THE WORLD'S MYSTERIES EXPLORED

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August 1978 75¢

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[redacted]

Other
ing Features

How well do you know yourself?

This horoscope gives you answers to these questions based on your exact time and place of birth. . .

How do others see you?
What is your greatest strength?
What are your life purposes?
What drives motivate you?
How do you think?
Are you a loving person?
How competitive are you?
What are your ideals?
How religious are you?
Can you take responsibility?
How creative are you?
How do you handle money?
How do you express yourself?
What career is best for you?
How will you be remembered?
Who are your real friends?
What are you hiding?

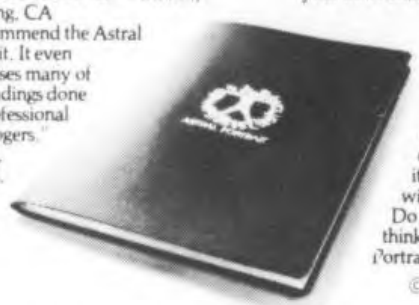
Many people are out of touch with their real selves. Some can't get ahead professionally because they are doing the wrong kind of work. Others lack self-confidence because they're trying to be someone they're not. Others are unsuccessful in love because they use the wrong approach with the wrong people. Astrology has helped hundreds of people with problems like these by showing them their real strengths, their real opportunities, their real selves.

You are a unique individual. Since the world began, there has never been anyone exactly like you. Sun-sign astrology, the kind you see in newspapers and magazines, is all right as far as it goes. But it treats you as if you were just the same as millions of others who have the same Sun sign because their birthdays are close to yours. A true astrological reading of your character and personality has to be one of a kind, unlike any other. It has to be based on exact date, time, longitude and latitude of your birth. Only a big computer like the IBM 370-155 that Para Research uses can handle the trillions of possibilities.

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DR. G. PATRICK FLANAGAN
Inventor of the "SENSOROUND"



Dr. G. Patrick Flanagan, one of America's most distinguished researchers, authors, and lecturers has over a dozen inventions to his credit. At age 11, he invented a practical guided missile detector, which was purchased by the U.S. Government. 3 years later he patented the Neurophone, that enabled many totally deaf people to hear.

In 1962, Life Magazine named him one of the "top 10 scientists in the U.S." His research into pyramids and life energy fields has led to world wide recognition.

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- *Bring you good luck at games of chance ...*
- *Enhance the taste of foods, wines ...*
- *Help you work more efficiently, to advance in business ...*
- *Cause houseplants to flourish ...*
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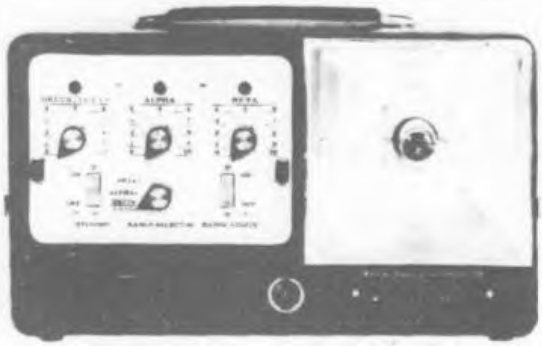
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Do you ever talk to yourself the way I do?



"One evening I felt a sudden urge to have a little talk with myself about my own life . . . what I wanted *from* it, and what I intended to do *with* it.

"The idea struck me so suddenly that I turned off the TV right in the middle of my favorite program, and began this conversation that turned out to be about the most important I've *ever* had.

"The big Me, the Real Me, talked facts to the little me...and point by point, this is what I told myself.

"1. What I want and need is *something I can really believe in* to the very core of my soul, something that makes sense spiritually and philosophically...and at the same time has its practical meaning for the material world in which I have to live day by day. But —

"2. Conventional religious teachings and philosophy usually leave me a little disappointed. They don't seem to get to the *heart* of life, its meaning and its real values. So —

"3. There *must* be something else, some vital viewpoint which the Creator of all life really intended, something that I've been missing. Perhaps —

"4. The more mystical approach to life is what I'm really ready for, so —

"5. I'll send for Astara's book, *Finding Your Place in the Golden Age*. After all Astara has been teaching the mystical meaning of all religions and philosophies to students around the world for many years — they must have some pretty right answers.

"I sent for it that very night. It gave me new insight and understanding — and most of all, something I could really believe in.

"If *you* seek these things, why not send for *Finding Your Place in the Golden Age*. and see if it will help you as much as it helped me. The coupon is handy, and there's no better time than right now."

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I See by the Papers

QUOTES OF THE MONTH

"The Bomb will never go off, and I speak as an expert in explosives."
— Adm. William Leahy to Pres. Harry Truman

". . . Aerial flight is one of that great class of problems with which man can never cope. . . ."
— Simon Newcomb in 1903, two months before the Wright Brothers' flight

"As far as sinking a ship with a bomb is concerned, you just can't do it."
— R. Adm. Clark Woodward on the future of naval warfare in 1939

"Landing and moving around the moon offers so many serious problems for human beings that it may take science another 200 years to lick them."
— *Science Digest* in 1948

ACCORDING TO Paul Dickson in *The Future File*, in 1976 General Electric Research and Development Center analyzed 1556 predictions made between 1890 and 1940 by American inventors, industrialists, writers and the like. The study concluded that fewer than half of the prognostications had been or were being fulfilled. A third were outright false. "The jury was still out on the rest," according to UPI, which summarizes the account.

It seems that even specialists are apt



Curtis Fuller

to be wrong in their own areas of research. Lee DeForest, one of the most famous of American electronics inventors — best known for his invention of the audion, the elementary form of the modern radio tube that made the first radios practical — said in 1926 that "while theoretically and technically television may be feasible, commercially and financially I consider it would be an impossibility, a development of which we need waste little time dreaming."

Since DeForest made this prediction, of course, electronics has developed fantastically. DeForest no more dreamed of a transistor or a diode than you or I can imagine what the next revolutionary advance will be.

∞

ENERGY BREAKTHROUGH?

DIRECTLY TO this point is a new development that seems destined to affect our lives within the next decade. Amorphous semiconductors and the whole field of amorphous



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electronics represent a model of what happens when any new claim is made, one that does not fit the preconceptions of the Establishment.

Amorphous semiconductors are a class of compounds that can convert sunlight directly into electricity. The ability of silicon crystals to do this job has long been known and silicon solar cells were considered a tremendous resource for future conversions of sun power. But silicon crystals are delicate and costly and conversion devices have been too expensive to compete except under special circumstances.

Then about 10 years ago a man named Stanford Ovshinsky "startled the world of solid-state physics," according to *Newsweek*, by announcing he had created an electronic switch of inexpensive amorphous glass. If Ovshinsky's claim was correct it would become possible to spray steel tiles with a fast-drying liquid, mount them on a southern exposure and hook the setup into your electrical system — guaranteed to generate electricity while the sun shines.

∞

THEY WORK — BUT HOW?

OVSHINSKY'S claims were derided. As far as anyone knew, Ovshinsky was primarily a promoter. He had no degree in physics; he had no college degree at all. In addition, electronics theorists didn't believe his amorphous materials could possibly work, even theoretically.

The skeptics understood about silicon crystals — row after row of perfect silicon atoms with contaminants carefully added to make them work. But amorphous materials by definition

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A true story by Jim Turner

Yes, Dear Friend,

The overwhelming Force of THE AMULET OF TAHRANI is ready to change your life—quickly, easily, and automatically—just as it unbelievably changed mine. But let me start from the beginning. . . .

Three years ago my life was a terrible flop! My pay check was a joke, I was in debt up to my ears, and every day I suffered from headaches and dizzy spells. Disgusted, I decided to get away from it all . . . take a week off . . . maybe camp out. So I took my last few bucks and drove up from San Francisco to Yellowstone National Park.

A STRANGE WOMAN APPEARS!

Two days later at about 6 A.M. I was suddenly awakened by a strange eerie sound—it was coming from behind a hill about fifty yards away. I glanced in that direction and was startled to see an unearthly-looking woman standing on the hilltop—*peering at me!* She was dressed in a white robe with a hood, and wore a gleaming medallion. Then she drifted down the hill and headed directly toward me. "Who are you?" I asked, nervously.

"My name is Tahrani," she replied. "It means 'The Deliverer of Good Fortune.'"

"Are you kidding?"

"No. For instance, I know that you're suffering very badly and—"

"How do you know that?" I interrupted.

"That's not important. What is, is that I've come to *relieve* your suffering."

She removed the gleaming medallion that hung from her neck and fastened it around my neck. "This amulet," she said, "is charged with the Supreme Force of the universe—it can bring you whatever you want. To make it work, just utter this three-word chant." She whispered it into my ear.

Did she really expect me to believe that?

Then she turned away and went back over the hill.

Now you may not believe this, and I'm not sure I believe it myself, but the next moment I saw a flying saucer blast off into the sky . . . and vanish into the clouds!

Was I going crazy . . . or what?

I TEST THE AMULET—AND MIRACLES HAPPEN!

*Well, a week later, just for the fun of it, I mockingly asked my AMULET OF TAHRANI, "Please get me a better job." And strangely enough, I soon found one—a night clerk in a nice-looking hotel.

*On the job, I decided to give my amulet another test. Jokingly, I begged, "Make me successful!" And what do you think happened? I was promoted to day clerk—with a big pay increase! And shortly after that I became the manager!! I tell you it was wierd—I didn't know what to believe. Was it really the amulet?

*After a while I had a little bundle of cash saved, so I invested it in the stock market. Every day I begged my AMULET OF TAHRANI, "Please make me wealthy!" And would you believe it! Every single stock that I bought skyrocketed, and I sold them all at a whopping profit! Why, within only six months I was rich beyond my wildest dreams. I had a luxurious house in Beverly Hills, a Mercedes Benz, a forty-foot yacht, a diamond ring—you name it, I had it! Now, there was no doubt in my mind—*THE AMULET OF TAHRANI WORKED!* Even my headaches and dizzy spells disappeared!



Well, I soon had everything that I had ever wanted. But then I thought, wouldn't it be nice if I could help other people stop suffering—by giving them a copy of my amulet? I therefore commissioned a master jeweler to prepare exact duplicates. But I wondered . . . would they actually work, as mine did? I soon found out!

REMARKABLE RESULTS REPORTED!

PROOF—My secretary Margie found a lottery ticket and won $25,000. And my cousin Dotty had terrible back pains. But after she begged her AMULET OF TAHRANI to make her well, her pains disappeared almost overnight—completely! Then there was my old buddy S.W.—he was just a small-time singer and piano player. But after he used his AMULET OF TAHRANI he became a top recording star, signing contracts in the millions!

Yes, it's true—the ultimate power is at your fingertips, ready to give you whatever you want. Just see what the amulet did for these lucky people. . . .

Mike V.'s sixteen-year-old runaway daughter finally returned home after being absent for a year! . . . Mrs. K.L. of N.Y.C., a poor widow struggling on social security, married a retired well-to-do banker! . . . John C.'s credit was far from A-1, but when he asked his banker for a fat loan, he was offered even more than he requested! . . . And after using his AMULET OF TAHRANI for three days, Carl T. became vice president of the company he worked for!

Yes, as soon as you use THE AMULET OF TAHRANI, you're guaranteed **to look and stay young. . . . dispel aches and pains . . . build a fortune . . . win at games . . . stay protected . . . prevent tragedies . . . recover lost articles . . . and know true love!** That's right, nothing in the world can now stand in your way. **You'll stop worrying . . . lose bad habits . . . overcome shyness . . . dissolve debts . . . uncover secrets . . . influence others . . . improve memory . . .** and so much more—or *don't pay a single penny!*

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were all jumbled together and couldn't work!

The only trouble is, the critics were wrong and Ovshinsky was right. "Almost every statement Ovshinsky made in 1968 has now turned out to be true," David Adler of Massachusetts Institute of Technology told Peter Gwynne of *Newsweek*.

But it wasn't easy. Ovshinsky founded a small company in Troy, Mich., called Energy Conversion Devices and his company went more than $20 million into debt before things began to get better. Now science is getting into the act in a big way. Nobel prizes have been given for work on amorphous semiconductors and research is proceeding on a dozen fronts.

But — and this is important — with all the time, effort and money being put into amorphous semiconductor research, *science still isn't sure exactly how they work*.

Meanwhile, Burroughs Corporation is being licensed to produce computer memories based on amorphous material. Minnesota Mining is using it for a new kind of microfilm system that develops instantly on exposure to a flash of light, and RCA is working on an amorphous form of silicon that converts sunlight into electricity. Apparently this is just the beginning of a completely new technology, one that can be expected to expand into many different fields.

Obviously the development was not accomplished in the old-fashioned way, by one genius working alone in his laboratory. But it was still accomplished by that one man-genius — in defiance of the combined knowledge of the Establishment.

ASTRAL PROJECTION BY SOUND

OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES CAN BE AUTOMATICALLY TRIGGERED BY CERTAIN SOUNDS!

Recent experiments prove that out-of-body experiences can be induced by simply listening to certain sounds which can automatically stimulate a pleasure center in the mind while it creates a warm, comfortable vibration throughout the body.

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Mr. J. H., Los Angeles

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IT'S TIME we abandoned the concept of that lone man working in his secret laboratory on inventions that will change the world. Inventing has become too costly.

We still need the lone genius-inventor but he has to be funded. He needs lots of money to pay for his laboratory equipment and his assistants, as well as to keep his own body and soul together. Although most research actually is done in institutions these days, the major breakthroughs still appear to be made by the single hard-driving creative mind. Nor is the "lone genius" really "lone." It must always be remembered that his mind is building on the creative discoveries of other minds.

Another example is the case of Seymour R. Cray, a 49-year-old engineer who heads Cray Research, Inc., of Chippewa Falls, Wis. Cray Research is only a few months old and it is housed in a small steel manufacturing building in a farm community of 12,000 persons. Nevertheless, Cray is already building the fastest computers in the world. Cray computers have a unique design. The Cray-1 takes three months to assemble, costs $8 million and is four times faster than any computer previously made. Cray's "number crunchers" are being bought by centers of long-range weather forecasting, by the Department of Defense and by businesses requiring enormous sophistication and speed.

∞

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THE DESIGN of Cray computers, which include about 200,000 in-

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tegrated circuits, is unique because no wire in the machine is more than 3½ feet long. Supercomputers have become so fast that the factor limiting their speed is the time it takes the electrical signals to traverse the circuits. And with circuits so densely packed the problem is cooling. Cray computers have a built-in refrigeration system.

Obviously Seymour Cray had to have some background for designing such sophisticated hardware. He was head of the research group of Control Data Corporation and moved his department out of Minneapolis in 1962 because he was uncomfortable about "large corporate structure problems."

It takes that kind of unstructured person to produce genuine breakthroughs. Yet Cray was said to be the only person in the company with whom the chairman of the board had to make an appointment. Nevertheless, when he struck out on his own to start Cray Research he needed capital of $10 million — he needed a group of skilled, trained associates as well.

∞

IN PURSUIT OF UFOs

THE PURSUIT of UFOs "has changed my life completely," says Dr. Harley D. Rutledge, head of the physics department at Southeast Missouri State University in Cape Girardeau. Rutledge was a skeptic in 1973 when he began to investigate a rash of UFO sightings in southeast Missouri. Now, 700 photographs later and after spending hundreds of nights on hillsides with other observers, telescopes, cameras and a spectograph, Rutledge states:

"Now I know they are up there. What they are or where they came from, I have no way of knowing. But they are there."

Rutledge says he has seen more than 140 UFOs, both in broad daylight and at night. At least 25 he says were "incredible."

He told the Associated Press that three of his most convincing sightings came within three weeks of each other in May 1973. The first was of 10 balls of light near Piedmont, Mo. The second was on May 24, 1973, when Rutledge and several observers spotted an object with a triangular light pattern which they at first believed was an airplane. Later developments showed this conclusion was wrong.

The following night the Rutledge group witnessed a gigantic object that had nearly passed over them before they saw it. "It had four lights, two red and two white. It was close enough that I could see parts of it through my 80-power telescope. It had a metallic skin and I could make out a ribbed pattern in the red lights."

∞

UFOs AND NASA

MEANWHILE, a news commentary in *Science* Magazine late last December concludes sadly that "UFOs just will not go away." Because of continually increasing public interest federal science officials are coming to regard UFOs as a "nightmare," according to the report.

Frank Press, White House science advisor, looked into the federal government's processing of UFO inquiries and reports and found that the White House answers one way, other federal



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Case History #1: When medical researchers in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Los Angeles first tested this new hi-amino concept on a scientific weight-loss program . . . they reported astonishing results of as much as 12 POUNDS LOST IN JUST THE FIRST 7 DAYS! — 16 to 18 pounds gone by the end of week number two — and most mind-boggling of all — U.S. Army Officers actually losing weight 3 times faster than ever before! As much as 50 POUNDS GONE, like that!

WAISTLINES SHRINK UP TO 3 INCHES IN 7 DAYS — A FULL 5 INCHES SMALLER IN A SINGLE MONTH!

Case History #2: When **first** rumors of this medical breakthrough leaked out to professional actors, actresses and celebrities . . . they immediately rushed to the offices of America's leading weight-loss specialists to get their hands on this "magic compound"; and no wonder! Because the first week alone they carved away as much as 2 pounds a day . . . 13 pounds a week . . . were forced to take in their belts 3 notches smaller in just 10 days!

DOCTORS REPORT: AVERAGE LOSS — 57 POUNDS!

Case History #3: But most significant of all . . . when universities, hospitals and medical schools, (such as New York's Leading Medical School and Cleveland's largest hospital) tested this newly discovered "crash-loss" program on patients who all their lives had been hopelessly overweight . . . they reported astonishing losses of as much as 2 pounds a day at the start . . . 20 to 30 pounds a month . . . as much as 70 pounds lost over a single summer season! — by simply stepping up their fat-burning metabolism and **burning, melting, oxidizing** 50, 70, 100 pounds of hard-set fat . . . FASTER, SURER than they had ever dreamed possible!

WORKS LIKE "POWDERED HEAT" — MAKES YOUR INNER FURNACE BREAK DOWN BODY FAT!

What is this wondrous new development that helps safely stimulate fat-burning metabolism and shrink your body's fat cells the moment it starts working in your system? It is an ANTI-FAT WEAPON unlike anything you've ever seen, or tried in your life. A FAT-BURNING aid that helps you convert body fat to body fuel AUTOMATICALLY . . . and EVAPORATE excess pounds and inches starting the very first day!

Think of it! A medically proven formula that is such an effective reducing aid . . . that when combined with the food you eat on this "crash-loss" program . . . **burns off as much fat each 24 hours as if you jogged up to 14 miles a day . . . or played 3 hours of tennis in the most brutal heat!**

The name of this wondrous amino formula is "THERA-SLIM-100" and here is precisely how you use it to win the body and figure of your dreams as you:

IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE — READ THIS!

Developed at Boston's leading medical school, the incredible weight-loss results of this new "crash burn" program are so astonishing (average loss 57 lbs.) it has been featured in every leading medical journal . . . given headline coverage in the medical news columns of many major newspapers. Of course, with this Boston medical school "crash-loss" program you cannot gorge yourself on all sorts of fattening foods, candies and desserts. Not that you'd ever want to . . . Because thanks to "THERA-SLIM-100" — due to your new stepped up metabolism — besides enormous weight-loss you also experience a loss of hunger, which makes it one of the easiest ways to lose weight fast.

However, before starting, consult with your physician to be sure you are in normal health and your only problem is excess weight. Individuals with gout, heart disease, diabetes or pregnant women should not use it. In fact, we insist that you show this entire program to your family physician . . . have him check you regularly to make sure you're not losing too much, too fast . . . and advise when you've lost enough. See if he doesn't agree that the "THERA-SLIM-100" road to Lifetime Slimness, including the recommended progressive daily toneup, isn't by far the most effective approach to the conquest of excess weight ever developed by medical science.

Developed by Doctors at Boston Medical School

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LOSE UP TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR THIGHS
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and as we've said before, starting not in weeks, but in mere days.

HELPS YOUR BODY CONVERT STORED UP FAT TO BURNED UP ENERGY! At this very moment — having read this far — you are but one short step away from LIFETIME IMMUNITY TO FAT! Now comes your FINAL GIANT STEP into a whole new world of LIFETIME SLIMNESS.

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STEP #1 — YOU EAT

In addition to the wide and tasty selection of food you enjoy morning and night, (all scientifically programmed to help maintain a high-level of FAT BURN-OFF) . . .

STEP #2 — YOU TAKE "THERA-SLIM-100" hi-amino compound.

Once a day, you take "THERA-SLIM-100" in a glass of water, (just like refreshing fruit juice). This hi-amino intake helps keep the fat-burning chain-reaction going ALL 24 HOURS OF THE DAY — NON STOP!

STEP #3 — YOU HAVE AUTOMATICALLY STEPPED UP YOUR FAT-BURNING METABOLISM — SO YOU AUTOMATICALLY BURN OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

The result! Your body begins to eliminate stored-up fat and fluid at a rate so incredibly fast, the very first weekend alone YOU DRAIN AWAY AS MUCH AS 5 OR 6 POUNDS!

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agencies have other stock answers and the air force answers in still another way. Press has written NASA asking if it won't take the responsibility for answering incoming mail.

Press suggested that it might be time for another study of the subject. *Science* commented drily: "It would be no surprise to anyone familiar with science-government matters that NASA officials are not relishing the thought of launching such an inquiry and have sidestepped the request by assigning an official to the job of looking at the need for a study. NASA seems to fear that reopening the question of the genuineness of visitors from outer space will legitimize a subject most Establishment scientists consider phony and a waste of time."

NASA officials believe it would be damned-if-it-does and damned-if-it-doesn't open such an inquiry. And of course UFO fans have never let President Carter forget his promise to release all government information on UFOs — a promise still unfulfilled.

To those scientists who drag their heels at even the thought of such an inquiry, *Science* says: "It can be argued that scientists in government incur some obligations to respond to the concerns of the public, which, after all, is paying them."

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LEAKAGE FROM EARTH

BEFORE WE leave this topic we wish to summarize some findings of three members of the Department of Astronomy of the University of Washington, Seattle, which indicate that television leakage from earth would allow detection of our civiliza-

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tion at interstellar distances.

It is hardly necessary to set up a special unit to broadcast into space, the authors state. The most detectable and useful escaping signals arise in a few BMEWS-type radar systems and in normal television broadcasting. These signals would be detectable at distances of 250 and 25 light-years respectively by our present technology. However, the program material could not be obtained, given our present development. That would take up to 100,000 times more sensitivity.

Nevertheless, "after several years of careful monitoring of the intensity and frequency variations of several hundred stations, the observer in space could deduce (1) the complete orbit of earth; (2) the existence of station broadcast schedules influenced by the sun; (3) the presence of an ionosphere and perhaps even a troposphere; (4) the size, rotation, rate and axis of rotation of the earth; (5) a complete map of the stations; (6) the mass and distance of the moon; (7) the size of the radiating antennae; (8) various cultural inferences concerning our civilization."

We know *we're* here. If any beings in space are listening we are providing them with a radio signature of our civilization. If they are more technically advanced than we are it is possible that someone out there is excitedly watching our superbowl games and trying to figure out what the heck we're doing.

∞

CLONING CONTROVERSY

BY THE TIME you read this you probably will be caught up in

"There is an Intelligent Power that runs this Universe — and we can learn to fully cooperate with it."

WITH GOD We CAN!

One thing is certain: human beings can learn to do amazing things as a result of wisely using their talents and abilities. But, so the great seers teach, no matter how we might succeed in the world, if we have not true inner knowledge of the soul and a conscious relationship with God we have missed the point of this incarnation.

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the controversy over David Rorvik's claim that a baby boy born in December 1976 is a clone — that is, an exact genetic duplicate of his millionaire "father." Rorvik's account of the cloning was scheduled for publication by Lippincott in June under the title *In His Image*.

A cloning team would need at least three things to produce a successful clone: (1) human ova; (2) donor cells from the anonymous millionaire; (3) a surrogate mother to carry the clone to term. The operation would require the nucleus of the ovum to be replaced by the nucleus of a cell from the "father." Once the egg began to divide it would then be implanted in the uterus of the surrogate mother.

As I write this, few believe Rorvik's claim. Responsible scientists state it simply cannot be done with the present state of the art, although a somewhat similar process has produced cloned frogs from immature cell nuclei. Not one of several investigators given as authorities by Rorvik believes cloning of humans is possible yet. Nonetheless, some responsible scientists fear that we're close to it and three of them have filed a lawsuit to learn what research is now under way.

"We're worried that we're too close to cloning for comfort, even if the book is a hoax," Jeremy Rifkin of the People's Business Commission, a Washington lobby, told Barbara J. Culliton of *Science*. "All our values would be upset if we could Xerox-copy life. We need to be responsible enough to divorce good science from that which is dangerous."

Rorvik responds: "It is my hope that this first successful cloning of a human

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being will alert the public to the far more promising and also far more perilous developments already occurring in the realm of genetic engineering."

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THE THERAPEUTIC TOUCH

NO QUESTION, at present there is a mighty push to add humanity to the sanitized clinical approach to medicine. Too often we hear doctors talk about "medicines" and "surgery" and "treatment" and too infrequently we hear them talk about "healing."

Dr. Dolores Krieger, a nurse and professor at the New York University School of Education, Health, Nursing and Arts Professions, has developed a technique akin to the laying on of hands which has aroused skepticism among orthodox physicians.

Actually, Dr. Krieger rarely touches a patient. She keeps her hands about an inch away from the patient's body; she feels she is dealing with energy fields that surround the body "and touching isn't necessary." Essentially, she told Ronald Sullivan of the *New York Times,* she is trying to sense through her hands "places of tension that emanate from a patient's body. Then, she said, she tries to remove them, much like a sweeper brushing away surface debris."

But her methods have another dimension. She is trying to create in the patient a feeling of caring, of physical closeness. Furthermore, she believes that what she calls the "therapeutic touch" often can transmit healing energy from a healthy nurse to a patient with an energy deficit.

Dr. Krieger, who apparently is a

longtime student of Eastern philosophy and transcendental thought, faces medical skepticism, such as that voiced by Dr. Daniel X. Friedman, spokesman for the American Medical Association, who explains that "medicine traditionally rejects anything that can't be explained scientifically or rationally."

Nevertheless, Dr. Krieger estimates she has instructed more than 3000 nurses, physicians and therapists in the use of her methods over the past five years.

A DROP TO DRINK

SCIENTIFIC studies financed by Arab money suggest it is possible to hitch tugs to gigantic icebergs and haul them to the arid Arabian peninsula, there to melt and provide fresh water. Actually the idea is not new. Between 1890 and 1900 small icebergs were hauled from Laguna San Rafael, Chile, to Valparaiso, Chile, and Callao, Peru — the latter a distance of 3900 kilometers (about 2400 miles).

One plan suggests five tugs could

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Only a few years ago I suffered from heart problems, high blood pressure, and needed constant medical attention. I was out of work and didn't even know how I was going to get the money to pay my rent. My marriage was on the rocks, my children left home and weren't speaking to me. To say that things were going badly is putting it mildly. One day when I was very depressed I told a woman I knew how lucky she was. Everything always seemed to go right for her...and no matter how hard I tried, no matter what I did, everything always seemed to go wrong for me. She was very sympathetic and said she was going to help me by casting spells to restore my health and bring me the money I needed.

