



PURSUIT

"SCIENCE IS THE PURSUIT OF THE UNEXPLAINED"

VOL. 5, NO. 3

JULY, 1972

SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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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 five in number: a President, elected for five years; two Vice-Presidents; a Treasurer; and a Secretary. General policy is supervised by a Governing Board, consisting of the five Trustees, and four other members elected for one year terms. General administration and management is handled by an Executive Board, listed on the inside back cover of this publication. The Editorial Board is listed on the masthead of this journal. Finally, our Society is counselled by a number of prominent scientists, as also listed on the inside back cover of this journal. These are designated as our Scientific Advisory Board.

PARTICIPATION

Participation in the activities of the Society is solicited. 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 annual subscription is U.S. \$10, which includes four issues of the Journal PURSUIT for the year, as well as access to the Society's library and files, through correspondence or on visitation. The annual subscription rate for the journal PURSUIT (alone, and without membership benefits) is \$5, including postage. (PURSUIT is also distributed, on a reciprocal basis, to other societies and institutions.) The Society contracts -- with individuals, and institutional and official organizations for specific projects -- as a consultative body. Terms are negotiated in each case in advance. Fellowship in the Society is bestowed (only by unanimous vote of the Trustees) on those who are adjudged to have made an outstanding contribution to the aims of the Society.

NOTICES

In view of the increase in resident staff and the non-completion, as yet, of additional living quarters, there is no longer over-night accomodation for visitors. Members are welcome to visit to consult our files, but we ask that they make application at least a week in advance to prevent 'pile-ups' of members who, as a result of the simple lack of facilities, as of now, cannot be properly accomodated.

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.

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. The Society further issues Occasional Papers on certain projects, and Special Reports on the request of Fellows only.

RECORD: From its establishment in July, 1965, until the end of March 1968, the Society issued only a newsletter, on an irregular basis. The last two publications of that were, however, entitled PURSUIT-- Vol. 1, No. 3 and No. 4, dated June and September, 1968. Beginning with Vol. 2, No. 1, PURSUIT has been issued on a regular quarterly basis: dated January, April, July, and October. Back issues, some available only as Xerox copies, are available; those wishing to acquire any or all of these should request an order form.

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THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE
INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

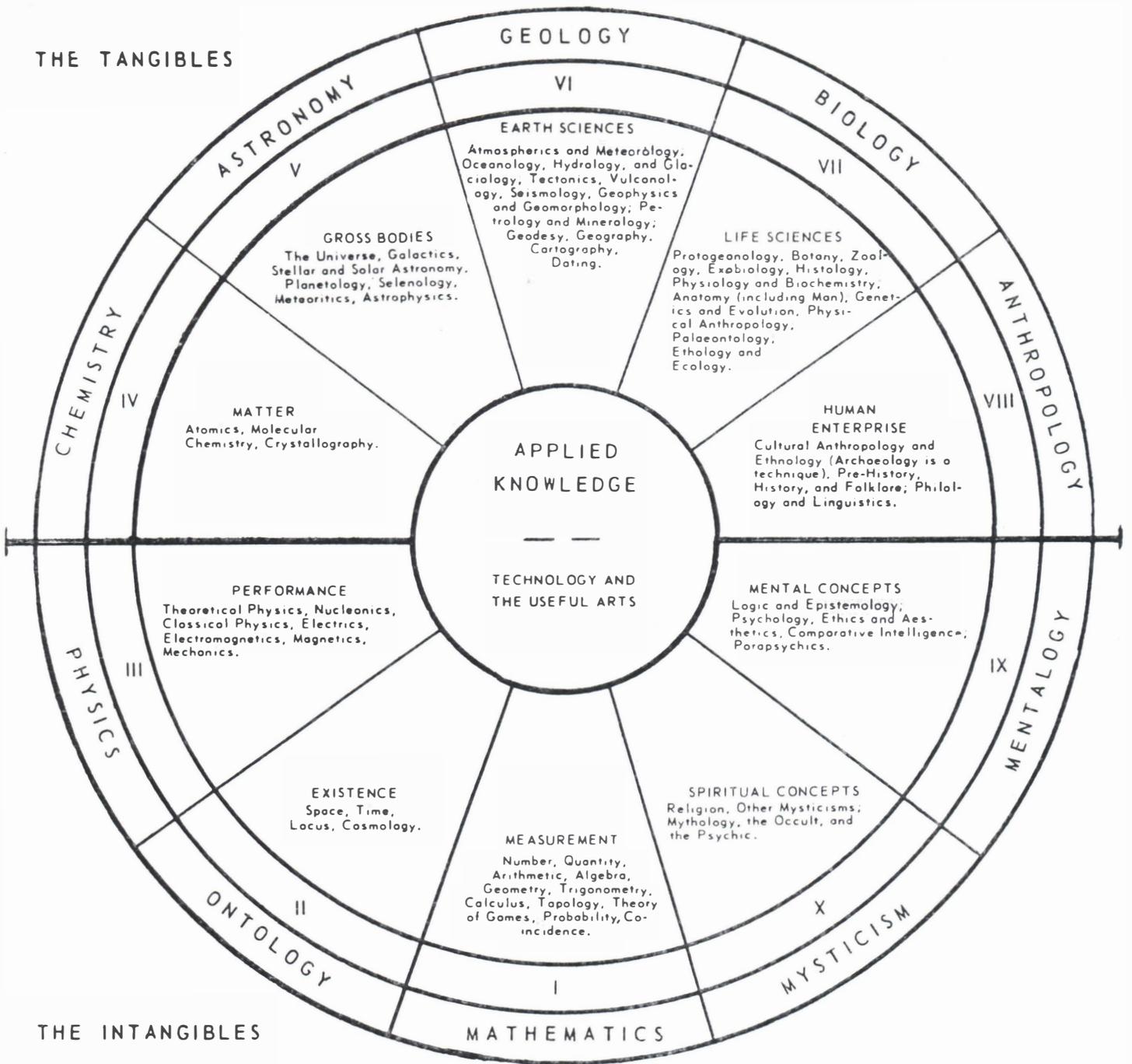
DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF "THINGS"
THAT ARE CUSTOMARILY DISCOUNTED

