

"Science is the pursuit of the unknown"

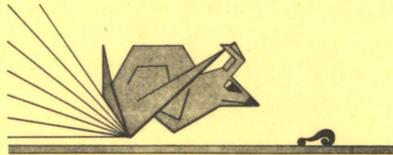
PURSUIT

JOURNAL

of

**The Society For The Investigation
Of The Unexplained**

... For the collection, evaluation, and dissemination of
information on new discoveries in the natural sciences



THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION
OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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EDITORIAL

Charles Fort was christened "The Arch Enemy of Science" by the press even before his first book was published. However, the fourth estate often displays near genius for misinterpretation, despite its praiseworthy worship of fact and its constant assertion that accuracy is its goal, and this epithet constitutes a classic misnomer. Nothing could be farther from the truth or more opposite to fact. Fort was probably the best ally true science ever had. His barbs, needles, and blasts were directed at something quite else. He was in fact one of the first "protesters" in the new age of protest, and his arch enemies were stupidity and chicanery — stupidity displayed by those who ought to know better, and chicanery by those who claimed to know better. Fort never laughed at the uneducated or sneered at the non-specialist, but he went after the latter if they brayed about specialities. This took care of the kooks, krooks, and krackpots. He reserved his heavy guns for the so-called specialists and self-appointed "experts". And it was here that he fingered the raw spot in our culture. Today, everybody is protesting against something, though nobody seems to be able to define just what it is they are protesting about, and none has any plans for a workable substitute — apart from unworkable anarchy of one sort or another. Fort, just like certain others who went before — the Essene whom the Greeks called Christos; the Gautama Buddha; Lao-Tze, and such — did offer an alternative; to wit, common sense, logic, and honesty. This may all sound very "high fallutin" but his could well still be the only truly worthwhile protest.

Whether we like it or not, all of humanity today is living in a technological civilization, no matter whether we are still chipping stones in inner New Guinea, commuting to Madison Avenue or to the Kremlin, or starving in a ghetto. Science with its handmaiden technology, using proper scientific methodology, is actually aspiring not just to control nature but to create an ever-widening substitution for it; and this has created a very brittle situation. Consider for a moment the cutting off of our petroleum fuel supplies in any one area. There are no horses or oxen to speak of any more, so with what are we going to plough? And where is the seed corn; and how do we get it to the farm? By dog sled? And who has wood for stoves if the oil gives out; and who can survive the winter cold in northern climes when you are starving because the shelves at the supermarket were long since swept clear of packaged goods? We don't need a cobalt- or lithium-bomb; just one major breakdown in one technological field can start a much surer chain-reaction.

Fort did not protest this evolution in human behaviour. His complaint was the behaviour of its proponents and implementers, and notably the pontificators and self-appointed experts.

Scientists don't usually make stupid pronouncements though they may unduly hedge themselves around with qualifications. And here comes another deplorable and terrifying aspect of our culture; namely, the almost universal genius for ignoring the qualifying word. Example: the press states flatly that professor so-and-so said that there is life on other planets, when what the poor man actually said was that there could be life of our own or other forms on some planets going around stars in other parts of our galaxy or even in other galaxies. Take the case of the Globsters mentioned in our last issue. Here somebody who ought to have known better was reported (please note) to have said that it

was perhaps "an unusual elephant that had died at sea". But then, this expert must needs go on and make fatuous remarks about whales and sirenians; and, on further enquiry, we learned that the same expert finally said that it was nothing but a hunk of highly decomposed whale. This sort of thing ill becomes scientists; so, for pity's sake, can't such real experts, who ought to know what they are talking about, shut up until they have some solid facts to offer; and then offer them with some concrete evidence? In this case, either this object was a hunk of dead whale, or it was not. Either it was covered with true hair or it was not. This is the kind of tripe that confuses the non-specialist, fools the uneducated, gives the press an unwarranted chance to misinterpret, and increasingly denigrates so-called "science" and true scientists.

But it is not even such lapses as these that constitute the principal cause of alarm. It is rather the almost universal attitude of both real experts, alleged "experts", and more so of all juniors towards anything new, novel, or unexpected. As Fort used to say, any such are immediately "damned" and by everybody who has been trained in scientific methodology and/or any who claim to have been, and by all their sycophants, even unto the fourth estate. Why do they do this?

The latter question has been asked with ever increasing frequency during the past century but nobody has ever come near approaching any valid answers, let alone a single overall one, though the universal cause seems to be clear. This would appear to be primarily fear of the unknown, which is, of course, the basis of religion. Stemming from this is fear of not knowing, which is just as manifestly the ruling tenet of priesthoods and hierarchies of all kinds, and thus of all establishments. As a result, the first reaction of anybody who thinks he knows about things, and notably specialized departments of knowledge, on being confronted with some (and especially a concrete) unexplained item, is to "explain it away" — hence Charles Fort's recognition of the "wipe" by orthodoxy as a whole — and, if this too fails, he with his colleagues and consorts just as invariably states that "We knew it all the time".

A related and really much greater mystery is not only why but how all members of the scientific establishment, who have not yet achieved the uppermost levels of the pinnacle, without exception concur, and even without consultation, invariably to deride any suggestion that does not conform to a certain pattern. There is then the further mystery as to just what this pattern is, who laid it down in the first place, and how said people can all interpret it in so exactly a similar way. For instance, when Kenneth Arnold first stated that he had encountered a number of shiny, apparently metallic, lenticular aeroforms manoeuvring around Mt. Rainier in bright sunlight, the entire scientific and technological community of the world immediately declared, and for the record, that he was either drunk, hallucinated, a plain liar, or had observed some hot-air inversions or some such nonsense. When sane people started reporting having seen large unidentified animals in Loch Ness, the same coterie immediately attributed their statements to similar causes except that they substituted (be it noted) a form of marsh gas for the hot air! And it is the same with everything else that crops up which is not in the scientific establishment's bloody textbooks.

The real danger lies in that these self-appointed or allegedly trained experts are virtually hysterical, and will go to any lengths, even criminal on occasion, to blast the beastly thing out of existence. These were the people old Charlie Fort was after, and it is their behaviour that we, as neofortean, protest. We are the arch enemies of all those creatures who, just because they have learned a scientific litany, besmirch the name of their own holy cow — scientific methodology. And, to the extent that their establishment endorses their shenanigans, we protest its culpability. But we are all for "science" and true scientists; and science after all is the pursuit of the unknown.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

- * As stated in our previous issue, the abbreviation S.I.T.U. has been officially adopted as the designation of our Society.
- * The membership number of all those mentioned in the text of PURSUIT, or in any other publication of the Society, will always be given in parentheses for the benefit of any wishing to contact them through us.
- * No public or private opinions or statements, by members, either verbal or in print or by hand, may be construed as expressing those of the Society unless permission has been granted in writing prior to such issuance

CURRENT EVENTS

From now on items will be arranged according to the eight major categories of knowledge, and in the order as listed in our Brochure and Elaboration of Interests.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| I. MATHEMATICS | V. GEOLOGY |
| II. COSMOLOGY | VI. BIOLOGY |
| III. CHEMIPHYSICS | VII. ANTHROPOLOGY |
| IV. ASTRONOMY | VIII. MENTALOGY |

The Sections will be numbered, omitting those in which no current items fall.

II – COSMOLOGY

THE CURRENT STATUS OF UFOLOGY

Whatever the findings of the Condon Committee may be – and its report should be released before this issue reaches you – we are currently living through a most interesting period, and not only of ufological history but of intellectual development as a whole. In fact, we should endeavour to grasp the real significance of current events in this field and their overall impact on our thinking. This is actually as near a renaissance as humanity has undergone since the great awakening five hundred years ago. Innumerable new discoveries made by the exercise of scientific methodology have contributed to this but, regardless of whether it is all fact or fancy, it is ufology that must be credited with having forced the breakthrough; and credit for this is due to a small band of dedicated specialists in this field.

We are sick nearly unto death with the picayune squabbles of the various parties to this enquiry, ranging as they do from starry-eyed mystics to what are still considered 'renegade' scientists, and we do not agree wholeheartedly with any of them. Nonetheless, all have contributed something to the more general and much greater cause of intellectual stimulation and worthwhile speculation. Even if the whole business of "flying saucers", "little green men", official bungling, hot air inversions, swamp gases, and plasma balls are nothing more than illusory, the fact remains that their advocates have collectively implemented Archimedes' ancient plea; namely, "Give me a lever big enough and I will move the world". Practically speaking, these assorted types have, by their very persistence, forced both scholars and the general public to face up to the previously unsuspected possibilities of existence. Their efforts are, collectively, every bit as revolutionary as those of Galileo, Keppler, Herschel, Bacon, Newton and such ilk; for, what they have done is to force twentieth century established thinking into new channels. By this we mean that they have, by their very persistence, shoved everybody, and notably sciencedom, into at least admitting that there could be more to existence than has until now met their eyes.

Ufology itself is passing through a most interesting phase, and this on several counts. Most significant is the undeniable fact that, even if it has not become wholly respectable, it is being taken seriously and discussed very widely in both intellectual and technological circles. Who, even among ufologists, ever hoped a decade ago to see such exercises as the Condon Committee, Congressional hearings (vide: SYMPOSIUM ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS, July 29, 1968), and/or papers on the subject read before such august and even hidebound organizations as the Institute of Electrical & Electronic Engineers, the American Astronautical Society, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; and articles and letters by scientists in such publications as SCIENCE (see Dr. J. Allen Hynek, 21st Oct. 1966); or even mass circulation popular magazines such as LOOK, the SATURDAY REVIEW, TIME, and so forth, or, above all, in newspapers of such conservatism as the London and New York TIMES. The plain and undeniable fact is that as yet unexplained and/or unidentified objects reportedly observed in the sky and more especially landing on the earth or diving into oceans, seas, lakes and even rivers, simply will not go away. A Gallup poll startled even the 'believers' when it blandly stated that millions of Americans alone claim to have observed such things, and that several million more stated they knew people they trust who say they have seen them; and that still greater numbers were willing to state that they believe such things do exist. Even the scientific establishment can not any longer buck this tide of belief.