For a moment I thought she was joking... and I was surprised to learn that she was very serious. I told her that I really didn't believe that potions or spells could change anything, but I'd be glad to have her try. Actually I was a little amazed that a woman with her wisdom and intelligence would have such total confidence that anything could be changed by a potion or spell. **Then things began to happen! On my next visit to the doctor I found that my blood pressure had returned to normal. A week later I was offered a good paying job. Suddenly things were getting better...and I began to wonder!**

I went to my friend and asked her to tell me about her potions and spells. I learned that she had begun researching these ancient potions and spells as a college student over 18 years ago. **After many years of searching through dusty old volumes, with countless hours of experimenting and testing thousands of potions and spells, she had been able to find over 100 that actually worked!**

Even though I was still a little doubtful I found myself filled with excitement when she agreed to give me a complete copy of every potion and spell that she had tested and proven. I realized that if



all of her success...and my sudden good fortune really were caused by mysterious and unseen forces that could be controlled....that I now held a priceless treasure in my hands.

Did they work? That was three years ago and I've been using the appropriate spell or potion to solve my problems ever since. Today I live in a 14 room mansion, have my own business and drive a $15,000 car, and I have a very happy family and love life. Things just couldn't be better! I truly believe that these wonderful spells and potions have provided me with the tremendously happy life I now enjoy...and that they can do the same for you.

I feel that this great knowledge should be shared...that all of the wonderful benefits I received should be passed on to others so their suffering can be alleviated and their lives enriched as mine has been. I asked my friend if she would mind sharing the fruits of her labor with others. She smiled and said, "Of course not, but remember how skeptical you were? Very few people will be adventurous enough to even try. Remember, the only reason you believe is because it has already been proven to you!" I sincerely wish that she would be mistaken just this once...but I know that she isn't. It is absolutely tragic that so many people will pass up this once in a lifetime opportunity. But I know there are some people openminded and intelligent enough to give new ideas, new concepts a chance.

If you have read this far you are probably one of those people and you're a lot smarter and more adventurous than most of us. Chances are that you are one of the lucky few who will be stepping across the threshold to a glorious new life.

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tow a 100-million-ton iceberg at a speed of one knot from Antarctica to Saudi Arabia in one year. The study suggests that the cost could be as low as 50 cents for each cubic meter, compared with the present cost of 80 cents for desalinated water. Under favorable conditions the cost could go as low as 25 cents for each cubic meter.

∞

WAVE PATTERNS

HOWEVER the Polynesians managed to navigate the trackless oceans, they populated Pacific islands all the way from Madagascar to Hawaii and Easter Island, even making their way to such an out-of-the-way stop as New Zealand. That they studied the stars and were able to cross thousands of miles by celestial navigation is known. Recently researchers in Hawaii watched a demonstration in which an islander lay down in the bottom of his canoe in order to cut out sea phosphorescence and so make the sky appear darker. Thus he easily pointed out the constellations by which his ancestors sailed.

Not so well known is the art of sailing by the waves. In February Charles Hillinger of the Los Angeles Times Service interviewed a 78-year-old Marshall Islander named Tarkwon who described this method of navigation.

"The waves tell me where I am at all times," Tarkwon told Hillinger. "Each island sends back a different wave, a different swell. Waves bend around the islands and atolls like the whorls in fingerprints. Waves bounce off landfalls.

"We navigators know every wave pattern, know every island by the waves of each island. Put me anywhere, on any ocean, as far from land as you can get and I will find land on the quickest, shortest path.

"Each wave, east, west, south, north had its own name. . . . It was mainly the waves — but also the stars, the clouds, the currents, the winds, the birds, the gods and magic."

Tarkwon reported that it took him years to learn his skills and that the older navigators looked long and hard for young apprentices who could learn their lore. Now these skills are almost gone, almost forgotten, replaced by compass and sextant.

∞

DOROTHY ALLISON

ONE DAY in September 1977 Ronald Stica, 17, of Lodi, N. J., was dropped off by his sister to visit his friend David Menicola. Ronald was never seen alive again. Police searched fruitlessly until March 1978 and finally detectives of Bergen County asked help from a sensitive named Dorothy Allison who has had amazing success in finding accident or murder victims.

The detectives had four names of missing persons on their list and at first Dorothy could get nothing. Then she asked if a stabbing were involved. At first the officers said no, but on second thought they decided that they didn't know what had happened to Ronald Stica. They decided to bring Ronald's mother to talk with Dorothy Allison and Dorothy asked her about an airplane and a blue car. These certainly did not represent any worthwhile clues. But then, while riding

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around the county with police officers, at one location Dorothy asked if there was an airport nearby. There was; it is Teterboro Airport which is near a swampy place. Dorothy told Ronald's mother that Ronald's body was out in this swamp. But bad weather prevented police from digging at the time.

Word of what Dorothy Allison had told Mrs. Stica soon spread around the area and eight days later a material witness volunteered information that led to the finding of Ronald's body — very near where Dorothy Allison had said it was. David Menicola was arrested and arraigned for the murder.

∞

HER RECORD

"THAT MADE two recovered bodies in two days for Mrs. Allison," reported Richard Boeth and Susan Agrest in *Newsweek*. The day before Ronald's case broke, boys playing in an abandoned boatyard in Staten Island, N. Y., found the body of 14-year-old Susan Jacobson in a 55-gallon oil drum. Susan had disappeared two years earlier and New York police had insisted that she was a runaway. In May 1976, however, Mrs. Allison had visualized the place where Susan's body could be found. She had described it as a swampy area involving two church steeples, two bridges — one not for cars — and the three letters M, A and R standing alone.

The missing girl's father set out to find such a location and eventually discovered the old boatyard which matched the clues. There was a 12-foot shaft in the boatyard and Mr. Jacobson searched it but did not notice the oil drum that contained his daugh-

ter's body. The discovery of the body in April 1978 again confirmed Dorothy Allison's psychic abilities.

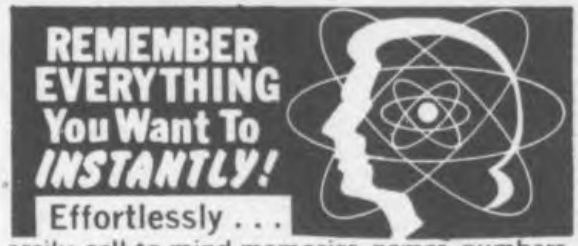
Dorothy has worked with police on more than 100 cases and says she has turned up perhaps 20 missing bodies. She says she has been psychic since childhood but did not get involved with police work until about 10 years ago. She had dreamed that she saw a blond blue-eyed boy wearing a green snowsuit drowned in a pond. She saw his shoes on the wrong feet and his body stuck in a drainpipe. She phoned all her friends to see if their kids were okay but did not mention her dream publicly until a month later when she described it to the police chief of Nutley, N. J., where she lives. He was amazed because no description of the child had been circulated. After another month passed the body was found in neighboring Clifton, N. J., in a setting just like that Dorothy Allison had described — and the boy had his shoes on the wrong feet!

Commenting on the Ronald Stica case, Anthony Tortora, who heads the missing persons division in the Bergen County Sheriff's office, credited her with taking them within 50 yards of where Stica's body was found. "Seeing is believing. She's quite a gal," he said.

∞

NOTES ON THE FANTASTIC

• An accidental discovery by three Georgia cattle ranchers has been confirmed by William E. Wheeler and Robert R. Oltjen of the Beltsville, Md., Agricultural Research Center. In a test feeding of 14 steers, half were fed a diet containing 3.5 percent ce-



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ment kiln dust. After 112 days the animals fed the dust diet had gained 28 percent more weight than animals fed the control diet. They consumed 21 percent less feed and analysis showed that the extra weight was all meat and of higher quality than the control steers. They also were apparently healthy. The dust is a complex, calcium-rich mixture of minerals entrained when hot air is pulled out of the cement kiln. More than 30,000 tons of dust are collected daily at cement kilns in the United States. Researchers speculate it may contain some nutrient not yet recognized.

• The *Brain/Mind Bulletin* reports that psychologist Ken Pelletier and his associates were turned down when they applied for a grant to research "The Psychogenesis of Health." When they resubmitted the application under the title of "The Psychogenesis of Disease" it was approved.

"Health," Pelletier says, "is a subspecialty of medicine."

• Can your biorhythm chart predict the times when you will be accident-prone? There is plenty of evidence for the existence of biological rhythms but the question is whether people are more accident-prone when they switch from plus to minus. German and Japanese research suggests they are.

A study last year by John W. Shaffer of Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, however, fails to find any evidence for such a link. Shaffer and his team studied 205 accidents in which the drivers were clearly at fault, then charted the biorhythm cycles of those drivers and found no correlation between their cycles and the accidents. — *Curtis Fuller.*

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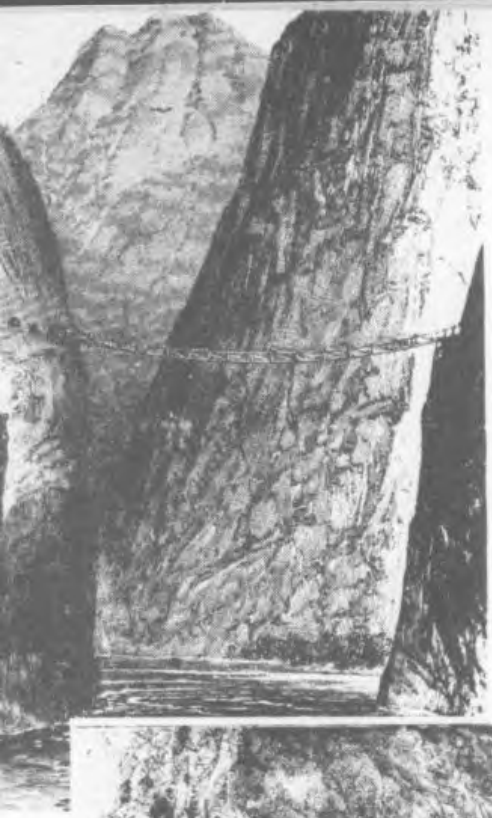
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The Royal Road of the Inca KEY to EMPIRE

Today, four centuries later, remnants of the network reveal the vision of early Inca rulers and the marvels of Inca engineering.



The great suspension bridge over the Apurimac (top), built in the 1300's, remained in use until 1890. Drawing of suspension bridge over Pampas River (lower) was made in 19th Century by E. George Squier.

By Howard S. Patrick

Reprinted from *Américas*, monthly magazine published by the General Secretariat of the Organization of American States in English, Spanish and Portuguese

THE ROMAN road-builders literally held the Roman Empire together with their extensive network of roads across Europe, Africa and the Middle East. Lesser known but in many respects even more remarkable is the Royal Road of the Inca in the New World. Although only about one-fifth the length of the Roman system, it traversed terrain so rugged and facilitated a communications organization so efficient that it must be judged equal — in some respects superior — to its Old World counterpart.

A hint of its magnitude appears in W. H. Prescott's *The Conquest of Peru*. The author quotes the 16th-Century chronicler Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa:

"The road was built through undulating valleys, over the high sierras and mountains of snow, across quagmires, through living rock, and along roaring rivers . . . well constructed in the mountains . . . walled beside the rivers . . . with stairways and resting places, throughout swept clean and clear of obstacles, provided with ample wayside stations, supply depots

and Temples to the Sun. . . . All these were along the road."

At the height of its greatness the Inca Empire extended from present-day southern Colombia to central Chile south of Santiago. Aside from scattered agricultural communities in the coastal oases, the majority of the people lived in the Andes, where mountain peaks in Peru and Bolivia commonly exceed 20,000 feet. Much of the population dwelt as it does today at elevations of 9000 to 13,000 feet above sea level.

The Andes extend the entire length of South America along the Pacific coastline, rising directly out of the ocean and forming a barrier between the coast and the interior lowlands. Most of the individual mountain ranges run approximately parallel to



Highly refined Inca stonework combined the elegance of sculpture with fine engineering precision.

Still to be seen along Royal Road are sand-covered remains of tambo buildings, resting places located at intervals of about 12 miles.

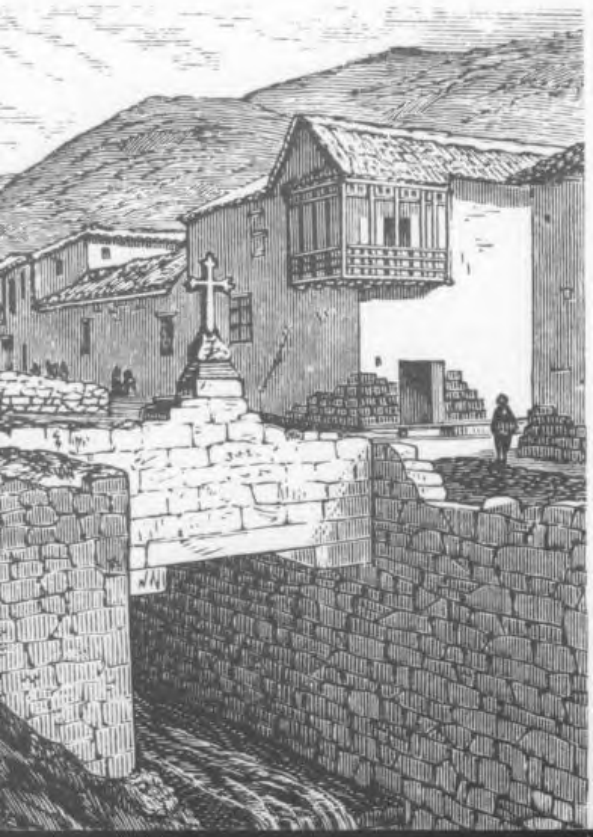




Courtesy Howard S. Patrick

Before the Spanish conquest, network had grown to more than 10,000 miles of all-weather roads.

Bridge over Huatenay in Cuzco is made completely of stone. Walls of stone confine river to narrow bed; stone stairs give access to water.



the coast, separated by peneplain and rivers which flow in deep canyons. This longitudinal alignment of rivers and mountains has affected the development of communications throughout the history of South America.

As the Inca extended their jurisdiction both north and south their routes of conquest naturally paralleled the mountains and at intervals short steep transverse roads were built to connect the main mountain highway with the Pacific coast. Before the Spanish conquest the highway network had grown to more than 10,000 miles of all-weather roads. From the capital city Quito (which means "navel" in Quechua) the principal roads led to the major divisions of the realm.

The first real development of the network began under Mayta Capac, the fourth ruler of the Empire (*circa* 1300?). Talented in engineering and architecture, he was the first Inca to build one of the remarkable suspension bridges. Most of the system, however, was built in the 15th Century — begun by Pachacutec Yupanqui (*c.* 1438-1471) and carried on by his son Tupac Yupanqui (*c.* 1471-1493) and his grandson Huayna Capac (*c.* 1493-1525).* Each ruler built roads wider than those of his predecessor. For example, three major roads emanate from an area near Vilcas which is the geographical center of the realm. One is called the road of Pachacutec, another that of the Tupac Inca and the third, that of Huayna Capac. The latter went all the way to Quito and was larger and wider than the one his father Tupac Yupanqui had built.

*Under the rule of Huayna Capac, the Inca Empire reached the culmination of its expansion on the eve of the Spanish conquest.



The keeper of accounts — whether trade, population or *mita* (service to the government) — relied on his knotted colored-string quipu.



Only royalty, soldiery and others in state service used the roads. Common people were permitted to use them only to go to local fairs.

At Cuzco, Huayna Capac's road joined the road south to Chile and Argentina, forming the Andean Road, the principal highway of the Empire. The Andean Road extended from Quito on the north to Talca in the south — a distance of about 3250 miles. The other main route, the less important Coastal Road, stretched about 2500 miles from Tumbes in northern Peru to Talca. The Coastal Road traversed the deserts and coastal oases of Peru and Chile (although forced inland twice to avoid extremely arid regions). Lateral roads connected the two principal routes and many local roads, called *uruyas*, branched off the principal highways to run throughout the realm.

The Coastal Road was built to a uniform width of about 24 feet with walls of stone or adobe brick on either side. The purpose of these walls was twofold: to delineate the course of the highway and to keep off the shifting desert sands. Where the sand foundation could not support such walls or the drifting was too severe, long poles were driven into the ground at equal intervals to mark the route and to fa-

cilitate cleaning and maintenance. Paving was seldom necessary on the desert. Most of the Coastal Road surface was foot-beaten earth and much of it has withstood the ravages of four centuries; it is still possible to drive over the road where it is not buried by sand or alluvial deposits or swept away by streams.

* * *

THE INCA engineers strove to build the roads as straight as possible, following the natural undulations of the terrain. Hillocks usually were surmounted rather than skirted or cut through. Steep slopes were negotiated by long flights of steps which often zigzagged to reduce the grade. To cross sloping ground, roads were cut into the sides of hills and buttressed with retaining and supporting walls above and below. In a few miles a road might plunge from the cold sterile terrain of the 14,000-foot puna into a hot desertlike canyon 7000 feet below — only to attack once again the sheer wall on the opposite side of the gorge.

Uniform width in the mountains obviously was not possible. Here the highways of the Inca, as Philip A. Means, a present-day historian of the Empire, puts it, "could better be called 'footways.'" Depending on the terrain, the width of the principal roads in the Andean system varied from 15 to 24 feet, although major military roads were much wider in some places. The lateral roads joining the Coastal and Andean Roads, making steep descents through narrow precipitous canyons, varied from three to 10 feet in width; they were often hewn into the canyon walls.

The highest known Inca road was discovered behind Mount Salcantay in southern Peru at an elevation of about 17,160 feet. The road passed directly under a glacier and the Inca engineers, anticipating its movement, built a retaining wall to catch falling rocks and divert ice and snow from above.

Another marvel of Inca engineering is the approach to the bridge on the west bank of the Apurimac River. It is a tunnel 200 yards long cut through the living rock and as it turned inside the face of the cliff it canted upward. The tunnel walls were pierced to admit light and air.

While an entirely adequate explanation of how the Inca worked stone is lacking, it is generally accepted that most of the cutting and shaping was done with bronze tools and stone celts. Large rocks and boulders were dealt with in another manner. First a fire was built under the stone. When the rock was hot, cold water poured over it started cracks in which wooden wedges could be inserted and soaked with water. The expansion of these wedges eventually would break up the rock.

The routes of the Inca roads were influenced not only by topography but also by water resources. In southern Peru and northern Chile the route crossed the arid coastal plateau from oasis to oasis until the Atacama Desert forced the highway inland. Similarly the inhospitable Sechura Desert of northern Peru was avoided. The route over the Bolivian tableland was never well defined, for it shifted seasonally with the water supply. In mountain regions, where large expanses of land are barren and infertile, the roads

usually followed the valley bottoms where there was enough water to support agriculture and small villages. Also, some secondary roads were built solely so that the extensive irrigation projects, which brought water from the mountains to the desert coast below, could be maintained.

Water was an all-important consideration in building roads through the mountains. Where the road ran close to a river, retaining walls were built to keep the current from eroding the highway. The engineers generally tried to avoid water but where this was not possible elaborate drainage systems were constructed to carry the water away from the road.

Water also dictated the type of surface used on the road. The hard upland puna, dry and safe from flooding or erosion, offered a natural surface. In other areas the roads were covered with a mixture of clay, pebbles and maize leaves called pirca; this surface has stood up remarkably well through the centuries. Where drainage was poor and the road was subject to flooding, heavy rains or snow and ice, it was smoothly paved with stones — often large ones sunk deep into the ground.

Nor were Inca engineers stopped by extensive quagmires and bogs in the upland valleys. Massive three- to six-foot-high causeways of sod blocks were built over these marshy flats. They ranged in width from 15 to 20 feet and had culverts roofed with stone slabs. One of the better known of these causeways crosses the swampy Pampa de Anta northwest of Cuzco. It runs across the plain on an embankment six miles long, 22 feet wide and six feet high. It still is part of the present central highway and was a solid mud and gravel washboard road when I crossed it in 1966. It speaks highly for the engineering and quality of construction of the Royal Road that 400 years later many sections remain in good condition despite continued use and misuse.

* * *

BRIDGING THE many waterways in the Inca Empire was crucial to the Royal Road. The size of the streams together with the adjacent topography occasioned a great variety of structures of which the suspension spans were the most spectacular. To build them, large quantities of osiers — tough flexible willow wands — were woven into giant cables 16 to 20 inches in diameter. Mounted on high supports carved out of rock or built of masonry, five of these cables were strung across a river. Three were used to support the thick wood flooring of the bridge and the other two supported the sides. These swinging bridges naturally sagged in the middle and the longer ones swayed sickeningly when strong winds whistled through the canyons.

The most famous of the Inca bridges was the massive suspension span across the Apurimac gorge described in 1865 by the American archaeologist E. G. Squier:

"Between two enormous cliffs, which rise dizzily on both sides, and from the summits of which the traveler looks down into a dark gulf, (is the bridge) looking like a mere thread. It was a memorable incident in my traveling experiences, the crossing of this great swinging bridge of the Apurimac."

Built about A. D. 1350, the bridge

lasted throughout the life of the Inca Empire. The Spaniards then maintained it during the colonial period and it continued in use until it was finally abandoned more than 500 years later in 1890. Squier measured the bridge and found it to be 148 feet long and 118 feet above the water at its lowest point.

Another interesting structure was the unique floating bridge across the 100-foot-wide Desaguadero River which drains Lake Titicaca. The equivalent of a modern pontoon bridge, this structure was built of balsas, straw boats made of totora reeds, which were placed side by side across the river and linked by thick cables to stone towers on the opposite banks. A thick floor of woven grass and reeds laid over the boats formed the roadway. Although the totora reeds gradually became waterlogged and the balsas had to be replaced frequently, the bridge lasted for centuries — until 1875 when it was abandoned.

Ferrying was another method the Inca used for crossing water. Rafts made of a special buoyant wood or of large whole gourds bound together were pulled across wide calm rivers with ropes. When the rivers were too wide and currents too strong or rough, a cable car arrangement was devised. A thick cable of hemp, called *chahuar,* was strung across the river and an osier basket large enough to hold three or four passengers swung from the cable to be pulled back and forth by ropes from the riverbanks.

The difficulty of obtaining wood on the treeless puna often dictated the type of structure built across the smaller streams. If timber was available, long beams were laid over the stream and covered with crossbars, branches or even stone slabs. Small brooks sometimes were spanned with large stone slabs resting on masonry abutments. Another means was a simple stepping-stone arrangement of small masonry piers.

* * *

THE EXTENSION of the Royal Road throughout the expanding Empire required ancillary organizations and structures to insure order and to provide supplies and resting places for travelers. At intervals along the principal highways the Inca administrative centers performed functions vital to the expansion and perpetuation of the State. These were artificial cities, both in terms of their semi-transient population and in their relationship with the supporting hinterlands. When the Empire died these special centers died with it.

Tambos (way stations) were miniature versions of the larger sites. Each had a plaza flanked by long buildings — storehouses and facilities for overnight lodging with an "elite" section for important travelers. Unless on urgent business Inca royalty and officials averaged only about 12 miles a day and accordingly, tambos were erected at about these intervals along the Royal Road. Citizens from the local villages were charged with keeping the storehouse provisioned with food, clothing and armaments, not only for the royal entourage but also for the large armies which marched through. (Well-provisioned troops were less likely to loot the villages and fields.) Local officials kept records of supplies provided to the tambos on the

knotted colored strings called quipus.

The Inca required the people to pay taxes to the realm but money was not used. The taxes were paid in service, called *mita,* which took two basic forms. One was agricultural service — communal cultivation of the fields and harvesting, storage and safekeeping of the crops. The other *mita* involved work on government projects. Construction of new roads and bridges, their maintenance and courier service all came under the *mita* exacted from the population.

To keep records of the population and to insure that all citizens contributed their share in government service, administrators — called decurions — were charged with keeping an accurate census. For this they used their knotted quipus. Thus the Inca and the curacas (provincial governors) knew the exact number of inhabitants in each town and could quickly and equitably allocate labor for all public works. Each year a certain number of citizens paid tribute to the Inca by working on the Royal Road.

When a Lord Inca decided to build a road he simply issued the order. No special levies or provisioning were required. Engineers laid out the course of the road and the curacas directed the men in communities along the way to build their specific segments. In uninhabited regions the nearest workers were brought in with tools and supplies to do the job. Thus long roads could be completed rapidly. In fact, the secret of the Inca's impressive engineering feats lay not in advanced technology but in superb organization and administration.

Maintenance of the road system also came under the *mita.* The coastal roads demanded the most arduous labor because of drifting sand and the intense desert heat. After a windstorm large numbers of men often had to dig out the road. When the heat was too intense, work was limited to early morning and late evening hours or even moonlit nights. The maintenance of roads in the mountains was less demanding — although occasional landslides or washouts resulted in excessive demands on the workers.

* * *

MANY OF the major roads of the Empire were constructed expressly for the purpose of conquest. One such road was built in the Inca's abortive attempt to conquer the fierce lowland Chancas. This great military highway parted from the Andean Road at Huanuco and ran 400 miles north along the Maranon River. In some cases the Inca forces moved faster than roads could be built so as soon as a tribal state had been conquered and the people subdued, a corvée was levied, forcing the Indians to extend the Royal Road through the area. Often troops who had advanced over narrow precipitous footpaths returned over paved, stepped and widened highways.

The Royal Road facilitated colonization and the assimilation of newly conquered tribes into the Empire. Unruly elements of the subjugated peoples could be transferred quickly to more secure provinces within the realm and loyal groups from another region could be moved into the new territories. These temporary colonizers were called *mitimaes.* Good roads provided rapid communication with

Cuzco should there be any further disruption or rebellion. Within hours of a revolt the Inca armies could be on the march. In this way the Royal Road of the Inca played a key role in the expansion and defense of the realm.

The highways of the Empire were primarily for official use. Besides the armies and colonists, the roads were traveled by couriers, officials, burden-bearers in state service and of course the Inca royalty. About the only time the common people were permitted to use them was to journey to and from the local fairs. Control posts and guard stations along the way insured that the restrictions were enforced.

The royal retinue approaching on the Andean Road was an impressive sight. The Lord Inca rode in an elaborate litter borne by specially selected lords of the kingdom. Surrounding the litter was the Canari guard 2000 strong. In front marched 500 slingers while 2000 warriors brought up the rear. The entire procession moved in silence save for the shuffle of thousands of sandals. On the stepped sections of the road the royal entourage made frequent halts to rest the litter-bearers, sometimes at special landings placed along the steep road to allow the Inca to enjoy splendid views of his domain. Other stops were made near villages to permit the ruler to speak with his subjects.

Some roads were built especially to serve the mines. In fact, mining was so important that the Inca built some of their most impressive roads into the mining country. Parts of the famous gold road which crept over a 15,000-foot pass between Carabaya and the Montana goldfields are still intact.

Most of the domestic cargo and produce was carried by the surefooted llamas — unique beasts that the Spaniards were hard-pressed to describe. Many called them sheep but Garcilaso de la Vega took issue with this and said they were "more like camels without humps than sheep." Each llama could carry about 80 pounds of cargo and cover about 12 miles a day. Thousands often were sent out in a single convoy. They were slow, however, so it fell to man himself to handle the urgent matter of communications.

