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# PURSUIT

"SCIENCE IS THE PURSUIT OF THE UNKNOWN"

VOL. 4, NO. 2

APRIL, 1971

*Charles Wiley*

# SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

Columbia, New Jersey 07832

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## ORGANIZATION

The legal and financial affairs of the Society are managed by a Board of Trustees in accordance with the laws of the State of New Jersey. These officers are four in number: two Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, and a Secretary.

General policy and administrative matters are handled by a Governing Board which consists of the four Trustees, a President elected for 5 years, and five other officers elected annually. These are: an Executive Secretary, and Assistant Directors for Membership and Regional Affairs, Publicity, Promotion, and Public and Press Relations. The First Vice-President is the Administrative Director, and the Second Vice-President is in charge of the physical establishment. The Executive Secretary is also the Librarian. In addition, there are three standing committees: an Activities Committee, a Library Committee, and a Publications Committee. The Society is also counselled by a panel of prominent scientists, which is designated the Scientific Advisory Board.

The Society is housed on eight acres of land in the Township of Knowlton, Warren County, New Jersey.

## PARTICIPATION

Participation in the activities of the Society is solicited. All contributions are tax exempt, pursuant to the United States Internal Revenue Code. Memberships run from the 1st of January to the 31st of December; but those joining after the 1st of October are granted the final quarter of that year gratis. The means of participation are various, as follows: —

- (1) Honorary (including Founding Members) . . . . . (Free for life)
- (2) Sponsors (\$1000, or more) . . . . . (Free for life)
- (3) Contributing (\$100; for special privileges) . . . . . (\$10 p.a. thereafter)
- (4) Corresponding (including data withdrawal service) . . . . . \$10 per annum
- (5) Contracting (for individual projects) . . . . . (By contract)
- (6) Reciprocating (for other societies) . . . . . (By exchange)

All of these except No. 5 receive PURSUIT and all other Society publications.

- YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A PROFESSIONAL OR EVEN AN AMATEUR SCIENTIST TO JOIN US.

## PUBLICATIONS

The Society publishes a quarterly journal entitled PURSUIT. This is both a diary of current events and a commentary and critique of reports on these. It also distributes an annual report on Society affairs to members in categories (1), (2), (3), and (4) above. The Society further issues Occasional Papers on certain projects, and special reports in limited quantity on the request of Sponsors or Contributing Members. (Subscription to PURSUIT, without membership benefits, is \$5 per annum, including postage.)

## PUBLISHING RECORD

Our publishing schedule is four quarterly issues of PURSUIT, dated January, April, July, and October, and numbered as annual volumes — Vol. 1 being 1968 and before; Vol. 2, 1969, and so on. These are mailed on the last of the month, third class. If you do not receive your copy within two weeks — in Canada and the U. S. — please inform us.

It is regretted that the current supply of back issues is so limited, that copies are available only to libraries. Issues prior to 1968 are not available. However, the cost of photocopies will be supplied on request.

## IMPORTANT NOTICES

The Society is unable to offer or render any services whatsoever to non-members. Further, the Society does not hold or express any corporate views, and any opinions expressed by any members in its publications are those of the authors alone. No opinions expressed or statements made by any members by word of mouth or in print may be construed as those of the Society.

There have been a number of articles recently on the problem of junk mail and the way in which one's name gets on such a mailing list. We should like to assure our members and subscribers that our mailing list is available only to resident staff at our headquarters.

Vol. 4, No. 2  
April, 1971

# PURSUIT

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THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE  
INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF "THINGS"  
THAT ARE CUSTOMARILY DISCOUNTED

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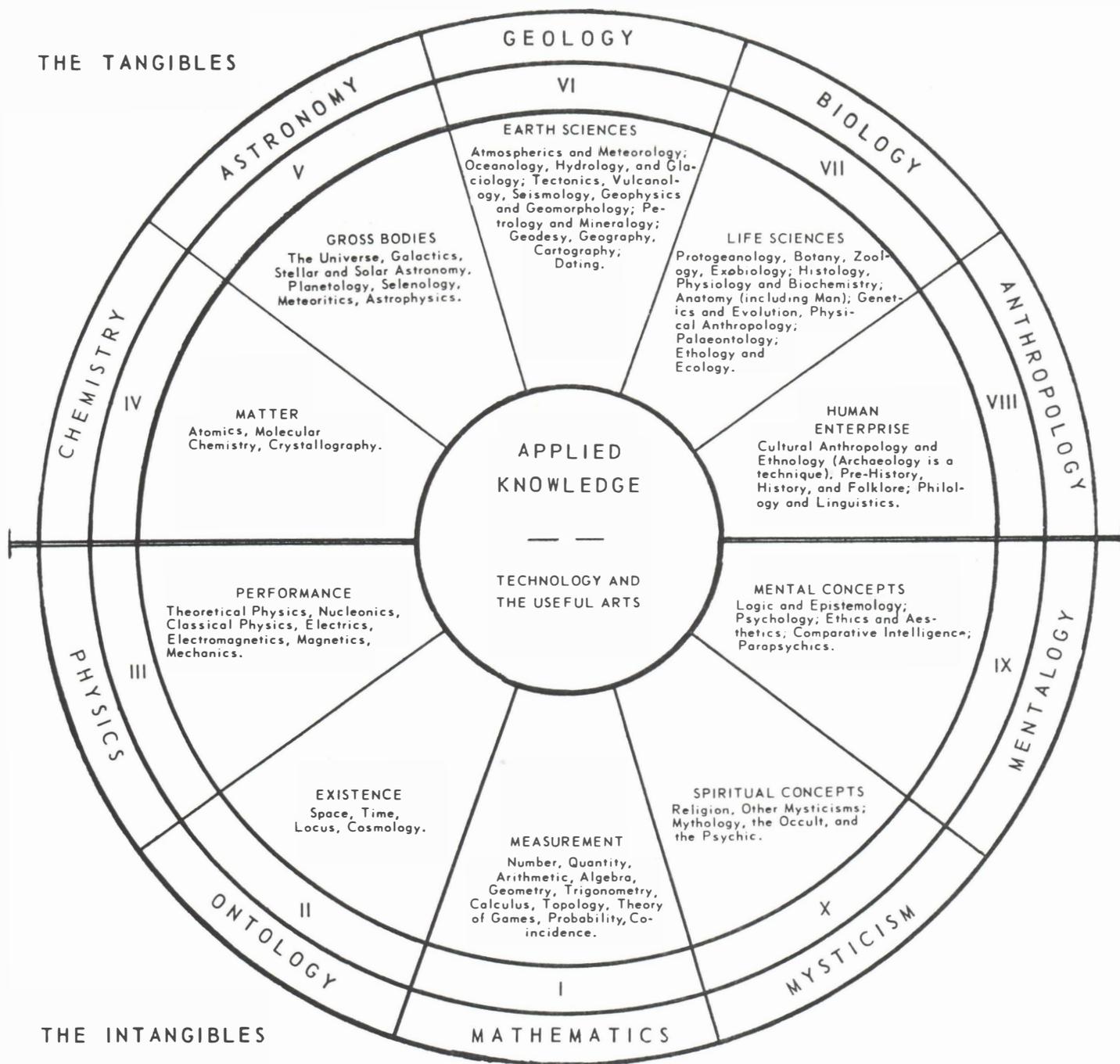
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# THE TAXONOMY OF KNOWLEDGE



Everything in existence, including "existence" itself, and thus all of our possible concepts and all knowledge that we possess or will ever possess, is contained within this wheel. Technologies and the useful arts lie within the inner circle, having access to any or all of the ten major departments of organized knowledge.

From the KORAN: "Acquire knowledge. It enables its possessor to know right from wrong; it lights the way to heaven; it is our friend in the desert, our society in solitude; our companion when friendless; it guides us to happiness; it sustains us in misery; it is an ornament among friends, and an armour against enemies." - The Prophet.

## EDITORIAL

What was probably the most shocking statement made by anybody in authority during this century emanated from Chicago on the 2nd of January of this year and, as reported by the wire services, came out of the mouth of none other than the retiring President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in his departure speech to that most august of all bodies at its annual meeting. So appalling is this pronouncement that we give it verbatim, so that there can be no possibility of misapprehension or misinterpretation. It went, believe it or not, as follows: —

“Dr. H. Bentley Glass, the retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is one who views science as having discovered all the basic laws. He said in a speech: ‘We are like the explorers of a great continent who have penetrated to its margins in most points of the compass and have mapped the major mountain chains and rivers. There are still innumerable details to fill in but the endless horizon no longer exists.’ ” (Emphasis ours)

Words almost fail us, but we will endeavour to interpret the true significance of this horror for you, who doubtless never read of it, but who are still sane.

Not only uneducated buffoons but persons allegedly of higher learning have been making this statement since the later days of the Ancient Greek civilization. It reached a crescendo about the middle of the 18th Century when the mechanists sincerely thought that they had discovered everything. About that time, ‘thought’ in what we now call the Western World split; the so-called scientists going one way, the religionists and other mystics the other. Then, both parties became paranoiac in that they became ever more aggressively pedantic on the one hand and increasingly humble on the other. They clashed repeatedly — as with the famous debate between Prof. Huxley and Bishop Ussher — but they always retreated on a raft of compromise. During this century they have kept strictly apart, bowing towards each other and mouthing platitudes. Now comes this.

First off, it is manifest that this Dr. Glass is not a scientist. Second, it looks very much as if the AAAS has ceased to be a scientific outfit. Third, this shocking outburst may go a long way to explaining just what is basically wrong with our so-called civilization. The British, who started all this, may indeed have been a nation of shopkeepers; we who have put the findings of science to work have manifestly become a nation of button-pushers and bottle-washers. Just as manifestly, the very objective and the horizon of science — defined by even Webster as “Possession of knowledge as distinguished from ignorance and misunderstanding; knowledge obtained through study and practice; systematized knowledge” — has to an alarming degree been lost, at least in our American so-called scientific community.

Be it known, to ordinary rational people, that this Dr. Glass’ form of “science” has made considerable inroads into an understanding of one aspect of our physical universe, but let us be equally assured that even technology is still almost half-an-infinity away from reaching the borders of Dr. Glass’ ‘continent’. Science has not yet even considered the tangible matters that are the concern of us mortals. And when it comes to the intangibles, it just has not yet recognized the possibility that they might exist — apart from some tentative dabbings in the muddy waters of brain control and mind patrol.

We know nothing of the world of the intangible (commonly and somewhat erroneously called “the occult”) nor of other matters mystical, but this is no excuse for ignoring them scientifically. Thus, half of reality — at least according to more than half of humanity — has not yet even been approached by this much vaunted “science”. This is bad enough, but when this same self-appointed establishment refuses even to contemplate, let alone investigate, tangible items that are unexplained, we can but deplore the dry rot that seems not only to have set in but which has seemingly taken over. The saddest aspect of all is, however, that the technologists themselves are the first to admit that they have only just nibbled at the fringes of the possible in their solid, concrete world of reality. And yet they are the ones that this Dr. Glass refers to when he says that all we have left to do is “fill in the spots”.

If this type of so-called ‘science’ won’t wake up to reality and get out of its little ivory privy, it would be well advised to transfer to the late Department of HEW, and let the philosophers take over.

So, we know the parameters of everything, indeed! Phui!

Ivan T. Sanderson.

## MAW OR MOLOCH? ANOTHER EDITORIAL

For some time now we have been carrying on a running correspondence with a number of our (sort of) founding members, who may perhaps be described as 'professional' forteans. Our objective was to seek advice on policy. This inter-change has proved most fruitful, and we wish to thank these consultants for their frankness. Those to whom we refer will know that we are referring to them but, in accordance with our policy as reiterated below, we do not herewith give their names.

Two major points have emerged from this interchange. The first we quote from a recent letter: — "Columbia, N. J. [i.e. SITU-HQ] is seen as one huge vacuum cleaner, taking a lot in, and not giving too much out", and it goes on to liken it to a Maw. This is quite true; and, what is more, we might legitimately be accused of being a Moloch, considering the volume of mail and other material we receive. We do not offer any excuse for this, but we will present a (the) reason.

SITU has a pretty fair, and very fast growing, worldwide membership. These are more or less equally divided between professional and amateur scientists on the one hand, and 'non-scientists', meaning people in other walks of life, on the other. SITU is pleased not to include any of the Three Ks in its ranks, but it does assiduously transfer any approaches from them, if frankly stated, to affiliated organizations who will treat them with respect and consideration, and who will understand what they are talking about. Ours is what used to be called a "free citizens organization"; and to this end, we have to protect the 'privacy' of our members. Not only is there today a gross invasion of privacy through the sale of mailing lists; the vast majority of our members prefer that their names not be advertised. Both scientists and non-scientists have to think of their reputations and, therefore, it is one of our primary duties to protect their names and addresses — as is clearly stated in both our flyer and our journal. Thus, we credit information we publish by membership number only, and the name of that member will not be given to anybody without his or her written permission. Thus, the greater part of what is given out is not apparent to the membership as a whole. It goes from member to member, confidentially, so that working scientists and journalists and hobbyists may establish individual contact.

The second pertinent observation made in this correspondence is relative to "credits". This falls under two heads: (i) information, and (ii) illustrations. As to the first, we cannot credit any person for any specific information that we publish, unless they submit such material for publication above their own name. The basic reason for this is that the bulk of our journal is a compendium of all that we know or have received on each subject, and the writing originates in this editorial office — and from now on is to be copyrighted, we should add. Full credit is always given for anything quoted from previously published material. As to the matter of illustrations, credit is given only when we can trace the actual originator; not just the member, or other, who sent us the item.

There is also a third matter that should be explained. Many members seem to be both dismayed and considerably annoyed that we do not offer lending facilities for our library contents. This we cannot and will not do, for several reasons. First of all, most of our material is unique and has been donated by members on the understanding that it be preserved. Second, we don't have adequate copying facilities even for our filed material, let alone whole books. Third, we simply don't have the staff to package material like books. Fourth, the insurance people refuse to cover any material if we start sending it out. As we advertise: all members are welcome to visit our HQ, by prior arrangement, to make use of our research facilities, and, within limits, members can receive précis of material on request, or estimates for copying at cost. Major research projects can be undertaken only for Contributing Members, again with copying at cost. Thus, let us put on record that anything sent by anybody to us does indeed go into a Maw and is digested — as opposed to going into a Moloch and being incinerated. It is held in trust here for the Society, which means each and all of its members. If we could afford a 96-page monthly magazine, we might perhaps be able to put out as much as we take in; but we can't. At the same time, we try to shove out as much as we can to all true and legitimate fortean organizations, as well as to all working scientists, as can demonstrate to us that they are both true and legitimate. We do this not only by a free interchange of publications but also by a constant flow of correspondence. Also, we have loaned many most valuable files (such as our original reports on Acambaro to Ron Willis of INFO) on trust, and in the sincere wish that any and all fortean material may be reviewed and published. We can't do everything ourselves, and we most certainly don't want to attempt to do so. We were set up to be a clearing house, and we offer in our prospectus to do all we can to aid any others who may apply to us. We believe that this is not only the best but the only way to build a fortean pyramid without infringing upon anybody else's prerogatives, status, or progress. We were set up to, and aim only, to help. Be it noted also, we are a "non-profit" organization, and we refuse to indulge in rivalry or chauvinistic secrecy, but we do aim to protect our members' reputations and 'possessions' in the form of written or other materials.