The actual status of ufology itself is currently more than ambiguous. For all the public statements, interest by scientists, official denials, and even the expressions of ufologists themselves, there is a cover-up. Despite the constant refrain by everybody, for the record, that we really cannot go any farther at present because we "haven't got one", there are positively swarms of people of the very

category that should know, going around talking glibly about the nature of 'specimens' that have been obtained and the incomprehensible items that have been found in them. Of living or robotic entities among these items, nothing is said or even offered, but this is possibly because these glib informers are all engineers or other technologists, and none are biologists. There is, however, just as much reason to suppose or assume that we have got some ufos as there is to accept the visual reports of them or even their very existence.

If nothing else were needed to demonstrate this possibility, the mere catalogue of cases wherein the armed services or other official outfits have swooped upon areas in which ufos have been reported to have landed and cordoned them off, ought to give anybody pause. And that these cases are not mere hearsay or irresponsible newspaper coverage is demonstrable by the fact that a very high percentage of them have been confirmed by police and other sheriffs, and not infrequently on the air. (We have transcripts on tape of several of these.) If all such reports that were so swooped upon turned out to be false alarms, officialdom would surely have given up the effort, and the cash outlay to investigate them, long ago. They have not; and, in fact, such activities have grown abundantly over the years. By the same token, official interest has most noticeably shifted from cataloguing and statistically analysing such things as funny lights reportedly seen in the night sky to interviewing in depth those people, however crazy they may sound, who let it be known that they have stumbled across an ufo on the ground, observed robotic or living entities coming out of such or entering it or even being around it, and even those who say that they met some 'alien' type of humanoid creature or even 'animal'.

The basic fact to comprehend is that, right or wrong, hallucinated or not, the millions of people who claim to have seen ufos or encountered them and/or their occupants have forced the scholars to at least a cognisance of the subject. Further, they have finally persuaded some better thinkers and even some true scientists to at least consider the matter and, above all, they have pushed educated humanity as a whole into contemplation of new possibilities for existence, apart from, and as well as, including this earth. Currently, our culture is writhing in some agony while ingesting this concept and mostly because we have not yet got over our age-old egocentric and terracentric outlook. The very idea that there could be intelligent life elsewhere or more especially that we are not God's chosen uniqueness is still abhorrent even to the average communist. Proof positive of either concept even at this stage would completely upset our intellectual apple cart; and officialdom knows this only too well.

Change comes slowly and breakthroughs take a long time to be accepted. A true renaissance in thinking takes over a century. The western world is only a little over two decades into this current one, so don't expect too much too fast.

III - CHEMIPHYSICS

POLTERGEISTS AS USUAL

We receive notice of an average of one poltergeist case per week, so what must the true world-wide volume be? This business has, as a whole, been going on since the dawn of history and everywhere, and yet even the best-educated people still express the same old mystifications regarding it. A classic example came in from Canada last July, from which we herewith quote a number of passages, out of context for deliberate reasons. The events described occurred in a two-storey frame house at a place called Wooler, near Belleville in Ontario, owned by a Mr. Fred Coulthard Sr. They included all the age-old items, such as unexplained noises, dishes flying about and, this time, an overwhelming odor of roses. (It is normally violets.) But it is the comments on the events that constitute the more interesting aspect of this case for reasons that we will explain in a moment. But first to so quote: -

- (1) "Whatever it is, Fred and his boys would like to find out. They say something at their two-storey frame house in Wooler, three miles west of Belleville, has: -Smashed windows, knocked dishes and tableware to the floor and terrified a pet cat; -Sent a tube of shampoo flying through the air; -Wrenched a glass of wine from the hand of Wayne Coulthard, 20, and smashed it; -Hurled a deck of playing cards at Wayne."
- (2) "Provincial police are interested, too."
- (3) "A lot of people around here won't believe us but they won't come and sit in the kitchen."
- (4) "The Rev. Gerard Sullivan, the Coulthards' parish priest at St. Adolphus Roman Catholic Church in Wooler, said he was convinced 'something was going on' but thought it might be someone 'playing tricks' on Coulthard."

(5) "But Coulthard (senior) said Fred checked around the house after the mysterious visits but could find no sign of any human callers."

(6) "He said he would welcome some authorities to investigate because he'd like to solve the mystery."

Here are all the same old hackneyed, nonsensical statements. When in doubt, call first the police — failing sufficient authority to call the Marines — then the press, then your friendly neighbourhood priest; and then, if all these fail, as they invariably do, try to rustle up a so-called parapsychologist; though what in heaven's name the last are supposed to know about physical phenomena has always been a complete mystery to us.

Of course what you really need are some physicochemical technicians with every bit of recording equipment they can lay their hands on and can transport — fastest. But, even prior to their arrival, you need a forteen who has at least read the literature and, to be ideal, an assistant who should be a Malay person, preferably with a degree in biology. Your next move should be to toss out everybody except the family and one police detective, but ask the uniformed forces to ring the house, keep everybody off your property, mount floodlights, and keep an eagle eye out for pranksters, nuts, screwballs, and just plain ordinary citizens, with particular emphasis on known religious cranks. Then, you should try, as far as is possible, to make everybody shut up; but get the techs to set up their equipment as quietly as possible to cover as wide an angle as possible of the area in which manifestations have occurred. That done, get drinks for everybody and sit down and have a nice chat about anything other than the business on hand. The net results will, of course, probably be entirely nil!

The point is that so-called poltergeists are apparently "entities" and not just mere projections of moronic girls reaching puberty, mystically inclined young men at the same changeover time in their adolescence, or young marrieds writhing in some decent physical sexual activities for the first time. True, as the late Dr. Nandor Fodor pointed out, a very high proportion of poltergeistic physical manifestations do occur about such persons. Nonetheless, they also occur when none such are present, and often, as will appear from observations recorded later, when no persons (human) are about. The 'manifest' fact is that whatever entities cause these phenomena are in fact entities and probably possessed of an 'Id' or basic individual personality; very probably a 'mind' — i.e., an intellect of some kind; and maybe even what we call a 'brain', which is nothing but a (to us) biochemically constructed computer. Young adolescents, and young marrieds getting with it as the modern phrase has it, would appear to act merely as transmitters, just as, to oversimplify, an old-fashioned radio set collects patterned impulses and converts them into sound waves that are understandable to us. Which brings us to the desirability of having a Malay person along.

So-called poltergeist manifestations have always been so commonplace in Malaya, Indonesia, and the Philippines that nobody — and not even Europeans who lived there and were born there — paid the slightest attention to them. Then, a considerable number of Malayan people emigrated to what is now the Republic of South Africa. That area is just as rife with "P.Ms" (poltergeist manifestations) as any other part of the earth, but both the whites and the blacks there, while having brought some knowledge of such things from whence they came — the whites from Europe and the blacks from upper East Africa — kept more than quiet about the matter. (Can you imagine a founder of the Dutch Reformed Church allowing such "manifestations of the devil" as the uncontrolled breaking of priceless Delft porcelain? Can you imagine an Anglo, let alone a Boer, countenancing the deliberate teleportation of a pile of cow-dung by a Bantu medicine man?) But then came the Malays.

P.Ms. in South Africa have for decades been known as "Malay Tricks". Blacks and whites both wanted very badly to fob all this troublesome matter off on somebody else and, finding that the Malays took it all for granted, they immediately concurred in attributing the whole stinking business to them. This is indeed an old "trick"; if something happens that you cannot explain, but if there is somebody around who seems to be connected with it or who says that he can explain it, attribute its incidence to him! It's the old witch-hunting game all over again.

No; the fact we have to face is that whatever causes these P.Ms. are entities and probably what we call "living" ones. Where they come from, or what they are, or whether they have always resided here is another matter and probably best left to the mystics at this stage of our intellectual development. However, there is no reason why we cannot at least start to try to pin them down with what crude tools (electromagnetic and so forth) that we do have. Hence the admonitions and advices suggested above. And, in the case that we are herein discussing, some people actually did try to pin the little bastards down. Let us quote further from the bland newspaper reports of the case in question. These are very pertinent items, and they are most refreshing. We quote: —

(a) "Things got so scary over the past weekend that Mrs. Coulthard went to stay with friends in Trenton (Ontario) while her husband and sons tried to catch — or at least get a photograph of — the mysterious visitors.

Fred Jr., 24, an armed services corporal stationed at Petawawa, said that when he heard noises he came out of hiding and tried to take a picture, but all he could see was 'small, dark, heavy shadows'."

(b) "Neighbor Butch Mallory, 20, took a tape recorder in Tuesday night and picked up noises he called 'spirits' visitations'. He said the noises he recorded included sounds of spoons flying off the table while he was there.

The noises have continued, Coulthard said, despite crowds of as many as 35 visitors in his house some nights."

So, for once, somebody actually recorded some sounds and got some pixs of something. One is constrained to give a rousing cheer to the upcoming generation. But what to make of the pixs?

