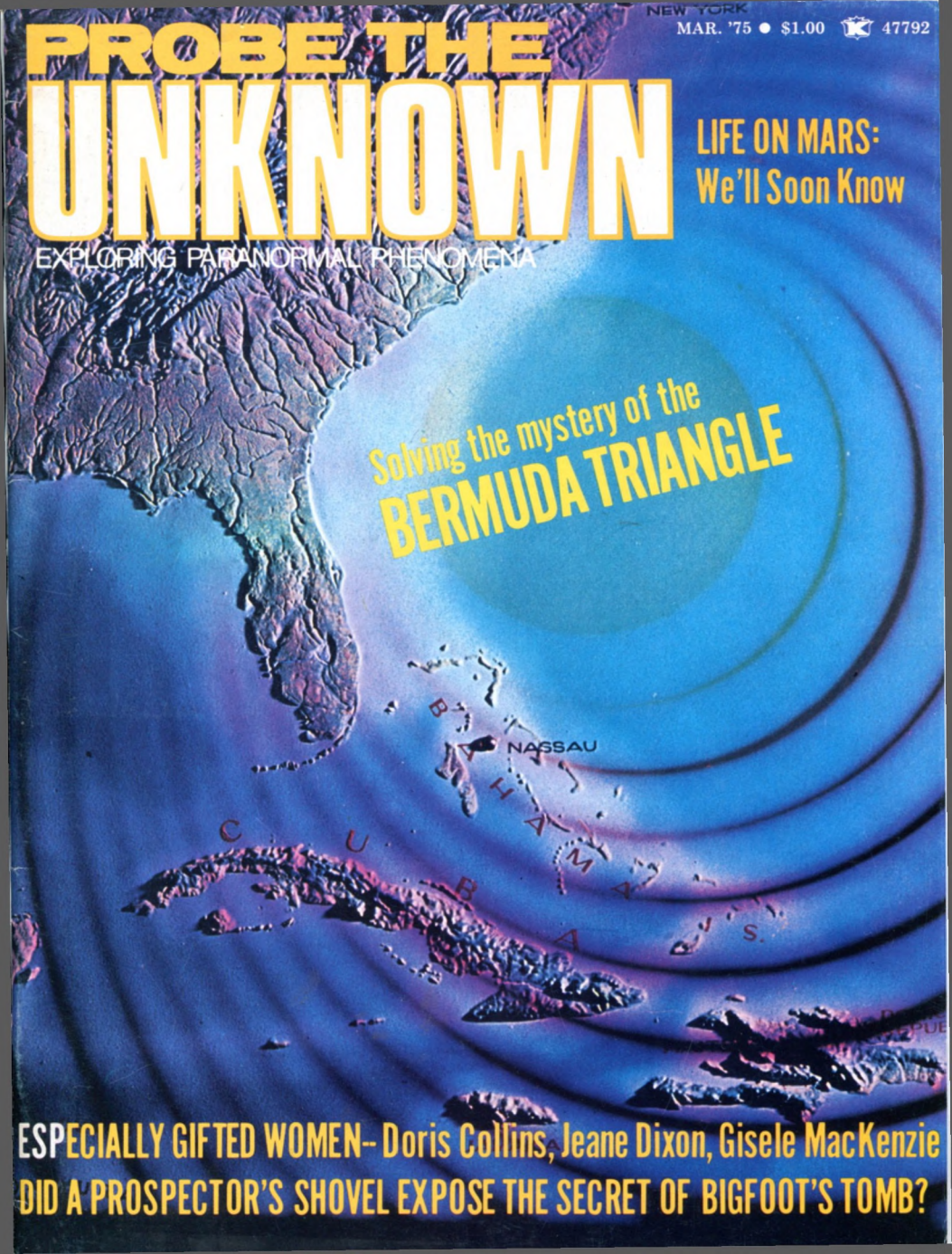
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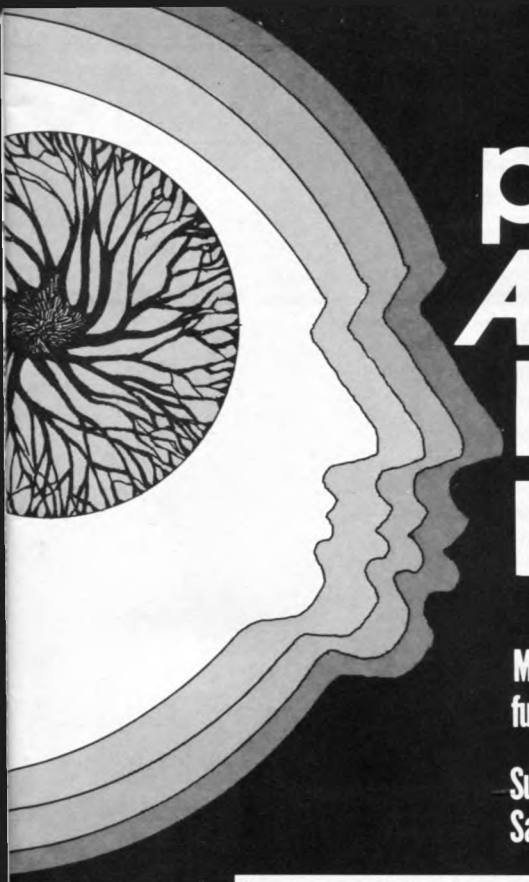
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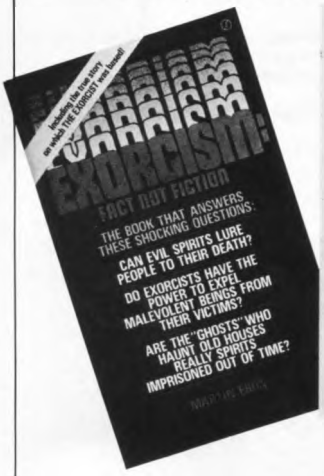
Publisher — Dick Hennessy
Assistant Publisher — Henry C. Holcomb
Editor — Bob Shultz
Copy Editor — Leslie D. Zerg
Art Director — Carol Hargraves
Advertising Coordinator — Dana J. Kuns
Advertising Art — Jack Paul Miller
Art Production — Priscilla Jan

PROBE THE UNKNOWN is published quarterly by **RAINBOW PUBLICATIONS, INC., 5455 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 1814, Los Angeles, California 90036.** EDITORIAL and ADVERTISING OFFICES: 5455 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 1814, Los Angeles, California 90036. Telephone: (213) 938-2065. SUBSCRIPTION OFFICE: 5650 W. Washington Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90016. Telephoen: (213) 938-2345. EXECUTIVE OFFICE: M. Uyehara, President, 1440 W. Walnut Street, Compton, California 90220. Subscription rate in the United States for 4 issues is $2.50. (Foreign countries add 50c for postage and handling.) The publisher and editors will not be responsible for unsolicited material. Manuscripts and photographs must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Printed in the United States by World Color Press, Inc., St. Louis

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Die im Dunkeln sieht man nicht

The title for this bit of thought is actually the last line from "Die Dreigroschen Oper", the Threepenny Opera, written by Kurt Weill and Bertold Brecht. It's a sadly satirical little piece which was an excellent mirror of the era in which it was conceived.

But, aside from the socio-political comments it carries, there are occasionally small glimpses of another side to the man Brecht. At least, one might think so. And from one of these we can draw something of a thought.

The last few lines of the opera go like this:

Denn die einen sind im Dunkeln
Und die andern sind im Licht.
Und man siehet die im Lichte
Die im dunkeln sieht man nicht.

One of the most lyric translations was done by Guy Stern and his version reads:

For the ones they are in darkness
And the others are in light.
And you see the ones in brightness
Those in darkness drop from sight.

Well, those in the brightness should be easy enough to spot and just as easy to identify and to know something about. If someone stands out in the spotlight, he can't be terribly difficult to comprehend. But, who are those in the darkness?

Who are those vague shapes standing just out of our vision? What are they doing there . . . what do they want? You know the ones I mean. They are the ones who by deed and design keep themselves just out of clear view. They are the ones who always manage to obscure their true identity until it's too late for all concerned, until the unwary have committed themselves so deeply that, like Hoffmann, they have lost their reflection.

But, perhaps it's more important to properly identify ourselves first. It may indeed be much more important. For in the proper identification of self, we must also decide in a very important area. We must decide and identify our basic beliefs. We must finally hone down and admit to some of the finer edges of basics. Maybe that in itself will tend to keep us standing in the light.

It really isn't important to the argument what you believe. The main point is, do you know what it is. Can you spell out, in terms clear and distinct just what you believe? Whether it's something as complex and seemingly abstract as Planck and Einstein's Omnipotent Quantum or as basic and direct as Leaky's old fashioned God, you should know it well enough to describe it. At least in terms meaningful to yourself.

The whispers calling you are from those shadows . . . from those in darkness . . . from those who would have you join them there. Tantalizing and appealing, intriguing and beguiling, always echoing your secret desires and longings . . . holding them in front of you as the ultimate reward . . . the whispers come.

But, if it's a world of trial and temptation, how can we hold out against these powers of darkness . . . against those who whisper and call from the shadows? How can we stand against a world so full of those who serve the shadows?

There is no answer *to that question that can fit all persons. But, there is a bulwark against that tide of darkness. There is. Remember your beliefs. Whatever they are.*

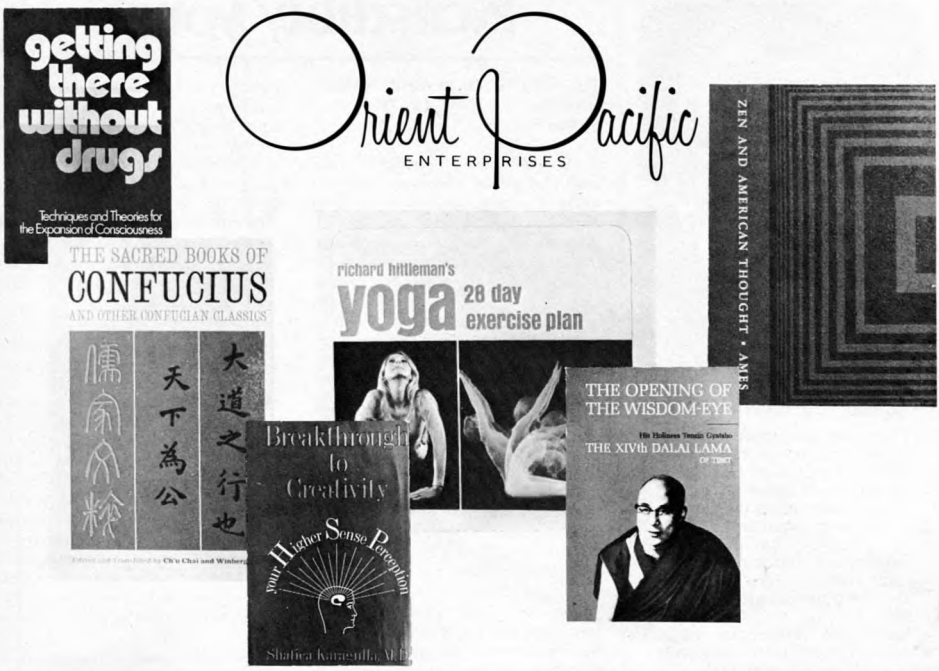
Faith. A tired word.

But, isn't it, more than ever, a period when we are called on more and more to summon up greater amounts of that precious stuff. But, that's it. That's the bulwark. That's the hope. That's the only thing which can carry when all else fails. Faith.

Faith in your beliefs. Faith in your God. Faith in your own ability to withstand and to accomplish. Faith. With it, all things are possible. Without it . . . who knows, for Die im dunkeln sieht man nicht . . . but, they are calling.

Bob Shultz
Editor

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOURSELF THROUGH....



TRANQUILITY WITHOUT PILLS
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by
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THE POLITICS OF PSYCHIC POWER OR SCIENCE'S WATERGATE
by Bob Ferguson

"Politics" and "Watergate" have almost become synonyms, in the thoughts of many Americans, with such words as deceitful, dishonest, selfish, etc. And yet science, exercising "executive privilege," has perpetuated its own Watergate upon the world's general public for the past one hundred years. Seldom has a voice been raised in outrage, demanding that the public be told the truth about the entire psychic affair and the true findings of the scientific investigators.

The life of the average family has always been difficult. There is little to cling to but faith in the future, or faith in a God they wish they knew better. Not only in the past, but in the present as well, we find mediums and psychics appearing upon the world scene who did, and can, prove the reality of religious conviction and demonstrate that there truly was a heaven and eternal life. These gifted individuals were, and still are, snatched into the drawing rooms of the wealthy, or the laboratory of the scientist. Through politics, which Webster describes as, "sagacious in promoting a policy," or by being "shrewdly tactful," the hopes and dreams of millions who wish to believe in eternal life are again left by the wayside. Again without proof, but blind faith alone.

How often can the individual witness and judge for himself the validity or error of those individuals who appear to have the abilities and the gifts unattainable by the average person? Quite rarely! But if these psychics and mediums who become the property of the scientist were to perform their feats before the public, would not the Bibles become a casebook of reality rather than words to be accepted upon faith alone?

Beginning in the latter part of the last century, some of the world's greatest scholars and scientists accumulated mountains of evidence and produced hundreds of books or articles upon what we today term E.S.P.

The evidence accumulated by such men as France's famous physiologist, Charles Richet; England's Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; America's William James, Horace Greeley, Senator and Judge Edmonds, Governor Talmadge, etc., is ignored. Why cannot these evidences be used to develop theories and release these singular individuals for public scrutiny. With all of the advancements in science, I have not heard of one psychic "fact" discovered in the 1970's that had not already been discovered and explained fifty, seventy-five or even a hundred years ago.

Today's scientist must accumulate new evidence. What really underlies this desire for new scientific evidence? Is it to prove to the scientist himself (who undoubtedly has a great fear of death), that there is eternal life? Or is it to furnish him information that might be used in his doctorial thesis so that he might henceforth attach Ph.D following his name—of course with the usual monetary reward that the title brings? Or is it so that he can write books and magazine articles so that he may retire in comfort to pursue his other comforts and pleasures? Is it to receive a grant for future studies from a private foundation?

I for one am tired of reading others' deductions upon psychic powers. I'm annoyed at seeing only edited transcripts of tests and conversations conducted with those possessing extraordinary powers.

We arrive in the 1970's to find the same condition prevalent today as was prevalent decades ago. Almost every psychic or medium that is legitimate is either locked in a laboratory, under contract to a university, sponsored by astronauts, or controlled by a personal literary or publicity agent. Mankind is robbed of the most positive of proofs—that proof that comes through personal experience and observation.

The common man who so much needs the proof that these gifted individuals can produce is left with the mediocre and untrained psychic or the psychic con-artists which flourish in every community of our land.

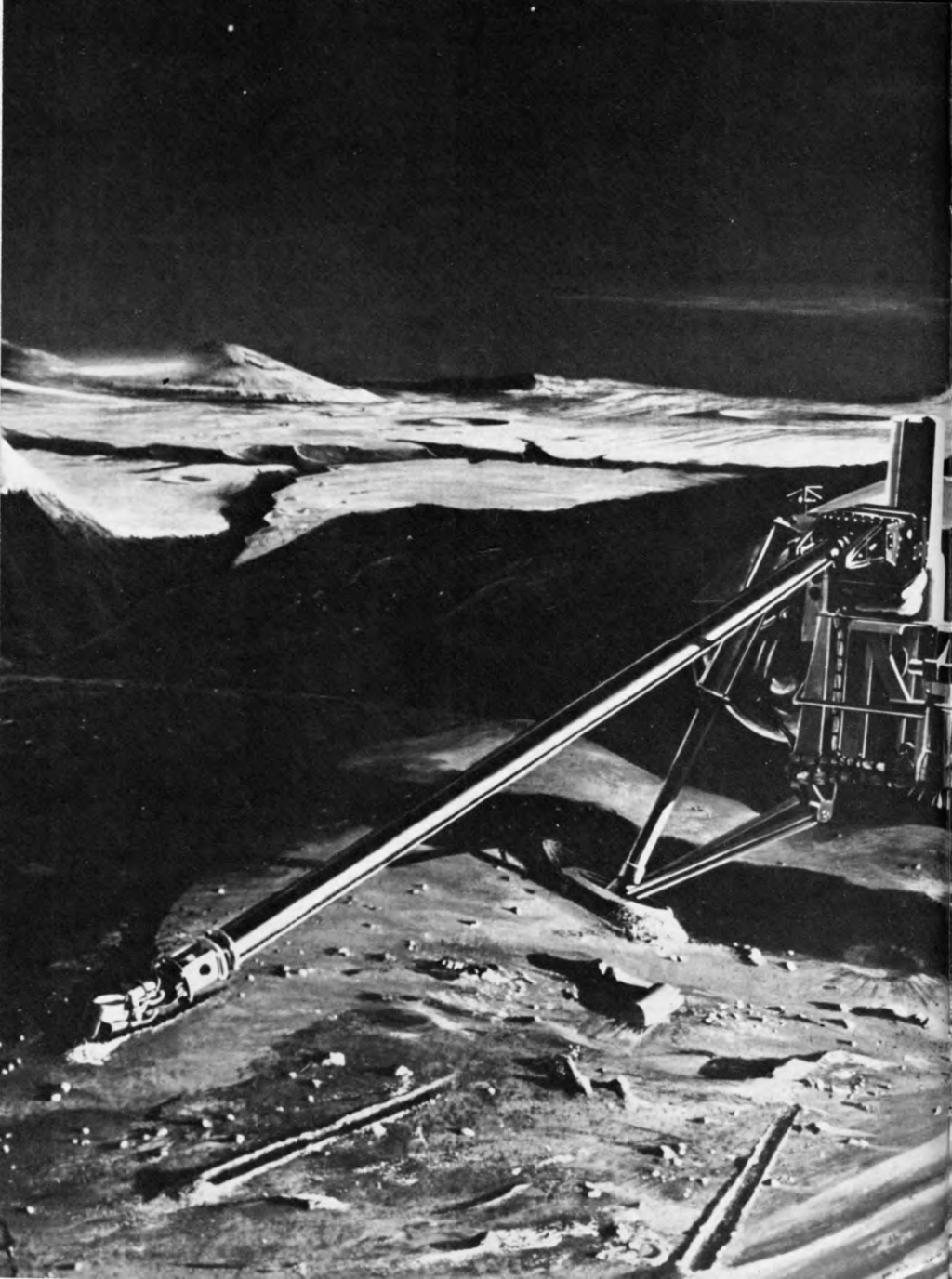
Possibly I have written too harshly of our esteemed scientist who delves into the psychic realms. Their defense would undoubtedly be that the ultimate aim of the investigations is for the benefit of mankind. But I remain firmly convinced that the evidence produced against this

(Continued on page 66)



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LIFE ON MARS

By Don Bane



Cracked and tortured, the landscape gasps beneath dust-dry, 100-mile-an-hour carbon-dioxide winds. Billows of red sand fill the thin air and scour new gashes in towering volcanic mountains that once exploded from the plains. Great canyons scar the vista, bled bit by bit as drops of water leached grain by grain over unknown eons.

A large, bug-like machine squats on three legs in the alluvial soil at the mouth of a broad valley. Its steely surface flashes sunlight. Small rockets burp demurely. The great insect seems to live as whining, whirring, clicking, crackling noises come from its guts. A dish-like eye searches a dark, star-littered sky for a mother-ship orbiting hundreds of miles above. A louder motor whines as a slender metal arm snakes ten feet from the machine; its claw-hand reaches out, groping, groping, groping . . .

A light thump: the claw strikes the ground, scratching, then lifts and retracts, to twist and drop soil into a round funnel-like mouth. The throbbing, creaking monster begins to digest its prey.

As the claw digs, other parts of the machine flail like some mad toy. Mirrors, antennae and other appendages rise, fall, extend, retract—the nightmare antics of some awesome doomsday ma-

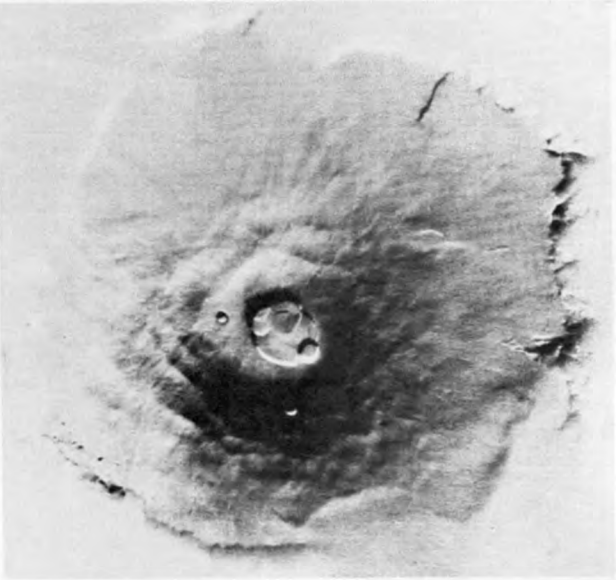
MARS

chine: an invader, perhaps, from Mars?

Not *from* Mars, *on* Mars. The date is July 4, 1976, and America's first Viking lander has begun to search the red planet for signs of life. The scratchings of Viking are man's newest step–albeit a tentative one–along a road that stretches millions of years, billions of miles–the search for man's place in the universe.

At the next cocktail party, ask anyone, "What about life on Mars?" You can tell a great deal about that person by his reaction: shrugs from the practical; a sneer from the cynical; mumblings about UFOs and green men from the unbalanced. You will not see a single yawn.

Despite our growing sophistication, we are still gullible as hell about invading Martians. One of the great science-fiction yarn-spinners of all time, H.G. Wells, holds his niche in history largely because of one of his many stories: *War of the Worlds.* On Halloween night in 1938, Orson Welles performed the story on a national radio network. Horrified at the realism (despite disclaimers before and after the program), sober men and women dashed into the streets, running in circles and causing more havoc than a flying saucer full of Martians. Their gullibility is wondrous: the "newscast" was carried on only one network; it was interrupted by commercials; the time span was not one hour, but several days.





(Top) Gigantic volcanic mountain on Mars, Nix Olympica, nearly 3 times as broad as most massive volcanic pile on Earth. (Bottom) The northern hemisphere of Mars, which now appears free of atmospheric osbcuration.

Photos & Illustrations Courtesy of TRW

Perhaps we should not be too condescending toward that earlier, less-sophisticated generation. In November, 1971, a still-further-updated version of *War of the Worlds* was broadcast by an Albany, N.Y., radio station. Calls to police numbered in the thousands. People milled in the streets. Again, panic gripped the population. And in the fall of 1974, another radio station drew the wrath of its listeners with still another broadcast. Fewer people this time were fooled; they were simply angry as hell about being put through the experience again.

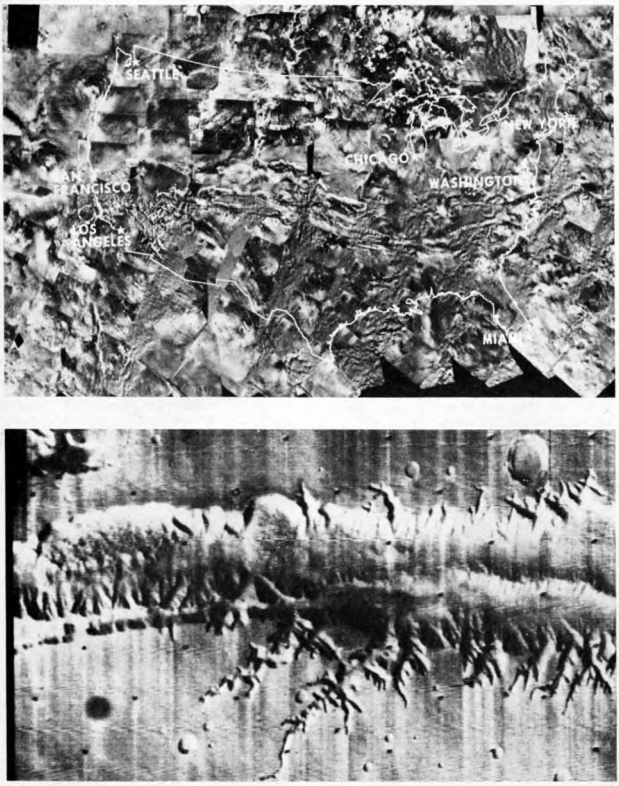
(Of course, every plaintiff adamantly denied belief in Martians. Just as non-believers in astrology can invariably cite their birth signs.)

Man's interest in Mars dates to the ancients. Since the planet has a distinct blood-red hue to the unaided eye, the Romans named it for their god of war. Over the centuries, the planets have led scientists, to invent complex geometric explanations of the universe, complete with crystal spheres, little looping tracks for the wanderers to ride in, with the Earth–and its human occupants–always at the center. As time passed and technology improved, man started to shed his solipsistic view of things. The process goes on today.

In the year 1877, Mars began a startling transformation in the minds of men. In that year, an Italian astronomer named Giovanni Schiaparelli spent hours at his telescope observing Mars. Schiaparelli announced that he had seen "canali" on several occasions. He drew sketches of more than 100 canali.

"Canali" is an Italian word meaning channels–not canals as English-speaking readers mistranslated it. Schiaparelli believed Mars had oceans just like Earth. The channels were, in his mind, estuaries or bays. But the unfortunate similarity between "canali" and "canal" became a villain that destroyed several men and halted planetary science for nearly half a century.

Percival Lowell was a writer, a diplomat, a Boston Brahmin. He was the brother of poet Amy Lowell. Percival Lowell was a man with a burning, consuming interest in planetary astron-



(Top) Enormous Martian canyon which would extend from L.A. to New York. Its depth, 3-4 times that of Grand Canyon's. (Bottom) Vast chasm with "tributaries."

omy and a fervent wish: somewhere else existed wiser men than we, who could answer our questions and solve our monumental problems.