The Inca had neither the wheel nor horses nor any other fleet-footed animal so they used men. Their extensive communication system depended on specially-trained runners called *chasqui*. *C'oklya* (small post houses) were placed along the Royal Road at intervals of about three-quarters of a mile which was considered the maximum distance a man could cover at full speed. As part of their *mita* the villages provided the runners; they served 15-day shifts and lived in the post houses with their wives. Trained from boyhood, the men were noted for their pulmonary development, the massive lung capacity necessary for running full speed up a mountainside.

Chasqui means "to exchange" or "to give and take." Since the Inca had no written language the messages were exchanged verbally or quipus were passed on with brief instructions. For a rush of messages more runners were added — as many as 10 or 12 at each post. The *chasqui* were sworn to secrecy and subject to severe punishment for failure to deliver their messages.

A message by runner moved on the

average about 150 miles a day. Thus a message from Lima to Cuzco, a distance of 420 miles over a rough road, took three days. In the middle of the 17th Century the Spanish mail, carried on horseback over the same route, took 12 or 13 days.

As well as relaying messages concerning the administration of the great Empire the couriers served in more mundane capacities. On the steep lateral road between Cuzco and the coast they sped fresh fish to the Lord Inca's table, a journey which usually took less than two days.

The Royal Road and its communication system served the Inca well until the early 1530's when Francisco Pizarro penetrated the northern provinces. Even then, word of the white man's movements was flashed rapidly to the Lord Inca. When the security of the realm was threatened a method faster than the runners was used to inform the ruler. From vantage points high in the mountains, smoke signals by day and fires by night were used to relay messages. By this means the Lord Inca knew of disturbances in provinces as distant as 1500 or 2000 miles within two or three hours after the initial attack.

Right to the last the Inca Empire continued to expand. On the eve of the Spanish conquest the Inca had achieved a great unified Empire by bringing the common Quechua language to the conquered peoples, imposing a state religion and equalizing differences in wealth. All this came about through the Inca's skillful incorporation of local leadership into the central bureaucracy, the shifting of dissident populations and the maintenance of garrisons where needed.

None of this would have been possible without the excellent network of roads over which the armies and couriers could move so rapidly. The Royal Road indeed served the Inca well — in conquest, defense and administration of the Empire.



FOOTBALL TEAM'S SECRET WEAPON: A KAHUNA

By Paul Steiner

"IT'S FUNNY, but sometimes I think I can make something happen on the football field just by picturing it in my mind," says Russ Francis, the New England Patriots' All-Pro tight end.

According to a story in *Sport Magazine*, Russ, who comes from Hawaii, believes he just may be a born kahuna. According to Hawaiian legend, kahunas can create what they want to have happen by conjuring mental pictures of whatever it is they want. He says he uses kahuna power as a hex on opposing teams and it works.

"I believe in this stuff," Francis says. "It's not like kahuna was just a big joke."

In 1976 the Patriots wound up the season with a record 11 wins and three losses. Russ claims that he and a friend invoked the hex against Pittsburgh, Oakland and the Baltimore Colts.



Michael Cox

Leith Hall in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, is surrounded by 1500 wooded acres. Built in 1650, mansion is now under the protection of the National Trust.

The GHOSTS of LEITH HALL

Was the staggering, blundering thing in the corridor the laird — returning in spirit to the castle he once owned?

By Elizabeth Byrd

TWO YEARS before I saw the ghost in my bedroom we knew that something "unnatural" lived with us in Leith Hall.

Visually, it is beautiful, set among 1500 wooded acres in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Visitors to the famed flower gardens and the Historic Wing persist in calling it a castle, although actually it's a mansion, built in 1650 and now under the protection of the National Trust. My husband Barrie and I were enchanted to learn that a fully furnished, centrally-heated wing was for rent — never mind that 14 rooms seemed excessive for two people and a poodle puppy. Even so, the rent was less than we paid for our New York apartment.

We found nothing sinister about the place when we explored it that May day in 1966. We were both thinking that for once we could have our own private studies for our writing — mine



Furniture of periods ranging from the 17th to 19th Centuries had been tastefully selected for each of 14 rooms in author's Leith Hall wing.

John Watt, *Scottish Field*



Master bedroom had once been the dining room. Eventually author and her husband vacated room, leaving it to its "ghost," a massively-built man in "breeks."

on the ground floor, his in a turret tower on the third floor. Moreover, the Trust assured us that we had no responsibility for the tourists — our privacy was insured.

In July, after some painting and repapering had been done, we moved in. I chose the master bedroom with its apricot walls, huge canopied bed and a fireplace — but Barrie, who is bothered by my late-night reading, chose to sleep in one of the bedrooms upstairs. Those top-floor rooms had evidently once been a nursery.

The first evidence of anything "unnatural" came a week after we moved in while I stood at the bottom of the spiral stone staircase preparing to take the puppy for a walk. Satirically we had named her "Strongheart," for unlike many of her breed she was nerveless. It was I who was frightened when from two stories above, I clearly heard a child giggle. Strongheart barked. Another giggle — and the puppy dashed joyfully upstairs, as if certain of a playmate. Then I heard her growl and she came down shivering and whimpering. Coward that I am, I took her out to the lily-padded loch, hoping that Barrie would return from Aberdeen before dark.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ELIZABETH BYRD was educated in New York City and studied journalism at New York University. In the 1940's she edited radio news for CBS, worked as an associate editor for three literary agencies, then edited a confession magazine until 1953 when she resigned to write a novel.

She had written short stories and articles for *Esquire, Collier's, McCall's, Reader's Digest* and others before she moved to Scotland in 1966. She has published a number of novels, among them *Immortal Queen,* a best-seller about Mary Queen of Scots.

Elizabeth Byrd now lives in Arizona.

The next afternoon Strongheart and I had another adventure. After picnicking on the loch bank we came home through the Great Hall. Behind its oak paneling there is a tiny room with a toilet and wash basin. As we passed it, there came a snarl loud as a tiger's. I screamed and Strongheart took to her heels in terror. I found her under the chaise in my study, plucked her out, held her close and — I admit — trembled with her. But I tried to think of some rational explanation. I was sure that the high window in the little room was closed — possibly, I thought, a cat had gotten in. But never

Author liked to bring the poodle puppy Strongheart here to the bank of the loch for breakfast picnics — and to see baby rabbits, moorhens, even an otter.



John Watt, *Scottish Field*



Douglas M. Coopey, Aberdeen

Strongheart, the nerveless poodle, quailed at some sounds: a ghostly child's giggle and a tiger's snarl.



Aberdeen Journals, Ltd.

Elizabeth Byrd and her husband Barrie withstood the uneasy atmosphere for three and a half years, then moved to Edinburgh.

had I heard a cat sound so ferocious. We stayed in the study until Barrie came home half an hour later. He found the suspect window closed.

An explanation of sorts came to us when I told a guest — an historian — about the snarling sound. "In the old days of sheep theft and clan feuds there were always fierce mastiffs chained to the corners of mansions and castles," he said, smiling. "That little room forms a corner. Perhaps you heard a guard dog."

A month later Kevin Knight, then nine years old, came with his parents to spend a weekend. He asked where the "loo" was and his mother, knowing nothing of the snarl, directed him. When he came back he said, "I'll never go in there again! I was so scared — I don't know why. . . ."

No, he hadn't seen or heard anything but he felt as if something were going to attack him. Now, at 18, he still remembers his terror.

Although we never heard the snarl again Strongheart refused to go near that door. Barrie tried to lure her in with a chocolate vitamin tablet but she shied away and growled.

We tried to joke about a haunted toilet, about heavy doors slamming on

windless summer nights and about the activity on the "nursery" floor after dark. Barrie's study was at the end of that corridor and he always kept the door closed. He often worked to music and despite thick walls I could hear the hi-fi and it disturbed my work. Several times he spoke of "something blundering along the corridor, like a big dog, then barging heavily against my door." When he investigated he always found the corridor tranquil.

This blundering sound was also heard by an American visitor, Carole Showalter, who stayed with us for about three months in 1967. She slept in one of the nursery rooms and although we had told her nothing about out "ghosts" she would say every morning at breakfast, "What goes on in that corridor? I'll be reading in bed and about midnight something big and cumbersome pads along outside — like a dog, but not Strongheart's dainty five pounds. Otherwise it's like a silent cocktail party, people moving to and fro but not a word spoken. I wouldn't open that door for the world!"

Various guests — to whom we had said nothing of our experiences — had their own. Mary Poulton, an airline hostess, used the bathroom adjoining my bedroom and later told me, "I was afraid to come back past your beautiful bed. How can you sleep in there?" Isobel Begg, an actress, unaware of Mary's reaction, said the same thing two months later: "I was scared to death when I had to pass through your bedroom. . . ."

* * *

A REPORTER for the *Weekly Scotsman,* Iain Parr, phoned in late March 1967 to say that he had heard "from various people" that our wing of Leith Hall was haunted. We wanted no publicity but evidently the word was out. He said frankly, "I'd have to treat it as a humorous piece, of course, but it wouldn't hurt your book sales."

"I'm not sure," I said. "I write historical novels, not occult stuff. Neither Barrie nor I want freak publicity."

"I promise it won't be junk," he said. So we invited Iain to spend the night of April 1 and put him in the largest and most comfortable of the nursery rooms. What he wrote in the *Weekly Scotsman* for April 6, 1967, wasn't precisely humorous:

"I've been a realist for as long as I can remember. Even as a youngster I scoffed at the idea of fairies living in our garden. I never believed in ghosts, either. Not until now. . . . I was lying in bed, eyes wide open and my hands behind my head, staring up at the ceiling. . . . My room seemed very dark.

"For some reason I was thinking of Hernando Cortez and his conquest of the Incas when suddenly I was *pulled* up to a sitting position. It was quite involuntary on my part. (Then) I was allowed to flop back. I switched on the light and examined my pajama jacket. It was not disarrayed but I assure you something had pulled me from the pillow."

A few weeks later I slept in that bed having given the master bedroom to Alanna and Alistair Knight, Kevin's parents. At dawn I was awakened by an unmistakable spank — a hard spank. I turned over prepared to scold Barrie — but the room was empty, the

door closed. In what had once been nursery quarters, was some strict nanny still administering punishment?

That same night Alanna and her husband fell asleep about 1:00 A.M. in the master bedroom, having left the draperies slightly open. She told us the next morning, "I awakened to the sound of a woman laughing — right next to me. I sat up against the pillows. The room was very dark but through the parted draperies I could see the far-off lights of Teacher's whiskey distillery. All around me there was movement — swish of silk or taffeta, tinkle o1 crystal, clink of china, murmured conversation of which I couldn't catch a word. I wanted to awaken Alistair to share this fantastic experience but I was afraid it would go away if I did. It lasted eight to 10 minutes and I realized that a dinner party was going on practically here on the bed! And I was like a blind woman attending it."

In that bedroom were spacious cupboard shelves where I kept my sweaters and handbags. Several of the shelves were labeled "Crown Derby," "Limoges" "Best China." These and Alanna's experience — were explained when the elderly Lady Burgh came to tea and asked to look through the house. In the master bedroom she said, "Oh! But this used to be the dining room. We used to have such lovely parties here when I was a girl."

Going on past the fireplace into the ha!l to the bathroom she said, "The servants served from here. I think there was a sort of dumbwaiter arrangement to pull up food from the kitchen."

Back in the bedroom, Lady Burgh laughed. "The laird never dined here alone when his wife (the Honorable Henrietta Leith-Hay) was in Ireland. He had some idea that it was haunted and preferred the small dining room on the ground floor — the one you use."

The Honorable Henrietta Leith-Hay gave Leith Hall to the National Trust for Scotland in 1945 but lived there, a widow, until her death 20 years later. Her portrait and those of her husband and son dominate a wall of the curving staircase. One night, looking at the portraits, I said, "We're the only tenants who've ever lived here who weren't related to them. I hope they like us."

"We're tidy," Barrie said, smiling, "but from their viewpoint, a pair of Bohemians. Old Queen Mary came here to tea but no royalty has visited us. We're just not posh, darling."

As I studied the kind-eyed serene family in the portraits I remembered what the caretaker Miss Whitt had once told me: She had said, "Mrs. Leith-Hay had over 80 rooms to wander, very few servants and in her later years as her friends and relatives died, there must have been intense loneliness. She was very fond of company."

The question of whether she "liked us" was answered about 10 days later in an extraordinary way. As I've said, Barrie and I had separate studies and they were inviolate. We *never* intruded on one another. Absurd as it may seem, this was the first working privacy we'd ever had and we intended to keep it. When I gathered flowers for the vase on his desk I didn't go into his turret sanctuary but gave them to him

to place. When he bought carbon paper for me, he left it outside my door.

So when I entered my study one morning after breakfast I was astonished to find two plump pink and white tea cosies on my desk chair. Why had he barged in with these rather atrocious Victorian relics? I found him in the morning room and asked. "I've never seen them before," he replied.

We looked over the exhaustive inventory — it listed the most minor items, even empty jars. The list incuded one blue and white chintz tea cosy but not these pink and white striped ones. I took them down to the caretaker's lodge. Miss Whitt had never seen them before nor had our thrice-weekly maid Phyllis Stewart. They had appeared oovernight.

The next morning Barrie found a beautiful tooled Italian leather writing case or the tea cosies. These seemed to be gifts — one for a woman and one used. In a corner pocket he found a tiny envelope, yellowed with age, and scrawled on it in ink were the words: "I am in. Please ring bell. Henrietta L. H."

This valuable item did not appear on the inventory, nor had it been seen before. Surviving friends of Henrietta's had never seen either the writing case or the tea cosies. These seemed to be gifts — one for a woman and one for a man. No intruder could have played such a prank — and anyway, intruders do not get into locked and bolted National Trust properties.

On a dour November morning Barrie asked for a shopping list and said he would go into the village. We went upstairs together and he went into his study to pick up some letters. When I heard him clattering down the stairs I started to work. Then I heard music from his study. Timidly I went up. His door was open and I saw him at his desk. "You didn't go to Kennethmont?"

"Had another letter to write," he said.

"Then you haven't been downstairs since I saw you?"

"No."

Who or what then had clattered down past my open bedroom door?

* * *

IN JULY 1968 I was alone at Leith Hall for a week. Barrie had business in London. He worried that I might be uneasy but I lied gallantly, "Nonsense." After Barrie left I took some precautions — not for me those creepy winding stone stairs if I needed something from study or kitchen in the middle of the night. So I had cigarettes, matches, tissues and two unscary novels. I went serenely to sleep about 11 o'clock, the draperies parted. The only sounds were the mourning of wood pigeons and the tick of my bedside clock.

In Scotland in summer light comes early. Everything in my room was clearly visible when I awoke at 4:55 A.M. I sat up feeling refreshed and wide-awake. I would take Strongheart out to the loch for a breakfast picnic. At this early hour we'd see baby rabbits, moorhens, maybe an otter.

I had been looking toward one of the windows. Now I glanced at the dressing table — and froze in horror. Standing in front of it, facing me, was a tall massively-built man with a dark

brown beard, his eyes hidden by a bandage on his head. He wore a pale wide-sleeved shirt and tight dark green trousers — not modern trousers but what the Scots call "breeks." He held a short thick weapon in his left hand and stood with his legs apart in a commanding stance.

Despite my panic I felt that although he looked fierce he was not menacing. It was as if he were trying to say, "Here I am. Look at me." I shall always deplore the fact that I didn't speak, didn't ask what he wanted of me. Instead I screamed, "Go away!"

He was as solid as any human being, not transparent. He moved back a step, his glance never wavering from mine. Again I screamed, "Go away!" with what voice I had left — and after a second or two he vanished.

Now my beautiful bedroom was ruined for me. I kept my clothes there but I never slept in it again. That day I made up a room for myself on the "nursery" floor. And that day I went over to the Historic Wing to see if I could find my night visitor's portrait. I failed. Most of the former lairds of Leith Hall had been military men but none resembled my visitor. I didn't tell the caretaker why I was interested in the lairds but she gave me a book written by Henrietta, a family history called *Trustie to the End* (Oliver and Boyd, London, 1957).

I read it looking for reference to a wounded man but Henrietta's ancestors from Culloden through Waterloo, the Crimean War, etc., seemed impervious to bullets. None had been wounded in battle. Finally I came to John Leith, an 18th-Century laird. On December 21, 1763, he rode 40 miles to Aberdeen to join a stag party at Campbell's Tavern. He and Abernethy of Mayen quarreled. Because most of the witnesses were drunk no one can say whether John Leith was murdered by Abernethy or shot in an honorable duel. Leith died in Aberdeen three days later and a ballad immortalized the affair — and proved a bandaged head wound.

Leith's servant bound the bleeding head
And bore him to his bed
And covered him with blankets warm
And due attention paid.

Leith's widow Harriot was convinced of murder and sued Abernethy, who fled Scotland. The legal matter dragged on five years until she was finally awarded 150 pounds. But the mystery of Leith's death remains.

Ghosts are said to appear in order to "set things straight" or to tidy up their affairs or through extreme anxiety to communicate. Standing there, he may have wanted to say to me, "Listen to me. This is what really happened."

I never saw him again but for the rest of that week while Barrie was gone I heard the blundering steps lurching along the corridor — and Strongheart, who slept with me now on the top floor, growled and occasionally howled. Sleep was almost impossible.

Barrie returned and hearing my story of vacating the master bedroom he took it over. He reported peaceful nights for more than a week but then he was forced out.

"I can't describe how horrible it was," he told me. "I had just switched off the bedside light when I felt this

black cloud moving toward me. No, I didn't see it. I felt it as a menace that wanted to smother me. I tried to turn over to reach the light but my body was literally paralyzed. As the thing came closer it took all of my willpower — and a prayer — to activate my muscles. I got the light on. The room was tranquil. I went up and spent the rest of the night in my study on the couch."

"So you'll never sleep there again?"

"Never."

We continued to use that room for our clothes but no one slept there. During 1969 our guests continued to complain, "This house is haunted!" Alanna Knight's mother Mrs. Cleet, scornful of "silly superstition," nevertheless reported, after a night in the room next to Barrie's study, that she had heard heavy footsteps blundering along the corridor "like a military man in heavy boots but rather dragging. Then there were two sharp cracks, like pistol shots."

"That's odd," said her son-in-law. "I had a nightmare about pistol shots."

Then on November 8, 1969, about dusk Barrie went into the master bedroom for a jacket — and there was the bandaged man, this time standing next to the fireplace. "He was taller than you described and I could see an empty eye socket. He had no weapon this time."

"Did he disappear?" I asked.

"No, I did — fast," Barrie replied.

I put down my book. "This is impossible. Not just the uneasy atmosphere but we're so remote. We spend so much on travel to London and my research in Edinburgh. We should have roots in a city."

He agreed. Soon after New Year's Day 1970 we were living in Edinburgh.

Our wing of Leith Hall was vacant for nearly two years. Then we read in the paper that it had been rented by a Colonel Mitchell, a controversial member of Parliament. Newsmen phoned him to ask if he and his young family had had any strange experiences in Leith Hall. He either said, "Rubbish," or simply hung up. Then we heard that he had moved out.

Our wing was vacant again. We didn't miss it really — our Edinburgh apartment was marvelous — but tenantless old houses are pathetic and we had reason to care about this one. So we were delighted to hear that Teacher's Scotch distillery had rented it for the entertainment of VIP's. We imagined charming parties in the Great Hall and drinks before the 17th-Century fireplace in the dining room.

But were guests put up overnight? I phoned to ask but received an ambiguous answer: "We don't use Leith Hall as a hotel."

Just as well, perhaps. The old mansion lives on two levels of time and perhaps, at the darkening, is best left to itself.

Author's note: In November 1977 a friend in Scotland wrote me that the Teacher's Scotch people have relinquished Leith Hall.



Rogo Joins FATE Staff

D. SCOTT ROGO, who has been active in parapsychology as a researcher, writer and educator for 10 years, is joining the staff of FATE Magazine as consulting editor with this August 1978 issue.

Born in 1950, he received his B. A. degree from California State University, Northridge, and did graduate work in the psychology of music before devoting full time to parapsychology. His first article for FATE appeared in the June 1968 issue.

As a researcher, Mr. Rogo has held positions with several parapsychology laboratories, has been a visiting research consultant for the Psychical Research Foundation (1973), a visiting researcher at the Maimonides Medical Center's division of parapsychology and psychophysics (1975), and also was director of research for the Southern California Society for Psychical Research. He is the author of research reports and articles which have appeared in such diverse publications as *Human Behavior, The Humanist, High Times, Psychic,* the *Journal of Parapsychology, Omega: Journal of Death and Dying,* the *International Journal of Parapsychology* and *FATE Magazine.* He has been awarded several research and educational grants by the Parapsychology Foundation.

Mr. Rogo is the author of a number of books on parapsychology including a study on survival after death, *The Welcoming Silence; An Experience of Phantoms* (an alternate selection of the Universe Book Club); *Parapsychology: A Century of Inquiry,* a history; a semiautobiographical volume, *In Search of the Unknown;* and a book on UFOs and psychic phenomena, *The Haunted Universe.* He also has written books on the out-of-body experience, psychokinesis and a two-volume study of music, mysticism and psychic phenomena.



In 1972 he became an associate editor of *Psychic* magazine and from 1974 to 1977 was book review editor there. He currently writes a parapsychology department for *Human Behavior* Magazine.

Scott Rogo organized and taught a course on parapsychology at the University of California, Los Angeles, and in 1974 was invited to conduct a series of seminars on parapsychology at Whitman College (Walla Walla, Wash.) He has written a texbook on parapsychology which was adopted at several colleges in this country, including the University of California, Santa Barbara, and St. John's University, New York.

In addition, Mr. Rogo twice has been invited by the Parapsychology Foundation to deliver papers at its yearly international parapsychology conference, once in 1972 for a conference on "Parapsychology and the Sciences" in Amsterdam, Holland, and again in 1975 for a conference on "Parapsychology and Education" in San Francisco. In 1975 he was invited to participate in a special symposium on parapsychology at the annual convention of the American Psychological Association held in Chicago.

BIRDS ON THE ATTACK

"Something hit me on the head," the victim reported. "Then birds were screeching and clawing at my hands. One hit me on the head and it started bleeding. They were flying all around me, so many I couldn't see. I fell to the ground. . . ."

By Larry E. Arnold



IT SEEMED like a normal, peaceful day. Children played in the school yard, housewives tended to their chores and life proceeded at its usual pace.

One big black bird roosted on a wire overlooking the school yard. Others quietly gathered overhead until the sky was blackened by their numbers.

Then suddenly, unexpectedly, the air was filled with screeches and flapping wings. Diving at cars, pecking at children, swooping down chimneys and crashing against doors and windows, the birds attacked.

Who doesn't remember these scenes from Alfred Hitchcock's classic thriller *The Birds?* In the movie a schoolhouse and then a whole community are assaulted by hordes of crazed, vengeful fowls. But surely such avian attacks occur only in the minds of fantasy writers and Hollywood filmmakers. Or do they?

Don't expect Mrs. Agnes Audin of Dodworth, Yorkshire, England, to agree. "It dive-bombs anyone who goes past," she told the *Sunday Express* (November 21, 1971). She was talking about a "huge black crow" whose victims were not insects or other birds trespassing on its territory — but people.

Her daughter described one of its aerial raids: "It tried to land on my head. I tried to fight it off with my handbag but it attacked me again and again as I ran off. I was absolutely terrified."

Mrs. Audin's daughter was not the crow's first victim. It had attacked a number of local children, including a 12-year-old who used a chain to beat off the bird. It bit a woman's fingers; a grown man actually leaped over a wall to escape being pecked.

These incidents are far from unique. In 1969 people living on Germany's North Sea coast reported a series of sea gull attacks. In May 1971 a Dover, England, motorcyclist and his female passenger watched in astonishment as a sea gull swooped down on them with malice aforethought. The cyclist escaped uninjured but his companion was admitted to the hospital for treatment of peck wounds on her cheek.

One day in August 1974, Kevin Graham was crossing the Tweed Bridge at Berwick, also in England, when a squadron of "screaming dive-bombing sea gulls" descended on him. Two other persons on the bridge also came under attack. Although an article in the local *Weekly News* (August 10, 1974) stressed that gulls are "quite harmless," it noted that several individuals had been "harassed" by gulls at this same spot.

A jackdaw attacked children on the playground at Cogan, Glamorgan, Wales. Two of them ran home with their heads bleeding. The *Sunday Mirror* for December 14, 1975, blames the same bird for inflicting similar injuries on children fishing from Penarth pier. About the same time a lone sea gull flying over Wales attacked a young girl and her dog and also a horse at Llanon, Cardigan!

With our imaginations given free rein and our tongues firmly in our cheeks, we can suggest an "explanation" for these oddities of avian behavior. Suppose that specially trained and daring bird-soldiers have been sent out to test the enemy's strength and defenses. If their missions are successful,

a large-scale battle is launched. The target is human beastliness. Possibly such a grand strategy was put into action during August 1976. . . .

August 7: Bats attack a flat near Wimbledon Common in South London.

August 14: Sea gulls assault a woman in Berwick, England.

August 17: Bats invade a house at Corsham, England.

August 30: A pheasant goes after postmen in Devon, England.

It was a month-long all-out offensive by the birds — aided, apparently, by their winged mammal friends, the bats.

* * *

THE ABOVE episodes, however, are mere skirmishes compared to the full-scale onslaughts *Fortean Times* editor Robert J. M. Rickard has called "the Feathered Front on the Beaked Brigade."

Larry Benson and his family were the targets of one such massive sortie in Westwood, Calif., on May 30, 1970. Their dinner was interrupted by the rustle of wings, then disrupted as birds flocked into their living room.

Benson quickly hustled his two daughters outside — where they watched "hundreds of birds waiting and struggling around the chimney, trying to get down it." He immediately rushed back indoors and tried to block the fireplace but to no avail. Completely helpless against the huge number of winged invaders, Benson called his neighbors and together they managed to close the flue and open all the doors and windows in order to free the house of the unwelcome callers.

A specialist identified the birds as swifts migrating north but no one could say why their flight path took a sudden *downward* turn.

However disconcerting this avian assault may have been to the Bensons, it cannot compare to the terrifying experience of a pilot and his two passengers over Maiquetia, Venezuela, in July 1974 when a flock of crows succeeded in crippling the engine of their aircraft. The crows actually pursued the plane as the pilot struggled to regain control and land the plane safely at Maiquetia Airport where the occupants emerged pale-faced but uninjured. Only then did the crows break off the attack and fly away. To fight another day?

How long has this bird-to-man conflict been raging?

Perhaps since 1949 when 40 birds dive-bombed a train in England. Certainly the "war" has continued ever since.

There is, for example, the experience of Mrs. Carrie Gross, who one day in March 1960 was singled out by three hawks flying over Shinglehouse, Pa. The hawks flew through an open second-floor window and the largest bird of prey sank its talons into the back of Mrs. Gross' hand. Mrs. Gross managed to strangle her attacker with her free hand and then chase its companions away with a dust mop.

Two months later, on May 21, several magpies attacked schoolchildren at Hugglescote, Leicestershire, England.

One day in the fall of 1967 magpies took on a far more formidable foe: the Australian political establishment. The incident occurred in Canberra as several members of Parliament left the

legislative house and suddenly found themselves attacked by flocks of magpies. One MP had his ear sliced; another was pecked on the head — and a third was knocked down before he escaped to the shelter of a nearby building.