"Some dark heavy shadows"(?) How big? Where? Against what background? Lighting? What shape? Cast by what? Who said so, and where are the films? Please, nice young men, don't just throw out rubbish like this. Or was it the damned Fourth Estate again, unable even to conceive of anything that is not on a police blotter? Why does not somebody do something? And why must everybody go through all this age-old folderol when anything so ordinary as a PM occurs? If priests must opine that "somebody was playing tricks on Coulthard" why in all that is holy will they not even suggest how it was done, or ring up the Vatican and get a directive? And the poor police! Apparently, outside of Indonesia, not one has ever even heard of PMs during his or her training. And the parapsychologists — "para" (like) "psychologists" (yet)! What on earth can these poor hardworking specialists — still trying to get the other dolts to realize that the human mind has greater potential than ordinary psychologists state — do with concrete, physical manifestations of possible alien "intelligencies"? Is it not about time that we skipped all this blather and got to work to record what we can of these PMs and then do a little conceptual speculation as to just what their cause could be — even unto invisible entities?

ON WEDDING RINGS

In speaking of ITF in our last issue we mentioned, and perhaps rather too facetiously, that a member has for long collected oddities and enigmas connected with wedding rings. Now, we receive a letter from another member, Mrs. Dulcie Brown (20), of Fresno, California: This reads in part: —

"To begin with my wedding ring was silver, a pretty little band with engraving. I wore it so long that all the engraving wore off and it was just a plain silver band. Then, it began catching on things and, fearing that my finger might be injured, I took it off and laid it on a sideboard in our Los Angeles home. This was in about 1955.

"The wedding ring disappeared. I could not find it anywhere. When we moved from Los Angeles everything was carefully gone over in house and garage, many things disposed of. We were very careful to include just the things we wanted to keep to take with us. But no wedding ring showed up.

"Since moving to Fresno we moved twice and the same thing was done, everything gone over and the dispensable things done away with. No wedding ring. I had forgotten about it.

"In 1966 my husband died. This time I really got rid of things! In the garage was a certain box. It had originally been a cigar box, one of those nice little wooden deals with a clasp. When I was going with my husband back in 1932 I had decorated this box and shellacked it and he had kept it because it was the first thing I had done for him. Now, I took some small articles like nails, screws, little things like that I thought I might need and put in that box selecting them carefully one by one.

"Since then I've moved twice. I have opened that box a number of times to take out nails etc.

"About a week ago a young lady came in and asked me for a nail. I opened the little box and on top of everything WAS MY WEDDING RING."

Sudden disappearances and appearances of material objects and notably artefacts, is a most troublesome matter. In the first place, the phenomenon has until now been almost universally attributed to some form of self-hypnosis on the part of mystics, occultists, spiritualists, and such other cultists. When other equally rational souls claimed such goings-on, simple logic was called upon:

namely, that the items had been overlooked or had fallen into a hole; or that a cat or dog had carried them off, or brought them in; or that mice or rats were the culprits, the latter, and quite apart from the Pack Rats, being great collectors. But such spontaneous appearances have been witnessed now for several decades and under controlled conditions though, unfortunately, in the first instance, by Dr. Harry Price at the famous Borley Rectory. We say unfortunately because Dr. Price was a leading light in the British Society for Psychical Research, and the very mention of the psychic sends the average citizen as well as scientist and technologist literally screaming for the proverbial uplands.

However, there is no longer any doubt that inanimate objects, other than artefacts, "appear" — either lobbed or just dropped in, as with the endless cases of stones — since the process has been witnessed by tens of thousands of people in broad daylight and with such professional sceptics as police officers and cameramen present. While the procedure and process may be the same from a physical point of view, there is nonetheless a difference between the artefacts and the non-artefacts in that the former appear to be more purposive. The ultimate of the latter would seem to be this business of wedding rings.

These reports of materializations and dematerializations constitute a natural phenomenon closely parallel to that of UFOs, in that we have nothing concrete by way of explanation and are still in the collecting stage. There is nothing but reports and a few photographs, and the latter all taken after the event, so that the objects depicted could quite well be nothing but "plants". We do have the objects themselves, of course, but then we also have almost as many things, both artefacts and non-artefacts, that have fallen from the sky in the presence of more than enough reliable witnesses. Question is: what are these objects concrete evidence of ?

IV — ASTRONOMY

DUSTY OLD MARS

Really! Things seem to be getting a little bit out of hand. It is stated that we (the U.S.A.) accomplished a fly-by of the planet Mars, passing at a distance of about 10,000 miles from its surface. The craft, named Mariner 4 allegedly took 22 photographs of the planet's surface on the 15th July, 1965. It is now stated that these have been "thoroughly analyzed". Hurrah; or hurray! (However, said analysis was released in Canada in May of this year (1968).) It was a most incredible hodge-podge of non sequiturs and plain rubbish.

We must, of course, beware of the more than possible divarications of the press in reporting this matter and also suspect the usual wholesale dumping of the essential qualifying words, as explained in our editorial; but even then, and allowing for such discrepancies, we are still left with some incredible drivel. The report states that Drs. Clark Chapman, James Pollack and no less than Carl Sagan have "done an intensive study of the craters visible on the limited area of the surface" (copy by the photos, we presume). It then goes on to state that these scientists catalogued nearly 300 (of these) and classified them on the basis of appearance and erosion of their walls. So far, so good; but then it was added that "These are considered to be impact craters. They range in size from 135 miles down to ten miles" — (in diameter, one presumes). This also is fair enough; but then the whole thing goes wild; and we quote: —

"From this study the investigators reach some interesting conclusions about the Martian landscape. They compute that the dust produced by impact of asteroids or meteorites during the history of Mars will have a depth of half a mile up to a mile or two. Erosion and dust have certainly obliterated much of the landscape from ages back. The largest craters have been able to survive, and have an estimated age of about 2,250 million years. Craters less than 12 miles in diameter are only some tens of millions of years old. Small craters may have been very prominent in the early history of the planet, but cannot now be traced on the Mariner photographs. Chapman and his associates emphasize that this means that if there were river valleys in earlier epochs on Mars, these too would now be obliterated (unless they were of greater extent than similar features on earth). The dust that has been produced would be sufficient to fill them. They point out also that from the barren appearance of Mars today, we cannot draw unfavorable conclusions about the possibility of life on primitive Mars."

So dust crops up again, and from "half a mile (deep) up to a mile or two". Do you remember the pontifications of the great experts for the edification of other great experts on the subject of the surface of the Moon some years back? Dust it was, but to "dust" it now returneth. (There were even some clowns who stated that our companion planet's surface was covered by a 400-ft. tall forest of vegetation!) When we got some close-up pixs of the Moon's surface, of course, no dust at all.

So "erosion" gets in the act too. Erosion of what by what forces? In the absence of an atmosphere, this would presumably be by what is called 'creep' of solid particles down inclines due to expansion and contraction caused by heating and cooling; said heat presumably coming from the sun. Well, in a couple of billion years we must presume that a four-mile-high mountain ridge due to a collision with a planetoid could be so 'eroded', but what of the dust? Where is the dust from impacts on the Moon and on our planet? And don't think that we have not had plenty of such collisions; take a look at the new maps. Indeed, "small craters" may have been very prominent "in the early history" of Mars, and doubtless they could not now be traced any more than similar craters can be on this earth from our local fly-arounds. (Actually, there are over a thousand beauties in the State of Guanajuato in Mexico that anybody can see even from the ground, and some there are not more than a couple of hundred feet in diameter.) But then comes the real stuff.

"River Valleys" yet! Who said so? Are we asked to believe that it is the consensus of current scientific opinion that Mars was once a sort of fertile planet like ours, having an atmosphere, water precipitation causing massive erosion, and the resultant gouging of river-systems? And why would these be greater than on our earth? After all, Mars is considerably smaller and farther away from the Sun. And then comes this bloody dust again. (One thinks of Nearchus' Egyptian canal now filled with the sands of the Nile — which, of course, it isn't.) But, the last sentence is really the pay-off; and we repeat: "We cannot draw unfavourable conclusions about the possibility of life on primitive Mars". Just exactly what does this mean?

This must be a misquote. If not, it seems to say that: "We cannot state categorically that life on the planet Mars at an earlier age must be ruled out altogether". Then why in the devil don't they say so?

V — GEOLOGY

LIVING ICECAPS

Here is a real beauty. We start off with the funny part. In a paper entitled "Stability of Ice-Age Ice Sheets" by one J. Weertman, then of the Materials Science Department of the Technological Institute, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, published in Volume 66, No. 11, of The Journal of Geophysical Research, of November, 1961, appears the classic statement: —

"We make the observation that an ice cap will grow when the snowfall on it increases or the melting at its edge decreases and that it will shrink when the snowfall decreases or the melting increases. This fact has been noted many times before."

We find this absolutely delightful and for several reasons. First, the facts as stated become apparent to any young person of about nine years of age even before it has been explained to him/ what an Icecap, as opposed to an Icraft, a Glacier, and/or an Iceberg is. Second, the statement above appeared in good old Lake & Rastall, first published in 1927, but with an introductory observation that it "is obvious". Third, it's not strictly true!

An icecap is a funny thing itself. Indeed, it comes into being in the first place due to the accumulation of snow that does not melt throughout the year and thus is compressed first to what is called firn, then to ice, and finally to palaeocrystic ice, which reflects peacock blue and contains no air. As the mass piles up, it begins to creep — actually slide, molecule-layer over molecule-layer, one upon the other, outwards in all directions; and it continues to do so until its periphery gets to a point where melting exceeds the down-coming ice. But it's not so simple as that. Cold air falls and hot air rises; thus, the air above an icecap being chilled cannot go up and so slithers outwards in all directions, letting warmer air down from above, which then in turn gets chilled and also moves downward and outward in all directions. This produces what are called adiabatic winds that may reach near-hurricane force but, of course, without the spiral twist. As a result, the chilling of the periphery of the icesheet or -cap is pushed far beyond Mr. Weertman's line of simple melting or ablation. What is more, where the periphery of an icecap confronts warm, warmer (than the adiabatic), or hot winds it tends to grow even faster, for the simple reason that enhanced precipitation results, which immediately freezes and adds to the surface layer of snow, firn, and ultimately ice. Only where ice-edge and its winds meet colder air does the thing come to a stop and even start retreating due to evaporation. Take a look at the northern tip of Greenland which is unglaciated and on which bees, flowers, and a host of small animals live all year round.