Lowell had money and time on his hands. He began, in a thoroughly scientific way, to search for a site where he could build an observatory. He wanted to make systematic observations of Mars during its near approach of 1894. Lowell finally chose a hilltop near Flagstaff, Arizona, where the atmosphere was exceptionally clear more often than not. He built the Lowell Observatory there and equipped it with a 24-inch refracting telescope.

When his observatory opened, Lowell went to work with a vengeance. His writings and lectures disgusted and infuriated scientists. Lowell and his assistants drew maps of Mars at every opportunity. They laced the maps with progressively more and more canals until they had at last identified more than 700.

There was one difficulty, rather forcefully expressed by Dr. Carl Sagan of Cornell University:

"Lowell was surely one of the worst cartographers who ever sat down at the telescope. The kind of Mars he drew was made of little polygonal blocks connected by a multitude of straight lines." Sagan went on to say Lowell's canals existed, but only in his mind.

An impressive array of evidence, however, supported his belief in men on Mars. The planet has two large polar icecaps. During winter in each hemisphere, its polar icecap grows and lower latitudes appear to dry up. As spring approaches the icecap melts. A greenish-blue color appears to move toward the equator. Some observers even noted changes along the "canals" as seasons progressed.

It was possible, also, to approximate the surface temperatures on Mars: while the polar regions appeared incredibly cold—as low as 150 degrees below zero Fahrenheit—the equator's mid-day temperatures reached the high 70s and low 80s. The mean length of a day on Mars is startlingly close to a day on Earth—24 hours, 37 minutes, compared with our 23 hours, 56 minutes.

Lowell told the world that Martians were engaged in a heroic struggle on their dying planet to bring water, in ever-shortening supply, from the polar icecaps to equatorial regions where they lived. Once he even said he knew where the Martian capital was—and called it Elysium.

But the politics of science is formidable. Astronomers the world over damned Lowell for an amateur, as they turned their backs on him and on all planetary science. More and more astronomers turned their eyes toward stars and nebulae. The first third of this century was, after all, an exciting time to contemplate objects hundreds, thousands, even millions of light years distant. Professor Albert Einstein published his theories of relativity. Dr. Edwin Hubble was doing his research with the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson, work which helped settle the question of size and shape of the universe. Hubble's research forced men to revise their measurements of the universe outward and, in consequence, to shrink the importance of the solar system and all it contained even more than in centuries past.

Mars became the unquestioned property of science-fiction writers. Although science-fiction never contributed direct assistance to science, it entertained millions and led many space engineers and scientists—and more than a few astronauts—to manufacture science-fact.

In the late 1950s, when Russia orbited the greatest surprise package of recent history, men again turned their eyes seriously toward the planets. Here was the chance, they realized, to send cameras and other instruments to far-away places and see what they are really like.

Mars was a logical planet to look toward. Except for the moon and Venus, nothing regularly comes closer. We have gone to the moon; we cannot

MARS

see beneath the thick, hot cloud layer that hides Venus. But Mars? Ah, Mars . . . ! What if Lowell had been right?

They sent a craft called Mariner 4 winging across space in 1964. As it flew past Mars, it took 24 television pictures and sent the data back to Earth.

Scientists were astounded. Craters! My God, look at all the craters! Mars looks like the moon.

Precisely. So the same men sent two new spacecraft to Mars in 1969. They were Mariners 6 and 7 (Mariner 5 had gone to Venus). When Mariners 6 and 7 arrived at the red planet, they too saw craters. But they also saw terrain which scientists could describe only as "chaotic." It was jumbled and blocky and like nothing on Earth or the moon.

So the scientists revised their thinking: whereas Lowell's analogy had been with Earth, and Mariner 4's with the moon, now Mariner 6 and 7 showed us Mars looked like . . . like Mars!

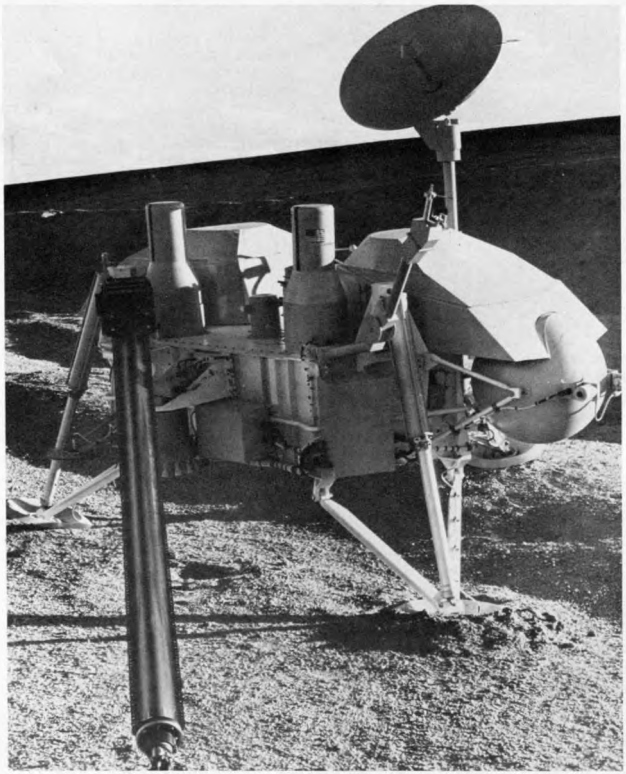
In this new age of Martian exploration scientists spared themselves the tarred brush that Dr. Bruce C. Murray of California Institute of Technology calls "the Legacy of Lowell." They flatly refused to predict life on Mars. Indeed they went the other direction and found all sorts of ways to deny that it could exist. Speculation about cities, highways, even bugs and bacillae was left to a frantic press that made some incredible statements.

When the first pictures from Mariner 6 beamed back to Earth, one reporter phoned his city desk to find the editors lying in wait for him:

"We been looking at the pictures as they come in. We got a headline all written; now you write the story to fit it. The headline's going to say, 'No Men on Mars.' "

The scientists, meanwhile, found some pretty awesome hints. They saw

(Left) The Viking Mars probe being tested on Earth's terrain. (Right) Scientists assemble and check Viking's equipment under sterile conditions.







no sign of water; Mars appeared almost as dry as the moon. The polar icecaps looked like frozen carbon dioxide–dry ice. The atmospheric pressure at the surface was like Earth's at 100,000 feet altitude. It appeared so rare, in fact, that water simply could not exist in a liquid form; it would change directly from solid to gas. Mars was, in effect, a dry, dead chunk of rock that did little more than circle the Sun every 687 days.

But scientists always find new ways to contradict themselves.

So lonely Mariner 9 started out for Mars in 1971. The best wishes and crossed fingers of a breathless pack of men and women boosted it on. Mariner 8 had, a few short weeks before, reached the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean because of a malfunction in the second stage of its launch vehicle.

As Mariner 9 neared the end of its journey and prepared to orbit Mars, an ambivalent group assembled at Caltech for a panel on "Mars and the Mind of Man." Walter Sullivan, the kindly, grey-haired science editor of The New York Times, moderated. On one side sat authors Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke; on the other, the hard-headed pair of scientists, Dr. Murray of Caltech and Dr. Sagan of Cornell's Laboratory for Planetary Studies.

The discussion ranged from past studies of Mars to future expeditions, including Viking's landing and orbiting spacecraft. While Murray and Sagan both urged more investigation to determine if life exists on Mars, Murray stood firm in his belief that Mars is dead.

"The fact that we are going to heat-sterilize (the Viking lander, so no Earth organisms can contaminate Mars,) makes no sense to me whatsoever," Murray said. "We just won't let go of Lowell's fairy tale."

Sagan agreed: "An Earth micro-organism sitting on the surface of Mars gets fried (by ultraviolet rays from the Sun) in about one second. It just shrivels up and dies." But Sagan did not rule out the possibility that Martian organisms could have adapted. He said, to the contrary, that if life ever formed on Mars, it is more likely it adapted to changes than perished–by living just below the surface, for example.

Neither Bradbury nor Clarke cared if there are men on Mars now. "Even if there are no men there today," Clarke said, "I know there will be men there before too much time has passed."

The flight of Mariner 9 progressed, and astronomers and space scientists looked on horrified as a massive dust storm rose up and covered the globe. Many believed the dust would soon dissipate. Others, less scientifically, muttered, "The Martians are hiding. They got some big fans down there stirring things up."

Mariner 9 arrived, and the scientists held their collective breath. The storm gave indications of continuing past the lifetime of the spacecraft, even after telescope observers reported "a clear planet." Mariner 9 team members wise-cracked, "Those trajectory guys screwed up; they took us to Venus instead."

Despite the pessimism, the dust storm did settle and the Martian atmosphere cleared. Scientists stood aghast as picture after picture appeared on their television monitors. The planet flabbergasted everyone by showing us things we not only never had seen but never expected:

Volcanos more massive than our Hawaiian chain; a valley so large most of the United States could fit inside; canyonlands wider and deeper than the Grand Canyon of Arizona; polar caps that showed distinct signs of glacial activity and reservoirs of water-ice beneath the Carbon Dioxide; and at last, long, sinuous dry riverbeds that could have been formed only by running water.

"We really were chicken on that one," Dr. Thomas Vrebolovich of Jet Propulsion Laboratory says. "We saw the first riverbed in some of the early side-angle pictures and thought, 'Gee, that would be neat to shoot close-up.' So we turned the narrow-angle camera on it a whole lot. That darned thing! We called it 'running liquid,' we called it 'running fluid,' we used every word we could think of to avoid saying 'water.' But it was water all right, and there was no way we could escape it.

"In my opinion, and the opinions of a lot of other good scientists, the chances for life on Mars have gone up two or three orders of magnitude since Mariner 9 sent us those pictures."

The astounding discoveries of Mariner 9, so directly opposed to what had been expected, led Dr. Harold Masursky, chief of the television team, to remark that, if astronauts ever land on Mars, they should look closely for fossils.

Mariner 9 photographed Mars for nearly a year. With what seemed a gasp of relief as its death rattle, the tough little veteran died in its sleep in October 1972. The shell will continue, silent and useless, to orbit Mars for perhaps a hundred years more.

Scientists had been dealt a severe blow by Mariner 9: "Everything we *knew* about Mars was wrong–all wrong," Dr. Norman Horowitz of Caltech says with amazing candor. Dr. Horowitz is a biologist, a leader in a new discipline called exobiology, the search for and study of life beyond Earth.

"It's a strange science," Dr. Horowitz admits, "not even a science at all. Why, we don't know if we'll ever have a subject to study, do we?"

He doesn't. But more and more scientists are forced to admit that this puny planet of ours, simply by playing odds, cannot be the only abode of life in the universe. Maybe in the solar system, but not in the universe.

So two identical spacecraft called Viking will leave Earth in August, 1975, on the next step–to search for life on

(Continued)



MARS

Mars. The first will land on July 4, 1976, the 200th anniversary of America's Declaration of Independence. Viking is a declaration, in a way, of the independent thinking of American scientists. Four landing sites have been chosen: a prime and a backup for each. Final choice awaits Viking's arrival in Martian orbit.

Viking A's prime site is called Chryse, perhaps an alluvial plain where water spread across the surface. Its backup site, halfway around the planet, lies in the plains of Amenthes. Viking B's prime site is far to the north at the edge of Mare Acidalium, where living creatures may exist on water from polar ice. Backup for Viking B: an ancient volcanic caldera called Alba.

NASA has contracted with Martin Marietta Aerospace in Denver to build the two Viking landers. They will mate with the two orbiting portions of the spacecraft, being built by Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Viking will carry several scientific instruments to the Martian surface–including stereo color cameras. High priority goes to the Viking Lander Biology Instrument, being built by TRW Systems in Redondo Beach, California.

The tiny biology laboratory is miniaturization and automation carried to their ultimate. It is like flying a group of scientists and their equipment 70 million miles across space, setting them gently on the surface of Mars, then saying, "Okay, fellas, go to it."

Dr. Fred Brown, TRW's project scientist, describes it like this:

"A small scoop at the end of a 10-foot boom will scratch the surface and pick up samples of soil.

"The scoop will ladle portions of sieved soil into a chamber in the biology lab. The soil will then be metered out to three experiments.

"The first will seek evidence of living processes like photosynthesis. This is the process of forming organic compounds from carbon dioxide, water and salts, drawing energy from the Sun. It is a basic life-sustaining process on Earth. It is how plants live.

"Aboard Viking, carbon dioxide gas that has been labeled with a radioactive tracer will be injected into a chamber containing the soil sample. Soil and gas are then allowed to incubate. Later the gas is flushed out of the chamber. The sample is heated to about 1,100 degrees Fahrenheit. Heating should liberate any radioactive carbon dioxide that has been ingested by a living organism. The liberated gas can be measured. A substantial quantity of labeled gas will indicate that a photosynthetic process occurred–strong evidence of the presence of life," Brown says.

"The second experiment will seek evidence of metabolism. Maybe Martian organisms don't live by photosynthesis; Earth animals don't. This experiment will feed organic compounds containing radioactive carbon to the soil sample. If the sample contains living organisms and if they eat the compounds, they will discard, as waste, some of the radioactive carbon. A sharp rise in production of those metabolic gases will indicate life.

"The third experiment involves respiration–breathing. The soil sample is dampened with a growth medium. Then we pump a sample atmosphere into the chamber and monitor it.

"Changes in composition of the atmospheric sample would indicate cellular respiration or breathing, a strong indication that a living thing is present."

And what if the Viking biology team does report that Mars is inhabited by some primitive form of life–lichens, viruses or bacteria, for example? Just what will it mean to us?

"It might be the most profound discovery in the history of mankind," Caltech's Dr. Horowitz says. "Man's historic concept of himself and his place in the universe will undergo another tremendous transformation."

Religions have been built on the belief that man is unique, that God watched Earth and its population with special care–He created the universe, but Earth is His home planet.

Now we may find that He hasn't such a special regard for Earth after all. He repeated the phenomenon in other places, too. Are we ready for that?

TRW's Dr. Brown warns that we will be able to tell a great deal about ourselves when we know what life forms inhabit other planets:

"Are they like us–I mean did they form out of the same basic building blocks? Or are they different–did they form out of some other elements?

"If they are the same, then do we conclude that life as we know it may be scattered across the universe? Did it start in the same place and evolve from the same seed? Can building blocks of life travel across space?

"If they are different, then we may conclude that we know precious little about life except as it occurs here."

And what if Viking doesn't find any sign of life on Mars? Will the mission be a failure? Will we have wasted our time and our money?

Not at all, most scientists agree, although they usually start off with a lame excuse like this:

"Well, it may just prove we landed in the wrong spot."

On the surface, that appears valid: you'd suspect it would be difficult to find any traces of life within a 10-foot radius of some spots in the Sahara, the Gobi or Death Valley. In fact scientists believe just the opposite is true. The only spot on Earth that appears lifeless is a dry area in Antartica, but controversy rages among scientists about it.

If Viking doesn't find life on Mars, after careful pre-selection of landing sites deliberately aimed at the choicest, most likely locations among those the lander can reach, the chances become considerably better that it just isn't there.

"It is not sympathy that drives man to search for life beyond Earth," Dr. Horowitz says, "but the need to know more about ourselves and our environment; we don't really understand Earth very well. It would help our perspective enormously to observe other planets close at hand."

Dr. Thomas Gold, writing in *Icarus, the International Journal of Solar System Studies*, comments:

"Advances in space technology make it possible to probe (Mars) with enough finesse to make it at least possible that life forms would be discovered there if they exist. Even if one thinks it very unlikely that there is life on Mars, one cannot reasonably deny the importance of the search."

Dr. Gerald A. Soffen and Dr. A. Thomas Young, both of NASA's Langley Research Center in Hampton, Va., writing in the same issue of *Icarus*, say:

"The particular emphasis placed on the biological aspects of the investigations (by Viking) reflects the scientific interest in this question, rather than any weighted expectation of obtaining a positive result."

But Dr. Gold, a fiery scientist who has spent his career leaping in and out of controversy, probably sums the whole thing up best. He says, again in *Icarus:*

"The discovery of life elsewhere in the universe would surely be one of the greatest discoveries of all time. All of humanity would share in the excitement and would appreciate some of the significance. How did life arise? Was it a very special circumstance or one that would have commonly occurred that sparked the beginning of life? Is it possible that there are totally different chemical systems involved with life elsewhere? Is life widespread in the universe? Will we be *forced* to think not only of our Sun as an average star among billions, but of our Earth, with all its life, as only an average planet also among billions of a similar nature?" ○



Photos by Ed Ikuta and Roy Walden

WERE MORE THAN 50 HUMAN BEINGS

CONSUMED BY PSYCHIC FLAMES?

sudden, random, these gruesome deaths remain enigmas

By Charles Parker

Mrs. Pansy M. Carpenter awoke at 5 a.m. and noticed an odor of smoke in the four-unit St. Petersburg, Fla., apartment building she owned. She had recently had trouble with an overheating water pump, guessed that it was the source of the smoke, and went to the garage. She turned off the pump and returned to bed.

When she awoke again an hour later, the odor was gone. At 8 a.m., a Western Union messenger delivered a telegram for one of her tenants, a 67-year-old, 170-pound widow named Mrs. Mary Hardy Reeser. She would become famous in the press as the gruesomely titled "Cinder Lady."

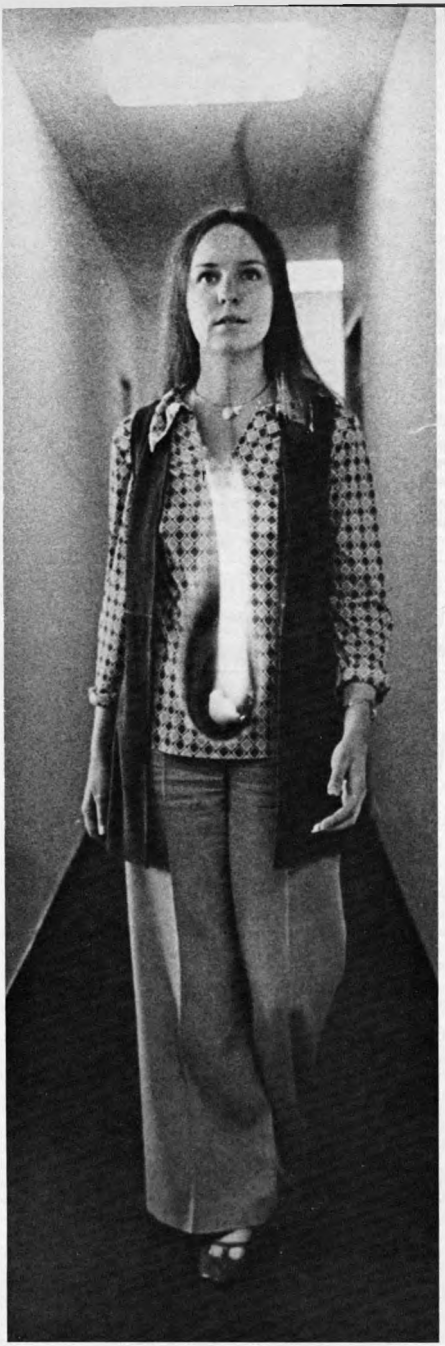
Mrs. Carpenter took the telegram to Mrs. Reeser's apartment, got no response to her knock and tried the doorknob. The knob was hot to the touch. Surprised and frightened, she shouted for help and two workmen across the street ran to her assistance. They opened the door and felt a blast of hot air as they entered.

There was no sign of Mrs. Reeser. There was smoke in the apartment, but the only flame was a small blaze on a wood beam over a partition which separated the living room from the tiny kitchen. Mrs. Carpenter summoned the fire department, and in moments, the fire was extinguished with a hand pump. Then, Asst. Fire Chief S.O. Griffith began an inspection. The grisly sight he found caused him to phone Fire Chief Claude Nesbett, who sped to the scene.

On the floor beneath the small overhead flame, was a burned circle in the carpet, about four feet in diameter. Within the circle was a piece of backbone, a skull shrunk to the size of a baseball, a small pile of black ashes and a few coiled seat springs. Just outside the charred area was a foot encased in a black satin slipper, burned from the leg just above the ankle.

That pitiful collection of ashes, bone and a hunk of flesh was all that remained of Mrs. Reeser.

That was July 2, 1951. To this date no one—none of the experts called in on the case,



including top arson investigators throughout the country—has been able to offer an explanation for the fire which caused the widow's death.

The coroner signed the death certificate *accidental death by fire of unknown origin, pending further investigation,* but further investigation only proved how the fire could *not* have started. The arson specialist for the National Board of Underwriters examined the remains and the apartment and said, "I've been investigating violent deaths caused by fires for more than 40 years. I've never seen or heard of anything like it. There is no clue, no indication of what could have caused it."

John Perry, writing in the Tampa Tribune two days later, said: "It just couldn't have happened. But it did."

An even smoke line encircled the apartment about four feet above the carpeted concrete floor. Below the line there was no evidence of fire or smoke damage, except near the partition where Mrs. Reeser had been last seen alive, sitting in a big easy chair. The chair was also burned entirely, except for the coil springs, as was a small, wooden table next to the chair, and a reading lamp that had been on the table.

Above the smoke line, the walls and ceiling were covered with a black, oily soot. The plastic electric switched and face plates above the line had melted; those below the line were undamaged. None of the apartment's furnishing below the smoke line was damaged in any way. The sheets on the bed, five feet from Mrs. Reeser's body, were unmarked. The paint on the wall immediately behind her was not scorched or even cracked. A pile of newspapers less than a foot from the site showed no sign of scorching. Candles on a dresser had melted, but the wicks were not burned.

Mrs. Reeser had been about five-foot-seven and in good health except for a stiff left leg. When she sat, she extended her left foot. Investigators believe her left foot escaped damage from the fire because it might have been extended beyond the rim of the four-foot circle. But why, they couldn't begin to answer.

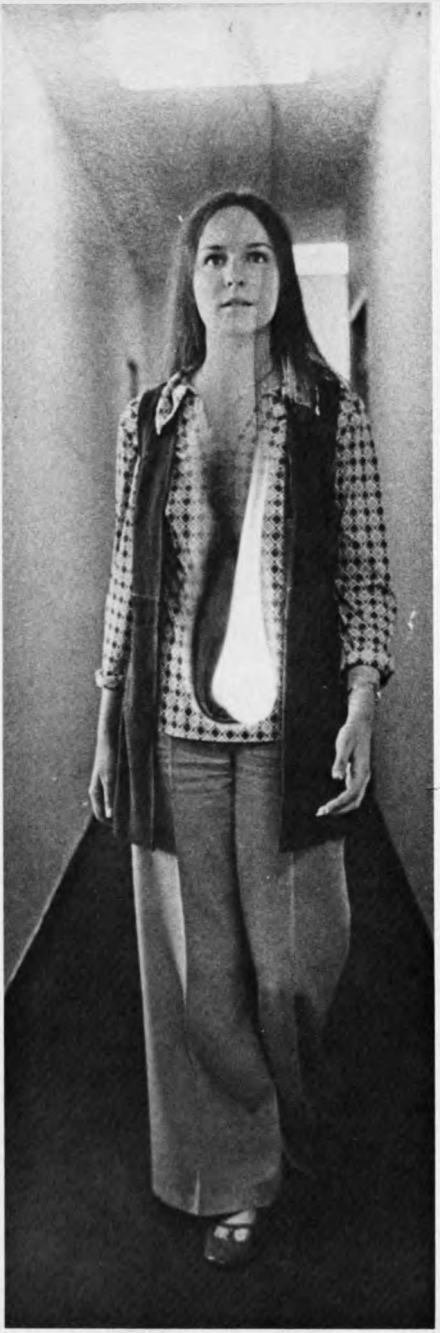
The windows were open in the apartment, but no one in the neighborhood reported the unmistakable, hideous odor of burning flesh. Crematorium workers said that a body must burn at 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit for more than eight hours to be destroyed, yet at that time most of the large bones are still present and recognizable. There is no way that temperatures of 2,000 degrees could have been attained in Mrs. Reeser's apartment without burning the building to the ground.

Particularly puzzling to Dr. Wilton M. Krogman, professor of physical anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, who investigated the death, was the remains of the skull. "Never," he said, "have I seen a human skull shrunk by intense head. The opposite has always been true. The skulls either have been abnormally swollen or have virtually exploded into many pieces. I have expermented using cadaver heads and have never known an exception to this rule.

"I regard it (the condition of Mrs. Reeser's remains) as the most amazing thing I've ever seen. As I review it, the short hairs on my neck bristle with vague fear. Were I living in the Middle Ages, I'd mutter something about black magic."

As you read this, several possiblities or theories may come to your mind—lightning; a wayward cigarette in a dressing gown; immolation; napalm or gasoline on the body; chemicals in the body; a highly combustible chair or nightgown; murder with an acetylene torch; a ball of fire from heaven; an atomic pill, even men from Mars. Rest assured they have all been suggested during the past 20-odd years, investiga and ruled out by the local and state police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, plus hundreds of outside experts.

No known physical factor,



In all cases, the bodies were totally destroyed, except for some extremity . . .

or combination of factors, could have produced the unusual circumstances of Mrs. Reeser's death: the intense heat, possibly 4,000 degrees F.; the absence of burning flesh odor; the smoke line around the room which separated the destroyed furnishings and the undamaged; the shrunken skull, and Mrs. Reeser's untouched left foot.

As the Tampa Tribune said, it could not have happened, but it did.

More than 50 cases have been recorded of human bodies catching fire without outside influence. Most of the victims were female and elderly and overweight, but there have been too many exceptions to make these conditions a requirement. In all cases, the bodies were totally destroyed except for some extremity, such as Mrs. Reeser's left foot.