Hans Stefan Santesson  
President

## NOTICE

From now on, unless valid contrary reasons for not so doing are brought to light, columns such as that on Ufology, which are basically of an editorial nature, will be moved up front.

## UFOLOGY

In accordance with our expressed policy, we once again have nothing of a factual nature to offer in this department. However, we do have something to say of — we believe — a practical nature. It is in this field that we feel we may be of most use to this department of enquiry. And we make so bold as to suggest that a spot of practicality is sorely needed herein.

Reports of observations of unexplaineds and in some cases of inexplicables of a ufological nature are pouring into amateur, scientific, and official centers and onto newspaper desks, from all over this country and from all over the world. However, the general public is bored unto death with the whole subject; the newspapers find it unworthwhile; and officialdom is apparently only too delighted that matters remain this way. Nonetheless, this does not mean that those interested in this natural phenomenon should abandon their efforts to further investigate it.

To this end, we once again urge all of you to aid APRO (The Aerial Phenomena Research Organization) of 3910 East Kleindale Road, Tucson, Arizona 85716 — phone: (602)-793-1825, in its endeavour to collect all reports, past, present, and future, for computerization. Never mind how whacky you may personally think the stories you hear or read in your local newspapers may be; send them in to APRO anyway, and let them judge. They really are experts and of long standing; they are not starry-eyed believers, nuts, or screwballs; they have been in this business too long now and, backed by a roster of working scientists and technologists they — probably alone — are in a position to evaluate such reports. Give them a chance. Why?

Again, as we have said before and repeatedly, the best and most constructive thing that all of us can now do is help to assemble this massive overall compendium of what has been said and reported on and about this troublesome matter. Unless there really is some monumental hanky-panky going on, we still, after half a century, have nothing concrete to show for or of this whole business — but reports. This, however, does not mean that said whole thing is a fake, a phoney, or a gas. The very mass of reports itself is worth proper scientific recording, analysis, and enquiry; and the best way to do this is by careful listing on pragmatic grounds and with the best modern techniques, so that our thinking machines (the computers) can have something to work with. Maybe said machines, if they are truly sensible and honest, will tell us, when all is said and done, that the whole thing is nothing but a monumental

slice of baloney. Well, even that would be something; but we will never know unless we at least try to do what we can. So, back to our plea.

People interested in this business (of UFOs) fall into four classes: — (1) the “Saucerians” who state that they have found a mystical, out-of-this-world connotation involved, (2) the sincere buffs who have been designated “Ufologists”, (3) the publicists who make money out of the business, either deliberately or unwittingly for mere copy as newsmen, and (4) a small body of professional scientists who are truly interested in the matter as a (natural) phenomenon and who sincerely believe that there is something in all of it that demands proper scientific investigation. Only classes (2) and (4) are outright dedicated to an endeavour such as APRO has set up. The other two parties are variously disinterested or actually averse to any such hardboiled approach to the subject. This is unfortunate as both might contribute a lot to an ultimate solution; No. 1 by not being shy and by dropping their personal theories and beliefs; No. 3 by dropping their facetiousness, and dredging up what they have on file, even if they consider it pure rubbish.

The really sad aspect of this whole business is, however, of another nature. This is what I can only call “back-biting”.

There are a lot of very intelligent and well-informed people interested in this matter, and all of them are personally rather exceptionally charming individuals; yet, we are sorry to have to relate, we cannot, as of this time, name any two who agree on anything connected with the business! Presumably they are all roaring individualists, but do they all have to demand that their ideas are the only valid ones? Scientific enquiry, like any other, must proceed by argument and debate, but can not personal dogma be relegated to its proper place, and open debate be maintained. And do misunderstandings due to the standard exigencies of professionalism, as in publishing, have to fractionate the sincere labourers in this field, even if it is grossly esoteric? Can't at least the publishers of the magazines, fanzines, and journals devoted to this business overlook such annoying circumstances, accept their inevitability, and get on with the job? Why should anybody, let alone everybody, be “jealous” of APRO? Can't we all cooperate?

Let us make it quite clear that we — SITU — are doing everything that we can to cooperate in this endeavour of APRO's, and we ask only that all of our members do likewise, either directly and personally, or by trying to get other organizations to do so. If

only we could get a computerized analysis of all this mass of material, we might be able to find out what it is all about; and also how we can further the true scientific investigation of the problem.

#### SEEDS FROM A "CONTACTEE"

A man in California has been giving away, with no strings attached, seeds which he claims he was given by "Space People". He states that they are not native to this planet and that the mature plant, if properly prepared and ingested, will prolong a person's life to a thousand years or more. He also claims that the seeds have "defied identification by Ph.D. botanists". Well...

Our member 755 sent us several of these seeds, asking our opinion. One hopes devoutly that the contactee has never actually asked a botanist for an identification of his "longevity seeds". We are none of us at HQ practicing botanists, but our immediate impression was Bur-Marigolds, approximately 75

species of which are found in North America. Our dogs come in covered with the seeds — commonly called 'beggar-ticks' — in late summer and fall. A day later, one of our advisors on botany turned up and we tossed the seeds to him. Said he, "Oh, that's Bidens frondosa" — Bur-Marigold (specifically Stick-tight) in English. Not wishing to leave anything to chance, we sent two seeds to a specialist recommended by the New York Botanical Gardens. His report: Bidens frondosa.

While waiting for this report, member 755 got busy on his own and identified his seeds as being those of a Mexican hybrid with the common name tagetes.

We frankly don't know whether the contactee is an out and out fraud, whether he was the butt of practical jokers, or whether he did in fact encounter some "Space People" who chose to make him a gift of ordinary weed seeds as the best possible way of discrediting him and any information he might hand out about them. In any case, his claims hardly merit further investigation.

#### CHAOS AND CONFUSION

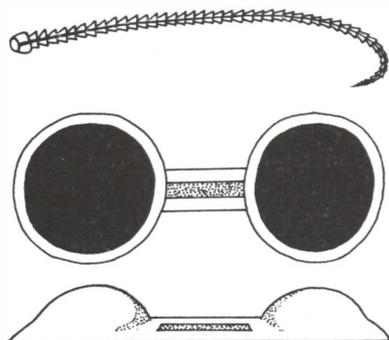
##### A SPLENDID RAIN OF 'VOIMS'

One of old Charlie Fort's favourite items was/were unauthorized things that were said to have fallen out of the sky. Among this mess — and, believe thou us, it is — were worms of all manner of sorts, kinds, and colours. Of course, these when found littering snowfields, were immediately 'explained' by the almighties as being a form of Nematode that somehow manages to proliferate in the curious montane ecosystem found under glaciers and so forth. Fair enough, but....

That most excellent British publication entitled the Flying Saucer Review — what an idiotic name; but they have been stuck with it for sixteen years — is primarily devoted to ufological matters, but it occasionally launches into other fortaean-type realities. Now, it comes through with a real "worms from on high" classic. This appeared on page 16 of their November/December, 1970 issue (Vol. 16, No. 6), in-

cluded in the body of a most interesting article entitled "Mariannelund Ufo and Occupants" by Anders Liljegren. This is a careful report on events allegedly witnessed by a solid Swedish citizen named Mr. Gideon Johansson. It concerns a classic 'fall'; but, since it emanates from Sweden, we take the frivolous liberty of announcing it in the way that we pronounce Svenska around here. We give the account in toto, as published in FSR: —

"On May 1, 1945, Mr. and Mrs. Johansson went to visit a family living at Lonnebarga. It was a beautiful day, the sky was cloudless, there was no wind and it was unusually warm. In the afternoon the two couples sat out on the balcony to have coffee and cake. As they sat they 'heard a sound like falling hail. The surface of the pond was in turmoil. Suddenly, worms were raining on us out of a clear sky. Two of them landed in the cream cake. The shower of worms passed over us and rained down on the other side of the house and on the wood. The area covered with worms measured, as far as we could tell, about 100 metres by 300 metres. There was not a square metre of ground free of worms. There was another extraordinary thing. Numbers of birds, such as crows, dived down towards the worms, but as soon as they got close to them, they turned and flew away. Our neighbor let his hens out to have a feast, but they didn't touch a single worm — they refused to go near them. I fetched a bottle, filled it with spirit, and put two worms into it. Later I showed it to a teacher of biology, but he couldn't identify the worms. He told me to send them to Stockholm, and I did so — but I never had a reply. The worms (see drawings) were



deep frozen, transparent and reddish in colour. Along their length one could see their green intestine. They were about 12 centimetres long, and were composed of conical segments, one fitting into the next. The worms soon thawed out, but they were dead. I visited the place two weeks later and the worms were still there — dry carcasses on the ground.’ ”

That is the sum total of Mr. Johansson's report. What to make of it? First, let us assume that there was a rain of "voims" at that time and at that place, witnessed by the persons there assembled. If one is prepared to accept this, then one has also to accept the fact that said things came from somewhere. Did they just come down out of our sky (and, if so, what were they doing up there), or did they come from somewhere far beyond said sky (atmosphere), or were they teleported from some other point on the surface of this our little planet? If they did appear, as stated, they must have come from somewhere. So let us proceed.

The origin of these things is by no means the only mystery in this case. How come they were "deep frozen", and just what does this term mean in this case, and who said so? We suspect that they appeared to Mr. Johansson to be "frozen solid", a condition that would be well known to him from a lifetime of observation in the cold northern winters of his country. However, they appeared in May and apparently on a warm sunny day. Then again, why would wild predatory and domestic animals avoid touching them, although at first attracted to them presumably by sight? And this, moreover, after they had thawed out and lain about long enough to become dessicated. As a matter of fact this is behaviour that has been reported innumerable times when animals have been observed approaching 'unauthorized' things or stuff that has been seen to fall from the sky. Animals do not seem to be frightened by the actual falling of these things but rather by some quality which they can detect only at short range. Could this be odor, or might it be some aberration of ionization?

But most curious of all in this case is the form of these 'voims' — the second reason, incidentally, why we do not call them worms. The subject of Worms is complex to the point of incomprehensibility to any but a systematic zoologist, and to many of eventhose if they have not gone rather thoroughly into the invertebrate forms of life other than the insects. The term "worm" is a very general popular one, almost on a par with the word "machines", encompassing as it does a very wide variety of completely different creatures having nothing in common but their vermi form. There are, in fact, vermiform members of 19 of the 26 great major groups or phyla into which animals are divided, including even the backboned animals or Chordates. Thus, worms range in shape and size in a bewildering manner. Many of several groups are ringed or annulated like the common earth and lug

worms. However, there just is no known worm that looks in any way like this item from Sweden.

On the other hand, it can possibly be matched, though in rather general terms, with some other things. For instance, there is a kind of seaweed — a very dangerous aphrodisiac, one should add — found on sandy beaches in the Caribbean that is composed of multitudinous stems just about this size and shaped just like this. As a matter of fact, the curious step like arrangement with a central canal is altogether more in accord with vegetable, as opposed to animal, construction, and if of a vegetable origin, its dessication would be more understandable. If these things had not been said to have been deep-frozen, we would have suggested that they were a part of the inflorescence of some local tree or shrub. They still might be, if they were shed during the passage of a powerful twisting updraft that carried them up to an altitude where hail could form, then along at that altitude, and finally dropped them when the (pure water) hail melted. If so, these frozen items would still carry on down.

There remains a dependent mystery, though of a somewhat different nature. This is, how could a biology teacher confirm the belief that they were worms? Perhaps he didn't. He may quite well have simply stated that he didn't know of any worm that looked like that. If is often very hard to disabuse people of their "beliefs" and if Mr. Johannson, solid citizen that he obviously is, first thought that they were worms, he would doubtless stick to his theory unless somebody could demonstrate to him not only that they were not worms but categorically what they actually were. Perhaps this was the reason for the suggestion that they be sent to Stockholm.

#### INTO "THIN AIR" — AND OUT AGAIN

We have dealt before with items that disappeared from their accustomed place and reappeared, sometimes years later, someplace else (see for instance, wedding rings, PURSUIT, Vol. 1, No. 4); and there are other items, such as my mother's eyeglasses, which disappeared and were never seen again. But instances in which the object's disappearance is witnessed are in very short supply. We are happy to be able to present such a case — one, moreover, in which the object later reappeared. This comes from our fortune-prone (as opposed to accident-prone) member 380. His account goes as follows: —

"Have a (to me, anyhow) somewhat odd little incident, though no doubt there is a perfectly natural explanation. To begin with, I lost a pocket knife. As I mentioned in my last letter, I own a little rural acreage. About November 1 while strolling across an orchard plot, I noticed a clump of small (pencil-thick) sassafras sprouts had grown up at the edge of a small

brush pile composed of similar bushes cut a year or two ago. I decided to cut down the sprouts, using my pocket knife in my right hand while bending the little saplings over with my left. I was wearing cotton gloves on both hands. At the edge of the brush pile, I bent over one of those sprouts, applied my knife edge to the bent portion — and suddenly I had no knife. I literally felt the knife twist in my gloved hand just as I applied pressure to the wood; and while I was looking at my hand, the knife left it so swiftly that I did not actually see it. There was a sort of blurring effect, but I didn't really see the knife go. Nor did I hear any sound of its impact on the dry leaves or the piled dead brush. It was just gone.

"Well, while only a standard model stock knife, the three-bladed type, it would have cost five dollars to replace, and in addition I have a quite considerable sentimental attachment to this particular knife, as it was the last birthday present given me by my late mother several years ago. Consequently, I began a determined search to find it.

"If momentum or throwing force had been applied by the springiness of the bent sassafras stem, the knife could only have been propelled in one direction, into the brush pile, so I systematically began dismantling said heap, working into it from the nearest point. Some hours of work later, each and every bush in the heap had been individually picked up and carried away, leaving a patch of bare ground, though admittedly it was still the site of some leaves, broken bits of half-rotted wood, etc. But I had found no trace of the knife, though it was four inches long when all blades are closed, has bright stainless steel ferrules, and when open has a brightly honed blade a trifle more than two inches long and a half-inch broad. It should have stood out like the proverbial sore thumb, but it didn't. I spent the rest of that afternoon on my knees, winnowing and sifting through my fingers the dirt and minor debris left on the brush pile site, and found nothing whatsoever.