We were much intrigued to see that Mr. Weertman published his article under the auspices of the U.S. Army Cold Regions Research and Engineering Laboratory of the Corps of Engineers, Hanover, New Hampshire; and further that he "appreciate(d) the critical comments of Prof. H. Bader, Prof.

F. Sharp, and Dr. J. F. Nye on an earlier version of this paper". And another thing that intrigues us is just why NASA and the Services are so bloody interested in icecaps, and notably in connection with the planet Venus (see later reports)? Has Charles Hapgood (55) with his EARTH'S SHIFTING CRUST finally got through to them? Don't forget that, if our present icecaps melted off altogether, every capital and port city in the world, bar a few in Asia and Central and South America, would be 400-feet under water. Fine for the liquidation of New York and Moscow, but somewhat convenient for Pekin!

THE FLORIDA UNDERGROUND

Frank Shields (155) does it again. Over the years Frank has come up with so many and so varied a procession of oddities and enigmas that he will have to be disbarred from the competition we are considering for the ten best new fortaen items of next year and be given his solid gold hippie necklace of our little dog "Pursuit" this Christmas. Now he writes as follows: -

"Yesterday we met three young ex navy men at a neighbor's house. One is with the Barge Canal Authority under the Army Engineers Corps that is building the Cross-Florida Barge Canal from the St. Johns River on the east coast to the Gulf Coast. We chatted about it in detail for hours but one point he brought up might come within the frame of your interests or someone in the Society's membership.

"He said that in seeking for solid footings for some of the many bridges they built across the canal they drilled down through the old reef limestone and often came to a point where they suddenly hit nothing at all because of the vast network of huge underground rivers and caverns under much of Florida. They had to alter planned positions and the forms of bridges because of this. That there are such underground rivers here is not news to you I am sure but I have been hearing of this phenomenon constantly, and it has struck me forcibly that this underground world of rivers and caverns is an enormous one and that while they are gradually charting it here in Florida, it is almost totally unknown in any significant reality. That unknown life forms probably have evolved in it seems pretty certain, since in lesser situations in caves and underground rivers strange life forms specialized to this environment have been found. The scale of this underground river system in Florida suggests, however, that one might find much more in the way of specialized and unknown life forms in this situation if any technique for searching for it could be devised and pursued. It is a new dimension of challenge it seems to me, and one that I have not read or heard much said about. It has a fascinating potential and opens a door to a new kind of discovery field. There must be many vast underground systems around the world such as Florida's that have received no real attention to date."

And this indeed brings up a most troublesome matter that has been sort of left lying around for many years: to wit, subterranean river systems. The key to this business is, however, a zoological one.

Caves have an aquatic fauna that is not found on the surface of the land. This is not to say that there are not many surface-living forms that go down into caves and even have distinct races that are confined to the underground, but these are not the special fauna of which we speak. This fauna consists of protozoa, possibly a sponge, some rotifers, hydrozoans, several types of three of the phyla called collectively "worms", several crustaceans, a number of fish, and a few most odd forms of tailed amphibians. These are all either without or having greatly atrophied organs of vision, and most lack skin or shell pigment, so appearing semi-transparent, white, or pale pink. It is the salamanders that constitute the most pertinent factor in this remarkable business.

In 1892, the famous Dr. Leonhard Stejneger of the Smithsonian described an entirely new form of such a salamander caught in Rock House Cave in Missouri, to which he gave the name Typhlotriton spelaeus. Other forms, not necessarily related genetically but also blind came up out of an artesian well (188-ft deep) in Hays County, Texas, in 1896, and another from a 200-ft well in Dougherty County, Georgia, in 1939. Other species are known from limestone caves in Eurasia, Africa, and South America. But it is the original Typhlotriton that forced upon us the rather startling fact that there is a whole underground country beneath the Ozarks and spreading into Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Kansas because the same species kept being pumped up from the depths all over this huge area. Since this animal does not, even if it could, come to the surface, it must have spread underground from wherever it originated. The same goes for the other salamanders, and the fish, and all the other indigenous cave animals. What is more, when the distribution of these animals came to be mapped after half a century of collecting, a most startling picture emerged.

Not only did some species have an enormous distribution, but they went down to great depths

(in one case nearly half a mile down) and came from below all sorts of strata in which caves do not develop. This would seem to indicate that they were distributed throughout limestone strata; but a curious further fact then emerged, namely, that they did not all spread everywhere where conditions must be identical, but were confined to particular ranges just like surface animals. More specimens and a more detailed analysis of their mapped distribution, by species and by associations, then showed that the subterranean waters that they inhabit are not just a haphazard network of channels but form fern-leaf patterns exactly similar to surface drainage patterns. What is more, these underground river-systems, complete with consequent, subsequent, and insequent streams, often lie over (and/or under) each other without intermingling, and never in any way following the surface drainage systems. In fact, one great system runs right across the Mississippi, but underneath.

This can mean but one thing; namely, that there is a whole world of life going on below us; and this brings us to the truly forteen aspect of this matter. The question is not how extensive are these waterways, but how large are they? A six-inch salamander can get through an incredibly small channel, and so far we have not brought up anything larger from real depth. However, while we know that there are monstrous creatures in the deep seas and possibly the oceans — because specially made shark hooks have been straightened out or just chopped in two (see Heuvelmans' new book)— we have not caught one yet, and a very pertinent observation on this was made a few years ago. This was simply that we haven't caught really big things yet because we haven't got big enough hooks or other gear. In the case of the cave animals, the problem is reversed in that we might not have big enough holes for them to come up through. And this brings us to a singularly unpleasant consideration: Just what are the so-called "Cave Cows" of the Mayas of Yucatan? But this is something that must wait for another time, and more especially because our S.I.T.U. members who are currently investigating the matter on the spot have not yet reported.

VI — BIOLOGY

FISHING — UNEXPLAINED

We've always thought there was something a bit fishy about fishing. Millions of people have for millenia fished to live; millions more have fished for fun. They've caught everything from 110-ft Blue Whales to the smallest vertebrated animal — a Goby found in some lakes in the Philippines, about the size of a House-Fly, named Pandaka pygmaea. This last was contributed by still a third class of fishermen, namely scientific collectors. All three types have told 'fishing stories' since time immemorial and mostly about the one that got away, though the onus of proving their statements has descended more heavily upon the first and the last types. Commercial tarpon fishers have to deliver fish of the exact length that they say they have caught; scientific collectors have to bring theirs back pickled in alcohol or formaldehyde. The fun fishers can, however, say anything they like — and they do. And, the traditional places for so saying are bars and grills. But, look out!

We have here a photograph of a gentleman endearingly known as "Pappy" Schaible, of Frenchtown, New Jersey, from a column entitled "Godown's Believe it or not Photos" which is a regular feature in THE DELAWARE VALLEY NEWS. Please understand that we aim to be not only national but international, but there are more things in New Jersey than in the proverbial "Heaven and Earth": Be that as it may (cliche), the caption to this photo read simply: "Frenchtown's best Catfish Catcher: Pappy Schaible, knew by pure intuition that they were biting on Tuesday and off he went, rowing like a man possessed to his favorite spot. (Photo of chap rowing like mad, alongside.) He's shown below with one of the fish he was able to lift out of the boat." One has to admit that this is quite a bit of catfish and, manifestly, it did not get away. But what intrigued us was the pert statement that it was one of the fish that he was able to lift out of his boat. So we started asking discreet questions around this area where we happen to be situate. The results have been very odd indeed. Nobody is willing to state that they have ever seen any fish, let alone a Catfish, of this size in the Delaware River, despite the fact that they were born and brought up in the valley. The local Fish & Wildlife Service haws to the extent of hemming on the subject while not, of course, committing itself. How could they? Reason: behaviour like Pappy's is definitely unexplained. And so also is a very great deal else about simple "fishing".

Let us not attempt to go into all the usual jazz about never getting a bite in a stocked trout lake while your twelve-year-old daughter hauls in half a dozen monsters, on the hour, at the other end of your boat. There are doubtless good, valid, and logical reasons for such behaviour — even if they are true — but what of this everlasting business of some people going out where everybody else

goes and bringing up all kinds of things that nobody else does? Example: — In June, 1965, two young people — Pamela Bird, 21, and Henry Englehart, 15, both of Budd Lake, New Jersey, ran over a 30-inch shark — described as a “Blue Sand Shark” — with their outboard on said lake. This is some 60 miles inland from the Atlantic coast and all sharks and their relatives the dogfish hereabouts are marine, saltwater animals and simply cannot live in freshwater for more than a very short period. We have clear photos of this fish and there is no doubt about it but that it is indeed a selachian — either a baby shark or a dogfish. So how did it get there? As a matter of fact, the local game warden and the local press applied to us and we went to investigate the matter. There was no reason to suppose that said fish was not caught in that lake. So, as it could not have lived there, it must have been thrown in by somebody and very shortly before Pamela and Henry ran over it. The lake is right alongside the infamous old Route 46, the most direct truck route from New York to the rest of the United States, and refrigerator trucks roll along it all day and night, seven days a week. Also, some of these deliver fresh sea foods from the docks and markets in New York to restaurants all the way up the line over the mountains and on to the great plains. So some joker threw a live dogfish into Budd Lake, en passant, and it just so happened that the young people came roaring by before it had time to gasp its last and sink. Big deal! So how did it survive from New York? On ice? Oh, please go ask an ichthyologist. But this is a frowsy little thing as good old Charlie Fort would say. And this brings us neatly to said master, and we quote from page 597, of the collected works of Fort (Henry Holt and Company, 1941): —

“In Science, Dec. 12, 1902, Dr. John M. Clarke writes that a strange-looking fish had been caught in Lake Onondaga, Western New York, and had been taken to Syracuse. Here it was identified as a squid. Then a second specimen was caught.