Go back with us to Christmas in 1885 at a farm house near Seneca, Ill., where an elderly hired hand, John Larson, lived with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Rooney. Larson awoke Christmas morning with a hangover, became sick and threw up. He made his way from the bathroom of the dark farm house to the kitchen. He tried to light a kerosene lantern, but when he attempted to strike a match on the stove he found it covered with a greasy film, so he struck the match on his thumb nail. He was surprised to see that the kitchen and everything in it was covered with a black, greasy soot.

Larson went to the Rooney's bedroom on the first floor. The master of the house lay dead on the floor, fully dressed except for his coat and shoes. Larson yelled out for Mrs. Rooney, but there was no answer. The hired man saddled a horse and rode to the home of Rooney's son, a mile away. With the aid of a neighbor, they searched the house for Mrs. Rooney: elderly, weighing more than 200 pounds. She could not be found.

Again in the kitchen, the younger Rooney found a hole in the floor. The edges of the hole were charred. Lowering a lantern into the hole, on the earth below, he found the remains of his stepmother: a mound of ashes, part of a vertebra, a foot and a calcined skull.

At the inquest, Patrick Rooney was ruled to have died of smoke inhalation. Larson had been spared because he was sleeping behind a closed door in an upper part of the house. There was no explanation offered for the cause of Mrs. Rooney's death. The only evidence of fire in the kitchen was the hole in the floor and slight scorching on the tablecloth above the hole. In many respects, the case was identical to the death of Mrs. Reeser 66 years later.

There is more, much more. A British truck driver burned to death in the cab of his truck. Police found the body after the truck had rolled to a stop in a ditch. The cab windows weren't cracked, the seat cushions weren't singed, a grease stain on the passenger's side of the cab hadn't burned, nor had the gas tank. But the driver was a cinder. The year was 1938.

That same year, an English woman was standing in the middle of a dance floor. She suddenly burst into intense blue flames and was a mass of ashes within minutes. Also that year, a helmsman on a freighter off the coast of Ireland burned to death at the wheel of the ship. The floor, the wheel, even the man's shoes were undamaged. And as with all the other cases, there was no odor of burning flesh.

There have been several cases reported where victims burned to death in their beds without a trace of scorching on the sheets.

For what it's worth, here is a report of a case, possibly cases, quoted in the Texas Register of Nov. 7, 1835, from a French writer, H. de Duvergier:

"Spontaneous combustion commences by a bluish flame being seen to extend itself, by little and little, with an extreme rapidity, over all the



parts of the body affected. This always persists until the parts are blackened, and generally until they are burned to a cinder. Many attempts have been made to extinguish this flame with water, but without success. When the parts are touched, a fattish matter attaches itself to the finger and still continues to burn. At the same time a disagreeable smell, having analogy to burnt horn, spreads itself through the apartment.

"A thick smoke escapes from the body and attaches itself to the furniture, in the form of a sweat, unctuous to the touch. In many cases the combustion is arrested only when the flesh has been reduced to a cinder and the bones to powder. Commonly, the feet and a portion of the head are not burnt. When the combustion is finished an incinerated mass remains, which is difficult to believe can be the whole of the body. All this may happen in the space of an hour and a half. It is rather uncommon for the furniture around it to take fire; sometimes even the clothes are not injured."

Note that de Duvergier reports "a disagreeable smell," akin to burning horn, is present in the cases he allegedly observed. Such was not true in the reports of other mysterious deaths by fire. Also, one wonders why a living body–living to a point–was permitted to burn "for the space of an hour and a half" with the only attempt to extinguish the blaze made by throwing water on the victim.

William T. Brannon, also writing about Mrs. Reeser's death, the Tampa Tribune, stated:

"All these deaths (50 cases of human bodies catching fire without outside influence) have been attributed to spontaneous human combustion–an inner fire that starts from the right combination of gases inside the body. But there is wide disagreement in medical circles about this; many assert that there is no such thing.

"Regardless of the cause of Mrs. Reeser's death, it is agreed by everybody familiar with the circumstances that it is one of the most puzzling mysteries of all time."

Is there an explanation for these mysterious deaths by fire, even though some of the most brilliant minds which have grappled with the problem have not been able to find one? Of course there is. We know there is a scientific reason behind everything in the universe. Whether we will ever find it, or accept it once we have found it, is another matter.

One group which believes it has found the cause of spontaneous combustion by the human body is the followers of ECKANKAR, the Ancient Science of Soul Travel, as its adherents call it.

"ECKANKAR," wrote Patti Simpson in the *March '73* issue of *Probe the Unknown*, "has been taught since the dawn of history on this planet. Yet is wasn't until 1965 that the living ECK Master, the spiritual leader of the movement, Paul Twitchell, decided it was time to bring the subject of Soul Travel out into the open and introduce it into the mainstream of society's spiritual and philosophical awareness.

"According to the teaching of ECK, there has never been a time when there has not been a living ECK Master working and living on earth. These great spiritual beings have the unusual power to be in more than one place at a time, and according to followers who have seen and talked with them while their physical bodies were elsewhere, it is quite a common occurrence.

"Soul Travel, the scope and extent of which is so vast and varied as to include almost every branch of religion, imparts the ways and modes of contact with *higher* planes than this terrestrial one. It endows Souls with the capacity to transcend the body while yet living in it. The importance of Soul Travel is evident from the fact that omniscience can be obtained mainly through the release of the Soul from the



"Were I living in the Middle Ages, I'd mutter something about black magic."

bondages of flesh, by anyone who is still living."

According to Paul Twitchell, "The method of voluntarily withdrawing Soul from the body and returning, constitutes the highest technique and is the main occupation of the true seeker after truth."

Soul Travel differs from Astral Projection, according to Ms. Simpson. The ECKists are quite sensitive about those (with a smattering of understanding of the out-of-the body experience) who lump the technique into the astral category. While it is true that most ECKists can and do experience Astral Projection at least once she contends, the *goal* is for the consciousness to expand, the vibratory rate to rise to the Soul Plane so that the individual, regardless of where his other finer bodies may be working, is under control of pure Soul in the 360 degree state of knowing.

Regardless of any differences between Soul Travel and Astral Projection, the believers in both schools agree that out-of-the body experience can be harmful. The ECKists believe spontaneous combustion can result if the soul attempts to re-enter the body when the vibratory rate is too intense.

In his introduction to Oliver Fox' book *Astral Projection, A Record of Out-of-the Body Experiences,* John C. Wilson writes: "Out of the body experiences are facts, no matter how each one of explains them to himself. No genuinely open-minded person has questioned this since Myers' *Human Personality* and Mrs. Sidgwick's *Phantasm of the Living."*

The book proper, Fox states that if consciousness is not returned to the body, when alerted by the "warning pain," the body will lapse into a catatonic state. He does not report any physical damage to the body, No spontaneous combustion.

Paul Twitchell does, according to Ms. Simpson. Interviewed at her Orange County home, she said: "Paul Twitchell did state from the stage during one of his lectures in Salt Lake City in 1970, that incineration can result from the vibratory rate not being stepped down during re-entry of the soul into the body.

"This is in keeping with everything we believe–that everything is due to the vibratory rate. In order to get into any kind higher state of consciousness, to achieve what we call outer-body travel, you have to step up the vibration. If this is done too hot, a lot of things can happen, and incinceration is one of them.

"Paul Twitchell has mentioned incineration before, in terms of people who got too much positive powers, the vibrations too hot. In Soul Travel, you're not really doing a point-to-point movement out of the body, but an expansion of the consciousness.

"Just before incineration, you'll find the person's vibratory rates have gone up so high, they are shaking all over, nervous, very disoriented and feeling crazy. Every place I've come across it–and there have been many places–the heat is so intense, there is never been anything left but a small spot, not even any ashes or bones. Paul Twitchell talks about this in his journeys into other states of consciousness. It actually comes from light; light of such high vibration intensity, much higher then we can see with our eyes on this planet. And light, of course, is a vibration that can purely burn you up.

"Whenever I heard of spontaneous combustion, I'm totally convinced that that's what happened every time."

Is this what happened to Mrs. Reeser, Mrs. Rooney, the British truck driver, the girl in the English dance hall, the freighter helmsman, and dozens of others consumed by fire of intense heat that left little or no damage on their surroundings.? Could they have accidently, perhaps for only a fleeting moment, had their consciousness slip from their body, only to incinerate the flesh when they attempted to return at a rate of vibration too fast, too "hot" to be contained? The ECKists say yes. You can judge for yourself. O





SASQUATCH: MYSTERY AND LEGEND

Timid and shy... still retreating from the destructive forces of man—perhaps they still walk the earth as they did one million years ago

By Richard Smedley

Seattle, Oregon—Robert Morgan, director of the American Yeti Expedition, has announced the discovery of "human hair" found in association with tremendous man-like footprints. Located in a remote area near Mt. St. Helens, the hair has undergone micro-biological analysis and has been certified human.

It started with a search for the legendary Sasquatch or Bigfoot in the Northwest region of America. Morgan led a group of distinguished scientists and trackers through the heavily forested wilderness. As two of the trackers were crossing a stream, they noticed an "extremely fresh" scuff mark on a moss-covered rock. The hair samples were taken from that rock.

The searchers reasoned that something apparently heard the trackers coming, and fled. It went up the stream about 20 yards, then circled left, above the trackers.

Mary Joe Florey, a micro-biologist in Portland, examined the hair and concluded it was of human origin, from the lower extremities—probably a leg or ankle.

It has been suggested in the past that Sasquatch is some type of ape. Now, Morgan says, this hair could eventually lead to scientific proof that Sasquatch is human.

"If it was a Bigfoot, then it opens up many new doors." It might suggest a mutation in a previously unknown human evolutionary link.

Illustration by Tom Wright

In the great Yosemite Valley, the mist hangs against the mountains as if to hide visions of the past that time has not been able to obscure as it marches ever onward. It seems that if you only stare long enough and hard enough, you could perhaps perceive things that happened once, long ago, within the rock-bound valley.

It was here within this valley, near Bridlevale Falls, that a party of miners discovered what was to become the mystery of the decade. The year . . . 1895. The month . . . July.

While having lunch, Mr. G.F. Martindale who was in charge of a party of miners, noticed a pile of stones that was placed against the wall of a cliff. Being familiar with the natural formation of rock, this particular grouping struck Mr. Martindale as being unusual and seemed

The corpse was wrapped in what appeared to be animal skins and covered with a layer of fine grey powder. The miners removed parts of the animal skins to view the corpse and found it to be that of a woman holding a child to her breast.

not to have been placed naturally. Realizing that if something in the wild is not placed naturally, he could only conclude that it was placed there by human hands.

The miners set about removing the pile of stones. Behind the pile they found a wall of rock that had been shaped and joined together with knowledgeable masonry. The joints between the rocks were all of a uniform 1/8" thickness, and according to the reports of the men there, were a beautiful job of stone work.

"As pretty as any wall on any building that I have ever seen" is the way one miner described it.

"Its head was human, although more slanted, with a large forehead and broad nostrils."

Thinking that they had perhaps stumbled upon some lost treasure, the party proceeded without delay and with much haste tearing down the wall to get to the incredible riches that must lie within.

Disappointment fell, a heavy weight upon their heads, as upon completion they found the vault empty save a large mummified corpse which lay on a ledge carved from the natural stone for the express purpose of burial.

Lighting their carbide head lamps they set about examining the vault to see if perhaps they had overlooked something, perhaps a map or some other clue to where the inevitable treasure might be hidden.

What they found was a vault that had been carved from natural rock–9 feet 3 inches high, 18 feet 6 inches deep and 8 feet 4 inches wide–containing a mummified corpse that was 6 feet 8 inches long!

The corpse was wrapped in what appeared to be animal skins and covered with a layer of fine grey powder. The miners removed parts of the animal skins to view the corpse and found it to be that of a woman holding a child to her breast.

The mummy was then taken to Los Angeles where it was placed before men of science, most of whom agreed that it was a relic of a race that must have inhabited this country long before the American Indian. All agreed that the height of 6 feet 8 inches in death must have represented a height in life of about seven or more feet. If their height relationship between men and women was approximately what it is today, then the males of the species would have been some eight feet tall!

The most popular theory of the day was that the lady was a relic of some royal family of a lost stone age tribe.

Captains Cooke and Magellan both wrote in their ship's logs of a race of giants that inhabited what we now know as the Pacific coast of South America. Cooke was even supposed to have captured one of the giants, reported to be nine feet tall. Unfortunately, the giant escaped by breaking the ropes that bound him to the mast and jumped overboard. Cooke wrote in his log that he himself, was 6 feet 2 inches tall (which was very tall for those days when the average was about 5 feet 4 inches) and he could easily stand under the arm of the giant. Cooke's reports started a furor that was to last another 100 years and cause many to go seeking the giants. In the next century, many reports were filed stating that various captains has sighted the giants of what was then called Patagonia–but none made contact, or for that matter even attempted to capture one of the giant men.

Then suddenly around 1650, the reports of sighting giants along the coast stopped abruptly. Perhaps the giants moved inland, perhaps because they moved far away. They could have just vanished. They could have simply become unpopular attractions, and thus slipped gradually into oblivion. The fact remains that once they were there.

The Yosemite valley, where the mummy was found, has always been considered to be a place of great mystery by the Indians who lived there, the Ahwahneechees. The folklore of the Awahneechees relates a story of a giant who came into the valley long before the white man arrived. The giant's name was Oo-el-en and he was a vicious giant, for he liked to eat the Indians. He would catch the adults and carry them away to a hiding place near the foot of Cascade Falls. Oo-el-en would then cut the people into small pieces, hanging their meat in the sun to dry into jerky. The legend says that the Ahwahneechees finally killed the giant and burned his body. This rules out the possibility that the giant mummy of Yosemite might have been Oo-el-en. However if there was a giant, where did he come from, was there more than one, was there a female of the species? We may never know–all the Ahwahneechees are dead, the last having died in 1947.

The one thing the Ahawhneechees did leave was a written record of their long and complex burial rites.

These Indians usually burned their dead, as they believed that by doing so they released the spirit of the deceased more quickly, so as to escape the evil spirits that lie in wait to grab it.

The important part of the ritual, in relationship to the mummy of the Yosemite, was that they always wrapped their dead in the skins of animals, before they were burned. If you recall, the mummy of the Yosemite was wrapped in the skins of animals and covered with a fine grey powder. Ashes perhaps?

The scientists of the day (1895) all agreed that the mummy predated the Christian era. It is therefore doubtful that the mummy was in any way connected with the Indians, as they were believed to have settled in the Yosemite valley about 800 to 1000 years ago. The Ahwahneechees were also a very small people, most being under 5 feet 3 inches tall.

However, there have been traces of a much earlier people that have inhabited the Southwest. This fact was pointed out dramatically in 1866 by a miner named Mattison. (No real discoveries have been made since that time by any one other than qualified archaeologists, because it was about that time the advent of mechanized mining began.) Mattison, from Angels Camp, California,

The giants could have simply become unpopular attractions, and thus slipped gradually into oblivion.

found a skull almost 130 feet underground, in a shaft of his mine in Calavaras County. The discovery shook the foundations of Genesis itself. What intrigued Mr. Mattison was why an Indian would dig a grave that deep in the ground, when most were buried at about six feet. He knew the skull belonged to a very old Indian because it was fossilized and encrusted with the same kind of gravel distinctive to the earth in the mine shaft. He took it to one of the bars in Angels Camp on his next trip to town. There, he came across a doctor who told Mattison that if it was an Indian, it was a deformed one. The doctor pointed out the heavy brow

(Continued on page 52)

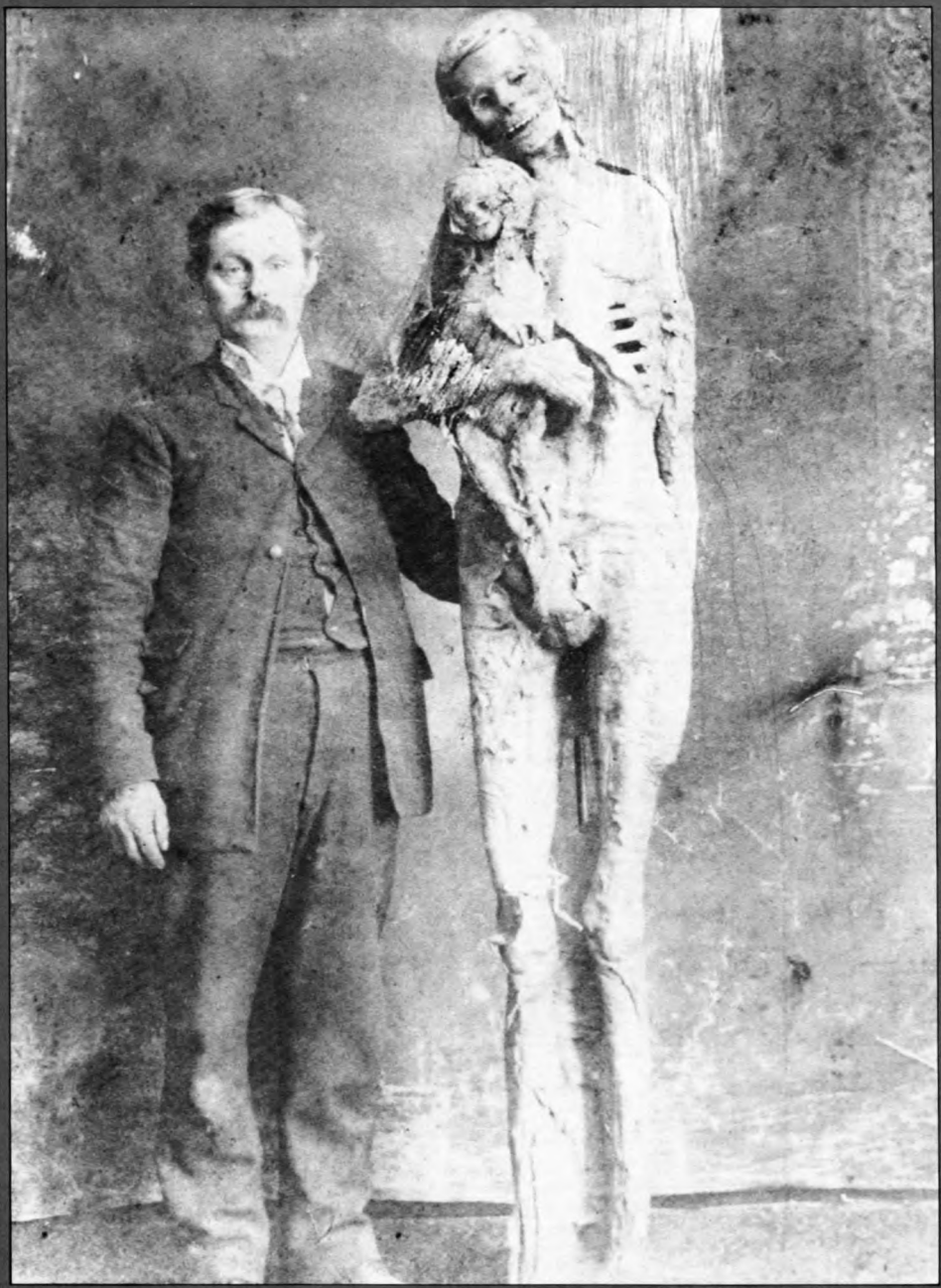


Photo courtesy of Richard Smedley

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Another search for Atlantis. Fire-walkers of Mt. Takao. A fabled voodoo witch invokes her magic. Psychics behind the Iron Curtain. Does man have two bodies? A patent on ESP? Kirlian photography. Everyone has healing power. How to discover life after death.

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books IN REVIEW

"Woe be to him that reads but one book."

George Herbert

It isn't often that, when sitting down with a book, one is entertained, taught, amazed, frightened, comforted and forced to THINK. (I have heard rumors maliciously hinting that good books are no longer read, much less written. Fortunately, Brad Steiger hasn't heard that rumor.) Books of this caliber are usually checked out of the library, disappearing forever from the Dewey decimal dimension. Sold out in stores, belonging to people you just can't ask favors of, these books elude your questing eyes and mind. Don't let *this* book get away. *Mysteries of Time & Space* by Brad Steiger is something you must read and re-read and re-read again. Don't lend it to neighbors. Or School-buddies. Or the very literate postman down the street. Read it.

Mysteries deals with those strange "things" that have forced themselves into our reality. "Things" such as UFOs and their extra-terrestrial crews, Sasquatch, bewilderingly ancient artifacts—evidence not allowed to exist, that *does* exist—deposited in front of us. Without a pedantic lecture resolving every mystery, without sanctimoniously showing us "the way", Brad Steiger honestly, humbly relates the well-researched facts and tightly integrates them into the carefully woven tapestry of our reality, and presents possible answers. More exactly, possible channels of thought. (Yes von Daniken, it can be done.)

Brad Steiger works his words well throughout the book, pushing the reader face-first into questions about life's quality, sociological futures, historical dilemmas and the disturbing awareness of Big Brother. Sounds like a handful, doesn't it? Yet, Steiger refuses to resort to "heavy" endings, "meaningful" phrases, and instead, neatly juxtaposes *alternatives* for survival.

"Each individual's essential self may have the ability to influence and to shape a reality separate from that of the ordinary and the commonly accepted."

Flexibility. Brad Steiger uses this concept as a canvas for his elaborate artistry. The brush strokes are finely drawn, considered and executed. It is only left for the reader to "become childlike . . . to regain that culturally smothered ability to look with ever-fresh eyes at the world, to rely upon one's intuitive, subjective evaluations; to *know*, as a child knows, that reality is his to shape as he wishes."

The term is illumination.

L.D.Z.

MYSTERIES OF TIME & SPACE
Prentice-Hall $7.95

There is not a man among us who has not at least once in his lifetime pondered upon the ageold mystery of the creation of mankind. Some have discovered the answer in a higher being—God. Others cling to the scientific explanation of evolution. Yet others remain dissatisfied with these conclusions, and still seeking the answer, probe the past for clues that researchers before us may have missed.

Occasionally, clues which are yet unseen or which may have been passed off as meaningless, are revitalized and researched once again with the hopes of discovering the true beginnings of man.

Such is the case of the theory contained in a recently published book *Mankind—Child of the Stars.* Drawing from biblical, archeological, anthropological and physiological resources, the co-authors Max H. Flindt and Otto O. Binder are relative newcomers to this field. However, we must not disregard their theories merely because they are amateurs. After all, Darwin held the same status when he submitted his theory to the public.

In their own words, the authors summarize their own proposal.

"Briefly, this new theory proposes that mankind is a hybrid between early men on earth and men from another world.

And second, that Man and much of life on earth may comprise a colony, an intentional colony, put here and nurtured here by persons unknown, who came from outer space."

To the readers of science fiction, this presentation may not seem so shocking. But to those who follow the previously established religious or scientific beliefs concerning our origin, this theory might well be considered just that—science fiction. Yet we must remember that, more than once in the past, science fiction has become reality.

The authors, not content with merely stating their theory, provide thought provoking evidence which, even under close scrutiny, seems to hold water.

This theory, presented in a concise and interesting volume, organizes its sixteen basic proofs in a standard outline format, allowing the reader to refer to those topics in which he is most interested. The authors cover all aspects of the human body and mind, from the physiology and anatomy of humans to the sexual being and mental development of the homo sapien to his present state.

Finally, to back up their proposition that a superior race had at some time mated one of their race with the less advanced inhabitants of earth, the authors have included a concluding chapter concerning UFOs.

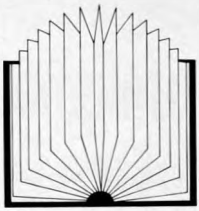
Although this presentation may not reveal the answer to the ancient question of man's creation, this volume is enlightening reading for any earthling who is concerned with his past, present and future.

P.A.B.

MANKIND—CHILD OF THE STARS
Fawcett Publications $1.25

The Celestial Telegraph is one of the more unusual and delightful books dealing with The Afterlife. It has been dictated to Robert A. Ferguson by his brother Walter, who died during World War II.

Through Walter, we are told not only of the joyful process of dying and the following ascension into Heaven, but Heaven itself is as detailed as a resort



brochure. The afterlives of the famous are explained in a charming expose, and there is a fascinating chapter about Jesus' early life and conflict with his mother. Predictions and warnings about future events, along with their humanistic solutions wrap up the last chapter in strings of afterglow.

This is a thoroughly *gentle* book, easy on the eyes and the spirit.

L.D.Z.

CELESTIAL TELEGRAPH
Carlton Press $3.95

William Valentine is a psychic. What's more, he has been developing and using his psychic potential in practical application throughout his life. This book, *ESP At Work*, is the journal of his ability and dedication.

The experiencial progression in *ESP* moves from his youth and the first stirrings of the immature talent; to the adult, respectfully managing this skill to its fullest degree. Dreams, predictions and visions become ladder rungs as Valentine climbs through the "alternatural" world of the psychic.

Written with honesty as well as modesty, this book provides a quiet assurance of the psychic self of Man.

L.D.Z.

ESP AT WORK
Franklin Publishing Company $6.95

In an effort to keep our PROBE readership informed as to new literary material available, we offer this section.

Season of Changes (Heritage Publications—$3.95) is, in its own words, "A psychic interpretation of the coming changes in, on and about the earth, and the corresponding transformations within Man." It is an extremely interesting book outlining future changes; their times, their consequences. It is as diverse as the crash of the Stock Market, the shifting of land masses, and the gradual transformation of Mankind's identity. It reveals the inter-connective tissue between ESP, Soul, God and Divine Guidance. Written in an easy manner of question and response, it is definitely a book to read. *Season of Changes* will be reviewed completely in our next issue.