"During the next month, I returned four other times and made the same painstaking inch by inch search, with curiosity by now aiding and abetting my sentimental tie to the lost item. I still found nothing, and I'd swear I did not miss going over a single inch of that site. In the event that I'd been wrong about the direction the knife went, I also carefully searched all the surrounding terrain, for a good ten feet in each direction, and was confident I'd not overlooked it there either. Finally, after a month of repeated searching, I acknowledged defeat and did not visit the site for several days. It so happens that meantime some unknown person had abandoned a small dog at a nearby unoccupied cabin, and I am soft-hearted enough not to want the pup to starve, so I had been bringing food to it on each trip there. After giving up the search for the lost knife, I some days later went to the house to put out a few days rations for the stray pup. While so engaged, I felt the traditional impulse to make one last trip to the lost-knife locale, though

I had given it up as irrevocably lost. But the impulse persisted and I knuckled under to it and walked across to the orchard. By the Pipes of Pan, I swear that I saw my knife while I was still some 20-odd feet away.

"It was lying on the perfectly bare soil, about 18 inches from the bush that I'd been cutting when it vanished. There was nothing on it; it stood out like the sore thumb, ferrules and open blade gleaming. But that site had been looked over and raked over by hand numerous times. Some of the damp black soil was stuck to the underside of the knife, but it was not rusty to any extent, despite the month (approximately) it had been lost and the fact that several rain showers had fallen during that month. On the open blade there were three yellowish rust freckles but they hadn't eaten into the metal and a few swipes with a pocket hone removed them."

We know this gentleman well enough to state positively that he is not a liar; his account must therefore be taken at face value. And we believe that everyone will agree that we can dismiss the possibility that he simply overlooked the knife in his search. This leaves us with the appalling question: where was the knife during the month it was missing? Obviously, we have no nice neat answer to this, and can only speculate.

We are particularly intrigued by his statement that he felt the knife twist in his hand just before it disappeared, and that, though it disappeared so swiftly that he did not "actually see it go", he did see a "blur" as it disappeared. In a way, this suggests that it was 'grabbed' by "something". On the other hand, the fact that when it turned up again it was just about where it ought to have been, suggests that either it did not go very far or it was 'deliberately' returned to its place of origin.

His letter continues:

"I find it amusing to speculate that the knife spent that month 'out-of-this-world'; that a 'window' to some other parallel universe or space-time continuum had opened just a wee crack and my knife had been sucked through; but it didn't go far into that other world, maybe coming to rest on the 'window-sill', and then a month later tumbled back almost to its original place when some gust of interdimensional wind again rattled the 'window'."

This is probably as good a speculation as any, but, to go a bit further, perhaps 380, because of his particularly strong sentimental attachment to the knife, was unconsciously practicing "interdimensional"-PK — or psychokinesis, the ability to influence the movements of objects at distance. If objects do disappear into other space-time continua, and occasionally come back, there would seem to be no reason why parapsychical 'forces' could not do so too.

Please bear in mind that all this is speculation

and nothing more. We have, as yet, only the facts that things appear, disappear, reappear, etc., with not the foggiest notion how they do it.

### DAMMED TRACKS

A correspondent in England sends us the following from the Sunday Express of the 3rd January, 1971:

"Animal experts and police are baffled by mysterious tracks, the size of a man's hand, which have been found in the snow at Farnborough, Hampshire, England. The footprints, measuring 8 in. by 4-½ in., appeared overnight in the back garden of a council house [the equivalent of public housing]. Farnborough police admit it may be a hoax, but a spokesman said, 'If it is a prank, we can't see how it was done'. The owner of the house, Mr. John Fraser, and his wife Gwendoline, were awakened by the noise of their dog Sheena whimpering. Mrs. Fraser, aged 56, of Harbour Close, Farnborough, said: 'In the morning I had the shock of my life. When I opened the kitchen curtains, I saw these huge footprints all over the garden. They seemed to show seven [!] claws and were far bigger than those of any dog.' One theory is that the tracks belong to the elusive puma which has been seen in Surrey over the past seven years. But animal experts yesterday scorned the idea."

This is really most unsatisfactory. What we need more than anything else, of course, is a drawing or photograph of one of these prints; but we can do nothing about this until the British mail strike — still on as of the time of writing this — is over. In the meantime, we have a few comments.

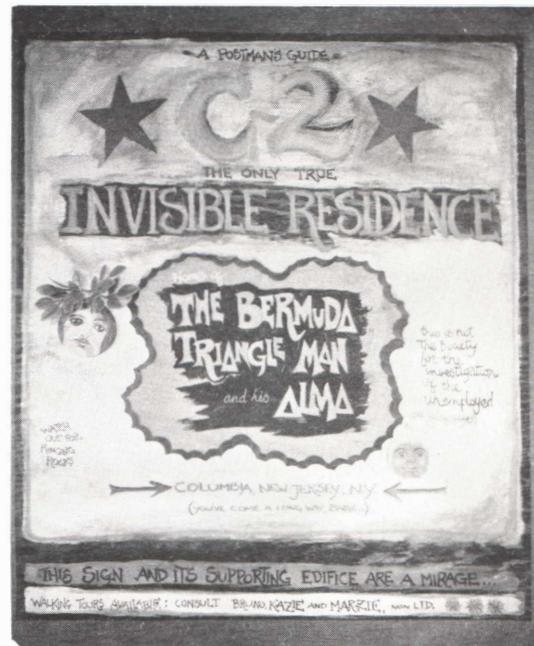
The first thing that really 'annoys' people is the remark that there seemed to be seven claws, but this does not automatically invalidate the report. No known animal normally has more than five, but polydactyly — the presence of extra digits (fingers or toes) — is by no means a rare condition. On the other hand, to have an animal that makes unrecognizable tracks and suffers from this condition, turn up in somebody's back yard in England is a bit much. Or could the seven claws be the result of prints of hind feet being partially superimposed on those of front feet? And were the tracks only in the back yard, or did they pop in from outside — and if so, where did they come from and where did they go?

In this case we do agree with the experts that

these are not puma tracks. As we have noted before, the imprint of a cat's foot does not show claw marks except in unusual circumstances; those of dogs do. But 8 x 4-½ inches is, as the lady says, much too big for a dog.

Frankly, we don't have any good ideas on the matter. We have great faith in the police, and if they cannot figure out how the tracks could have been produced artificially, we certainly can't — particularly at this distance. And the "animal experts" don't seem to have any ideas either — which is really rather refreshing; usually, in cases such as this, the "experts" come up with explanations! Thus, for the moment at least, we are right back where we started, with another unexplained.

There is one other point we should like to make here. This is the matter of pumas. We have been carrying as a Current Pursuit an item entitled "Large 'Cats' on the Loose", which has been studied assiduously by Dan Manning. In North America most of the reports almost undoubtedly indicate merely a comeback on the part of the Eastern Puma, long thought to be extinct except in Florida and in certain parts of Canada. Some of these reports, however, seem to suggest something else (for this, see a splendid article in the March 1971 issue of Fate Magazine by



### Just for Fun

A batch of radio shows — mostly by telephone (known as 'beepers') — on Ivan T. Sanderson's Invisible Residents and on SITU (pronounced variously) has resulted in some rather extraordinary addresses which our local P. O. has identified as belonging to us. On being told of this, Jan Rubinowitz went to work and presented the sign shown here to the Society as "A Postman's Guide". It now hangs in a place of honour inside the front door.

our member Loren Coleman [210]). This is a very sticky business with implications of ITF (so-called teleportation) and 'worse'. There is also, apparently, widespread melanism — i.e. whereas pumas are generally tawny in colour, many of these are described as very dark, even black. Problem is, there never has been any large 'cat' of that type native to Great Britain. The Northern Lynx (Lynx lynx) was found in Great Britain but is believed to have been extinct for a very long time, though it may not be — and we quote from Charles Fort:

"Mountainous districts of Inverness-shire, Scotland — mysterious footprints in the bogs — sheep and goats slaughtered. 'A large, fierce, yellow animal of unknown species' was seen by a farmer, who killed it. More mysterious tracks in the bogs, and continued slaughter — another large, fierce, yellow animal was shot. Soon a third specimen was caught in a trap. 'The body was sent to the London Zoo, where it was identified as that of a lynx.' See the London Daily Express, Jan. 14, 1927."

However, it is unlikely that anyone would mistake a lynx for a puma and, as noted in the article quoted above, "pumas" (or, as elsewhere, "leopards") have been sighted in various parts of England, particularly in Surrey (just south of metropolitan London), for years. No such animal has ever been reported missing from any zoo, menagerie, circus, etc. — and don't assume that such an escape could be hushed up. So where do large 'cats' in England come from? The description of these animals in no way fits the Lynx with its tufted ears, short tail, and chunky body. Thus even if these are not extinct, this would not solve the problem.

We have no answer to this last, but we hope to report further on those "damned" tracks.

#### MORE ON THOSE MT. ETNA TRACKS

We have been gently chided by our advisor Professor George C. Kennedy for suggesting that the enormous tracks allegedly found on Mt. Etna were the naturally enlarged tracks of someone who rode a lava flow down the mountain. He points out that until a crust forms on the lava, no amount of asbestos will do you any good; and that once it does form, the crust itself is so efficient an insulator that one can walk about on it in rubber-soled shoes without scorching the rubber. Also, the crust is too hard to take prints. Professor Kennedy sums it all up by stating "I will make the categoric remark that it is impossible for any human to put a footprint in lava".

We are grateful for Dr. Kennedy's advices, though they leave us with a batch of unexplained tracks. Very nasty ones too. It is not impossible, of course, that this was someone's idea of a joke; and one statement in the original report is most curious:

"They [the prints] were 13 feet apart and one was more than five feet long..." That anything that leaves footprints changes the size of its feet between steps, is doubtful, to put it mildly. Again, we need photographs and first-hand information — and, in fact, confirmation that the tracks actually exist. We have written to the University of Catania but have not yet had a reply. Hence, hopefully, more later on this riddle.

#### Finale

The following letter was received just in time for inclusion in this issue:

Dear Sirs,

With reference to your letter, I should correct your reports in the following way: the "footprints" were discovered by college students and not in hard lava soil but in loose pyroclastic material.

My personal opinion is that college students are very nice and inventive fellows. Unfortunately I didn't collect any pictures of them but maybe you can ask for them from: La Sicilia, Via Odorico da Portenone, Catania. It is the local newspaper.

Sincerely,  
/S/  
Dr. Marcello Piuscetti  
Istituto de Vulcanologia  
Universita di Catania

This would seem to settle this one, and we do not propose to investigate this further.

#### JUST PLAIN CHAOS

##### CAVEAT EMPTOR — IN RE THE "BERMUDA TRIANGLE"

Most newspapers can be trusted; they attempt to present only factual information, though "no one is perfect". On the other hand, there are some weekly newspapers which deal in sensationalism and apparently do not hesitate to concoct stories at the drop of a hat. One such is a rag called Midnight which published in its 22 March 1971 issue a particularly irresponsible — even pernicious — article on the so-called "Bermuda Triangle". This takes up the center spread, with a booming headline: "Government Physicist Discovers: UFO BASE OFF FLORIDA COAST", and alleges that "Flying Saucers" are responsible for disappearances in the "Bermuda Triangle". Much of the article consists of quotations attributed to a Dr. Jonathon [sic] Wright, of whom it is said "Dr. Wright heads a special-priority UFO investigative department in NASA. He also participat-

ed in the UFO study carried out for the air force [sic] at the University of Colorado two years ago.”

Because of the allegation that NASA has interested itself in UFOs, we determined to track down “Dr. Wright”. Our first step was to check the Condon report: no Dr. Wright listed anywhere. So we called Dr. Thornton Page, who is now permanently attached to NASA. He had never heard of Jonathon Wright and very generously stated that he was “going upstairs” to check all NASA directories and would call us back. He did: no Dr. Jonathon Wright. In fact, Dr. Page was so intrigued that he had also called Dr. Carl Sagan — who had never heard of him either. Despite the cheery photograph of “Dr. Wright” included in the article, he may be a figment of someone’s imagination. And Dr. Page informs us, categorically, that NASA has no such department within its ranks and wants nothing to do with UFOs — they are not interested in joining the “burnt fingers club” started by the Air Force.

Much of the rest of the material in the article is either puzzling (because inaccurate) or pure drivel; e.g. it is stated that all disappearances in this “Vile Vortex” took place in December, which is rubbish. But what really disturbs us is the wholly unwarranted emphasis on “I’m never going to fly across the ‘Bermuda Triangle’ again because I’ll disappear”. It is perfectly true that planes and ships have vanished in the lozenge-shaped area off the southeastern coast of the U.S. It is equally true that thousands of people cross that same area safely every week! Of course it is dangerous to go to Bermuda: you may be hit by a truck on your way to the airport, your plane may crash on take-off or landing, or you may slip on your hotel steps and break a leg. Any one of these is far more likely than that you will disappear into thin air. Admittedly, the possibility of a ‘mere’ accident causes much less distress than the last simply because an accident is considered a “normal hazard”- which only happens to other people anyway. If we could say that when someone ‘disappears’ in a Vile Vortex, he slips into another ‘universe’ or space-time continuum where the land runs with milk and honey and there are no income taxes, traffic through these areas would — or at least might — increase. It is, of course, the uncertainty that unnerves people. But no one gives up shopping for groceries because of the dangers of being hit by a car, despite the fact that far more people are ‘disposed of’ in this way every year than have vanished in the vile vortices in a century.

You want a vacation in Bermuda? Go ahead! The so-called “Bermuda Triangle” is not a triangle and has, so far as we can determine after considerable study, nothing to do with Bermuda.

#### DISAPPEARING PLANE — WELL! NOT QUITE

Shortly before midday on the 8th of January, a sleek USAF FB-111A plane was flying at 6000 feet

in a cloud bank along a regular test route, east from Texas to Mobile, Alabama, when the pilot, Lt. Col. Bruce D. Stocks, requested permission from ground control to go up to 18,000 feet to get above the soup. This he did, and then radioed back: “I’m in the clear now and would like to cancel IFR” — i.e. instrument flying rules. That was the last heard from him.

Naturally, there was a massive scramble to start a wide search, and various forms of associated hell broke loose, caused by a factor that was pounced upon by some knowledgeable reporters. This was the fact that this type of plane has an automatic ejection globe for a cockpit; this is supplied with its own power for broadcasting and is automatically activated in case of accident. Only in the case of total dissolution of the whole plane, is this expected to fail. It did.