“Whatever thoughts we’re trying to develop did not belong away back in the Dark Age, or the other Dark Age, of the year 1902. Just where they do belong has not been decided yet. Said Dr. Clarke, with whatever reasoning abilities people had in the year 1902: “There are salt springs near Lake Onondaga: so perhaps there is, in the lake, a sub-stratum of salt water.” The idea is that, for millions of years, there had been, in Lake Onondaga, ocean life down below, and fresh water things swimming around, overhead, and never mixing. Perhaps, by way of experiment, Dr. Clarke put salt water and a herring in an aquarium, and then fresh water and a goldfish on top, and saw each fish keeping strictly to his own floor, which is the only way to get along as neighbors.

“Another scientist turned on his reasoning abilities. Prof. Ortman, of Princeton University, examined one of the specimens, which, according to him, was “a short-finned squid, of the North Atlantic, about 13 inches long.” Prof. Ortman reasoned that Atlantic fishermen use squid for bait. Very well: then other fishermen may use squid for bait. So somebody may have sent for squid, to go fishing in Lake Onondaga, and may have lost a couple of live ones.

“This is the science that is opposing our own notions. But for all I know, it may be pretty good science. An existence that would produce such explainers, might very well produce such fishermen. So perhaps fishermen of Lake Onondaga, with millions of worms around, send several hundred miles for squid, for bait, and perhaps Atlantic fishermen, with millions of squid available, send all the way to Lake Onondaga for worms. I’ve done foolisher, myself.

“It seems to me that there is something suggestive in the presence of large deposits of salt near this lake, but I have heard nothing of salt water in it. There’s no telling about a story that was published, in the New York Times, May 2, 1882, but if it could be accepted, here would be something worth thinking about — that a seal had been shot, in Lake Onondaga. Some years before the appearance of the squid, another sea creature, a sargassum fish, had been caught in Lake Onondaga. It had been exhibited in Syracuse, according to Prof. Hargitt, of Syracuse University (Science, n.s., 17-114). It has to be thought that these things were strays. If they were indigenous and propagated, they’d be common.”

Funny business this “fishing”; seems you never know what you are going to catch. And we have for long wondered just what fun-fishermen have caught that looked so horrid that they just threw it back in. And the commercial boys with their “trash fish”; and the menhaden pros. What if they catch a salmon in their trawl?... Who wants a salmon? ... O—U—F — OUT. We were once on a professional collecting trawler in the British Channel that supplied scientific specimens to the Plymouth Biological Laboratory, and what should come up in an ordinary trawl but a 12-foot Angler Fish that bit a half-inch galvanized iron pipe-handle in half as if it were a straw. Nobody had ever seen such a fish longer than four feet before, and this was only ten miles off a coast that has been fished for two thousand years. Beware; there’s something awfully fishy about fishing.

SEA-COWS AND WATER-HORSES

A new light has dawned upon the Lake- (and possibly the Sea-) Monster scene. But, as usual, like all novel ideas it has set off not just a train but a whole skein of subsidiary questions. This has been kicked off by Prof. Roy P. Mackal of the University of Chicago in a paper describing his 1967 investigation of the famous Loch Ness monsters. From this on-the-spot enquiry, he deduced the pertinent fact that these animals are mammals, by employing the old police method of a composite drawing made from all the eyewitness accounts he could gather.

This may not at first sound particularly spectacular as almost everybody has for many years now assumed that said creatures are mammals; at least since the British contingent got over their idée fixe that they were related to the reptilian group that included the plesiosaurs as known from fossils. The only alternatives — suggested, of course, by those people and groups who have taken this matter seriously — have been giant serpentine fishes like eels; just possibly some enormous amphibian (the opinion notably of Cmdr. Rupert T. Gould); or some gargantuan invertebrate, either a mollusc like a slug, a “worm” of one of the sixteen phyla of vermiform aquatic animals, or, as in the belief of one Mr. Ted Holiday, a descendant of the as yet unclassified Tullimonsters, known from fossils found near Chicago. (This last is, in our opinion, a form of Chaetognath, a small phylum of marine animals known today as the “Arrow Worms”.) But there are two most interesting aspects to Prof. Mackal’s new suggestion.

The first is that he previously tended to favour the invertebrate hypothesis. The second is the type of mammal he now postulates. This is a long-necked form of Sirenian, meaning a mammal of the group that contains today only the Dugong of the Indian Ocean and the Manatees of Africa, South, Central and southeastern North America. This is a new one that nobody had thought of before for freshwater monsters but on analysis it makes a lot of sense. And, in view of certain facts that may or may not have been known to Prof. Mackal when he developed his theory, has sent us off on still another tack in these troubled waters. But first to the Sirenians.

Today, these form a minute Order of aquatic mammals having rotund, barrel-shaped and spindle-formed bodies, hardly any necks at all, a single pair of flippers to the front, which are nonetheless articulated like arms, and a tail with horizontal fleshy flukes. There are two kinds: the Dugong of northern Australia and the Indian Ocean coasts which has a “tail” shaped like a fish or whale, and the Manatees in which the hind extremity is shaped like a circular paddle without central median notch. These are both tropical or subtropical animals. However, there was until comparatively recently a third type known as Steller’s Sea-Cow (Hydrodamalis (Rhytina) stelleri) that lived along the shores of some sub-arctic islands in the North Pacific. The Sirenians appear to have diverged in very early mammalian times from a common stock that gave rise also to the proboscideans and perhaps some true ungulates, and even the hippopotamuses and the little rabbit-shaped hyraxes.

This third sirenian was discovered by the great German naturalist, Georg Wilhelm Steller, on an island off the coast of Kamchatka in 1741. It was unknown even to the Russians of the nearby mainland. It was an enormous, docile beast with a warty, coriaceous hide of great thickness, a slight neck, the standard two front paddles and a large fish-shaped tail but of course carried horizontally. It lolled about in the kelp beds, browsing, and was quite unafraid of man. It was found on only a few islands and was, needless to say, exterminated thereabouts by 1768. It was a left-over and it is of particular interest from a biological point of view in that it was indigenous to very cold northern waters, showing that the sirenians are not just a tropical form. (Fossil sirenians have, as a matter of fact, been found at all latitudes.) What Prof. Mackal now suggests is that the freshwater monsters inhabiting such lakes as the Ness and all the others in Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, Scandinavia, northern Russia, Siberia, Canada, and some parts of northern U.S.; and possibly even those reported from Tasmania, New Zealand, and the Argentine in the southern hemisphere, could be very large and long-necked Sirenians. Why? Mostly because his artist’s composite picture came out just like that!

There is a large lake in Canada on the border of the U.S., named Okanagan, in which literally tens of thousands of people say they have seen very large unknown animals. Unfortunately these animals have been given the stupid name of “Ogopogos”. Actually, the local Amerinds originally called them “N’ha-a-itk” but that of course is too much for white men. Despite the usual ridicule, quite a number of serious-minded attempts have been made over the years to track down these creatures and with one most incredible — and concrete — result: to wit; a corpse that appeared to be that of some kind of sirenian, though any such animal was completely unknown to the locals. The account of this came to us in a letter from a resident of Summerland, at the southern end of the lake, who reported: —

"In the early days of white settlement an animal form was discovered above the shoreline by the Indians, who described the dead creature as having whiskers and, if I recall, a blue muzzle, also flippers. For many years the skeleton remained on the shore until finally a settler's road was put through, the skeleton was broken up and dispersed. From the description the Summerland man related it to the manatee of warmer waters. He added to this that one of the rock paintings or etchings on the few cliffs of Okanagan Lake depicts an animal form standing up in the water and suckling its young with the aid of a flipper — said to be a characteristic of the manatee and of no other known form. (This information was obtained from Mr. H. H. Currie, of Nelson, B. C., a life-long newspaperman.)"

Here, we feel, we have a link in a tenuous chain. A few relic sirenians in the Caribbean area; a recently extinct sirenian in the near-icy waters off the eastern end of Siberia, and a sirenian-like corpse in a western Canadian lake — and with whiskers, yet. So what is so all-fired crazy in suggesting that other sirenians may not have got trapped in other sub-arctic and northern, temperate, deep-water lakes? And why should not some of them have developed rather long necks? Let's turn a metaphorical page.

SOMEBODY'S SEA-COW

In October of 1966, AP broadcast a very brief release that went as follows: — "MOSCOW, Oct. 16 — Soviet scientists said today Sea-Cows weighing more than three tons may be wallowing in the waters around the Siberian peninsula of Kamschatka. The news agency TASS said some fishermen claim to have seen such sea mammals." (ends). As usual no pertinent details or even relevant facts. What scientists? Names please. What fishermen? Names, dates, and location, please. Who weighed one? Who estimated any one at over three tons? Which tons— American, European, or 'Long'? "May be wallowing"? Were they: and if so, who said so, and why? Finally: "around the Siberian peninsula of Kamschatka". Which side? East or west? Oh yes: and how did these fishermen know that they were mammals? Most unsatisfactory — as usual. Nonetheless

A somewhat better notice came from a truly Russian source about a month later. This was printed in Priroda (Nature) published by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., by three well-known zoologists, and went as follows.