Development of the Psychedelic Individual (Creative Education Foundation—$4.00) by John Curtis Gowan is an informative, scientific approach to the development of Man's growing psyche. Excellently researched and presented, *Development* offers a psychologically oriented presentation for those of our readers who enjoy Science at its most literate.

The Human Miracle (Hawthorn Books, Inc.—$8.95) by Loriene Chase, Ph.D. and Clifton W. King, is an "unusual self-help" book of Trascendent Psychology. It details the necessary meditation, dream analysis, and "dream-demand" to alleviate emotional and psychological disturbances and physical ills. Discovered and demonstrated by the authors, the basic thesis revolves around the inner *trinity* of Mankind—body, mind and spiritual energy. Well-written and integrated. Watch for in-depth review—in this column soon.

Books of interest in alternate fields:

ATLANTIS RISING
BY BRAD STEIGER
DELL $.95

ALPHA BRAIN WAVES
BY JODI LAWRENCE
NASH PUBLISHING $7.95

ADVENTURES IN PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT
BY ROBERT A. FERGUSON
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BY RUTH MONTGOMERY
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BY GEORGE VANDEMAN
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NASH PUBLISHING $6.95

THE SECRET OF DREAMS
BY WALTER A. STEWART, M.D. AND LUCY FREEMAN
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OUT—OF—THE—BODY EXPERIENCE
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BY R. EUGENE NICHOLS
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on purpose to a life beyond life."
John Milton

THE BERMUDA OVAL

WORLD-WIDE, THESE DISASTER CENTERS BRING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. THE BERMUDA OVAL IS BEST KNOWN BECAUSE OF THE LARGE NUMBER OF PERSONS WHO EXPOSE THEMSELVES TO THIS STRANGE PHENOMENON... PERHAPS TIME ITSELF IS NOT IMMUNE TO ITS WARPING EFFECTS... A GATEWAY TO HELL OR PARADISE, OR MERELY A COEXISTANT PLANE?

By Barry Goodman

Most people reading this will have at least heard of the so-called Bermuda Triangle, sometimes also called the Devil's Triangle. Somewhat fewer will know any details about what has happened over the years in that territory, and fewer still that it is only one of a dozen areas of the world where such things occur. There's been a lot of coverage of this subject. In fact, there's been so much written about it, that it's easy for me to see a more informed reader groaning at this point, "What, again?" and turning to the next piece in the magazine.

Don't. You'll be missing something different if you do. Most previous articles (all I know of, in fact) have been pretty much catalogs of strange events, with maybe a little speculation thrown in. There's little point in doing a rehash of all that material, so we're going to treat the subject from a slightly different angle. We're going to *start* by accepting it as a fact, already well proven, that the Bermuda "Triangle" is an area where strange things happen. We're going to try to work out a theory or two to explain this. We'll refer to details of specific happenings only when they give us specific clues to work with.

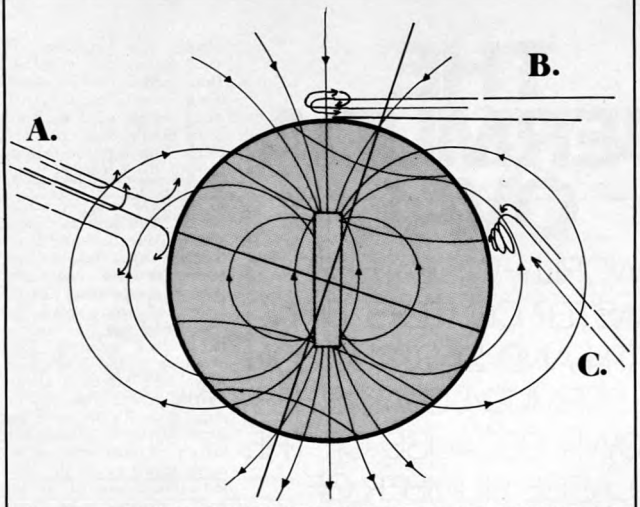
Before we start, let's admit one thing. This is pure speculation. Hopefully, it'll be informed speculation, but speculation nonetheless. No matter what we do (or don't) come up with this way, we won't have *proven* (or disproven) a thing. The best we can hope for is to come up with a possibility that someone else, later, can back up with solid evidence. All we have to work with are words. But, words invoke concepts—concepts portray phenomena. Understanding that, let's get it on.

The Bermuda "Triangle" isn't really triangular. It got tagged with the "triangle" term because three convenient reference points... Miami, Puerto Rico, and Bermuda... lie on its boundry. The actual area involved is more of a rough oval, with the long axis pointing approximately Southwest to Northeast. Its center is at about 36 degrees north latitude, 70 degrees west longitude. At this point, if you have a globe of the world available, you can perform an interesting experiment. (If you don't, you'll have to settle for examining the illustration.) Mark 36 degrees north latitude, 70 degrees west longitude. Also on the 36 degree north latitude circle, mark 2 degrees east longitude, 74 degrees east longitude, 146 degrees east longitude, and 142 degrees west longitude. This divides the 36 degree north latitude circle into five equal parts (72 degree intervals). Next, on the 36 degree south latitude circle, start at 170½ degrees east longitude. Mark this point 117½ degrees west longitude, 45½ degrees west longitude, 26½ degrees east longitude, and 98½ degrees east longitude. This divides the 36 degree south latitude circle in five. Also mark the north and south poles. Finally, draw a line from each of the marked points to each of the five other points nearest it. You have now divided the globe in a very regular fashion. You have also, along with marking the center of the Bermuda Oval, marked the centers of eleven other oval areas of similar shape and tilt in ten of which similar disappearances and other strange things have occurred. (The exception is the South Pole, which isn't exactly a heavily traveled area... especially for ships, since it's on land.) The Bermuda Oval is the best known of these. This is because, having by far the heaviest trafic, it's naturally had the most disappearances, and therefore gotten the most publicity. The unexplained disappearances and anomalies in the other areas are just as well established and real, however, though not as well known. There's nothing speculative about their existance; only about the explanation.

So, having located the areas we're interested in, what can we deduce about the happenings there? Well, most of the ships and planes that have vanished in these spots have vanished without trace. However, there are a few clues in some of the occurrences.

The first clue is that, whatever it is that happens in the Bermuda Oval and elsewhere, it doesn't happen all the time, or most of the time, or even any really significant proportion of the time. Literally millions of people pass through or fly over this area every year, and the vast majority of them experience nothing unusual. To evaluate the figures properly, consider the following: there are something like a hundred and sixty million drivers in the United States, and about forty thousand people are killed there in traffic accidents every year. Therefore, if you drive a car in the US, the odds are roughly four thousand to one against your being involved in a fatal accident in any given year. The odds against your disappearing in the Bermuda Oval are at least this good, and probably better (exact figures are hard to come by). So if you've been planning to fly from Miami to Bermuda, you needn't cancel it because of this article, unless you also plan to stop driving.

The difference is that, in traffic, you know exactly what the risks are. In the Bermuda Oval you don't, and if the dice *should* come up snake eyes in your case, no one else will know what happened to you. However, we can at least conclude that we should be looking for the cause in some agency that acts only occasionally, when all the conditions are right.



A. In a magnetically normal area of the Earth's surface, near the equator, the magnetic field will be roughly parallel to the surface, in a north-south direction, and the sun will be high in the sky. It can be seen how the magnetic field acts as a shield against charged particles from the sun (The Solar Wind). This causes many of these particles to be bent into orbits around the planet, creating the well known Van Allen Belts of radiation.

B. At the poles, the field is vertical to the surface, and the sun low in the sky. This causes the positive and negatively charged particles of the Solar Wind to be bent into circular paths parallel to the surface (positive and negative rotating in opposite directions), forming a sort of counter-rotating whirlpool of electric charge. Among other things, this effect is responsible for the Northern and Southern Auroral Lights.

C. A magnetic anomaly in an intermediate latitude, due to a former position of a magnetic pole, would cause the particles of the Solar Wind to form whirlpools of electric charge similar to those at the poles. This effect would be strongest when the sun is lowest in the sky, so that the Solar Wind would be coming in most nearly parallel to the surface. This is the period around the Winter Solstice, December 21st in the Northern Hemisphere, which is when the most disappearances occur in the Bermuda "Triangle." Is there a relationship?

With regard to the conditions being "right," it would also seem that they're more likely to be right during a certain time of the year. If you look at any list of the disappearances between Bermuda, Miami, and Puerto Rico, where the dates are included, you'll notice that a great many have happened between mid-November and mid-February. That is, within five or six weeks of the winter solstice (approximately December 21st) which is the time when the sun is lowest in the sky in the Northern Hemisphere. I have no information on the dating of disappearances in the other areas, which are more poorly documented. It would be very interesting to learn whether the other areas show a similar peaking, particularly if occurences in the southern Ovals peak near the winter solstice for the *Southern* Hemisphere (approximately June 21st). We will get back to this later.

One of the best known, most baffling, and most well documented of the disappearances happened near the winter solstice time slot, and offers a couple of additional clues. The date was December 5th, 1945. At 2:00 p.m. five United States Navy torpedo bombers that took off from Fort Lauderdale on what was to be a routine training flight over the waters of the "triangle" (not yet named at that time)—were never seen again. A rescue plane sent after the flight, equipped with all manner of air and sea rescue devices, also disappeared. No trace of any of these six planes was ever found, not even an oil slick, despite the most widespread and intensive air and sea search ever mounted up to that time. However, what makes this incident particularly interesting is that the original flight was in regular radio contact with their base at the time, and so we know at least a little bit about what they experienced. At 3:45 p.m., the flight reported that they were lost, could see no land, had no idea of where they were, which way they were heading or which direction was which, and that "everything looks strange, even the ocean." Instructed to head due west, they said they couldn't find west. In other words, all their navigational instruments had quit working, or were giving false readings. A little later, another message said, "It looks like we are entering white water . . . we're completely lost." That was the last that was ever heard from this flight, with the possible exception of a very weak message that was received much later, at 7:04 p.m., which consisted of the two letters, "FT . . . FT." These letters were part of the flight's individual call signal, and would have been used by no other ship or plane at that time.

This is all suggestive, to say the least. For one thing, whatever happened to the flight didn't happen suddenly and without warning, like being blasted by an unseen and hostile UFO. The first report of trouble was at 3:45 p.m.; it was close to 4:30 when the final message with its cryptic reference to "white water" was received, the best part of an hour later. The implication is that at 3:45, they had entered the fringes of some sort of area or influence which first gave a strange appearance to their surroundings, and at the same time inhibited the functioning of their instruments so they couldn't find their way out again. (It would help us a good deal now if someone, at the time, had thought to ask them just *what* it was that was strange about the appearance of the sea and sky, and exactly why they couldn't tell which direction was which. Unfortunately, no one did.) As they got deeper and deeper into whatever it was, things got worse and worse, until they reached the area of "white water;" at which time the planes met their final fate, whatever it was. The choice of words also seem peculiar. *Entering* white water? On the face of it, the literal interpretation would be that the ocean had turned white and the plane was headed down toward it. It's more logical to assume that the ocean was turning white below them, but in that case, why not say, "over white water?" Of course, by this time the crews of the planes would not have been in a calm, logical state of mind, so making too much of the wording is probably unwarranted. We'll assume that "over white water" was what was meant.

Finally, there is the radio message that was recieved two hours after the planes should have run out of fuel. This message, if accepted as valid, indicates that one or more crewmen were alive, and their radio equipment functional—somewhere. But, wherever that somewhere was, the signals had a hard time getting back, and the crewmen never have.

In this case, nothing sudden happened to the aircraft; it was a process

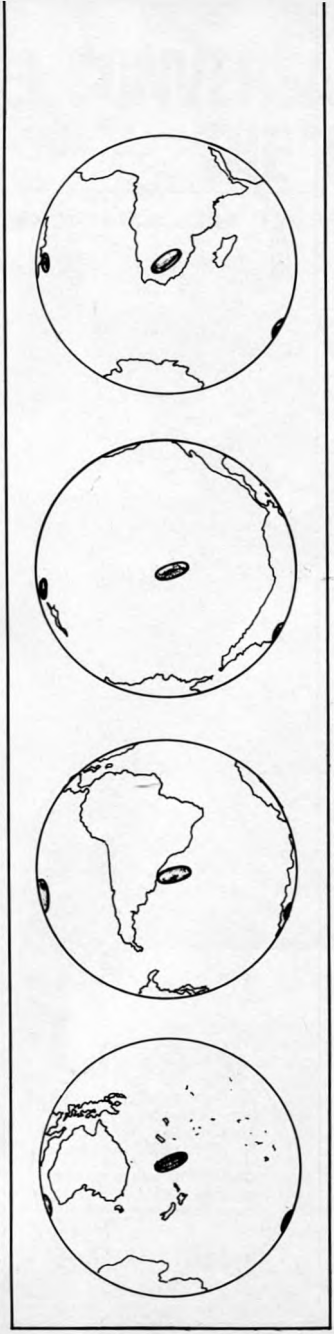
that came on more or less gradually. In at least one other case, though, the exact opposite occurred. This one didn't happen in the Bermuda Oval, but in the one that lies near Hawaii, and was reported by no less a personage than the famous entertainer Arthur Godfrey, on nationwide television (The Dick Cavett Show). Mr. Godfrey stated that he was watching the plane, an experimental aircraft called the *Mars*, on radar, when the blip suddenly vanished from the screen. No trace of it was ever found, " . . . not even a tiny oil slick."

This certainly isn't the same sort of thing that happened to the Navy torpedo bombers in 1945, but it is certainly a clue. We'll discuss its particular implications a bit further on.

These two events are samples of the best known sort of incidents that occur in the various "Devil's Ovals." It happens that both of these refer to aircraft, but it has happened to plenty of ships as well. However, there's another sort of disappearance that befalls seagoing craft . . . the ship will be found, usually completely seaworthy or nearly so, often with no sign of disturbance whatsoever on board . . . but with every human being gone. (Though occasionally animals, such as cats or parrots, will remain.) One such case was *City Belle*, a 126-foot vessel found stripped of 33 crew and passengers on December 6, 1946, three days after leaving Nassau.

One of the Ovals that lies completely over land (besides the south polar one, of course) lies over a section of Afghanistan. Naturally, no ships have vanished there. However, quite a number of planes flying this route during World War II did. Some of these planes were carrying gold bullion and, interestingly enough, in at least two cases some of this gold seems to have found its way into the hands of local hill tribesmen. However, neither any part of the planes themselves nor their crews has ever turned up.

Less dramatically (except to the pilots involved) it appears to be fairly common for a plane flying one of these Ovals to have its instruments go suddenly and completely dead for no apparent reason. When this happens, if the pilot is lucky, after varying periods of time they will come back on, with equal lack of explanation, and nothing else will happen. (The planes where they *don't* come back on probably turn up among the disappearance statistics.) An event even less dramatic, although inexplicable, is the so-called "time anomalies" which occurs in some flights over these areas. This usually consists of a flight arriving hours *ahead* of schedule, sometimes so far ahead that a 500 mph tail wind would have been needed to increase its ground (or sea, if you prefer) speed sufficiently. Such an explanation is absurd of course; no such wind has ever been known to occur



naturally. Nevertheless, the anomalies *have* occurred, and occurred often. They are supposed to be backed by solid evidence, airline flight records for one. Unfortunately, the source of this information fails to mention whether the timepieces on board the aircraft were out of phase with those at the airport when the planes landed. In other words, whether or not the people on the plane experienced the same period of time as those on the ground. This would be a very illuminating clue. There's no doubt, however, that the anomalies have occurred. Nor have they been limited to aircraft. In the case of the North Pole, at least, explorers crossing the ice *on foot* have often found themselves arriving at their destinations either much sooner or much later than expected.

Another plane that was transmitting at or near the time of its disappearance in the Bermuda Oval, was the British American Airways *Stardust*, on August 2nd, 1947. The last transmission was the word "Stendec!", which was "loud and clear and given out very fast." A decidedly peculiar and completely untraceable source (marginal notations of unknown origin in a copy of a book on UFO's) gives out the explanation that this was actually the words "Stand back!" yelled in panic at a rapidly closing UFO. This is at least plausible, much more so than the idea that a flyer would suddenly come forth with a word in an unknown language just before disappearing. But of course, it presupposes a UFO explanation for the disappearance.

Our space-age also furnishes a very suggestive clue. Some astronauts have observed, and photographed, something that appears as " . . . long white lines going across the ocean in the area where the sites—and the so-called Bermuda Triangle—are located." It is also stated that these lines were the last recognizable feature to be seen as the astronauts receded from Earth, and that they seemed to lie on top of the water. In view of the "white water" reported by the crews of the torpedo bombers in 1945, this is interesting.

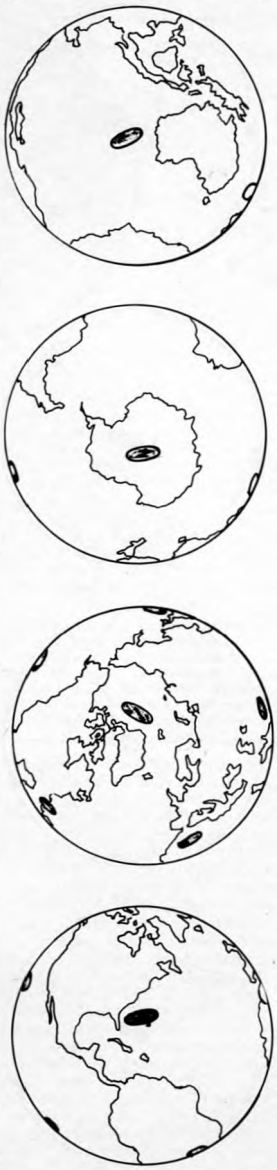
All of the above comes under the heading of what might be called "hard" evidence. It is all thoroughly documented and one hundred percent substantiated. In fact, it's only a tiny percentage of all the hard evidence that's available; an entire book could easily be written (and at least one has been) which would be no more than a partial list of the disappearances and anomalies associated with the various Devil's Ovals. Somewhat "softer" is the report of a psychic, Ms. Page Bryant, who recently flew the Bermuda Oval with the specific purpose of obtaining information on it. Ms. Bryant claims that she learned that this area is the site of an underwater UFO base, whose occupants have been systematically "collecting"

ships and planes over the years, apparently as sociological and technological samples. She also states that their activities have produced profound disturbances in the natural conditions of this area. These disturbances, from time to time, create various plane and ship trapping or destroying areas, which operate independently of the intelligently directed efforts of the UFO builders themselves. This explanation does appear to fit the circumstances, and there is nothing inherently absurd about it. However, it certainly isn't what we could call well substantated.

So much for evidence, hard or soft. With all the above to work on, what can we make out of it?

The most striking characteristic of the Ovals, and the point from which any attempt to explain them has to start, is their regular arrangement over the face of the planet. If you've marked this arrangement out on a globe map, it's fairly obvious that these twelve points and their interconnecting lines define a solid object with fifteen triangular sides. This object resembles either a crystal or a carefully cut jewel. There are, to my knowledge, only three ways in which such a pattern can arise. (1), A symmetrical natural phenomenon, of which crystal formation is the most obvious example. (2), The deliberate setting up of a symmetrical pattern by an intelligent agency, much as a grid of city streets. (3), A combination of the first two: the setting up of a symmetrical pattern by an intelligent agency, to take advantage of a symmetrical natural phenomenon. It appears, therefore, that we might start by looking for some natural phenomena these various areas have in common.

One such possibility is that the various areas might coincide with previous positions of the Earth's magnetic poles, and that the magnetic anomalies existing there might be a sort of triggering agency. Now, the theory that the magnetic poles have shifted over the face of the planet . . . or, more accurately, that the entire crust of the planet has shifted over the interior, causing the poles to lie at various points on the present surface . . . is not fully accepted by geologists. However, the evidence for this theory appears to be substantial. Unfortunately, available literature on the subject shows very little correlation between the various previous positions of the poles that have been deduced from the evidence and our twelve Devil's Ovals (except, of course, for the two associated with the present poles). On the other hand, the deduced previous positions are admitted to be extremely imprecise, and it has been commented that probably many have been missed. So it's at least possible that some of these missed positions do coincide with the Devil's Ovals. If this is the case, it would tend to produce magnetic



anomalies at these points, due to the fact that rocks, laid down at the time the pole was in that position, would have been magnetically polarized by the Earth's magnetic field as it was then, and would retain that polarization even after the pole had moved elsewhere. If this is the case, such anomalies should be easily detectable. Such research might be a bit hazardous though, especially if carried out near Bermuda in the month of December.

An anomaly of this sort would cause the magnetic lines of force to bend down towards a direction vertical to the surface, and tend to come together into areas of high intensity. Such a magnetic condition would tend to bend a stream of charged particles arriving from space into circular paths parallel to the surface . . . a sort of natural cyclotron. Furthermore, the majority of such particles which bombard the Earth come from the sun, a phenomenon which is called "the Solar Wind." Naturally, the bending of these particles into paths parallel to the surface would be most pronounced when the particles come in closest to parallel . . . in other words, when the sun lies lowest in the sky, at the Winter Solstice. (This effect is actually known to occur at the poles, and is the source of the auroras . . . the Northern Lights and their southern equivalents.) If this is the case, what effect might it have?

Theoretically, none. But this conclusion is *very* theoretical and the theory in this case is *very* shaky. If there's one thing that's impressive about our knowledge of the interactions of electric, magnetic, and gravitational fields, and the interactions of these fields with space, time, matter, and energy, it's the profound state of our ignorance. After all, this isn't surprising. We've been studying the subject for less than a century, and we've had reasonably precise and sophisticated instruments for that purpose for a much shorter time. The situation is nothing to be ashamed of, but it makes it very dangerous for us to categorically rule out anything in this area as impossible.

Getting back to the Devil's Ovals . . . we will have to hypothesize that more than one type of phenomenon occurs in these areas. The sort of thing that appears to have happened to the five torpedo bombers and the rescue plane in 1945 is one type of incident. Areas of "influence" occur where space, time, matter, and energy do not behave in a normal manner. These influences may be purely natural, but are very likely often triggered by the technological operations of intelligent beings, possibly whatever is behind the UFOs. When a ship or plane enters the fringe of one of these areas, the first effect is that its

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REEL CONVERSATIONS WITH THE "OTHER SIDE"

The tape phenomenon.....the closest thing to being there?



Photos by Gerald Stout

By Leslie D. Zerg

There we were. Six people sitting around a tape recorder trying to hear whispered voices from far away. Not France-far. Not Japan-far. Far! From the Land of the Souls. And a tape recorder evolves into the slender connecting thread between Here and There.

Research of the tape phenomenon is comparatively recent. Astral projection and Tarot readings have been speculated upon and discussed for centuries. Visions and Miracles appear in the Bible.

In 1959, a Dr. Jurgenson was recording bird calls in his garden. Playing back his tapes he found "voices" along with the bird calls–from an empty, quiet garden. Repeating the procedure in his living room, he received more voices. He began to ask questions, and was answered by the voices. This was the beginning.

At present, this area is rapidly ex-

"They just happen."

THE OTHER SIDE



Bart Ellis (in the foreground) readies the tape for the session as Bill Welch looks on.

panding. Dedicated researchers have transformed voice-tapes from an after-dinner divertissement to a field that is gaining respect within the scientific community. One of the most important reasons for this begrudged admiration is the phenomenon itself. A tape can be replayed at any time, at any place. It's as close to validation as any area in psychic research can get. It is also an experiment that anyone can do; psychic gifts play a smaller part in the reception of the voices than the quality of the recording equipment.

There are several well-known researchers in this field: Dr. Konstantin Raudive, a Latvian psychologist living and researching in Germany; Attila von Szalay, renown for his ability in the fields of astral projection, clairvoyance and clairaudience (he also reports to have discovered the voice phenomenon three years before Jurgenson); Walter Uphoff, the Lamoreaux brothers–the list continues throughout countries, throughout cultures. The movement is growing.

But what of the voices? What or who are they? What reason would they have to communicate? What are our reasons for listening?

Bart Ellis is a licenced clinical social worker. He is a board member of the Society for Psychic Research, (formerly So. California Society for Psychic Research) and has been involved with several aspects of psychic research for 17 years. He became aware of the voice phenomenon five years ago when investigating reports of a haunted house. During the analysis of his tapes, Ellis started to do research, and has become an expert in the field, discovering new techniques and some very strange aspects.

During an interview with Ellis, PROBE magazine asked him if there was an explanation for the voices.

"It just happens. Perhaps an acausal connecting principle is what's behind the voice phenomenon." He explained that the acausal principle involved two or more related incidences that somehow happen, regardless of time and space. For example: Suppose you woke up in the morning from a dream about fish. Later that day, you were at a friend's house and they asked you to dinner and mentioned that they were serving fish. At work, you were told that the next committee report would concern the packaging of frozen fish. That evening, you read in the paper that the President was on an extended fishing trip. Get it? In other words, related "coincidences" without a connecting cause. They "just happen."

PROBE asked Ellis what he felt the voices might be.

"Sometimes they're lost , they're wanderers ..."

"I am personally convinced that most of the voices are indeed voices of spirits or persons that have passed on. However, I don't think this is necessarily always the case. I've done some recent research which tends to throw a barb into that theory."

His research involves the transmission of voices through an answer-phone. It's a very new concept, that opens up channels of thought scarcely researched.

It happened one evening as he was returning from a party with a friend. They had stopped at his apartment and as Bart left the car, his friend said, *hurry Bart.*

"When I went upstairs, I found that the answer-phone had registered a call. I played it back, and on this particular message were two words– *hurry Bart.* Two of my friends had been staying in the apartment all night, and reported that the phone never rang once. It was a very loud amplitude voice, the clarity was excellent. It was a feminine voice. I found it rather amazing as just a moment before my friend had said *hurry Bart,* and here that same voice was on the tape." (the woman had stayed downstairs in the car.)