Another magpie attack occurred in August 1971. Teachers, students and a workman were pinned down by two of the marauders as they circled a school yard in Adelaide, South Australia. Police officers finally came to the rescue and shot the birds.

A similarly foul-tempered fowl invaded a school yard at Haxby, Yorkshire, England, in August 1973. This time the attacker was a kestrel, a hawkish bird of prey which chased youngsters for two hours, threatening them with its razor-sharp talons. Even their mothers fled to safety. Finally the creature was captured alive, leading the director of the Yorkshire Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to remark mildly (in *The Sun,* August 7, 1973), "The kestrel is a bit of a problem."

A Wyoming game official described as "extremely abnormal" an eagle attack which took place near Yoder. Terry Hauf was hunting south of the town one day in November 1974 when an eagle suddenly swooped down on him, hitting him with such force that he was knocked off his feet.

At 5:00 A. M. on June 1, 1975, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne of Broad Oaks, near Heathfield, Sussex, England. were awakened by a cacophony at their bedroom window. Two huge crows were pecking at the glass. Soon more crows appeared until every window on that side of the house was dark with masses of black feathered fiends. Payne estimated there were at least 20 of them. He drove the crows off with a stick, fully expecting that would be the end of the matter.

Next day 30 crows appeared — again at 5:00 A. M. Again Payne drove them away but they alighted on some nearby trees and stared menacingly at him.

On the third morning *40* crows showed up right on schedule. The sounds of beaks and claws scratching against the glass, coupled with memories of Hitchcock's *The Birds,* were quite enough to send the couple packing. They stayed away for 10 days.

When they finally returned to Broad Oaks they were confident their problems were over. At five o'clock the next morning, however. . . .

Soon afterwards the attacks ended as mysteriously as they had begun.

For seven days and nights in June 1976 a home in Newlyn, Cornwall, England, was the target of kamikaze attacks by rooks, the European black crow "noted for its gregarious habits," an ornithology text tells us. This time the gregariousness of the birds was disconcerting, to put it mildly. Margot Swatton complained to authorities that the rooks were dive-bombing her house from trees and powerlines, only to fly back to their posts and — although dazed and bleeding — launch another attack!

"People have suggested the birds were attacking their own reflections in the glass," she told the *West Briton* (June 17, 1976), "but could the birds have seen anything at night? It was also suggested that the house is in the birds' flight path. But the house was

here last year as well and they never came then!"

Mrs. Swatton said the birds showed no malice toward her or her daughters even when the Swattons swatted at them with sticks. The birds persisted in their bizarre behavior until a neighbor shot one of them dead.

A more recent avian attack occurred on an evening in late February 1977 when Rick True took a shortcut through the woods to his home on Pleasant Hill, west of Linglestown, near Pennsylvania's capital city Harrisburg. Only the squish of mud beneath his shoes disturbed the serenity of his walk — until he heard the flapping of wings.

"Something hit me on the head," he told us. "I thought it was a branch." Then, he said, "Birds were screeching and clawing at my hands. Another hit my head and it bled. I fell to the ground."

The flapping of wings abated. Rick rose to brush the mud from his pants — and was attacked again. "They flew all around me," he recalled. There were so many of them that the sky was "black — you couldn't see anything." He ran for the nearest streetlight and escaped.

An even more frightening series of events took place on May 9, 1977, in the northern California town of Anderson. Members of the Sherlock family were startled to see soot flying all over their living room. Suddenly one of the children shouted, "We're being attacked by birds!"

"We looked out the window and could not see the sky," Mrs. Sherlock recalled. "It was literally black with birds flying around. Sometimes groups of 40 or 50 of them would break away and dive-bomb the house and force their way down the chimney."

Casualties — for the birds at least — were high. After the first "raid" police filled 28 60-gallon sacks with the thumb-sized corpses of swifts that perished in the flue. Yet the avian attacks continued, even intensified. A home in Redding was subjected to a similar assault; chimneys in Los Gatos, Arroyo Grande and Visalia were choked with kamikaze birds.

Predictably the experts outdid themselves proposing "solutions" to the mystery. Cold weather and recent storms had killed off insects, the birds' leading food staple, and that had driven them to roost, some suggested. Even most of the experts, however, found that theory less than satisfactory, so they proposed another that was no better, namely that the birds had been seeking warmth in the chimneys. Since it was spring and none of the fireplaces was in use at the time of the invasions, we can scrap this hypothesis too.

* * *

WHAT ARE we to make of all this? How can we explain such unprecedented bird behavior?

In some cases the birds' erratic flight emulates the behavior of drunken human beings: loss of direction, irrational behavior, belligerence and so on. Is it possible that birds can manage to get themselves intoxicated too?

That's exactly what happened to hundreds of waxtails in Sweden in December 1976. After feeding upon rowanberries which were fermenting on the vine, the birds flew into wind-

shields and alighted on heavily trafficked roads.

Yet incidents of this nature are even rarer than bird attacks, and avian intoxication surely does not explain those cases which occur in areas where rowanberries don't grow. Let's consider a more productive line of inquiry.

Scientists long have been mystified by the ability of many species of fowls to navigate accurately across thousands of miles. How is it done? Apparent solutions have led only to more questions. "In some ways we are more confused than ever," Prof. William T. Keenton of Cornell University admits.

Now researchers are following some important new leads. Two Rockefeller University biologists, R. P. Larkin and P. J. Sutherland, have recently discovered that migrating fowls react to low-intensity electromagnetic fields during nocturnal flight.

The researchers used radar to monitor birds flying above the antennas of the U.S. Navy's Project Seafarer at Clam Lake, Wis. They found a direct correlation between changes in flight paths and alterations in the antennas' current. Because the magnetic field induced by the Wisconsin facility is less than one percent of the earth's magnetic field, the observers concluded in *Science* (February 25, 1977) that there is "a heretofore unsuspected degree of sophistication in the birds' use of magnetic fields for orientation."

Until the last few decades the birds have had millennia in which to adapt to a relatively stable force-field environment. But now they have to contend with numerous new disturbances in the earth's electromagnetic spectrum caused by man's activities: radar, television, radio, microwaves, cyclotron emissions, experiments with electric waves of high frequency and high potential, and so on. What the birds have been accustomed to has suddenly become muddled and reordered. Their hereditary knowledge of these invisible roadways may now be useless in man's electronically-polluted jumble.

Is it any wonder the feathered creatures end up doing "strange" things such as attacking people?

Still, there are cases which are difficult to explain as results of electromagnetic pollution. Perhaps the *earth's* magnetic forces are also involved.

In a study inspired by the findings of the Rockefeller biologists, Clemson University zoologist Frank R. Moore reports in *Science* (May 6, 1977) "the first direct visual evidence that the orientation of free-flying nocturnal migrants is affected by natural fluctuations in the geomagnetic field." Moore found that the more severe the variations in geomagnetic disturbances, the greater was the variation in migratory birds' pathways.

In the spring and fall the accuracy of avian navigation markedly deteriorates as the earth's magnetism fluctuates widely, Moore discovered. Perhaps significantly, most bird attacks seem to occur in these two seasons.

Another force which may affect bird behavior is infrasound.

In 1977 Professor Keenton and his colleagues reported that caged pigeons can detect "infrasound" caused by vibrations the human ear cannot hear. Such sounds may travel thousands of miles. A bird may even be able to tune

in on the roar of a volcano or the clatter of machinery far beyond its range of vision.

There is good evidence that infrasound can adversely affect human beings. But birds, it seems, are even *more* sensitive to this range of vibration. And as man's mechanized society pours its polluting frequencies into the environment, one would be surprised if birds *didn't* behave weirdly.

Moreover, American scientists are testing a theory that some birds have a supersense of smell that guides them to breeding grounds.

Needless to say, the audible cacophony and odorous stench that mankind sends into the air would confuse any fowl's delicate sensitivity. Its very life would be threatened if a particular freshwater pond or ancestral breeding area could not be located.

Maybe the idea that birds are starting to act aggressively in the interests of their own well-being and self-preservation isn't so silly after all.



A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .

By Shirley Fifield

ONE OF OUR greatest national heroes is Charles Manson. He is the man who did more for aviation than any person since the Wright Brothers. One of his rewards was the greatest ticker-tape parade in New York's history.

Charles Manson was the idol of every boy and girl old enough to understand what he had done and every mother and father wished he had been their son.

If Grandfather Ola Manson had not changed his name to Lindbergh when he arrived in America from Sweden, his grandson Charles Lindbergh would have been known to us as Charles Manson.



2500 YEARS BEFORE BEN FRANKLIN

ANCIENT JEWS knew about and actually used lightning rods as safety devices, according to the *The Jewish Week* for December 21-27, 1975. Their knowledge of lightning rods is clearly indicated in a passage in the *Tosefta of Tractate Sabbath* (a compilation of laws): "It is permitted (on the Sabbath) to place an iron (rod) over the (coops of) young chickens for the purpose of protecting them against thunder and lightning."



THE KID'S POWWOW HEALING

When the kid finally got hurt and the doctor was nowhere to be found, there was only one thing to do — go down the street to old Mrs. Kennedy.

By C. P. Schultz

CLARA PECK was a kid who could walk like a cat atop the skinny banister around the second-floor balcony in her big-family house in Dauphin, Pa. Arms outstretched like a pole in the hands of a ropewalker, she would mince along — until her mother Catherine came to shag her off the banister, down the stairs and into the yard.

The kid was bound to get hurt — everybody said so. She was daring and mischievous — constantly improvising deeds of derring-do for her own delight and the amusement of her peers.

However, summertime was relatively safe, for every spring Clara's father Maurice set up an enormous tent which served the neighborhood as a playhouse. But every fall the day would come when no amount of coaxing could prevent him from taking it down. During the fall doldrums in 1926 when the tent was gone, the kid finally got hurt.

Spoiling for something to do, Clara decided to make a sliding board. She set up two chairs, seats facing each other, and placed a leaf from the dining room table across them. Next she upturned another chair and laid another leaf on it, then added boxes and footstools, etc. She knew she wasn't supposed to use furniture this way but — the game is worth the blame.

The banister solidly anchored in the floor was a haven of safety compared to Clara's rickety structure of boxes and chairs towering alongside a hot stove. When it all came tumbling down, the old wives' prophecies came true and Clara's mother was horrified when she saw the ugly burn which covered part of the child's forearm.

She called the only doctor in town who, like all good doctors when you need them, was out. So, dragging her screaming child, Catherine Peck rushed two doors down the street to see old Mrs. Kennedy.

Mrs. Kennedy could powwow. She held Clara's arm, moved her lips softly, passed her hands over the burn and — it was gone! Just that suddenly.

The pain went too, not little by little, but instantly. Just as suddenly Clara shut up. She didn't understand then what had happened but the powwow had worked.

What does it mean to powwow? Powwow is a communication with God in an effort to remove some physical distress in a man or animal. The person who powwows is talking to God, asking Him to heal the affliction. In times past it was common in rural Pennsylvania to powwow for sick farm animals because doctors were few and far between.

Mrs. Kennedy's murmurs were no doubt the specific prayers used in powwow. These may not be written down but are passed by word of mouth down through the generations by a man to a woman or by a woman to a man (never by man to man or woman to woman).

In those days all Clara knew was that her arm had been on fire and suddenly it was not. She is now highly educated and more than half a hundred years old. Her arm doesn't even bear a scar but she vividly remembers the pain of that burn. Sometimes she says facetiously, "I don't believe in powwow but I know it works."

Yes, I know it works. I'm that kid.

MONSTERS INVADE SOUTH DAKOTA

By W. Ritchie Benedict

MANY OF the 60 residents of Little Eagle, S. Dak., a remote hamlet on Standing Rock Indian Reservation, have been terrified by an invasion of monsters which may be either Bigfeet or Sasquatches. The sightings began in early September 1977 when three Bigfeet turned up in the thick cottonwoods surrounding the townsite. A total of 28 sightings had been reported by November, according to storekeeper Gary Alexander, and the invaders were seen from distances ranging as far away as 150 yards to as close as 10 feet.

Lemar Chasing Hawk said he was confronted by a Bigfoot lurking only 10 feet away at about 10:15 P.M. one night in September and he has carried a rifle for protection ever since. He said he was on a path bordered by bushes outside his backyard when he heard a noise and something about nine feet tall stood up in the bushes. It weighed over 600 pounds, he said, "so I didn't stay around long enough to find out what it looked like. I turned around and ran for home and didn't look back."

Some residents, among them the Rev. Angus Long Elk, have decided to leave Little Eagle until the fuss dies down. "I couldn't stand its running around and shrieking all night," said the reverend. "It was doing it all the time and about two weeks ago my wife saw it at night while she was down by the river. She's been afraid ever since and wants to leave."

Storekeeper Alexander has not seen a Bigfoot himself but he is convinced there is some kind of monster in the village. "When we've found tracks in a row, the stride approximates six to seven feet. It would take three men on stilts to make them and get that deep an impression."

Authorities have asked hunters not to carry weapons for fear of injuring each other but many continue to do so. "We're not out to hurt it," one hunter said. "We're carrying .22 caliber rifles or magnums — or tranquilizer guns."

"Something Wicked This Way Comes"

The coldness in the room was more than the chill of fright, it was a hateful force — and I knew my son and I were not alone.

By Martha McDonald

MY SON Peter Blair McDonald was born on June 28, 1966, in New York City and immediately faced an uphill struggle to survive. His liver and spleen were too large. So was his heart, which further suffered from a "lopsided" aorta nearly three times its normal thickness. His bowels were not functioning and there was fluid in his lungs. In the weeks and months that followed, the doctors feared he might die at any time.

Two and half years later, however, he was still alive — and about to confront the greatest threat yet to his young life.

It began at 2:00 A.M. one night in the spring of 1969 when Peter suddenly awoke screaming hysterically. I rushed to his room, which he shared with his older brother (who was still asleep), and was met by a sharp damp coldness which seemed to permeate my very being. The air felt strangely heavy in my lungs and something told me we were not alone in the room.

Peter's eyes were wide with panic and he was crying and shuddering. As I held him close he told me that a man was in the room.

Although I could see nothing and common sense told me that he was just imagining things, I could not shake the feeling that something very real and very evil lurked nearby. As calmly as I could, I asked my son what the man was doing. In a high-pitched choked whisper, Peter said, "Just standing and looking," and buried his face in my shoulder.

Still crying, Peter told me he had been awakened by the sound of scraping at the window in the corner of his room. When he looked over there he saw a form before him. He was sure he had not been dreaming.

On the surface I was in control. I comforted my little son and assured him that the noise was probably the wind in the rosebush, nothing more. I told him he had just imagined the extreme cold because he had been so frightened.

That explanation did not satisfy Peter, who pointed to the spot and insisted that the man was still there. Feeling foolish yet not a little scared myself, I ordered the man to leave.

Suddenly everything was normal again. The atmosphere changed dramatically — it was warm again. Peter settled down and went back to sleep.

The incident bothered me all the next day. Feeling I must do something I rearranged Peter's room. Afterwards I checked outdoors for the source of Peter's hallucination, only to find that the roses could not have caused the sounds he had heard — the tallest blooms were six inches lower than the window ledge. That didn't make me feel any better but I vowed not to give the matter any more thought. Dismissing it as a bad dream on Peter's part and overactive imagination on mine, I told myself the episode was over and we'd hear no more of it. But the more I told myself *not* to think about it, the more I thought about it!

I was still thinking about it that night when I went to bed. And at 2:00 A.M. I heard Peter call my name — a low, please-hurry-Mama cry that made every fiber of my body tense. I went to his room and again felt the incredible coldness and once more attempted to assure my son that the evil man was not there.

Nor was that the end of it. For many nights after that Peter would awaken and call my name and the whole scene would repeat itself. Eventually I became accustomed to that incredible, shocking coldness that met me at the doorway to Peter's room. It was more than the chill one feels when frightened. It was almost like a force of hate.

The "man" continued to stand and gaze at Peter but now he was "smiling," my son said. It was as if he were waiting for something. Although I could never see him, somehow I could feel his eyes on me.

Slowly fear gave way to loathing. For no reason I can explain, I began to feel that the presence was laughing at me! Yet apparently I had some sort of power over him because whenever I told the man to leave, he would do so.

As the night visits continued the "character" of the man began to emerge. Peter sensed that the figure was arrogant, impatient and increasingly angry. He was also tall and had "red hair and a mustache." He always favored one corner of the room, away from Peter's sleeping brother.

He stayed longer each time. It is hard to say just how long. Perhaps only minutes — yet it seemed like an eternity. As the visits grew longer, Peter said that the man would "wave his arm," beckoning him. Peter would shriek, "Please, Mama, I don't want to go!"

Trying to rationalize the situation, to be logical, to make sense of something so strange and frightening, I wondered if my 2½-year fear of losing Peter had caused me to lose my sense of reality. But I knew better — and I knew the visitations could not continue or they would lead to nothing good. Peter put his heart into his nightly prayers and knowing nothing else to do, so did I.

Then one sunny morning, after a particularly disturbing night in which the man had insisted that Peter follow him, I was busily doing my daily chores while Peter played in his room. Suddenly my son appeared with a lazy grin on his face and threw his arms around me. "Oh, Mama, I love you," he said, then hugged me tightly. As he turned to leave he seemed to stagger.

For a moment I did not move. I was rooted to the spot, stunned by that little scene and struck with the thought

that something was wrong, horribly wrong. Then it hit me — Peter was intoxicated!

I dashed to his room. As I passed the bathroom I saw what had happened. Peter had taken a chair, reached into the medicine cabinet and swallowed 36 orange pills — baby aspirin. By the time I got him to the West Hudson Hospital in Kearny, N.J., his system had absorbed the pills and it was too late to have his stomach pumped.

For the next couple of days my son's physician, Dr. Victor Rudomansky, was "unavailable" whenever I sought him out for word on Peter's state. Later he admitted that he had avoided me because Peter's heart condition lessened his chances of survival and he had no idea what might happen. Pinching thumb and forefinger together, he said it had been "that close."

Three days after the incident Peter came home, very weak. The recent harrowing experience had made us forget about the bedroom intruder — but promptly at 2:00 A.M. he returned.

Peter's hands were white as he gripped the side of his crib and looked past me. The man was no longer in his corner but "on a horse" on the other side of the room, near where my other son was sleeping. He was shaking his fist angrily. Then suddenly he pulled a "mean face," jerked the reins and turned away — and he and the horse rode off!

For the first time since it began, I felt as if, finally, it was over — *really* over. The fear was gone. The cold was gone. I cradled Peter in my arms and told my little son that I "knew" the man would never some back.

So far he has not returned.



VICTIM WAS FAMILIAR

IN JANUARY 1975 the ambulance crew from Lee Hospital was dispatched to St. Emerick Church in Johnstown, Pa., after a man collapsed from an apparent heart attack at a church party. Dennis Sabo, the 17-year-old attendant, rushed in with the stretcher only to find that the stricken man was his father Theodore Sabo. The 50-year-old victim died on the way to the hospital.



ILL-TIMED ROBBERY

STEVEN WOOD of Pasadena, Calif., entered a branch of the Security Pacific Bank in March 1976, pretended to have a gun and took $829.00 away from a cashier. However, the same bank had been robbed earlier that month and Det. George Garcia arrived at the bank to quiz employees about the earlier holdup just as Steven was on his way out. He arrested Wood and charged him with bank robbery.

MAJOR COYNE AND THE UFO

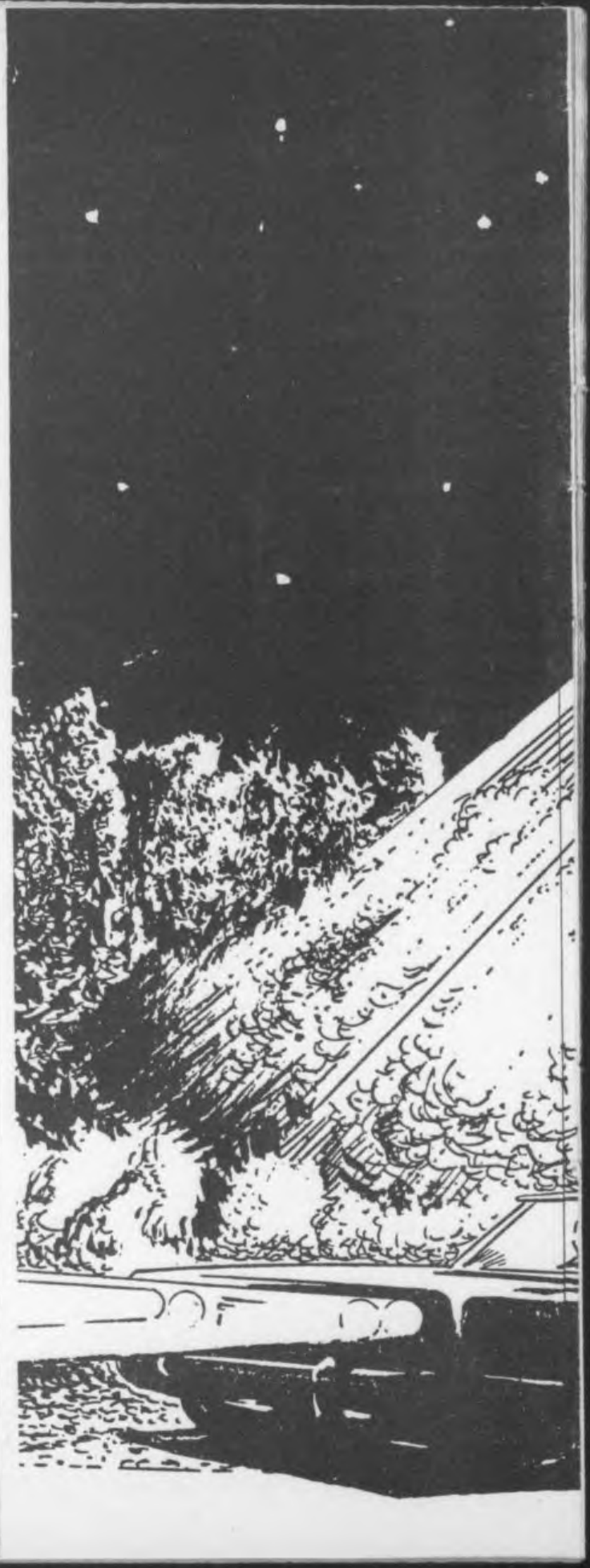
THE TRUE STORY

"It's going to ram us!" the pilot thought — then suddenly it stopped...

By Jennie Zeidman
Illustration by Allan Hendry, CUFOS

FIVE YEARS later the controversy still rages over what happened in the sky over Mansfield, Ohio, on the night of October 18, 1973, when the four-man crew of an army reserve UH-1H helicopter encountered a dark gray, metallic, cigar-shaped lighted object.

The crew won the *National Enquirer* Blue Ribbon Scientific Panel's $5000 award for "the most scientifically valuable report of 1973." And not long afterwards *Aviation Week & Space Technology* editor Philip Klass (who declares flatly that he never has found a UFO case he couldn't solve) announced that his "rigorous investigation" of the case had determined that the object was merely "a fireball of the Orionid meteor shower." Klass insinuated that





the crew should return the money.*

It is well known that approximately 90 percent of all reported UFOs have a conventional explanation. Klass' meteor explanation could easily have ended the matter but it did not.

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, professor of astronomy at Northwestern University, 21-year scientific consultant to the air force's Project Bluebook and now director of the Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS), spent the afternoon and evening of January 24, 1974, with the crew and with Federal Aviation Agency officials at the Cleveland airport. The evening meeting took place at dinner and afforded the crew the opportunity to talk in an open relaxed manner. Hynek, a professional astronomer for over 40 years, came away convinced that the object could not have been a meteor. And he asked me (I was his technical assistant in the early days of Project Bluebook) to reopen the case.

"We already have several hours of taped interviews," Hynek told me, "beginning with the excellent one with Sgt. John Healey, the helicopter medic, cut only 15 hours after the event. But we have never had a second-by-second analysis of what happened. Even Klass never came up with a total time that the object was in view but had only stated that 'there must have been a three-or-four fold distortion of time' and that 'the whole incident must have consumed a somewhat longer time than the crew later estimated.'**

"Those are bold statements," Hynek went on, "but they aren't documented nor are they very scientific. The time analysis is crucial."

He suggested I start from the beginning and try to establish what was taking place during each second of the event. Average meteor showers, he pointed out, are visible for only about two seconds; bright fireballs and bolides (exploding meteors) average about 10 seconds. Under the very best of conditions a meteor might conceivably remain visible for up to 30 or 40 seconds although he had never heard of such a case.

Hynek pulled his calculator toward him across the desk and worked it for a moment. "Theoretically," he said, "a meteor in a perfectly circular orbit at an altitude of 50 kilometers could remain visible, horizon-to-horizon, for 110 seconds. But of course that simply couldn't happen — it would be falling and burning the entire time."

Hynek described the Orionid meteor shower, seen every October, as "a piddling little meteor shower of swift streaks traveling 66 kilometers a second, which does not produce fireballs at all."

I knew from my own reading that glowing meteor *trains* may last many minutes and resemble jet contrails in the upper atmosphere.

* * *

MAJ. LAWRENCE J. Coyne, pilot of the helicopter and the one whose name is usually associated with the incident, was 36 in October 1973 and had 19 years of flying experience. He is a big man with close-cropped hair and a rough complexion. A no-nonsense type and a military profes-

*See "Phil Klass Debunks UFOs, Part Two" by George W. Earley, July 1975 FATE.

**Philip J. Klass, *UFOs Explained* (Random House, 1974), pp. 333-346.

sional, he was frankly tired of the continuing publicity but since I represented Dr. Hynek he consented, albeit reluctantly, to see me. The tension between us eased when he learned I have been involved in ufology since 1953, have had some experience as a private pilot and am familiar with northeastern Ohio where he had his UFO experience.

The first thing I learned was that Coyne and Klass have never met!

"When Klass first called me," Coyne said, "I thought, 'Fine, this guy seems to know what he's talking about,' and he had an engineer on the line. I accepted his explanation because I had been scared and he offered an explanation. But when he sent me his book and we all read his explanation, we all said, 'This guy is full of beans.'"

Klass had had a brief talk-show chat with Sergeant Healey but never had even attempted to contact the other two crewmen.

Coyne and I met privately three times and talked by phone frequently. On two occasions we sat for more than an hour in a UH-1H helicopter reenacting the event. Every moment was taped. I also talked at length with the other three crewmen. Dr. Hynek was present during part of my five-hour session with copilot Lt. Arrigo Jezzi and my interview with John Healey took place in the presence of CUFOS consultant Dr. Tom Evans, professor of psychology at John Carroll University in Cleveland. Crew chief Robert Yanacsek and I met privately at the army reserve facility at Port Columbus and I spent another two hours reviewing the final report with Coyne, Healey and Yanacsek.

I researched meteors in Ohio State University's astronomy library and at Perkins Observatory and Ohio Wesleyan University (Delaware, Ohio). I consulted Dr. William M. Protheroe, professor of astronomy at Ohio State, on several occasions. Afterwards I reread Klass' meteor explanation and was appalled. Not only had he not talked with the witnesses, it was beginning to look as if he had never even cracked a junior high school astronomy text.