"Detailed observations were made by the crew of the whaler Buran near Cape Navarin to the south of the Gulf of Anadyr in July 1962. Very early one morning the ship was near the coast when half a dozen unusual-looking animals were seen 80 to 100 yards away. Next morning similar animals were seen again in the same area, where there was a sort of shallow-water lagoon into which a river ran. Sea-kale and seaweed flourished there, and in the winter it was never frozen over except for a narrow strip near the shore.

"The witnesses, most of them seasoned hunters and whalers, all agreed that the animals were unlike any known cetacean or pinniped. They were from 20 to 26 feet long, varying no doubt according to age. Their skin was very dark, with a small head clearly separated from the body. The upper lip was divided in a hare-lip and overlapped the lower one (this could in fact have been due to thick moustaches). The tail was remarkable in being edged with a fringe. The beasts swam slowly, occasionally dived for short periods and then rose above water in a very marked way. They formed a compact group, all swimming together in the same direction."

But then to really muddle the issue, a quite different report appeared in France, in NOUVELLE REPUBLIQUE of the 8th Nov. which went as follows: —

LA BALEINE RUSSE AVAIT DES OREILLES.

"Un savant soviétique vient de découvrir sur une baleine pêchée dans les eaux de l'Extrême-Orient soviétique, des éléments d'oreilles.

"Selon la "Komsomolskaya Pravda", le biologiste a découvert sur l'animal, des éléments de pavillon auriculaire, et cette découverte serait la preuve qu'il y a des millions d'années, les ancêtres des baleines vivaient sur la terre ferme.

"Le journal, rappelle, à l'appui de cette thèse, qu'il y a quatre ans, deux autres savants soviétiques firent sensation en découvrant un cachalot muni de jambes."

So just what is this one? Has it anything to do with the alleged rediscovery of Steller's Sea-Cow, or is it something quite different? Let us try to make some sense out of it.

So somebody said he found a beached whale with external ear "pinnae". Further, other Soviet scientists have been said to have been galvanized by the discovery of a "cachalot", which means a Sperm Whale or (let's give them this) at least an Odontocete or Toothed Whale, with (literally) legs. Does this mean articulated fore-limbs or a pair of hind limbs as well? If this "whale" is a Sea-Cow, how come it has external ears, since Steller's Sea-Cow had no signs of any such things. Further, were its (only) fore limbs articulated externally like the Manatee, or more so? This is all most unsatisfactory.

If there are some Steller's Sea-Cows still "wallowing about" we would like to hear more, and we would hope that the Russians are doing something about the matter. If, on the other hand, there are still some Archaeoceti or ultra-primitive whales meandering around with external ear pinnae and hind legs, we feel that we ought, all together, to be trying to do something about this also.

AN OOLOGICAL ODDITY

A delightful little snippet came to us recently, datelined Worcester Park, England — (UPI) — which reads in toto as follows: — "Agriculture Ministry experts have been watching 12 of Edward McKenner's chickens for several weeks since they began laying blue, green, and pink eggs." As usual no supplementary information such as what breed of chicken, did they lay other coloured eggs before, how long had Mr. McKenner had them, where did they come from, and above all, did each hen pick a particular color or did some or all of them vary the procedure psychedelically. Even if such pertinent details are either unknown or not on record, the British Agriculture Ministry should go collectively back to school or read a couple of books even unto that patchwork monstrosity called the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

"Easter-Egg Chickens", otherwise known as Araucarian Fowl, have been known for over four hundred years. They come from Chile and are indeed strange and wondrous creatures but not solely because of their outrageously coloured eggs. No indeed, they are truly foratean birds and for several reasons. First, chickens are not supposed to have been indigenous to the Americas but all to have been derived from crossings between two or three Jungle Fowl of the Oriental Region. People have done some pretty outrageous things to chickens as they filtered outwards all over the world — vide the Japanese breed with twelve-foot tails — but these Araucarians, though decorous in appearance, were mentioned as laying Easter-eggs in the very earliest reports from the first Spanish explorers who moved south from Peru and even by seafarers coming from the Pacific.

As to transmission of food products across the Pacific, the Heyerdahl party plumps for east to west but everybody else yells for west to east. Doubtless both occurred but the fact remains that in shouting down Heyerdahl the other party has fallen into the age-old trap; to wit, not just admitting but affirming their opponent's major premise; in this case that there was just such transmission across that ocean. If early Japanese pottery did land up on the west coast of South America, why not chickens? The chicken is a rugged bird and a very good seaman, as we can attest since we carried a bunch of them aboard our schooner for years. (None ever went overboard even when it got off its string; they all developed good "sea-legs"; more than one cock greeted the dawn from the masthead; and only once did one get clobbered. This was by a large flying fish that came aboard and bit an inquisitive pullet's beak off.) But back to the matter of Easter eggs.

We owned some of these dull fowl at HQ some years ago with a view to displaying their proclivities on the first color TV program. (One did us the courtesy of laying a bright blue egg on camera but this did not prove our point, though its color was startling enough, because it only laid one egg.) What we discovered was that, not only did the same bird suddenly change egg colour on a long-term basis, but that the same bird could pop out eggs of various different colors, and in no apparent sequence! This really calls for some hard thinking and sorely taxes the physiologists. The only explanation of egg-coloring anyhow is trace minerals ingested by them and then sorted out by species. Some birds lay eggs with two or more background colors, varicolored markings, and variable such markings; but each to her own, individually. Switching from rose pink to sky blue, then to green, to dark brown, to white, is quite another matter. Also, almost as strange is that a bunch of these chickens, locked up together and having exactly the same diet, should produce different coloured eggs. Still stranger is that the egg colour does not seem to be genetically laid down since a whole lot may be laying eggs of one colour and then suddenly go wild for colour. We sure would like to know if Mr. McKenner's chickens were Araucarians because the notion of dear old Rhode Island Reds or Leghorns suddenly going gay in this respect would really give us something to think about.

AN OOLOGICAL OUTRAGE

This is not exactly current news but we have been itching to expose it for twenty years and this would seem to be an appropriate juncture to do so. Also, we have gathered over these years a few other somewhat similar cases, and all, it might at first seem strange, from biologists. The reason for this could well be that, to anybody without any understanding of anatomy, the business might seem nothing more than odd. To anybody from junior high on up who has been interested in knowing how birds are put together, the thing is not just unexplained but frankly incomprehensible. It is, simply stated, outrageous things in eggs.

For us it all began when we ordered lightly boiled eggs on a New Haven and Hartford train from New York to Wood's Hole, Mass., on our way to Nantucket Island. On opening the first egg we perceived a revolting, dark greenish something exuding from the yolk up into the white. The egg not being rotten or stinking, and this horror manifestly not being an embryo (which is pink and grows on the surface of the yolk) we dived at it with a spoon and extracted a nauseous small disc clotted with a bright green excrescence. Poking this around, we hit bright metal and, transferring it to a saucer with some water, and scraping it around, we brought to light a dime clearly dated 1948. More than a little disturbed, we called the waiter and the steward to witness the egg, the dime, and the rest. As there was no bar on the train from which we might have obtained some spiritous liquor in which to 'fix' the egg, we carefully placed it in a cup, padded with tissues and, reinserting the dime, tottered back to our drawing room. On passing through Providence however, the engineer apparently had cause to slam on his brakes at neck-cracking instance, and the precious cup, egg, dime and all flew across the room and shattered. We retrieved the dime which displayed the profile of one of our better known presidents.

So we found a dime in an egg: so what? The average person would say something like "So the chicken swallowed a dime". True, most birds peck at, pick up, and often swallow any bright object as they need sharp-edge grit for their crops; but if a bird, or even you, swallow anything it is not going to get out of your alimentary tract into your reproductive one. The two are completely separated, and by two walls and the intervening peritoneum at that. Eggs are formed in the reproductive system and then go outward and downward, and while there is a sort of funnel into the peritoneum, it is minute and definitely not suited for the ingestion of even a dime. Further, how does said dime get out of the alimentary tract which is completely sealed throughout its length from mouth to anus? Perforation of the small intestine? So then the dime wanders around in the peritoneum and somehow forces its way into the Malpighian tubes and gets into the reproductive system. Baloney!

OK, so four of us were hallucinated, or some such rubbish, and only "thought" we found a dime in a hen's egg. So what about Mrs. Hamilton Bryan of Alexandria, Virginia, who sliced a ripe cantaloupe back in April, 1965 and found a somewhat sodden but new \$10 bill in it? (The bill was mushed up into a tight ball.) Take also Mrs. Lucille Quayle of Custer Park, Illinois. On slicing a ripe tomato she found a neatly folded one dollar bill in same. But, to be deadly serious, not all these reported cases of things being found where they should not logically be can be fakes or frauds. Is this just another case or aspect of ITF — see our last issue — and if so, is there any specific cause for money to be transferred into "fruits"?