Immediately, all manner of other personages got into the act, ranging from the “Flying Saucer boys” to the “They defected to Cuba” lot, and including the “Bermuda Triangle” enthusiasts. However you stretch the last named anomaly, it is very hard to include Alabama! The poor Air Force took an awful beating before it had even had time to so much as complete its first search. At first it was thought that the whole ‘bird’ might have ditched in the Gulf, and so air-sea search was concentrated upon. However, early in February they found both the plane and the capsule nor-nor-east of Lake Pontchartrain, La. For some reason, best known to the Fourth Estate, this fact was not widely reported — if at all. We heard of it only vaguely from a member who said he picked it up on a late night newscast, once. After rather protracted enquiries through normal news channels without being able to obtain any confirmation of this report, we rang an old friend in the Pentagon — Col. William T. Coleman, Jr., Chief, Public Information Division, USAF — and asked for the facts. As usual, these were immediately forthcoming.

The capsule was found in a swampy area and had apparently come down at a low trajectory. Both pilots were dead (causes not asked); its parachute had not operated. Some time later, the plane was found only about 700 yards distant, “under a three-tier woods or forested area”. It had apparently come down at an extremely steep angle, but it had not disintegrated or burned. Please note the underlined statement above. As Col. Coleman said, “Three-tier forest isn’t much outside Florida”. You can say that again, Colonel; but there are such growths, and they constitute something that we have been talking about for years.

Our member 384 quit his job as a police officer three years ago, and went to South America for several months for practical firsthand experience of multi-tiered forests with a view to devoting his life to the problem of survival in just such areas when planes ditch. Coincidence maybe; but when such a forest faults, for a month, the most intensive search

that we can put on in our own country where such growth is rare, it surely prompts us to get behind said member 384 in his work. (When you see his preliminary report of just what is known or alleged to be known about what is commonly called "jungle survival", you will probably be outraged. Frankly, we know practically nothing; and what is published [in military manuals almost exclusively] is pure bilge. So don't blame the Air Force on this score either.) But now comes the forteen bit.

We asked Colonel Coleman about three points that have exercised our (perhaps over-enquiring) minds — to wit: (1) What could have caused the first "blank-out" of Col. Stocks' air-to-ground communications; (2) Why was no falling plane (of that size) reported in a fairly well, though thinly, populated area in daytime; and (3) why did not automatic devices in the capsule come on? His answer was that those were just the points they are working on. We suggested that the failure of the capsule devices might have been purely mechanical, and he agreed that this was still the first choice. We then asked: If the 'bird'

itself suddenly developed some trouble that necessitated eviction of the capsule but had not itself blown up or otherwise disintegrated, would not its automatic "alarms" have sounded? This, we were told, was another of the matters still primarily concerning the investigators. Our third question was really too vague; namely, was there yet any idea as to what circumstances might have caused an experienced pilot to "pull the plug", as the RAF used to say? The answer was a straightforward: "We don't know yet and we may never find out for certain, but there are lots of possibilities that might come to light by the time the 'remains' have been thoroughly examined and the results analyzed".

Please, let us not forget that a job like this takes time. So, in this case, don't bray about "anomalies" in the Bermuda or any other "triangle", or lozenge as we call these strange natural phenomena. Could be as simple as that somebody bumped the appropriate button with his elbow, got evicted, and then the machinery in the capsule failed. There have often been stranger coincidences than that.

### III. PHYSICS

#### NIKOLA TESLA

by Gaston Burrige

Gone — and almost forgotten — is Nikola Tesla (1856-1943), electrical wizard of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The alternating electric power which we use and the ubiquitous fluorescent tube both result from early discoveries by Tesla. Every alternating-current electric motor now in use is the result of his mastery of the riddle of the "rotating magnetic field" — an idea that elicited hoots of derision when he first suggested it.

Thomas Edison was a "direct current" man, Tesla an "alternating current" man. Because these two men held almost opposite views relative to what basic electrical current should be used, they were not friends. Edison fought alternating current vehemently — and lost.

Tesla manufactured the first man-made lightning on earth, so far as is known now. In Colorado, in

1899, he created "sheets of violet electric flame" 30 feet long (see cut), whose "thunder" was heard 15 miles away. Using the knowledge he gained from making this lightning and combining it with his discovery of "stationary or standing waves" in the earth, Tesla was able to transmit 13 electric horsepower more than 25 miles without wires, using only the earth as a conductor, in a model plant constructed in Colorado. He said this method of power transmission took place at better than 95% efficiency — considerably higher than the best transmission systems we use today with wires. Tesla believed that with this method one could stab the right sort of rod and lamp into the earth anywhere and the lamp would light — providing, of course, his specially designed system was operating. So far as we know, no other research has ever been carried on along these lines anywhere in the world since.

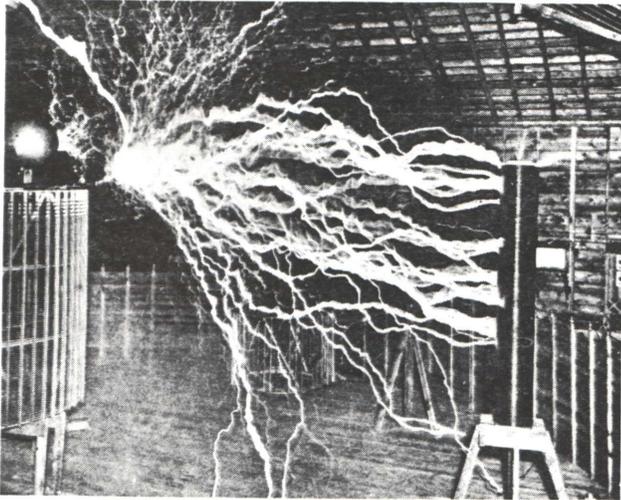
These results, coupled with further research and thought, led Tesla to conclude that several other dramatic possibilities lay in store for his system of

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#### Attention Anti-Digit-Dialers:

Herb Caen reports a fiendish 'device' used by W. B. Chase of Sacramento, California, in his campaign against all-number dialing, as follows:

"...when he asks information for a number, the conversation generally goes as follows: Operator: 'The number is 485-6 Oh 4 Oh.' Chase: 'Ah yes, 485-6646. Op: 'No, 485-6 Oh 4 Oh.' Chase: 'That's what I said — 485-6646.' Op, desperately: 'NO. The number 0, not the letter O.' Chase, innocently: 'My dear, there is no number O. Do you mean the digit zero? The letter O corresponds to the digit 6.' And so on. It's awful and splendid."



generated, very high frequency, high potential alternating currents. One of these was termed the “death ray”. Today it might be called a “giant laser beam” or even an “E-” or “Electric-bomb”! Tesla claimed that this proposed weapon would be capable of destroying an army of 250,000 men as soon as that force showed above the horizon – on land, sea, or in the air. Presumably this device was never demonstrated even in model form.

While Edison did invent and perfect his incandescent electric lamp first, Tesla invented the “carbon button lamp” which gave off an intense white light rather than the then weaker and much more yellow light of Edison’s lamp.

Tesla looked at the sun and saw an incredible source of energy. On the 5th November, 1901, he was granted two U. S. Patents, No. 685,957 and No. 685,958, covering devices for extracting power from the sun, under the title “Methods of Utilizing Radiant Energy”. As earth pollution grows and power sources become restricted, we may find ourselves using still more of Tesla’s ‘discarded’ ideas.

Guglielmo Marconi received a Nobel Prize for inventing the “wireless” – i.e. what we call “radio” today. But Tesla had already described this several years before. He also did basic research in radio-controlled robots and successfully produced and demonstrated them in model form.

But Tesla’s inventive mind did not deal exclusively with things electrical. He devised a steam turbine. Its rotor was a completely smooth plate rather than a “wheel-of-cups” or vanes as used in conventional turbines. His machine was said to perform very efficiently and was much smaller and less expensive to produce as well. Tesla patented this (No. 1,061,206, issued 6 May 1913); but by that time conventional steam turbines were so well established that the manufacturers, fearing economic disaster to themselves, refused to change over, and nothing was ever done commercially with Tesla’s machine.

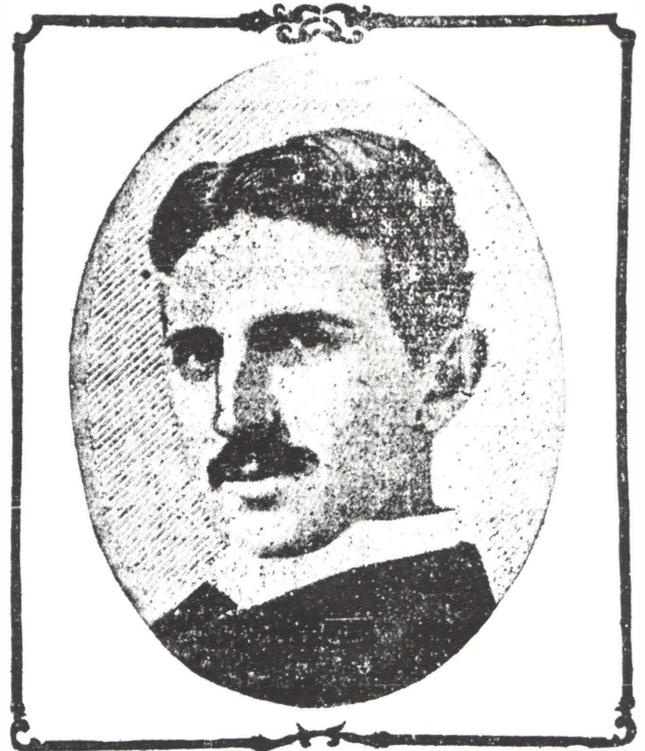


Photo by Marony, New York

**NIKOLA TESLA, WHO IS TRYING TO TALK WITH MARS.**

Photo taken 27 January 1901, in the Leadville Herald Democrat; from the State Historical Society of Colorado Library.

Tesla produced a mechanical “vibrator” about the size of a derby hat; it was so powerful that it could shake a building to pieces in a few minutes. Once he saved his own New York laboratory from destruction only by the quick and effective application of a sledgehammer!

But perhaps the most remarkable and mysterious thing about Nikola Tesla was his ‘mind’ per se. That it was prodigious there can be little question. He could – and did repeatedly – think out complete machines, down to the closest measurements of all fitting parts, without ever drawing a single diagram. Those who knew him testify that he could read a page once, close the book, and repeat verbatim what he had read, even years afterward! Because of this phenomenal memory we know little today about his work: he kept no notes. It seems strange that Tesla is not even mentioned in Fred Barlow’s book Mental Prodigies, for surely Tesla ranked as high as many others mentioned there.

This year marks the 115th anniversary of his birth. For those who wish to know more of him, the following reading list is offered.

Martin, Thomas Commerford. The Inventions, Researches and Writings of Nikola Tesla, Milwaukee,

Wis., Lee Engineering Co., 1952 (reprint), 483 pp., illustrated extensively, indexed.

Tesla, Nikola. Experiments with Alternating Current of High Potential and High Frequency, New York, McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1904, 146 pp., illustrated. Appendix outlines some of the Colorado experiments.

Hunt, Inez, and Draper, Wanetta W. Lightning in His Hand – The Life Story of Nikola Tesla, Denver, Col., Sage Books, n.d., 269 pp., illustrated, index, extensive bibliography.

O'Neill, John J. Prodigal Genius – Nikola Tesla, New York, Ives, Washburn, Inc., 326 pp., index, list of Tesla's U.S. Patents. Frontispiece, Tesla at 77.

### Gravity Amended

Edsel Murphy has been credited with propounding the law of selective gravitation ("A dropped tool will land where it can do the most damage"), but our member 240 sends us the following from Newsweek of the 5th September, 1949:

"The pure flame of scientific curiosity burned in the breast of Benson Perdue, a student at the University of British Columbia. He, like many others, had observed that buttered toast, when dropped, more often than not defied the law of probability by landing butter-side down. Could this perverse tendency be demonstrated scientifically? To find the answer, he rigged up a simple apparatus in his Vancouver home. He suspended a vertical clamp 4 feet above the floor and equipped it with a mechanical trip lever to release the toast.

"Placing a piece of plywood underneath the clamp, he proceeded to drop the toast 175 times. The results were inconclusive. The toast landed butter-side down only 91 times (52 per cent). When, however, he substituted for the plywood a piece of worn-out carpet, the butter-side-down incidence increased sharply to 71.4 per cent. And when a valuable Persian rug was placed under the clamp, he insisted the toast landed butter-side down 156 times in 175 trials (89.1 per cent of the time).

"To his figures Perdue applied rigorous inductive reasoning and last week propounded the following amendment to the law of gravity: 'When an object falls, it tends to fall in such a manner as to cause the most damage'."

Inasmuch as Murphy did not publish until 1967, the credit for this valuable contribution to knowledge clearly belongs to Benson Perdue.

## VI. GEOLOGY

### WHY THE ROCKS RING

An excellent article appeared in the December issue of Natural History, the popular magazine published by the American Museum of Natural History in New York, entitled "Rock Music", by John Gibbons and Steven Schlossman. This purported to explain why some of the rocks "ring" in the now famous Bucks County rock fields in Pennsylvania. While the reasons they put forward for this phenomenon are doubtless precisely so from the mechanical, mineralogical, and even possibly the geological points of view, their hypothesis, as given in this article and in a lengthier scientific paper published previously, is unfortunately founded in part on some false observations or assumptions. Further, they failed to investigate the biological aspects properly, and especially the botanical. Then there is another matter which they did not take into account, but doubtless because it had not been recorded when they wrote their paper. Let us dispose of this first.

When satisfactory aerial photographs were taken of the rock field at Upper Black Eddy, and proper

maps were drawn from them, a number of highly suspicious conformations came to light. This field turned out to be precisely circular when certain features, other than the bare vegetationless area, were taken into account. Further, there is a deep moat, with a high ridge on the inside, going more than two thirds of the way round this area. There is also a double extension of this wall going down a valley to the northwest, ending around a small basin kept fed by a year-round spring. On a subsequent survey of this location, one of our members, a stone mason (and also a keen spelunker) crawled into a small "cave" between the tumbled boulders on the other side of this ridge and discovered two traces of enormous cut-stone blocks that were laid horizontally and morticed. From this we can but assume that, at least at this location, somebody did some building in very ancient times. We are urging further controlled professional excavation by the appropriate authorities to ascertain whether the whole moat and its inner ridge might be man-made, and the latter have a cut-stone footing all around it.

