bed was pulled out from under the mattress and the edges stood up above the surface of the bed in a curled form as though held up with starch. When the bystanders touched the bedspread, the sides fell back to normal position. The scratching on the mattress has been continuous since the first night it was heard.

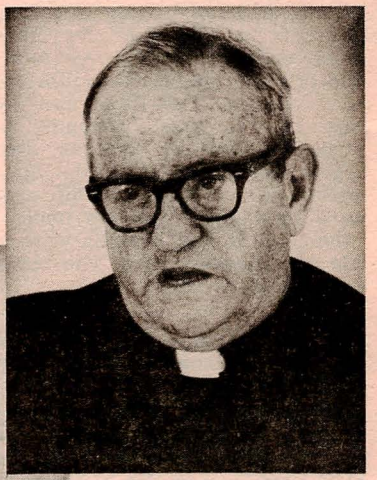
Desperately seeking help for Roland the family called in two Lutheran ministers and a rabbi. While the rabbi was examining him the boy suddenly began to shout in what seemed to be an unknown tongue —

a form of glossolalia. After listening for some time the rabbi said he thought Roland was speaking Hebrew. A professor of Oriental languages from the Catholic University in Washington heard the babblings and his opinion was more startling: Roland was speaking Aramaic, the language spoken in Palestine in Jesus' time!

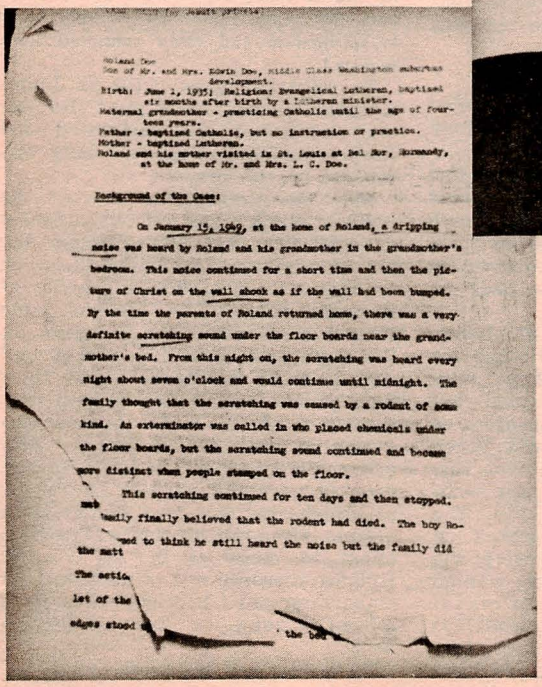
One of the Lutheran ministers who served at the family's church, a Reverend Shultz, asked that Roland be allowed to stay at his parsonage overnight on February 17. Roland stayed there from 9:20 P.M. to 9:20 A.M.

The minister reported that at 10:00 P.M. the two had decided to retire to a room which held twin beds. After only 10 minutes Roland's bed began to vibrate violently and strange scratching noises were heard in the walls.

The Reverend Shultz turned on the lights and clearly saw the virbating bed. When the minister prayed the vibration became more violent. The pastor asked the boy to get into



Fr. Eugene B. Gallagher of Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., taught class in which William Blatty first learned of exorcism.



Roland Doe
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Doe, Middle Class Washington suburban development.
Birth: June 1, 1935; Religion: Evangelical Lutheran, baptised six months after birth by a Lutheran minister.
Maternal grandmother - practicing Catholic until the age of fourteen years.
Father - baptised Catholic, but no instruction or practice.
Mother - baptised Lutheran.
Roland and his mother visited in St. Louis at Bel Air, Normandy, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Doe.

Background of the Case:

On January 15, 1949, at the home of Roland, a dripping noise was heard by Roland and his grandmother in the grandmother's bedroom. This noise continued for a short time and then the picture of Christ on the wall shook as if the wall had been bumped. By the time the parents of Roland returned home, there was a very definite scratching sound under the floor boards near the grandmother's bed. From this night on, the scratching was heard every night about seven o'clock and would continue until midnight. The family thought that the scratching was caused by a rodent of some kind. An exterminator was called in who placed chemicals under the floor boards, but the scratching sound continued and became more distinct when people stomped on the floor.

This scratching continued for ten days and then stopped. The family finally believed that the rodent had died. The boy Roland used to think he still heard the noise but the family did the matt

The actio
let of the
edges stood

Shown here is first page of document titled "Case Study by Jesuit Priests." Prepared by Roland's exorcists, it was apparently intended as a guide for future exorcisms.

a heavy armchair and draw his knees up to his chin so that his feet were on the chair. The boy encircled his legs with his arms and the Reverend Shultz wrapped a blanket tightly around him.

Then the chair began to move! It moved forcefully against the wall and then tipped over. Roland exclaimed as he fell, "It's going over with me, Pastor!"

Trying not to be dismayed the Reverend Shultz made a pallet of blankets on the floor for Roland, then watched closely. As soon as the boy fell asleep, the pallet began to move across the floor and under one of the beds. Roland's head struck a bedpost and he awoke. Again the minister made up the pallet only to have it whip around in a tight circle and zip under the other bed. Roland's hands were visible and his body rigid. The blankets didn't even wrinkle.

* * *

A LITTLE more than a week later the phenomena took a new turn.

On February 26, 1949, there appeared scratches on the boy's body for about four successive nights. After the fourth night words were written in printed form. These letters were clear but seemed to have been scratched on the body by claws.

Mrs. Doe, a native of St. Louis, thought a trip there would leave the phenomena in Maryland. Apparently the haunting entity approved because the word *Louis* appeared on Roland's rib cage in deep red. When the question of departure was discussed the word *Saturday* was written plainly on the boy's hip. The cause the word *Louis* appeared on Roland's chest as if this were the length of time the entity wanted them to stay. When this "skin branding" occurred Roland's hands always were visible and his mother specifically noted that he could not have inflicted these claw marks himself.

The markings could not have been done by the boy for the added reason that on one occasion there was writing on his back. Even in St. Louis the writing continued. There was some question of sending Roland to school during his visit here but the message "no" appeared on his wrists; also a large "N" on both legs. The mother feared disobeying this order.

A psychiatrist was consulted but declared that he did not believe the phenomena. His report was that the boy was quite normal. Roland was irritated with the questions and procedures. A physician gave Roland a complete physical checkup and found him to be a normal boy, but somewhat high-strung.

A spiritualist was called in to use his formulae for ridding people of spirits but he had no success. (It should be remarked here that Aunt Tillie believed very much in spiritualism and often consulted spiritualists.)

Fr. Albert Hughes of the St. James Catholic parish in Mount Rainier was consulted. He suggested the family use blessed candles, holy water and special prayers.

Mrs. Doe began the use of the blessed candles and on one occasion a comb flew violently through the air and extinguished them. Later an orange and a pear flew the width of Roland's room. The kitchen table turned over without any action on the boy's part. Milk and food moved off the table and stove under their own power and a breadboard was thrown to the floor. On another occasion a coat on its hanger flew across the room and a Bible landed directly at Roland's feet. A rocker in which the boy was seated spun around although he had exerted no effort to make it do so. Finally Roland discontinued school out of embarrassment because his desk moved around on the schoolroom floor.

The mother took the bottle of holy wa-

ter home and sprinkled all the rooms. When she placed the bottle on a shelf the bottle flew across the room but did not break. When she held the lighted candle alongside of Roland at night the whole bed, mother and son moved back and forth with the swaying of the mattress. . . .

More than one attempt was made to baptize Roland into the Catholic religion to expedite help for him. The press mentioned a baptism at Georgetown University Hospital where Roland underwent extensive medical and neurological examinations during his three-and-a-half-day stay. The press also mentioned a baptism at St. Louis University. On one occasion, in February of 1949, when Roland's uncle was driving him to a rectory to be baptized, Roland suddenly glared at him, grabbed him by the throat and shouted, "You son of a bitch, you think I'm going to be baptized but you are going to be fooled!"

The Roman Catholic baptism ritual usually takes only 15 minutes but for Roland it lasted several hours because when the priest recited, "Do you renounce the devil and all his works?" Roland went into such rages he had to be restrained. Eventually he did respond with a weak renunciation of the devil sufficient for the ritual, however insincere it appeared.

* * *

DURING the Doe family's stay at the home of Roland's non-Catholic aunt and uncle in Normandy, Mo., various relatives witnessed the "skin brandings."

Furthermore, writing appeared on Roland's body while he was reading a comic book. There was sharp pain. The writing was done through his clothes. When Roland retired there was violent shaking of the bed and scratching on the mattress. Hardly any relief through the night.

On Tuesday, March 8, 1949, the shaking of the mattress and scratching continued. A stool upset several feet away from the bed and was seen by Roland's cousin who was spending the night with him. Even when the cousin lay alongside Roland the mattress moved upward along the bedposts.

On Wednesday, March 9, the violent motion of the mattress continued and the scratching on the boy's body was witnessed by Fr. Raymond J. Bishop, S.J., who taught a religious class at St. Louis University.

One of Roland's cousins who is in Father Bishop's class asked Father Bishop whether he could give any assistance in the case. Father Bishop consulted Father Moody and Father Bowdern, the President of the University, and decided that it might be well to have the boy say some prayers and that we could give him the priestly blessing.

Furthermore, Father Bishop agreed to go to the home of the Does in Normandy so that he might bless the house and room where Roland slept. A second-class relic of St. Margaret Mary was pinned on the bed of Roland.

Even after the blessing of the house and in spite of the relic, the swaying was evident and the scratches appeared. The relatives of the boy said, however, that Wednesday night was the most peaceful they had since Roland arrived in St. Louis.

Nevertheless, shortly after Roland retired that Wednesday night the mattress began to move back and forth intermittently, about three inches in both directions.

When Father Bishop sprinkled St. Ignatius holy water on the bed in the form of a cross, the movement ceased quite abruptly but began again when Father stepped out of the room. During the course of the fifteen minutes of activity a sharp pain seemed to have struck Roland on his stomach and he cried out. The mother quickly pulled back the bed covers and lifted the boy's pajama top enough to show zigzag scratches in bold red lines on the boy's abdomen.

For the 15 minutes this phenomena

lasted Roland was in clear view of six observers. The mattress movement stopped about 11:15 P.M. and there was peace for the rest of the night. On Thursday, March 10, the mattress shook again and the scratching beat out a rhythm as of marching soldiers. The second-class relic of St. Margaret Mary was thrown on the floor although the safety pin had been opened by no human hand.

Friday, March 11, 1949: Same home as above. Same observers as of Thursday with the addition of Fathers Bowdern and Bishop. Father Bowdern had concluded the Novena service at the college church at 9:00 P.M. It was arranged that relatives of the boy would take the two above-mentioned priests to the home of Roland. Since the Novena services were in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Father Bowdern, the pastor, thought it proper to take the first-class relic of Xavier along for a Novena blessing. He likewise carried a crucifix containing first-class relics of several of the North American martyrs and of St. Peter Canisius.

Shortly after Roland retired at 11:00 P.M. Father Bowdern read the Novena prayer of St. Francis Xavier, blessed Roland with the relic (a piece of bone from the forearm of St. Francis Xavier) and pinned the crucifix reliquary under Roland's pillow. The relatives then left Roland's room and Fathers Bowdern and Bishop departed for the evening.

Suddenly a loud noise came from Roland's room. Five relatives rushed to him. They found a 75-pound bookcase swiveled in a complete circle, a bench turned over and the crucifix moved to the foot of the bed. The shaking of Roland's mattress stopped only when the observers shouted, "Aunt Tillie, stop!"

* * *

ON MARCH 16 Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter* gave Father Bowdern permission to begin the formal rite of exorcism. That night, accompanied by Father Bishop and a Jesuit scholastic, Father Bowdern led Roland in an Act of Contrition and then began reciting the ritual prayers of exorcism.

The chronology throughout this case is extremely confusing. It is not clear how long Roland stayed at the home of his aunt in Normandy, Mo. It is known that he was taken to the Alexian Brothers Hospital in South St. Louis and held there for possibly as long as a month, either before or after intermittent stays at a nearby rectory.

Nor is it known how many persons were actively involved in the exorcism. The names of the exorcists given out in St. Louis were Fathers Bowdern and Bishop and Fr. Lawrence Kenny. No doubt several seminarians and hospital personnel also were in attendance. Present as a witness was the late Fr. Charles O'Hara of Marquette University in Milwaukee who gave Father Gallagher many of the details I am reporting here.

One male nurse, Ernest Schaffer, whom I know personally, said the priests had a terrible time during Roland's hospital stay. To this day, Ernest cannot speak about the case without emotion. He had many conversations with the priests and was aware of the supernatural phenomena. I believe he said that he had to clean "the mess" in the room on several occasions, for like the little girl in the movie, Roland continually vomited.

The Roman Ritual of Christian Exorcisms reads: "I cast thee out, thou unclean spirit, along with the least encroachment of the wicked enemy, and every phantom and diabolical legion. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, depart and vanish from this creature of God. . . ."

Instructions in the ritual command

*Later Cardinal Francis Joseph E. Ritter of the Diocesan Tribunal in St. Louis, Mo. (now deceased).

the exorcist to "pronounce the exorcisms in a commanding and authoritative voice and at the same time with great confidence, humility and fervor. And when he sees that the spirit is sorely vexed, then he oppresses and threatens all the more."

Father Bowdern prepared himself for the exhausting ritual through a "black fast" of bread and water for spiritual fortification. It is said that from the time he first learned of the obsessed boy until the exorcism ritual had run its course he lost almost 40 pounds.

At the onset of a prayer commanding the demon or evil spirit to identify itself and declare its time of departure, Roland winced and rolled in a sudden seizure of pain. In a two-hour period the boy was branded 30 times — on his stomach, chest, temple, throat, thighs, calves and back. When Bowdern again demanded the name of the demon, the words *well, spite* appeared on Roland's chest. Another time the word *hell* appeared on his chest as he rocked and rolled in pain, meanwhile cursing and screaming obscenities in a voice that ranged from deep bass to falsetto.

The priests wore around their necks receptacles containing the consecrated host and they constantly read from the Roman ritual book which then was written in Latin. Roland would answer in Latin. In fact Roland seemed to have expert knowledge of any language that was used.

At certain climactic points the room was literally "hell." At times Father Bowdern wore a raincoat as protection against Roland's continual vomiting — sometimes "shot" at the priest.

It took as many as 10 persons to hold Roland when he broke from his shackles during his outbursts. On one occasion (whether in his home in Maryland or during the exorcism ritual is not clear) he broke the fetters that restained him, got a hand on a bedspring, broke it and jabbed it into a priest's arm, inflicting a wound from the wrist to the elbow.

One night, during a trip across a river in the St. Louis area, Roland was held by two big men in the back seat of a car in which Father O'Hara and the driver were in front. Suddenly Roland broke the grip of his handlers, dived over the front seat, grabbed the steering wheel and attempted to catapult the car into the river. The car struck the guardrails as it zigzagged across the traffic lanes.

Father O'Hara told Father Gallagher something even more bizarre.

"One night the boy brushed off his handlers and soared through the air at Father Bowdern standing at some distance from his bed (with) the ritual book in his hands. Presumably Father was about to be attacked but the boy got no further than the book. And when his hands hit that — I assure you, Gene. I saw this with my own eyes — he didn't tear the book, he dissolved it! The book vaporized into confetti and fell in small fine pieces to the floor!"

The ritual continued, the prayers being recited several times each day despite Roland's rabid behavior. He urinated on his bed and profaned and cursed anyone near him. Vulgarisms flowed from his mouth.

In March, Roland was moved to a rectory and there were quiet periods in which he seemed almost normal. Because the exorcism seemed virtually useless the priests requested permission to instruct Roland into the Catholic faith. The parents consented, hoping his first Holy Communion would help.

Then Roland broke out in a rage that was worse than ever before. A six-inch portrait of a satanic visage with hands held above its head, webs stretching from hands to shoulders

and horns projecting from its head, appeared in deep red on Roland's calf.

Again he was baptized into the Roman Catholic faith to prepare for his First Communion.

Father Bowdern made arrangements to return to Maryland with the boy, perhaps hoping to leave the entity behind but at any rate to seek some solution. During the train ride Roland became maniacal, striking Father Bowdern in the testicles and yelling, "That's a nutcracker for you, isn't it?"

The custodians struggled with Roland till he fell into a deep sleep.

* * *

FAILURE seemed imminent. Father Bowdern found no suitable accommodations for working with Roland in Maryland. He approached various clinics but none would have anything to do with the boy. In any case, Father Bowdern was called back to St. Louis within a few days and he returned, taking the boy with him.

The exorcism had reached an impasse. Seeking a solution Father Bowdern researched the literature on possession. He learned of an 1870 case in Wisconsin that seemed similar and from this he devised a new set of tactics.

On the night of April 18, 1949, the ritual resumed. Father Bowdern forced Roland to wear a chain of religious medals and to hold a crucifix in his hands. Roland protested violently but several hospital attendants kept the boy from destroying the medals and the crucifix. Suddenly Roland became contrite and began to ask questions about the meaning of certain Latin prayers — possibly as a deceptive maneuver. Father Bowdern, aware that he must not engage in conversation with the demon, continued the ritual, demanding to know who the demon was and when he would depart.