* * *

GRADUALLY THE pieces of the puzzle fell into place. The story did not differ from the original newspaper reports nor from Healey's tape-recorded account on the day after but the details were filling in.

As far as we now know, this is what happened:

Jezzi was at the controls. The helicopter was about seven miles south of Mansfield, cruising toward Cleveland at 2500 feet above sea level (1200 feet above Ohio's rolling hills and farmland), when John Healey, in the left rear seat, noticed a single red light off to the west. It was moving south, was brighter than a standard port-wing navigation light and carried none of the other lights, strobe or rotating beacon which FAA regulations require. But since the light was not relevant to traffic, he did not mention it. The light continued in level flight and disappeared out of his sight behind the helicopter.

Approximately two minutes later Yanacsek, in the right rear seat, noticed a single bright red light on the eastern horizon. The red light seemed

to be pacing the helicopter.

"I looked at it for some time before I mentioned it. It wasn't that important, it was so far away," Yanacsek reported. "It was too high, in my estimation, to be a radio tower but it was either that or an aircraft. I figured it was an aircraft. I must have watched it for a minute — oh, a minute and a half — before I said anything. *A long time.** There was no question in my mind that it was man-made, whether it was a tower or a plane. It wasn't a star or anything. It was a red light and it was kind of hard to miss it."

Yanacsek finally mentioned the light. Coyne spotted it still on the horizon and told Yanacsek casually to "keep an eye on it."

After an estimated *additional* 30 seconds, Yanacsek reported that the light seemed to have turned and now was heading toward the helicopter. *By that time the light had been in continuous view for at least 90 seconds.*

Coyne looked again and agreed that the light was getting brighter. Because Jezzi's view was obstructed, Coyne took over the controls, immediately putting the helicopter into a "normal" descent at the rate of 500 feet per minute. They were fairly close to the ground; no need — yet — to take any drastic action.

Almost simultaneously Coyne pressed either his heel or his control-stick mike. They were already tuned into Mansfield.

"Mansfield Approach, this is army one-five-triple-four."

The response was immediate. "Go ahead, army triple-four."

"Mansfield Approach, do you have any high-performance aircraft in your area at 2500 feet?"

There was no reply. The light was getting brighter and seemed to be following them down as they descended. Coyne estimated its speed at over 600 knots (684 mph).

"Call them," Coyne told Jezzi. There was a national guard F-100 base at Mansfield airport, eight miles northwest of their position. Probably one of the jets was coming in on a low approach. But at such high speed? FAA regulations specify that no aircraft shall fly faster than 250 knots (285 mph) under 10,000 feet above sea level. Within five miles of an airport the speed must be reduced to 200 knots.

Jezzi tried first to reach Mansfield Approach Control, then Mansfield Tower, on both UHF and VHF frequencies. There was no acknowledgment. The channel-change and mike-keying sounds were heard and then stopped, indicating that the stations were properly tuned in and that the equipment was transmitting correctly, yet when Coyne checked later with personnel at Mansfield, they said that although they remembered the initial transmission, they had no record of it on tape and that the last F-100 had landed at 10:47 P.M.

The red light continued to approach. Healey got out of his seat and stooped in the aisle next to Coyne and Yanacsek. "It was getting brighter and brighter," Healey said. "It was as bright as the approach lights of a 727 we had just seen at Port Columbus."

Coyne glanced at the altimeter. They were descending through 2200 feet now. He threw the collective pitch

*Emphasis in Yanacsek's voice, not editorially added.

all the way down. The rate of descent increased to an indicated 2000 feet per minute. The last altitude he noticed was 1700 feet. (The encounter took place at exactly 1000 feet above sea level; the helicopter was about 650 feet above the treetops, not 400 feet as Klass guessed.)

By now the light had been in continuous view for about 160 seconds.

"It's going to ram us right by the door," Coyne thought. "Oh God, this is it!"

Suddenly the light was *there.*

"This thing came out of nowhere and just stopped," Yanacsek reported. "It was like the hull of a dark submarine. It was just stopped, and I mean *stopped,* for maybe 10 or 12 seconds. I really didn't expect us to collide because the object was obviously in control of the situation. The edges were sharp because it was an exceedingly bright starry night and the solid part of it blotted out the stars right behind it in an oval shape."

Now they could see that the red light was actually the nose light of a cigar-shaped or oval, slightly domed, gray, apparently metallic object. A white light was now visible at a slightly indented stern, and aft and below a bright green light became visible. All three lights were precisely positioned on the structure and all three cast reflections on the dark oval shape. (Klass said the entire object was glowing; Coyne, Healey and Yanacsek say it was not.)

The green light, like a maneuverable spotlight, swung upward, over the helicopter nose and into the cockpit, then entered the upper tinted "greenhouse" windows of the helicopter roof.

"Everything turned green," Coyne said. "These red instrument lights — everything. It was a pyramid-shaped beam that cut through the night. The farther it went, the wider it got. It shone down at right angles from the aircraft" — i.e., the UFO.

The light was green as it entered the front windshield but achieved maximum effect and brightness when it entered the tinted Plexiglas. Healey, Coyne and Yanacsek all agree that the beam was triangular or pyramid-shaped and that the object was dark, oval or cigar-shaped, and featureless — it had no engine pods, no numbers or logo, no wings, no tail structure. Jezzi who was looking through the "greenhouse" reported that from his angle, three feet to the left of the others, he could see only an intense white light which hovered briefly, then continued westward.

The object accelerated slowly until only the white "tail" light was visible. Coyne and Healey insist that as it neared the northwest horizon it made a decisive 45-degree turn to the right. Neither Jezzi nor Yanacsek reported this turn.

Finally, still very bright, the white light "snapped out" near or over the horizon. "I watched it for a couple minutes," Healey said, "and over the edge of the world it went." There had been no noise or turbulence from the object at any time.

"My God, what's happening?" Coyne exclaimed as he glanced back at his instruments and found that the helicopter was at 3500 feet and climbing 1000 feet a minute.

The collective, Coyne insists, was still in the full-down position; in other

words, the craft should have been *descending*. As he stared in amazement, the altimeter registered almost 3800 feet. The magnetic compass was spinning: 90, 180, 270, zero, 90. Coyne said it was still spinning the next day as Triple-Four sat on the flight line. The instrument had to be replaced.

Gingerly Coyne lifted the collective. Just the opposite of what he should do to stop the climb but there was no alternative; if you come to a door marked *push* and the door won't open, you instinctively try for a *pull*.

"I lifted the collective, pushed it back down, and the helicopter seemed to bump, like we hit turbulence then," Coyne said. "But the thing was already way to the west. It was already in the Mansfield area when we began to settle."

Jezzi's recollection differs. He believes they did not notice the climb until immediately *after* the object had disappeared. Either way the UFO was visible during the entire climb and if the helicopter was operating normally the 1800-foot, 1000-foot-per-minute climb must have taken 108 seconds. Of course, if the UFO had affected the helicopter, then the climb could have taken *any* length of time, from instantaneous levitation on up.

The various segments of the event add up to between 270 and 330 (or more) seconds, depending upon when the object was actually no longer visible. A safe estimate of the time would be 300 seconds, plus or minus 10 percent.

Five minutes. Some meteor!

* * *

WHILE I WAS talking with the crew, a small UFO group in Columbus, the Civil Commission on Aerial Phenomena, approached the problem from another angle.

On August 19, 1976, CCAP director Warren Nicholson published a brief recap of the Coyne case in the *Mansfield News Journal* and appealed to possible ground witnesses to come forward. On two previous occasions I had talked with such potential witnesses but had had to rule them out.

That same evening Nicholson received a call from Charles C., a youth who claimed that he, his mother and siblings possibly had witnessed the encounter between helicopter and UFO. (Mrs. C. requested anonymity.) Several days later Nicholson and his associate William E. Jones conducted the first of two extensive interviews with the family. Two hours of those interviews took place at the exact site of the family's observation. Later I spent an hour at the site with these witnesses.

At approximately 10:40 P. M. on October 18, 1973, Mrs. C. left the Mansfield home of her mother-in-law to return to her rural home southeast of the city. With her were her three children: Charles, then 13, Camille, 11, and Curt, 10, as well as a cousin Karen, 13.

As they drove south on Laver Road they saw a steady bright red light flying south "like a jet at medium altitude." The light attracted their attention because of its unusual shade of red and the fact that no other lights or colors were visible. Wondering why the aircraft had such unconventional lighting, they watched it continue southward and disappear over the trees.

Five minutes later (it was now just past 11 o' clock) they were driving east on Route 430 toward the Charles Mill Reservoir. The area is sparsely inhabited and the last 1500 feet of the approach to the bridge drops down from the hills into a desolate, flat and swampy area — a tangled, uninviting terrain. There was no other traffic. On the road ahead they saw — in their "one o' clock" position — a red and a green light, moving as a unit and seeming to descend toward them rapidly from the east. A small Cessna, perhaps, flying in the dark over the lake? No. The red light seemed to be leading; there was no noise and no shape was discernible. Mrs. C. slowed the car and finally pulled over onto the shoulder. Except for the car headlights the road was black as pitch.

The two lights slowed and moved along the right side of the car at a "low" altitude. They thought the object was less than 1000 feet high and about 500 feet south of them, over the swamp.

Suddenly the family saw another set of lights, some of them flashing, approaching from the southwest, at the car's "five o' clock" position. There was also "a thumping, a beating noise" from that direction. Mrs. C. thought the two sets of lights were helicopters about to crash. The two objects came together and the one with the steady lights assumed a position over the one with the blinking lights. They moved together slowly westward parallel with the road.

Everyone in the car started yelling at once. Over Mrs. C.'s protests Karen and Charles piled out and stood by the right rear fender.

"There was a whole bunch of noise, a big bunch of racket, a sort of rattling," Charlie recalled. "It was like beating the air." Charlie's words describe perfectly the very distinctive sound of a Huey helicopter.

"It looked like a blimp," Charlie said. "It was a big ol' thing. Bigger than the helicopter. The ship was green. Then the green flared up. The helicopter was below the light. It looked like rays coming down. It lit up the helicopter and the car and the road and the trees. Everything turned green."

Charlie and Karen believe they were outside the car less than a minute. When the green light flared up they became terrified and scrambled over each other to get back into the car.

Meanwhile, watching through the rear window, Curt reported that the object crossed the road from south to north. Mrs. C. drove the car on across the bridge "to get out of there." According to Curt, the object, now apparently disassociated from the helicopter, paced the car eastward for a few seconds, then reversed its direction and climbed to the northwest, while the helicopter flew off in an apparently normal manner, climbing out over the lake to the northeast.

* * *

WHAT DID Coyne and his crew see?

We don't know. We do know, however, what they did *not* see. The evidence clearly shows that the object was neither a meteor nor a high-performance aircraft. At the same time it seems very likely that the C. family did witness the encounter.

Klass concluded that the event took 85 seconds. But he should have known that meteors do not remain visible for even 85 seconds, nor do meteors look and move as did the object described by both air and ground witnesses.

Has the controversy been laid to rest? I doubt it. Klass, as a much-publicized UFO foe, has a vested interest in "solving" all cases. In all likelihood he will hold tenaciously to his meteor theory despite the fact that the evidence makes it untenable.

But this fact remains: the Coyne encounter not only has stood up to the most searching scrutiny but actually has been strengthened by it. It is, in short, one of the best-documented high-strangeness cases in the history of UFO research.



PERIL AT HOME

LT. COL. Thomas Fitzpatrick of Detroit, Mich., served in the Michigan Air National Guard for 21 years and after two years on active duty in the Korean conflict, returned unscathed to his base, the 127th Tactical Reconnaissance Wing in Inkster, Mich. In October 1968, getting out of his car in the driveway of his home, he was electrocuted when he stepped on a live wire that had fallen across his driveway. — *M.E. Sheffer.*



LONG JOHN NEBEL DIES. . .

LONG JOHN NEBEL, whose all-night radio talk shows entertained thousands of "night people" for 20 years, died of complications from cancer April 10, 1978, at New York City's Sheraton Hotel. He was 66.

"He was the first to do an all-night talk show on radio and the first to have a network talk show," said Dennis Israel, vice-president and general manager of WMCA, the station which carried Nebel's nightly program from midnight to 5:30 A.M. "His show was controversial, intelligent and a great part of history. There will never be another Long John Nebel. It is an era that went away."

Long John, so-called because of his slender six-foot three-inch frame, got his start on all-night radio on WOR in 1956 and his show was almost an immediate success. His biographer Donald Bain attributed Nebel's popularity in part to his involvement in the occult. He invited persons who claimed to have come from outer space to appear on his show. Bain insists, however, that Nebel was not a believer. "He was one of the great put-ons of all time."

True Mystic Experiences

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

COMPASSIONATE ROCKER

By Kay Olson

AN OLD-FASHIONED rocking chair that sits in our living room has been in my husband's family for more than a century. I have heard many stories from my in-laws about this comfortable old rocker but none so difficult to explain as those which suggest that the chair has power to restore health to an ill person who rocks in it.

The rocker, handmade and decorated with hand-carved designs, was given to my husband's grandfather John Martin Lewis Leonhardi when he was a young man. He was a hard worker and his only relaxation was rocking in the old chair late in the evening.

Long after Grandfather Leonhardi's death his wife Rosella suffered a severe heart attack during the night. Not wanting to awaken the household until morning, Grandmother Leonhardi spent the night rocking until her daughters awoke and took her to the hospital. Grandmother was haunted by a dream of being in a "deep dark hole with people looking down at her." Not until she left the hospital and had time to recuperate at home in the rocker did this dream leave her.

"Every time one of us children was sick," my mother-in-law told me, "Grandma would wrap us in a blanket and sit us in the old rocker. It somehow seemed to comfort us and in no time we would feel much better."

We received the chair about five



years ago as a gift from Grandmother Leonhardi. Although I have always been a little skeptical about the "powers" of this lovely old piece, through years of ownership we have added our own stories to the legend.

The chair proved its compassionate powers when we opened our home to a sick friend, Mary Black, who was going to be alone for the Christmas holidays in 1977. She was running a high fever and after a few days I suggested that she leave her sickroom and sit in the old rocker for a while.

Mary had no knowledge of the chair's history; the rocker was just another piece of furniture to her. Yet after rocking peacefully for a short time she said, "I have felt such an aching chill for days and now suddenly I am beginning to feel warm." Later that day her fever broke and she began to recover.

When guests visit our home they often compliment us on the antique rocker but to us it is much more than a family heirloom. — *Crystal, Minn.*

THE DAY WE SAW PAIN

By Kathleen M. Hitchcock

ONE DAY in the fall of 1970 while my mother Theresa Birk was visiting my home in Davison, Mich., she complained of a severe headache. I was sitting at the dining room table and Mother and my daughter Lora were in the living room. I turned to look at Mother and was amazed to see a large glowing silver area above her forehead. I exclaimed that I could "see" her headache.

Lora looked at her grandmother and the silver glow was visible to her too. When she described what she was seeing, it was clear that our perception of the glow was identical.

The spot was so brilliant and intense that it was painful to look at. Lora and I watched the glow for about two minutes until it gradually faded. Mother's pain seemed to subside at the same time.

My mother is still living and although she is 79 years old her health is excellent. That was the first and only time we have seen pain. — *Davison, Mich.*

A DREAM OF A TALE

By Gene Foreman

I'D BEEN lying awake for about half an hour when my nocturnal musings were disturbed by my wife Liza's sudden awakening. She called my name in a desperate voice.

When I switched on the light she told me she had had a nightmare — obviously an unusually vivid one. I could tell by the damp hair that clung to her forehead that the dream had truly upset her.

She said she remembered only parts of the dream but those were very clear in her mind. The nightmare had taken place in the rocky, mountainous area of upstate New York where the two of us had worked in the summer of 1970. She described a cellar in an old house and said she had "seen" a layer of dust drifting slowly through shafts of light, reminding her of the aftermath of a small explosion.

She recounted another scene in which a group of men were searching for something at the bottom of a cliff.

I interrupted her to ask if there also was a group of people on top of the cliff. "Why, yes," she answered,



Gene Foreman

puzzled. Next I asked her if the people below were searching with flashlights, if there was a road on the top of the cliff, and if there had been an accident on the road.

By now she was staring at me in amazement. I stopped asking and began *telling* her other details of her dream. As I continued her eyes widened. Finally I explained to her why I knew what she had dreamed.

"That was my story!" I said in a voice as perplexed as the expression on her face.

Liza had known I'd been engaged in my usual hobby that evening. After the children are sleeping and everything is still I go to my typewriter on the back porch and concoct short stories. On bad nights I may be out there no more than half an hour but on other nights, when a story flows relatively unimpeded through my mind, I type on.

This had been one of those better nights but after five hours' work I realized that I had to get to bed — but when I tried to sleep I couldn't. I had been lying in bed for 30 minutes working out the details of the tale when my wife had abruptly awakened and proceeded to tell me what had been going through her mind—and my mind too.

We talked for a few minutes before falling asleep. Just as she dozed off Liza got in the last word: "One good thing — at least I don't have to *read* any of your stories anymore." — *Glenview, Ill.*

DID I SAVE BING?

By Gordon A. Reims

THE PASSING of Bing Crosby has reminded me very keenly of a strange experience I had on the island of New Caledonia while I was stationed there during World War II.

It was December 1942 and I was camped at Tontouta Air Base, a busy training and preparation field for American pilots. Aircraft were constantly overhead — heavy bombers with deep throbbing engines and swift P-38's that soared and swooped like sea gulls. We lived, ate and slept to the sound of planes, and planes entered our dreams.

One night I dreamed I saw the interior of an airborne passenger plane — a narrow cabin with people seated on each side of a short aisle. Among the passengers I recognized several celebrities although after awakening Bing Crosby's was the only face I could recall.

Abruptly the dream-scene shifted to the ground and I was looking up at the plane from a flat dusty terrain. The aircraft was rapidly losing altitude, slanting downward and wobbling badly. Beyond it, in the distance, I could see the spiderweb outlines of high mountains in the shimmering sun. Within seconds the plane struck, tore roughly along the ground and sent up clouds of dust that obscured the distant mountains. It finally came to a

halt and exploded.

Against the dust, smoke and flame a man appeared, standing close before me and looking directly into my eyes. His features were clearly defined. He had a broad rugged face with prominent cheekbones and dark alert eyes. His hair was dark and tousled, his skin weathered, his chin beardless. I cannot recall his clothing.

"Gordon," he said in a firm voice, "I know that you like to describe some of the things you have dreamed but if you can avoid speaking of what you have seen here for three days this event will no longer have happened." Then I awoke in my tent under the niaouli trees; my tentmates already were gone for breakfast and the planes were roaring overhead as usual.

I'd half expected to learn of a crash on the airfield that I might have heard in my sleep but all was normal. It was at noon that I felt the first tickle at the back of my neck. "Did you hear that Judy Garland was killed in a crash?" someone asked.

"Yes," came the response. "Sergeant Gray just told me. Judy Garland and Bing Crosby were killed in a plane crash in Nevada."

By next day the crash was general camp conversation and I mentioned it in a letter home — but I did not mention my dream. I "knew" the dream message could not possibly be true, for how could broken plane and bodies mend merely through my silence? Nevertheless I kept that silence.

Then, on the third day, we learned that the rumor had been false — Bing and Judy were alive and well; there had been no crash! That's when the tickling on my scalp and the back of my neck really set in and I began my long period of wondering about the possibles and impossibles of life. — *Charlotteville, N.Y.*

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

By Dorothea K. Barlowe

ONE JULY day in the summer of 1976 my husband and I, with our son and our cat, were traveling haphazardly through New England when we drove across an old stone bridge and stopped before a small clapboard house perched high above the bay. A shabby shedlike structure stood some yards away bearing an equally shabby sign: "Antique and Book Shop, Old Books Our Specialty."

My two kinfolk share a dual hobby; they collect very old books on natural history and past wars and whatever old objects were produced during World War I. On this occasion I decided not to leave our patient tabby alone in the car to fret and forewent the "enjoyment" of browsing with them inside this no doubt overflowing treasure house.

Welcoming the chance to stretch my legs, I popped our pet into his travel case and took it with me. Beside the shed I found a splintery grey wooden bench on which to sit and enjoy the crisp air so characteristic of New England mornings. Next to the bench, on an equally grey, equally splintery table were a number of books whose covers bespoke many carelessly placed tarpaulins and whose titles I soon found very dull. A few small volumes of poetry of Victorian vintage held my attention for a while. But then the warm sun and the water quietly

lapping on the rocks below became all pervasive.

Eventually a small chilly wind and noontime hunger brought on a restlessness that could only be offset by having something to do. I remembered I had an interesting book in the car so, picking up the much abused cat, I headed back to our car. I noticed the isolation of the antique shop and silently wondered if I could live happily under such circumstances. The car was warm and comfortable from the sun and I settled back to read.

After a time I became aware, in an abstracted way, of a small familiar sound. At first I thought it might be the cat snoring as he sometimes will but he was awake and staring out the rear window of the car. His hackles were raised and he seemed highly disturbed by something in the immediate vicinity. Surprised, I calmed him as best I could. Then thinking that a bad dream or unfamiliar odors had upset him I gave up and decided to let him sort things out for himself.

As I continued to read I tried to put the sound from my mind but it came and went intermittently and finally rose in my consciousness to be suddenly recognized as a young child playing some singsong game. I half expected to see a child or children come up the road behind the car and was somewhat surprised when none appeared.

I decided a small child was playing somewhere on the road nearby because the sound was certainly close to me. Years ago I had heard my own youngsters singing just such little tunes as they played at my feet. I suppose feminine curiosity made me open the car door and get out to find the youngster. I looked behind the car, walked out onto the sunlit overgrown lawn, then out to the road down which we had come. The road was totally empty as was the lawn. The sound had stopped by the time I returned to the car.

I resumed my reading and shortly hunger drove my husband and son to knock on the door of the main house to inquire as to the prices of their new acquisitions. The middle-aged owner walked back with them to the shop to total up their purchases. They spent several minutes discussing the weather and the delights of the house and view. We finally left, they regretfully, I looking forward to a good lunch in some tidy rural restaurant.

I needn't tell anyone who goes antiquing how interconnected the antique shops are in New England. Each one literally knows the business of the other, their prices and sometimes even their private lives. I have long suspected that they hold seminars on the subject of antiques and old books so that no one of them steps out of line in his pricing, thereby capturing all the trade, while the others go customerless. I suppose that's fair enough.

So it was that in a town miles south of the lonely shop on our way home, we happened to meet a dealer who seemed familiar with the antique shop on the hill overlooking the bay. We had mentioned purchasing an old lamp my husband found there and as we talked we realized the owner of this bookshop had more than just an acquaintance with the place we had visited.

Before we left she asked if we had

seen Mrs. S. She shook her head sadly as she told us that she was very much alone now, having lost her husband and her son in an accident just six months before.

I find it difficult to believe in ghosts. However, if there is indeed a return, the child-ghost I heard would be the happiest kind to have. For only happy children sing. — *Massapequa, N. Y.*

DREAM SNAKES STRIKE

By Henry C. Werba

ONE NIGHT during the summer of 1969 I had a dramatic, frightening dream in which I found myself crossing a mountain of wriggling, squirming, darting snakes. Clinging to my right hand, a small, whimpering, barely-alive apelike creature hung just out of reach of the snakes. It was like a scene from Dante's *Inferno*.



Henry C. Werba

Moreover, above this scene of horror a broad Oriental face filled the sky like a huge sun, smiling an enigmatic but benevolent smile.

All the next day I felt deeply disturbed. Usually if I have an unpleasant dream I do not bother to alarm others with it but I could not help fearing that this one meant something — perhaps that our youngest son, four-year-old Roland, was in mortal danger. I asked my wife Rosemarie to keep a close watch over the children.

Rosemarie knew from previous experience that my premonitions are not to be taken lightly. She gave Roland and Alexander, his five-year-old brother, strict orders to remain right near the front door while playing. Every few minutes one of us would check on the boys, who were playing Indians.

Then it happened — Alexander stabbed playfully at Roland with a plastic toy dagger. Roland had his mouth open wide, laughing, and the dagger penetrated his mouth. As blood flowed freely, panic broke loose.

Moments later we were speeding through red lights in our mad rush to the office of our family doctor, Dr. Charles Ray Jones. Roland lay on his mother's lap, a small, whimpering, apelike creature — the one I had seen in my dream.

Dr. Jones discovered that the dagger had pierced Roland's neck a fraction of an inch from the artery. He immediately sent us to a well-known specialist, Dr. Hiji Yanagisawa. As he treated our son and finally saved his life, I realized I had seen him before — his was the benevolent Oriental face of my dream. — *Cheshire, Conn.*

A lifelong fascination with matters of the spirit has led this famous scientist-writer around the world in search of the paranormal.

By Martin Ebon

Arthur Koestler's PSYCHIC WORLD

MEN AND women fascinated or repelled by psychic experiences often have had at least one major encounter with telepathy, clairvoyance, prophecy or life-after-death manifestations. So when I became aware that Arthur Koestler, one of the most brilliant writer-scientist-activists of his generation, is interested in this field I asked him whether his increasing attention to parapsychology is a result of earlier personal encounters.

Koestler said he could think, offhand, of only one such experience; but, as I discovered through further research, the thread of his fascination with the psychic is woven throughout the fabric of his colorful career.

What Koestler remembered best was an instance of telepathy between him and Thomas Mann, the leading German novelist-essayist of the century. It began while Koestler was imprisoned in Spain in 1937. As he freely admitted later, he had visited Franco territory with credentials from a London newspaper but because he was then a Communist, his presence could be interpreted as an espionage assignment. He spent 40 days in a Seville prison, a death sentence hanging over him, while daily he heard the sounds of men being led out to be executed, the orders to fire being given and the shots ringing out.

Koestler was in his death cell in total isolation. He was not permitted to read and so he sought to recall and relive passages from books that had influenced his intellectual and human evolution. One of these was Thomas Mann's masterful story of a patrician family in the north German town of Lübeck, *Buddenbrooks.* As he recalls in his autobiography, *The Invisible Writing* (New York, 1954), Koestler replayed key scenes from Mann's novel over and over in his mind. One of them, which acted like "a pain-soothing pill," was a scene in which Consul Thomas Buddenbrooks, although only in his 40's, is aware that he will soon die. And while he never was given to "religious or metaphysical speculation" he suddenly "falls under the spell of a book which for years stood unread in his library, and in which he finds explained that death is nothing final, merely a transition to another impersonal form of existence in the All-One."

Sitting in his death cell, Koestler felt a powerful, reassuring kinship with this character from Mann's book whose "whole being had been unaccountably expanded," so that he experienced "a profound intoxication, a strange, sweet, vague allurement" that enabled him to grasp "eternity." In the book, Buddenbrooks owed his personal revelation to an essay by the great 18th-Century philosopher Arthur Schopenhauer.

Influential friends helped Koestler to go free, his death sentence set aside. He quickly left Spanish soil and went to British-ruled Gibraltar where he stayed at the Rock Hotel. There, on May 16 or 17 that same year of 1937, Arthur Koestler wrote a letter to Mann at his Swiss home in Kuessnacht, a suburb of Zurich. Mann had left Germany after the Nazi régime took power in 1933. Koestler thanked Mann for

the "spiritual comfort" his novel had given him and described the associations it had created in his mind.