This discovery does not, of course, explain the

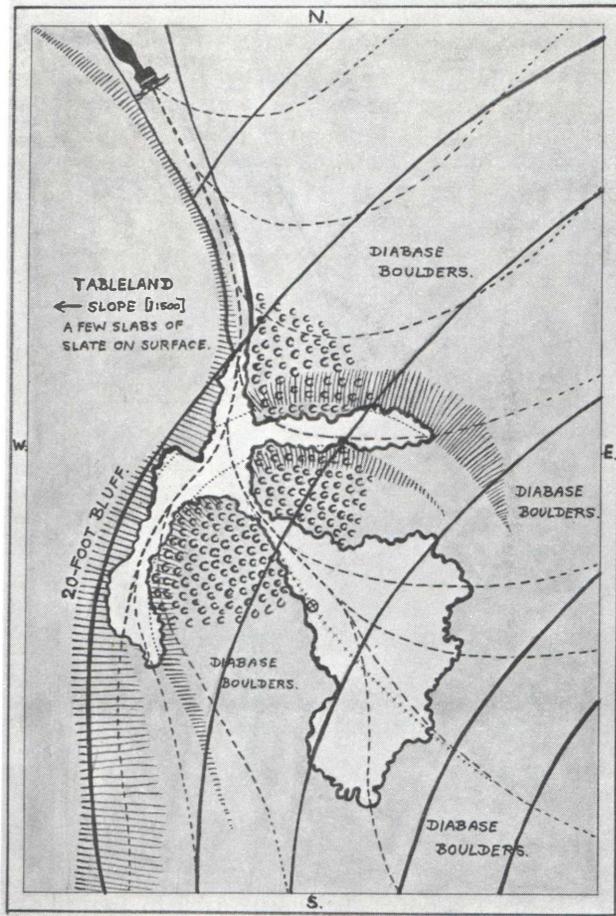


Fig. 1. Upper Black Eddy Rock Field. Showing general land form and the possible courses of underground streams. The tableland to the west is slate, and the bluff appears to be an old fault. The contour lines, showing descent from the southwest, are only approximately of ten feet. Some onion-tree-boles have only recently been reported from the area north of the eastern tine of the rock field.

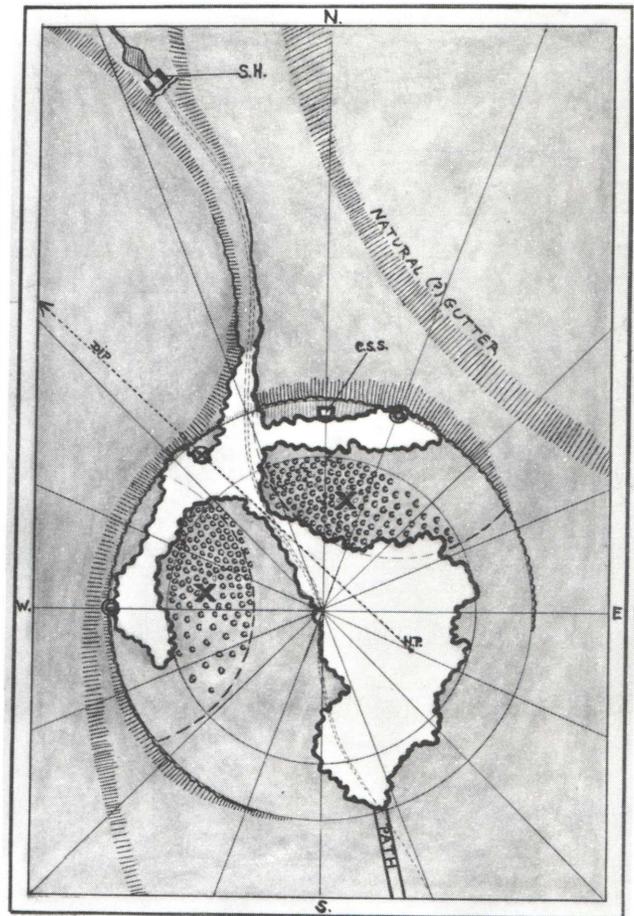


Fig. 2. The same, showing a possible ground plan of a neolithic hill fort, based on the conformity of the apparent moat and double dykes. It should be noted that the center of this apparent circle falls exactly upon, or very close to, the assumed junction of the upper group of underground streams. An internal source of water that could not be poisoned was a feature of copper and early bronze-age defensive points.

These maps were drawn from a series of aerial photographs taken at an altitude of about 500 feet, in 1969.

Legend:

 - Closed-canopy woods.

 - Steep bank.

 - Underground stream.

H.P. - High point.

S.H. - Spring house.

C.S.S. - Cut stone blocks.

 - Marked tree (low point).

 - Centers of arcs of high-density copper.

X - Areas of onion-shaped tree boles.

“ringing” properties of some of these rocks and probably has nothing to do with it. The map of this location looks very much like that of a European copper-age hill fort, and early settlers might simply have made use of these convenient places where rocks did not have to be dug out of the ground or quarried.

Coming to the rocks themselves, we must point out that in describing their occurrence, Messrs. Gibbons and Schlossman omitted one very pertinent fact. Their statement that “The peculiar ability of the rocks in some of the fields to ring....” should have read: “The peculiar ability of some of the rocks on the fields to ring...” There is a world of difference between these two statements, and this is of the utmost significance. And, pertinent to this are two gross misstatements that they repeat several times.

The first is that the rocks cease to ring if removed from the fields — an observation that is contradicted by their further statement that “Ringing rocks kept dry in geologic [sic] collections continue to ring indefinitely”. Second, they state that, if left in moist situations in “rock gardens or other shaded spots, the boulders are soon overstressed and break up”. They also make several other flat statements that are just plain nonsense, such as that these rocks are usually flat topped, and that, when broken up with a sledgehammer, they soon stop ringing, and so forth.

By actual counts, about 30% of the rocks in these fields ring (though this seems to vary throughout the year), and ringers are found occasionally under the trees, but only in those two areas inside the circle (see map). We have yet to find a boulder that has ceased to ring (and with the same tone) when removed to our HQ, forty miles away; and we brought the first set from Upper Black Eddy in 1961. Further, we have had some of these rocks completely submerged in one of our ponds, lying about under trees, suspended on wires or set in concrete in a damp cellar, on shelves in our laboratory, and even in our house which is exceptionally dry; and they all continue to ring. Also, we have smashed up innumerable boulders of all sizes, and all the parts continue to ring, even down to cut slices three inches by one inch and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick, as always. The explanation for the physical properties of the ringers, as given by Gibbons and Schlossman may be valid to a point; but the basic premises upon which they erected their theory are (to coin a phrase) all wet.

Then again, they appear to have done nothing whatsoever about the petrological aspects of the matter, which causes us to doubt what mineralogical findings they allege. The constitution of the diorite ‘family’, of which the diabase country rock of these fields is a member, is “a soda-lime or lime-soda felspar approximating to an andesite in composition, together with hornblende. The possible minerals are oligoclase, andesine, labradorite, hornblende, biotite, augite, enstatite, quartz, apatite, and magnetite” [see Minerals and the Microscope, H. G. Smith, London: Thomas Murby, 1922]. Our member 229, chief technician of a large ceramo-metal products manufacturer, ran a considerable number of series of tests of three sets of specimens, identified only by numbers, to wit: (1) ringers, (2) non-ringers from inside the circle, and (3) non-ringers from outside the circle, some from as far away as a mile. In developing gross samples of glasses by fusion from these, it was found that the melting point of (1) differed markedly from (2) and (3). Much more significant was the fact that different metals — in the form of amorphous

globules — appeared in these two groupings. The non-ringers gave what appeared to be copper, the ringers a white metal of very high lustre. We have so far obtained only one report on the analysis of the latter, and this claimed that it was molybdenum!

Turning to the biological aspects, we fear we must be much more critical. We have had the Upper Black Eddy field under surveillance on a fairly regular and seasonal basis for ten years, and we have run a series of laboratory experiments. These will eventually be reported on in full, so suffice it to state now that ringing rocks kept (in fish tanks) alongside non-ringers, and in open pond water (filtered), in well water, and in distilled water, in all cases inhibited both contamination and growth of all kinds, while developing from themselves large patches of pure white fungoid mycelia that, in the absence of fructification, cannot be identified. The absence of both animal and plant life on this field — as diametrically opposed to screes and other bare rock fields in the area — is even more peculiar than it at first appears to a non-biologist. The list of animals is comprised solely of a number of species of spider, two microlepidoptera (“mini-moths”), and (so far collected) seven species of Diptera (flies). The last, however, appear all to be of one Family.

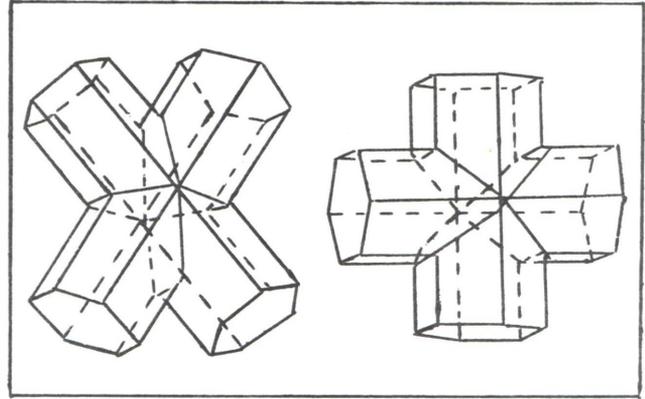
It should also be put on record that while neither domestic nor wild-caught animals (both local and imported) on leashes, show any disinclination to cross the rock field, birds seem most reluctant to do so, and may often be observed flying halfway around the circle in order to cross it. We have never found any bird droppings on the field. Turning then to the botanical oddities we must put on record a really most remarkable phenomenon, one that we have never heard of elsewhere — outside a laboratory. This is that a very high percentage of the trees growing in the two areas marked “X” on the map, have what is called onion-bulb trunks, in that their bases immediately above ground are swollen just like a fat onion. Such a condition has been reported in laboratory experiments in which plants were grown in soil containing high concentrations of artificially introduced compounds of (or native) copper. Finally, we should add that trees that either fell onto the edge of the bare rocks, or apparently tried to grow out over it when saplings, perform the most extraordinary horizontal gyrations, usually leading their growing points back under the trees, and all of them develop branches only on the upper side, while these go straight up and then bend back into the shade. This defies all known laws for woody plant growth, and on several scores.

Altogether, while the explanation of the mechanics

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Gummed address labels have become a sort of major industry in this country. We were therefore rather gleefully startled to find on the back of an envelope one such reading “This Label Was Applied by Mistake”.

of the ringing by some of these rocks as given by Gibbons and Schlossman may be perfectly feasible despite so many mistaken premises, it does nothing to explain the incidence of the fields themselves, nor even to explain why only some of the rocks ring. And when it comes to other things not observed by them — such as that there are some larger rocks which, when hit appropriately, give rise to a whole scale; that most of the curious scalloped erosion is on their undersides; that two different ringers when knocked together while suspended on wires produce (invariably, it seems) but one tone, however many different combinations are used; and so on — it is manifest that we have a very long way to go yet before we explain these singular natural phenomena.



Staurolite crosses. Diagrammatic.

### “FAIRY CROSSES”

From time to time there is a sort of outburst in regard to what are commonly called “fairy crosses” found in several areas of the world, and a lot of nonsense is published in less reputable magazines and papers about these having been formed either “supernaturally” or being the work of some vanished race of (pigmy) “supermen”. One legend has it that woodland nymphs heard of the crucifixion of Christ and their tears solidified into miniature stone crosses. Charming as these stories may be, these stones are perfectly natural formations, and are properly known as Staurolite. This is an iron aluminum silicate and occurs in metamorphic rocks. The major deposits are in the Tyrol, in Switzerland, Brazil, and in Virginia and other eastern states. (And don’t use this limited distribution as an ‘excuse’; black opals are found only in Australia, and there only in a very limited area, Lightning Ridge.)

Staurolite is a particular kind of crystal, specifically a compound penetration twin. This is really not as complicated as it sounds. Crystals are either natural or man-made solid bodies of matter that are bounded by regularly arranged natural plane surfaces, resulting in a definite geometrical form or outline.

Most are single individuals, but crystals consisting of several individuals also occur — called compound crystals. And there are two types of these: parallel groups and twin crystals. Twin crystals come in two varieties also. If the crystals are simply in contact with each other they are called contact twins (what else?); if, on the other hand, the crystals are so intergrown that they penetrate one another, they are called penetration twins (again, what else?). Staurolite is almost the standard example of a penetration twin; some of the ‘crosses’ are at roughly  $60^\circ$  angles, the best at almost exactly  $90^\circ$ . Should you like to have one, and happen to be near Ball Ground, Georgia, a chap named Oscar Robertson — better known as “the Rock Man” — will, for a fee, let you take your chances on finding one by digging in his “back yard”.

And, while we’re at it, what bothers us most about the article that brought all this on, is the statement by the newsman who visited the site that “they paid Oscar a digging fee, even rented digging tools, and aimed for China”. Obviously, no one knows any geography: if you dig down from Georgia you’ll end up in the Indian Ocean about midway between Amsterdam Island and the southwestern tip of Orstrailia!

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### Words Should Convey Meaning.

An ad in the National Observer reads “Perfect for home or office, this Captain’s chair can be moved from one room to another as needed...” We have been under the impression that portable chairs were the rule rather than the exception. If they mean that it fits any “decor”, why don’t they say so?

### Semantics

One must, we suppose, become accustomed to calling janitors “custodians” and garbage men “sanitation workers”; but there should be limits to this kind of thing. From a college publication we learn that “At the Faculty Senate Meeting the faculty decided the word Library should be dropped in favor of the term Learning Resources Center”. Yccch!

## VII. BIOLOGY

## "NESSIE" IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN URQUHART BAY

by Jack A. Ullrich

Late last summer I led the Black & White Scotch "Expedition" to find a Loch Ness Monster. We went to Scotland because the sponsors are intrigued by the mystery and because their blended spirits have too long been given too much of the credit for this monster's existence. Disbelievers usually assume that the "legend" is perpetuated as a tourist attraction to help keep the Highlands green (pound notes, as well as dollars, are green). This sounds like a logical course for the canny Scot to follow, but it just isn't so. At no point for over 50 miles, on either A82 (the road on the western side of Loch Ness), or General Wade's Military Road (an old road on the eastern side of the loch) is there a single sign to identify one of the two most famous lochs in Scotland — the other being Loch Lomond. But Loch Ness is much bigger than Loch Lomond — 24 miles long by 1-¼ miles wide; deeper — 970 feet at the deepest point with an average depth of over 700 feet; and in many a visitor's opinion, more beautiful and far less commercial. Not only is there no sign anywhere to identify this ominous body of water — so murky from a colloidal suspension of peat that there is total darkness just 20 feet down — but one has to search for "monster" souvenirs to send back to the kiddies. This hardly classifies "Nessie" as a tourist attraction. If it is, the Scots haven't yet realized it!