He recorded the tape as well as recording the woman saying the words over a tape recorder. A week later, after entering the house from a day out, he played the answer-phone. There was another piece in the puzzle. Again he received the message, *hurry Ba.* "It was as if it couldn't get the whole word out." Again, it sounded like his friend, although that was impossible–she had spent the day with him. He had the voices made into voice-prints and then analyzed by the Los Angeles Police Department. They concluded that the voices were not at all alike and "could not have possibly come from the same person."

Ellis feels this might be some type of astral or psychic projection. Yet, he believes, the majority of the voices are not coming from this source.

There *are* several possibilities for the origin. Radio waves, accidently picked up by the sensitive receiver has been suggested. However, scientists experimenting with this phenomenon in laboratory conditions, placed Farraday Cages over the tape recorders and thus effectively blocked radio transmissions.



"They're doing the research, we're just a channel for them," Bill Welch explains to the rest of the group. Seated on the couch (left to right) are Sharon (not seen) Bart Ellis, PROBE's art director, and the author. The taping session was a total success.

The voices were still there. Certified new tapes have been used to eliminate the possibility of audio "shadows." Yet, the voices still continue to record.

Could there be a way to "aid" the voice transmission, amplifying and clarifying the voices? (In normal replay, the voices are usually low-amplitude, and of a higher speed than customary.) Could the presence of a medium ease the way?

Ellis believes that this may indeed be possible, although the right combination needed for this result has not been found. And now with the discovery of the answer-phone enigma, researchers are beginning to hypothesize the use of the device as an *electronic* medium. He was told by a clairvoyant a year before the incident that the way to boost the transmissions was to somehow tie into telephone lines, thereby employing their tremendous power supply. The problems of setting up this type of situation are obvious, nevertheless, technology may be able to redesign the transformers into practical amplifiers with a huge power potential.

Other ways to assist transmission are being suggested; those dealing with

(Continued on page 54)



THOSE MYSTERIOUS KENOSHA LIGHTS

What's going on out there, anyway?

By Jon Ziomek

By day, it is a plain-looking patch of land; dry grass and bush covered, scattered trees, a dirt track that winds back to a pond 100 yards off the county road. But at night, this lonely spot 11 miles outside of Kenosha, Wis. has lately attracted hordes of ghost hunters—literally thousands of people—a few serious investigators but mostly the not-so-serious. There have been so many of the curious, that a local tavern has taken to selling 'ghost hunter' souvenir maps.

At least one Chicago psychic is of the opinion that the spot is occupied by the spirits of several persons who died violently many years ago. The skeptics outnumber the believers by a wide margin, however. In fact, all the confusion that followed the original publicity about the site this past fall is a good example of how difficult it can be to make a serious investigation of this type of phenomenon.

It started simply enough last summer in Chicago with the receipt of an unusual letter by Richard Crowe, a city planner whose hobby is investigating psychic phenomena such as ghost sightings, UFOs, and other unexplained occurrences. As a follower of the writings of the late Charles Fort, however, Crowe prefers to call such occurrences 'Fortean phenomena.' Fort believed that "ultra terrestrials"—beings possibly from another dimension, as opposed to extra terrestrials, merely from another planet—may be responsible for a variety of as-yet unexplained happenings on Earth.

Crowe is also the head of the Midwest chapter of the International Fortean Organization, so he's not as oriented toward the Hans Holzer sort of ghost investigating as he is toward looking into the possibility that a single type of energy is causing many unexplained happenings.

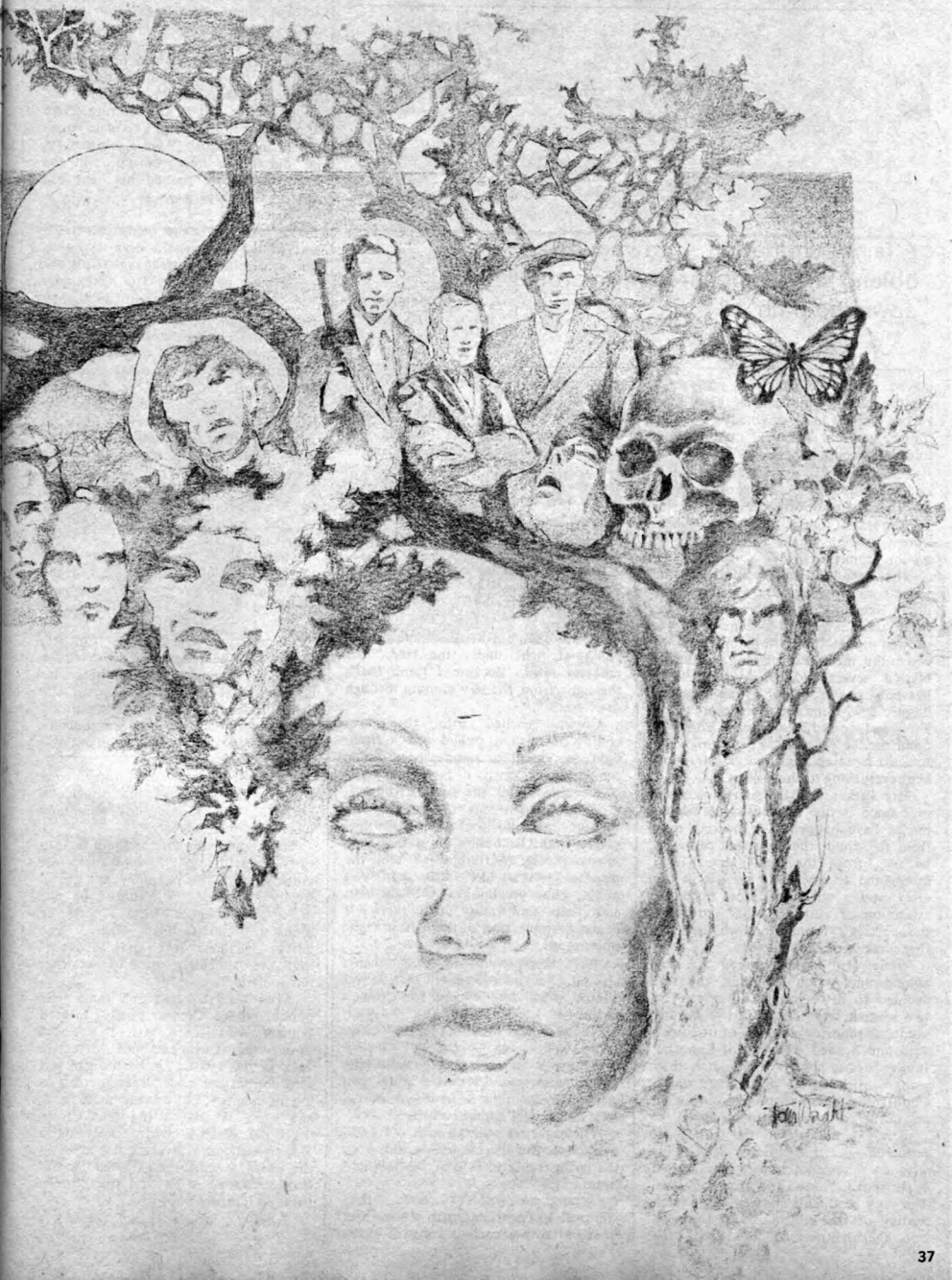
Nevertheless, he was interested in the letter, which spoke of a mysterious blueish-gray light seen on a piece of deserted property outside Kenosha, with an accompanying legend about a mass murder on the property many years ago.

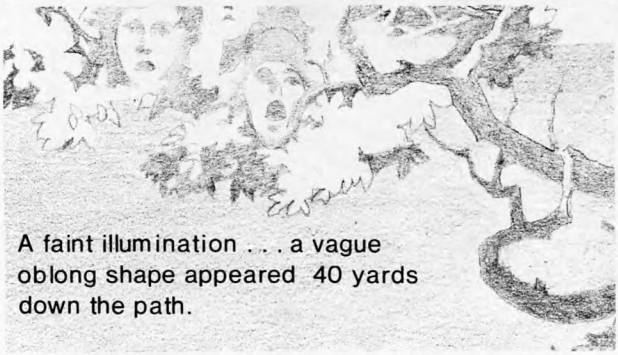
The hefty, deep-voiced Crowe had heard in the past of other such lights being reported elsewhere, although he had never seen any of them himself. He wrote back to the author of the letter, a young Kenosha housewife, and promised to look into the matter.

On a warm August night, Crowe and a Chicago Sun-Times reporter who was doing a story on ghost researchers drove to Kenosha. As they drove, they wondered, as many people do, where the balance lies between fact, fiction, coincidence and paranoia.

After reaching the town, Crowe pulled up in front of a small home in a new, lower middle class neighborhood near a factory. Several children

Illustration by Tom Wright





A faint illumination . . . a vague oblong shape appeared 40 yards down the path.

played in the living room while the adults exchanged pleasantries. Then Kay Parker, who had originally written Crowe, and her friend, Nancy Rivera, told the strange story.

Forty or forty-five years ago, they said, a group of Chicago gangsters had owned a cottage near County Road NN in Kenosha County and used it as a retreat, driving up there periodically to lay-low from the law.

The legend doesn't say, whether it was a rival gang, or merely farmers who didn't like the gangsters' presence in the rural community, but whomever it was showed up at the cottage one evening when the men were playing cards and blasted several of them into their heavenly reward. Neighboring farmers, disgusted with the gangsters, came along later and tossed the bodies into the pond on the property. They then went back to minding their own business and kept everything to themselves.

Mrs. Parker, said the site was known ever since as one where strange occurrences have happened: a moving mist from the pond, the light that can even be seen from the road (Mrs. Rivera interjected to say she'd seen it in the rain), and a curious, almost magnetic attraction of visitors to one corner of the cottage's foundation–which is all that remains of the structure.

While Mr. Parker agreed to stay behind and watch the kids, the rest decided to drive out to the spot. The two women, an intrigued Crowe and the skeptical reporter climbed into Crowe's auto and headed west out of Kenosha. It was nearly 10:30 p.m. when they reached Highway 45 and turned on to County Road NN, past a gas station on one corner, a tavern on the other.

Barely a mile down the dark road, bordered on either side by open fields with an occasional house, Mrs. Rivera commanded "Slow down," to Crowe. The car's headlights showed a dirt track leading off the south side of the road into the darkness. "This is it," the women announced, and Crowe pulled in and stopped.

"Shut off your headlights," Mrs. Parker suggested, and Crowe did so. They all stared in apprehensive silence down the dirt path. The night was very dark, with no moon at all; the only sound was the nonstop chirping of thousands of crickets.

"There," Mrs. Parker finally whispered, pointing. "Under the tree."

Sure enough, a faint illumination with a vague oblong shape appeared under a large tree 40 yards down the path.

"I sure hope you don't mean that patch of light under the tree," the reporter said. "Because I think that's the light from the sky coming through the trees."

Crowe reached into the glove compartment and pulled out a flashlight. He aimed its slender beam down the path.

Nothing under the tree but bushes.

They all got out of the car and walked down to the tree, the unexplained light becoming dimmer as they moved closer. "Aftervision," said the reporter. "It's like aftervision–you know, when you look at a bright light and then look away, and there's a lingering impression of the light in front of your eye."

But, there were no bright lights around to distract them–in fact, it was almost pitch dark except for Crowe's flashlight.

"Where was the house?" Crowe asked.

"Further down the path," Mrs. Rivera answered. "I didn't know you were going to want to go down there," Mrs. Parker said apprehensively.

They started walking into the darkness, occasionally stumbling along on the path, trying to follow the flashlight beam.

After another 40 yards, they stopped. Heavy underbrush was in front of them, with a small clearing off to the left. A silent, dark night, the lonely path–the setting wasn't doing anyone's nerves any good.

The frightened women first spotted more of the elusive illuminations–one in back of them on the path, then two more on the left in the clearing. Then they heard murmurings like male voices ahead in the brush. "Am I going crazy, or did I just hear voices?" said the reporter. Crowe flashed his light but there was no response.

That did it.

"I feel that we're being escorted," one of the women said in an icy voice, and as dignified a retreat as possible was made back to the car. The light under the tree did not reappear until they were all standing by the auto. Everyone reported involuntary chills.

After piling into the car, they headed straight for the tavern down the road, and met with the first of the skepticism. "You've got to be kidding," said the bartender, while he drew four beers from the tap. "About a mile down the road? We race snow mobiles there in the winter."

"You'd never see the lights if you weren't looking for them," one member of the group said. The bartender shrugged.

"Well, we've had a strange experience," was all Crowe would say on the way back to Kenosha. The women suggested bringing a medium to the land.

On the highway back to Chicago, Crowe said he'd have to do extensive checking into the whole thing. He doubted that swamp gas caused the lights ("Swamp gas doesn't talk, either," he observed dryly), but was equally skeptical that they'd seen manifestations of the dead men.

"I've yet to come up with someone who has linked with the dead," he declared. "I'm looking for something more than that, anyway."

How could this sort of thing fit into Charles Fort's ideas. "I think that's just a strong area for phenomena," Crowe finally suggested. "I wouldn't be surprised to hear of UFO reports or monster reports from there. The energy–whatever it is–that feeds off that sort of incident could trigger other phenomena."

After several weeks and some telephone work, Crowe finally located William Schmitt, a retired Kenosha County sheriff who had been a detective back in the 1930s. The ex-lawman was very cordial and made a special effort to jog his memory, but was unable to recall any mass slaying at the spot Crowe described. "Had a quadruple slaying in '33, though, in a tavern a few miles to the west," Schmitt remembered. He and Crowe chatted a bit and then Crowe thanked him and hung up.

Schmitt's lack of recall of such a

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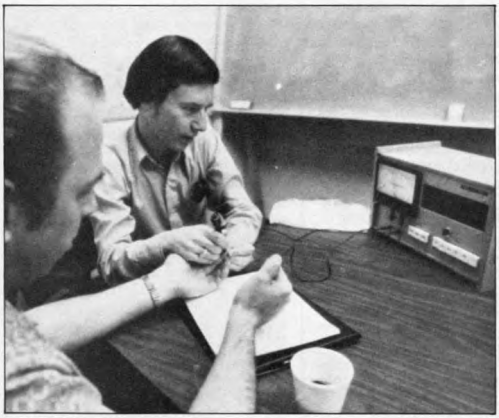


Photo by Ed Ikuta

YANKEE TECHNOLOGY IMPROVES CHINESE ART

By Barry Taft of the Neuropsychiatric Institute, UCLA Center for the Health Sciences

As is now fairly well known, acupuncture is an ancient Chinese art of preventative medicine. The old practice was that people would go to their doctor about once every quarter and pay him to have their "circuits" checked and balanced using acupuncture techniques and stimulation. Because of this, they were supposed to be free from illness. If they happened to become ill, folklore tells us that the doctor paid them by treating them free of charge.

The early theory, at a fairly simple level, indicated that there were 12 main meridians in the body, very much like electrical wiring if you like, which acted as prime energy circuits for the body. There was thought to exist a deep inner circuitry connected in some way to the inner organs and body systems plus a shallow subsurface circuitry which was connected to the acupuncture points. It was felt to be essential for health and well-being of the body that there must be sufficient energy in these circuits and that they all be balanced with respect to each other; i.e., that there be an equalization of energy between the various meridians of the overall system. The energy flowing in the circuits was thought to be a fluid called "Chi" (Qi or Ki have also been used). These were thought to be the key aspects of the situation and the function of the acupuncture stimulation was primarily to take energy out of one limb of a circuit and put it into another; i.e., to shift these energies around so that one obtained a balanced system with continuously flowing energy.

Disease was thought to arise as a result of any major imbalance via what one might naively think of as an irrigation principle. Thus, if there wasn't enough energy flowing in one meridian, the body systems associated with that circuit had an altered energy terrain and the environmental energy fields were such that the soil became more favorable as a nutrient for bacteria to grow and thrive. This altered energy condition led inevitably to manifestations of disease at the physical level.

In more recent times, we have become aware of the rather remarkable

(Continued)

YANKEE TECHNOLOGY

application of acupuncture to anesthesia and perhaps then even more remarkable observation that the patient undergoing a major operation may be eating food such as an orange. This latter seems to be in gross violation of presently accepted ideas of necessary sterilization conditions in an operating room. Because of the Western focus on applications to anesthesia, models of structure and functioning of the meridian system have begun to localize around equation with the nervous system. However, it has also been postulated that this meridian system of the body is a fourth circulatory system of the physical body distinct from and on an equivalent level with the blood, lymph and the nerve systems.

We should keep our minds open to this larger possibility rather than try and squeeze all the emerging data into the more limited model of relegation to another behavior characteristic of the nervous system.

Scientists around the world have set about to develop some sort of electronic machine which will help them to more accurately locate the proper points on the human body through which to administer treatment. From Russia to France and on into the Far East there have been more or less concentrated efforts to bring about a reliable system to pin down what the ancient Chinese have been doing by-guess-and-by-gosh for over ten centuries.

Using a special resistance measuring device called a tobiscope, the Russians have located a network of low resistance points on the surface of the body which is in one-to-one correspondence with the acupuncture points on the Chinese charts. The device, consists internally of a bridge circuit so arranged as to be balanced by the normal skin resistance and unbalanced when making contact to an acupuncture point.

The electrical signal due to the imbalance is applied to a D.C. amplifier which boosts the signal so as to activate a light bulb located in the front portion of the device (in other devices, the signal activates an audio speaker).

This device is held in one hand (making contact with the metallic base) and the point is applied to the skin of the subject while the other hand of the operator is in contact with a different portion of the patient's body (skin). Thus, an electrical circuit is made from the base of the tobiscope, through the body of the operator, along the body of the subject to the tip of the tobiscope and, via internal connections, to the base of the device. Moving the point over the skin, at light pressure, a network of point locations are found that cause the light to be activated in the device. A shift of the tip by about 1 mm. removes the tip from these special network locations which locate the low resistance paths through the body. One also finds a network of such points on plants and animals. At present, the Soviets are also investigating an A.C. device. Interestingly enough, this author finds the resistance ratio between normal skin and acupuncture points to also be a factor of about 10. The D.C. resistance between any two acupuncture points on the body differs by less than a factor of two suggesting that almost all of the resistance is embodied in the thin layer of epidermis at the skin surface. A similar range of resistance variation occurs due to emotional change, mental concentration, light stimulus, etc.

In the case of emotional excitation, the points vary in diameter (as revealed by conductivity area) and there is the possibility of the areas overlapping one another to form high conductivity regions.

Adamenko has also discovered that a voltage signal can be detected between two network points provided two different types of metals are used as electrodes. This suggests that we have a galvanic cell effect operating here. The current drawn from this battery is about 10 microamps.

Adamenko performed an interesting healing experiment utilizing what they call the "semiconductor" effect. One often finds, when measuring the resistance between symmetrical points on the left and right sides of the body, that the resistance is different in the forward (R) from the reverse (R') direction (just like a semiconductor material which contains p/n junctions). If the person is healthy relative to that meridian, then the resistance will be the same (R = R'). However, if the person is ill relative to that organ or relative to an organ which is associated with that meridian, the one finds a difference in resistance (R = R'). This difference, R, is called the semiconductor effect.

Adamenko used a manual healer in the healing experiment who projected energy via his hands located a short distance from the patient. The semiconductor effect was measured on both the patient and the healer before the experiment and also after the experiment.

We can suspect that some energy was transferred from the healer to the patient. However, we note that the healer's circuits have become somewhat unbalanced in the process (temporarily). This suggests that the healer gave up a particular kind of energy in a particular location of his body in order to bring into close balance the circuitry of the ill individual.

There are, at present, several ways in which one can produce point stimulation and it appears that, to bring about balance to the circuits, all one needs to do is stimulate sufficiently the acupuncture points. In increasing order of effectiveness, the various techniques are: (1) chemical stimulation, (2) manual massage, (3) acupuncture needles, (4) electrical energy injection (requires sophisticated understanding), (5) laser beam (requires sophisticated equipment and understanding), and (6) an injection of "spiritual" energy from a psychic healer. This latter seems to be the best procedure for bringing about bodily balance (the energy does not need to be directed at a specific point or set of points). Using method 5, the Russians have found that when a mild intensity laser beam is directed at the acupuncture point above the lip, it will immediately stop an epileptic seizure.

After observing more detailed research with various electronic instrumentation available for detecting and measuring acupuncture points, this author was of the opinion that the majority of equipment currently in operation was immensely inadequate for the task at hand.

Studies conducted in the U.S. by Moss and Johnson were easily able to replicate Russian acupuncture instrumentation, with the exception of the A.C. impedance device. The shortcomings encountered in the Soviet research were equally displayed in the early instrumentation developed and employed by Moss and Johnson. Various devices utilized by Johnson were insufficient due to their lack of precision, multiple and automatic functions, variability, and inability to compensate for gross subject variation, although at the same time validating Adamenko's work with the tobiscope.

Essentially what is occurring here then, is that you are *drawing off* a current rather than measuring its true value at the site of the acupuncture

point. This in itself may be great for lighting tiny bulbs or driving small toys after amplification and relay, but it does not serve as a highly accurate measurement of electrical potential or current.

The Soviet tobiscope, when compared with even a cheap commercial VOM meter, has a relatively low input impedance value, a fact which may cause the light or speaker to activate over areas which are *not* acupuncture locations, but are in fact, areas of the skin which contain a large quanitity of concentration of nerve fibers or a lymph gland.

One of the major controversies regarding devices that purport to detect and measure the acupuncture system, is that they are generally accused of locating nothing more than bundles of nerve fibers, acting as a neurometer, or contacting areas of lymph gland secretion points with their excessive quantities of subacious fluid which creates shunt paths of extremely low resistance through the skin. Additionally, the question that any point on the skin will appear, electrically, as an acupuncture point if sufficient pressure is applied with a probe, has not been fully resolved at present.

Whatever the case, conventional instrumentation in electro-acupuncture research cannot always discriminate between these factors at ambient skin locations and acupuncture points.

The device designed and developed by this author, the acumonitor, is believed to have partially overcome such deficiencies by incorporating technology that allows one to circumvent these problems.

The acumonitor, in its present prototype stage, is essentially a single channel D.C. analog and digital multimeter of special design, whose ranges are specifically chosen to measure the electrical characteristics of the acupuncture system.

Bodily contact, with the acumonitor, is made with two highly polished stainless steel electrodes, one is a 4" x 3/4" dia. cylindrical element serving as ground/return current path. The other electrode is a probe, fully insulated and shielded except for the exposed tip that is run over the skin in search of points. The probe itself is a pencil-like device with a spring-loaded, pressure constant, 3/32" dia. ball tip, which compensates for pressure variation. This electrode system can be self-operated and does not require another individual present to complete the circuit, as with the tobiscope.

Audio and visual feedback for acupuncture point location is provided by a variable tone speaker and a small incandescent lamp, with the speaker's frequency being positively synchronized with an increase in potential and decrease in resistance.

During exploratory investigations with the acumonitor, some fascinating information, previously unknown to this author, came forth. For example, it

(Continued on page 60)

Sandy Duncan-

AN ABILITY FOR AWARENESS

By Sandra Cawson

BRENTWOOD, CALIFORNIA—High in the hills of Brentwood, in a charming wooded vale, far from the lights of Hollywood, lives a super-songstress-comedienne. But life is not all laughs for the dimunitive Sandy Duncan. She has more than a serious interest in the inexplicable dreams she has, the ever increasing moments of deja-vu, and the awareness of her mother's ability to know of her past lives.

"I believe in ESP, but the dreams I have about my friends are very strange and therefore I become a little scared, so I don't like to delve too much because I am so suggestable," says Sandy in her frank and open way.

"There have been dreams where I see inanimate objects like a knife, and then the next day I find one of my friends has sliced a finger with one. Another similar one I have which occurs more frequently, is that I will dream about someone whom I haven't even thought about for some time. If I do, you can be sure that the very next day there will be a call from that same person."

Sandy believes this ability of hers to predict situations about her friends is more underdeveloped than mysterious, but when it comes to her brushes with deja-vu, she is a little more reticent to explain the reasons.

"There have been so many occasions when I have experienced being in a room or situation previously, that I have to believe I was really there before. Therefore I can't go with any one of the so-called scientific explanations of this phenomena."

One of the reasons Sandy says this, is because she has been in the middle of a conversation, and knowing what comes next, has been able to prevent an argument or stop what could have been a bad deal: "Because I have already been in the situation, I remember what I've said, the first time around. However, I also remember my mistakes in that time (or the other persons) so I'm able to rethink what I should say. It saves me a lot of problems!"

Although Sandy realizes that she may have had these sort of instances happen to her in similar past lives, it is her mother who is most aware of life before now.

"We were at a monument in New Orleans not too long ago," says Sandy, "and all of a sudden, my mother looked sort of spooky. She said to me, 'I've been here before, I remember being tutored by a teacher and I was a hand maiden of sorts!' It was very real to my mother, and as she is a most sensible lady, there was no reason to disbelieve her at this time or on any of her other experiences."

Sandy allows that she herself might be in her tenth life now, but she honestly admits that she doesn't know anything for sure. That is why she is open to belief—in anything. But in her openess, she still maintains she has to be more careful than her mother, because of her own self-confessed impressionability. ○

new profiles of ESPecially gifted women

ESPecially Jeane Dixon

By Bob Shultz

Photo courtesy of Bob Preet, Rising Sign: The Astrology Newspaper



There is hardly a household in the United States which hasn't heard of Jeane Dixon. Her ability to predict world stirring events has made almost as many headlines as the events themselves. Few, if any of the world's greats have escaped her notice. Nor has she escaped theirs.