Roland exploded. Five Alexian brothers rushed to hold him while he screamed he was one of the "fallen angels" mentioned in biblical writings. Bowdern persisted in the ritual, reciting incessantly until 11:00 P.M. when Roland interrupted. In a completely new masculine voice Roland said, "Satan! Satan! I am St. Michael! I command you, Satan, and the other evil spirits to leave this body, in the name of Dominus, immediately! Now! Now! Now!"

As if a struggle were occurring within his body Roland went into a final spasm (which he later described as a tearing sensation in his stomach). Then he was quiet.

"He is gone!" he said wonderingly, with a smile on his face. He told the priest he had had a vision of St. Michael holding a flaming sword. He felt wonderful.

Roland left Missouri 12 days later to return with his parents to Mount Rainier. He wrote Father Bowdern on May 22, 1949, that he was happy and that he had a new dog.

Today Roland is a happily married man of 39. He has three children and he sells insurance in northern Virginia. He recently told a reporter that he has only a vague memory of 1949.

* * *

WHAT POSSESSED Roland Doe? Demon possession gets short shrift from modern psychiatrists. They call the symptons instead paranoid schizophrenia. Suffering from this malady a person hallucinates constantly. He believes he is being persecuted and often is told so by an "inner voice." When his illness moves him to attack his "persecutors" he often displays superhuman strength. Did Roland Doe fall prey to such a psychosis?

Some of the phenomena were typically "noisy ghost" or poltergeist activity, a type of disturbance usually associated with a teen-ager.

Medical doctors will have none of this either but more venturesome scientists speculate that the human brain has energies as yet unrecognized — energies that can move heavy objects when the teen-ager (or other agent) is not even in the room. Yet much more than poltergeist phenomena was manifested in the Roland Doe case.

Can we credit a separate entity "possessing" the body of a normal person? *The Roman Ritual on Exorcism* contains this statement by the Rev. Philip T. Welby: "There is a world of demons, as revealed religion teaches, and even if revelation were not so absolute, we could conjecture that the devil is a real person and that his sway is tremendous." And the full report in the Catholic Chancery in Washington, D.C., calls the case of Roland Doe a *genuine demonic possession.* Fr. John Nicola of the Gregorian College in Rome, Italy, had an opportunity to review this report and he noted that 41 persons had signed a document attesting they had witnessed the strange phenomena.

But how account for the entity revealing itself as Aunt Tillie in one instance and later as a "fallen angel"?

These and many other unanswerable questions concerning young Roland pursued me as I walked down the silent street where Aunt Tillie once had lived — an ordinary street in a commonplace midwestern city. As I passed her house, its outlines softened in the early morning drizzle, I found myself whispering, "Was that you, Aunt Tillie? *Was that you?*"

CAPTAIN RICH'S TOMBSTONE

THE LEGEND of the witch's foot on the Buck tombstone in Bucksport, Maine, is celebrated, but an equally intriguing tombstone in the cemetery at Bernard, Me., is all but forgotten, explains Dick Shaw of the *Bangor Daily News.* The white marble stone is inscribed: "Elias Rich, died Dec. 14th, 1867, age 88 yrs., 1 mo. & 22 days. Blessed are they which die in the Lord."

When the tombstone is viewed from the rear, amidst the marble veinings a startling image of a man can be discerned. His profile faces south and appears to be surmounted by a crown. Some people detect that he is holding a child as well.

In 1902 Maine poet Holman F. Day published an entertaining ballad purporting to explain the enigmatic marking. In Day's account Elias Rich was a humble woodchopper who wound up in the poor farm. He remarked so often that he looked forward to a crown of gold in the afterlife that his fellow paupers scornfully labeled him "Heavenly Crown" Rich. After his death and burial the face appeared on the tombstone to prove to all that at last Rich was wearing his crown of gold.

Day's account contains considerable poetic license, explains Shaw. Far from being a pauper, Captain Rich belonged to an affluent family. How much truth there might be to the rest of the story remains unclear as Day's poem is virtually the only source for the legend. But the Rich tombstone continues to have the last word.

Death in the Barn

By Mary Jane Roberts

Every time his nightmare was repeated young Jed Morrison woke up in a cold sweat, convinced a murder was going to take place.

SOME PERSONS believe the course of our lives is predestined from birth and nothing can be done to change it. And every once in a while something happens that bears this out. One such occurrence which can only be explained as fate is recorded in the history of the Morrisons, a farm family who lived about 20 miles south of Flint, Mich.



Jed Morrison and his younger brother Leroy were raised on family farm on Hartland Road near Fenton, Mich.

In the early 1900's when Jed Morrison was a small boy he had the usual farm chores to do. He carried wood for the kitchen range, fed the chickens, took his turn hoeing the garden and with the help of his brother Ted, emptied the washtubs on washday.

Ted, being older, also helped his father with the barn chores, cleaning stalls, feeding the livestock and milking. At haying time both boys worked with their father, Jed pitching the hay from the wagon and his older brother hauling up the hayfork and pitching the hay back in the haymow. Jed never would trade jobs



Fateful barn still stands on former Morrison farm, 20 miles south of Flint, Mich.

with his brother. He said he didn't like to be in the barn.

After finishing school Ted decided to take a job as a carpenter's apprentice and moved to a boardinghouse in Flint to be near his work. The youngest boy, Leroy, was now old enough to feed the chickens and do the lighter chores so Jed, now 12 years old, was expected to help with the chores in the barn. To his father's surprise Jed refused to go into the barn. He begged his father to let him do any of the work, anything at all, so long as it was outside the barn.

His puzzled and somewhat angry father asked his wife Neva to talk to the boy to find out why he behaved this way. Finally, Jed admitted he was afraid to go into the barn. Since he was very small, he said, he had had a recurring dream of seeing a body lying on the hay in the barn — the body of a woman in a pink dress stained with blood. Jed said the dream was so real that he would wake up in a cold sweat, terrified. He was thoroughly convinced that a murder was going to take place in their barn.

When Neva told her husband about the nightmares he called Jed and told him he was too old to be frightened by a bad dream.

"No more of this nonsense, Jed," he said. "You just get out

to the barn and lend me a hand. A little work will make you forget your nightmare." He added jokingly, "If you ever do see a murderer in the barn there's the shotgun I keep for rats right in the corner. Just let him have both barrels!"

Reluctantly Jed began doing the barn chores but always heaved a sigh of relief when he finished. Every evening he had to talk to himself and whistle to keep his mind off his nightmare of the dead woman in the bloody pink dress. On the way to the barn his feet would drag but he would run to the house when he was finished, never looking behind him.

One morning — September 3, 1905 — Jed came down to breakfast looking pale and upset. He confessed that the nightmare had returned once more. However, by the time school was over he was able to grit his teeth, take the milk pails from the bench near the kitchen door and go to the barn at milking time.

As Jed sat on the stool sending white streams of milk zinging into the pail between his knees he heard the barn door open. He froze — for he could hear his father overhead in the haymow. Who had come in? Tiptoeing to the door of the milking room he looked toward the front of the barn. In the dim light from the lantern hanging on a peg he could see a vague shape moving toward him. He snatched up the shotgun from the corner and fired in panic.

When Jed's father came scrambling down the ladder from the haymow he found Jed holding the shotgun and Jed's mother lying on a pile of hay near the door, her pink housedress covered with blood. Jed's nightmare had come to pass.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Local authorities, taking into account the boy's age and his father's statement as to the preceding events, viewed the tragic shooting as accidental and Jed was not prosecuted. He remained in Michigan where he had been raised and became a well-driller. Never again would he enter a barn. He died on February 12, 1974, at the age of 81.



SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY

IN REDON, France, 90-year-old fortune-teller Josephine Desjardins told a young man in January 1973 that he would soon have a large amount of money. A few nights later the client returned with a knife and robbed Mme. Desjardins of $60 in currency and five gold coins.

True Mystic Experiences

FATE will pay $5.00 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, 3500 Western Ave., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. They must be signed by the author and address must be shown. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

THE FEATHER CLUE

By Wolfgang A. Hebel

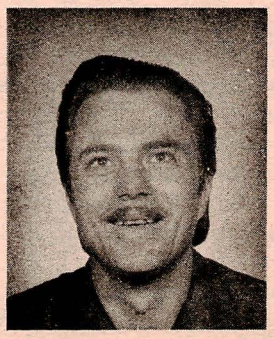
DURING THE winter of 1970-71 my wife Alice and I lived in a small cabin on the Yukon River. Alice had been wearing contact lenses for two years and in those two years I had gotten used to searching for a lost contact lens at least once a month.

One night when I came home from checking my trapline I found Alice had lost one of her lenses again. And, again, I was confident that I would find it. After all, where could a lens go in a 12- by 15-foot cabin? However, after searching the cabin thoroughly twice I had found no trace of the lens.

Then that night I had a dream in which my father, who lives in Germany, told me that he knew where the lost contact lens was, but instead of telling me where it was he just sat there smiling, plucking feathers out of small colorful birds.

In the morning I tried to make sense out of the dream and looked around the cabin. Right over our bunk I had tacked up a colorful chart of American birds which I once had received through a book club. That's it, I thought! I moved the bed and checked the floor under the chart. No luck! Then I hit on the idea of following the directions in which the tails of the birds pointed but still I had no luck.

This night I dreamed the same dream about my father and again I sat in the morning trying to make sense of it. Suddenly my eyes fell on a couple of eagle



Wolfgang A. Hebel

feathers hanging on the wall. They had been my headdress when I played Indian as a teenager. My father had saved those feathers for years and had given them to me when I visited Germany two years before.

Now there was no doubt in my mind, and sure enough, right under the feathers, in a crack in the floor, I found Alice's contact lens. — *Fairbanks, Alaska.*

SNOWBALL

By Cecile Ward

ON A BRIGHT, sunshiny day in Maysville, Mo., my home town, when I was eight years old I had a sad and unusual experience. I was an only child, spoiled rotten and allowed to roam the neighborhood practically at will. On this particular day in 1917 I was loitering around, as usual, with some of my playmates, trying to think up some mischief. It was summer vacation so, of course, there was no school.

A young lady we knew came along (she was 16 or 17 years old and seemed grown-up to us) and we followed her. We all went into someone's backyard and to show off she proceeded to demonstrate how many glasses of water she could drink. She got up to 16 as I remember.

While this spectacle was going on my heart suddenly, for no reason at all, grew unbearably heavy and my whole soul, mind and body were overcome with dread. I felt, overpoweringly, that I should go home at once!

As I left my friends I burst into tears. There seemed no reason for my grief but as I grew closer to home I quickened my steps. I was now sobbing heartbrokenly.

A man, one of the villagers whom I didn't know, stepped in front of me. "What's the matter, little girl?" he asked solicitously. "What are you crying about?" He put a fatherly arm around me, trying to comfort me.

"I'm afraid something terrible has happened to my mother," I told him. Then I dashed away.

Yes, the thought uppermost in my mind was that some tragedy had befallen my mother. My little almost-all-white, part-collie puppy, Snowball, whom my parents had given me some weeks before, did not even enter my mind.

When I got home there was nothing wrong with Mama; she was as hale and hearty as ever but she looked troubled.

"I don't want you to feel bad, darling," she said, "but Snowball has been hurt."

And, there on the back porch steps of our cottage, unmoving and unhappy my tiny fluffy Snowball sat; his white breast was all bloody. A vicious woman

two doors away, who had warned us to keep the inoffensive puppy out of her yard, had shot him in the breast!

Simple country people that we were, we hadn't either the money or the sense to take Snowball to a veterinarian who might have saved him. With the bullet in his breast my puppy quit eating, pined away and soon died. — *Chicago, Ill.*

THE VOICE ONLY MOTHER HEARD

By Laura J. Underwood

I'LL NEVER forget the incident that occurred in late August 1968 when I was 13 years old. Our family group — my mother, my stepfather David Long, my younger sisters Monica and Teresa and I — were returning by car from a happy vacation in Florida. A few miles south of Chattanooga, Tenn., my stepfather pulled off the road. He was hot and tired after a long drive and asked Mother to take the wheel. Evening was coming as she agreed to drive and it was already dark by the time we passed through Chattanooga.

As the night wore on we found ourselves about an hour's drive north of Chattanooga. The two-lane road seemed to grow progressively bumpier and narrower as we traveled north. My stepfather had fallen asleep in the front seat. In the rear my two sisters also were asleep and I was on the verge of dozing off.

We had come to a lonely stretch in the road where there were no lights on either side. The road mounted a rise and just beyond this, we learned later, a highway crossed our road. There was no stop sign or signal of any sort to indicate the highway just



Laura J. Underwood

ahead. Mother was cruising at nearly 80 miles an hour down the deserted road when she reached the rise.

Just as we came to the highway Mother hit the brakes. The car skidded sideways, throwing everyone around. At that same moment a huge tractor trailer rig passed within inches of us, flying down the highway we were about to cross. If the car hadn't skidded sideways the truck would have demolished our Mus-

tang. No one would have survived.

We were all shaken up by what had occurred. My stepfather, awakened by the jolt, stared at Mother in disbelief. "Why in the name of God did you stop like that?" he insisted.

"I wouldn't have if you hadn't shouted for me to stop and shoved my foot off the gas and onto the brake," she replied in a rasping voice.

"But I didn't," he protested. "Maybe one of the kids?"

"No," I supplied. "We were all asleep or almost."

"Maybe you did see a sign," my stepfather reasoned. "It probably didn't register in your mind."

We backed the car and checked around. But there was no sign. So we continued on our way, shaken by our near-miss. To this day we are puzzled by the voice that only Mother heard and the push she felt but thankful that they saved our lives. — *Knoxville, Tenn.*

THE WANING LIGHT

By L. T. Herring

MY FATHER joined the armed services when I was only a baby, leaving my mother Fanny Young to earn a living to support us. It was left to my grandmother Mary Moore to take care of me. She became even closer than my mother, for although I loved Mother dearly, I saw very little of her. Grandma was a teacher, as was my mother, and I had learned to read and write by the time I was three years old. It was Grandma to whom I told my hurts and troubles and Grandma who guided me along the righteous Christian path. She wasn't too strict with me, however. Many times her merry laughter rang out and she giggled over my funny antics.

As the years passed Grandma taught me to cook and encouraged my interests in many subjects. When I finished school I got a job in Tucson, Ariz., hoping to repay both Mother and Grandmother for the love and tenderness they had shown me while I was growing up.

I'll never forget the night in the middle of December 1973 when Mother telephoned from her home in Globe, Ariz., to say that my grandmother had had a heart attack. She was in the hospital and kept asking for me. She would lapse into coma, then revive for a while, and Mother thought I should come at once.

Before she hung up Mother said to keep a candle burning, that it would help prolong Grandma's life. I immediately lighted a candle and early the next morning went to the office to arrange for an indefinite leave

of absence. When I returned the candle was still burning.

I packed hurriedly after making a plane reservation and calling a taxi. As I waited for the taxi I noticed the candle kept flickering and going out. I had to relight it every 10 minutes. I tried new candles but they wouldn't light either. I knew then that Grandma had died.

When I reached home, Mother took me in her arms and told me Grandma was gone. She had continued to ask for me and said she would try to wait until I arrived. She would lapse into coma but seemed to come out of it every 10 minutes to see if I were there. She had died at the time I was waiting for my taxi, when the candles had refused to burn. — *Oracle, Ariz.*

GOOD-BYE, IRENE

By Agnes B. Karasek

THE FIRST serious illness my youngest sister Irene ever had put her in the hospital for several months. Early in 1971 it was discovered that she had advanced tuberculosis and she was admitted to Sunny Acres Sanitarium. We always had been very close and visited or phoned each other every day. After she went to the hospital we still talked on the phone almost daily.

One day late in August I had just gotten home when my phone rang. I had been depressed throughout the day. Irene's confinement in the hospital was much on my mind so when I heard her voice my heart was gladdened.

I was looking out of my living room window while I talked with her and I was shocked when I suddenly saw a woman on the other side of my street who looked so much like my sister that I almost dropped the phone.



Agnes B. Karasek

She was wearing a blue slack suit and her dark curly hair was blowing in the wind. She waved her hand at me as she passed. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was talking to Irene and yet there was Irene walking on my street, smiling at me and waving her hand in a farewell gesture! I became so upset I started to cry. Irene told me not to cry, that she would be home very soon.

I could not tell her what I had

seen. Irene also said she had just come in from a walk before she called and that she was wearing her blue slack suit, and that the doctor had told her she could go home completely cured within the next 10 days.

After our conversation I told my husband what had happened and that I felt my sister had come to say good-bye. I couldn't stop crying. I felt helpless and spent.

Exactly one week later, on September 6, 1971, at 2:00 A.M. we received a call from the sanitarium saying my sister had died of an embolism — one day before she was to be discharged from the hospital. — *Parma, Ohio.*



FIRST AND LAST VOYAGE

By Earl W. Rogers II

SIGHTSEERS AND well-wishers gathered at the Liverpool dock on the morning of February 11, 1893, to watch the *R.M.S. Naronic* sail on her maiden voyage to New York. Over 10,000 tons displacement, she was as large as most battleships of her day. She measured 565 feet in length, 57 feet in breadth and had a 39-foot draft. Her engines could produce over 16,000 horsepower. Built by the famed Harland and Wolff shipyards in Belfast the *Naronic* represented the very latest in speed, safety and luxury.