A perennial question is "If such a thing as a monster is really there, how come nobody has ever taken a picture of it?" The fact is that hundreds of pictures do exist, not only still photographs but also motion pictures, and even an excellent motion picture of a sonar tracking taken by Bob Love who is in charge of underwater research for the Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau, founded nine years ago to try to shed some light on this mystery.

The major problem is that most photographs of "Nessie" result from someone being in the right place purely by chance. This accounts for the blurred and grainy pictures that have appeared. Most were taken by amateurs with box cameras. One unpublished picture in my possession was taken by B. Mitchell on a beautiful sunny day just last August. She was on a picnic with her family and a monster suddenly rose up within 30 yards of where they had spread their lunch. The young lady, showing great presence of mind in the circumstances, immediately grabbed her Instamatic camera and took a single picture.

"Why did you take only one picture?" I asked her. "Did you run out of film?" "Oh no," she replied. "I had plenty of film, but that was my last flashcube."

The hazy, grainy pictures we see are the result of blowing up a negative that was taken with non-professional equipment by an amateur who can't be expected to do all of the things necessary to get good documentation. This is why very few pictures of the monster have something in the foreground from which a comparison can be made as to its size and its distance from the camera. Blowing up the section of the negative that shows a creature five or six hundred yards away results in a blurred, unsatisfactory print unless a telephoto lens is used.

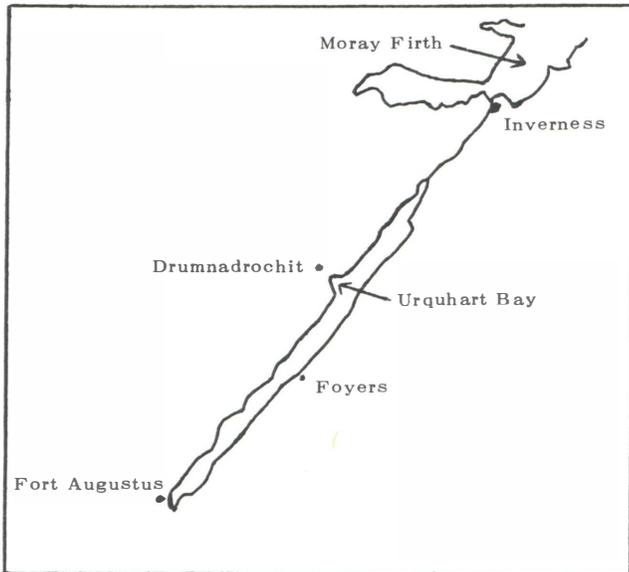
Then there is the problem of ambient light. Loch Ness is frequently dark from rain clouds that seem to provide a continuous somber cast to the area. This light leaves a lot to be desired for good photography, but even more aggravating is the fact that "Nessies" are such shy creatures. Over half of the sightings take place at twilight or just before dawn when the photographer is at a disadvantage.

That is why our expedition put such emphasis on an infra-red camera that is capable of taking pictures in total darkness. We stood I-R watches from dusk to midnight and from 4 a.m. until daylight every day. Even this sophisticated ploy was not successful because we weren't in the right place at the right time. Our only sighting was on the 21st September 1970 at — naturally, in view of all our careful arrangements! — 2:45 p.m. on a bright, sunny afternoon when the loch was dead calm.

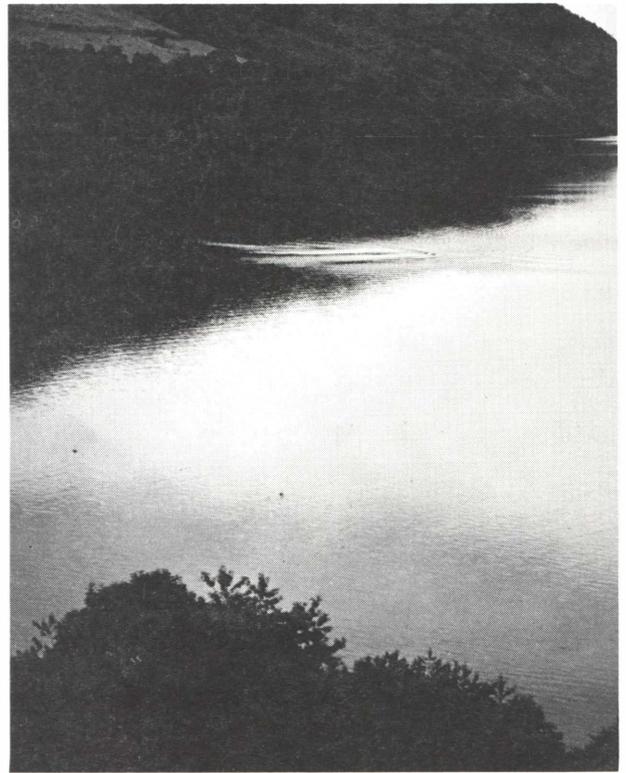
Our chauffeur, Ron Chapman, well-known London photographer, headed toward Urquhart Castle, a thirteenth century ruin that overlooks the home of the "monsters". With us was New Yorker Hank McAllister, a born cynic who is sceptical of everyone and everything. If Hank didn't see it — it didn't happen.

The road on the northwest side of Urquhart Castle is about 100 feet above the water and there is a great view of Urquhart Bay below. As we were nearing the Carey cottage at Achnahannet, I was startled to see a huge wake start moving in the Bay below. As I watched the V-shaped wake forming I shouted to Ron to pull over. McAllister laughed and said: "Come on, Jack! You don't have to carry it this far!" I kept insisting and at the first open place on the narrow road, Ron pulled up. Both he and Hank now saw what had attracted my attention. We jumped from the car and started down across the pasture below us.

There in the water was an amazing sight. We saw a pronounced V-shaped wake similar to a wake that might be formed by a motor boat moving across the loch. But there wasn't any boat and we could plainly see the point of origin of the disturbance. In fact, there were no birds in the water, no people, no ripples, nothing. The loch was mirror-calm except for the huge area below us that was being churned up by something of immense size just under the surface.



Loch Ness, showing spot from which Jack Ullrich photographed Nessie's wake.



Photograph taken on the 21st September 1970, by Jack A. Ullrich. Reproduced from original colour transparency.

As the disturbance continued moving out into Loch Ness, I could see back to the left where the wake was already beginning to deteriorate and I could still see the front where the wake was being newly formed. I shot several pictures with a telephoto lens to verify this sighting.

The wake moved at about 6 miles per hour and reminded me of wakes I had seen caused by whales swimming just below the surface. Ripples were forming in circles where the wake had passed. The patterns were like swirls made by oars or as if something had surfaced momentarily, though we saw nothing. We continued watching the wake for several minutes as it progressed out into Loch Ness. Suddenly it just ceased. Whatever had caused the disturbance either stopped moving or, and this is more likely, slowly descended into the murky depths. Just off Urquhart Castle is the deepest point in Loch Ness.

It was our belief that there was a very large body just under the surface that created this massive disturbance. That was as close as we were to get to "Nessie", the creature that has defied identification for over 1,400 years. But McAllister became a believer.

**Editor's Note:** Several newspaper accounts erroneously announced that Jack Ullrich was "representing the Smithsonian Institution" on this jaunt; in fact, he represented SITU. The error was 'caused' by an over-enthusiastic PR man, who may (or may not?) have been confused by the fact that Jack Ullrich did do some free-lance collecting for the Smithsonian in Guatemala several years ago.

"Our Man at Loch Ness" also tells a rather hilarious story of having been, equally erroneously,

connected by some with a blithering group from New England which intended using sex attractants to catch Nessie. The attractants used were from sea-lions, eels, and whales – which is perfectly splendid, provided you wish to attract sea-lions, eels, and whales!

#### THE 'BIGFOOT' HUNT – NEW STYLE

A fascinating article appeared in the July 1970 issue of a publication named Oregon Outdoors – formerly "Gun and Creel". Said article has no byline but it ends: – "I'm really kidding. I believe in Big-foot, and I wish Lee Trippett and his associates all the luck in the world." This is pretty decent, considering the content of the preceding article.

Lee Trippett who, as explained in this article, graduated from the University of Oregon in 1959 with a degree in physics, became interested in the early 1960s in this everlasting business of so-called "Big-foots" or "Sasquatches", or very large, very primitive, fully haired hominids which are alleged still to exist in some numbers in the wilderness areas of our and Canada's northwest. Lee, and his then bride, came to visit us at our HQ some years ago, and we had the

pleasure of discussing this funny business for a couple of weeks. Lee is a quiet man and a pragmatist. He went back to his home state to put his ideas as to the pursuit of this 'phenomenon' into action. Apparently he did just that. This article seems to give a pretty fair exposition of just what Lee Trippett did do. It goes as follows: —

"A lot of people think Bigfoot is only an Indian myth, or maybe an out and out hoax, but Lee Trippett believes in the 800 pound, seven foot tall, hairy creatures to the extent that every month or two he disappears into the wilderness to search for them. He goes alone because he feels that while he is sure of his own lack of fear, he could not be sure that other persons wouldn't panic at the sight of Bigfoot, or that they wouldn't frighten the creatures away. Lee's method of searching consists of establishing a lonely camp in an area where Bigfoot is reported to have been seen, then quietly waiting. He thinks Bigfoot has a sort of extra-sensory perception and seems to know when a man is there to harm him. He [says he] knows a gold prospector who has gained the trust of the creatures, and has even exchanged food with them by putting Trippett's theories into practice. The prospector, according to Trippett, has seen as many as 14 [of these] creatures at a time, and has watched them hunt. Since Bigfoot is nocturnal, Lee stays awake at night watching for him. He feels that over a period of time he has gotten to know Bigfoot, and that Bigfoot knows him. 'We are sort of waiting for a chance to shake hands' he says.

"Trippett, 38, has formed a non-profit organization called Flora-Fauna Research Corp. which will categorize available data and coordinate research. The Eugene [Oregon] centered organization hopes to gather a convincing body of evidence and then ask certain professional scientists to be consultants on an overall program to study Bigfoot. As things stand,

he says, professional scientists are a little bit afraid to get involved in this phenomenon because their reputations would be at stake."

Maybe Lee Trippett has the best idea of how to bring this seemingly everlasting business to a successful conclusion. Let us face this problem frontally: either such things as Sasquatches exist, or they don't. If they are only the product of Myth, Legend, and Folklore, let them be examined as such. If, on the other hand, they might be real, then anyone who has any idea as to how to come up with them should be assisted. Lee Trippett, I know, leans very strongly to the notion that such living entities exist but also to the idea that they are so "human" that they may be maintaining themselves by a combination of what we call straight "bushcraft" plus an equally inborn expertise in what we have come to call "ESP", meaning frankly a combination of super-sensory abilities and (to us) super-perceptive abilities.

Lee Trippett's opinions on this problem verge on what is commonly called "the occult". This is unfair. What Lee Trippett means is that "if these creatures exist" (and please note that qualifying word), they could (another qualifying word) have built into them, abilities that we (over-civilized as we are) sometimes admit that other animals have but which we deny ourselves. Lee believes — and we are willing to go along with him on this — that our best hope in contacting, or just plain 'discovering' these creatures, is to shut up and go sit out in the field and see if any such "thing" might come by. Considering the now dozens of so-called expeditions that have gone out west — from northern California to the Canadian Yukon — during the past decade, to look for this oddity and found nothing, we frankly believe that Lee Trippett's idea is not only as good as anybody else's but probably more worthwhile.

## VIII. ANTHROPOLOGY

### ARCHAEOLOGISTS — AND OTHERS — BEWARE!

Our member 634 has sent us the following, which we reprint here as a warning to archaeologists and everybody else — and also because it's fun! We begin with the pertinent part of his letter:

"Yesterday, in Guns and Ammo (Dec. '70) I ran across an item which I believe would have thoroughly delighted dear old Charles Fort. On page 36, in an article, "I Knew the World's Greatest Shots", author Ernie Lind relates an anecdote concerning the late Adolph Topperwein, often called "The Father of Exhibition Shooting". The 'italics' are mine:

"One time, while hunting down in Arizona, "Topp" noticed a cave entrance and over it a smooth under-

cut area about 12 feet square. This was about 20 feet up the wall with no way of getting up to it.

"The next day, he returned with his .22 rifle. Climbing out on a ledge opposite the smooth "black-board", he proceeded to shoot his famous outline of an Indian chief. As each bullet hit, it would flake off a chip of weathered stone, exposing a bright red spot.

"A couple of years later, the rancher who owned the property where this had occurred wrote and told "Topp" that a famous archeologist had studied the drawing. This man had then stated that it was the work of nomadic prehistoric Indians who must have travelled hundreds of miles, as it was the picture of the headdress of a Sioux chieftain and not typical of the Indians who roamed and lived in that area.

"Topp" remarked that he had been called many

things but never before had he been called a roaming Indian!’

“Wonder who the ‘famous archeologist’ was? And did he make any ‘published pronouncements’ concerning his find? No doubt the Arizona sun would have weathered the drawing in two year’s time, and archeologists don’t normally carry 20-foot ladders — or at least I don’t think they do.”

If this is not sufficient warning to SITU members investigating ‘things’, perhaps the following will serve as an adequate reinforcement.

During the Depression the WPA provided work for a number of professors by sending them out to collect American folktales. One of these gentlemen had the ‘misfortune’ to run into a frightfully helpful old chap on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This chap, by the name of Edward (?) Hunn, did not in fact know of any local folk tales but disliked disappointing the professor and promptly concocted three splendid ones — which were duly published in a volume of folktales from the Eastern Shore! The talent for spinning tales ran in the family, but Mr. Hunn’s exploit was a matter of considerable family pride. [The writer, MLF, learned of this from his nephew, Bill Hunn, whose attitude was: “You think I can tell stories; you should meet my uncle!]

#### NOAH’S ARK(S), AGAIN

Our member 281 has come up with some most interesting and pertinent ideas concerning the various “arks” strewn around the Turko-Russian-Iraqi-Iranian frontier. His first letter was written before he received the October issue of PURSUIT (he is in the Armed Services abroad), hence his reference here to only one ark.

“I would like to make a comment on the so-called Ark that has been reported on Mt. Ararat. If anyone does any thinking on the subject he will come to the conclusion that however the ‘Ark’ got there it wasn’t by a world-wide flood. Human history and natural history simply cannot be fitted into such an event.

“The question is, what is it doing there? I think a little analysis of beliefs prevailing in the area at the time this object was built might shed some light on the subject. As you know, it was widely believed at the time that the sky was a firmament which was hold-back the ‘waters’ of the heavens. Windows in this firmament were opened to let rain fall. Perhaps some

tribe thought that if they built a boat high enough on a mountain, during a rain storm they could be picked up by the waters and carried to heaven. This might explain the traditional view that the ark was completely enclosed and sealed, i.e. a submarine. It would need to be so to pass through the waters above. When the project failed to produce any results the tribe abandoned the ark, and it was found by later travellers who described it. The tale of this ark was combined with the tales of the flood from the epic of Gilgamesh and the whole modified to produce the Flood story in the Bible. One other thing. Climatic conditions were different then and trees might have been growing close by as a source of lumber. I understand they are scarce there now.