She was recently feted at an almost regal reception held in her honor at the Hollywood Palladium. The guest list read like a who's who of the film and entertainment industry. Large and small, young and old, they turned out to pay their respects to this well known and dearly loved woman.

But, what is she, this woman who seems to read the future like most of us read the morning paper? What are the inner convictions which carry her through her days? What is the power of her belief that she can continue to bear the burden of this knowledge, which most of us have been spared? We know the words . . . but, do we know the person?

Perhaps the person shows through her words. Perhaps if we listen closely to her words, we can learn something of the person and the way she feels about this world and the privilege of living in it.

The words which follow were taken directly from her address to the group which had gathered to pay tribute to her, and from several short conversations. These are not the "previews of the sounds of tomorrow" as her predictions have been called. These are the words of a woman so filled with a belief

in God, that her every thought and deed is guided and strengthened by that belief.

"There are those who wonder why I dedicate so much of my life to the special missions that demand such time and energy and strength, and reap no personal or material rewards. The answer to why I do what I do is as simple as the motivation of my thoughts and actions. Because God wants me to. This I know, as I have always known, there is no other way to go than in the direction inspired by the Holy Spirit, as programmed by Our Lord, as each of our lives must be, as each of our lives are. Our lives are all programmed when we are conceived.

"Our Lord clearly defined my mission in life and the purposes for which I must use my talent. I must try to tell others the simple truth. There is truly no other way to go except upward, upward to the highest plateau of human endeavor, to the highest spiritual plateau–and on that plateau reach out to touch the fingers of God. To receive His currents of spiritual vibrations in communion with Him. On that plateau I also look into the skies and know that the sun and the moon, the stars and the planets in His heaven carry messages of hope and guidance, even as they did to astrologers 2000 years ago to fore-tell the birth of Christ. As in all things possible with God, each has it's time and it's purpose and it's place. If I am to accomplish my special mission here on earth, I too must use all the resources at the Divine command. Each is interwoven with another, and all come from the same source to become the fabric of our destiny. We here on earth call it extra sensory perception, precognition, revelation and other man-made terms to label the wonders of the known and the unknown. And then there are prophecies and visions. The will of Man *cannot* change the will of God. Of course, telepathy, the middle man, can change as often as man changes his mind. And these are the tools to produce the fine etchings of those indelible golden road maps that all of us need and follow if we will. There are varieties of tools and varieties of talents, but the *same* spirit is in each one of us. Our talents are all preordained. And I do what I do for a reason that lies close to my heart and goes deep inside of me. It is the who, what, where, how and why of my life. As the worker in his vineyard . . . as a woman, a wife, a friend, a helper . . . I want to be there in time of need.

My mission here on earth goes beyond the wonders of prophecy or ESP, beyond the headlines of 'Jeane Dixon Predicts'. My knowledge of astrology helps to guide another's steps and with my divinely inspired perception, I can recognize and bring to bloom the latent talents of others. When I share with many the forecasts of that which is yet to come, or reveal that which has been, I do so for a great compelling purpose–greater than all others–to better proclaim the power and glory of God. When I work toward goals for the betterment of mankind, I try to live each day as a woman in rhythm with God and in harmony with my fellow man: it is only to fulfill my destiny. And greater still are the moments when my life is brightened by the light shining forth from others as they grow aware of the Holy Spriit within them."

Mrs. Dixon was asked about her special talents in the realm of the psychic. Her awareness of her own gifts has been apparent to her since childhood. But, somehow she has learned to live and cope with them on a daily basis.

"The physic talent that is so much a part of me is part of each and everyone of us. There is no need to question the source. It is a gift of faith. Regardless of the degree you are born with, it will be through the faith and the self-assurance that you will be a success in the talent that was fore-ordained for you. Long before I was aware of wordly things, I knew God and I knew of things unknown to some others."

The prophecies for which she has become most famous have dealt with persons in the public view. She has foreseen disaster and chaos. She has spoken of it all . . . sometimes to the consternation of those involved. If sufficient credence were placed in her prophecies there might be an entirely different cant to world history. But, belief or disbelief seems not to matter to her for it all falls within the overall plan of God. There is where she places her faith and her trust.

"Since childhood many of God's plans have been revealed to me. With these revelations have come Divine Commands to share His messages with others. I have often stopped to think and have wondered; if people would just listen when the Lord speaks, how different the history of the world would be. Today, Senator Kennedy would be still alive and he would have been running for the Presidency in 1976 . . . and he would have won. But, everything is in God's mind, not our's. And, sometimes our human plans are not in accord with God's plan. Revelation is no respecter of persons. I must tell the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the great and the near great of God's power and love; His plans for each of them, for each of us–if I can, within the all too brief span of time permitted in this lifetime of ours."

She has a grasp of the larger look of the world that would flatter the best psychologists. She seems to see the patterns of interwoven lives and responsibilities in a way which, while intriguing, is almost overwhelming.

"There are those whose destinies affect the lives of others, the fate of nations and the conscience of mankind. There was another lesson to be learned by us and by those who have too soon forgotten–that unity, internationally, is possible and is beautiful–as that unity of our spirit at a moment of history, as little as ten years ago. On the death of President John F. Kennedy, millions of human beings stood together as one, before God. For such a little while we were united by shock and grief and joined by love for our president. The world was united internationally as never before or since. The vision of the assassination, as it appeared to me 11 years before the death of the president, truly revealed the will of God, a will never to be altered, modified, or revoked. A revelation to be revealed by me, one that was sure to come true in the Lord's time, not ours. And yet, man, diverted by his own needs and weaknesses, too soon forgets the wonder and the encompassing unity of spirit experienced all over the world."

What is the call? What is the motivation for this woman? What is her ultimate goal? Is the reward merely in the doing . . . the speaking of God's word as she hears it? Apparently so, for she says:

"This is a message that has echoed through the centuries. This is a message that has been given to me, and all those inspired by the Holy Spirit. It has been given to us as all–motivation . . . the sharing of our knowledge, our talents and the rewards of our faith with those who need them. Then, they too, can better answer their own calls to glory. That "call to glory" is just accepting that talent which God has assigned you. And if you accept your place as a human, as you are alive on this planet Earth, both truly and spiritually, you will understand. You will be in harmony with the heartbeat of the universe." ○

"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science . . . "

Albert Einstein 1930

ESPecially Doris Collins

By Robert Birchard

The little girl was unable to walk on the soles of her feet. She could only hobble on the sides like an unhappy little cowboy with pigeon toes. Her young father's face was full of agony when Doris Collins, recognized as one of England's greatest psychics, told him that she would not treat his three-year-old daughter with the others who had come on stage at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles for a public healing.

Doris Collins' appearance at the Ambassador Hotel was the next to last stop on a whirlwind tour through the United States. Her agent, Lee Atkinson, had packed her one-month tour with thirteen fatiguing demonstrations.

Tonight, Miss Collins made a point of telling the audience gathered in the Ambassador Ball Room that only those with some visible condition or injury should come on stage for healing. And the young father had brought his little girl. Although the child's condition was easily the most visible, and although Miss Collins' open purpose for being in the United States was to demonstrate her healing power, she refused to exploit the child on stage. She explained that a child has no power of choice, and she would not force the little girl to appear in front of a crowd. However, she told the young man and his daughter that she would see them following the public demonstration. I, along with several other reporters, stayed for this semi-private healing.

The public demonstration had begun with singing by a local church group to set the proper spiritual mood.

Then, while well-known author Jess Stearn delivered an introduction, Miss Collins sat alone, stage center, on a hard wooden kitchen chair. She stared shyly out over the crowd, like a debutante surveying the nervous young men at a coming-out party, imparting not at all the impression of one who has been a famous seer for 30 years, and who numbers among her clients members of British nobility and Hollywood stars.

She seemed fragile, like she might die of stage fright before Stearn turned the microphone over to her.

But her manner changed immediately when she come to the lectern. Where she had seemed shy and apprehensive, she now took command of the stage and carried an air of complete authority.

Where she had seemed calm, almost placid, she now proceeded to surprise everyone—especially the promoters—with a sparkling display of that often



Photos by Ed Ikuta

"I don't heal people. They heal themselves. I act only as a catalyst."

hidden, but fiery bit of prima donna that exists in every great professional, be it an opera star, a football quarter back, or a famous psychic. When on stage, Miss Collins is accustomed to working with a pitcher of water before her on the lectern. And her style is to wander about an uncluttered stage with a hand microphone. But tonight, there was no water, there was no hand microphone, and the stage was cluttered.

Immediately, Miss Collins let the organizers of the demonstration know just how sensitive a sensitive can really be.

"I have to be able to move around. I can't have all these things on stage. They'll have to be moved. And, I can't work without a pitcher of water. You're so busy about checking the people as they came in that you forgot about me. I've got to be able to concentrate. I don't know how you people expect me to work. You must treat a psychic very specially. We must be freed of all these little details so that we can concentrate. You don't seem to understand that."

The promoters jumped to, as Miss Collins demanded her pitcher of water and a movable microphone. She even

went so far as to threaten cancellation of the demonstration. Gradually, though, the tension eased, as Lee Atkinson brought a pitcher of water, hands cleared the stage, and someone brought a microphone cord to allow her to walk about with mike in hand.

Everything in proper order, now, Miss Collins turned her attention to the audience, explaining that the program would be divided into three parts. The first would be a session of communication with the spirit world. This would be followed by individual healings. And the evening would conclude with a group healing session.

"In order to communicate," she said, "I must raise the level of my vibration, the spirits, in turn, must lower their rates of vibration to be able to communicate on my level.

"I make no promises," she continued, "I cannot call up the spirits at will. They communicate through me only if they choose.

"Now if I should call you out in the audience, and have a communication for you, I want you to sing out: 'Yes' or 'No'. I have to know that you understand. No mumbling. Let it out."

Very quickly, Doris Collins began to point to people in the audience–the man with the moustache in the eighth row, the lady in pink on the aisle, the couple in the back of the hall–she had messages from the spirits for them.

"Do you know you're psychic?" She asked one member of the gathering.

"I've felt it sometimes."

"Well, you are. Very!" Her hand went to her head. "You're very musical–"

"I am a musician."

"Yes, she tells me that. She tells me that she is your mother, and she wants you to know that she has been looking after you. You don't have to worry. She is very content. She says Jim is here. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good. And–no–" A flash of strain passes across her face. "No, this one now is not for you. This is someone else. In the first, second–tenth row. This is very strange. I see this spirit running back and forth between you, and that young lady three seats to your left. Are you together?"

"Yes, we're married."

"I thought so. I couldn't imagine why she would race back and forth between you. She says that you had stomach trouble about two years ago. Do you understand?"

"Not really."

"Yes, she says it was stomach trouble."

"I can't remember it."

"Well, you'd better put your thinking cap on. She says she's not confused about this. It was two years ago. Now I might be wrong in the time, but I'm certainly not wrong on the condition."

The couple didn't recall the ailment.

Miss Collins went on, "The woman says she is your mother, and that she is not crazy. *My daughter had such terrible pains in her stomach–"*

"My mother always was a confused person–"

"I'm not confused as all that–" And the spirit went on to confide a number of things that her daughter and son-in-law could relate to. But, they never resolved the question of the stomach pain. Maybe it was as her daughter said–her mother was confused. If so, it must have been a great comfort to the daughter to find that her mother retained the same addlepated quality in the afterlife.

The spirits seem to continually use aches and pains as a means of identifying themselves to loved ones in the world of the living, and seem to restrict their observations to the time since their death.

When a spirit speaks of a pain that a loved one has had, Doris Collins feels that pain herself. The necessity for some kind of confirmation derives from this, for the pain cannot be released until the spiritual communication has been made.

Doris Collins does not really want or need to explain how the spirits communicate through her. Watching her on stage, she does not look any different–nor does her voice change. She says that she receives ESP receptions from the front, while spirit communications comes from the rear, but she makes no effort to explain how the process works–why some people are psychic and others aren't.

"I don't care whether people believe in psychic phenomena or not, actually. I know it is true, and that is enough."

However, she does not hesitate to talk about some of her more spectacular proofs. Like the time Los Angeles disc-jockey, Hilly Rose, had her on his evening radio show via telephone–Miss Collins was in London. The D.J. had his listeners call in with questions and their desires for communication with the spirit world. There was a foul-up in the equipment, and it was impossible for Rose to feed the calls directly to Doris Collins. He had to take the question, and then relay it himself over their transatlantic connection. Yet, even with this handicap and half a world away, Doris Collins was over 90% correct in her responses to all questions, and in conjuring the proper spirits. She was even able to tell a man where he could find a watch he had lost several months before! Hilly Rose had gone into the session with a great deal of skepticism. He had had all kinds of psychics on his show before and had never been impressed; but, after this long-distance demonstration, he extended a standing invitation to Miss Collins to appear on his program anytime she was in Los Angeles.

"We really don't have anyone like her over here," says Doris Collins'

(Continued)

"I don't care whether people believe in psychic phenomena or not, actually. I know it is true, and that is enough."





"In order to communicate, I must raise the level of my vibration. The spirits must lower theirs."

American agent, Lee Atkinson, "she is very special."

And indeed, she is. You could amost feel the people scrunching lower in their seats as she surveyed the audience. Her eyes came to rest on a woman dressed in brown.

"You've been married twice?" Doris Collins asked.

The woman nodded.

"You have a ring. He says he gave it to you. He says he's sorry that you've had such a hard time of it—"

The eyes of the woman in brown widened, and were moist.

"—He says that things will change for the better for you. That he is disappointed that he wasn't able to do everything he'd planned. Do you understand?"

"Yes—"

"This is your first husband—He was killed in an accident."

"In a plane wreck—"

"He says that he loves you very much, and that he's looking after you. God bless you."

And then it was time for the healing demonstration, and she made the point of asking that only those who had visible conditions or injuries should come to the stage. She would perform private healing sessions by appointment later—but for now, only conditions that could be seen would be treated on stage. Those who did come forward with ailments that were not visible were excused in the pre-healing screening process.

After assuring the young father and crippled little girl that she would talk to them later, Miss Collins began to work with the others.

One woman had a lump on her head, and was nearly doubled over with arthritis—in the course of the five minute treatment, she told the gathering that the lump was gone—and that her arthritis felt much better.

A spirit speaks of a pain that a loved one has had; Doris Collins feels that pain.



Another woman came to the stage in crutches. She left without them—still too unsteady to walk without someone to lean on, but in her words, she had not been able to stand up on her own in years.

The results were heartwarming. Doris Collins sat in a chair facing the patient, and whispered in tones barely audible even with a microphone. She layed hands on the subjects—an illegal practice for anyone who is not a minister of a recognized church. However, on a previous visit to the U.S., she had been granted a ministerial license. She appreciated protection the license afforded her, but could not understand the necessity for it. In England, healers are an accepted part of the medical world, and are even allowed to treat patients in hospitals if the patient asks for their help.

When it was over, those that remained joined hands for a group healing.

After some words with her departing well-wishers, Miss Collins turned her attention to the little girl. She took the child into her arm, and held her, talking softly. When she set the little one down, the child took her first real steps that night.

Of course, there are the inevitable questions. What power does Doris Collins have that makes it possible for her to perform healings?

"I don't heal people. They heal themselves. It is *their* faith. I act only as a catalyst—I am trained in this—in learning how to set the mood to allow the healing energies to flow. Even Jesus had said the same thing: *The works that I do, I do not of myself. But, the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works.* That great unexplained power that makes up the universe is all around us, we need only find a way of directing it."

Miss Collins and Lee Atkinson, and a few selected friends like Clint Walker and Tommy Hawkins then went upstairs for a small reception.

Some at the reception wanted private reading, personal healing sessions, advice on whether or not they were psychic and how to develop their psychic talents. There were questions too. And, she answered them with a pained expression.

Obviously tired, she begged off, and asked that interviewers make an appointment to see her the next day.

While she stayed in Los Angeles, Doris Collins lived with some friends in

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ESPecially Gisele MacKenzie

By Sandra Cawson

Negativety isn't a word often used in singer-actress, Gisele MacKenzie's vocabulary, and it certainly isn't allowed to creep into her life style. For Gisele has become a single-minded and positive person. She believes that her psychic abilities have not only helped her in this way, but that they have also allowed her to reach that pinnacle for which we all strive, happiness!

"I wasn't always a positive thinker," explains the elegant, raven-haired actress, "nor did I allow my psychic abilities to help me when in fact they could have. I really had to become a very unhappy lady before I could find myself."

The period of which Gisele speaks was ten years ago when she was having a bad time with her marriage and career. She was lonely, upset and distraught with life as a whole. One of her very close friends told her that a person with as much vitality as she had, should find an answer to her emotional and personal problems. She did.

"I knew that religion in itself wasn't for me. I had been brought up as a Catholic, and I knew that a dogmatic religion like that, or Judaism which I had thought of joining, was not going to be the answer for me.

"But this same friend took me along to hear Dr. Gene Emmet Clare whom I've followed ever since. The first words I heard him say were, 'You don't like the bag you're in? You're in it because you want to be. Otherwise you'd change your way of thinking and get out.' That really struck me and I thought how right he is. We make our own happiness and sorrow and nobody can make us that way unless we allow them to.

"I saw all the mistakes I was making, the wrong and negative thoughts I was thinking and decided to change my ways. I decided to become positive and allow the intuition, that had always been there, but which I had repressed, to take over."

Gisele, sitting further back on the comfortable sofa in her living room filled with paintings and books on psychic phenomena, proceeds to elabo-

Photos by Ed Ikuta

rate on her beliefs and how her 'intuitions' have become the main lines of guidance in her life.

"I call intuitions little 'nudges' from God," she says as she looks out from under her beautiful, heavily lashed eyes, "and the wisdom and guidance I receive from God comes from my psychic ability to see them as such.

"I tie the psychic ability and intuition together because they are both part of the occult, which after all only means, mysterious and unknown. Too many people are frightened of the unknown and therefore they don't allow these powers, these gifts, to come forward. Consequently they don't have the benefit of them."

Because of her involvement with Dr. Emmet Clare, Gisele realized that she has both power of mind and psychic abilities. As she thought about it she realized that it was something she had possessed as a child, but because of her fear, she had repressed her natural desire to use it.

"I remember when I was young, walking along a beach and losing a very



dear and precious watch that had been given to me as a present. I wasn't aware that I had lost it, so I had to go back the next day to the very same stretch of sand in order to find it. However the beach ran for a good two miles and I really shouldn't have been able to pin point the place I lost it. But I just walked along until suddenly I said, 'Here's where it is' and then I just put my hand into the wet sand and pulled it out.

"In those days I attributed it to prayer, but now I know it was an ESP experience and one which should have started me on the way to proper thinking. It didn't and I got heavily involved in a materialistic world which I wasn't able to get out of until my

"I tie the psychic ability and intuition together..."

spiritual awakening ten years ago."

An incident happened which affirmed Gisele's beliefs. It was one that was reminiscent of the watch episode.

"Los Angeles was in the midst of a five-day down-pour of rain, and I had to take a friend, who was baby sitting, home one evening. Prior to us going I had been romping over the floor with my children and I had been wearing a beautiful pair of sapphire, ruby and emerald earrings. When I stooped to kiss her good bye, as I dropped her home, I felt one naked ear. I was shocked and very upset. I immediately searched the car and even looked into the slush and water right there, in case it just dropped. It hadn't. I came right back here and searched every nook and cranny of this house. I even looked in the cat's mouth and took the garbage apart. Nothing!

"I realized that there wasn't much I could do, and the next few days were awful but I had to keep on with my ordinary affairs which included driving my car along the many hundreds of miles of freeways to do my chores. Finally the flood abated and everything started to dry up. On the day it ended, I stepped out of my car, picked up my groceries and started toward the house.

My husband was standing there and he looked at me rather strangely. I looked back and then I said: 'Wait a minute, I just heard a voice inside me say 'look at your tire.' My husband was a nonbeliever but even he was astounded when he realized that I was now standing by the front tire of my car and all of a sudden, 'PLONK' out of it drops my earring. Not one stone was missing and only the gold on the back was injured. It was incredible, not only had the earring been jammed inside the tire, but it had been able to stay there until I was able to understand where it was and then retrieve it. That after five days of torrential rain, too!"

Gisele pauses after recounting this story but she continues again, somewhat more philosophically.

"I believe that the psychic is always available, but the trouble is that people squash it just like I did when I was a child. I also think that we could all be clairvoyant and we could all be precognitive, but too many get frightened about it all. It's like the fact there are so many people frightened of death because they don't know what is waiting.

"I think death is not to be worried over. I can illustrate my feelings with a piece I once wrote, 'When a caterpillar dies, all the other caterpillars are around it in a circle weeping because their dear departed friend has gone. They are so busy weeping that they don't see the butterfly above them. That butterfly is a thousand times more beautiful than it was as a caterpillar!'

"Through my psychic strength I can see that butterfly and I have also been shown other signs that have helped me not to be afraid."

One of the most important phenomena in illustrating Gisele's beliefs happened to her in a small town in Texas

"I think death is not to be worried over."

where she was playing in 'Gypsy.' Her father, a renown medical doctor from Canada, left his home and went to visit her there.

"He told me that he came to say good-bye. It was the weirdest thing for me to see him there so many miles from home. I asked him what he meant and where was he going. He replied, 'I am going to die very soon.' 'Why,' I asked him, 'was he ill,' I said. 'Do you have some terminal disease?' He said that he did not but that his work was accomplished and he was now going to visit the universe! He also told me he was going to have a minor operation and that he wouldn't get better after it. I told him most men do and as he was very fit he should also. But again he replied that he wouldn't because his time had come and that he was very happy about it. He explained that he had looked after people whether or not they could pay him, and he admitted he had done the very best he could do in life. He said, 'I have taken care of people from the womb to the tomb and

(Continued on page 61)

CALENDAR

feb 15

Ancient Mediterranean Research Association's 2nd Atlantis Conference. At Holiday Inn in West Los Angeles. Featured speaker—Dr. J. Manson Valentine, Honorary Curator of the Miami Museum, discoverer of the Atlantean temple blocks at Bimini Island. All day program including discussion sections, featured lecturers, book & media displays on pre-history & psychic anthropology. For reservations and info. contact Maxine Asher, AMRA, Box 49421, Los Angeles, CA 90049. Ph. (213) 475-6373.



feb 1

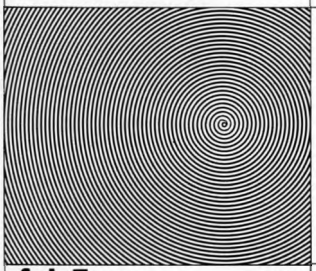
Metaphysical Fellowship Church presents Lucretia Allinson, Trance Medium, "Past Lives and their Meanings." These lecture-demonstrations are presented on the first Saturday of each month at 8:00 P.M. at the Metaphysical Fellowship Church, 10591 Flower Street, Stanton, California 90680. $2.00 donation. For more information call (714) 821-3984. Regular church meetings are held Fridays and Sundays at 8:00 P.M.

feb 16

Federation II Meeting. A science-fiction club, Washington Univ., meets on the third Sunday of each month at Wilson Memorial Hall, Room 102, 1:30 P.M. Publishers of *The Outsider* (magazine) and *The Insider* (newsletter). For more information contact Michael Fix, FEDERATION II, P.O. Box 26131, Jennings, Missouri 63136. Ph. (314) 868-6833.

mar 5

American Society Of Hypnosis Presents Maria Graciette, "Astrology and Spiritual Consultations." California Federal Bldg., 5670 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. 6:00 P.M. For information contact Jon H. Cox, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 224, Hollywood, California 90028. Ph. (213) 462-4867.



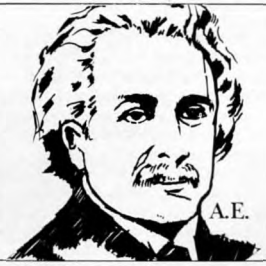
march

Florida Society For Psychical Research. Trip to Peru. For information contact the society at 4312 46th Ave., South, St. Petersburg, FL 33711.



feb 5

American Society of Hypnosis presents Leo Wagner, "Psychometry and Spot Readings." California Federal Bldg., 5670 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. 6:00 P.M. For information contact Jon H. Cox, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 224, Hollywood, California 90028. Ph. (213) 462-4867.



mar 9

Grafan Meeting. Graphic Fantasy & Science Fiction Society of St. Louis. Holds meetings on the second Sunday of each month at Busch Memorial Center, St. Louis University. 1:30 P.M. For more information contact Walt Stumper, GRAFAN, P.O. Box 4268, Tower Grove Branch, St. Louis, Missouri 63136. Ph. (314) 664-4340.

feb 15

Thought As Energy: Exploring The Spiritual Nature Of Man, a one-day scientific symposium sponsored by Science of Mind and The Ernest Holmes Research Foundation. Founder's Church, Los Angeles, California. For more information contact The Science Of Mind, 3251 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, CA 90020.

mar 1

Metaphysical Fellowship Church Presents Sylvia Armstrong, Trance Medium. These lecture-demonstrations are presented on the first Saturday of each month at 8:00 P.M. at the Metaphysical Fellowship Church, 10591 Flower Street, Stanton, California 90680. $2.00 donation. For more information call (714) 821-3984. Regular church meetings are held Fridays and Sundays at 8:00 P.M. Psychic readings are given without charge to all who attend.

apr 12-13

Astro-Date presents A Psychic Fair. Held in the Chicago area. Lecturers: Uri Geller, Dr. Allen Hynek, Joseph De Louise, Rev. Alex Holmes and Henry Rucker. There will also be numerous workshops and approximately 100 of the Midwest's leading psychics giving readings, plus various exhibits and displays. For more information contact John Miller, Astro-Date, P.O. Box 512, Wheaton, IL 60187.