Smoke bellowed from the great ship's twin funnels and its powerful whistle gave two sharp blasts. The Union Jack and the red swallowtail flag of the White Star Line waved in the breeze as the mighty liner steamed out of Liverpool harbor.

The *Naronic* was expected to break the transatlantic record of five days, 18 hours and eight minutes set by her sister ship *Majestic* two years earlier. The White Star Line's office at 9 Broadway was mildly disappointed when the *Naronic* failed to break the record. Even when the *Naronic* failed to show up on the sixth or seventh day, no one was alarmed. The crew was experienced and the weather had been fine. Any new ship could have a number of minor problems that could cause delay. But other ships that sailed later and traveled the same route reported no trace of the *Naronic*. The American and British navies were notified and conducted a thorough search. Yet absolutely no trace of the ship nor any wreckage ever was found. The ship simply vanished during its maiden voyage; its disappearance never has been explained.

Nineteen years later passengers embarking on the maiden voyage of another White Star liner might have pondered the fate of the *Naronic*. But they had no fear for their own safety for everyone knew that the *Titanic* was unsinkable.

PSYCHIATRIC INSIGHTS into PSI

By Julie Eisenbud
Presented at the Symposium on Varieties of Psychic Research
University of California
Berkeley, February 23-25, 1973

Psychiatrists find telepathy, clairvoyance and precognition are useful clinical tools for recognizing the connections between isolated but dynamically-related ideas.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. JULE EISENBUD, widely known author and lecturer on psychiatry, psychoanalysis and parapsychology, was born in New York City in 1908. He was educated at Columbia University, Columbia College and Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons where he received both Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Medical Science degrees.

Since 1950 Dr. Eisenbud has been Associate Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Colorado Medical School. His best-known publication is "The World of Ted Serios" (William Morrow & Co., 1967).

WHEN I bring up the subject of psychiatric insights into psychic phenomena I must start by admitting that only a handful of psychiatrists, mostly analysts, have addressed themselves to the field. Happily, we few closely agree among ourselves as to what goes on. When more psychiatrists see the light — which I am confident they will in time — I assume they too will agree with what we thus far have established.

The psychiatric approach to psychic phenomena has a different objective than the conventional parapsychological approach and is based on a different set of assumptions. In 1922 a correspondent, not a patient, wrote to pioneer psychiatrist Sigmund Freud that he dreamed his second wife had given birth to twins. The following day he learned that his daughter by his first wife, who lived in a distant city, had given birth to twins

during the night, her confinement occurring about a month earlier than expected. The conventional parapsychologist hardly would give such a peculiar near-miss a second thought, chiefly because in the dream the wife rather than the daughter had the twins and also because the factor of chance is difficult to evaluate. Since the primary objective of the parapsychologist is to ascertain whether or not a given coincidence represents a psi event, his interest ceases when he cannot do this with any degree of reliability. His primary purpose in securing testimony, in pinpointing the precise circumstances of an occurrence, in securing affidavits and so forth is to defeat the always-present possibility of chance.

A psychiatrist, however, is not primarily interested in proving psychic phenomena. In the above incident Freud took the position that he did not know whether there was any validity to thought-transference but that if he provisionally made the assumption that there was, he could explain the correspondent's dream in perfectly straightforward psychodynamic terms. If, he reasoned, this correspondent had somehow learned of his daughter's confinement, then this information could be treated as a so-called "day's residue" no different in essence from any other event finding its way into a dream and subject to the modification process known as the dreamwork. Dreamwork censors or distorts basic information and elaborates it into a representation that disguises the underlying wish. In this instance, the hidden wish, Freud conjectured, was not that the second wife have twins but that the daughter who had the twins be in the position of the second wife — a thoroughly Freudian wish, as you can see.

Be that as it may, Freud was interested in eliminating the hypothesis of chance solely in order to make good psychoanalytic sense of the dream, not to prove telepathy had occurred. In fact it would have been just as satisfactory for his purposes, possibly more so, had he learned that the proud but incestuously inclined (that is to say, average normal) father had made a mistake in the expected date of confinement and really had unconsciously calculated the date with exactitude and thus had a perfectly "straight" dream incorporating his guilty wish; or that just before retiring he actually had received a telegram informing him of the twins' birth and had completely repressed that fact. What must have impressed Freud, however, was the simplicity and elegance of the telepathy hy-

pothesis. With one stroke this obviated the necessity to search for far-out explanations like Freudian slips of memory or peculiar amnesias.

The psi hypothesis, then, is simply a tool to the psychiatrist. It is a tool of great versatility in cases where a question exists as to the means of communication linking observable events that would fall into understandable patterns if some means of communication could be postulated.

Let me give another example. One day a woman named Barbara L. consulted me about undertaking psychoanalytic treatment with me. She wished to begin at once but made it a condition that I not tell her best friend Mrs. K., who already was in treatment with me. I assured her that this information would have to come from her.

On the next treatment day following an intervening weekend Mrs. K. called to cancel her appointment and did so each succeeding day during that week. On her return the following week she offered some weak excuses for her absences, quite apparently not the real reasons. She then reported two dreams which she had had just prior to her return. The first: *I had a 2:30 appointment with the handsome Latin hairdresser at Bonwit's. Although I got there on time, he made a gesture with his hands as if to say, "You're out." There was a plain-looking girl with kinky brown bobbed hair under a turban hat waiting for a haircut. She got impatient with his talking to me and drew the curtain of her booth. I felt unfairly treated in being pushed out in this way.*

Mrs. K.'s hour with me started at 2:30. Her immediate association to the handsome Latin hairdresser was the way her friend Barbara used to liken analysts to gigolo hairdressers who pamper neurotic women. She thought that the plain-looking girl with brown hair looked somewhat like Barbara. Then she remembered a radio story about two girls who were the best of friends until they decided to open a hairdressing establishment together. Becoming rivals for their chief male operator, they soon were deadly enemies.

By this time I could not help feeling that Mrs. K. somehow had got wind of Barbara's appearance on the scene and that her staying away the previous week really was in response to this threatening fact. Any doubts I had about this conjecture vanished when Mrs. K. reported the second dream, which had occurred on the night following the first dream: *There was some question about making sleeping*

arrangements somewhere. Someone showed me a couch or an army cot with an extra section and started to pull it out as if to make the couch wider. I said something like, "Never mind that," so they put it back. Then I remembered looking down at another bed that was all made up and seeing a wet spot on it as if someone had urinated on it.

Mrs. K. regularly reported to me the waspish remarks her friend Barbara made about analysis and analysts. Sometime earlier I had told her she was using her friend to cover her own obsessional doubts and negativism. She responded that it might be helpful to have Barbara in analysis with her at the same time so that I could then deal directly with the source of her negativism. She suggested having a double-sized couch which would accommodate both of them together and thought this idea was hilariously funny.

Now here again is hardly the sort of thing that would excite a parapsychologist. But the incident is of clinical value to the psychiatrist because it enables him to understand his patient's otherwise puzzling absence of a week as a kind of response to the threatening appearance of a rival on the scene.

The psychiatrist's job is to connect events into meaningful patterns. He must assume a communications network behind all these events. He is not concerned with exactly how the information is conveyed. He postulates that *some* means must exist to connect event A with events B and C. So for the psychoanalyst trying to connect events into psychologically-meaningful patterns an unrestricted flow of information via anything the parapsychologist can provide is a helpful tool — but only a tool, not in itself the objective of his investigation.

As a tool, incidentally, the psychiatrist finds it advantageous to think in terms of 100-percent efficiency of the psi process. In this way he gains maximum leverage from the application of the various types of psi hypotheses that the parapsychologist seeks so laboriously to refine and pin down.

Now the psychiatrist performs a curious switch. While up to this point he has used telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition and so forth to make sense of his data, he sooner or later begins to use his data to make sense of psi. Since this helps the psychiatrist to unify his point of view, he is not apt to concern himself too much with fine points of logic and method. At all events, out of the psychiatrist's case material

emerges a picture of psi phenomena somewhat different from the traditional view.

To begin with, the psychiatrist is not inclined to view psi phenomena as particularly *paranormal*, certainly not mysterious, otherworldly intrusions. He is more likely to regard psi phenomena — telepathy, precognition, apparitions or whatever — as adaptive maneuvers or behaviors. Consequently, he is not apt to identify psi phenomena with the good, spiritual side of man as contrasted with the crasser, earthier side of man's nature. And although he assumes that all persons are potentially capable of manifesting psi abilities, he is likely to ask such simple questions as why this and not that, why now and not at other times, much as a clinician would seek to understand a fever, a rash or a pain within the framework of a basically normal physiology under stress of some sort. Above all, he seeks to understand what a given bit of psi behavior does for an individual, what place it has in his psychological economy at a given time, much as he would seek to understand a dream, a manic excitement or depression or a temper tantrum.

Guided by this point of view, the psychiatrist delineates a picture of psi's role in everyday life somewhat at variance with the romantic greeting-card view of psi as a vast subterranean network of invisible valentines or Mother's Day messages linking all humankind in love and charity. Actually, psi seems no more under the guidance of positive or helpful impulses than any of a person's normal cognitive or executive functions. The so-called "crisis" telepathy or precognition where a mother's vision of a tot tumbling out of a window or playing with matches enables her to forestall tragedy is by no means the rule. In by far the greatest number of instances of paranormal knowledge of tragic, disastrous or unpleasant events, the bad news arrives too late or in too ambiguous a form to do anybody much good, and even ostensible foreknowledge, by the time anyone gets to do anything about it, is about as helpful as yesterday's newspaper headlines.

But if our latent paranormal faculties do not save us or our loved ones from disaster, make money for us at the track or in the market or help us to solve our everyday problems, then what *do* they do for us?

The study of dreams and other forms of telepathy and precognition in the psychotherapeutic situation indicates that psychic events give us the sense that something supernatural has oc-

curred, a miracle of sorts. This they do by the very fact that these coincidences come to our notice in defiance of the laws of space, time and causality. Behind this, however, is frequently found the *need* for a miracle because of some specific stress situation at just this time in the person's life. The value of the paranormal incident is not so much to resolve the stress situation in a realistic way as to establish the symbolic proposition: if one miracle, why not another? If this seemingly miraculous bit of telepathy, clairvoyance or precognition can occur, why cannot the fixed unalterable course of my life — the loss of a love object, of my biological or sexual powers, of my worth or integrity — be set right? At any rate when paranormal events are studied in context as they are in the psychoanalytic situation, they lose their quality of almost meaningless spontaneity, of being the senseless intrusion into our lives of a mysterious other dimension of existence. They can be seen as plaintive cries against a fate which in some way has diminished us.

Let me give an illustration of this, which also provides an example of how depth psychology can unmask a psi element in a seemingly unrelated cluster of events. Gretchen, a rather inhibited old-maidish woman of 30, brought the following dream to her analytic session: *My mother told me that Aunt Alma had had a baby and that I had to eat it because it was good for me. I was revolted at the idea . . . Then a nurse came in bearing a huge fried egg on a tray but it was as if this were my grandmother's baby. When I began to eat it I thought I'd throw up but I didn't and finished it.*

This dream, like most dreams, is a charade, presenting in dramatic and condensed form ideas that at first seem enigmatic. However, I was able to divine the latent thoughts behind the dream with little trouble when I learned that on the evening of the dream Gretchen had had a dinner party for several other bachelor ladies. We can imagine that at the end of the evening her thoughts must have been something like, "Alas, if the best I can do is to spend my evening with maiden ladies, it's hopeless." However, the dream presents two miracles of a sort in the biblical mold and the more hidden latent thoughts must run, "If Aunt Alma who is 72 and childless can have a baby and if Grandmother who recently died at nearly 90 can have a baby at her age and in her condition, then there is hope for me."

So far, despite the implicit al-

lusions to a kind of biological miracle, there is nothing paranormal in the dream. For the first hint of this we will have to turn to my experience on the evening *after* the dream was reported when I happened to pick up a volume by Somerset Maugham in which he describes some extraordinary stunts carried out by a woman novelist in order to observe people's reactions. Maugham writes:

"When she went into the kitchen one morning she found the cook gasping; she asked what was the matter and the cook told her that she had just cut off the head of the chicken they were to have for dinner that night and then the headless chicken had laid an egg.

" 'Show it to me,' said Elizabeth.

"She looked at it pensively for a moment and then said: 'Give it to his lordship for breakfast tomorrow.'

"Next morning, sitting at table opposite her husband, she watched him as he ate the boiled egg. When he had finished she asked him: 'Did you notice anything funny about that egg, Frank?'

" 'No,' he answered. 'Was there anything peculiar about it?'

" 'No, nothing,' she said, 'except it was laid by a dead hen.'

"He gave her a startled look, sprang to the window and vomited. With a demure smile she added to me: 'And d'you know, I don't believe he ever really loved me after that.' "

Here we see a possible connection to the dream. In both the Maugham piece and the dream we see not only the idea of vomiting after eating an egg but miracles of sorts. In the dream aged ladies, one of them in fact deceased, give birth; in the Maugham anecdote a dead hen (you can't be any more aged than that) gives birth to an egg. Thus in addition to "If Aunt Alma and Grandmother can have babies, etc." we now have "If a dead hen can lay eggs, who knows?" To top it off, the implied punch line in this precognitive charade asserts not only the general proposition that miracles *can* happen but specifically that time, which is ticking relentlessly away into the irretrievable past taking with it the precious years of fertility, is not as absolute as it appears: it can yield to entreaty and be reversed.

Of course to derive all this from the dream we have to overlook for the moment that the solution was provided not by Gretchen's experience but by my own. The full sense of the miraculous could not be savored

by Gretchen until I told her about the piece I had read. When I did, however, Gretchen revealed not only that she was, as I suspected, in the middle of her period (when *her* eggs were being laid, as it were) but also that the following had taken place at her dinner party: She was serving a whole chicken for the first time. Her previous experience was only with prepared chicken parts and she had to hack away in a frightful manner to carve the bird. This led to amused comments by her bachelor-girl guests, whence the conversation got onto what happened to chickens when their heads are cut off. One girl asked if anyone knew that if its neck were plunged into boiling water the chicken lost all further power of movement. This so revolted Gretchen that she thought she might throw up.

Here we have the missing link between Gretchen's dream and the Maugham piece; or put slightly differently, the Maugham piece about the headless chicken, which I read *after* the dream, provided what was necessary to fit together Gretchen's experience of the previous evening with the manifest and latent contents of her dream.

Now the psychiatrist requires two sets of complementary assumptions to derive the fullest clinical gain from the foregoing material. First, he must make assumptions about how the dream transforms a situation of stress — "Here I am 30, once more seeing my eggs go down the drain, and with only other bachelor girls to spend my evenings with" — into a seemingly supernatural dispensation from the laws of time and reality, a biblical miracle served up with a dash of Grimm's fairy tales. A typical dream does exactly this, however, and so far we are on secure ground.

Then the psychiatrist also has to invoke the hypothesis of precognition to extract the real bonus from this material. Precognition is in fact indispensable as without it the first set of assumptions is severely hobbled. But how account for the precognitive element occurring not in Gretchen's experience but in my own? I in fact had to impart this knowledge to her before she could appreciate the "miracle" in her dream.

The psychiatrist, concerned merely with utilizing the assumption of precognition for the clinical leverage it can give him, now invokes a purely empirical principle that has been confirmed over and over by psychiatrists who have encountered paranormal events in the psychotherapeutic situation. This is that

the involvement of the therapist in such occurrences, far from being a regrettable irregularity that only poses difficulties of interpretation, is in fact the rule. Frequently the missing link is found not in the analyst's outward experience but in his inner, often repressed material that the psi event may bring to light. This inner material of the analyst often accords with the patient's repressed material with astonishing specificity. In the present instance I soon realized that my real concern was with my own daughter, just out of her teens, with whom, because of her disdainful attitude toward the young swains of the community, I tended to identify Gretchen. Indeed, the fleeting thought had occurred to me more than once that if things kept on that way in another decade or so my daughter might well be in Gretchen's sad situation. Not long before Gretchen's dream my daughter, fresh from a noisy spat with her younger brother, announced that children were miserable creatures and that she never would have any if she could help it. I was about to applaud her decision and tell her that she couldn't imagine what trouble she would thereby avoid, when I checked myself with the thought that perhaps my daughter *wasn't* too eager for children. All she might need would be such a remark from me to reinforce her attitude. In any event, I could see that my unconscious attitude toward Gretchen was contaminated by my concern for my own daughter.

Many dreams in the psychoanalytic situation have shown similar mechanisms. The guiding principle in the elucidation of these complex charades I term the principle of triangulation. In brief, if a patient's dream appears to correspond in a paranormal way to an external event in either her or the analyst's experience (or both) the analyst must search for his inner, probably repressed material which corresponds with or provides the key to the dream.

In all cases the paranormal event represents a return to the world of childhood where the lessons of reality have not yet been firmly learned and the wish still reigns supreme. Generally the patient weaves some repressed conflict of the analyst's into his or her own dream in order to tar the analyst with the same brush, to be able to say in effect, "You too need this balm, this magical solace; you too need to make time stand still and regain your lost childhood's mother, your protective father, your worth, power, biological integrity or whatever."