MORE ON OOFs

This might be considered to be stretching a point but as it comes from none less than the New York TIMES, and from the pen of none less than Walter Sullivan, we should at least treat it with respect! The headline ran: — "EXPERIMENTERS PRODUCE FROG FROM A SINGLE CELL", and is datelined Oxford, England. So far, so good; but Mr. Sullivan goes on to tell us that said frog was raised from a single cell taken out of the lining of a "parent frog's " intestinal lining. Now: caution here. This brings us squarely to a confrontation with just what the geneticists do say. The complete plan for a new individual animal is said to be carried in the DNA molecules within the genes of the chromosomes of the specialized cells that carry the sexual reproductive imprint. Fair enough; but are we now asked to understand that said imprint can be carried by aberrant or wandering 'rogue' cells that may lodge anywhere in the body of a growing animal (or plant), or are we asked to conceive of the idea that all cells in any one animate entity carry the plan or pattern? The really fascinating outcome of this investigation by Dr. John Gurden and his associates is that they transferred a nucleus of an alimentary tract cell to a reproductive cell (an ovum) from which the nucleus had been removed. Apparently — to over-simplify — said transplanted nucleus got instructions to stop digesting stuff and get to work reproducing things. Something must give these instructions. It is as yet unexplained.

MORE MOA MURMURS

A member, recently returned from a visit to New Zealand but who wishes to remain anonymous for the present as he is a professional zoologist and made the trip under official auspices and does not want to be accused of making irresponsible statements, brought us a very interesting report on the century-old mystery of the Moas. It is exactly ten years since we last received anything so encouraging on this subject. The story goes as follows.

During the course of conversation with another professional zoologist, employed in the Wildlife Division of the N.Z. government and who also wishes to remain anonymous for similar reasons — and we can't blame either of these gentlemen — it transpired that apparently fresh remains of a small species of Moa were found early this year in the montane forests of the fjordlands of southern South Island. This is the area in which the large flightless bird, a form of rail called the Takahe (Notornis), thought to have been extinct, turned up very much alive just after WW.II. Like previous discoveries of such moa remains, these new ones were found in a dry cave; but this time, the bones, and more so the feathers, are said to have shown every sign of being contemporary. Most aggravatingly, our correspondent has been unable to ascertain whether any of these remains have been submitted for radiocarbon dating; a point that, in our opinion, casts some suspicion on the business. Said specimens are alleged to have been lodged in a large museum but we still await replies to our enquiries about this. Admittedly, we may have the wrong museum as there has been the most extraordinary cloak-and-daggerism running through all this story for the past twenty years. This is perhaps understandable because the man who first said he had seen a Takahe was not only ridiculed but clobbered; nor was he well treated even when his report was proved to be true by the capture of a bird.

The reason we take this matter seriously, despite these evasions and shenanigans, is just this past history of the business. There was a time when nobody believed that any humans had been contemporary with living moas but a chance discovery by a young student of a certain Dillon's Point primary school, named Jim Eyes, in 1939 laid this ghost for good. Later, it became manifest that some species of moas had existed until very shortly before the first white men arrived and may have continued to do so until as late as the nineteenth century. The next phase was initiated by this re-discovery of the Takahe or Notornis, at which time even the most sceptical were considerably shaken and principally because sceptics, and notably zoological ones, simply cannot conceive of the amount of true wilderness that still exists everywhere. Then, a discovery was made right in this Takahe area that brought everybody up sharp.

This was reported in a splendid little booklet entitled Moas and Moa-Hunters by Dr. Roger Duff, Director of the Canterbury Museum and published by the Government Printer, in Wellington, N.Z. in 1957. Speaking of a tribal group of Maoris known as the Ngati-mamoe who were driven into these mountains about 1700, Dr. Duff states: "But not only the Notornis still lived in those mountains. In hidden valleys the fugitives encountered small groups of a small forest-dwelling moa (Megalapteryx) which had survived, like Notornis, long after the extermination of its fellows elsewhere. It is likely that the Ngati-mamoe rapidly destroyed the small colonies of Megalapteryx, but a doubt remains — some may have outlived the Ngati-mamoe, some may still survive." (Italics ours.) It is now stated that both the 1949 discovery — by a Mr. Ken Miers — and this new one are of the remains of this same Megalapteryx. The former discovery included some bones of a bird that had obviously been butchered and eaten and some of these were engraved with a series of very fine deep cuts that could probably have been made only by a metal knife. But Dr. Duff goes on to say of this: — "Even if the cuts were from a stone flake, the date could not be earlier than the early seventeen hundreds (why, is not explained) when the Ngati-mamoe fled there. By either reckoning, Megalapteryx was alive so recently that we must seriously regard the possibility of his (its) existence today." (Italics ours.)

The largest known extinct Moa (Dinornis maximus) stood over six feet at the shoulder and, if it carried its long neck aloft like the ostriches and its other living relatives, it would have been well over twelve feet tall. One would naturally like to corral such a creature but since it was a lowland, grass-grazing animal and simply could not survive in rugged, forested mountains this is more than just unlikely. Its little relative, this Megalapteryx, if found, would, as the excellent Dr. Duff points out, be rather a disappointment to the average person. It would be only about three feet tall and shaped much like the little Kiwi, but with a longer neck, a great broad bill, considerable bulk, and probably, as Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans has reconstructed it, have sort of "baggy pants" of primitive feathers reaching almost to the ground. Nonetheless, it would be nice to get a genuine moa, however small and ungainly, just to confuse the sceptics, if nothing else. And there is really no reason why we shouldn't, as those mountains are really

SOCIETY NEWS

(Operational Activities)

The Society is now engaged in a number of specific projects, in each case involving both search and research. Henceforth, these will be described briefly in this column but it is hoped that full reports will be published as Incidental Papers when each is concluded or has reached any definite conclusions on major aspects of the program. As of this time, these projects are: —

The Ringing Rocks. A special Committee was set up in July to study this phenomenon, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Richard Palladino of the Forrestal Research Center Plasma Physics Laboratories, Princeton; Mr. Ernest Fasano of Ceramics for Industry, Inc., Frenchtown, N.J.; Mr. Hans Stefan Santesson; Mr. Donald Godown, staff photographer of the Delaware Valley News; Mr. Jack Ullrich, as geologist; Mr. Emanuel Staub, Metallurgy; Mr. Adolph Heuer; Mr. Edgar O. Schoenenberger, for animal behaviour; Mr. William F. Peck Jr.; Mr. Campbell Connelly, of I.B.M.; and the Director, as coordinator. Dick Palladino is a physicist; Ernie Fasano a metallurgist; HSS is an historian and is investigating the folklore, and Bill Peck is in advanced optics, a field that, it transpires, is of particular significance in this work. As of the time of writing, a dozen fieldtrips have been conducted to seven of the locations; new "fields" have been discovered; X-ray and spectrographic analyses of the rocks have been initiated; aerial photography has been undertaken; and biological experiments have been set up.

Stone Spheres. This investigation has mushroomed through the activities of two members, Barney Nashold (87) who is currently in Central America, and Basil Hritsco (165) mentioned in our last issue as residing in Hornbrook, California. The latter has discovered enormous accumulations of what our more jocular respondents prefer to call "stone balls" in his area, ranging in diameter from ten feet to grains of the average size of granulated sugar. This is naturally what is called "ballbearing sand" which is very widely and massively distributed, and which brings an entirely new aspect to the matter. The fight is, as a result, now on between the geologists and the archaeologists, though there has not been any actual engagement as yet.

Mechanical Dowsing. It has been decided to set up a special committee for this also, as there has been considerable response to our mention of the matter in our last issue. A Mr. Mataria who first introduced the procedure to the U.S. Marine Corps has sent us a set of his papers and offers to cooperate. Prof. George C. Kennedy, our advisor on geophysics, has written extensive suggestions for refining any field experiments we may undertake, pointing out that there are laboratory facilities of enormous sensitivity for testing any gross positive indications we may obtain.

Paddlebugs. During the past summer we became greatly interested in a group of very strange and rather rare two-winged flies known as the Phantom Crane-Flies (Family Ptychopteridae). Observations on their method of flight, which combines 'helicoptering' with their small wings and 'swimming' with the six paddles at the tips of their legs, did not conform to the published descriptions. We applied to our sponsor (Member No. 1) who is one of the world's leading experts on both helicopters and biomechanics, since principles seem to be involved here that are definitely, as of now at least, unexplained, and which may therefore be classed as fortan. Said flies will be studied next year when they emerge, about late May; and we will attempt to make motion picture film of them in flight for detailed analysis.

Chain in Rock. In 1966 we sent a two-man team to the National Park area of northern Pennsylvania in the neighbourhood of Renovo to interview a gentleman there who had for years been issuing statements to the press about the passage of the famed Thunderbird of Amerindian folklore that is supposed to have had a wingspan of 30 feet. While there, Frank Graves (49) and Jay Blick (17) met the local fire chief who told them of a huge iron chain, that does not rust, embedded in a giant boulder up a creek in the hills. This is not just attached to the rock but appears to go right into it since more links have appeared as erosion has proceeded. This gentleman has pinpointed the location, and a group will be visiting the site. There are other curious items of human activity in the immediate area, including allegedly some petrolyphic inscriptions.

Oldest Plant. Also in Pennsylvania, only a few miles south of Harrisburg, there is a 'field' covered with a low bush called the Box Huckleberry. This is all one plant and does not seed but proliferates through its roots. It has been estimated by professional botanists to be some 13,000 years old and thus the oldest living thing known. The search is for the original center of this vast mass with a view to exploring that small location for any radio-carbon datable material that can be shown to be free of contamination. The lady who owns the property has extended an invitation to us through the mayor of the local township to investigate the matter. (Incidentally, we are also initiating a proper search for the largest living thing — among the giant Douglas Firs of the Tuba Creek area in British Columbia — some of which timber cruisers report surpass the Lowland Redwoods in height.)

(Administrative Affairs)

There have been two quarterly Board Meetings since the issuance of the last journal — Vol. 1, No. 4. These were chaired by Mr. Hans Santesson at the request of the President who was unable to attend due to private business commitments. More than a quorum was present at both meetings and all absent submitted proxies. These were only two in number in each case.