Mann's reply reached Koestler in London. He wrote that on the very afternoon he received the letter from Gibraltar he was sitting in his garden reading the Schopenhauer essay that had so profoundly impressed Koestler in his prison cell. In fact, Thomas Mann added, he had not looked at the book since about 1898 when he was writing the novel, and yet that very afternoon, "I felt a sudden impulse to reread the essay after nearly 40 years, went indoors to my library to fetch the volume." He added, "At that very moment the postman rang and brought me your letter."

Koestler was deeply moved by this meeting of minds, this telepathic link which seemed to preclude all idea of mere coincidence. What happened later was an anticlimax. Young Koestler visited Mann shortly afterwards in Switzerland. He had assumed that their exchange of letters, with its strong telepathic implications, would be a "startling prelude" to a more profound relationship. But Mann struck Koestler as aloof rather than cordial and even a bit pompous. He did not ask Koestler about his dramatic experiences in Spain but engaged in the sort of monologue that a celebrity is likely to offer a routine interviewer. However, Koestler's personal disappointment did not diminish his "admiration and gratitude for Mann's work."

Of course, it's quite possible that Koestler, in his Seville prison, saw greater significance in the promises of immortality he found in Mann's novel than the author himself meant to convey. During his death cell stay Arthur Koestler experienced emotional impressions that had a lasting impact on his work and thought.

Arthur Koestler was born in Budapest, Hungary, on September 5, 1905, was educated in Budapest and Vienna, went to Palestine in 1925, edited a weekly paper in Cairo, and in 1931 became science editor for the prestigious Berlin paper *Vossische Zeitung* and foreign editor for the tabloid *B.Z. am Mittag*. The following year he took part in the Graf Zeppelin Artic Expedition to the North Pole. And that same year he joined the Communist Party. In 1932-33 he traveled in the Soviet Union.

With the advent of the Nazi regime in Germany Koestler settled in Paris. He went to Spain twice, in 1936 and 1937. Wolfe Mays writes in a booklet titled simply *Arthur Koestler* (a volume in "Makers of Modern Thought Series," Valley Forge, Pa., 1973), "When the Second World War broke out in 1939, he was in France and was sent to an internment camp at Le Vernet as a suspect alien. He later served in the French Foreign Legion, 1939-40."

Koestler managed to escape from the Legion in 1940, made his way through Portugal to England where he was first imprisoned, then released, and joined the British Pioneer Corps in which he served during the war years 1941-42. Earlier, in 1938, Arthur Koestler had broken with the Communist Party and out of his insight into the Russian abuse of revolutionary ideals grew a number of writings; of these his novel *Darkness at Noon* (1940) was, and remains, the most powerful and influential.

Gradually Koestler turned from political themes to subjects that had interested him earlier as a science writer. To these interests he now brought the insights that made him an adventurous researcher-writer in the area where science encounters the inexplicable. Specifically, Koestler explored the areas of scientific discovery and creativity. Mays sees Koestler as repeatedly exploring "the self-assertive and self-integrative (or self-transcending) tendencies."

Today Arthur Koestler enjoys a unique position of "Provocative Sage." He has become a national institution in Great Britain where he received the order of CBE (Commander of the British Empire) and his readership among scientists and the general public is worldwide. When he celebrated his 70th birthday a special book in his honor was published in Britain and the United States.

Returning to Koestler's experiences with the psychic and finally to his theoretical contribution to modern parapsychology it probably is significant that when he was only nine years old inner turmoil may have caused a poltergeist-type incident. Renee Haynes, editor of the *Journal* of the Society for Psychical Research, London, describes

this event in her essay, "Wrestling Jacob: Koestler and the Paranormal" (*Astride the Two Cultures: Koestler at 70,* New York, N.Y., 1976): "It occurred in a Viennese pension where he and his parents were living. An only child, nine years old, isolated and full of inner turbulence." She goes on to quote Koestler's recollection, "I was reading in my room one lonely afternoon when there was a loud report and a hard object hit me on the back of the head . . . A big can of baked beans that had been standing on the radiator cover had exploded, presumably from the effects of fermentation."

But, Mrs. Haynes asks, do canned beans "ever ferment to such a pitch as to become tinned bombs? Solitude, powerlessness, high emotional tension produce optimum conditions for the release of psychokinesis. Other inhabitants of the pension must have interpreted the incident in paranormal terms for thenceforward, 'I was much sought after to table-turning seances.' " Haynes notes that Koestler does not mention what, if anything, happened during the seances and speculates that they may have been "intolerably boring."

During his school years Koestler sought the "mystery of existence" in geometry, algebra and physics. It is significant that his death cell experience, as well as his current linking of physics and parapsychology, fall into this pattern. Aside from the telepathic link with Thomas Mann, the Seville prison was the scene of a profound emotional — I believe Koestler will permit us to call it transcendental — experience. It occurred because of the social and intellectual deprivation that his jailers imposed on him. Death, life, eternity were his companions in thought; in today's nomenclature his mood could be categorized as an "altered state of consciousness." At any rate, in search of eternal verities, the prisoner began to scribble mathematical equations with a pencil on the whitewashed wall, arriving at a formula for "the Euclidean proof that the number of primes is infinite." From there his mind concluded with "utter lucidity and calm" that this provided "a meaningful statement about the infinite as arrived at by precise and finite means." Having achieved this insight, he found an inner calm, "an absolute catharsis, the peace that passeth all understanding."

In his memoirs, Koestler seeks to put into more specific words just what, exactly, happened to him in that death cell. But he finds the essence of such an experience "verbally as incommunicable as the feeling aroused by a piano concerto." He manages to convey a good deal of what is generally admitted to be a frustratingly indescribable peak experience. Koestler's confrontation with death was answered by a feeling that seemed like "floating on my back in a river of peace, under a bridge of silence." But he added, "It came from nowhere and flowed nowhere. Then there is no river and no I. The I has ceased to exist."

Clearly, Koestler had an experience akin to that described by religious figures who achieve sudden enlightenment or revelation. It also parallels the described effects of certain drugs. Koestler, forever in search of "verbal precision," is repelled by "nebulous gushings." And yet he admits that "mystical" experiences, "as we dubiously call them, are not nebulous, vague or maudlin — they only become so when we debase them with verbalization."

Still, Koestler is primarily a man of words and so he has this to say: "However, to communicate what is incommunicable by its nature, one must somehow put it into words, and so one moves in a vicious circle." Koestler insists that when he says, "The I had ceased to exist," this refers to a "concrete experience." Furthermore, he found the sensations of this state "more real" than any experienced before and adds that "for the first time the veil has fallen and one is in touch with 'real reality,' the hidden order of things, the X-ray texture of the world, normally obscured by layers of irrelevancy."

It is fashionable right now to ascribe such states to biological factors, to nutritional elements and to intricate variations in the endocrine system. Maggy Scarf, writing in *The New York Times Magazine* (April 24, 1977) in an article called "From Joy to Depression," reports that research today shows that "psychological and biological factors constantly interact within our brains to produce the very human experiences we call mood."

We may certainly assume that Koestler's

isolation in the Seville jail (sensory deprivation, absence of outside stimuli and well-justified anticipation of death) could have coincided with biochemical factors, such as mood-changing malnutrition; all these could have contributed to bringing about Arthur Koestler's "mystical" experience — no matter how much he despises this word. Here is this admirable craftsman-writer's account of what happened to him as he sat trapped in the Seville death cell:

"What distinguishes this type of experience from the emotional entrancement of music, landscapes, or love is that the former has a definitely intellectual, or rather noumenal (intuitional), content. It is meaningful, though not in verbal terms. Verbal transcriptions that come nearest to it are: the unity and interlocking of everything that exists, in interdependence like that of gravitational fields of communicating vessels. The 'I' ceases to exist because it has, by a kind of monumental osmosis, established communication with, and been dissolved in, the universal pool. It is this process of dissolution and limited expansion which is sensed as the 'oceanic feeling,' as a draining of all tension, the absolute catharsis, the peace that passeth all understanding."

Between the poltergeist-type experience of the nine-year-old in Vienna and the visionary and telepathic impressions in the Spanish prison several other psychic events took place. An indication of Koestler's ongoing interest in the field is that in 1931, while he was a Berlin newspaperman, he advertised for "authentic reports of occult experiences, telepathy, clairvoyance, levitation, etc.," which might be "verified beyond any reasonable doubt by independent, trustworthy witnesses." Koestler received 35 reports but was unable to verify any one of them to his satisfaction. He also paid a visit to the much-publicized seer Erik Jan Hanussen. While he did not find him personally convincing, he was present as others received what seemed to them astonishing "readings" on their lives; the flamboyant, controversial Hanussen — later murdered by the Nazis — was probably a highly accomplished stage conjurer.

Koestler relates a series of experiences he had in Switzerland where he spent four weeks as the guest of Maria Kloepfer, the erratic widow of a German moving picture actor. The house, on the shore of magnificent Lake Lugano, was haunted by an apparition and subject to occasional poltergeist phenomena. Koestler was the woman's guest, but he also was without money and their relations were strained. However, during this interim an odd symbiosis, hardly ever put into words, linked the two people and acted as a decompression chamber for Koestler's wounded, vulnerable, haunted soul.

Koestler was working on a novel. His hostess spent much of her time swimming and sunbathing. Her body had remained that of a much younger woman. The house was kept by an elderly maid and the only other occupant was an aging dog, Ricky. Shortly after his arrival Mrs. Kloepfer asked Koestler whether he believed in ghosts. He answered "with a joke" and the subject was dropped. But a little later, he recalls, she said "casually, in her well-bred manner, that if at night I heard knocking on the walls I should not worry; she had all her life been plagued by poltergeists, but they were harmless."

During his second week at Maria's house they were walking in the woods with Ricky running ahead when, Koestler says in his memoirs, "Suddenly Ricky stopped, rooted to the mossy ground, and gave out a growl which then changed into a plaintive, long-drawn howl. Maria also stopped and grabbed my arm — that alone gave me a start, for she normally avoided and shrank away from all physical contact. Her face had changed color in the undefinably painful manner of a person growing pale under a sunburnt skin, and the braces of her teeth became very visible. The wailing dog's hair was actually bristling and the whole scene was so eerie that I felt suspended between horror and the giggles."

They all turned back, Maria barely able to keep from running home at full speed, the dog by her side, "now and then licking her hand as if to comfort her." Once they got home the usually aloof Mrs. Kloepfer begged, "Don't leave me alone, please." Later, after a few glasses of wine had relaxed her, she told Koestler, "Ricky saw the uncle approaching us. He sometimes

sees him first and warns me." Eventually she told him that her encounter with an uncle's apparition showed him in a triple image—one coming at her from the front and two simultaneously approaching from the left and right. The uncle, who had died when Maria was only three years old, had been deranged; once, left alone with her when she was two or three years old, he sexually assaulted her. Following a nervous breakdown later in life Maria had undergone psychoanalytic treatment which had revived the memory of the incident.

"But the revival of this memory," Koestler writes, "did not cure Maria. On the contrary: it was after the conjuring up of the uncle's ghost that the hallucinations started." She broke off the analysis and withdrew "to swim in the lake and get cleaned and tanned by the sun, through skin and flesh down to the bones. . . ."

The following day a poltergeist incident took place. As they were sitting down for lunch a large framed picture that hung on the wall facing Koestler crashed down onto the board below it. Maria, who sat with her back to it, did not move a muscle; she had grown used to this sort of disturbance, but it made Koestler jump. The yogurt jars that had been standing on the sideboard in various stages of curdling were in disarray, their contents spilled onto the floor. Koestler found that the picture's wire was not broken and the two hooks on which the painting had been fastened had remained solidly in the wall.

When the maid came in asking what had happened, Maria Kloepfer simply said, "The haunting." The maid answered, "Not again! Now madame will have to go without yogurt for a whole week." Maria did not discuss the incident with Koestler; apparently it was "a sign" she had been expecting. And there were no further poltergeist phenomena.

Maria Kloepfer fancied literary Communists as houseguests and had done some reading in Marxism, but she also talked with Koestler about the doctrines of Mahayana Buddhism, the Four Noble Truths concerning pain and the Eightfold Path. Describing himself as "a prim little materialist" at the time, Koestler was fascinated as well as repelled by these metaphysical ideas. Once or twice, at Maria's insistence, they tried table-tilting, but had no success. She declared Arthur Koestler to be "hopelessly unpsychic." A week after he left, the apparition of the dead uncle reappeared on the veranda and Maria experienced a physical fit, similar to an epileptic seizure. This sort of thing had happened before but now she was placed in a doctor's care; a few weeks later she had to be taken to an institution and within a few months she was dead.

One abortive project, dating back to his days as a poor emigre in Paris, was the compilation of an *Encyclopedia of Psychic Research*. This book idea had been thought up by two Hungarian-born brothers whom Koestler identifies only as Freddie and Theodore. They had established a publishing firm that operated on a unique principle. Rather than issuing a book and then selling it, they prepared elaborate pamphlets that announced a volume as ready for distribution and mailed announcements to select lists of prospective buyers. But only if they found the response large enough did they actually go ahead with the project.

The brothers had tentatively commissioned Koestler to compile either an *Encyclopedia of Psychic Research* or an *Encyclopedia of Sex*. He was willing to prepare either one or both. But when results of the mail-order solicitations were tabulated it was clear that reader interest in sex was far greater than in psychic phenomena. As a result the psychic book was abandoned. Instead, Koestler compiled the sex encyclopedia, under the pseudonym of Dr. A. Costler. To his chagrin, the book was cut and revised beyond all recognition by the brother team. Eventually it also was published in Britain in an English translation.

Abandonment of the psychic encyclopedia was probably just as well. While Koestler's interest in the field was constant, although dormant, he was still a Marxist materialist who had to look upon much in the psychic field as superstition or mental aberration. His own experiences in Spain still lay ahead and so did his later serious study of modern research techniques. As he moved away from political themes in both his fiction and nonfiction, Koestler began to reevaluate physics, the

natural sciences and psychology with freshness and daring. In calling his autobiography *The Invisible Writing* he paid homage to the elusive presence of other dimensions of human existence. He wrote that "just as one could not feel the pull of the magnet with one's skin, so one could not hope to grasp in cognate terms the nature of ultimate reality." This reality, he added, was "a text written in invisible ink; and although one could not read it, the knowledge that it existed was sufficient to alter the texture of one's existence."

Koestler's serious interest in parapsychology surfaced during the mid-1960's to mid-70's. Under the title *Drinkers of Infinity* (New York, 1969) he published a series of essays, several of which reflect his fascination with ESP. Discussing the history of science, he told the British Association at Cambridge to examine "the intervention of extraconscious processes, commonly called hunches." Reporting a visit to Dr. J. B. Rhine, who then directed the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University and now directs the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man, both at Durham, N. C., Koestler observed that Rhine and his staff were using "rigorous scientific methods" in their investigation of "elusive phenomena." He added, "The popular image of the psychic investigator as an uncritical believer and unwilling prey to fraudulent mediums has become an anachronism. The new school of parapsychology, which Rhine inaugurated, has carried matters to the opposite extreme in its almost fanatical devotion to statistical methods, mathematical analysis, mechanized controls."

Then and now, Koestler sits on a self-made fence. He told a British television audience (Granada Network, May 1968) that he grew up "taking extrasensory perception for granted" but had developed a degree of skepticism during his years as a science writer. He added, "I am still skeptical. I've got a split mind about it. I know from personal experience, from intuition, whatever you call it, that these phenomena exist. At the same time, my rational or scientific mind rejects them. And I'm quite happy with the split of mind." The London weekly *Psychic News* (June 1, 1968) quoted Koestler as saying that personal experience had "pushed" his nose "into ESP" but that his "split-mind phenomenon" was the outcome of believing in something which reason rejects and intuition accepts. He said then that he regards ESP as not scientifically proven but worthy of scientific inquiry.

Dr. Timothy Leary, at that time a Harvard University psychology professor, told Koestler he had "learned more in six hours" while under the influence of drugs "than in 16 years." At the University of Michigan Koestler was given a dose of psilocybin while staying with friends and later with Leary. He concluded that even when drugs are taken under favorable conditions "they do not provide artists, writers or aspiring mystics with new insights or revelations of a transcendental nature." He concluded, "Chemically-induced hallucinations, delusions and raptures may be frightening or wonderfully gratifying; in either case, they are in the nature of confidence tricks played on one's own nervous system." He thinks ESP cannot be heightened with drugs and the whole scheme struck him as "pressure-cooker mysticism." This critical attitude was reinforced during a later tour of Asia.

Koestler went on what he called a "pilgrimage" to India and Japan in 1968-69. He confesses in the book that resulted from this trip, *The Lotus and the Robot,* that his attitude before the journey was more or less that of the well-intentioned European (or American) who looks to Asia for age-old answers to present-day questions. He was aware of the spiritual wasteland created by modern technology and while one cannot really picture the self-assured, at times even cynical Arthur Koestler as a "pilgrim in sackcloth and ashes, anxious to prostrate himself at the guru's feet," his attitude was nevertheless that of an open-minded seeker.

He visited four Indian "saints" and found them a mixture of true saintliness, alienating erraticism and narcissistic egocentricity. After traveling about the country and taking its spiritual temperature Koestler concluded that India, "with all its saintly longings for samadhi," the acme of spiritual growth, "has no spiritual cure to offer for the evils of Western civilization." Being politically minded, Koestler also

noted that the concentrations of authority in a "Bapu" figure — a head of state or some other political-social superior — had held back the politico-psychological growth of whole generations of Indians.

It goes without saying that Koestler is incapable of the kind of sentimental drivel that all too many Western visitors have voiced when speaking of ashrams, sacred cows or dhoti-dressed figures. He is impatient with elusive Vedantic phraseology and he does not hesitate to go into considerable detail concerning some of the more intimate physiological training processes that are part of unexpurgated yogic tradition. In view of the fact that the followers of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and his Transcendental Meditation movement advertise levitation as their current goal, it is interesting that Koestler found "laghima" or lightness and levitation among the eight basic yogic development claims.

Koestler is impatient with the convoluted verbiage that has grown up around the essentially simple principles of Japanese Zen. He cites one Zen authority as saying that the desired state of mind can be achieved "only by withdrawing from all attachments whatsoever, by becoming utterly egoless: so that the soul, sunk within itself, stands in the plenitude of its nameless origins." In other words, Koestler translates, "Don't worry, relax." He is put off by an "impartial tolerance towards the killer and the killed" that he finds in Zen, "a tolerance devoid of charity," and this makes him "skeptical regarding the contribution which Zen Buddhism has to offer to the moral recovery of Japan — or any other country."

In speaking to the Hindu saints about his open-minded attitude toward such phenomena as telepathy, Koestler found one of the much-publicized concepts — that the road to Nirvana should not be littered nor delayed by feats of telepathy, clairvoyance, mind control over matter, or prophetic powers — to be largely a veneer for the benefit of Westerners. After a time disciples of gurus would reveal to Koestler that their masters, and they themselves, indeed had achieved and practiced such phenomena.

Koestler returned from this pilgrimage "impoverished rather than enriched," having found Hindu traditions too rigid and confining, Zen practices too playfully irrational, even irresponsible. He decided that "our cherished habit of contrasting the contemplative and spiritual East with the crude materialism of the West is based on a fallacy." The West's interest in actual knowledge and the East's emphasis on intuition in preference to reason ought to complement each other. With the kind of political, economic and technological threats mankind faces — even ignoring the danger of total destruction through atomic war — Koestler reluctantly concludes that "neither Yoga, Zen nor any other Asian form of mysticism has any significant advice to offer."

Where, then, does Koestler think the promising frontiers of the human mind are to be found today?

He finds them in quantum physics, in the apparently erratic behavior of subatomic and supergalactic strata. There, he writes in *The Roots of Coincidence* (New York, 1972), parapsychology has parallels and equivalents that point to ESP as "the highest manifestation of the integrative potential of living matter." He believes highly significant scientific developments have occurred during the decade since he first visited Rhine's laboratory. Yet, he says, we are "surrounded by phenomena whose existence we studiously ignore" or, if that isn't possible, we "dismiss as superstitions." Koestler regards mysticism as "an undefined term" and insists, "There are other levels of reality than those we see with the eyes of the common man or the scientist. If that is mysticism, I'm all for it."

Koestler analyzed a mass telepathy experiment organized by Sir Alister Hardy, the noted British biologist and onetime president of the Society for Psychical Research in London. In a volume devoted to this project, *The Challenge of Chance* (New York, 1975), Arthur Koestler writes that "postmaterialist physics and post-spiritualistic parapsychology" have moved in opposite but converging directions: "Rhine's statistically minded successors have sometimes been accused of drab pedantry, while Einstein's successors were accused of flirting with ghosts in the guise of particles which have no mass, no weight, nor any precise location in space."

What has happened in physics, Koestler

feels, has made telepathy, clairvoyance and other parapsychological phenomena "less preposterous." As he puts it, parapsychologists find themselves out on a limb, while physicists are walking a tightrope and — and between these precarious positions — the agile mind of Arthur Koestler weaves its web of wit and wisdom.

THE SKEPTIC AND THE "CURSE"

DR. LEO LITTER of Hartford, Conn., a pediatrician, doesn't believe in curses but he had his skepticism tested the hard way on a trip to India in October 1977. While visiting the Ajunta Caves he had a run-in with a young man who placed on him a one-week curse.

Litter was crossing a small stream on the way to the caves and almost lost his balance when he stepped on a slippery rock. A young man nearby stretched out his arm and offered to help him cross. In return for his help the young man wanted Dr. Litter to promise to buy one of his ornamental rocks. Litter hastily agreed.

"When we got to the other side," Dr. Litter said, "he wanted 75 rupees for one small rock. That's about $9.00. The other boys were selling rocks for much less."

The doctor said he would buy the rock if the price were lower. The boy became upset and said he would put a curse on Litter for a week. He shrugged off the incident and even bought a similar rock from another vendor for the going rate (about 60 cents).

"The next day with some other doctors I was visiting the medical school hospital in Jaipur," he said. "We were on the second floor in the elevator when the cable broke." The one-story drop merely jarred his spine, without seriously hurting him, and he was rescued in about 15 minutes.

Several days later, when he tried to photograph the Taj Mahal, his camera inexplicably failed. Soon after that, suffering high fever and chills, Litter feared he had contracted malaria. However, the mysterious malady vanished within 24 hours.

Dr. Litter stayed in India for three weeks attending the 15th International Congress of Pediatricians. Back in Connecticut in November he told Colin McEnroe, a reporter for the *Hartford Courant,* he had recovered from the flu, jet lag and the curse — if there was one.

SOUND SLEEPER

IN UITENHAGE, South Africa, last summer veteran sleepwalker Gary Pike, aged 12, dreamed he was doing gymnastics, reports Associated Press. Acting out his dream young Gary fell from his bedroom window and dropped 23 feet to the ground. Still asleep, he got up and knocked on the front door. The sleepwalker awakened only when his family began tending to his fractured heel and two broken toes.

Fingers of Fate

By Harold Helfer

In Hudson, S. Dak., Betty Rose married a man named Albert Bush and became Betty Rose Bush.

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For a potluck supper held at a Jud, N. Dak., church all the ladies brought gelatin dishes.

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Plano, Tex., officials decided a stop sign was unnecessary at the corner of 18th and M Streets. While workmen were taking down the sign two cars collided at the intersection.

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Det. George Garcia decided to question employees of a Pasadena, Calif., bank about a holdup that had occurred there the month before. When he arrived, another robbery was in progress and he arrested the bandit.

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In Metz, France, a little black mongrel saved his master by stopping an organ recital. The dog's owner, an old man, collapsed in the street outside the church where the recital was being held. The dog ran into the church and howled until the music had to be stopped. Members of the audience followed the dog to the street, found the old man and rushed him to a hospital.

•

George and Thelma Bodkin sat in their St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, home going over their finances. They had $24.00 which had to last the next two weeks. The phone rang and they learned that their bank account was about to be fattened by about $700,000. They were winners in the Irish Sweepstakes.

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The steering mechanism on Woodrow Creekmore's car failed, sending it crashing into a telephone pole in Chickasha, Okla. He wasn't hurt but as he stood beside his car talking to a policeman about the accident the pole fell over and struck Creekmore on the head, killing him.

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After Mrs. Sandra Swigart of New Bern, N. C., bought a used car she discovered the previous owner's address — 505 Edgehill Road — was the same as her own except that the former owner lived in Richmond, Va.

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At Philip Wardroper's first wedding in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, England, five-year-old Mary Waugh was a flower girl. When Wardroper married the second time at the age of 59, his bride was Mary Waugh, now 34.

•

In Illiopolis, Ill., William Elvin was run over and killed by a car while he slept in his bed. A car went off the road and crashed into his home.



Dorothy Rainville, shown here with husband Morris, was very skeptical of reincarnation before the experiment began.

How could I have known intimate details of life in 18th-Century France — facts it took months of hard research to confirm?

Was I Madame Pompadour's Daughter?

By Morris and Dorothy Rainville

SCIENTISTS continue to waste countless hours trying to measure man's brain with electrodes when the fact is that the powers of the mind, both intellectual and psychic, cannot be measured or proven by such means. The subconscious mind of man is a vast warehouse of infinite knowledge wherein lie the answers to millions of mysteries — including the proof of reincarnation. Using hypnosis, my husband Morris and I have uncovered concrete proof of reincarnation, proof that fortunately can be substantiated by history. Because this experience happened to us personally I shall start my story from the beginning.

Since childhood I have been able to foresee happenings. On numerous occasions while I was in school I would blurt out the answer to a question before the teacher asked the question. At home when the telephone rang I could tell who was phoning us before anyone picked up the receiver. None of this ever bothered me because I assumed everyone else's perception was the same as my own — until after my brother Kenneth drowned while swimming. The day following his funeral I was sitting in our living room in Sudbury, Ontario, when he appeared in the doorway. I remember sitting there calmly looking at Ken in his blue sweater and jeans as he stood in the doorway. He put his finger to his lips and said, "Sh! Don't be afraid . . . . I am O.K. . . . Help Mom out a lot and tell her I love her . . . . I'll be back."

Only after Ken disappeared did I think about telling our mother. Mom had been very upset at the funeral so I decided to tell our uncle instead. His reaction was one of horror. He told me I was "crazy" and warned me never to tell my mother such a stupid thing. So

I told no one else about the incident for years, although during this time my brother reappeared in the same manner three more times. Each time I needed help with a problem I could not discuss at home Ken would appear and tell me what to do. As time went on and I apparently became more and more psychic, I began to notice people looking at me strangely. So I decided that, rather than run the risk of being called insane, I would keep everything locked up inside me.

Many psychic things happened but all went relatively well until approximately eight years ago when my husband Morris became interested in hypnosis. I thought that under hypnosis all my unexplained psychic experiences would be revealed and my husband would think I was a nut so I refused to be one of his subjects. But we both were keenly interested in the use of hypnosis to aid mentally retarded children so my interest in hypnosis continued to grow until finally in 1973 I agreed to undergo a series of hypnotic experiments.