I must emphasize, however, that in the majority of these psi-conditioned events the person with the psi experience is expressing some sketchy commentary in the marginalia of his life rather than in the main text. In the few exceptions where psi brings about an actual connection between an inner need and the external world, this is just as likely to work against the person who has the dream or hunch as for him. The following case illustrates this. It involves a set of events that the typical parapsychologist probably would not have the opportunity to observe and because of the lack of unifying hypothesis almost certainly would not perceive as particularly interesting.

My patient Freda L. some time ago seized the opportunity provided by her husband Albert's being away on a business trip to let a low-burning flirtation with her friend George blossom into a full-fledged affair. When Freda saw me on the following day she made light of her escapade and denied any feelings of conflict or guilt. Certain telltale physical symptoms, however, indicated conflict of which she was unaware. I also pointed out to Freda that her devil-may-care attitude about conducting the affair in her own home, far from indicating an absence of guilt, as she claimed, could signify an unconscious wish to be caught. Freda continued to deny any uneasiness about her behavior.

Following her session with me that afternoon, Freda was again to be with George, this time in a downtown hotel. After this she was to meet Albert's mother for dinner and the theater. Arriving quite late for her rendezvous with her mother-in-law Freda made up the story that she unexpectedly had run into certain old acquaintances, Marge and Lou Bacon, with whom she had gone to have a friendly cocktail. The Bacons had moved from Freda's suburban community several years before and hence, Freda explained, their names had popped into her head on the spur of the moment to lend a casual documentation to her lie. Her mother-in-law had heard of the Bacons but never had met them.

No sooner had Freda and her mother-in-law taken their seats in the theater when who should take a seat directly in front of them but Marge Bacon. Marge immediately spotted Freda and greeted her effusively as a long-lost friend, mentioning when she saw that Freda was not with Albert that her husband too had gone out of town. Introductions were unavoidable. Freda's attempt to slur over Marge's name only made things worse. Later

Freda had all she could do to keep from blurting out the whole story; her tangled explanation became so obviously contrived that her mother-in-law's suspicions of something close to the truth were pretty much confirmed.

The lesson in this story is that there is little reason to expect that one's latent psi powers will be used differently from our more conventional powers. Our guilt needs may be served by our psychic abilities as well as by the ordinary misjudgments, mistakes and self-engineered disasters to which psychoanalysis classically has devoted itself. One would gather from some of the more enthusiastic forecasts in our mushrooming psychic literature that nothing less than psi in the sky is the limit and that after all of us get the hang of tapping our vast subconscious potentialities, presumably we will be relieved of many of the ills that earthbound flesh is now heir to. But if man could learn these techniques it is likely he would also learn new techniques for doing himself in if he happens to be so predisposed.

One of the more annoying characteristics of psychiatry, particularly of psychoanalysis, has been its proprietary attitude toward reality, its constant harping on "the reality principle," as if reality were its special area of competence. But let us make no mistake about it, there is such a thing as reality. It may not be the cozy reality of the psychiatrists nor the tight little reality of the classical physicists and it surely must include the realm of psychic phenomena. But we must not imagine that the world of the mind and the imagination is entirely without conditions and constraints. To take the position that the world of psychic phenomena is the real world, a truer world than the world of everyday experience, instead of perhaps an essential if still little understood part of this world, is to fall into a sorry trap.

Individually we not only perceive the world differently but in still largely unexplored ways we create it, each according to his own. The reality of the New Guinea Arapesh is quite different from that of the Balinese, which is different again from the world of William Blake or Castaneda's Don Juan. Nevertheless these worlds all have certain basic shared patterns and a fundamental cohesiveness that cannot easily and certainly cannot permanently be altered. Who knows but what this may be because of an unconscious conspiracy on our parts to keep the world we create as it is, as we somehow agree to make it? There is an

ecology to psychic phenomena. Powerful counterforces always oppose the antichance deviations from the slowly changing equilibria of the world, just as surely as counterforces come into play to contain the effects of DDT or of penicillin. The more experienced lamas and yogins and mystics always have known this and consequently have had no difficulty living in two worlds.

There is a certain danger, then, in going overboard on psychic phenomena. One needs a certain existing integrity of the personality to be able wholesomely to dabble in psychic phenomena or immerse oneself in psychic research (which indeed may be one reason why so much research is rigid and chickenhearted). I don't believe that such dabbling or such immersion, at least in the case of the classical phenomena, is of any use therapeutically. On the contrary, many if not most psychiatrists have seen the sad results of attempts to tap the psychic realm for this purpose. It is not at all rare to see persons who have been on the ragged edge to begin with pushed into their private hells by attempting through immersion in the psychic world to come to grips with their real inner problems. Let psi lie, is the best advice I can give the amateur.



ARNOLD THE HOUSE HOG

ARNOLD'S DAYS of living "high on the hog" came to an end in July 1973, reports the *Los Angeles Times*. The James Boccabella family of Firebaugh, Calif., got Arnold when he was a mere two-and-a-half-pound piglet in 1970. They bottle-fed him, housebroke him and made him part of the family. Arnold slept at the foot of the bed until he outgrew it. Eventually the Boccabellas gave the pet Hampshire a room of his own, complete with bed, radio and air-conditioner.

Arnold soon became familiar to the neighbors during his rides in the family car. He barked at passersby like a dog and ate prodigious amounts of fried chicken, donuts and even bacon. Farm experts warned the Boccabellas that hogs are notoriously ill-tempered and Arnold might turn on them at any time. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Boccabella, "he's as gentle as a kitten."

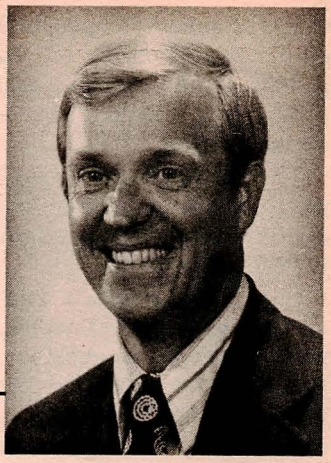
Amiable Arnold finally succumbed to a most civilized ailment, a heart attack. Eight men were required to haul the 800-pound boar to his backyard burial site. Arnold was not quite three years old when he died.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LEE BUTCHER was born in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1973. He was graduated from New College, Sarasota, Fla., in 1971 and currently is doing graduate work in behavioral sciences at the University of South Florida.

He has held editorial positions with newspapers and his free-lance writing has appeared widely in state and regional magazines as well as in FATE.

He has been married and divorced and is the father of two children.



The FAITH HEALERS of FLORIDA

By Lee Butcher

Sarasota's St. Boniface Church boasts the only spiritual healing mission in the world that is approved by the Episcopal Church.

AS SKEPTICAL as I was, I stood before the charismatic healer in St. Boniface Episcopal Church in Sarasota, Fla., on November 14, 1972. Mrs. Celia Conkey placed her hands gently on my forehead, recited the Lord's Prayer and sent me crashing to the floor.

Waves of searing heat and numbing cold alternately swept through my body. Cold sweat plastered my shirt to my skin. My muscles jerked uncontrollably.

"Looks like I win the first fall," she said. "Is a little old lady too much for you?"

I am six feet tall, weigh 175 pounds and I'm in pretty good shape. Mrs. Conkey is a silver-haired wraith of a woman who looks about as strong as a pussycat. And yet I was spread-eagled on the floor, my arms and legs stretched outward by some tremendous force. I fought against it but I couldn't move. I was nailed to the floor.

Mrs. Conkey stooped and rested her fingers on my left wrist as gently as a butterfly. Suddenly everything let go. The convulsions stopped.

"You've been asking me to explain it," Mrs. Conkey said, rising. "Now you've been through it. You figure it out."

I had mentioned a bad back and chronic knee trouble. "Try your knee," suggested Mrs. Ralph Styles, who had been observing. I did. My knee, injured during a tennis game the previous June, felt fine. I had hurt my back high diving in 1967. I'd been to several doctors without getting any relief. Now my back felt as good as new.

Strangest of all, I had an odd sense of well-being, almost of elation, that stayed with me for hours. I had come to the healing mission with skepticism. I had resisted the healer at every moment. But I couldn't deny that I was cured nor that I had been wrestled to the floor by something much stronger than myself. Months later my back and knee are still in perfect condition.

* * *

CELIA CONKEY is not the only charismatic healer at St. Boniface.* Five others — Mrs. Adelaide Garrett, Mrs. Elizabeth Cushman, Mrs. Marion Barkley, Mrs. Cornelia Wasey and Mrs. Elizabeth Styles — work at the mission under Mrs. Conkey's supervision. Dr. John Ellis Large, rector emeritus of St. Boniface, says that it is the only healing mission in the world embraced by the Episcopal Church. He explains that the healers are accepted there because of the high degree of mental and spiritual awareness among the congregation.

But Mrs. Conkey's reputation as a healer, often of hopeless cases, is so great that the sick come from across the country to her for treatment. She doesn't hold her gift in awe, however. She steadfastly denies that she has any power and considers herself nothing more than a channel for the flow of divine power. So do a lot of others.

Charismatic healing is nothing new but by children of a scientific age it's not easily accepted. It took a long time for Celia Conkey to get a church to believe in her. The clergy wouldn't accept her. After several Episcopal churches turned her down she overcame Dr. Large's reluctance and began the healing mission at St. Boniface in 1962.

Mrs. Conkey doesn't take money for the healing mission and fortunately doesn't need it. She

*St. Boniface Episcopal Church, 5615 Midnight Pass Rd., Siesta Key, Sarasota, Fla. 33576; (813) 924-1114.

inherited money from her aristocratic Virginia family. She dresses impeccably in clothes that reflect taste and affluence; she wears little jewelry but drives a Lincoln Continental. She lives on Bird Key, one of Sarasota's most fashionable areas.

The other charismatic healers also volunteer their time. The attractive three-room healing mission behind the church was paid for by offerings from those persons who feel they have been cured there. Patients have reported successful healings of glaucoma, diabetes, arthritis, heart trouble, mental illness, cancer, multiple sclerosis, torn ligaments, pulled muscles and any number of bone disorders. Even retarded children have shown improvement, according to Dr. Large. Records of such cases are maintained by the church although, like a physician's records, these are kept confidential.

A few Sarasota doctors, particularly orthopedic surgeons, send patients to the mission but most of them do not permit their names to be used for fear of ridicule. Two physicians have even come for healing for themselves.

One doctor who does not hesitate to endorse the mission is Dr. Thomas Garrett, a retired heart specialist on Siesta Key whose wife Adelaide is one of the charismatic healers. "They're doing some wonderful things over there," he states. "I've been behind it from the beginning. Most of the older doctors are receptive but now the younger ones are starting to come around." Garrett was so impressed with the mission that he donated some examining tables.

"It's God's love and power working through them," explains Dr. Garrett. "Charismatic healing is becoming more and more acceptable to the medical profession as a wonderful adjunct to their treatment."

Dr. Charles Lyell (pseudonym), a Sarasota orthopedic surgeon in his 30's, recalls one case he sent to the mission. "Medicine couldn't do anything else for her," he explains. "Her arthritic condition was so severe that one hip socket was completely calcified. I sent her to the mission. A month later she came back to me with an operable hip socket. There's no way in the world medicine could have done that."

A middle-aged Sarasota resident was told by her doctor that she had terminal cancer. It had infected organs throughout her body. He put her on chemical treatment to lessen the pain while the cancer killed her. After she had put her affairs in order she heard about the mission.

Dr. Large, the former rector and a neophyte charismatic healer himself, agreed to treat her. "I placed my hands on her abdomen," he recalls. "It felt like a can of worms squirming around. She didn't tell me where her cancer was but it had begun in her abdomen."

Two years later the woman still is coming to the mission for healing. "I might die tomorrow," she states, "but if I do, I'm ready."

Most patients report a similar spiritual uplift. Sometimes healing is a slow process and often patients report no noticeable improvement. Some patients have odd feelings or convulsions, others report no sensations. The healers themselves report intense heat, cold or the sensation of movement.

A man from Cincinnati visits Mrs. Conkey yearly for treatment. According to Mrs. Conkey he was losing his sight due to glaucoma. After his first treatment the condition stabilized and his vision began to improve. Now his condition improves with each visit.

* * *

CELIA CONKEY discovered her healing gift in 1959 when a guest at her home complained of a headache. On an impulse Mrs. Conkey placed her hands on the woman's head. Her headache quickly went away.

"My behavior startled me," she recalls. "I had always had a revulsion about touching people. I hated it. But give me anything with fur, a dog or a horse, and I can't keep my hands off."

Other experiences reinforced her belief that she was an instrument for God's healing power. "I'm afraid I take things pretty much as they come," she says, puffing on one of her endless cigarettes. "But I felt obligated to use the gift. I thought the place to use it was in the church."

Dr. Large, who became a leading spokesman for faith healing during the 1950's, was rector at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York when he spoke on healing to the Florida Diocese conference in Avon Park in 1961. A layman asked if he wanted to meet a genuine charismatic healer.

He hesitated. "Every healer I had ever met was some kind of kook," he recalls. "But I didn't want to be rude so I met her." He was surprised when Mrs. Conkey turned out to be a handsome woman of obvious breeding and taste. But he had all but forgotten her when he was called to St. Boniface later that same year.

Meanwhile Mrs. Conkey, who had moved from her native Vir-

ginia to St. Petersburg, Fla., was trying without success to interest a church in a healing mission. Many Episcopal churches have "sacramental" healing services during which the priest places his hands momentarily on a parishioner's head and asks that he be cured of all infirmities. But a charismatic healing mission is another matter.

Mrs. Conkey waited until Dr. Large had been at St. Boniface nearly a year, then phoned him. "She said she was coming down once a week," he recalls. "That was all there was to it."

As her reputation spread Mrs. Conkey increased her visits to twice a week, then three. Finally she moved to Sarasota to be near her work and help train the other healers.

One rule at the healing mission is to keep emotionalism to a minimum. They don't want sensationalism or fiery evangelism. An observer always is present in the room during treatment.

There are many instant cures. "A few people need signs and wonders," remarks Mrs. Conkey, "and boy, do they get them. People have come back to the church because of what has happened to them. They really get a jolt."

Healing requires no particular effort, she says. The energy simply flows through her. She talks and jokes with patients with no need for intense concentration. More than 1,500 persons a year visit the mission.

Probably more people have a healing gift than realize it, Mrs. Conkey believes. Many do not come forward for fear of ridicule. She admits that she still is ridiculed by people who don't know her well. But increasing numbers are willing to stand up and be counted.

Mrs. Maude Sutherland was so crippled by arthritis that in 1970 she had to be carried aboard the airplane to fly from London to the United States. In 1971 she had a healing from Mrs. Conkey and the pain left immediately. Now she doesn't take even aspirin. She is able to maneuver outside with the aid of walking sticks; inside she uses no support.

"Mrs. Conkey has the power of God working through her," says Mrs. Sutherland. "It was a miracle."



Fingers of Fate

By Harold Helfer

Clifford Wood of Atlanta, Ga., carried a bullet inside him for 38 years after being wounded accidentally during a cafe shooting. Recently Wood had a coughing spell — and the bullet came flying out of his mouth.

●

In Okeechobee, Fla., members of the volunteer fire department responded to an alarm and put out a blaze at the home of Rod Chandler. Only one of the town's firefighters failed to show up — Rod Chandler who was away fishing.

●

A computer goof determined the career of Harold Jones. When he found himself enrolled by error in an all-girl stenography class in high school, Jones decided to "make the best of it." An outstanding student, he became the only male stenographer working for the California legislature in Sacramento.

●

At the meeting of the International City Management Association in Minneapolis one of the giveaway prizes was an ice-making machine. The winner was Nancy Usher — from Juneau, Alaska.

●

Without knowing each other's plans, two electrical engineering students who roomed together at the University of Texas, Chester Ludlam and Lynn Costlow, chose the same day after graduation to get married. They now live only two blocks apart and have nearly identical phone numbers.

●

Mary Anne Murray of Spring Lake, N.J., has decided to quit buying raffle tickets while she's ahead. In a year's time she won three cars: a Mustang and two Cadillacs.

●

Just hours after William Cullen of Fayetteville, Ark., was married he died of a heart attack — and so did Maurice Leboeuf, his best man.

●

Mrs. Walter Vogt of St. Paul, Minn., left her bedroom to answer a telephone call. Moments later a private plane crashed into her bedroom, killing both passengers. Mrs. Vogt was uninjured.

His name was King and the first time you saw him you knew why. He was regal, he was a one-man dog, and my grandfather was the man.

The MOURNING DOG

By Jerry Friedman

IN 1934 when I was five years old my grandfather had been sick for two years and now was dying.

"Grandpa's goin'," I would hear my mother say.

"Where?" I'd ask.

"Never mind."

At the time my grandparents Philip and Clara Friedman owned a grocery store in Brooklyn, N.Y. We lived "out on the Island" (in South Ozone Park) and my parents Herman and Sadie Friedman went to the store on weekends to help out.

My grandfather had a dog, a huge black German shepherd which in those days we called a police dog. His name was King and the first time you saw him you knew why. He was regal. And he was a one-man dog. My grandfather was the man.

While Grandpa was ill and confined to bed my grandmother had to take care of him and also run the store so they lived in a room behind the store. Grandpa's bed was placed at the back of the room against a window looking out on the backyard. Because the room was small and King wasn't, he had to stay in the yard where there was a dog-house Grandpa had built for him.