“One other Biblical narrative fits in with this. That is the story of the tower of Babel. In this story mankind tries to build a tower to reach heaven. This shows how close heaven was thought to be. It is even possible that the two events are related.”

Following receipt of our October issue, this gentleman wrote again, as follows:

“One might ask why the arks were so large. It stands to reason that if one is going to go calling on the gods one should not go empty-handed. Perhaps the builders reasoned that if they built a large ship and filled it with goods such as animals and grain as gifts, the gods would assist the ship in its journey. Or perhaps the ship was loaded with gifts for the gods (a sort of Cargo-Cult in reverse) while the builders remained on the earth to reap the benefits of their bribery. This is all speculation of course, but in light of the beliefs of the time it is not unreasonable.”

Admittedly, dates assigned to “the” ark on Mt. Ararat and to the other arks in the area, vary depending on who is claiming what. The best dates — based on radiocarbon analyses — suggest that they are in fact a bit late to be ‘Biblical’ in origin. But the general suggestion that they were intended either as vehicles which would carry their owners up to hobnob with the gods or frankly as bribes is certainly not invalidated by this factor. Indeed, considering the lengths to which all peoples — ancient and modern — have gone to propitiate their god(s), it provides the most reasonable explanation we have come across for the expenditure of so much effort and, one assumes, money. One does not build enormous constructions in

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From International Zoo News, Vol. 17-7/8, 10th, Dec. 1970.

“ ‘Copito de Nieve’, the only white Gorilla Gorilla gorilla gorilla, Savage and Wyman, arrived at the Barcelona Zoo....” A highly knowledgeable non-zoologist once asked us: “Tell me, if a Rattus rattus rattus meets a Gorilla gorilla gorilla, what Happens happens happens?” This is what comes of failing to use italics and brackets (‘parentheses’ to Americans).

out of the way places just for the heck of it. Even if lumber was more readily available then than now, it was still a monumental piece of work.

#### A STONE AGE "FIRST"

The following item was sent to us by a local member and was found in that rather splendid paper The Express, of Easton, Pa., and was dated the 8th January of this year. We have been unable to find out where they got it from, as ticker material is thrown out whether it is used or not. It reads: —

"Archaeologists have recovered eight-foot ivory javelins from Stone Age graves in Russia dating back 20,000 to 30,000 years. The remarkable thing is not that Stone Age men made javelins but that they made straight javelins out of radically (sic) curved mammoth tusks. For this reason, the weapons are of as much interest to dentists as to archaeologists since ivory is basically the same material that forms the core of human teeth. How prehistoric men did it is something that continues to elude modern science, notes Dr. Reidar F. Sognnaes, professor of oral biology at the School of Dentistry of the University of California in Los Angeles. 'The ability to soften the dense dentin of ivory, to fashion it, and then to harden it again into a strong weapon to pierce the mammoth's hide has been lost,' he laments.\* 'If we could recapture this secret today, it might mean much to dentistry and bone repair.' Either that, or there used to be a type of mammoth with straight tusks."

We could be wrong, and even if we are not we will probably provoke a howl of anguish for the following comments from all sorts of people like dentists and archaeologists, but we cannot abstain from making them. First off, where in the heck have the dental technicians been for the past few centuries? Ap-

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\*Marion Fawcett notes that he was making the same lament in the early 1960s, when she was employed as an editor of medical books at the J. B. Lippincott Co. She still remembers his article for DePalma's Clinical Orthopaedics, a bound journal.

parently they have not been collecting old ivories. That's for sure, because anybody in the ivory trade — you know, billiard balls, and all that — would have pointed out to them that a basic usage of their industry has always been the softening of ivory, and the moulding of it either into curves from the straight or to the straight from the curved. The Ancients used to soften not only elephant tusks but also hippopotamus tusks and other dentine (not dentin, incidentally) with muriatic acid, and then harden it with white vinegar; the same method is still used today. The Ancients then straightened the tusks and slit them longitudinally, separated each of the layers (which are like those in onions), and flattened them out under boards with weights on top. Even more fascinating to contemplate is the discovery that they then further softened these ivory planks or veneers, on occasion, and moulded them over their marble or other stone statues. Their objective in this case was to make said statues as lifelike as possible because ivory can be delicately tinted with dyes and other pigments to exactly imitate the tints of so-called "white" human flesh. Actually, there was a straight-toothed elephantine, now named scientifically Anancus, which survived into the Pleistocene and was apparently contemporary with palaeolithic man in Eurasia. However, as we have pointed out, its straight tusks were not needed to make straight javelins.

The particular piece of jibberish in this story is the dentist's lament. Anybody can soften dentine, and it does not have to be elephantine either. Further, somebody in Britain, about five years ago, developed a method of grinding bone, dentin, and even tooth enamel very finely, and then filling tooth cavities with it, or even moulding whole teeth from it. Funny how one technology can miss the basic facts of another. Just consider fluorides promoting tooth decay; and fresh orange juice, so beloved of nutritionists and mothers, doing the same. For this, see The New Scientist, Vol. 49, No. 736, of the 28th January, 1971, p. 173, wherein no less a person than Dr. Linus Pauling sounds off on the matter. And, incidentally, the British Government has 'canned' the supplying of fresh orange juice to welfare tots as being thoroughly dangerous. Vitamin C will in future be 'old', and bottled, in tablet form.

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#### Self-starting Cars Aren't Necessarily Unexplained

From the Chicago Today Magazine, 20 January 1971: "Winter Car Trouble? Try This Bargain... A school bus, empty and unattended, suddenly went crazy in the parking lot of The Dalles [Ore.] High School. Apparently started by an electrical short, it charged across the lot, scattering students, thundered down a 20-foot embankment, stalled, and started again. An employee caught the bus and ripped some wiring to stop it."

## A RETRACTION, AND AN APOLOGY

On page 89 of our October 1970 issue, Vol. 3, No. 4, in a paragraph numbered (8) in our column entitled "Current Pursuits", we stated, "If anybody should be seriously interested, we refer them to (a) Mr. Frank D. Hansen... (c) Dr. John Napier, and some others ... These are the gentlemen who have now claimed that they have all the answers. Ask them." This was in reference to the case of a corpse preserved in ice and exhibited by said Mr. Frank Hansen, which has become popularly known as "Bozo, the Iceman".

Our purpose in publishing this statement here is to apologize to Dr. John R. Napier for wording the statement that we quoted above as we did. What we meant to imply in our column in the October issue was simply that we (Ivan T. Sanderson and SITU) have nothing further to say and that, therefore, anybody who wants further information should apply to the persons listed. It was primarily from those persons that we obtained our information; and therefore it should be to those persons that you apply for further information — if there is any. Let it be clearly understood that we did not intend in any way to imply

that Dr. Napier, particularly, might have information that we did not have.

The basic question is really very simple. This is whether or not the specimen that Heuvelmans and Sanderson saw was a genuine corpse of a (previously) living entity. If it was, it was one of the greatest discoveries of all time. If it wasn't, it was a fraud so incredible that it calls for some real explanation. Nothing will ever be proved one way or the other until and unless the specimen seen by Heuvelmans and Sanderson is produced and examined by true experts such as Drs. Napier, Coon, Hill, Agogino, et al. Meantime, we have nothing further to offer; and, as we said in our original statement that started all this, please apply to the people who know as much or more about the case than we do.

Nonetheless, we wish to apologize to John Napier for having worded that statement as we did. It was deplorable and censurable, and the undersigned takes full responsibility for having penned it.

Ivan T. Sanderson.

## CURRENT PURSUITS

As was explained in our last issue, these items have been numbered purely chronologically; and, as of our last issue, there were 21 of them. We stated also, in that issue, that nothing would be published on any unless we had something cogent to report. To this end, and also to still further save space, we are from now on going to list only those on which we do have something to say. This we will do by number.

## (5) CHAIN IN ROCK

The exact location, within give or take a square mile, of this has now been pinpointed on a C&G survey map by our member 459. Further, this gentleman has finally dug out the facts of the discovery of this item, and has interviewed local citizens who have seen it since then. Said member is a retired forester. Once again, he advises that it would be perfectly useless to try to locate this item until May when the snow is off the ground and before the trees have leafed.

## (13) ENTOMBED TOADS (AND OTHER ANURA)

At long last Marion Fawcett has received a definite statement from a working, professional scientist — in the Republic of South Africa, to be precise — to the effect that he was a witness to the sealing in of a concrete floor which, when broken up five years later yielded a 2½-inch frog in a completely enclosed 'pocket'. The details of this and other cases will be more fully written up in due course.

## (15) SOUTH NEW JERSEY TREE STUMPS

A very great deal more has eventuated on this, and quite apart from a number of very fine photographs of same taken by Jerry Bentryn for which we had been looking. Member 585, a D.Sc. but also a very careful amateur (in that it is not his profession) photographer has offered to obtain further photographs, including aerial shots. At the same time, a most curious fact has emerged. This is that even those local citizens

who are engaged in the shingle industry cannot, as of now, tell us whether the sunken logs from which they make shingles have roots or not. In fact, this whole business is proliferating in many directions.

#### (19) THE BOSSBERG SASQUATCH

Not only have we been in personal touch with Mr. Ivan Marx, we have received reports and visits from several members who have seen Mr. Marx's film and still pictures. These members are the best informed on "sasquatchery" that we have; are hard-nosed investigators, two of them with police training; and all lean to the sceptical though retaining an open-minded approach to the problem. All of them state that they could find no evidence of fraud, nor could they think of any way in which what is shown in these pictures could have been "set up" to perpetrate a fraud. Mr. Marx initially accepted an option on the film rights from a company in Salt Lake City, but by mutual agreement, contract has not been drawn, and negotiations are under way with another organization. Mr. Marx tells us that he has, in addition to the film, some hundreds of stills on which we still have first offer, but nothing will be released until July. In the interim, however, Mr. Marx may be able to arrange to come east to show his material to a closed session of interested members of our Scientific Advisory Board.

#### (21) THE THUNDERBIRD PHOTOGRAPH

Our member 17 has searched his files but not found the item; member 49 has married and moved away from his family home but his files are still stored somewhere there. He has promised to try to locate them and go through them with a view to retrieving this damned photo if he has it. But we still appeal to all of you to try to locate a copy. One other lead which we are following comes from member 117 and is that he believes this photograph was published in none other than the National Geographic Magazine (!) in the 30s.

#### (22) TIME ANOMALIES

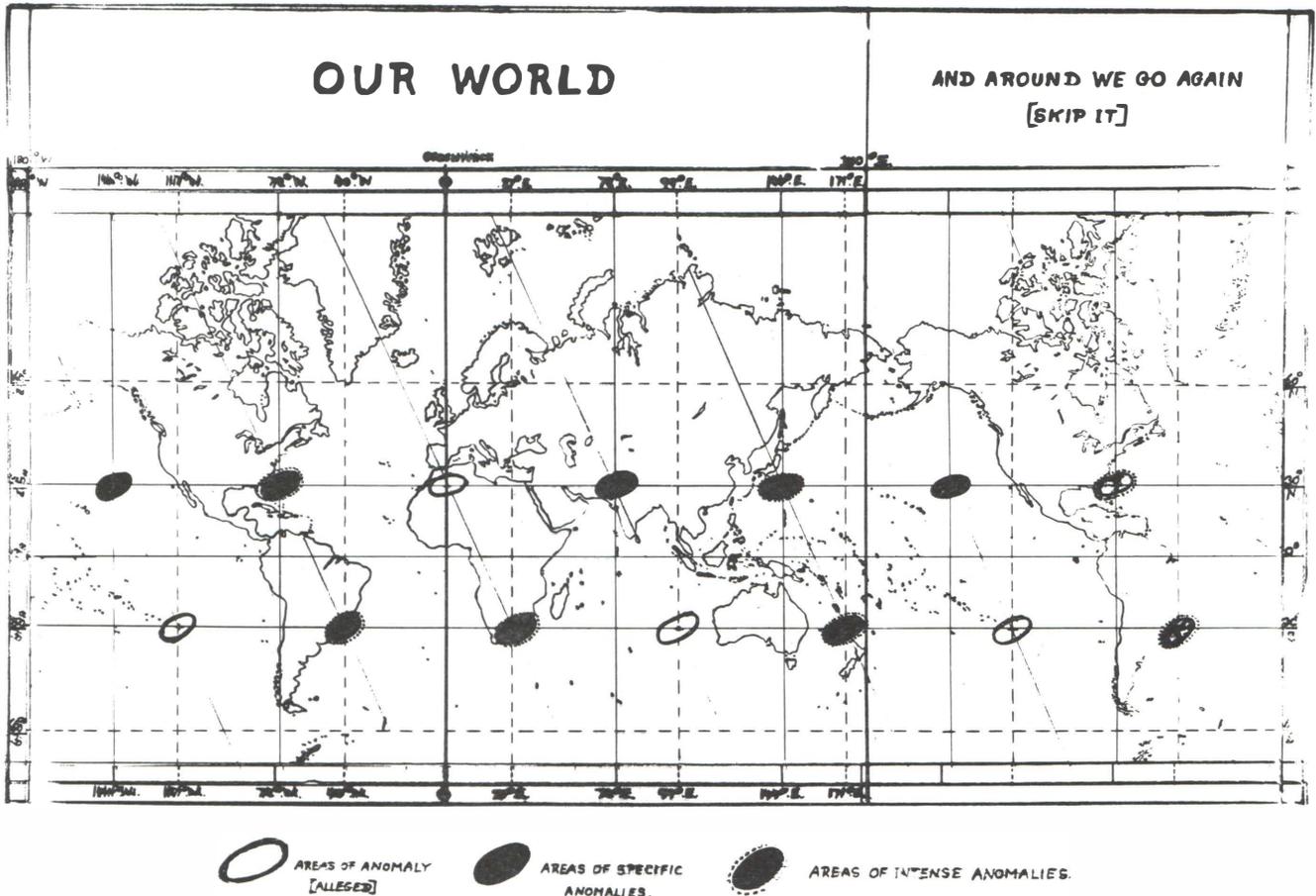
As a result of the publication of a book entitled Invisible Residents by World Publishing, Inc., a considerable amount of latent interest has been brought to light on this subject. The initial impetus for this interest came from a phenomenon to which the catchy title "The Bermuda Triangle" has been applied. This is an area off the southeastern coast of North America, in which an excessively large number of ships, planes, and now some submarines have vanished — as opposed to simply foundering, ditching,

or being wrecked. After checking the allegations of such exceptionally high incidence of disappearances therein, we initiated a critical survey of the reports. The result was that there appeared to be ten such areas precisely distributed around the earth — five in the northern hemisphere, and all centered some 72-degrees apart longitudinally; and five others similarly apart in the southern hemisphere but all shifted about 20 degrees to the east. Next, the location of these ten anomalous areas was plotted, and correlations were found only with surface ocean currents. However, both military and commercial pilots began supplying us with factual data of another nature. This was to the effect that in, or immediately around, these ten areas there appeared to be factual evidence of a time anomaly. By this is meant (to over-simplify) that a plane may appear to have arrived at its destination either much too soon or much too late; according to its instruments on the one hand, and by ground records on the other. This "anomaly" is becoming apparently more frequent, and we therefore want to receive any and all reports of such incidents. However, please keep in mind that we are interested only in cases which are backed up with and by factual statistics or records.