One day Morris and I and two friends, one of whom is an excellent hypnotist, were discussing reincarnation. I was the only one who definitely did not believe in the idea so I agreed to be the subject for an experiment. When I awakened everyone was talking excitedly about France. I thought I had fallen asleep. Nothing they said made any sense. Finally they played the tape recording back to me and I could not believe what I was hearing. I am unable to speak French but I heard myself talking a mixture of Parisian French and English. I couldn't believe it and yet I was claiming my name was Alexandrine Poisson, that I was the daughter of the famous Madame de Pompadour of France who was the mistress of King Louis XV. I mentioned that I was crippled and lived at the king's palace. I spoke in great detail of the life and death of Cardinal Fleury who was the prime minister of France and head of the church. This man was 89 years old and historically did look after state affairs for King Louis XV of France.

Because I couldn't believe what was taking place, we agreed not to discuss the subject or to do any look-ups until we did more hypnotic sessions. In those that followed I talked about intimate details in the life of Madame de Pompadour and about the king's weakness for women. I described the king's secret hiding place "Choisy," located in the Forest of Senart on the palace grounds. This is where he took his favorite ladies of the court. I relived the year 1743 and related on tape the death of the beloved Cardinal Fleury. I described the traditional *Leve* and *Coucher* of the king. These were great ceremonies performed when the king arose in the morning and when he retired at night. The men of the court felt it was an honor to help the king get ready for bed. To hold the candle for King Louis on such an occasion was one of the highest honors possible. I described the castle with its stone courtyards where great pots held orange trees. The oranges from these trees were given to the favorite ladies of the court. I described the Hall of Candles and the Hall of Mirrors where the great parties were held. I spoke of such men as Voltaire (the famous writer whom Madame de Pompadour gen-

erously helped), of M. Biron, Marquis de Contaut, of Comte Hermann Maurice de Saxe (marshal of France). I discussed in detail Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, and the meeting when he tried to enlist Austria's aid during a campaign. On the tapes I talked about King Stanislaus Leczinski of Poland and his daughter Marie who became King Louis XV's first wife. I told how Madame de Pompadour, my (Alexandrine's) mother plotted to take Marie's place. These and many more facts, including Alexandrine's own death in 1749, were revealed on tape — and each statement has been authenticated.

The fact that so many intimate details of life in 18th-Century France were recorded and that it took us months of research to authenticate them left no room for believing I had learned these things by reading some living person's mind. Actually none of us had this much background in French history. The subject is taught in school history classes but never are such intimate details as the name of Madame de Pompadour's dog Pompon included. Neither of the hypnotists even knew what questions to ask and there is the fact that I spoke in Parision French to add credibility to the recorded reincarnation because I do not speak French, let alone read it. We authenticated most statements in French volumes dealing with the time of King Louis XV which took months of research on the part of some of our French-linguist friends.

Because we have been able to verify all the statements I made under hypnosis and knowing as I do that all experiments were honestly recorded, I no longer doubt that people are reincarnated. I believe sincerely that my soul did in fact once dwell in the body of Alexandrine Poisson (1730-1749), daughter of Madame de Pompadour of France.*

Over the past few years my husband has cut 40 more tapes, recorded various other persons who have graciously consented to be hypnotized, and these too appear to prove reincarnation. Some are impossible to check because detailed records exist only of the lives of the famous and infamous in history. We do have six tapes that it should be possible to authenticate and we are working to document them at the present time.

My experience with reincarnation has changed our lives. We now openly discuss the psychic and I talk about my own past hidden psychic abilities and we believe everyone benefits. We realize that once man understands the psychic he will be able to conquer fear and one day control his own destiny and we shall be a proud, understanding, loving race of people.

* *Madame de Pompadour* by Nancy Mitford, published by Hamish Hamilton Ltd. in 1954 (Revised 1968), mentions the birth of Alexandrine on page 40. *Mme. de Pompadour* by Jacques Levron, Paris 1961 (written in French), mentions Alexandrine as Madame de Pompadour's daughter on page 67.

LUCKY SEVEN

MARIETTA Schmidt of San Francisco, Calif., is inclined to think the number seven is her lucky number. After winning first place as contestant No. 7 in a tap-dancing contest conducted on TV Channel 7 she went to a racetrack and bet $5.00 on horse No. 7 — a long shot — and collected $76.50.

My Proof of Survival

FATE will pay $10 for each story published in this department. Stories must deal with an actual experience proving spirit survival. They should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be mailed to FATE Survival Editor, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. Manuscripts must show author's name and address and include a stamped self-addressed return envelope.

GHOST OF AN ENGINEER

By Violet V. Moore

ONE EVENING in October 1975 I was sitting alone in the living room watching television. My husband had gone to bed. Suddenly two golden orbs the size of large oranges appeared about six feet above the floor between me and the television set. I thought I was seeing things and blinked my eyes a few times but the two golden orbs still hung there.

As I watched in stunned fascination a body formed below the orbs until eventually it became the figure of a man about six feet tall. He was wearing a locomotive engineer's outfit, coveralls with black and gray stripes and a long-billed cap of the same material. I was frightened but remembered that my father's father, William Weir, had been a locomotive engineer many, many years before. He had died before I was born but I had seen pictures of him.

Overcoming my fear I leaned forward and said, "Are you Grandpa Weir? Did you want to tell me something?"

The figure was not filmy but seemed to have the substance of a human being. The features were blurred, however, and the orbs were where his eyes should have been. He removed his thumb from the watch pocket of his uniform and pointed at me with his right hand. But no sound came from the opening where the mouth would have been. His hand slowly returned to his side and then the body began to fold in upon itself until nothing was left. The brilliant golden orbs were the last to go.



Violet V. Moore

I ran into the bedroom and told my husband Charles what had happened. He found it hard to believe at first. "If it was the vision of your father's father," he said, "why would he have wanted to get in touch with you?"

I had been wanting to write a history of our family for several years. "Perhaps Grandpa Weir came back to tell me to get started on the book," I said. "He knew he would be in it too."

Since this happened I have written a book about our family. I hope that Grandpa Weir knows and approves. — *San Jose, Calif.*

THE CARPENTER'S GHOST

By Genine Hanns

MY HUSBAND Chris and I looked for years before we found our ideal home in 1967. It was out in the countryside of Saanichton, British Columbia, nestled

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among plum and crab apple trees, with a spacious lawn surrounding it. The morning we first saw it the sun was filtering through its windows, lighting up the eggshell walls and accentuating the high ceilings. The monstrosity became a mansion! Chris and I had decided we wanted an older house, one we would fix up to suit our own specifications. This house was perfect.

It took us a few days to decide and then we rushed down to the real estate office to sign the papers. Curious about the history of the house, I asked the agent, "I notice it is in excellent condition for a house of such age. Who owned it before we did?"

"His name was George A. Sprinkler," the agent told me. "He was a carpenter by trade and he kept the house in perfect running order. He loved that house like a baby, the neighbors say, and when he died he was buried on the premises. There is an unmarked slab in the basement and folks say he is resting under it."

With this knowledge my flesh began to crawl. My idea of a dream house did not include a man buried in the basement! Still, determined to hold onto this glorious image of perfection, I shook off my fear and dark thoughts and signed the papers along with my husband.

We settled in comfortably and enjoyed our house immensely. Eventually, though, due to natural wear and tear, the house began to require small repairs. One morning I noticed a closet doorknob was loose.

"You'd better fix it, Chris," I urged him one evening when we were dressed for bed and watching television. "That doorknob has been loose for a couple of days now and I'm afraid one day I'll open the door and it will come off in my hand."

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"Aw, there's plenty of time," Chris assured me. "I'll get around to it one of these days when I'm not busy."

Immediately there was a chill in the room as if someone had entered and brought cold air with him. We both turned expectantly toward the closet. Without warning, the doorknob abruptly dropped to the floor.

"I didn't think it was *that* loose," I mumbled, and we looked at each other anxiously. Chris got up to fix it immediately and I settled down once more before the TV set. I had the strangest feeling that there was someone in the room with us. Satisfied at last, Chris returned from his completed task and a feeling of calm once more came over the room.

Several months later the cabinet under the sink began to squeak. It made a dreadful noise and I mentioned it to Chris over breakfast. "Okay, I'll oil it when I get home from work," he assured me. But dinner came and went; he got ready for bed and he still had not done it.

About two in the morning we were awakened by a loud noise. A sinister squeaking seemed to fill the house and we could not get back to sleep; it grated on our ears like fingernails on a chalkboard. We put on our kimonos and hurried downstairs. We approached the kitchen and stood aghast at what we were watching — the small door under the sink was wildly banging and squeaking on its hinges. It was as if the very boards were angry and the chill in the room was ominous and threatening.

I put my hands to my face, terrified. "Oh God, Chris! What is it? Make it stop!"

"It just needs oiling," he assured me, and the minute his words were spoken the door stopped banging. Chris got out his tool kit and oiled the hinges. It worked as well as it ever had worked by the time he had finished and we went back up to bed.

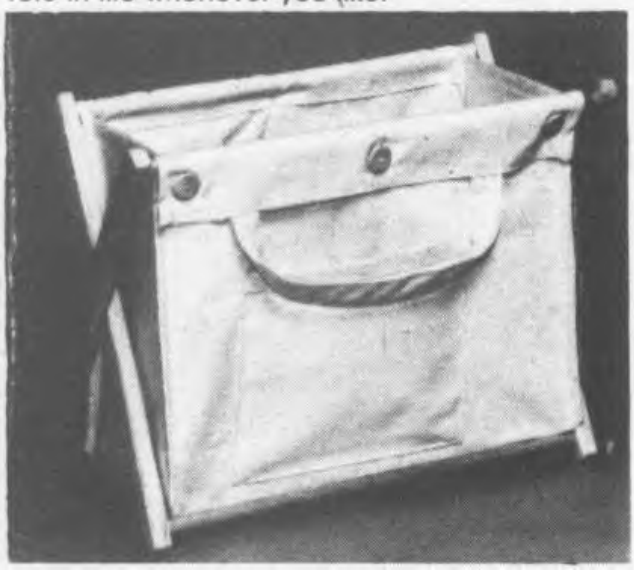
I could not sleep, however. I lay thinking of that dead carpenter in the basement. My lackadaisical husband had not been on top of our repair problems and I wondered if it was possible that the spirit of that dead carpenter had come back to haunt us.

In the morning at breakfast I confided my thoughts to Chris.

"I think we have a poltergeist," I told

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him. "It's that dead carpenter. He's watching over us. I think his spirit is friendly enough but he gets very angry when you say you will fix things around the house and then don't do it."

Chris cocked his head to one side. An amused smile crept over his face.

"Aw, come in, Honey. You've been watching too many horror movies."

As if on cue, Chris' engraved beer glass — the one I'd given him for his last birthday — rolled off the china cabinet and crashed onto the linoleum, shattering into pieces before our eyes.

"Hey!" Chris uttered.

I knelt down before the cabinet, taking some of the pieces in my hands. "You see," I told him. "You'd better listen. If you don't, he's going to start punishing both of us. This is only the beginning."

Chris' face was sober now. "Well, all right," he agreed. "But it still sounds a little crazy."

Perhaps most people would have sold the house but we were so fond of it we decided to stay. I will admit, it is not easy living with an honest-to-goodness ghost but as long as things are kept in repair he rests easy. Chris knows now, by experience, that if he lets the maintenance of this old house go even for one night there will be the rattle of glass, or the deadly chill of the carpenter's presence, reminding him of the chores not completed. — *Victoria, B.C., Canada.*

TWO WHITE DOVES

By Wanda Lee Leach

MY STORY starts in 1969 when my husband Charles was on his deathbed in St. Mary's Hospital in Evansville, Ind. He was 45 years old.

We lived in Chandler where there was no hospital so when I called Dr. Raymond Newman on May 13 to tell him my husband was very ill he told me to get him right into the hospital in Evansville. Dr. Newman was there when we arrived and he told me Charles had gone on longer than he had hoped for but now it was a matter of hours or days at the most until he would pass away. Charles had a terminal illness called Hodgkin's disease, cancer of the lymph glands. He had had it for six years and we all had prayed that he would get well. Now

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here he was on his deathbed.

I stayed with him for 45 days, never leaving except for a few minutes at a time.

The day before he died we looked out the window beside his bed and saw two white doves perched on the sill, looking straight at him. Charles said, "There are Mom and Dad!"

I never before nor since have seen birds like them. They hovered nearby for an hour or so and returned again later that same afternoon. I too felt it was very strange for this to happen.

Charles went into a coma soon afterwards, toward evening, and died on June 26, 1969.

I often think about the two white doves. Charles may have been right and they were the souls of his parents. I feel they were some sort of symbol from heaven, perhaps meant to give comfort.

This seems so unusual an occurrence I wished to share it. — *Chandler, Ind.*

HE TOUCHED ME

By Flora Holden

THE SUNDAY morning of January 15, 1978, I awoke at my usual time, about 6:00 A.M. I have lived alone since October 7, 1977, when my husband of 51 years passed on.

As I lay there I heard a buzzing noise. I got up, pushed aside the window curtain and looked out. It was still quite dark. I thought to myself, "It can't be my neighbor mowing his lawn. It is too early and besides it is Sunday." The noise stopped and I climbed back into bed to luxuriate a bit, lying on my back.

Immediately, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a movement on the other twin bed on my right. It was as if someone threw his legs off the side of the bed to the floor. Then my husband's voice said, "It is time you got up."

"I know it," I replied quite naturally.

Almost at once he appeared in a circle of light above and on my left. He looked as he had in his 30's. I could see his head and the upper part of his body which was clothed in a dark material.

"How are you doing?" I asked.

"I am doing all right," he replied.

Then he vanished and I felt a kiss on my lips, sweet and light. It was then I realized the buzzing noise I had heard was a noise that has occurred at other times in my life when friends or relatives have come to me

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from the Beyond. Some of them have come in broad daylight.

Because of these experiences no one ever could persuade me there is not eternal life. I am telling of this experience for I feel the whole world should be aware of how near this other world is to ours.

However, this was the first time I saw, communicated with and also was touched by a spirit, all three at one time. — *Seminole, Fla.*

GOD WALKS WITH ME . . .

By Wanda Lee Leach

I ARRIVED in Brooklyn, N. Y., for first time on a cold crisp September night in 1945. I was 17 years old, eight months pregnant and had come from Evansville, Ind., to visit my husband Charles who was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The night I arrived I became ill and was rushed to the naval hospital. The doctors discovered I had uremic poisoning and worked over me all night but the next morning they said I was going to die. I closed my eyes to pray for help but I could feel life leaving me. My body was rising from my bed. It scared me to look down at my still form on the bed but I never stopped asking God to spare my life.



Wanda Lee Leach

Suddenly I was back in my bed and just as I had felt life leaving me, I felt it returning. When I opened my eyes I saw a bright glow in front of me and heard a voice say, "You are to live to help others."

And I did live — although I had been given the last rites by a priest in the hospital.

Since then God walks with me always. — *Chandler Ind.*

New Books

NEWS and REVIEWS



J. Gordon Melton



SEASON'S FINEST

IT'S TIME NOW to consider the best and the worst books of the recently-ended publishing season.

In the former category we have Stuart Kaplan's *The Encyclopedia of Tarot* (U. S. Games Systems, Inc., 468 Park Ave. S., New York, N.Y. 10016, 1978, 387 pages, $14.95). Kaplan, head of U. S. Games Systems and possessor of one of the largest card collections in the world, traces the story of the tarot cards from their appearance in the mid-15th Century through the numerous varieties produced in recent decades. He addresses himself lucidly and objectively to the issues raised by the widespread use of these enigmatic devices, which rank second only to astrology in popularity.

While the text shows Kaplan to be a dedicated student of both playing cards and the occult, the book's major virtue is its inclusion of hundreds of illustrations of the many tarot decks. The pictures show how much the cards have changed over the years and how the new magical tendencies of the last 100 years have affected them. The book succeeds remarkably well in merging the concerns of the art historian with those of the occultist.

As you page through this fascinating volume, some decks immediately catch your eye. The Mountain Dream deck, probably the most unusual, consists of photographs in which acquaintances of designer Bea Nettles pose, surrounded by magical implements and occult symbols, for the different cards. Other decks are striking because they borrow from Egyptian motifs; Aleister Crowley's is the most famous of these.

I could not help feeling, as I studied the almost endless variation on the archetypal themes that each tarot card provided, that I was touching some deep inner level of all humanity. The tarot symbols truly represent the many levels of human consciousness, both positive and negative. Such representation does not in itself justify the use of tarot for fortune-telling but tarot does deserve serious study by depth psychologists.

Kaplan concludes with a discussion of how diviners use the tarot. He illustrates a number of methods for spreading the cards and lists some major meanings attached to each card.

The Encyclopedia of Tarot will make a worthy addition to your library. As a resource for the occultist, the psychologist and those of us who cannot afford to buy several hundred decks of tarot cards, it is a valuable book.

UFOs FROM TOP TO BOTTOM

THE REV. Ted Peters of Loyola University in New Orleans has written the best UFO book of 1977. In *UFOs — God's Chariots?* (John Knox Press, Atlanta, Ga.,

1977, 192 pages, $7.95) Peters forces us to consider the preconceived notions we bring with us when we set out to understand phenomena that are without precedent in our experience. We are able to incorporate such genuinely new events into our thought-world only by relating them by analogy to things with which we are familiar.

Peters has focused his attention on close encounter and contact cases. He finds that both ufologists and contactees tend to interpret such incidents in one of three earth-bound ways, seeing the reported events in political, scientific or religious terms. Therefore researchers and percipients tend to view ufonauts as cosmic ambassadors from an alien culture, scientists studying the earth (just as our astronauts studied the moon) or powerful, benevolent representatives of a utopian civilization who have come to help us.

Elsewhere Peters examines the problems which complicate the ongoing debates between ufologists and antiufologists and between researchers and true believers (especially of the ancient astronaut type). He notes the manner in which each side of the debate tries to make its case by claiming to be scientifically superior to the other. The discussion shows clearly why ufologists are not the magicians or mystics the antiufologists have accused them of being. At the same time Peters argues convincingly that the ufological search — and its antiufological opposition — grow out of a religious quest. Ufologists feel that in the end their research will produce more than just new scientific data. It will also bring new information — even enlightenment — of great significance to the human race.

I agree wholeheartedly with Peters. In fact I once wrote a paper advancing similar arguments about parapsychological research. I am convinced that the debates over borderland sciences, whatever the scientific pretensions of the participants, are in reality doctrinal conflicts in which two religiously-held world views battle for supremacy. In the long run, for example, antiufologists such as Philip Klass are arguing not that specific UFO cases are unconvincing but that the whole study of UFOs is illegitimate and unscientific by definition. Thus ufologists perceive Klass' offer of a $10,000 reward for a genuine UFO case not so much as a spur to better research but as a conscious personal insult from someone who believes implicitly in the intellectual and moral superiority of his world view.

If *UFOs — God's Chariots?* sits at the top of the ufological heap, *UFOs and Extraterrestrials* by Yves Naud (Fermi Editions, Geneva, Switzerland, 1978, four volumes, 1012 pages, $12.95; distributed by Friends of History, 4721 Couture Blvd., Montreal, Quebec HlR 3H7, Canada) rests securely at the bottom. Although the year is not yet over, I believe we can safely bestow it our Bowwow Award for dog of the year.

These four volumes, even when judged against recent efforts by Michael Hervey, Peter Kolosimo or even Erich von Däniken himself, hold their own as the poorest excuse for UFO literature to appear in many years. The text rambles without direction and the chapters bear no apparent connection with one another. The mistakes, at least one of which is made on every page, are far too numerous to list but it's worth noting that Naud cannot spell even Dr. J. Allen Hynek's name correctly (or Dr. James McDonald's or Philip Klass' either); on top of that he identifies Hynek as a scientist who "works for NASA . . . on research into the UFO phenomena (*sic*)." No doubt Hynek will wonder why he isn't getting his paychecks.

Naud cannot get even the simplest facts straight. FATE associate editor Jerome Clark points to one small but all-too-typical example, from a paragraph which appears on page 254 of Volume Two:

"For his part, the English writer, Jerome Clark remarks in the famous London ufology review, *Flying Saucers Review* (December 1973) that 'the wave of 1897 shows how useless it is to try to separate the objects from the general environment in which they operate.' And Clark adds that 'this makes the study of such objects infinitely broader than a simple investigation in scientific terms of a new phenomenon. For if the appearance and the behavior of the objects are always seen in terms of our interpretation at no matter what point in the development of our culture, then what chance do we have of ever getting to know the truth.'"

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Clark observes that (1) he is an American; (2) the magazine's correct name is *Flying Saucer Review*; (3) the article in question appeared in the July-August 1966 issue; and (4) while he agrees with the sentiments expressed in the second half of the quotation, he never uttered them; the words are Jacques Vallée's and can be found on page 146 of his book *Passport to Magonia* (Henry Regnery Co., 1969).

Naud refers to India always as "the Indies." His "authoritative sources" include Edgar Cayce, James Churchward and the *National Informer*. If you're looking for footnotes or even a list of references, forget it — there aren't any. Maybe it's just as well.

UFOs and Extraterrestrials shows all the care and diligence one might expect of a book written in a week by someone who had spent two weeks researching its subject matter. The author, who devotes most of his book to ancient astronaut hokum, employs the now-famous von Däniken technique of asking rhetorical questions and leaving them unanswered. Thus the reader is supposed to believe that the theory of extraterrestrial intervention in the lives of our ancestors is the only logical answer to the mysteries of our past.

Before he ever asked why common myths appeared at widely separated locations around the world in ancient times, Naud should have read the books of Joseph Campbell (among others) and found out. Naud also confuses some quite modern myths with ancient ones. Atlantis, a genuinely ancient myth, can be found in Plato and numerous writers since. But try to find a pre-mid-19th-Century reference to Lemuria, the *Book of Dyzan* or the even more modern Bermuda Triangle. Even hard-core collectors will miss nothing by skipping Naud's literary disaster.

A final UFO book deserving mention is neither the best nor the worst in the literature but it is likely to attain long-term significance as a ufological resource. In *The Walton Experience* (Berkley Medallion Books, New York, N.Y., 1978, 181 pages, $1.95, paperback) Travis Walton describes in his own words (the book, contrary to rumor, was not ghostwritten) his alleged five-day abduction aboard a flying saucer. If the account continues to with-

stand the vigorous attempts to discredit it—and so far it has — it will stand as one of the most important UFO encounters of all time. Walton bolsters his own story, now well known, with details of the medical, hypnotic, legal and psychological investigations that have at once clarified the account and deepened the mystery. Ufologists will certainly not want to miss this important and inexpensive addition to their library.

BEST SERIES OF THE YEAR

JULIAN OF NORWICH (Paulist Press, Ramsey, N.J., 1978, 369 pages, $6.95, paperback) is the first book in a projected series, The Classics of Western Spirituality, which will contain the edited writings of the master teachers of the western mystical traditions. The series will cover all traditions — Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Islamic and even American Indian.

Julian was chosen for the first volume partially because she was the first to articulate clearly the idea of the "motherhood of God" within the Roman Catholic tradition. But like the writers destined to follow her, she is a master mystic in her own right. This excellent book makes me look forward eagerly to the rest of the series.

OTHER REVIEWS

HANDBOOK OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY edited by Benjamin Wolman, Van Nostrand Reinhold Co., New York, N.Y., 1977, 967 pages, $35.00.

What can one say about a book which consists of 34 chapters, comprises 967 pages and boasts over 30 contributors? Reviewing Benjamin Wolman's *Handbook of Parapsychology* is as formidable a task as reviewing the *Encyclopaedia Brittanica*. And that's just what this volume represents — a virtual encyclopaedia of parapsychology, complete with essays covering everything from the history of the field to research methods to parapsychology's most recent concerns.

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Charles Tart contribute chapters on experimental parapsychology, the poltergeist, psi and personality, ESP and drugs. The depth of this book is aptly illustrated by the fact that no fewer than seven chapters deal with the interrelationships between parapsychology and other fields of science, from anthropology to physics. An additional four chapters discuss theoretical models used to explain psychic phenomena and three chapters describe ESP's relationship to various altered states of consciousness.

There can be no doubt that Wolman's mammoth anthology is one of the most important books on parapsychology to appear in years. Anyone who takes the time to read it will learn a great deal about the field. Unfortunately, however, the reader's knowledge of parapsychology will still be incomplete because *Handbook* is concerned chiefly with experimental and modern research and devotes little space to the history and literature of the field. There are only two historical studies, one of them an excellent essay by J. Fraser Nicol on parapsychology's association with the physical sciences, the other a retrospective on the survival controversy. So this book will best serve as a guide to present-day methods and findings in the field.

In this regard several chapters deserve special mention. Rex Stanford, for instance, offers a masterful survey of the entire field of experimental PK research — probably the most complete report on the subject currently available. John Palmer writes a noteworthy chapter telling how ESP is related to personality patterns and Rhea White contributes a lengthy — and novel — essay on how the ESP or PK researcher can influence his own test results. These three chapters, all on highly controversial questions, provide authoritative and much-needed definitive statements on these critical areas of research.

But not all the papers included in the *Handbook* are as complete and some of them have serious flaws. In a biased presentation Louisa Rhine discounts the importance of research on spontaneous ESP cases and goes on to misrepresent the views and findings of other authorities on the subject. Jule Eisenbud contributes a thought-provoking paper on psychic photography

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but it is concerned mostly with his own Ted Serios work and says very little about the vast history of this exciting subject. The volume also contains chapters on William James, parapsychology and literature which are rather inconsequential and might well have been omitted.

Despite these occasional problems Wolman's *Handbook* is an awesome accomplishment. It is the reference work the field has needed for many years. — *D. Scott Rogo.*

GODS AND BEASTS: THE NAZIS AND THE OCCULT by Dusty Sklar, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, N.Y., 1977, 188 pages, $9.95.

The occult foundations of the Third Reich have been exposed in recent years through a number of books, including the very important *The Spear of Destiny*. *Gods and Beasts* continues this much-needed effort to give an accurate picture of Hitler's demented abuse of magical powers and mystical insight to create a political evolutionary movement. The book provides a useful perspective for historians who seek to correct the conventional explanation of how the Third Reich rose to power.

However, Dusty Sklar is quite ignorant of the real purpose of occultism and the esoteric arts and clearly has no personal experience with higher states of consciousness. Therefore her attempts to show the significance of her work for contemporary culture are sadly one-sided. The results are mostly recycled cliches and stereotypes of the sort that foolishly lump witchcraft with satanism and psychic development with mental illness.

Gods and Beasts nonetheless possesses two strengths. First, it shows that it is possible for spiritually-hungry but naive people to be led into a state of total mind control by black magicians such as Hitler (Sklar sees this tendency today in Scientology, est, TM, the Unification Church and other counterculture or New Age organizations). Second, it includes important new information about the concept of the superman which Hitler attempted to bring into physical reality through the Third Reich.

Despite Hitler's barbaric debasement of it, the superman concept remains before us

as a vision of the evolutionary transformation of life which mankind might achieve through higher consciousness. If Hitler had not been a murderous psychopath and a fanatical racist, he might have taken the path of a Sri Aurobindo, a Gopi Krishna, a Teilhard de Chardin and other theistic evolutionists.

Sklar, unable to perceive this because she is unfamiliar with genuine spirtual paths, sees only the dangers of consciousness expansion. These dangers are very real ones, certainly, but they are only part of the picture. The book could have made a real contribution if she had understood Pascal's admonition: "It is dangerous to tell people of their bestial origins unless at the same time you tell them of their divine potential." — *John White.*

THE COSMIC TRIGGER: FINAL SECRET OF THE ILLUMINATI by Robert Anton Wilson, And/Or Press, Berkeley, Calif., 1977, 269 pages, $4.95, paperback.