During this period King stationed himself at the window where he could look in at his master. My father told me later that the expression on King's face was pitiful to see. Somehow the dog knew Grandpa was dying and he expressed his anguish the only way he could, with cries, moans and whimpers.

We were at the store the day Grandpa died, November 10, 1934, and although it was a cold slushy day I was sent outside to play while the body was being prepared for removal. I could tell that King knew it had hap-

pened. He stood up on his hind legs, scratched at the window with his paws and roared his anger.

My aunt Sylvia Schachter said, "Be sure the door to the yard is kept shut all the time. This is no time to let King inside especially the way he felt about Pa."

My grandfather was buried the next day in Mount Hebron Cemetery in Brooklyn and after the funeral the family returned to sit in mourning as is customary in the Jewish religion. King was strangely silent whenever my father led the family in prayers but at their conclusion he would continue his anguished howling.

The afternoon of the third day of mourning was very windy. A side gate was blown open and King escaped from the backyard. I was in front of the store playing in the snow when King came racing out into the street.

"King!" I shouted. "Come back, King!" But he ran down the street and disappeared around the corner. I hurried into the house and told my father and he and some of the rest of the family immediately started searching the surrounding streets. They didn't find a trace of King.

For my family to leave the mourning and go to look for the dog was sacrilegious. But they had done it instinctively, not thinking at the time that they were breaking the Jewish law. Returning to the back of the store to resume the mourning my father told one of the neighbors about King and the neighbor said he would organize a search party to look for the dog. Everybody in the neighborhood knew King and many were anxious to help.

"Don't worry," they said. "He'll be found." But four days later when the mourning period had ended King had not been found. The neighbors had given up the search. They said, "If he wasn't found by now, forget it. He don't want to be found."

But how could the family forget? King was part of the family. We continued the search and placed an ad in the local newspapers — but no luck. All efforts to find the dog were in vain.

One afternoon about three weeks later while we were having lunch someone said, "You know, there's one place we haven't looked — the cemetery."

"That's ridiculous. How would King know where to go? He doesn't know where Pa's buried. He was locked up in the backyard when they took Pa away."

"I know all the arguments. And yet, I've read of things like this, strange unexplained things. What will it hurt to go out to the cemetery?"

The family went to the cemetery that afternoon. As they turned onto the road leading to the grave there was nothing in sight and my Aunt Sylvia said, "See? I told you. He couldn't possibly have found his way here. It's impossi—"

She didn't finish the word because by then they had reached the grave and everyone had seen the fresh paw prints in the snow.

My father went to find a cemetery attendant. He asked whether a large black police dog had been seen near Grandpa's grave.

"Seen him? You bet I've seen him. He's been around here for weeks. Every day at that grave, lying across it and crying like he'd lost his best friend. When anyone goes near him he stands up and growls. So we just leave him alone. You know something? You can set your watch by him. Every afternoon at two o'clock he shows up, stays awhile and then runs off."

At the mention of the time my father gasped — the graveside ceremony the day of the funeral had been at 2:00 P.M.

At 1:30 the next afternoon — December 9, 1934 — my father was back at the cemetery, waiting. At two o'clock King had not come. The cemetery attendant saw my father and came over to him.

"Strange, it's after two and he ain't here yet. He's always here. Never misses. This is the first — wait a minute. There he is."

My father looked up. King was standing on a slight rise, looking down at the grave. My father called to him, then ran toward him. But King turned and disappeared over the rise.

He was never seen again.



HIGH-FLYING CROCODILE

AN AMERICAN jetliner was delayed two hours at Istanbul, Turkey, in June 1972 by a stowaway. When porters opened the baggage compartment of a Pan American World Airways jet they were greeted by a five-foot crocodile. The reptile then crawled back near some electronic equipment and the pilot refused to fly the plane until it was removed. Ground personnel at Yesilkoy Airport took two hours to corner the beast and remove it so the airliner could leave for Beirut, Lebanon.

Airline officials could find no shipping document to account for the crocodile being aboard and were unable to explain how it got there. Fortunately for the stowaway the Istanbul zoo agreed to take the animal, according to the Associated Press.



With her husband Robert, Earlyne Chaney founded the nonprofit religious organization and school, Astara, in 1951.

WHY I Believe in LIFE after DEATH

By Earlyne Chaney

I HAD COME to a time of decision and gone home to my family to think things out and to plead for help from the Father. It was good to see Mama and Daddy; it was good to sleep late and be fussed over. But I couldn't forget my purpose and I couldn't seem to get any nearer my decision.

I knew that when I returned to Hollywood I must decide which path I would take, marriage or a movie career. But mainly I was concerned as to whether to marry Marvin, knowing full well I had not yet found the one I had so long sought.

In 1934 during meditation I had seen the misty vision of a face, strangely familiar, and a pair of eyes that seemed to speak to me. It was as if I were seeing the picture of someone I had known before, someone very dear to me that I could not quite remember. I strained my mind backward in time to remember where I had met this one who seemed so close. But I could not recall. I had the awesome feeling that the

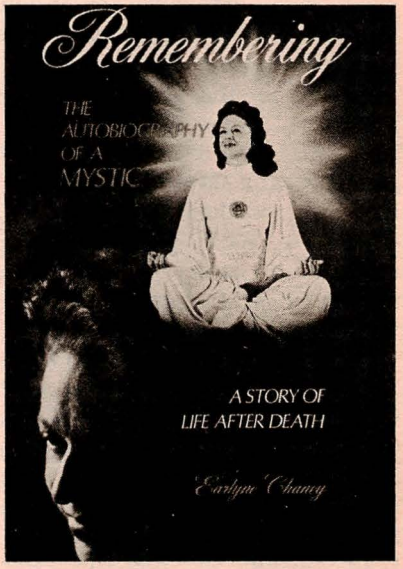
A creeping paralysis came over me, bringing with it that indescribable feeling of weakness. I knew something absolutely beyond my control was about to happen.

face belonged to someone a long way off who needed me. Through the years that followed the impression continued to deepen that somewhere I would find the face I had seen. The eyes haunted my dreams. I knew unless I found the one who belonged to the eyes, I would not find my love. The feeling became such a strong conviction that I started my "quest for the eyes" that was to take me through many years of my life.

The day of Halloween, October 31, 1945, brought a letter from Marvin begging me to hurry home.

I wanted to answer Marvin's letter. I still had no answer from the Father so I decided to make my decision without any obvious guidance from him. The family was all abed when I got out paper and pen and wrote a long letter to Marvin. I told him I had made up my mind. We would be married just as soon as I could return home. I told him that my Hollywood career didn't seem too important if it meant losing him. I closed by telling him how much I missed him, how much I loved him, and ended with the words, " 'Til we're together again.' "

I folded the letter, sealed, addressed it and placed it on a highboy near my bed. I felt a



Earlyne Chaney's autobiography "Remembering," from which this excerpt was reprinted, was published in 1974.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

EARLYNE CHANEY was born in 1917 near Dallas, Tex., the fourth of five children. Soon after being graduated from high school she had to work as a secretary and later as a dance instructor to help support the family.

While acting in a drama at Pasadena Playhouse in 1942, young Early Cantrell, as she was known then, attracted the attention of actor Victor Jory and embarked on a career as a movie starlet. During her Hollywood stay while doing volunteer work at the USO she met Capt. Marvin Moore, whose death is described in this story.

In 1947 at Camp Chesterfield, Ind., Earlyne met Robert Chaney, then a prominent Spiritualist medium. Four years after their marriage they moved to Los Angeles and founded Astara.

great relief at having finally arrived at my decision. I just knew it was the right one and I felt the Father approved. I felt guilty for keeping Marvin so anxiously waiting. I knew that although there might be pangs in my own heart for abandoning my quest for the eyes, I couldn't hurt him.

The next morning I was visiting a friend a few blocks away when the phone rang. It was my brother Arthur.

"Early," he said, "there's a telegram for you."

"Oh? Well, open it, dear."

After what seemed like a long pause Arthur said, "The telegram says, 'Marvin was killed this afternoon in plane crash.' It is signed 'Mother and Fred.' "

I hung up the phone and just sat there. Della inquired about the call but I didn't answer. I just sat and stared. Finally I rose and walked out.

When I reached home Mama and Daddy were very quiet. In my bedroom I saw the letter I had written the night before. With it was the opened telegram. I picked them up and started toward the back door. I was headed for our little barn where I had often meditated in my childhood. How long I sat there in the little shed I don't know. I read the telegram and the letter over and over. I realized that when I had written him my long-delayed decision Marvin had already crashed. The tragedy had occurred on Halloween day. The telegram had not reached me until the following morning.

I wondered why I couldn't cry. I asked the Father over and over please to come. But I didn't see the Father, nor did I hear his voice.

I kept thinking that now Marvin never would know what I finally decided. And I kept thinking this must be some horrible mistake. I kept remembering him as I had seen him last.

After a long, long time suddenly the strange trance broke and the tears came. And with the tears came the pain, like a tight, icy gripping hand inside my chest, tying every muscle into knots clear up into my throat. "Oh, please, Father, take the pain away," I begged.

Finally I rose and walked out.

I remember the long night flight to Los Angeles. There was no sleep for me, neither were there any tears. All through the night I stared out the window and remembered things Marvin had said and done. I remembered that the Voice had told him he would be coming home.

Then I realized how right he had been when he said God must have sent him home to find me. Else why would God have spared him over there in the heat of

many battles? Why say to him, "Son, you're going home," unless there was some purpose in saving him?

Back in my apartment in Hollywood, when I felt able to carry on a conversation without breaking down, I called Marvin's mother. Marvin's sister Marge who lived next door answered and said there would be no funeral service for at least a week. They were waiting for Marvin's brother to arrive from the South Pacific. His wife Martha was on her way. Marge asked if I would drive out because Mom had been asking to see me.

It must have been the third day after his death that I drove to Ontario, still in a state of shock, to see Marvin's family. Mom was in bed but her eagerness to see me was heartwarming. It was as if I represented Marvin in some small measure. She clung to me.

I wanted to know the details of the tragedy. On Halloween day, they said, Marvin had decided to get in some necessary flying time. A sergeant who had never flown before had gone up with him. The investigation indicated that when the sergeant finally jumped from the faltering plane his parachute didn't open soon enough. Marvin obviously had jumped later — too late! His parachute had not opened at all. The investigating officers could only conclude Marvin had difficulty persuading the sergeant to jump and stayed with him and the crippled plane until too late for his own parachute to open. There was no doubt, the officers said, that the captain could have jumped easily — since he had a record of previous jumps — that he would be alive had he not taken the sergeant with him. And there was no doubt, they added, that he stayed with the plane knowing he was riding to his death rather than desert a frightened companion.

"It's wonderful to know he was so brave," Mom said, "but I can't help resenting that sergeant. But, Early, I've been trying to tell Marge and Martha that I don't believe Marvin is really gone. I think he's with us in spirit. Don't you think so, too?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mom," I hesitated.

"She's just being silly," Marge broke in.

"She has some crazy notion" Martha added, "that Marvin still lives, that his spirit can come and be with us."

"Mom," I said, "do you mean that after someone dies there could be a spirit . . . something that goes on living?"

Mom turned away and, bury-

ing her face in her pillow, started to cry. "I don't know what I mean," she sobbed. "I just can't seem to feel Marvin is gone."

Martha interrupted. "Early, you'll have to leave her alone now. We can't have her further upset." And out the door they escorted me, leaving Mom weeping alone.

"But, Martha," Marge said, "I know what she means — in a way. I think I sometimes feel Marvin's spirit, too. You know that dream I had about him last night . . . . I kept seeing Marvin. He just stood there saying 'See, Marge, I'm not dead. Don't worry about me. I'm going to be all right!' And he was so real — just like he was really standing right there . . . . "

"But it was only a dream," Martha broke in, "and you know it. That's different than thinking Marvin is a spirit . . . . "

"I wish one of you would explain what you mean by a 'spirit'!" I implored.

But Marge wouldn't look at me. I turned and went out, got into my car and drove home. Unexplained thoughts raced through my mind on that 35-mile drive from Ontario. What in the world were they talking about? What was Mom trying to tell me?

Thinking back on those awful first days it seems as if someone else piloted my body, moved my hands, spoke with my voice. The pain centered in my solar plexus and extended into my throat. I actually could not swallow food.

A phone call came from an Addie Webster who said she and her husband Ben were friends of Marvin's. His family had called and asked them to tell me the funeral would be on Friday, November 9, at 2:00 P.M. in Richardson's Chapel in Ontario. She asked if I would like to drive over with them. I said yes.

Immediately after she hung up I was in my car bound for Richardson's Chapel. I thought perhaps I could find Marvin there. And I did.

I was ushered into a small room and there Marvin and I were alone together again. But he was in a closed gray casket and I sat dazed on the only straight chair in the room. I kept thinking of things we had said and done together, the way one always does at a time like that.

I went to the funeral chapel every day after that. Sitting in that small room I pleaded with the Father to come again. I needed to understand what happened to people when they died. Where is Marvin? I kept asking him.

Then one day while I was seated on the lonely chair near Marvin's closed casket a light sud-

denly shone upon me, as if the Father himself had spoken. Although I heard no voice and saw no presence, his long-ago words flashed vividly in my mind: *"You will one day lose someone you love. And when you do your feet will seek the mission you came to perform. And you will find then the answers to life and death."*

Now came the slow realization that here before me was the one the Father had meant — the one I was to lose.

For the first time in my life I gave way to utter and complete faith and dependence upon an unseen guardian who had promised to stand by me the whole long way of the journey.

The day of the funeral dawned. I remember that everything seemed unreal. From far away I heard a man's voice begin the service but I didn't try to discern the words. All I was sure of was that the hurt of my loss was so deep, so devastating I just didn't think I could go on living. Perhaps if I died I could be wherever Marvin was.

After the ceremony I realized that life without understanding its mysteries could have no meaning for me. I promised Marvin, wherever he was, I would find him again. This thing called death which had parted us must give up its sting and its mystery before the onslaught of my battle to find out what had happened to him. As I stood with my hand on his casket after everyone had gone, I talked with Marvin just as if he stood beside me.

* * *

I REALIZED FULLY now what the Father had meant when he said that after my loss I would walk a new path — a path I hoped would lead me out of darkness. But where would I begin to look for answers?

I finally remembered a woman friend from my Athletic Club days; I called her and told her my plight.

"I know just the person who can help you," she said. "Go to the Institute of Religious Science. Tell Ernest Holmes your story. I know he can help you."

I drove to the Institute, but Dr. Holmes was out of town. I told my story to one of his assistants. "What happens to people when they die?" I asked him.

"Well, of course, we teach a philosophy of life after death," he said. "We know people go on living. But we know that the last thing in the world they would have us do is to turn away from our life's work. You must realize that the captain is now in a different vibration. He has his own life to carry on, in his own way. And you have yours here. You

must try in every way you can to overcome your grief and pick up your life as it was."

He had said words that leaped out at me: *"We know that people go on living!"* I was transported back to a long-ago day of my youth. I heard my mother saying, "Aunt Carrie does not believe Babe is dead. She says that some medium brings her messages from Babe. She says that Babe's spirit is very close to her and she can communicate with her." Then I heard my Aunt Dewey's voice saying, "They call it Spiritualism . . . . "

"Mr. Evans," I interrupted him, "what is Spiritualism? What is a spirit? And what is a medium?"

Mr. Evans sat for a long space in silence.

"Oh, child, child," he finally said, "I don't think you want to go into all *that* . . . . "

"Mr. Evans," I persisted, "I want to know what happens to people when they die. I want to know where Marvin is now. I want to know what a spirit is. I want to know if he is lying asleep until Judgment Day or if there is such a thing as communication between those who are alive and those who are dead. I want to know the answers to so many things. What is a medium?"

"Well, a medium," he answered reluctantly, "is a person who claims to receive messages from someone who has passed on but . . ."

"If someone is dead how can he send a message?" I asked. "I'm terribly confused and I know these questions don't make sense. But can you tell me where I can find a medium?"

"No, I can't," he said, "but I can tell you that you may not be acting wisely. I know it is a hard thing to say, but Captain Moore is gone and you are left here with a whole lifetime before you. In time the sharpness of your grief will pass."

"Do you believe that Captain Moore is still alive, as a spirit?" I persisted.

"Of course, I do," he replied. "There really is no such thing as death. Certainly he is alive."

His words poured like soothing balm into my wounds.

"You might as well help me find a medium," I said, "because if you won't I'll keep asking until someone else will."

He dialed his phone and after talking briefly with someone wrote a name and address on a piece of paper and handed it to me. "I give it to you with my blessing, my dear," he said.

The next morning I went to the address he had given me; it was downtown in an office building. On the door of a little office I saw the name he had written: Rever-

end Minnie Sayers. Above it was another name: Dr. W. Q. Sayers.

I opened the door and entered. It was a chiropractor's office. A tall elderly man in a white coat walked toward me with a slight limp. He had a very kind face.

"Could I please see Rev. Minnie Sayers?" I asked.

"Not just now," he answered. "She is away on church business."