The meetings were as usual divided into two parts, a morning session for business, and an afternoon session for a survey of and report on operations. The issues brought up in the former are hereunder detailed by order of precedence and in accord with the procedure at these meetings. Items from both of these meetings are herewith combined without specification.

(1) Membership: The executive assistant to the director (MLF) reported a slow but steady increase in membership but pleaded for more effort on the part of members to raise the curve on the graph. It must be stressed that we adhere both to the old West African adage "Softly, softly, catchee monkey" and at the same time rule out any type of professional promotion. New members must come to us; not we go out after them, except by word of mouth and notably through our members. As we have said before, we want all potential members to be fully apprised of our intentions and to have, themselves, appraised our worth before joining. Therefore, we would ask you to turn to the inside of the back cover of this issue and consider whether you can help. Our principal objective is to raise the number of subscribing members — already not too far from the goal — to cover the cost of PURSUIT. Meantime, sponsors and visiting membership contributions are being applied to essential construction work and the maintenance of physical properties — see Establishment below.

(2) Administrative: Mr. Jack A. Ullrich kindly consented to take on the position entitled "Field Operations". He speaks several languages and travels all over the world for his own business and, since it is his own business, can undertake investigative trips that the other officers cannot, due to what we may call the more "sessile" necessities of theirs. By the same token, Miss Marion L. Fawcett, being a professional librarian and editor, and being resident at our research center, has taken over the position of librarian from a now rather long train of volunteers, and part-time paid professionals. (As one member said recently, "If search is our life-blood and research our lymphatic system, then our library is our skeletal structure and our files are our musculature." — He was an anatomist, of course!) Further, as to changes in personnel, Miss Charlene Connelly joined us in August on a voluntary basis and left in October to resume a technological course at college. She was of enormous help in that she ploughed into all the "dirty work", such as filing and pasting which, please believe us, is a ghastly chore but of the essence. Under administration also, two items were reported in. First, the composition of the Scientific Advisory Board, which is listed on page 1, and the establishment of a proper Editorial Board. The latter consists of Hans Stefan Santesson, longtime editor, anthologist, and writer, as Chairman; Peter G. Kamitchis, ditto, and with an equally outstanding background in these fields; Marion L. Fawcett, one-time editor of medical texts (for Lippincott); and the director. All other purely administrative matters concerned maintenance, and mostly on behalf of the establishment.

(3) Establishment: Despite opinions expressed to us, as related in the last issue, we consider this at the present stage of our development to be of first importance. It is all very well to try to run an intellectually orientated organization out of a refurbished back bedroom, and there are not a few who have succeeded in doing so to a truly astonishing success. However, small as we may be, we possess just too much material, and more is coming in all the time; and not only from day to day but in ever-increasing volume, and also in the form of offers of whole libraries. For instance, one such has been offered to us as a bequest, and its volume is really staggering — 300 feet of shelves in one of five categories alone! We have the land, and we have some 'housing' but we are bursting at the seams. Therefore, until we can get the new Research Center financed and built, we have to do what we can; and, we feel that it is our duty to report on what we are doing. (Perhaps some of you might hereby sympathize and really try to find help!) As we said in our last issue, finding places for 'stuff' in safe-keeping has become a sort of juggling game. Of the immediate possibilities listed in our last issue three at least have been implemented. With a most generous gift by founding member Edna L. Currie, safe storage space for periodicals is being constructed in the attic of the old house. Due to a new idea for certain technical procedures for our next year's research, the laboratory has been cleared and room made for certain experiments. This has resulted in a decision not to set up the other (cold) laboratory until next spring. Meantime we have also found space for still more floor to ceiling bookshelves to take the overflow of new textbooks and reference works; and the basement has once again been cleared and improved for the machine-shop — and don't for a moment think that this is not

essential, as we are a working organization. Finally, the Annex — a 60-ft by 20-ft concrete building — has a new concrete floor. Two thirds of this building is already almost filled with stored properties. The remaining area is to be lined and weatherproofed with a view to making it a library extension. But there remains the essential question of enhanced working space. The plans for this are now drawn but the price is still completely beyond us. Meantime, we ask those wishing to bequeath or house their collections with us to be patient, and just try not to die before we do get the proper fire-proof facilities erected.

(4) Land Use: A considerable amount of discussion, a great deal of thinking, and a lot of enquiry has gone into this aspect of our development during the past two years. The land rented by the Society from the Sanderson Estate — under a one dollar a year lease in perpetuo but renewable each year — constitutes a triangle of eight acres in a still isolated small valley. It is contiguous with considerably more acreage to the northeast owned by the Sandersons. This latter is composed of a large field of prime acreage, surrounded by a most curious flooded wood on one side, an ancient apple orchard now overgrown and choked on another, and an extensive wooded swamp on a third. The last drains into the shallow lake on Society property and thence into an 80-ft by 80-ft grass-verged swimming pond. The big field is farmed but the rest of the land is being left completely untouched with a view to re-cording growth succession as it returns to its original botanical constitution as far as it can after nearly three hundred years of human interference. The point of discussion has been whether to adopt the same policy for Society land or to continue to push the large lawn outwards to the periphery of its property, and do further landscaping, bush and tree planting, and construct another ornamental pond in front of the house. The concensus on two ballots is to adopt the first course and encourage natural growth and succession in conformity with the adjacent tract. This course has been that followed during the past three years and already the shallow pond has provided most interesting features which are being watched and studied by a group from Rutgers University. (In fact, in another two years it will have vanished and reverted to swamp.) Apart from the gardens and small enclosed plot in which herbs are grown, the only infringement of this policy is the experimental planting of certain North American exotics starting with a most interesting Umbellifer called by the Huppa Amerinds Ik Nish, discovered by Basil Hritsco (165), which grows in almost soilless rocky areas and provides two delicious spices derived from the young leaves and the huge parsnip-shaped roots.

(5) Publicity: In this field we have received the most extraordinary boost from Mr. Barry Farber (250) through the media of his late evening and all-night radio programs from Station WOR in New York. Apart from this, all press mentions and write-ups during the past half year have been on the "Ringing Rocks" and our activities thereupon — see above. We are not pushing publicity any more than we are promotion. We prefer to perform first and then offer our findings to the working press later in case they might see a story in it. At the same time, ARGOSY Magazine has been kind enough to give the Society's bye-line to the column that the director is doing for them as their science editor. This, we feel, is a dignified way of presenting our existence and activities to a wide audience of potentially interested people. Once again, let the facts speak for themselves.

(6) Publications: Several technical matters relative to PURSUIT were discussed at very great length at both meetings by the true experts of the Editorial Board, all of whom have practical experience of the printing trade also. Balancing costs against product and production, it has been mutually agreed, and seconded by the Board and by a poll of a number of other members, that the format of the journal remain as is, for now. However, it was also agreed that each year, starting in 1969, should constitute a new Volume, with four issues — as is shown on this cover. In accordance with general publishing policy today, we will endeavour to get each issue out at least a month in advance of the official publication dates, which are the 30th of January, April, July, and October.

(7) The Library: Thirty-four new books were received during this period; all 'separates' have been sorted, catalogued, and boxed. Sorting and transfer of the information files to large ringbinders is proceeding. There are still four file cabinets to come, and the new material received amounts to about a drawer per quarter. Board Member Jack Ullrich (123) rolled into the Research Center with a truck-load of books, including a first installment of a complete medical library. Then, in making room for reference works in the old house, we had to move about fifty feet of non-essential books to the Annex. Third, Marion Fawcett wants her library to hand; and, fourth, we — the Sandersons — have accumulated an overage of both reference and other books in our New York apartment and office. As a result, it has been decided to pool our resources and not only line, seal, insulate, and floor the 20 x 20 room in the Annex but line three of its walls with bookshelves. A heating unit is available and furniture to equip it as a library extension. Being lined with asbestos sheeting this will be fire-resistant so that we may start to accept further material that does not call for fully fire-proof housing.

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(This is not a paid advertisement.)

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(Note: All fortune tellers are strongly urged to read or reread these collected works. Pliny has always been popularly regarded as some sort of 'nut' but he was actually the first science reporter and current discoveries have brought to light the fact that a lot of that which he reported on both the beliefs and the accumulated knowledge of the ancient and classical worlds is really quite incredible.)
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As to whether titles are actually "in print" (as is technically known in the trade), those interested should apply to their library for search in the two standard works Books in Print and The Cumulative Book Index.

We welcome recommendations of books from members; e.g. George Eberhart (32) suggested the acquisition of Middlehurst's Chronological Catalog, a truly fortune teller document.

MEMBERSHIP, MONEY, AND MATHEMATICS

To maintain our standards at the present level, a certain minimum number of subscribers is needed. As everybody knows, the item per item cost of a single issue goes down as the printing-run rises. However, we can publish with a really astonishingly low subscriber rate, so that — as long as we keep PURSUIT to its current size — this aspect of our endeavour is assured. Maintenance of the Society's work, other than publication of PURSUIT, has to be taken care of by other means.

However

WE STILL NEED MEMBERS

To this end, will you do the following: —

- (1) RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP. This request is directed to all those who joined before June, 1968. (Those who joined since the end of that month were granted an extension to the end of 1969).
- (2) SEEK OUT NEW MEMBERS. Our Brochure, "Elaboration of Interests", and a limited supply of the most recent issue of PURSUIT will be sent on request.
- (3) GIVE A SUBSCRIPTION TO OUR JOURNAL as a birthday or other gift.
- (4) BRING US, AND "PURSUIT", TO THE ATTENTION OF YOUR LOCAL LIBRARIANS, AND TO ANY SCIENTIFIC OR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS WITH WHICH YOU MAY BE ASSOCIATED.