THE FREUD-JUNG RIFT OVER THE OCCULT

Early in their relationship, Freud recognized Jung as the crown prince of the psychoanalytic movement, the man who must someday lead. His knowledge of psychoanalysis and his high intellectual range were far greater than anyone else in Freud's early circle. However, by April of 1909, a certain rift in the relationship began to take place.

Jung was already very preoccupied with precognition and the occult. Freud recoiled from such alleged phenomena which he regarded as irreconciliable with reason. In his book, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections,* Jung recalls that, "it interested me to hear Freud's views on precognition and on parapsychology in general. When I visited him in Vienna in 1909, I asked him what he thought of these matters. Because of his materialistic prejudice, he rejected this entire complex of questions as nonsensical, and did so in terms of so shallow a positivism that I had difficulty in checking the sharp retort on the tip of my tongue. (It was some years before he recognized the seriousness of parapsychology and acknowledged the factuality of "occult" phenomena.)

"While Freud was going on this way, I had a curious sensation. It was as if my diaphragm were made of iron and were becoming red-hot—a glowing vault. And at that moment there was such a loud report in the bookcase, which stood right next to us, that we both started up in alarm, fearing the thing was going to topple over on us. I said to Freud: *"There, that is an example of a so-called catalytic exteriorization phenomenon."*

"Oh come," he exclaimed. *"That is sheer bosh."*

"It is not," I replied. *"You are mistaken, Herr Professor. And to prove my point I now predict that in a moment there will be another loud report!"* Sure enough, no sooner had I said the words that the same detonation went off in the bookcase.

"To this day I do not know what gave me this certainty. But I knew beyond all doubt that the report would come again. Freud only stared aghast at me. I do not know what was in his mind or what his look meant. In any case, this incident aroused his mistrust of me, and I had the feeling that I had done something against him. I never afterward discussed the incident with him."

GIRL YAK HERDER ATTACKED BY ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

Police in Katmandu, Nepal, have reported locating clearly marked hand and footprints of the strange beast that attacked a 19 year-old female herder near the base of Mt. Everest.

The young woman said she was set upon by a yeti, which killed five yaks in her herd the previous week. ("Yeti ' is merely another term for our elusive abominable snowman.)

The girl marked off the 10.5 inch long by four inch wide handprints of the creature with stones, to enable them to be found. The footprints measured 12.5 by 4.5 inches.

The young woman has stated the beast was covered with thick black hair on the lower part of its body, brown hair on the top.

THE TRAVELER RETURNS

NEW YORK—The time, a quiet summer night. A woman, returning home from Queens, drives across the Atlantic Beach Bridge. And sees Death.

Death, she remembered later, was in the personage of an old man of indeterminate years. Long, gray, unkempt hair clung around his shoulders like a cape. His clothes, rough and dark, made him seem a fisherman. Saying nothing, making no movements, he gazed out into the water with stern, grave eyes. The twilight made everything—the water, sky, clouds, everything—a still, gray haze.

"I saw him and knew him instantly," she recounted. "I don't know where he came from. When I saw him, and I remember it so clearly, I said to myself, 'He is Death. I am looking at Death.' "

Deep dread began pounding through her as the woman thought of her husband and three children waiting at home. She raced the car homeward, attempting to control the feeling of panic, and threat. Her eldest daughter met her in the driveway, crying that their dog had been killed by a car, late that afternoon. The mother could only respond "Thank God."

The woman explained the frightening incident to friends and relatives including her brother, who shortly afterward moved to Wisconsin. Two years later, he visited his family in New York, having an extraordinary story of his own to tell.

Late one night, after a losing poker game, he was driving home. The road crossed a darkened bridge. As he crossed, with the same apprehension his sister had two years earlier,—he too saw Death. Deeply shaken, he accelerated the car, and rushed home. When he arrived, the phone was ringing, grinding loud. He answered it, but there was only silence at the other end.

He was separated from his wife at the time, and became worried. He called her and received merely a frustrating busy signal. It was late, very late, but the sight of Death on the bridge had unnerved him. He hurried to his car, and sped to his wife's house. He found her unconscious, crumpled on the floor, the uncradled phone at her side. She had tried to commit suicide with sleeping pills, then, desperately trying to undo her own destruction, telephoned her husband. An ambulance arrived, pumped the poison from her stomach, and she lived.

"Why I recognized the man as Death is something I'll never know," his sister says. "But the same thing happened to my brother that happened to me. It's uncanny . . . seeing Death on the bridge."

UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES—WEIRD HAPPENINGS

Unexplained phenomena are happening at the offices of R. C. Scheffel & Co. in Edwardsville, Illinois. A six-foot filing cabinet topples forward, spilling its burden; framed pictures release themselves from the walls, flying through the air. An electric typing eraser unplugs itself and speeds across the room. Chairs overturn and a clothes tree crashes to the floor. All this activity and no

one is within 10 feet of the objects. No one human.

Understandably, office personnel are terrorized in the wake of these events. Faculty members of the Southern Illinois University engineering department have been called in to give a possible explanation—there was none. The engineers stated that there is no physical explanation that would cover everything that has occurred in the office. No explanation for the high-pitched shrill noise heard during the day, from inside the offices.

One possibility suggested was psychokinesis. It can be defined as the movement of physical objects by the mind, without using any physical means.

The hellish pandemonium started on a Friday morning, when the employees found the outer office turned upside-down as they unlocked the hall door. Framed pictures looked up at the women from the floor. Postage scales had been ripped from the walls and lay inertly on the rug. Believing it to be a prank, the women cleaned up the mess and forgot it. But later on the morning, the screeching sound was heard, a heavy metal punch and the postage scales flew over the head of a 16 year-old employee as she sat at her desk in the outer office. Pranks again. The office lock was changed.

Monday morning the office manager unlocked the door. The office was in order. The young employee began work at her desk as usual, and the manager left for a business trip.

Suddenly, strange happenings began again. The high-pitched scream was heard, a picture twitched from the wall, a framed notary's certificate above the girl's desk followed the picture through the air. The clothes tree collapsed in its corner. The electric eraser unplugged itself and raced across the room. The panicked girl fled to the offices across the hall.

Two men ran from those offices, and seeing the objects on the floor of her office, began a room-to-room search. They checked the basement and upstairs, but found no explanation. No earth tremors or vibrations.

Then, as one of the men was again in the basement, almost directly under the Scheffel offices, there was a loud thump on the ceiling, followed by a scream from the girl. He sped upstairs, and joined other office personnel who were standing near the terrorized young woman.

A six-foot, two-door filing cabinet had thrown itself forward from the wall, the cabinet doors standing open to prop it from plunging over completely.

They decided to experiment.

The girl was asked to remain in the room alone, seated in a chair in a corner. The others waited outside in the hallway. Seconds later, there was a shriek. They plunged through the door to find the clothes tree lying on the floor. Later, there was a loud thump in the empty, unlit interior office,heard by other tenants in the building. When the light was turned on, a heavy metal chair had tipped over, not disturbing its companion chair. Everything else in the office remained the same as usual; quietly normal.

PROBE magazine, in an effort to follow up on this incident, recently contacted R. C. Scheffel & Co. We were told that the young girl to whom all this happened, was no longer with the company and could not be reached. The present receptionist told us that she was not with the company at the time of the occurrences. No one else in the office would speak to us, or comment about the incident.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE SOLDIERS GONE?

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY—There's an uninvited guest who resides with the Lidner family. He's over 200 years old, wears the uniform of an American revolutionary, and presumably, is dead.

The Lidners moved into their 200-year-old Colonial home seven years ago. Charmed by its heritage, they purchased the house as soon as they found it. But as Lidner reflects now, "Looking back, the former occupants—two elderly sisters—seemed overly anxious to sell . . . I'm not so positive that I got a great deal after all."

In the first three months they lived there, the Lidner family was content in the house. A few things were somewhat disquieting—an "ominous, penetrating coldness" that crept throught the house low, murmuring voices, a chilly breeze that iced one particular spot—but they explained them away as those uncomfortable, displaced feelings that occur in new surroundings.

Until one evening. Tim Lidner, then 14, rushed pale and shaking, terror-stricken into his parents' bedroom. He told them he was sleeping in his bedroom, when suddenly he was awakened. "Rising up on my elbows, I listened as the floor-boards in the hallway creaked under (heavy) footsteps. There was no mistaking the sound of a sturdy individual walking toward my room. Suddenly, I saw the figure of a heavy person. As I looked closer, I could see this form was not at all physical but like a film or vapor. The visitor came closer, until he stood right alongside where I slept. As I strained in the blackness, he walked directly past me and through the wall. The ghost was wearing an old-fashioned soldier's uniform, similar to the style worn in George Washington's time."

Soon after this harrowing experience, the family became aware of the increasing bizarre activity in the house. Footsteps creaked on the spiral staircase, voices growing louder echoing in empty rooms, books and paintings were moved, appearing in different places throughout the house.

Mr. Lidner, too, saw the figure in the cape, just as his son had. Sitting alone in the kitchen one evening, the form materialized in front of him. It was dressed in the uniform Tim Lidner had described. Mr. Lidner could even see the dust on the three-cornered hat it wore. There was no communication between them. The apparition stood quietly as the man watched it, then disappeared.

The Lidners' own theory is that the "ghost" that haunts their house is that of a soldier, who died there during the Revolutionary War.

"A fierce battle between loyal British troops and Washington's men took place near the house," Mr. Lidner says. "Because of this, I think we are safe in assuming that one or more individuals might have died violently in the house."

The Lidners still live in their house, the house they share with a ghost.

sasquatch

(Continued from page 24)



which ran across the eyes and nose, he pointed several other differences in the cranium between this and other Indian skulls of a more contemporary period, which were occasionally dug up around the mining camps.

The unknown doctor prevailed upon Mattison to report the find to Mr. J.D. Whitney, a geologist for the State of California. Although Whitney knew nothing about skulls, he was an excellent geologist, and when shown the gravel-encrusted skull, he checked it with the gravel in its burial place and found the two to match. The skull had been found under four strata of lava and three strata of gold-bearing gravels. Thus, Whitney reported, it probably had been buried near the end of the Pliocene Era–a million years earlier.

Was it a human skull or was it the skull of some man-like creature that walked on California soil a million years ago? Indian lore tells us that there were creatures that ruled here long before the Indians came. According to some, they are still here, lurking unseen by all but a few who have been lucky enough to spot a Bigfoot or Sasquatch.

"A giant came into the valley long before the white man arrived" ..... Awahneechee Folklore

One of these people was a prospector named Al Ostman who drifted into Vancouver with an incredible story. He had been sleeping in his sleeping bag a couple of weeks earlier in a remote area about 100 miles north of the city, when he was awakened to find himself being picked up off the ground. He was slung "like a sack of flour", he said, over the shoulder of a huge gorilla, who set off at a trot across the country. Shortly after day break, he was dropped on the ground and knocked out. When he regained consciousness, he found he had been taken out of his sleeping bag and was surrounded by a family of Sasquatch. The females were about seven feet tall and the males were almost a foot taller. Ostman said he was held captive for six days, confined in a small bowl-shaped canyon which had only one narrow exit. He escaped by giving the Bigfoot who was guarding him a tin of snuff, which caused him to sneeze violently, rolling on the ground in fits, thus allowing Ostman to escape. Ostman's story attracted little attention.

However, Roger Patterson a rancher from Yakima, Washington, attracted a great deal of attention when he was able to film a Sasquatch in action. Mr. Patterson whose avocation has been researching the legend of the Bigfoot, probably has the most complete collection of sightings in existance, and is the author of a book titled *Do Abominable Snowmen of America Really Exist?*

The film was shot in October 1967. Shortly before it was taken, a friend and fellow Bigfoot enthusiast called Patterson to report that tracks of recent origin had been found near Bluff Creek in Northern California. Patterson, accompanied by an expert tracker named Robert Gimlin, departed immediately for California, where for the next week-and-a-half they scouted the area, searching for some signs of the elusive humanoid. On the afternoon of October 20th, they rounded a bend in a canyon. Patterson's horse reared and as he brought the frightened animal under control, he spotted a Bigfoot.

"He was about 125 feet across a creek," he said. "Its head was human, although more slanted, with a large forehead and broad nostrils. Its hair was two to four inches long, and covered its entire body except for the face and around the nose, mouth and cheek. And it was a female. It had large pendulous breasts."

The skull probably had been "buried" near the end of the Pliocene era–a million years earlier.

It moved slowly across a sandbar, but Patterson just had time to get out his motion picture camera and start shooting. He had time to use up a 25 ft. roll before the Sasquatch ambled into some woods nearby and disappeared.

Patterson next made plaster casts of the tracks and covered the rest with tree bark, so as to preserve them for study by the experts. One of the experts was Robert Titmus, of Kitimat, British Columbia, who measured the tracks. After a close examination, he pronounced that the tracks were undoubtedly *not* a hoax, and furthermore they were the tracks of an animal that was completely unfamiliar to him. The tracks were humanoid in shape and from the depth, Titmus estimated that the "thing" weighed between six and eight hundred pounds. By measuring objects around the photographed area, then triangulating the measurements, everyone came to the same conclusion, this Sasquatch was seven feet tall.

Was the Giant of the Awahaneechees a Sasquatch? If you recall, the mummy found in Yosemite was 6 foot 8 inches which represented a height in life of seven feet. Was the mummy a Sasquatch, or are the Sasquatches the evolved ancestors, or mutated ancestors, of the mummy of the Yosemite.

Was the skull found in Calavaras County the forerunner of both of these species, one of which vanished completely and the other, forced to go back to the ancient ways of the forest hiding forever from Man? Was it mankind who destroyed them both?

The facts are there and they are undeniable. The conclusions are and must as always be–yours. ○

"There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out."
William Shakespeare

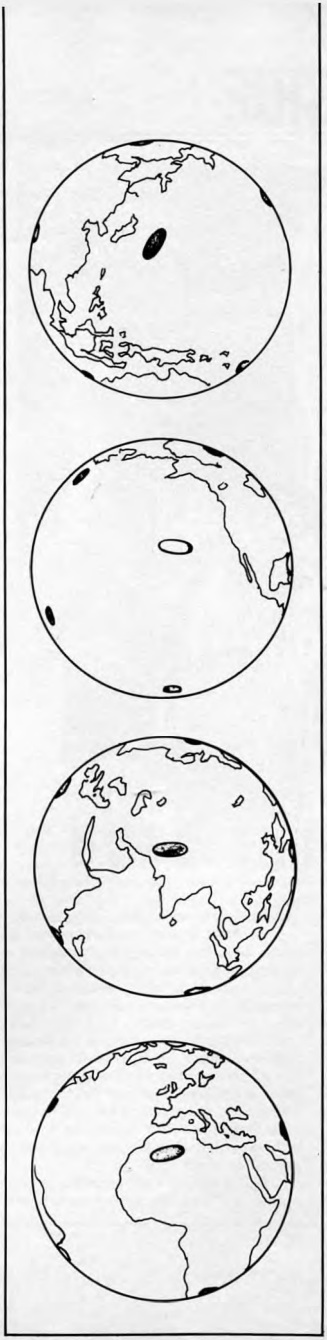
BERMUDA OVAL

(Continued from page 32)

navigational and other varied instruments will go haywire and if the ship or plane is lucky enough to be sailing or flying a course tangent to the area, the instruments will come back on when the craft leaves the area of influence—nothing further will happen to it. The ship or plane may also experience a time anomaly of up to several hours, causing it to arrive at its destination inexplicably off schedule, though this isn't usually noticed by ships because of their much longer travel times. If the craft penetrates deeper into the area, the influence will begin to affect the senses of the people on board, causing sea and sky to assume a "strange" appearance. At this stage we might presume that the craft still has a chance, if it can find its way out. But if it pierces the area of "white water" . . . that point where the ocean and possibly the air assumes a white appearance . . . then this is the point of no return, the true area of, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" Once there, the end is very near, and ostensibly inescapable. What actually happens to the ship or plane? We can't know, as yet. However, the incident of the five torpedo bombers indicates that it is *not* destroyed; at least, not always. Rather it would seem to be translated . . . elsewhere. As stated previously, if the final belated message of "FT . . . FT . . . " from the planes was what it seemed to be, the only possible conclusion is at least one crew member was alive, the radio equipment functional, TWO HOURS after the fuel should have been exhausted. Somewhere. Just where that somewhere might be, or how the planes got translated there, is a matter for pure speculation at this time. Spacewarps, timewarps, other dimensions, parallel worlds . . . any of the above or none of the above. Take your choice. Mark any or none of the above—the odds are the same.

That's one way it can happen. This has all the earmarks of an unusual but natural phenomenon. It could be triggered by some sort of intelligently directed technological activity. In a sense, this would be like sailing or flying into a hurricane . . . if you skirt the fringes, you've got a good chance of getting away, but if you head straight in for the center, you've probably had it. But, while this explanation fits a great many of the disappearances and anomalies . . . those where the ship or plane comes out of it, or where the trouble comes on more or less slowly . . . too many remain unexplained.

In the case of the disappearance



witnessed via radar by Arthur Godfrey, the plane simply vanished suddenly, with no apparent warning. Many similiar episodes also seem to fit this pattern. In addition, there are the many ships that have been found minus crew and passengers, otherwise undisturbed, and sometimes with animals remaining. What type of agency distinguishes in this manner between living and non-living objects . . . and even, at times, between intelligent and non-intelligent life? Answer: only another living (and purposeful) agency is at all likely to do this. And note: all those ships from which the occupants were removed were relatively open types; sailing craft, small yachts and the like, from which the occupants could be removed with relatively little difficulty. More sophisticated and better sealed craft, like airplanes and nuclear submarines, have always been taken whole—ship and people together—when they've disappeared.

The following is pure speculation, but is based on the facts gathered for this article. Some sort of natural phenomenon occurs in the area of the Bermuda Oval (and its counterparts across the planet) which can temporarily open a "door" to *somewhere else.* Ships, planes, and people may pass through the fringes of such areas with little harm, but if they get too close to the "door" (when it's open) they pass through . . . may even, in fact, be drawn through . . . and find themselves elsewhere. Just where that "elsewhere" might be, I have no idea, but it appears that humans can survive there, at least for a while. This leads to the interesting possibility that many of these vanished people may still be alive, and trying to find their way back. If so, none have succeeded. (Of course, all the vanishees don't necessarily go to the same place.)

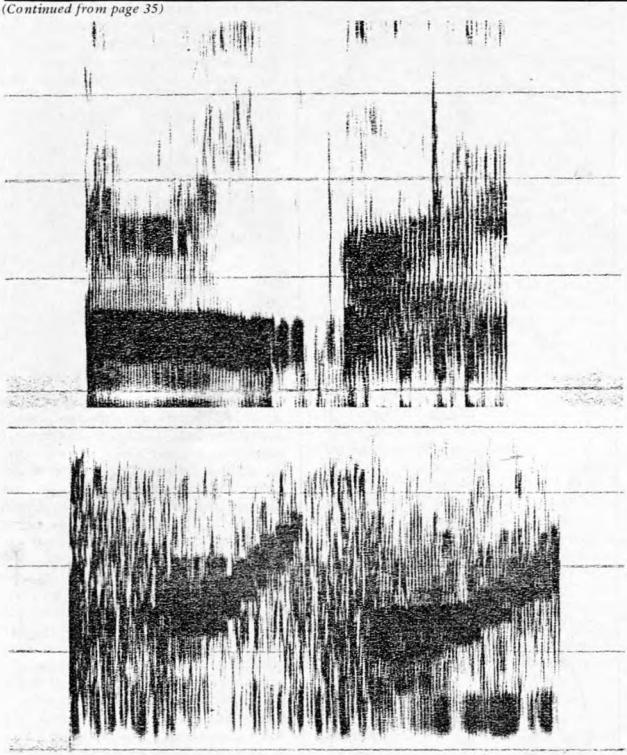
This natural phenomenon, however (or its side effects, or the conditions that cause it) is useful or beneficial in some way to the technology of someone. Someone extraterrestrial and responsible for UFO's. Therefore, that "someone" has established bases in some or all of the Devil's Oval areas to take advantage of these conditions. Their own activities may or may not trigger the very phenomenon they are using. Nevertheless, along with the unfortunates who are trapped by the naturally opening "doors," this technological "someone" is in the habit of occasionally taking samples of ships, aircraft, and people, for its own purposes. What those purposes might be can only be imagined, but it would be pure guesswork to extract an answer here.

Working with presently available facts this conclusion seems as logical as any we could make.

One of these days we will find the truth. ○

THE OTHER SIDE

(Continued from page 35)



The voice print on top is the actual record of the woman's voice, recorded at a later date. The print on the bottom was taken from the answer-phone. Experts agree they could not have been made by the same person.

changes in consciousness. Ellis explains;

"Altered states of consciousness do have an effect in terms of what voices we pick up, as well as how we pick them up: meditation, drug induced states, perhaps even sensory isolation."

The voices exist. They are being transmitted to us via electrical devices. Natural causes for this transmission are being ruled out as more exacting experiments are done. But why do they exist? Where are they coming from, if they *are* the voices of the dead? And, most importantly, why are they transmitting to us?

Bill Welch is an eminent psychic researcher, and is accorded an authority on the tape-phenomenon. He is currently writing a new book on his findings, which will be available in April.

Welch believes that the voices are coming from another level of existance. A world that exists just the other side of Life. And the voices he has communicated with have talked about their world. He explains;

"The way they talk about it depends upon their development. Rather often we get people that are not far advanced. Sometimes they're lost, they're wanderers, they ask us for help."

And reassurance. The voices seem to need guidance to a place of light, he reports. Although the more advanced are secure in the positions they have made for themselves. These entities will *give* advice rather than ask it. In fact, discussions between two or more entities can be heard on the tapes. Often, they argue about mechanical problems–using *technical terms,* Welch states;

"They have dialogues between each other, sometimes obviously not meant for us, having to do with technicalities of their taping. Sometimes, these are not quite clear because they're using terms that we don't use. Technical terms of their own that would be various kinds of quasi-slang, such as technicians use. One of them is *repo.* I have decided that this means *re*cording *po*sition. They say "Check your repo" to one another."

Technical terms? A reason for technical terms would be the use of mechanical devices to transmit. Transmitting stations. Which is exactly what Bill believes they're using. He continues;

"It's my theory, based on my experiences in this phenomenon, (and what they told me) that they do have such things. Of course, your first idea is that a spirit life is very intangible. Definitely divorced from any kind of corporeal existance. Actually, it isn't. They are in a different dimension than we are, but the dimension that they're in is just as real and solid–and in one sense, practical–as our existance. Therefore, they have practical things that they use. Transmitting stations are just one of them. I think the way this works is that they pick somebody that's interested in doing it here, and in doing it continuously–and they build around that person, and transmit to them. They

seem to have something quasi-mechanical anyway, because every once and awhile, things will fall apart, and their technicians get pretty distressed. I've even had them say to each other–as they are setting up and something's gone wrong–'oops, dammit.' Something *has* gone wrong."

This all suggests that life beyond is no magic answer to problems that plague us today. Voices of suicides are heard to bemoan their plights as they did in life. Mechanical things frustrate and practical jokers still add their influences when they're not needed or wanted. Voices of entities saying "Me, too," "Hip hip hurray," and "You betcha," pop out during serious sessions annoying both communicators on either side. Probe asked Welch about their "life-style;"

"They're just as real, even more so. See, we tend to give them tremendous powers which they don't have. They become more spiritual, but not less real. They're more interested in things that have nothing to do with the material things that we're interested in. Mainly because most of our interests are centered around staying alive. The ones that are more highly developed say that they just intend to progress."

And progress they have. From the age old usage of mental mediums as transmitters and receivers to current electronic devices.

Because the type of people they're transmitting to has changed, so has the quality of the message. According to Welch, the voices are not interested in future predictions. The eccentric patterns of chance can bend a statement to the reaches of the ridiculous. Of course, there are those entities who insist on predicting the future for all who will listen. These predictions usually are flawed, and grow more so as the time element increases. But this is natural, the element of chance has always disrupted "a sure thing." It's the communication itself that is important. The fact. And directing trivial questions sometimes frustrates, confuses these spiritual transmittors. Much like the feelings a parent gets when attempting a poetical explanation of sex, and yet receives giggles, tears, disbelief and an audience inching toward the TV. Welch adds;



"I believe that *they* are doing the research, and this is just a channel for them. I don't like to direct the responses. I like them to go the way they want to go. When they are trying to develop a certain way, asking too many questions may tend to interrupt their thoughts, their drive, and delay them–in a way, frustrate them."

But then, why do the voices continue to try to communicate to a disinterested world, fighting faulty mechanics and useless questions? And continuing, he says;

"What they're trying to do, and have always tried to do (under the restrictions that are imposed on them, and there are restrictions imposed on them) is to help as many people as they can to make the transition. To be as well off as possible when they arrive there. But, there's one problem. One thing that does frustrate them–they are not al-

(Continued)

"Altered states of consciousness do have an effect..."

THE OTHER SIDE

(Continued)

lowed to help much. One guy came on tape one time, complaining, and said, *this is a benevolent dictatorship over here.*

So there you have it. The voices, their transmissions, their positions and existance. And a few theories on the "whys."

But does it work? You bet it does. In a effort to substantiate voice phenomenon, PROBE arranged a taping session. Present were the author, PROBE's art director, a photographer, Bart Ellis and his fiancee and Bill Welch. It set-up simply. A reel-to-reel tape recorder (reel-to-reel is the only type to experiment on), set to full gain. A quick announcement into the tape of the name of those present, the date, and the type of experiment (voice-tape). Then, ten minutes of complete silence, no background noises, no whispering—silence. Ten minutes passed like ten hours, Bart announced the ending of the session, rewound the tape and began to replay. There was no meditation involved during the waiting, Bill even cautioned us against consciously forcing something to happen, although he did say that a prayer will protect the experimentors against anything evil.