Apparently my disappointment was mirrored in my face for he added, "I am Dr. Sayers, her husband. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Suddenly I found myself pouring out my story again but somehow this time it was different. When the tears came, instead of scolding he led me behind the bare little office to their living quarters. He seated me in a low deep chair and pulled up a stool beside me. Sitting there he listened patiently to my story — that kind old man.

"I must find the answers to the questions that haunt me," I said. "I must find out about life after death. I must find the captain again."

"Child, child," he said, "Of course the captain still lives! Of course he is aware of your grief! Of course you feel him close to you because he is close to you."

"What do you mean, Dr. Sayers? Please explain it to me. I don't understand what a spirit is. Or what happens to people after death."

"Spiritualism has the answers for you, child," he assured me. And he started his long explanation. As I listened to his words the pain that had descended at the beginning of my long siege of sorrow began to release its hold.

"There is no such thing as death," he said. "This physical form is nothing more than a garment worn over the spirit. When death comes the spirit simply steps out of the body — as it would a worn-out garment — and the spirit can contact those who still live. Your captain is probably standing right there beside you now. If you wish to do so, you could unfold your own psychic abilities and communicate with your captain directly."

Now I understood my vow. I knew that this was to be my new life — seeking the way through the veil that separates the two worlds, the veil that separated me from Marvin.

I went home feeling some fragment of my old joy. I felt as if at last I understood many things. I must break through the veil to reach Marvin. I had to hear his voice, see him again.

It was the next day following my meeting with Dr. Sayers that my great revelation came. My

sister Locky was on our little back porch rolling up her hair. I was in our living room running the vacuum cleaner. All morning I had been extremely restless, expecting something to happen or someone to come. How many times I had gone to the door to look out, I don't know.

Suddenly I felt a tingling sensation creep over me. I was, as usual, thinking of Marvin. As the sensation increased, like light currents of electricity running all through my body, I stopped vacuuming, straightened up and looked around. Again I walked to the window and looked out. The queer tingling became so strong the whole room seemed permeated with it.

I thought, "This is the way it was the first time I saw the Father."

A creeping paralysis came over me, bringing with it that indescribable feeling of weakness. I felt faint enough to fall, yet was completely immobilized. I knew something unusual was about to happen over which I had absolutely no control.

A vaporous lighted mist began to fill the room until every object in it glowed. Then a cool breeze blew over me and there in front of me, standing in a blaze of light, was Marvin — just as plain as ever I had seen him before. He held out his hands to me. I tried to reach to him but I couldn't move. He wore his officer's uniform but no cap. There was a strange kind of bandage on his head.

He said just two words, "Please believe!"

I tried to answer. I tried to run to him. I could neither move nor speak. His voice sounded exactly as it had before and the sound of it sent ripples of momentary rapture through me. The light around him began to fade; then his form began to recede into the mists.

I found my voice at last and whispered, "What is it you want me to believe?"

As his form faded I heard him say faintly, "You can see me and hear me if you will only believe . . . only believe. . . ."

I don't know how long I stood there staring at the place where he had been. I was aware that the mysterious light which filled the room was beginning to disappear and again of a tingling sensation — this time like life returning to a foot that's been asleep. I realized that the glory of my experience had carried me to a supersensory state of awareness, but I could not truly tell if I had witnessed the vision subjectively or objectively.

When I could make my feet move I stumbled to the closest chair and collapsed. Instead of

the joy I had expected I was engulfed in hysterical weeping. And yet, through the tears, the joy was there. Exultant, overwhelming joy that Marvin finally had been able to reach me. I knew without a doubt that he had been struggling to break the barrier just as I had been. And I knew he was sharing with me this tumultuous reaction. I knew he was standing somewhere near, just beyond my vision, just beyond my touch.

A great awareness was creeping over me, the awareness that I myself had made contact with someone from another world. Someone who had gone beyond the veil had stepped back through the mists and spoken to me. The dead still lived and could come back to comfort those they loved.

That night for the first time in many days I was able to breathe normally and to eat something. And I was permeated with an anguishing, soul-searing desire to bring myself to such a state as to be able to contact Marvin again . . . to set up an intercommunication with him so that at least occasionally I might see or sense or hear him. It became an obsession; I just couldn't think of anything else. I was suddenly on fire to carry out a mission that was to consume many months of my life; the repercussions were to last throughout the years ahead.

I now knew the answers to some of the mysteries. I knew that death is really only an illusion, that people go on living and under certain circumstances can reach those they love.

I called Mom in Ontario. Could I come over? She said, "Yes, please, please come."

"I have the most wonderful news," I told her.

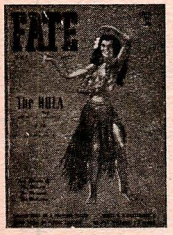
HE WHO KNOWS NOT
Life never leads but to
Death.
But for the light-filled
Heart
There is peaceful anticipation.
For him who knows not
There is death-dread

But he who knows
And he who knows not —
Both must go.
Since this is so,
Wise is the one who,
Not knowing,
Admits not knowing
And seeks to know.
— Earlyne



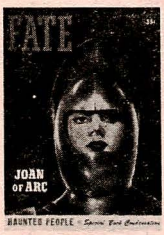
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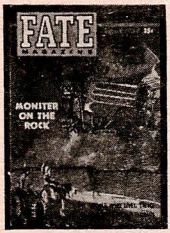


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No.	Month	Supply
28,	June	500
30,	Sept.	170
32,	Nov.	110

1953

36,	Mar.	240
37,	Apr.	200
40,	July	250
41,	Aug.	360
43,	Oct.	250
44,	Nov.	220



1954

47,	Feb.	500
48,	Mar.	400
52,	July	150
54,	Sept.	50
56,	Nov.	500
57,	Dec.	200





1955

58,	Jan.	50
60,	Mar.	100
61,	Apr.	200
62,	May	250
63,	June	100
64,	July	250
66,	Sept.	125
67,	Oct.	100
68,	Nov.	100
69,	Dec.	400



1956

71,	Feb.	275
72,	Mar.	150
73,	Apr.	400
74,	May	350
75,	June	100
76,	July	150
78,	Sept.	100
80,	Nov.	100
81,	Dec.	100

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87,	June	150
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91,	Oct.	150
92,	Nov.	100
93,	Dec.	200



1958

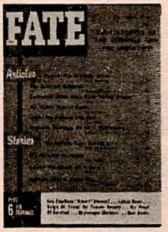
No.	Month	Supply
94,	Jan.	250
95,	Feb.	300
96,	Mar.	400
98,	May	200
99,	June	500
100,	July	250
101,	Aug.	400
102,	Sept.	200
103,	Oct.	275
104,	Nov.	270
105,	Dec.	320





1959

106,	Jan.	300
108,	Mar.	300
109,	Apr.	330
110,	May	300
111,	June	280
112,	July	150
113,	Aug.	270
114,	Sept.	360
115,	Oct.	400
116,	Nov.	360
117,	Dec.	300



1960

118,	Jan.	100
119,	Feb.	200
120,	Mar.	150
121,	Apr.	80
122,	May	250
123,	June	200
124,	July	300
125,	Aug.	100
126,	Sept.	240
127,	Oct.	250
128,	Nov.	240
129,	Dec.	110

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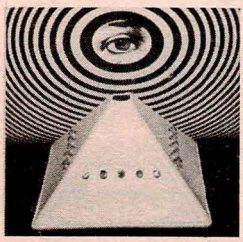
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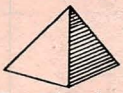


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PREVIEW OF A MEETING

By Rose Peters

MY FATHER Vittorio Cavalieri was ill and had an operation for stomach ulcers when he was 72 years old. Dr. Commins had told me that day in 1949 that Father would be well as soon as he recuperated from the operation.

That evening I was at home thinking of when Father would come home and planning the things to be done for him. About 10:00 P. M. my sister Emily called. She had visited Father in the hospital and was upset because Father had taken a turn for the worse and the doctor had said to her, "It is in God's hands!"

Emily was crying but I couldn't believe what she was saying because the doctor had told me different earlier. I called my oldest brother James who had been at the hospital with her. When he started to hedge I figured it must be true. I called Emily back but she didn't answer the phone and I didn't know whether it was out of order or whether she had left the house because she was so upset. I wasn't feeling well enough to go to her house and I didn't know what to do. Finally I went to bed and eventually fell asleep.

Then I had this dream: I was looking at the wall of a room that was open and I saw my mother and father walking toward each other. My mother Maria had passed away eight years before. They embraced and my father looked so happy to be with Mother again. After a moment Mother told Father that he couldn't stay. He said he was going to stay with her now that he had found her again. She let him hold her another minute and then told him he had to go back. He told her he didn't want to go, he wanted to stay with her. She insisted that he had to go back, that he couldn't stay!

"You mean it?" he asked her.

"Yes," she answered, "that is what you have to do."



Rose Peters

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Reluctantly he said, "If you say so I will go back."

I saw him turn around and walk away from her. Then I woke up and immediately wondered how my father was and ran to the phone and called the hospital. I was told he had had a restful night and I knew he would recuperate. He did. Later the doctor said the operation had given him a new stomach and he could live another 25 years. He lived 16 years more.

Months later Father was talking about his operation and he told me he too had a dream that night. He dreamed he was falling and finally he was able to grab a twig or branch on the side of the cliff and he hung on to it. When he woke up it was morning and he was still alive. — *Rochester, N.Y.*

TIPPY MET FATHER

By Jo Anne Jeffries

I HAVE HAD many psychic experiences in my life but the one I treasure most happened when I was 16, on the morning my father Monte La Bonte died.

Two months before his death on March 15, 1949, our beautiful collie named Tippy had passed on. She had lived a long and happy life and had been Father's constant companion since his retirement. They had gone fishing almost every day; you never saw one without the other.

It was cold that morning in March as I went to the bedroom to awaken my father. A chill came over me as I opened the door and reached to turn on the light. Father was lying on the floor. He had died during the night.

As I sat on the floor beside him a strange thing began to happen. The room disappeared and I saw my father walking down an old stone road. He was dressed in his fishing clothes, carrying his rod and reel. He walked past a small cottage with a white picket fence. To his right was

a field of the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen and running through this field was Tippy. When she reached Father's side he turned and waved to me.

Since then I have had no fear of death. I am sure someone will be there to meet me too. — *Long Beach, Calif.*

TO REMEMBER ME BY

By Barbara S. Guthrie

"OH, IT's beautiful!" my mother-in-law Jessie exclaimed, referring to an old lamp she had given my husband James. "You've done a magnificent job."

It was a three-piece sectional brass lamp that Jessie Guthrie had stored in her basement. It was in pieces, rusty and with the shade in shreds when my husband saw something beautiful in it. He asked his mother for it and she had been pleased to give it to him. Jim had brought the lamp home and spent about a week working on it. He had sanded off the rust, polished the brass, completely rewired it and bought a new shade. When the lamp was finished I too had to admit it was beautiful.

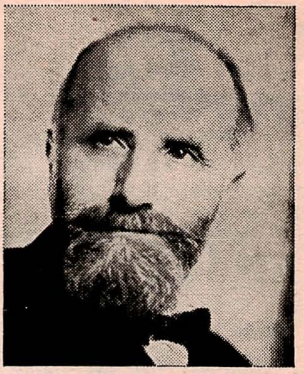
Now Jim's mother teased, "I can't believe it! I think I'll take it back."

Jim laughed good-naturedly and told her to take it if she really wanted it.

She smiled mischievously and said, "No, I'm just teasing. As old as I am I don't really have much use for something so fancy. Besides, it's something for you to remember me by."

I felt kind of funny, hearing her say that, for even though she was 74 she was so spry and lively you figured she would go on for many years yet. However, a month later she suffered a serious heart attack. For over a week she hovered between life and death in the intensive care unit of our local hospital.

Finally, about 10 days after she



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had been hospitalized the doctors gave us the good news that she had improved so much they were going to move her out of intensive care into a regular room the next day. It was with a thankful heart and a peaceful mind we went to bed that night.

Because I do a lot of reading Jim had placed the lamp next to my side of the bed where it was just the right height for me to read by.

This night I had rolled over on my side facing the lamp and was lying there silently thanking God for helping Mrs. Guthrie get better. Suddenly our daughter, whose bedroom was just two doors down the hall from ours, called out, "Daddy, what's that light that just passed my door?"

The light, about the size of a large oval orange, traveled in a zigzag pattern down the hall and into our bedroom, crossed our bed and hit the cellophane wrapping on the lamp shade so hard our daughter heard it from her room.

Jim's face was chalky as he abruptly sat up in bed. "Oh, my God, Barbara!" he cried. "I've got an awful feeling about Mama."

With trembling hands I reached over to comfort him. "Honey, you know I just called the hospital and they assured me she is a lot better."

He shook his head. "I can't help it. I feel she just told me good-bye."

Actually, at the time this happened Mrs. Guthrie had slipped into a coma. She died a couple of hours later.

Because nothing like this ever had happened before or has happened since and the lamp was the last thing she gave us, we believe that somehow, some way it served as a catalyst to allow her to say a final good-bye. — *Salem, Va.*

MESSAGE FROM A CAT

By Frances Thebert

OF ALL our pets my special friend was our cat Apollo, a beautiful seal point Siamese we had acquired as a kitten when we lived in Cambridge, England. After we moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, I watched him grow from playful pint-sized pixie to full-grown prince of the household. I nursed him through various minor maladies and was rewarded with the greatest gift an animal can give, loyalty and affection. Many were the mornings I was awakened by my furry friend running up and down my torso, purring and meowing loudly to remind me it was time to give him breakfast.

However, one day in May 1971 the pleasant harmony of our existence was disturbed when Apollo became seriously ill. I took him to the Montgomery Animal Hospital where I learned for the first time about a fairly common condition that befalls male cats: cystitis. Despite surgery and the best medical treatment we could give him my beautiful pet was doomed. The vet told me I could put him to sleep now and save him more suffering or if I kept him with me until the end, he would die slowly. I couldn't bear to have Apollo endure pain so I let the vet put him down.

I couldn't escape the guilty feeling that I had failed my pet somehow. Maybe if I had been more observant and spotted the illness sooner, or maybe I could have given him better care — I just couldn't get over my depression.

Then one day as I lay resting, something strange occurred. My mind was filled with thoughts of Apollo when I felt something land on the bed. I could see nothing but I felt four soft feet walking up and down my body and I clearly heard purring. Then the unseen presence lay down on my chest and I felt I could *see* Apollo gazing into my eyes. Then I realized he did not blame me for what had happened and knew I had done the best I could for him.

These strange sensations passed in

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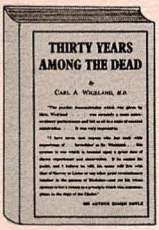
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a few minutes but ever since then I have felt in my heart that all is well with my favorite pet and he came that day to let me know he is content. — *Milford, Ohio.*

THE HOUSE THAT TOM BUILT

By Elizabeth Miller Osborne

MY FATHER Thomas Miller was a master carpenter. Not only could he supervise major construction, he also could design buildings, draft the blueprints and do all the work himself, if necessary. Furthermore, he was a cabinetmaker and he made many exquisite pieces, decorating them with intricate inlays.

However, he never had a chance to teach his skills to my brother. Our father was killed when Tom, Jr., was only three years old.

In the Second World War my brother became a pilot and stayed in the service until 1946. Soon after his return to civilian life he decided to build a small log house for his bride. He knew nothing of carpentry; his only asset was his father's tools.

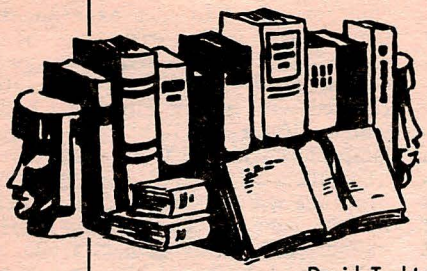
When Mother and I complimented Tom on how well he built the house he confessed that his father had helped him. "Whenever I hit a snag, I just stayed quiet and the answer came to me. I often had the feeling that Daddy was telling me what to do," he admitted.

Tom returned to the air force in 1948 to put in his full 20 years. He retired about 1965 and now lives in Fort Worth, Tex., building cabinets and furniture, still sometimes guided over the rough spots by his father. — *Gunnison, Colo.*



New Books

NEWS and REVIEWS



David Techter



RAT RACE

IT WOULD be next to impossible to make meaningful concise observations about a convention that ran nearly four days. Happily the convention proceedings will appear in print within the year as *Research in Parapsychology 1974*. In fact, *Research in Parapsychology 1973* (Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, N. J.) arrived just before I left for Queens to attend this year's Parapsychological Association convention on which I commented last month. In view of this impending publication I found it pointless that the program committee crammed the meeting with papers that the authors barely had time to present. This was especially true on Thursday, when research briefs were presented. At the end of five minutes the bell sounded and the speaker had to step down, even if he was in midsentence. No time for discussion of research briefs was allowed and inadequate time was set aside for discussing the longer papers. There must be a more sensible way to run a convention!

The worst result of this kind of procedure is that all too often the really significant work gets lost amongst the trivia — which, frankly, includes more than half of what is presented every year. Further, a lot of interesting research does not come across well in verbal presentation, especially when a sophisticated experiment must be described in 15 minutes. Doubtless, as is true in many sciences, some parapsychologists cannot justify their attendance at the convention — especially if their travel expenses have been subsidized by their employers — unless they present a paper. The papers, as I have noted, all will be published, providing one more item in the bibliography university teachers must produce to retain their positions.