We are also, of course, interested in receiving reports of ships or planes that vanish without trace anywhere — either new reports or old ones, since we have certainly not got a complete record of these.

Then, something else connected with this wretched business has cropped up. This came up after a TV show — Dick Cavett of ABC — broadcast on the 16th of March, on which our director was to debate this whole business with Arthur Godfrey. On two previous occasions Arthur had told Dick, and his audience, that he would be willing so to do but, in his good old style, referred to it as being "a lot of bloody nonsense" or words to that effect. Arthur Godfrey has been just about the loudest front for aviation during the thirty years he has been on radio and television, but he certainly slammed down the SST that evening, and everybody expected him to let the poor old "Bermuda Triangle" have it just as forcefully. But to everybody's amazement, he not only treated the matter with the utmost conscientiousness and sympathy, but went further to give three flat statements confirming this mystery from his own personal experiences. Also, at the end of the show, in reply to a query from Dick Cavett as to whether he felt the matter warranted proper scientific investigation, he replied — directly into camera — with a flat "Yes".

The three cases that Arthur related on the air were demonstrated on a small globe we had provided on which the (then) ten known areas of anomaly were clearly marked. The first was of the instant and complete disappearance of a great plane, called simply "The Mars", northeast of the Hawaiian Islands. Arthur told us that he was to have been on this



flight but missed it and so watched its departure on radar. Snapping his fingers at camera he said: "The darned thing just went 'puiff', and they never found a trace of it". His second personal experience was when he was on his round-the-world flight in a two-engined jet, and started to fly across the infamous "Devil's Sea" north of the Bonin Islands in the west Pacific. He told us that this time they lost radio contact and all other instrument contact with the 'outside' world for an hour and a half, and with only four hours of gas to go. Arthur stuck his finger on that blob on our globe and said simply: "And that's not nice, I'm telling you".

His third case was even less expected. Arthur asked for the globe again and, turning to Dick, he outlined the Bermuda blob and pointed out that the east coast of North America really leans way over till it almost points south. He told us that he and other experienced fliers en route from New York to Florida usually cut across the ocean, so saving a hundred miles or so, but he then volunteered the information that whenever he did so he kept an awfully wary eye on his instruments! And that is just what other pilots have told us, including Bob Durant, who

used almost the same words on Barry Farber's radio show.

This information and confirmation given us by Arthur Godfrey set off a sort of chain reaction among scientists and engineers. And it was one of the latter fraternity who came to us the very next day with an observation that has necessitated our dropping just about everything else. His suggestion: simply that the earth is a gigantic static electrical machine having not just five dipoles — represented by the ten lozenges, "triangles", vortices, or whatever you want to call them — but six; the sixth pair represented by the north and south magnetic poles.

Immediately upon starting to work on this assumption, all sorts of extraordinary things came to light, and some very "old saws" cropped up. We are loath to bring one of these up but it is none less than the very old "hollow earth" business. This we will be reporting on later but, in the meantime, we beg that you do not suddenly think that our earth is hollow, or believe any other of the ravings of those who have suggested that it is. No: the matter at hand is a great deal more subtle than that. It also stems from true and proper scientific theorizing.

## BOOK REVIEWS

Michel Gauquelin. The Scientific Basis of Astrology. New York: Stein and Day, 1969 (translated by James Hughes). \$5.95.

Our regular readers, knowing of our attitude toward astrology, may be somewhat startled to see this title among our reviews. In fact, it is must reading for all fortune-tellers for the simple reason that it is, and I quote from Aimé Michel's preface, "the most conscientious, profound and convincing of all the refutations of journalistic and traditional astrology yet produced".

The book is divided into three sections — first, the early history of astrology; second, an analysis of astrology as practiced today; and third, some new discoveries. The first section is interesting but frankly not 'spectacular'; and you may wish to skim the second section, though I strongly recommend that you read Chapters IX through XI which present statistical analyses of the astrologers so-called predictions. These should prove an eye-opener to anyone who is under the impression that astrology 'works'. And I cannot resist noting that the author points out that all sorts of "influences" are attributed to the planet Pluto — which was not actually found until 1930! One wonders which planet governed these aspects of life before Pluto was discovered.

However, it is the third section which is of greatest interest, and for several reasons. As the author says in his Introduction, "In the twentieth century our ideas about the relation between man and the cosmos have ended up in one of two dead-end streets: an unyielding science and a market-place astrology. ... The feud between these two groups has been endless, but of late a new school of scientists has managed to break the vicious circle. For some years now these scientists have been discovering that there are certain unexpected but close connections between man and the solar system, and between man and the galaxy... beside the superstitions of astrology there is a place for a 'new and different cosmobiology' " and, if one may coin a word, 'cosmochemistry' that he treats in this last section; and some of the findings are indeed extraordinary — and in one case, utterly fortune-telling. We cannot go into this in detail, but this last item concerns the cleaning of boilers — i.e. removing the scale that forms on the walls — by using "treated water"; no one knows how or why this works but it does. However, it works better on some days than on others. An Italian chemist spent years making daily tests in an effort to find out why this variation occurred. His irrefutable conclusion is that the efficacy of the treatment varies with the relative positions of the Earth, the Moon, and the Sun! And this is not kookery but established fact.

Get the book.

Marion L. Fawcett.

Charles Berlitz. The Mystery of Atlantis. New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1969. \$5.95.

There have been a great many books published on the subject of the "Lost Continent of Atlantis". Far too many consist of insufferable drivel written by persons whose enthusiasm is matched only by their lack of knowledge.\* Many others simply attempt to prove that Atlantis was not in the Atlantic but in the North Sea, the Sahara, etc., wherever the author has 'discovered' it. In fact, one would think there have been quite enough books about the subject, but Charles Berlitz has produced the "exception that proves the rule". His is an eminently sane and remarkably objective presentation and analysis of the evidence for and against Atlantis, and is also surprisingly complete for a book of non-encyclopaedic size.

The author is, of course, at his best when he deals with linguistics — he speaks "30 languages, give or take a few". He points out that much of the linguistic (so-called) evidence is absolute baloney — e.g. Le Plongeon's use of a Mayan word list which he thought was an alphabet, to translate various documents that "proved" the existence of Atlantis (according to Churchward, these same documents proved the ex-

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\* The latest in this marathon is an ad sent us by our member 582. This appeared in the Sunday NY Times Book Section (Book Exchange Columns) for a number of weeks in April 1970 and read as follows: "FOR SALE, material for most historic book, the mile posts of the legendary Atlantis and its parent civilization. Price \$250,000. [No, that's not a 'typo'.] Edward Jackson, 79 Ocean St., Woollahra, Sydney, Australia." Our member wrote to Mr. Jackson on the 19th April 1970, by air mail, but never received a reply. For that price we would want a large chunk of Atlantean real estate and an ironclad guarantee that it would stay above water!

istence of Mu!). On the other hand, he notes that there are certain valid linguistic 'links' between the Old and the New Worlds which need explaining rather badly.

His knowledge of both cultural anthropology and archaeology is good (one can only assume that he suffered a complete "mental block" when he put Stonehenge and Avebury in Cornwall rather than in Wiltshire) and he does not stretch the evidence as so many authors do. He is undoubtedly pro-Atlantis but his bias is rarely obvious. The fact is that there are a large number of knobby little problems which could be solved by the previous existence of a continent — or a large island — occupied by a people with a fairly advanced culture. And we are not here postulating a super-civilization with ray guns and other appurtenances of the woollier science fiction.

Even those who have reached the "saturation point" on the subject of Atlantis will find this book of value as a reference. Unhappily, there is no index.

MLF

Hans Stefan Santesson. Understanding Mu. New York: Coronet Communications, Inc. Paperback Library, 1970. 75¢.

This is an exceedingly difficult assignment. It should be clearly understood that it purports to be a review of this book, not of its contents. Regarded in this light, said book should be appreciated as a very real contribution to our overall, so-called cultural appreciation. In fact, an exposition such as this of the "content" is long overdue.

The subject of this book is a mass of drivel published over many years by a slightly demented British ex-Army officer who spent some time in India and became obsessed with some aspects of its mysticism and its renowned forms of intellectual jargon. His name was Colonel James Churchward. Just about everything this poor man ever said was not only rubbish but as near mad as you could wish. Based on nothing more than some alleged conversations with a "priest" of a cult virtually outlawed even by the tolerant, and long-suffering Hindoo hierarchy, and endless borrowings from, and even plagiarisms of, such other mystics as Madame Blavatsky and Le Plongeon, this amiable old gentleman made a profound indent, through his writings, upon our modern world. Trouble is, an awful lot of people have believed what he said.

What Churchward did say is so appallingly idiotic as to be pathetic but, so help us all, he has been so believed by a very large audience. These were those who had either not had cause to read the known facts about that of which he spoke, or were too abysmally ignorant to understand that the poor man was talking complete nonsense. This man thus was, and still is, a major menace; so it is greatly to the credit of the author of this book that he has brought all this pernicious drivel out into the open, and displayed it to the general reader for what it is. Hans Stefan Santesson is an historian and in this book he gives us a compendium of the ravings of Churchward; and then lets us judge these for ourselves.

If you still believe this compounded mass of inexactitude, there is nothing further that even the erudite author of this book can do for you. Colonel James Churchward was undoubtedly a remarkable man, and probably rather a charming one, but he was quite mad. Unfortunately, he managed to slip his nonsense in at a time in history when scientific exploration had not yet brought to light the realities of the past, even as now known. Thus, he was able to erect theories, and claim "evidence" for them, when nobody had the time or the facts to check his statements or to refute his arguments.

The really terrifying thing is that countless people, and especially intelligent young people, still get hold of Churchward's effusions and take them as "scientific" fact. Indeed, many people seem to feel that because he spent his entire life "investigating" this, that he must have "known what he was talking about" and was somehow automatically admirable! A moment's thought by any sane person will reveal the idiocy of this notion.

Would that this little book could be made not just preferred, but essential, reading in all schools and the basis for intelligent schoolroom debate. The author has cast the first stone at this monstrous effigy of insanity. Would that others should follow.

Ivan T. Sanderson.

New Scientist and Science Journal: We most strongly recommend this publication to all our members. It's full of good solid stuff, as well as the hilarious, and it gives very good coverage of American affairs scientific, as seen by intelligent Anglo-Saxon-speaking foreigners. It may be ordered from New Scientist, 128 Long Acre, London WC2E 9QH, England; the price is \$16 by air — not bad for a weekly journal.

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**IN MEMORY**


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**Keith Tavernor**

All of us have but one life to lead, and what we call death must indubitably come to all of us. When we have lasted our allotted span, we should both accept it and perhaps even welcome it. But we who are left here, have a duty to report the passing-on of any of our members.

This morning, the 30th March of this year 1971, we had just finished reading a letter from our member No. 665 – namely, Keith Tavernor – when the phone rang and our member No. 385, whose name is John G. Borowczak, of Beavercreek, Oregon, told us that Keith had been knocked down by a car a few hours previously and – the Good Lord be praised – had died instantly. The “coincidentalness” of this chain of events is onerous to bear: but, as of the moment, we can think only of his family.

Keith’s father died in 1945 of wounds sustained in the defense of his country; we know only his brother, James, and this only by long distance. Keith came to us literally “out of the blue”, and we were his only contact in this country. He worked for our mutual benefit, and on a matter that is of great interest to all of us. When he left for the west coast, we “appointed him officially” as our representative in charge of those matters – to wit, the Sasquatches. When this shocking phone call came in today announcing his death, we naturally went to his file in order to inform his family. But what did we find?

In a letter of recommendation that we gave him, the third paragraph read “Any help or assistance you might render the bearer would be most gratefully acknowledged by our Board of Directors; and, should he meet with an accident [emphasis added]; or, for other reasons, be unable to communicate with us, we would ask you to phone the above number.” Though this sad business is now irrevocably over, we would like to take a few moments to contemplate it.

Keith Tavernor was born on the 8th of July, 1944, in Stockport, England. He quit school at the age of 15, with what they call over there, an “Advanced Certificate with five Credits”. Then, he plunged into the following somewhat extraordinary career.

1959 Trip to France; research and exploration of ice caves in Pyrenean Mountains.

1961-64 Enlisted in H.M. Royal Marines, during which time served fourteen months active service in Aden Protectorate; extensive field work in Africa on field survival, jungle warfare, etc., especially in Mt. Kilimanjaro Province. Places visited: Persia, Yemene, Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Somalia, Saudi Arabia, Muscat, and Oman.

1964-67 Yorkshire Zoological Federation, England (Flamingo Park Zoo) – employed as aviculturist and vivarium keeper. During which time discovered techniques in breeding certain species in captivity.

1967-68 Free-lance field study and conservation work in England, Scotland, and Wales.

1968-69 Trip to Africa alone for further field work; via Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, Egypt, Sudan, Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania, Zambia. Worked with Zambia Game and Fisheries, based Chilanga and and did field work involving Eland (Taurotragus derbiana) on the Kafue River Reserve.

1969-70 Employed by Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust, Jersey, Channel Islands; Director, Gerald Durrell, F.Z.S. etc. Working with Simians and Pongids.

In the summer of 1970 he just “upped” and climbed aboard a boat to come to this country. He had been corresponding with John Borowczak about this everlasting (and seemingly endless) pursuit of the Sasquatches and Bigfeet of our Northwest; and he had decided to drop everything and come over here, and get into the act. By the merest chance, he got into conversation with another of our members – the famous big-game photographer and film producer, and also Charles Darwin’s great-grandson, we might add! – No. 181, aboard a liner. As a result, he was with us four hours after he landed in America for the first time! He spent a month with us, last Christmas and New Year. He reorganized all our files on North American ABSMs, and he offered to take over control of all activities in the Northwest on our Society’s behalf. He then submitted monthly reports up to the one that we received this morning. But this came no more than five minutes before the phone call announcing his untimely death.

Romance is not yet dead; but Death can be romantic.

Your Colleagues.

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