What do flying saucers, shamans, Rosicrucian adepts, the star Sirius, John Dee, Aleister Crowley, pancakes from space, the Land of Faerie, LSD, sex magic, the ancient Gnostics and the Bavarian Illuminati have in common? A very great deal indeed, according to this brilliant new work by the coauthor of the satirical trilogy *Iluminatus!* Robert Anton Wilson is that rarest of birds (especially in the occult-metaphysical jungle) known as an "original thinker."

In *Cosmic Trigger* Wilson introduces one shocking idea after another (frequently in equally shocking language) in his effort to show the curious links between the seemingly separate traditions of sex and drug mysticism, contacts with Higher Beings (angels, "secret chiefs" and ufonauts), the importance of the double-star system of Sirius, and most of the major and minor esoteric movements in known history, including the infamous Bavarian Illuminati so beloved of conspiracy enthusiasts. But however exotic his ideas get, Wilson manages to find support for them in historical, psychological, psychic and nuclear research.

The book doubles as an autobiography in which we follow the narrator as he wends his way through the occult fad years of the

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late 1960's and early 1970's and rubs shoulders with the scientists, occultists, artists and counterculture figures who have made this generation of searchers so unique. While providing a host of "damned facts" in the best tradition of Charles Fort, the book also offers us an original and revealing perspective on the meaning of our recent cultural experience.

Cosmic Trigger is a real mind-stretcher. It belongs in the library of every parapsychologist, ufologist, occultist and metaphysician in the country. Its ideas may infuriate entrenched interests and true believers and it is not always easy to understand at first reading. But the book should be read several times, say once every six months for a few years — it's that good.

Wilson's next work, a novel entitled *Mask of the Illuminati*, deals, the author tells us, with "Albert Einstein, Aleister Crowley, James Joyce and the origins of World War I." It promises to be even more mind-boggling. — *P. E. I. Bonewits.*

SEA MONSTERS by James B. Sweeney, David McKay Co., New York, N. Y., 1977, 88 pages, $6.95.

A former public information officer for the United States Naval Oceanographic Office, James Sweeney is also the author of the earlier (and far better) book *A Pictorial History of Sea Monsters and Other Dangerous Marine Life*. Indeed, most of the illustrations and some of the material in this book also appeared in the earlier one.

Sea Monsters begins with a short, lucidly written look at the seas. The author not only informs us of their sizes and problems involved in learning what strange creatures live in their stygian depths but also explains the seas' vital relationship to all life on earth. Having thus set the scene he tells us about those "sea monsters" officially accepted by science: the giant squid, moray eel, manta ray, mola and others. The story of the coelecanth, "the fish that wouldn't stay dead," is recounted as an example of the secrets the sea can hold.

Sweeney devotes a chapter to the question "What Is a Sea Monster?" and reports the speculations of a French-trained oceanographer who professes to believe sea monsters are marine mutations caused by

pollutants man has dumped into the ocean. This idea, which appears to owe more to Hollywood monster movies than to current genetic theories, doubtless will find favor among eco-activists if not among scientists.

Having taken half the book to give us this background Sweeney finally gets to the "collection of eyewitness accounts," thus fulfilling the promise of the subtitle. After recounting a number of brief (and well-known) historical cases, he gives us more recent sightings not heretofore in the literature.

We learn of a 1973 encounter by an Australian freighter with a gigantic jellyfish (estimated weight 20 tons!); a Japanese whaling ship captain tells of a "sea dragon" that attacked his ship after having been mistakenly harpooned; and a diver on a salvage job reports fighting off a sea monster with his cutting torch. There are other brief accounts which Sweeney has ferreted out from here and there around the world; they are the real meat of this skinny book.

But there are all too few of these. They whet the appetite and there is no more. Indeed, the book simply stops. There is no real conclusion, no summing up, no bibliography for further reading. Except for a brief mention of investigations at Loch Ness, there is no indication that anyone other than Sweeney is seriously interested in these strange and terrifying sea creatures.

Most unsatisfactory, Mr. Sweeney!

Sea Monsters is less a book than it is a somewhat overblown (albeit well-illustrated) magazine piece. The price too is overblown. Save your money and hope that the book will be remaindered at a substantially reduced price. — *George W. Earley.*

DOOMSDAY! HOW THE WORLD WILL END — AND WHEN edited by Martin Ebon, Signet Books, New York, N.Y., 1977, 240 pages, $1.95, paperback.

Today many people, especially Christian evangelicals, are convinced that we are living in the last days. They base this belief on their reading of Biblical prophecy. In *Doomsday!* Martin Ebon, premier anthologist of the paranormal and the occult, turns his attention to this curious cultural phenomenon. The result, alas, is

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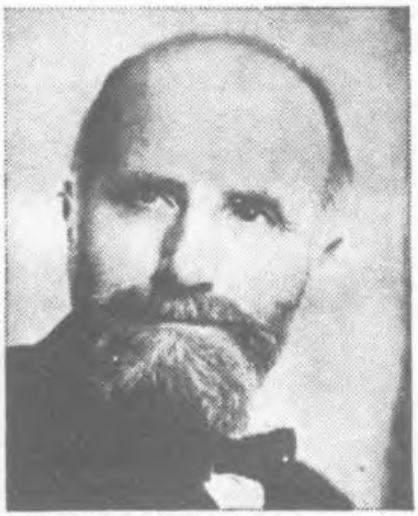
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not quite satisfactory for several reasons.

Ebon musters material from a wide range of sources, including the Greek Orthodox Church, Jehovah's Witnesses, 19th-Century British antiquarians and modern scientists. But mostly — and perhaps predictably — he draws on Protestant interpretation, which leads one to conclude that Ebon is unaware of the extensive Roman Catholic writings on this subject. In fact the Catholic view is not represented at all nor are such important documents as Father Kramer's classic *The Book of Destiny* or Father Culleton's *The Reign of Antichrist* ever mentioned.

Ebon also neglects the works of some of the more interesting conspiracy theorists such as Helen M. Peters, who holds that internationalist conspirators could use a pseudo-apocalyspe to consolidate world power — a view expressed in her works *Defenders of the U.S.A. Republic* and *The Union Jack.*

Doomsday! is not really a bad book; it is just incomplete. — *Richard T. Crowe.*

THE PSYCHIC FRONTIERS OF MEDICINE by Bill Schul, Fawcett Books, New York, N.Y., 1977, 250 pages, $1.75, paperback.

In *The Psychic Frontiers of Medicine* Bill Schul writes that there are two main approaches to healing, the traditionally accepted one which considers the environment in which disease may enter the body from without, and the psychic-spiritual one, the holistic treatment which assumes the power of the mind over the body. Schul's sympathies are with the second method.

We are now passing, he says, from an "Outer Space Age" into an "Inner Space Age" in which human beings are coming to realize man's real powers can be found in the inner recesses of his own being. As a result people are turning to yoga, Zen, Tai Chi and meditation. Parapsychology is leading us to new, concrete discoveries about our spiritual dimension.

Schul has not only researched his material well but participated in many of the scientific experiments from which he draws his ideas. *Psychic Frontiers* is worth your time and attention. — *James Cope Crosson.*

Report from the Readers

These columns of FATE are set aside each month for your comments. Send your opinion of articles and stories and your reports of unusual occurrences to FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035.

THE STACKED DECK

I am pleased to see that Richard R. Szathmary has subjected Barry Fell's *America B. C.* to critical scrutiny ("A Closer Look at *America B. C.*," November and December 1977 FATE). Although Szathmary and I do not see eye to eye on all points, I agree with his criticisms of Fell. Myriad errors and misunderstandings riddle Fell's treatment of Egyptian hieroglyphs. In fact, I do not think Fell's "Egyptian" material is Egyptian, any more than Professors Corrigan and Johnson think his "Ogham" material is Ogham. Moreover, Fell's statements about other languages and scripts offer plenty of opportunity for criticism.

Ancient Libyan inscriptions occupy an important place in Fell's work. (I am surprised that Szathmary has not given them greater prominence.) Fell writes that "The language was first deciphered from North American bilingual Latin-Libyan tombstones by Fell (1973)" and refers to no earlier work. Thus FATE readers might find it enlightening to compare Fell's table (page 180 of *America B. C.*) with that on page 32 of Carl Meinhof's monograph, *Die libyschen Inschriften: Eine Untersuchung*, published in Leipzig in 1931.

Fell's chart shows only one letter which is not in Meinhof's and the differences in their transcriptions of letters are only differences in *notation*, not in value. Meinhof's list in turn is often in agreement with that given in Oric Bates' *The Eastern Libyans: An Essay* (London, 1914; reprinted 1970), which in turn is based on earlier work which goes back to the mid-19th Century. Also, Bates' chart lists the one above-mentioned letter which is absent from Meinhof's.

The language of these texts has also been definitively investigated in an important study by Otto Rőssler ("Die Sprache Numidiens." in *Sybaris*, Festschrift Hans Krahe, Wiesbaden, Germany, 1958) who along with his predecessors identifies it as an old form of Berber. I realize that Fell departs from previous analyses and translations of these texts and that the decipherment of a script and the decipherment of a language are two different problems. Still, even giving Fell the benefit of a doubt regarding the semantic nicety of his statement ("The *language* was first deciphered. . . .") he is being less than frank in failing to refer to the large bulk of earlier work on the Libyan inscriptions and his claim conveys the misleading impression that the whole of the decipherment is his work. Even if he disagrees with his predecessors it is only common courtesy to acknowledge their efforts (to say nothing of their existence). In my judgment Fell's work represents a step backward in the understanding of the language of these inscriptions and shows his lack of familiarity with the history of the ancient Egyptian language as well as much of the broader field of Afro-Asiatic linguistics, an impression which is confirmed by the confused nature of his remarks on "so-called Afro-Asian tongues of mixed Semitic-Hamitic origin."

In other areas, Fell shows the same tendency to ignore previous (and current!) work. Szathmary rightly deplores the lack of "sources or critical support" for Fell's contentions regarding the Amerindian lan-



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guages. Fell also presents highly innovative views on the relationships of the Polynesian languages. Again, many readers of *America B. C.* would probably be surprised to learn that both of these areas are classical case studies in comparative linguistics, each possessing a vast and highly technical literature. It is not simply a question of the pronouncements of the Bureau of Ethnology cited by Szathmary — generations of American linguists have cut their teeth on Amerindian languages, their description and taxonomy. To be charitable, it is either highly naive or highly presumptuous of Barry Fell to ignore this work, preferring to quote a couple of linguists who agree with him. I do not contest his right to present his case and garner support for it but I question the brazen manner in which he stacks the deck in doing so. — *Edmund S. Meltzer, Department of Near Eastern Studies, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont., Canada.*

UFOs AND TIME CONTROL

In a lifetime of wondering about the unknown I do not recall having heard of a serious examination of the hypothesis that UFOs may have some dials and knobs labeled "Temporal Control" on their instrument panels. The ability to control time might help to explain some of the cases of phenomenal acceleration so frequently reported.

Of course, if "cockpit apparent time" could be changed a little, the inevitable speculation must follow that it could be changed a great deal and some UFOs may be visitors from a different time as well as from a different space. — *Al Bridges, Arcadia, Fla.*

A CRUEL DOCTRINE

Now that Dr. Helen Wambach has led us down the crooked path of reincarnation ("Hang-ups from Past Lives," April 1978 FATE), must every mother lovingly clutching her newborn to her breast wonder if she has delivered the former Adolf Hitler, Stalin or Eichmann?

Reincarnation is a cruel doctrine which cuts at the very roots of man's yearning to be reunited with his loved ones in some permanent world. As he enters the spirit world and asks about his loved ones who have gone on before, is he told they have gone

back to earth to be somebody else's children? It's surely a cheerless outlook.

Now that I have about reached old age and expect to go to my reward, I find that "they" are going to send me back here, possibly to be a pot-smoking, pill-popping, needle-jabbing juvenile delinquent. — *Emil Markwart, Manistee, Mich.*

* * *

If the article "Hang-ups from Past Lives" is no more carefully researched than is indicated on page 58, reincarnation may not amount to much after all. Your author states that "Careful research developed the fact that 'some local type' did proclaim the establishment of a new 'Holy Roman Empire' — *one of those temporary little movements that did not last long.*"

WELL! The Pope crowned Charlemagne on December 25, 800, and the Holy Roman Empire thus established lasted until after the abdication of Charles V in 1556. The Emperor ruled by authority of the Pope for hundreds of years, thus making the Empire "holy," and all Germany, Italy, Switzerland and many of their outlying neighbors were part of it. Later Spain became its most important nation under the Hapsburgs and even after the Holy Roman Empire collapsed, a fragment remained in Germany with the late unlamented Kaiser Wilhelm as its last emperor.

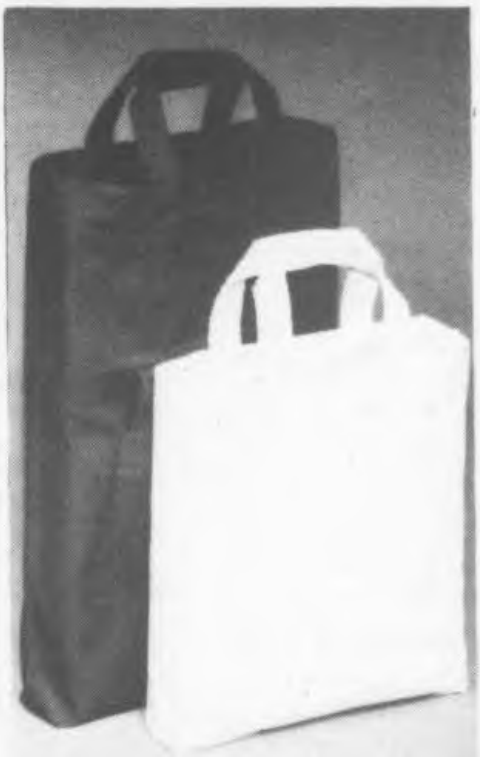
Anything that lasts over 1000 years and included most of Europe can hardly be called a "little movement that did not last long!" Moreover, the papacy can hardly be called "some local type" and surely everyone has heard of Charlemangne! — *Wilma Vallette, Declo, Idaho.*

* * *

My course in modern European history began with the study of the Holy Roman Empire. It actually started with Charlemagne in A. D. 800 (some local type!) but it was not formally declared the Holy Roman Empire until A. D. 926 with the crowning of Otto I by Pope John XII. It lasted through many emperors until 1806 and encompassed the whole of Germany, Austria, Holland, Belgium and parts of France, Switzerland and the north of Italy.

This was a little movement that did not last long? More than 1000 years?

Such "careful research" makes me won-



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der how much of the rest of the article was a crock. — *A. J. Morel, Midland Park, N. J.*

* * *

Historians, roll over in your graves! History buffs, decry and bemoan the quality of education dispensed to reporters and those holding doctorate degrees!

A glance into any standard encyclopaedia would have revealed that the Holy Roman Empire began with a German king, Otto I, who was crowned Holy Roman Emperor in A. D. 962 in the tradition of Charlemagne who had been crowned Roman Emperor in A. D. 800. Beginning with Otto I, the Empire lasted for the next 844 years or until 1806.

Whether or not one accepts the theory of reincarnation, Dr. Wambach's regressed subject's alleged recall of a past life in the Holy Roman Empire in the 15th Century reveals more accurate information than either the doctor or author James Crenshaw possessed. — *Joseph J. Brewer, Anchorage, Alaska.*

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

The error in my article — if it was an error and I do not concede that it was — has to be mine. All my life, it seems, I have been faced with editors' demands to "Keep it short!" and so I try to make every word count.

Instead of saying that the "local character" established a "new" empire, using *new* in the broad sense of *another* or different empire, I probably should have written that he established *his own* or *his version* or a *local version* of the Holy Roman Empire and chose to call it by that name. Conceivably, this sort of thing could have happened in the time of Charlemagne or Otto I or Kaiser Wilhelm or John F. Kennedy. The point is that the name was appropriated by a "local type."

Having done much reporting of court cases I try to be extremely careful about wordings that might invite the gripes of literal-minded nitpickers but you can't always win. — *James Crenshaw, Los Angeles, Calif.*

"GREATER THINGS YE DO . . ."

In "A Child Shall Lead" in the March 1978 issue of FATE, Louise Peacock Williams quotes the words of Jesus in *Revela-*

tion 1:50. "Greater things shall ye see and do than I."

I have looked in a number of Bibles but I cannot find *Revelation 1:50. Revelation,* yes; Chapter 1, yes; but no verse numbered 50. — *Sandi Kram, San Jose, Calif.*

We believe Mrs. Williams meant to quote St. John 14:12 *which reads, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father."* — The Editors.

MAN NEEDS HELP

I am still welcoming accounts of telephoned spirit-messages, a subject I have been interested in for many years, but also I seek answers from FATE readers on other questions:

(1) Both Protestants and Roman Catholics "see" Christ and the Virgin Mary. Does anyone know of a child who has seen an apparition of Santa Claus?

(2) Is the song "Scarlet Ribbons" based on an actual apport?

(3) From what specific area of the head has the human soul been seen to leave?

(4) Can the human soul pass through lead, glass, steel, etc.?

(5) I have read that in some hauntings things are seen which the observers refuse to talk about. Precisely what is seen?

(6) Will a Japanese who had a friend or relative vaporized in the atomic bombing over Japan in 1945 tell me whether spirit contact with the victim has ever been made. I have never heard of a vaporized person surviving in spirit. — *John P. Bessor, R. 4, Butler, Pa. 16001.*

TUNED TO THE FUTURE

I'm a little leery of V. J. Stevens' "Tuned in at Ten" (February 1978 FATE). The author has Nettie using the expression "In like Flynn."

I first heard this from soldiers of World War II who told me it referred to escapades of Errol Flynn. His meteoric film career began with *Captain Blood* in 1935 and ended with his death in 1959. — 30 or 40 years *after* the time reference in Vicki's story. — *Cecil D. Clayton, Slaughters, Ky.*

* * *

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she was nothing compared with Nettie, the housekeeper. How could Nettie, about 1917, respond with "In like Flynn" and thus project herself into the 1940's? Either little Vicki's story is questionable or Nettie was a female Nostradamus. — *Elizabeth Flanagan, Corte Madera, Calif.*

A SATISFIED READER

I enjoy your FATE Magazine which I purchase locally. By contacting various advertisers I have received information which I believe has been instrumental in helping to restore my health — which has kept me inactive for many years. — *Alex P. Mackie, Peachland, B. C., Canada.*

THE PRACTICAL REASON

The February 1978 issue of FATE contains a filler titled "Vultures Multiply in Middle East" in which Mark Weber quotes from Michael Esses' book *Next Visitor to Planet Earth* to the effect that vultures (buzzards) are multiplying in the north Israel area and suggesting that this is a sign of the end of time and the battle of Armageddon.

There is no arguing with fundamentalist Christians — although they have been repeatedly proven wrong for the last 100 years. Armageddon was fought in 1918 on the Plains of Meggido when the British army defeated the Turks and ended 400 years of Turkish rule. General Allenby, the victor, became Lord Allenby of Megiddo — and his name was thought to be "Allah-Nabi," prophet of God!

A more practical reason for the vultures' increase is the civil war in Lebanon north of Israel, where the Arabs have been killing Christians by the thousands. How silent are the Pope, the president of the United States and the European rulers! Thousands of unburied bodies account for the proliferation of vultures in the very real present and it has nothing to do with some mythical future. — *Judith Gee, London, England.*

FAIRIES? HUMANOIDS? OR WHAT?

In 1919 when my husband was 14 years old he had to walk about two miles on a one-track farm road from his family's Wisconsin farm to a highway. After midnight on one occasion, he passed about 20 bald-headed little men who were dressed in

shorts which appeared to be made of leather. The men were about four feet tall and walked along quickly in single file making mumbling sounds.

I would like to hear from other FATE readers who have seen these men or heard stories about them. — *Helen M. Anderson, R. 1, Box 99, Fort Atkinson, Wis. 53538.*

HYPNOSIS vs. PAIN

Curtis Fuller's editorial "A New Look at Hypnosis" in the March 1978 issue of FATE prompts me to say that the use of hypnosis to relieve extreme pain is not new.

My sister Doris Cutler died of cancer about 10 years ago. We had corresponded regularly over the years but after she was hospitalized she sent me only cards from time to time. Her handwriting became scraggly, almost illegible, and she wrote of having considerable pain. Then to my astonishment I received a long letter from her written in her usual clear, firm handwriting. She said that her doctor had trained her in self-hypnosis; she was no longer in pain and felt almost herself again.

She died soon thereafter but apparently without pain. — *Stanley E. Saxton, Saratoga Springs, N.Y*

WHAT TO DO?

Van Smith's article, "Report a UFO at Your Own Risk" (January 1978 FATE), is bound to discourage UFO witnesses from reporting their experiences. Smith ran all over town trying to get someone to listen to his story. Failing, he attempts to convince the readers that the same fate awaits them. Smith should realize that if you want someone to listen to you, you have to go to the right people.

The only UFO investigating agency Smith contacted was Project Starlight International whose main work is to devise a means of communication with extraterrestrials. When he got no action from Project Starlight, Smith should have contacted other UFO organizations. The International UFO Registry, J. Allen Hynek's Center for UFO Studies or the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), just to name a few, all would have made a detailed investigation.

Smith is convinced that since he didn't know what to do, no one else does. — *Ran-*



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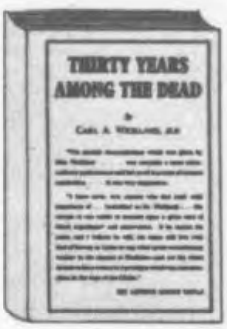
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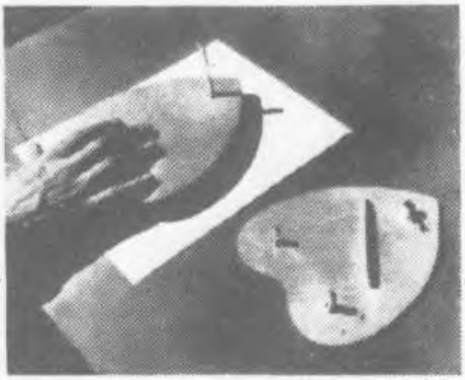


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STUMPING THE EXPERTS

The David Lang story (December 1977 FATE) is much like the Bridey Murphy case — a research stumper. But this much is clear, the librarian Hershel G. Payne was a stupid man and Ann B. Hooten is an inadequate graphoanalyst.

David Lang's note to his daughter Sarah shows clearly, even to an amateur graphologist like me, the strong pride and affection of a fine fatherly man. It also shows an independent spirit, almost a maverick, the bold and footloose type that tends toward a nomadic way of life.

I come from a rural mountain region and I know how the settled populations of such regions always regard the footloose sojourners who settle briefly and then move on. Such nomads are ignored, then forgotten as soon as they're gone. The census-takers, always local residents, don't bother to record the drifters. So much for Payne's local research.

As for Joe Mulhatten, the "champion liar," he was one of those rare persons smart enough to know that truth is stranger than fiction — so for his real corkers he used true stories. I love the way he double-crossed his dupes!

Ann Hooten's graphoanalysis is easy to account for. She was aware that a hoax or forgery was suspected and is an expert on detecting such forgery — rather than an expert on normal honest documents and script. She overlooked the fact that persons who are close, either by choice or by common blood or culture, tend to show script resemblance.

Certified documents didn't always have a formal notary public's seal in those days. The absence in this case may be a point in favor of their genuineness. In rural regions like western Virginia, a prominent person's signature was as good as gold and still is in much of the south.

As a trance psychic with broad experience of the invisible planes, I can understand the Lang case. There are two or three subplanes of existence close enough to ours in vibration so that beings from here occa-

(Continued on page 129)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 120)

sionally move into them — and beings from there intrude here too. Baby frogs, schools of fish and many other objects accidentally slip through the veil between and find themselves all out of place on this plane. I believe that David Lang crossed that invisible border. — *Curtis L. Gibson, New York, N.Y.*

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If UFOs are actually metallic hardware, as some experts believe, why has no one ever reported a sonic boom in conjunction with the assertion that the sighted object accelerates to fantastic speed?

I have read widely on the subject of UFOs but I do not believe the sound barrier theory has ever been discussed. — *William V. Larivee, Chesapeake, Va.*

HEALING THE MIND

One of the more fascinating aspects of the paranormal is the ability some persons have to faith-heal. Examples of miraculous cures have been well-publicized.

However, the examples I'm familiar with have dealt with physical infirmities. It seems that those who heal by faith or the laying on of hands are successful, if at all, only with individuals suffering physical ailments. I'm wondering about mental sufferers. So many persons suffer mental derangement that I would think faith healing would get into this area — that is, if practitioners are able to alleviate these conditions.

My daughter suffers from epilepsy (both grand mal and petit mal seizures) so I have a personal interest in the idea of providing relief from such an affliction through faith healing. If such healing can cause the body to regulate itself and overcome physical distress, then it should be able to temper the electrical irregularities induced by epilepsy, for instance.

I am interested in learning about any healers who can heal the mind. — *Robert. K. Jones, Arlington, Va.*

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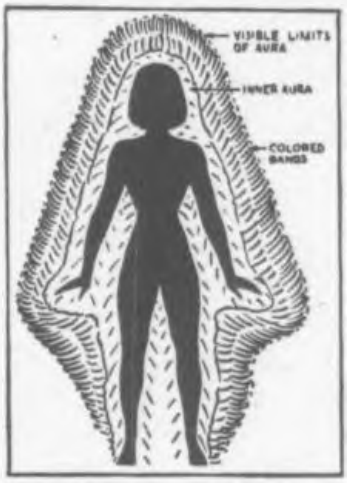


Diagram of normal aura based on W. J. Kilner, M.D.

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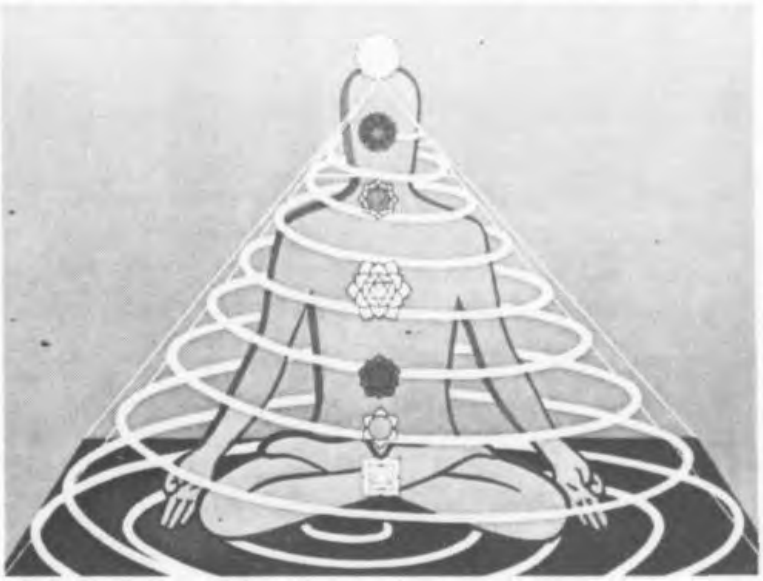
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