FUZZY THINKING?

I FIND much of the presented and published research of minimal interest. How many research papers in parapsychology of 10, five, even three years ago still are read today? When critics of parapsychology blast the science they waste little time on most contemporary literature, whereas recently nearly a whole issue of the *Journal of Parapsychology*

was devoted to a critical attack on the Pratt-Woodruff experiments of decades ago.

Specifically, two bright young researchers at Rhine's Institute of Parapsychology presented a tiresome report on their study of the relationship between ESP and memory. They asked subjects to memorize a list of paired words (words in Telugu with their English translation, abbreviations with an associated word, etc.) and then tested their ability simultaneously to recall one word out of the pair in response to the other and to make an ESP response by writing that word in a particular way (with the correct dash, in capital letters vs. small letters, etc.). This complex series of experiments showed a slight tendency for ESP to occur more frequently on correctly-recalled pairs than on incorrectly-recalled pairs of words.

But what does this tell us about ESP and memory? The correct ESP responses could as easily be explained by satisfaction over having recalled the word as by some arcane association between memory and ESP. Even if some such association exists, these experiments don't suggest what it is, let alone why it exists.

In another case an able young researcher from Canada presented a paper on some rodent research designed to test whether the experimenter handling the animals influenced their ESP success. He concluded that the different experimenters did indeed influence the animals' performance differently. He followed this up with a report of a second experiment testing whether phases of the moon (among other things) affected the rodents' precognition. After the second report, he was asked whether in this second experiment he had controlled for experimenter effect. No he had not!

YEAR OF THE GANZFELD

THE BIGGEST fad in research is the *ganzfeld*, a German term for "uniform field." In such experiments the subject wears earphones over which he hears undifferentiated "white noise" while his eyes are covered with halved Ping-Pong balls which diffuse the light of a single lamp placed just in front of his face. The object is to replace sensory impressions with a constant field, which has the same effect as sensory deprivation; that is, the subject tends to hallucinate and to let his mind wander. While the subject describes his experiences to a tape recorder, a target is introduced, either an illustration sealed in an opaque envelope or a Viewmaster reel observed by an experimenter in the next room. In either case, the target is one of a set of contrasting materials; both the set and the individual target have been chosen randomly. After the experiment the subject views the whole set without knowing which was the actual target and ranks the pictures according to their closeness to his subjective impressions while he was under the *ganzfeld*. Fairly good results have been obtained by several different investigators in such experiments. The most notable thing about this research is how far some researchers have moved away from the deadly dull Zener card experiments.

Even further removed from ESP cards are the natural targets used by Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff of Stanford Research Institute. While a subject is isolated at SRI headquarters in Palo Alto, a team of agents drives to a randomly-chosen target area not more than 30 minutes away. The subject attempts to visualize the spot — waterfront, park, carnival, etc. — where the agents are. Judges have had little difficulty matching the subjects' descriptions with the targets. Targ and Puthoff stress that

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results have been good with all subjects tested, not only with the best-known (Ingo Swann).

BACKWARD IN TIME

HELMUT SCHMIDT of the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man presented the most striking paper. At FRNM he has set up a machine with a rotating disc that is connected to a random generator that from time to time stops the disc with a click. He presented his experiment as a test of hearing. He turned the sound of the click down so it was barely audible and asked subjects to indicate whenever they heard the click. He reasoned — correctly as it turned out — that when the subjects were straining to hear the next click they would tend to use their PK to "hurry up" the machine to produce the noise. They reduced the average interval between clicks from six-and-one-half to five-and-one half seconds.

Then Schmidt let the device run in an empty room with the clicks recording on a tape. After he had recorded several hours of tape he randomly selected 20-minute segments to use in the next experiment; the rest of the recordings were to serve as a control. Two days later he played the chosen tapes for his next group of subjects. The PK effect again appeared, the clicks on the 20-minute tape segments coming closer together than expected while the control tapes showed the expected interval between clicks. Thus the subjects somehow were affecting the device's operation two days before they undertook the experiment! (The device automatically punches a record as it operates. This punched record shows the PK effect as well, proving that the subjects were affecting the machine directly rather than the tapes or the tape recorder.) The implications of this experiment boggle the mind. Perhaps we shall have to change the old adage "you can't change the past."

BOOK REVIEWS

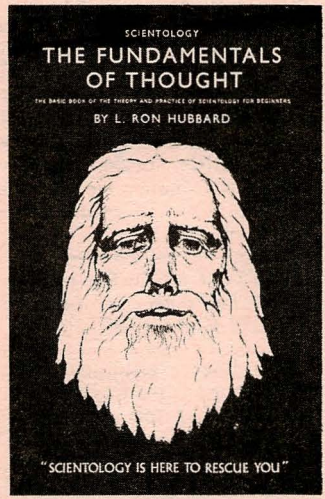
THE CASE FOR IMMORTALITY by Allen Spraggett, New American Library, New York, N.Y., 1974, 149 pages, $6.95.

In this slim volume Canadian journalist Allen Spraggett makes a very good case for the reality of "life after death." He grouped his cases into categories of evidence — evidence from mediumship, from apparitions and so on. Intertwined with the cases is Spraggett's commentary on their significance. Newcomers to the subject will find the individual cases impressive but longtime FATE readers will be familiar with most of them — Swedenborg, the Chaffin Will case and so on. Only a few fresh cases are included. Without question the classic cases are worth quoting and greatly strengthen Spraggett's arguments but I feel most people will find the author's commentary far more worthwhile than the rehash of familiar material.

Two points particularly caught my fancy. Referring to Prof. Hornell Hart's "persona theory" Spraggett argues that mediumistic communications may come not from a spirit possessing the medium's body but from telepathic communication between the medium and the discarnate spirit (and sometimes the sitter as well). This concept clarifies a lot of problems posed by mediumship.

The second of Spraggett's concepts that I particularly like is that the next world, to which we go after death, is not immaterial but rather intermediate between material and immaterial and formed largely by our mental states. He suggests a *theta* body, only slightly material, which goes on after the death of the physical body and which, like the physical body, is governed by the immaterial soul.

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I have some criticisms of this book. Some material, such as that on Kirlian photography, is only marginally relevant. Also, many of the evidential cases are presented rather superficially. Occasionally, as if glancing over his shoulder at a disapproving parapsychologist, Spraggett examines an anecdote in terms of explanations other than in terms of survival. Most of his presentation is unashamedly *for* immortality and in places seems naïve. No doubt many skeptics will present the case *against* survival at every opportunity but a little more objectivity on Spraggett's part would not have harmed his arguments. — *Diana Robinson.*

HELP FROM BEYOND by Henry L. Stern, Walker Publishing Co., New York, N.Y., 1974, 172 pages, $7.95.

This sincere autobiography tells of the author's introduction to Spiritualism following the death of a nephew in 1920. Although a skeptic himself, he accompanied his brother to several seances where his interest was aroused by the phenomena he witnessed. He began to do research at his local library and found that men of intellect and ability such as Arthur Conan Doyle, Oliver Lodge and William James were willing to investigate psychic phenomena and to write books about them. After studying their writings Stern decided to conduct experiments with a group of his own.

As a result of his newfound beliefs, his spiritual life improved, his personal problems were more easily solved and he developed certain latent psychic abilities, primarily clairvoyance and automatic writing. Later on, he and his wife Lillian developed healing abilities — he claims success in about 80 percent of the cases they handled although he carefully states they are only

instruments for God's healing power.

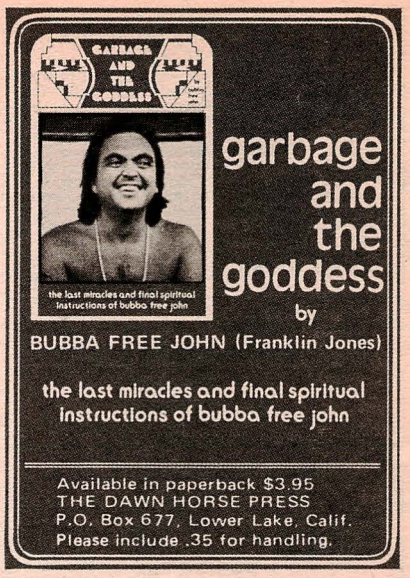
Stern devotes his last chapters to particular methods of attaining a relaxed state of mind which he regards as extremely important for the proper development of psychic faculties and spirit communication. He believes psychic or spiritual faculties lie dormant within the average human being and can be developed by exercises and attitudes of mind. He ends each chapter by helpfully naming books for additional reading. — *Edna Rowland.*

THE BEGINNING WAS THE END by Oscar Kiss Maerth, Praeger Publishers, New York, N.Y., 1974, 236 pages, $7.95.

Maerth's thesis goes something like this: About a million years or so ago a hominid ape, a gentle tree-dwelling vegetarian, discovered that eating the brains of his fellow apes heightened his sex drive and increased his gratification. Many meals of brains later he discovered his intelligence also had increased. In due time the skulls of his descendants enlarged to accommodate their growing brains and their body hair substantially decreased. All this and more, says Mr. Maerth, came simply from eating brains, especially the brains of fellow apes who had been eating the brains of fellow apes.

But this is not all. Speech, argues Maerth, is an unnatural means of communication, forced upon us because our enlarged and diseased brains lost the ability to communicate by ESP. Indeed, to catalogue all the ills of humanity that Maerth attributes to our anthropoid ancestors' brain-eating propensities would require thousands of words.

The problem with Maerth's outrageous theory is not that it flies in the face of accepted notions but that he has not provided one shred of proof. The jacket blurb speaks of "profound and extraordinary observations that



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appeared to Oscar Kiss Maerth as *revelations.*" And indeed there is no bibliography, no footnotes, no references whatsoever. The closest thing to proof Maerth offers is pages of photographs showing various racial and ethnic types of humans cheek by jowl with the ape or monkey from which that particular human stock supposedly descended. This is proof? Phooey. It isn't even science fiction!

After more than 200 pages of undocumented speculation Maerth pauses from his repetitious recounting of the ills of the world resulting from ancestral brain-eating and concedes that we may yet be saved. He promises to outline in future books how our "present pillaging civilization" will be "demolished to its very foundations." He foresees a world of six billion people — twice our present population — living "a simple, healthy way of life linked . . . with Nature." It would be simple all right but I doubt that it would be either healthy or happy. If Maerth really believes what he has written, I think he is in greater trouble than the humanity he so obviously despises. — *George W. Earley.*

REINCARNATION: THE SECOND CHANCE by Sybil Leek, Stein and Day, New York, N.Y., 1974, 206 pages, $7.95.

Early in this book Sybil Leek hints she might be the reincarnation of H. P. Blavatsky because their lives have had many parallels. If reincarnation implies evolution, however, a comparison of H.P.B.'s writings with Mrs. Leek's would render this speculation absurd. Twenty-six pages later Mrs. Leek backtracks and admits she never has been anyone of historical importance in a previous life.

Her descriptions of authenticated cases of people who recall previous lives are fascinating. One particularly exciting case concerns two English sisters who died in a car ac-



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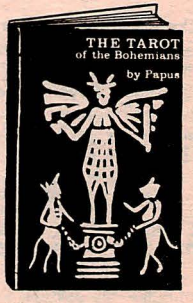
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cident and shortly thereafter were born into the same family as twin girls. Mrs. Leek seems to agree with H. N. Banerjee's statement that the process of rebirth is speeding up, with numerous examples of people returning to this world within a few months of their previous deaths.

The three-chapter section on karma is basic, not particularly deep or philosophical but fairly good for newcomers. Mrs. Leek's account of coping with her own karma, however, sounds merely pious and egotistical. She points out that in the past rats and mice spread diseases among men, so now our inflicting pain and suffering on laboratory rodents in medical research may be an example of karmic retribution.

The second half of the book deals with reincarnation beliefs held in certain religions, in various countries and by numerous noted persons. At this point the book becomes less personal and more scholarly. She describes the religions in depth, over and above their reincarnation teachings. Nevil Shute, Henry Ford, Peter Ustinov and Salvador Dali are among the individuals whose views are quoted.

While the book is only average when compared with others on the subject and will appeal most to readers who wish to avoid anything heavy or philosophical, Mrs. Leek's name undoubtedly will bring a healthy sale for the volume. — *Donna Cole Schultz.*

HEALING by Francis MacNutt, Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind., 1974, 333 pages, $3.50 (paperback).

In recent years the number of books on spiritual healing has grown by leaps and bounds. Among the handful that rise above the mundane and command attention from the wider Christian and spiritual community is this volume by Father

MacNutt, the leading Roman Catholic Pentecostal spokesman on spiritual healing. Unlike many pentecostals, MacNutt articulates a balanced approach characteristic of mature yet devout inspired thinking. Although the book reflects many beliefs peculiar to Catholicism, at every turn he rises above his own communion to speak to a wider audience.

The strength of MacNutt's presentation is the clarity with which he discusses such problems as faith's role in healing, why some persons are not healed, exorcism and miracles. On the last point Father MacNutt joins the more mature witness of the Church in rejecting the emphasis on healing as "proof" of the miraculous and moves toward the position that healing is a part of normal church life and a sign of continuity with the apostles. At the 1974 pentecostal gathering at Notre Dame Father MacNutt conducted a healing service with such dramatic results that the Catholic press was forced to give serious attention to the role healing should play in church life.

A chapter on the four basic kinds of healing emphasizes the important point that all sickness cannot be attributed to a single cause and hence cannot be dealt with by a single method of remedy. Successful healing practitioners will move to a stance similar to MacNutt's if they are genuinely motivated by the welfare of the sick instead of a desire to prove a pet metaphysical theory or to play with psychic power.

Do not pick up *Healing* with the idea of giving it a quick reading. Read it slowly and carefully. Plan to return to it for its mature advice; it will become a frequent reference. — *J. Gordon Melton.*

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Koestler, Random House, New York, N.Y., 1974, 305 pages, $8.95.

This is not a book to read in one sitting. In the current vernacular, it's "heavy stuff." Actually it's three books in one, written jointly by experts in varied fields of interest. In his introduction noted zoologist Sir Alister Hardy explains why he considers the study of telepathy of paramount importance. Hardy feels that the spiritual aspect of telepathy is a fundamental feature of man's make-up; if it is suppressed by a culture based on false materialism, we're in trouble. To reinforce his belief Hardy quotes the late Prof. C. D. Broad's statement: "Telepathy is now an experimentally established fact."

On seven consecutive Monday evenings in 1967, 200 people invited by Hardy assembled at Caxton Hall, Westminster, London. A few of them were placed in enclosed isolated cubicles while the rest viewed photographs and pictures flashed on a screen at the other end of the hall, The receivers were asked either to sketch their impressions of the target or to describe it briefly in words. The book fully illustrates the results, best described by the word serendipity (making fortunate discoveries when not in search of them). Remarkably similar thoughts occurred to two or more people within the cubicles even though these parallel thoughts had nothing to do with the targets.

Arthur Koestler's very readable contribution to the volume carries on from where his *Roots of Coincidence* left off. He concludes that the deterministic, mechanistic view of the world no longer has validity. On the other hand, he cautions that "The time for physics and parapsychology to fall into each other's arms is not yet."

The three authors don't claim to have the answers but through their

experiments and speculations try to lift a corner of the veil that shrouds the mysteries of causality and acausality. — *Rustie Brown.*

THE RIDDLE OF THE PYRAMIDS by Kurt Mendelssohn, Praeger Publishers, New York, N.Y., 1974, 224 pages, $12.95.

In this oversize well-illustrated volume Mendelssohn presents the results of first-rate research into the history of the Egyptian and Mexican pyramids. His brief history of the Aztec structures has an interesting review of the human sacrifices that took place on these pyramids. He writes more extensively, however, about the more familiar pyramids of Egypt.

After reviewing the basic civilization behind them — the Egyptian belief in the afterlife and the pharaohs' need to be buried with numerous possessions — Mendelssohn examines the peculiarities of construction of the individual pyramids. "Within less than a century," he writes, "the four largest pyramids had been built, employing something like 100,000 people, quarrying, shaping and moving over 20 million tons of stone. Nobody knows why the pyramid age came to this sudden end from one reign to the next."

In regard to the "ancient astronaut" theory that extraterrestrials aided in pyramid construction, Mendelssohn comments, "Scientifically such a hypothetical visit cannot be disproved but, on the other hand, there exists no evidence whatever that it did take place." He considers the commonsense mundane methods of pyramid construction sufficient argument against any superhuman intervention. Certainly nothing paranormal can be seen in the catastrophic collapse of the Meidum pyramid during its construction.

Mendelssohn expands on his 1971 article in *American Scientist* when

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dealing with the reasons for the pyramid construction. "Building pyramids," he writes, "for political and economic reasons seems to fit a good deal better into the picture of this levelheaded and sophisticated community than devoting prodigious effort to erecting several gigantic tombs to bury one pharaoh." He even suggests that our own culture could use a "unifying pyramid" to serve as social cement and mentions the nations banding together to conquer space and the universe. I wondered as I read his suggestion if indeed a "unifying pyramid" is not among us already in the form of the UFO mystery and some occult syndromes. Surely the work of all nations might be required to crack these mysteries.