As we played back the tape, we all heard voices. It was an exciting moment. A contact from far, far away. From, where a German voice recorded, the Land of the Souls. Unfortunately, about that time, our photographer's camera refused to work. Each piece of his equipment performed well alone, but when attached, malfunctioned. Our messages were brief—but they were definitely messages. The last one tauntingly said, *Wait and see.*

"They're just as real, even more so."

This process can be done by anyone, anytime. It is a phenomenon that needs more research, better equipment for the researchers. It needs money. In Europe, research progresses faster than in the States, because it's funded—by the Church, by the Royal Family of Britain, by the State. This is a fascinating area of psychic development, and because of it's own built-in validation system, can be repeated and investigated until answers begin to form. In the meantime, you can try it for yourself. If there are any questions or exciting results, we invite you to contact either PROBE or Bart Ellis, c/o Society for Psychic Research, 170 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

PROBE wishes you good luck and good communications. ○

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KENOSHA

(Continued from page 38)

slaying had proved nothing. Crowe remembered Mrs. Parker saying that farmers had thrown the evidence of the slaying in the pond and then kept quiet about it. Or was it likely that the passing of time had changed the legend's telling so that the site of the slaying had been moved from the one mentioned by Schmitt to the deserted property the gangsters had owned? Crowe didn't know.

The entire story was put on a back burner while Crowe tended to other things, among them a "Ghost Tour" of haunted spots around Chicago that has brought him some commercial success.

"The energy—whatever it is—feeds off that sort of incident."

Meanwhile, the Sun-Times newspaper article came out in mid-September. The reporter had written a straight narrative of the evening in Kenosha, down to the sighting of the strange lights.

Perhaps people were looking for a harmless diversion after a summer of depressing news about Watergate and the economy, but for whatever reason, the response was immediate. The newspaper received dozens of calls from the curious, ranging from giggly teenage girls to one drunk who promised to "go up there and catch one of them lights for you."

Several radio stations called Crowe and interviewed him on the air, and two morning disc jockeys on one station—WCFL—asked him to come with them to Kenosha for a Friday night visit. Through a complete coincidence, the article had run two days before Friday the 13th, and the radio people played up the spookiness of the evening as they talked about their upcoming trip.

The public got interested. The first night after the article appeared about 50 people showed up at the property. By Friday the 13th—after several mornings of encouragement from the radio—the crowd was estimated at around 1,000. The tavern at the corner of Highway 45 and County Road NN was ready for them. It had printed souvenir maps ("I was there, Friday the 13th, Ghost Hunt") and was selling "Ghost Chaser" drinks.

"I sold 59 of them the first night," the manager later said about the drinks. "After that I was going to raise the price and call it 'The Sucker.' "

Crowe, who spent most of the weekend there, estimated the crowd at more than 2,000 by the end of the weekend. Cars were lined for miles down NN. "People were jumping in and out of bushes with flashlights, trying to scare each other," he reported. "If there was any apparition there before, it sure wasn't going to stick around with all that commotion going on." Clearly and regrettably, a media-created event.

The state police didn't care for it either; they sent squad cars by to chase away the curious, and threw a big log across the dirt path to discourage people from pulling into the property, saying it was privately owned. "It didn't work," the tavern manager said. People pulled the log away themselves and as late as a month and a half later were still going up there. The manager kept his sign up advertising the Ghost Chaser drink.

By and large, nothing was in fact seen by the people who had followed the disc jockeys up to Kenosha—at least no one who admitted it. The DJ's were themselves skeptical about any happening on the property.

So, the mystery still hadn't been cleared up. After all, legends don't just spring up from the earth. Maybe people had mixed up the multiple slaying mentioned by Schmitt. Maybe he had. Maybe the entire thing was a gigantic hoax. And maybe it was true, but there just wasn't anybody around who could verify it.

In an effort to clear up the whole thing, Crowe led yet another group up to the site in October, this time bringing along Molly Brown, a friendly dark-haired 19-year-old woman who, she said, has been able to speak with the dead since she was a child.

Miss Brown had been recommended by Joseph DeLouise, a Chicago clairvoyant who achieved some attention several years ago by correctly predicting a West Virginia bridge collapse.

Prior to the trip, Miss Brown explained that her psychic work had been limited mainly to seances, although she was willing to accompany the group. So as not to give her any preconceptions, great pains were taken not to say anything to her about the area. Afterwards, she said that she knew nothing about the Kenosha episode. This was somewhat borne out by the fact that she wore high platform shoes for the expedition—highly inappropriate for tromping around. It is not likely she would have been so attired if she had known what to expect.

Besides the attractive Miss Brown, there were two newspaper reporters, a photographer, Crowe and two more women as onlookers.

They saw nothing.

Miss Brown was the exception. Except for her, the trip for all was visually a complete waste of time—and a disappointment. This trip, there were no lights, no voices.

However, not only did Miss Brown see at least one young man totally invisible to the others in her group, she made mental contact with several other men. After meditating herself into a slight trance, her voice deepened and she spoke back to her group about the men whose impressions she had received. The voice she was using had a slight British accent. Miss Brown said later that that was her spirit guide.

The entire time she spent on the grounds and everything she said, was recorded on tape by both Crowe and one of the reporters.

After alighting from the cars, everyone started down the path, as before. The moon was extremely bright, so bright that it was casting shadows. Some of the eeriness of the place was also taken away by the facts that this group was larger than the first one and it was much earlier in the evening (around 7:30 p.m.).

After walking down to the first big tree, Miss Brown asked if she could sit

(Continued)

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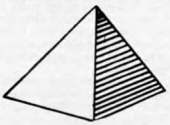


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KENOSHA

(Continued)

for awhile and get impressions, since she had still been told nothing about the land or what to expect. An interesting coincidence, all in all, since she sat down on the exact spot where Crowe and the others had first seen the original light.

After the others had stood around somewhat awkwardly for a few moments, she suddenly spoke up, saying "I'm getting the name 'Rick.' Someone whose name is really Richard, but they called him Rick. A young man . . . olive complexion . . . dark hair . . . very short . . . a couple of decades ago . . . before I was born."

This quick and almost matter-of-fact announcement—apparently on quite the right track—caught everyone by surprise and they wanted immediately to push on down the path. But Miss Brown asked, somewhat embarrassed, if everyone would wait while she went on ahead. She didn't want anyone to disturb any impressions that she otherwise might be able to pick up, she explained.

After she had moved up ahead, Crowe told the others that—according to the legend—a lookout for the gang had been stationed under the tree. Obviously, he had not done his job well.

Miss Brown passed almost completely out of sight of the others. She sat down for awhile at the edge of the path up ahead and then disappeared into the bushes.

When she came back to the group she explained, over the chirping of the nighttime crickets, that she had spoken to a young man who, it turned out, she had seen standing by the location of the house foundation. She had been drawn to the spot, she said.

She said she told the man, who was also dark complexioned, that she was not there to harm but to help. "He kind of came towards me," she reported. "He was dressed in an older-style suit."

"Could you tell what period?" someone asked. "Not really," she said. "I really can't tell periods."

The rest of the group saw no one, nor did they the entire visit—except for one curious incident. Just as Miss Brown was explaining the apparently one-way conversation with the young man, two very alive-looking men who had obviously been drinking came along the path from in back of them—the same place the group had been while Miss Brown had gone up ahead.

The two men immediately kidded the group about going ghost-hunting—by now, visitors to the spot are commonly assumed to be looking for spooks—and then headed down the path toward the pond, vowing over their shoulders that they'd catch a ghost for them. Only minutes later the group heard one of the men calling out for his friend, who had evidently wandered off into the brush. As long as the Crowe group visit lasted—about an hour—the other man never turned up.

With no one telling her anything about the land, Miss Brown suggested: "I have a feeling this had been a place where people had been hiding. They didn't want people to know they were there. I just kind of looked at the man and said mentally to him that I wasn't here to . . . capture him or anything like that."

Coming at the beginning of the search as all of this did, the reports whetted everyone's curiosity—which gradually gave way to frustration, disappointment and cynicism, as nothing visual or aural, as on Crowe's first visit, turned up.

They walked through several patches of distinctly warmer air . . . No one could explain.

Miss Brown wandered the grounds, reporting her various impressions. Some of them were way off from what the group was looking for (she spoke several times of "Indian spirits," a plausible impression since the ground quite logically could have been used by Illinois and Wisconsin Indians many years ago—but off the track of the night's mission, at any rate). At one point she said "this wasn't a very feminine place. I get an impression of all men." At another point she reported seeing, of all things, a ladder, flat on the by-now well-trodden ground. She decided it was symbolic but was unable to decipher it.

The group did experience one unexplainable phenomenon—they walked through several patches of air that were definitely warmer than the air just alongside. No one figured that one out.

It was not until returning back up the path that Miss Brown suggested sitting for awhile in what turned out to be the cottage foundation. There was silence, except for the crickets. She

began meditating, as she sat on a big rock.

Then she spoke: "Joe . . . George . . . " she said, giving the names of some more men she said she was getting vibrations from. "And I don't know about this, if this is one of them, or they're saying to me–Curly." (Her hair is very curly)

"Do they know we're here?" one of the reporters asked. "Well, of course they know," she answered quickly. "How would they not know?"

"How do they see us?" she was asked.

"It's like an intrusion, I guess, but I've been trying to explain that it's for purposes for helping rather than for curiosity. That's somewhat acceptable, but not really. There's no great trust."

She was silent for several minutes, closing her eyes. Then she spoke, in a voice lower than the one she had up to then been using, and with what sounded like a forced British accent. She spoke using little air, like the last words before her next breath were being squeezed out of her.

Those who were here in spiritual form, she said, "were not trusted in their lives, and therefore, cannot quite be expected . . . (gasp of air) to trust. There is a need here . . . for sympathy, but not total. For they must . . . only help themselves . . . (a long silence) . . . Those who have passed over to the other side of life . . . who remain . . . are indeed aware of their present condition . . . and of the fact that . . . they are here by choice."

There was another long silence before she looked up and said in her normal voice, "I'm very chilled. Does anybody feel that at all, or is it just me?" (It was)

And that was it: The group returned to the tavern at the corner for a pizza and debriefing. It was only then that Molly Brown was told everything the group knew about the land.

So, although no one else saw what they were hoping to see, Miss Brown's impressions, circumstantially, anyway, went along with what the original legend was. She had even carefully said, "the people there had an inclination towards violence," just before the entire story was explained.

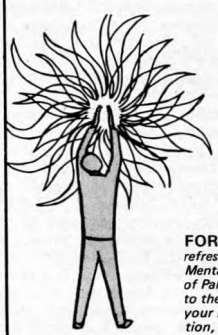
In retrospect, the ambiguities of what her spirit guide said in the trance were intriguing. "Those who have passed over to the other side of life (but) who remain" could be a reference to the restless dead. Molly herself described the young men as dark complexioned, as Italian mobsters possibly were, and of another era. The cottage certainly was a hideout, as she indicated, and masculine. To be sure, the men had died violently.

On the other hand, anyone very familiar with the legend could have said everything she said, although why anyone would go to such lengths for that elaborate a put-on is incomprehensible. Even if she wasn't familiar with the story, her information only confirmed what was suspected, except for the names she gave. But first names aren't a very good help in finding out what hoodlums might have been have been murdered 40 years ago.

So this expedition, as the last one, had left many unanswered questions. Now, however, the lines were more clearly drawn. Those who were skeptical to begin with could stay that way, because they'd seen and heard nothing themselves. Those more willing to believe, had a certain amount of circumstantial evidence on their side.

Crowe, who had previously admitted to being generally skeptical of communication with the dead, kept talking to Kenosha residents. He finally found an old town resident who remembered something horrible happening on the property many years ago, but the research seemed to come to a final halt when the oldster refused to discuss anything.

The mystery faded, just as the lights had. But they may come back when the curiosity-seekers give up their poking around and peace returns to that plot of ground 11 miles outside of Kenosha, Wisconsin. ○



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YANKEE

(Continued from page 41)

was frequently observed that upon awakening from a good night's sleep and immediately attempting to locate and monitor even some of the most powerful meridian points, they barely registered on the device, sometimes reading as low as 1/10th the expected value which the threshold triggering is set. However, after achieving full wakefulness and becoming oriented, readings on all parameters approached those obtained during normal waking consciousness. Similarly, following an afternoon nap or a large meal, the same phenomenon was encountered; inability to detect points due to extremely low readings of potential and very high resistance which were outside the range of the acumonitor, causing the BCD's to blink "999."

Indications are that there might be some property uniquely associated with coherent light, perhaps its relatively pure frequency, that is being absorbed to a greater degree at acupuncture points. Another alternative is that the electromagnetic field generated by the laser beam, as weak as it is, is somehow affecting the ion flow characteristics at the point. Continued research with the acumonitor and lasers will investigate the effects of stimulation *along* various points of one meridian as opposed to just one end point itself, to determine whether they entire meridian, its end, and perhaps even its bilateral counterpart is, in any way, altered by laser stimulation.

It is obvious that considerably more research along these lines is required to determine the operant mechanism and the efficacy of laser stimulation as compared to other forms of stimulation currently in use.

Other uses of the acumonitor will include studies to determine any correlation between changes in electrical parameters at acupuncture locations and various disease states, which might lead to early diagnosis and remission.

It is hoped that the Biotron acumonitor will be an asset to future research in acupuncture and electro-medicine. The acumonitor was not designed as a clinical therapeutic or diagnostic device, but as an advanced research tool. It does not apply any form of stimulation and therefore strictly conforms to all Class B medical standards.

Only the future use of the acumonitor will determine its applicability as a diagnostic unit in preventative and curative medicine. It should be remembered, however, that acupuncture in its classical form is primarily a preventative medicine, not a curative one, although it does possess such capabilities. ○

COLLINS

(Continued from page 46)

their penthouse apartment on Franklin Avenue, bone white carpets, expensive furniture—everything in place. Virginia Riggs, the lady of the house, greeted the visitors as they came in, and served coffee from a tea cart. Doris Collins sat on one of the couches.

"I'm a bit rested this morning," she said. "I was really tired last night—I'm afraid it wasn't a very good demonstration."

She had performed thirteen demonstrations in the past month, while according to her, one demonstration every two weeks was an optimum schedule. She said that some of her earlier sessions had been much better.

Still, an area as mysterious as the world of psychic phenomena prompts great curiosity, and Miss Collins endured a rather lengthy interview session with several reporters.

"I never make any promises," she said. "I can't for example, necessarily call up someone's dead father or mother on demand. It doesn't work that way. Some spirits cannot communicate—perhaps they have taken on another life. I don't know. But, for whatever reasons, they just cannot be contacted. And, of course, the spirits have minds of their own. No, I can never guarantee that I can make contact."

About her psychic powers, Doris Collins says that she was born a psychic. As a child she had a great deal of psychic power, but it began to fade. She studied to re-develop this power. A little over thirty years ago her son was dying, and she made a pact with God. If her son's life was spared, she would devote her life to healing. She talked of the healings the night before, and of her work in England where she devotes several days a week to healing.

Suddenly, a cloud crossed her face. Her eyes closed, and she looked as if she had a violent headache.

"There was a suicide in your family. A gunshot through the head. I felt a sharp pain."

Everyone stared around the room.

Virginia Riggs asked. "Could that apply to anyone in the room—?"

"Yes, I felt the pain, but it was not directed—"

"My sister. She committed suicide. I've had the feeling that she has been trying to contact me."

Miss Collins put her hand to her head again. "Your sister had a very unhappy life. *If I had been able to talk with you, it might have been prevented—*"

"Yes, she couldn't reach me." Her eyes were moist.

There was silence in the room. The interview was over. ○

Gisele Makenzie

(Continued from page 48)

now that I can go to visit the universe, I am happy and very excited about it.'

"I've never heard anybody say it like that before, but suddenly I knew he was right and because he understood that I knew, he said: 'When I am dead I will have a smile on my face, but no one but you will see it. You mustn't weep for me!' "

Soon after that visit, Gisele's father contracted pneumonia following his operation; he failed rapidly and was gone soon after. Gisele went to the funeral in quite a happy mood, but she soon realized that many of the people there were distraught at her attitude, putting it down to her being a callous 'Hollywood type.'

"There were seven Bishops present,"

"Too many people are frightened of the unknown. . . They don't allow these gifts to come forward."

explains Gisele recalling the episode. "They came because he was so well respected. My father was lying in an open casket, and suddenly I looked up and saw him sitting on the end of it. He was just like a little boy, nodding and smiling and watching the people at his own funeral. Just before they closed it I went over to kiss him one more time. As I did he smiled!

"It was a dark September day announcing a coming winter storm. It was dark and dense as only Winnepeg can be, but just as they were about to close the casket the clouds parted and through the beautifully stained glass windows came a big shaft of light. It hit my father's head just as though he had his own lighting man there. It was as though he was saying, 'Hey, look at what I can do.' The light made him look like an angel!

"When we arrived at the cemetery again the clouds were menacing and looked as though they were full of snow, but again, just as they were about to lower the casket into the ground, the clouds parted, and the shaft of light appeared bright and unflinching as it touched the head of the casket."

These incidents happened five years ago. But there have been other, more recent ones where Gisele sees her father in dreams—not dead but very much alive. Just after he died Gisele often felt his presence when she was walking in her garden.

"It was a feeling that he was behind me and that he was going to hug me. I could feel the strength and the warmth of his arms, but it seemed as if he were afraid that he was going to scare me. I wouldn't have been scared. His sister tells me that whenever she is in pain or whenever there is anything wrong she sits on her bed and calls him. She calls him by name and they discuss the problem and if it is a pain then he puts his hands on it and it disappears. I don't call him too often because I feel you have to let your loved ones go. That goes for when they are alive too. I have learned that you have to love your enemies and release your friends. It's hard, but it's the highest form of charity and love!"

Gisele feels that a lot of her interest and beliefs were instilled in her because of her heritage which is part French

(Continued)

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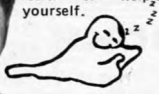
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Gisele MacKenzie

(Continued)

Canadian, and part Scottish. The Scots she says are very into the occult and its meanings.

Gisele's name is now legally changed to that of her grandmother's, MacKenzie. This is the name she has always used in her profession, the name she reverted to after her divorce some seven years ago.

"I knew that I had to get a divorce, my marriage was so bad," she explains, "but it wasn't until I became involved with letting my abilities help me that I was able to do anything about it. Once I knew that we were both to have another marriage, I knew that we could part. When we did it was a great burden lifted from my shoulders—and I was right about my husband's remarriage. He's happy now, and I am too with a relationship that is very right for me."

The children from that marriage, MacKenzie Shuttleworth who is 14 and his sister Gigi, 12, both have experienced forms of psychic phenomena. Mac is very aware of *knowing* something, and his younger sister had an ability to see auras.

"When Gigi was about four, she started seeing them," says Giselle. "She would often say 'that person has a blue light and you have a silver light around you, Mama.' She would say what color auras anyone had when they came into the house. But, one night a very unpleasant man was here and Gigi said, 'He's turned off his light and he doesn't even have one at all now!' After that, she was very aware of them. Like the shy child she is, she just said that she didn't see them any more whenever she was asked about them. She obviously didn't want any part of them any more. I am hoping that when she becomes a little older her psychic powers will return."

In dealing with everyday life, home and career, Gisele has become very adept with her psychic ability. She knows if she is to get a part in a commercial. She knows when she is involved, if someone is right for her. She believes in having readings by as many people as possible and listens to the positive aspects in all of them.

"My intuition is my strongest ability," she says fervently. "I know when something is not going to work out, like just recently when I had a relationship with two men, both of whom I cared for. I know in my heart that the occult spoke to me, and helped me choose the one with whom I am to continue.

"I also solved problems through the occult. In my dreams I can get an answer to a problem. Sometimes in my dreams I see a person staring out of a window or starting to cry. Maybe there is something interfering with our relationship. If I go towards them, and can't reach them, then I know that it's not for me and that our relationship isn't meant to continue. To me it's an indication which I can't and shouldn't ignore."

Although Gisele doesn't like negativity in any form, and doesn't accept the disturbing parts of a reading, she does take heed and utilize all that is said to her.

"I won't allow the bad vibes to take over," she explains philosophically, "but when I've been told by many people, that my son should keep off fast vehicles, wheels in particular, I do make sure that he doesn't get involved with motorcycles and other things that could prove bad for him.

"I take it as a warning and act accordingly. In other cases I just know that I am able to overcome them myself because of my singlemindedness and beliefs."

This same singlemindedness brought a lot of pleasure to Gisele some years ago when she wanted to build an extension on her home.

"It was my singleminded belief that my psychic ability had told me what to do," she says, "I had two chairs, The MacKenzie Chairs that had belonged to my family for years. I wanted to use them in in the extension to my home. I knew that I wanted a playroom, a place where we could hold parties and relax. No one else wanted those chairs and I felt drawn towards them. In the end I got them and I wanted the playroom built around them. Suddenly one day when I was trying to decide how I was going to have the room, I had this extraordinary cosmic flash. It lasted about two or three seconds and in that time I saw the whole room in every detail. I then proceeded to have it built exactly as I had seen it. The wood panelling, the hand-picked stained glass windows, the positions of the furniture including the two chairs are exactly as I

"... you have to love your enemies and release your friends."

saw them that day! Even the enormous fireplace turned out just as I had seen it."

Another way that the occult has helped Gisele is in her work:

"I've learned to open all my psychic channels when I work, because it can be a harrowing experience working in a big show. You always have hundreds of things to remember at once. You have to use every part of your memory—audio and visual—and sometimes I worried that I would forget everything that I had to do. I used to panic and freeze when I thought about certain scenes which had given me trouble. I was sure that one night I would blow it, and sure enough on the nights I was frightened about it, I did. But now I never think about it. All my channels are open and I let my psychic ability take over. It's a tremendous burden off my shoulders. Although I still know that I have to do my part, with my psychic behind me, I am okay."

"You don't like the bag you're in? Change your way of thinking and get out."

As Gisele has become more aware of her own talent for helping herself, she has also become more aware of her talent for helping others. She has found an ability to heal people in pain, and although she believes this can't be done unless the subject believes too, she is adamant that anyone in the world can heal if they really want to.

"I have this tingling sensation that makes me need to put my hand on someone else," she says. "It's like electricity and it's very warm. There are people whom I've cured of migraine and knee pains too.

"I remember a fashion show for charity with Greg Morris (of *Mission Impossible* fame) where he was in great pain with his knee. So I went on one knee in front of him and prayed for his pain to go away. I asked for the healing of the whole person not just this one part. I took my hand off him and he said, 'My God, the pain has gone and I've been suffering like crazy with this thing.'

"Another man with a bad knee was Peter Breck of *Big Valley*, he had been in excrutiating pain and after I helped him not only did the pain go away, but the swelling too."

Gisele wants to learn more about healing just as she wants to learn more about any of the psychic phenomena she has come across in her avid reading on the subject. She now attends almost every lecture and seminar that is held on these subjects in Los Angeles, and she visits those people in the field she believes can help her.

"Before all this started happening to me I was thinking about material things, money, clothes, work, etc., but now it's the development of the mind that is important. A psychic told me some years ago that I was going to have seven years of intense trouble. There was much mental torture and many emotional problems, and because I didn't have the singlemindedness to overcome the negative part of the reading, I allowed it all to happen. This same psychic also told me that following those hard years I was going to start into a very spiritual phase.

"She told me it was to be the beginning of a spirituality that was to bring me into a much more peaceful and serene and helpful period of my life. She said I was going to be of help to others, which I have been, and that this serenity and peace of mind was going to last me for the rest of my life. It will!"

○

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INCREDIBLY YOURS

(Continued from page 8)

defense over the past decades would prove conclusively that a "coverup" does exist in a selfish conspiracy to keep the "experts" from performing and testifying before the public. "Yea, or nay" upon such an important issue? Is there, or is there not, life after death?

Today's political Watergate will soon be forgotten and pass into history. Will the politics of psychic power continue to travel this same road serving the selfish ends of the few, while ignoring the millions?

Editors reply:

It is possible that Mr. Ferguson's opinion is shared by many other readers. We would like to invite others to write their feelings and opinions to us for review and possible publication. There may also be opposition to his thoughts. Letters of both stands are invited for equal consideration.

The editor is inclined to agree with Mr. Ferguson, in that there does seem to be some hiding away of facts uncovered during various scientific investigations of parapsychical phenomena. Just how much information is released is not known, nor is it ever made clear what portion of the total amount of data gathered this represents.

With ever-growing rumors that the government may indeed be secreting facts regarding the UFO situation, extra-terrestial beings, and their role here, there should be a rising tide of demand that the citizens of this nation be made aware of all the truth.

The best time for truth is always now.

PROBE welcomes comments from its readers.

KEEP ON TREKKING

In regard to the article you ran in your Fall '74 issue on Bill Shatner, I have one thing to say to that: *Way To Go Bill!* I am a devoted *Star Trek* fan and I have always admired Shatner. I respect and admire him even more now, because he has the guts to stand up and state how he really feels. I, too, believe in "Little Green Men" and have seen a glimpse of one of their ships.

I, like Bill, would like very much to meet and talk with some of them.

I think one of the reason's why a lot of people refuse to believe such things exist, is because they aren't mentioned in the Bible. I say the Hell with them! It is foolish to refuse to believe in someone or something that *is* there!

All I can say is Bill Shatner is one of the few people I know that has his head screwed on straight. If, when you print my letter, would you be kind enough to allow Bill to write a short note on more about his encounter. I would be very grateful.

I am a devoted reader of PROBE as is my mother, and I will continue to be.

Kris Meeker
Tulsa, Oklahoma

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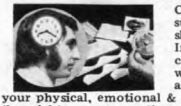
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