Mendelssohn's volume, which easily might have become laborious in its technicality, is rewarding reading. — *Steve Erdmann.*

THE SHROUD OF CHRIST by Paul Vignon, University Books, Secaucus, N.J., 1974, 171 pages, $10.00.

Of all the claimed relics of early Christianity surely none is more awesome than the Holy Shroud kept at Turin, Italy, which many intelligent people believe is the actual burial shroud of Christ. It bears a pattern of colored stains apparently made by blood, including those a crown of thorns and a wound in the side would make.

Its claim to authenticity received strong support during one of its rare public displays in 1898 when it was photographed by Secondo Pia. To his great surprise the negatives gave a positive image of a face and body, showing that the less striking image on the shroud resembles a photographic negative. Since the shroud was in existence and already stained as early as 1353 when no artist could have had the knowledge or ability to

produce a negative image, the authenticity of the shroud became a subject for serious attention — and controversy.

The first person to make an intensive investigation from the photographs was Dr. Paul Vignon, a young Catholic artist and scientist whose book first was published in 1902. Although Vignon deduced rather more than I can from the photographs as reproduced, he clearly makes a persuasive case for authenticity. Vignon also theorized that morbid sweat produced an emanation from the body that reacted with the spices with which the shroud was anointed. Vignon's book drew world attention, especially since it followed a highly favorable report on the shroud made before France's august Academy of Sciences by religious agnostic Yves Delage. Controversy has continued, however, largely because of a claimed confession in medieval times that the shroud was a painted hoax.

New photographs were taken when the shroud was exhibited in 1931 and these supported Vignon's contentions. The shroud came prominently into the news again in late 1973 when Pope Paul VI introduced a TV documentary and announced the shroud would be submitted to scientific investigation.

The introduction to this edition by Leslie Shepard acknowledges indebtedness to John Walsh's book *The Shroud*, which provides a well-researched account of all developments up to 1964. — *Harold Steinour.*

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HOW TO KNOW AND BE YOUR SELF FOREVER by Dorothy E. Paulsen, Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1974, 93 pages, $4.95.

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TALKS TO TRUTH SEARCHERS by Gail B. Fargo, Philosophical Library, New York, N.Y., 1974, 56 pages, $4.75.

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Author discusses such problems as the universal law of cause and effect and using one's prayers to help others.

AUTOMATIC WRITING by Wanda Sue Parrott, Sherbourne Press, Los Angeles, Calif., 1974, 123 pages, $2.50 (paperback).

Author shows how to achieve the most receptivity for obtaining automatic writing and how to transcribe messages accurately.

THE HEALTH ANTHOLOGY OF MEDICAL FACTS AND FALLACIES edited by Harold Pallatz, Ideal World Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1237EG, Melbourne, Fla. 32935, 1974, 172 pages, $6.50.

Compilation from news accounts includes such topics as faith healing, fire walking, Scientology and folk medicine.

SELF-HELP THROUGH SELF-HYPNOSIS by James Keenan, Books for Better Living, 21322 Lassen St., Chatsworth, Calif. 91311, 1974, 158 pages, $1.25 (paperback).

Author explains how mastery of hypnosis can help you understand your past, control your present and determine vour future.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNITY GUIDE, 1975-76, Spiritual Community Publications, P.O. Box 1080, San Rafael, Calif. 94902, 1974, 192 pages, $3.50 (paperback).

Comprehensive listing of growth centers, metaphysical bookstores, health food shops and spiritual communes is supplemented with brief articles by numerous gurus and yogis.

THE CREATIVE INTENTION by Earl Hubbard, Interbook Incorporated, 545 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y., 10018, 1974, 192 pages, $8.75, $3.95 (paperback).

Author believes mankind is on the threshold of the next phase of evolution and presents a new metaphysics for the space age.

THE GLORIOUS PRESENCE by Ernest E. Wood, Quest Books, Wheaton, Ill., 1974, 320 pages, $2.75 (paperback).

Noted scholar of Oriental thought expounds the mystical teachings of Indian sage Shri Shankaracharya.

ASTROLOGICAL ASSISTANCE by Saul P. Larner, Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1974, 240 pages, $7.95.

Author details how to supplement horoscope analysis with amulets, talismans, color, music, yoga and the I Ching.

HOW TO REALLY KNOW YOURSELF THROUGH YOUR HANDWRITING by Shirl Solomon, Taplinger Publishing Co., New York, N.Y., 1974, 189 pages, $7.95.

Florida graphologist explains how to detect personality traits in handwriting and how to eliminate undesirable ones by dynamic change.

Report FROM THE Readers

DEFENDING PSYCHIC SURGERY

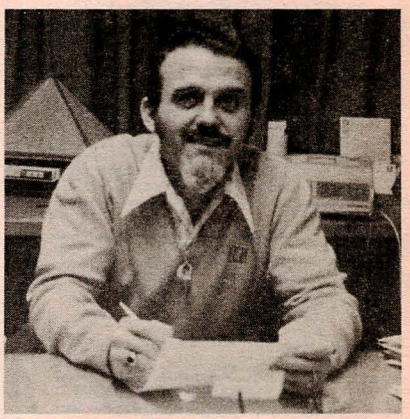
I was both surprised and pleased to read D. Scott Rogo's detailed review of my book, *Every Wall a Door*, in your July 1974 issue. But I would like to put the record straight on one vital issue in relation to psychic surgery. While I fully agree that this strange psychic phenomenon should be submitted to "properly controlled investigation" I think your reviewer errs when he remarks, "We never learn whether the original diagnosis was correct or made by a qualified physician."

(1) In Chapter 7, "Under the Knife," in regard to my own operation in Brazil I wrote that the original diagnosis of "inoperable bronchiectasis" had been made by St. Bartholomew's Hospital doctors in London in 1946 after I had been admitted as an emergency patient. In my original manuscript I also included a medical appendix taken from doctor's notes relating to my improved condition. This and other material were deleted by the publisher because the book had become too bulky.

(2) In Chapter 6, "Lourival," I describe an operation carried out in London by Lourival on a child victim of bronchiectasis. Included is information on prior hospital treatment and the medical preparations for a

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lobectomy. I provided information concerning the child's recovery following Lourival's operation in the form of extracts quoted from her father's article published in *The London Hospital Gazette* (March 1968, pp. 17-18).

(3) Chapter 8, "Two Doctor Guinea Pigs," seems to have escaped your reviewer's attention. It provides testimony from two Brazilian doctors I interviewed who each had undergone psychic surgery by Lourival. I mention Dr. Cavalcanti Bandeira's four years' investigation of psychic surgeons. The real name of Dr. "X" was withheld because he was practicing in a country town and also because although psychic surgery is illegal in Brazil he had courageously allowed many of Lourival's operations to take place in his home.

(4) Chapter 12, "Arigo," contains not only medical testimonies quoted from Brazilian journalists of repute who had interviewed medical people who witnessed Arigo's operations but also describes Dr. Andrija Puharich's own "guinea pig" operation for removal of a fatty tumor on his right arm. Surely we should salute this doctor's courage in having pioneered several on-the-spot investigations. I have mentioned that in May 1968, accompanied by a team of doctors and paramedical professionals, Dr. Puharich conducted intensive research, not only on Arigo himself but also into his diagnostic skill, treatment and progress in relation to a sample 1,000 patients. He states that of 550 verdicts about which he and other doctors were certain, "We did not find a single case in which Arigo was at fault."

Truly, the process of medical investigation has already begun. — *Anne Dooley, London, England.*

IN REBUTTAL:

In response to Mrs. Dooley's comments on my review of her book I



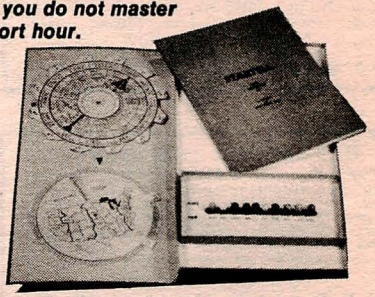
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shall confine myself to the four "cures" she offers as evidence.

(1) It is well known that any type of bronchial problem can be due to or complicated by psychosomatic implications. Certainly medical technology has advanced in recent years and one wonders how much stock can be placed in a 1946 diagnosis. Also, at that time psychosomatic medicine was only beginning to be recognized. I might add that a completely normal explanation for Miss Dooley's own improvement appears in *Beyond the Senses* by Tabori and Raphael.

(2) Again I would say that any respiratory ailment may be psychosomatic in nature although doctors may not recognize this origin. (Six doctors diagnosed an illness of mine as a viral throat infection — which ultimately proved to be psychosomatic.) The physical symptoms of psychosomatic illnesses are very real and because doctors often fail to recognize their origin I cannot accept any "cure" of bronchiectasis as evidential.

(3) All the chapter on the doctor "guinea pigs" proves is that doctors are no more critical than anyone else and just as likely to be taken in by psychic surgeons' tricks. Let me quote from this chapter to illustrate the type of evidence used: "Both the doctor and his wife confirmed the truth of a local event about which I was to hear much in my subsequent local enquiries concerning the efficacy of Lourival's 'surgery.' As the fame of his 'illegal' cures had spread regional police had been ordered to investigate. Walking into a crowded late night session the detective had been spotted by the entranced medium who brusquely beckoned him over and told him, 'You are ill.' A successful operation was then performed upon the astonished man. Later, when this same detective was instructed to carry out

the arrest of the medium, he told his chief, 'You can send somebody else. He cured me. I'm on his side.'"

Now what kind of evidence is this? We are not told the illness the man had nor that he even knew he was sick in the first place!

(4) Removing fatty tumors under the skin can be done by anyone who has about an hour's background in folk medicine.

Finally, Miss Dooley's book reveals that she is obviously impressed by such tricks as walking on glass. I myself have performed this stunt and I have even published an explanation (with accompanying photographs). It seems possible that if this trick impresses Miss Dooley she may not always be able to analyze critically other such tricks — among which I include psychic surgery. — *D. Scott Rogo, Reseda, Calif.*

ARE THE FAIRIES FAKE?

Regarding Jerome Clark's "Exploring Fairy Folklore" (September and October 1974 FATE) and the photographs of the Cottingley fairies, it may be as he says that all the principals are now dead — but both Elsie Wright and Frances Griffith were alive as late as the fall of 1970 or spring of 1971. I saw them on a BBC program while we lived in London.

The two women, both quite elderly, took the reporter to see the garden where the photographs had been taken. Elsie Wright was asked point-blank if the photographs had been faked. She replied that her father had not faked them in any way. To the question of whether she or Frances had faked them she would not commit herself unequivocally but would only say that her father had not, that experts had considered them "unfakeable" and the photographs would have to speak for themselves.

Frances was asked the same

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question in a separate interview. She then asked what Elsie had said and when she was told she replied she had nothing to add. Thus, neither would say flatly that no faking was entailed on their part, only that Mr. Wright had not faked them.

The question of course is how a teen-ager and a 10-year-old, unknowledgeable so far as we know in those still early days of photography, could have the *savoir faire* to fake photographs in such a manner as to fool some professional skeptics. It remains a tantalizing enigma. — *Robert H. Ashby, Director of Research and Education, Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship, Quivira Lake, Kans.*

* * *

I am greatly put off that FATE would publish such obviously fraudulent photos as those featured in "Exploring Fairy Folklore."

They are insulting. The left leg of the standing gnome (page 52, September 1974 FATE) shows mighty bad scissor work and his face, closer to the camera than that of the child, is out of focus. The eyes of the leaping fairy who is stuck to the diagonal prop (page 53) is also out of focus except for the eyes which are startlingly clear.

FATE readers are due an apology. — *S. McArthur, Weston, Ont., Canada.*

DUE RECOGNITION

In "New Books" (August 1974 FATE) David Techter discredited one of the East Coast's most highly respected authorities in the field of parapsychology, Dr. Robert Jeffries of the University of Bridgeport (Conn.).

Dr. Jeffries has dedicated a tremendous amount of time and energy to furthering the study of the parasensory field. His work with ARE alone should have brought him to your attention. However, his activi-

ties involve much more than this one organization. He is working in research projects all over the world and is highly respected by such leaders as George Meek, Dr. William McGarey, Judith Skutch, Edgar Mitchell, etc.

We in the Fairfield County area of Connecticut consider ourselves fortunate to know Dr. Jeffries and we deem it a privilege that he shares his knowledge with us. — *Ann Geyer, Westport, Conn.*

QUITE A WALLOP

In Henry Monteith's "Photographing the Life Field" (June 1974 FATE) he mentions that he has used more than one device but you have published the schematic for only a very primitive circuit. The nice pictures of fingertips were not taken using the low-frequency device described in your text. And although Mr. Monteith does not suggest using this device for human photography, many readers who have only a casual acquaintance with electronics may try it, to their peril.

I have used a similar device for photographing leaves and coins but I can tell you that the output packs quite a wallop. I certainly wouldn't put my fingertips between those electrodes. The Monteith device is not feedback-stablized or current-controlled in any effective way.

Several safer and more thoroughly tested circuit diagrams appear in the recent book by Stanley Krippner, et al, *Galaxies of Life* (Gordon & Breach, New York, N.Y.) and I suggest your readers use these for human photography, saving the Monteith device for inanimate objects. — *Scott Hill, Copenhagen, Denmark.*

CLEARING THE AIR

After reading Harvey N. Brown's letter titled "Occultism and Freemasonry" (March 1974 FATE) I would like to set the record straight. I am a



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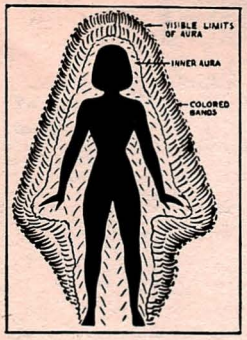


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member of the Rosicrucian Order (AMORC) and Mr. Brown is wrong on two counts. One, Benjamin Franklin was not a Freemason, he was a Rosicrucian. *(According to Franklin's autobiography he was a Freemason. — The Editors.)* Regardless of the similarity that some believe exists between the Freemasonic Order and the Rosicrucian Order, there is in fact no relationship between the two.

Second, Rosicrucians would take exception to Mr. Brown's statement that the Great Pyramid of Cheops was not a mystery school. Rosicrucian tradition relates that it *was* a temple where people were initiated into the mystery schools. During the reign of Thutmose III, about 1500 B.C., these schools were started. His descendant Amenhotep IV (Akhenaten), known as the Heretic, also became leader of these mystery schools in 1355 B.C. Being extremely progressive, he abolished the polytheistic religions of the time to advance instead the world's first doctrine of monotheism. The Rosicrucians look upon Akhenaten as their traditional first Grand Master.

My point is that if anyone should know about these mystery schools and their connection with the Great Pyramid it is the Rosicrucians, for we can trace our origins to them. — *Reynold Nugter, Vancouver, B.C. Canada.*

* * *

The article "America's Forgotten Symbol" (December 1973 FATE) was based on information I supplied. Thus I am largely responsible for the "errors" which led to Harvey N. Brown's letter and I would like to clear the air.

There is much confusion today as to the origins of Masonry. It is accepted, for instance, that there are at least 12 origins to the Masonic craft. Many of our records concern-

(Continued on page 143)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 132)

ing the founding fathers are missing, obviously because of the Revolutionary War. Therefore, when we come to the problem of who was and who was not a Mason we are in serious trouble.

Manly Palmer Hall (33rd-degree Mason) states that 50 of 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons. To do him one better, the Red Letter edition of the *Masonic Bible* lists 53 signers as Masons and includes a page on Thomas Jefferson. The *New Age Magazine* (Masonic in origin) lists 29. In 1939 the United States Constitution Sesquicentennial Commission published a "Masonic tribute which pictures approximately 40 Masonic signers of the Constitution." Whether these sources are credible or not is determined by what one calls "proof" and as previously stated, most of what would have been considered proof was lost or burned at the height of the Revolution.

Masonic historians disagree with one another in many areas. As to the Great Pyramid, the Masonic historian Albert Churchward refers to it as a Masonic temple. Much reevaluation is going on concerning the Great Pyramid and we must confess that we do not know who built it, when it was built or why it was built. *Secrets of the Great Pyramid*, the work of my friend and colleague Peter Tomkins, has once again stirred up the controversy, for he concludes: "The common — and indeed authoritative — assumption that the pyramid was just another tomb built to memorialize some vainglorious Pharaoh is proved to be false."

I have a high regard for Mr. Brown's opinions (we have corresponded on these matters) but it must be remembered that they are his opinions and that many stand in opposition to them.

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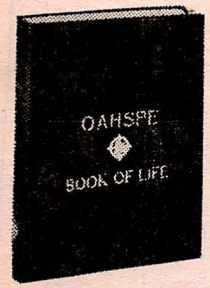
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I am asking FATE readers who hear sentences with real meaning to send them to me. Perhaps we may make a contribution of real value to the ongoing study of the human psyche. — *Gladys Rodehaver, El Paso, Tex.*

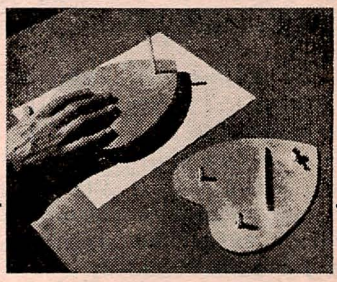
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