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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

PARAPSYCHICS AND THE ENCROACHMENT OF TECHNOLOGY

Need it be reiterated that the pursuit of knowledge has always been along two quite separate paths which are popularly called the scientific and the psychic. An intermediate land of the paranormal is recognized by both; but, until recently, for the most part by the latter. They have further claimed for some time that they are trying to approach their elusive subjects upon proper scientific lines, but this is all too often not so, and the 'proof' they offer is seldom considered, or considered worthwhile, by scientists. Now, something quite new has been added.

It has always been our contention that there is no such thing as the psychic. Either it is imaginary, or it is susceptible to proper scientific and technological investigation that would prove it to be just as natural and real as anything tangible, and thus to fit into both our logic and our current concept of reality. The key word in the above sentence is technology. An astonishing and as yet almost entirely unknown—to the general public and even the average scientist—breakthrough has been achieved by these people without reference to either psychic or scientist, and with a somewhat delightful indifference to either of their opinions or how many toes they tread on in both communities. The result has been the emergence of Parapsychics, first in Russia.

This picture is, however, not nearly as clear and simple as that, and for several reasons. First and foremost is that nobody seems ever to have looked up the term psychic in the dictionary and therefore universally misapply it. The trouble is not so much that the word is mistaken but, to the exact contrary, because its true limits are not known. The result has been that all manner of discoveries that have been made through purely technological means have been happily classed as being of 'psychic' matters. The worst example is that of so-called ESP, which is a gag-phrase that should be applied only and exclusively to extrasensory "perception", but has become a popular term for an enormous spread of matters of which it, in its strict sense, is only a rather minor part.

Extra-sensory perception is itself very badly named. What is really meant is reception by means other than the some 30 senses that we now know we have. It totally ignores 'extra', or better, super-sensory projection, without which there can be no reception. Further, a whole slew of related matters, mostly still mysterious to us, and concerning not only us but all other animals, and now plants it appears, are on the one hand either totally ignored by the psychics and mystics as a whole, or have been claimed by them when there is nothing psychic whatsoever about them. All these matters, including so-called ESP, now lie squarely in the realm of work-a-day practical science. So also do a legion of other matters that the psychics still blithely claim just as if they had never been scientifically investigated and explained, like astrology, pyramidology, and so forth. What is more, it is the technologists who have done the explaining.

To all such matters the designation Parapsychics (meaning para or like, what people otherwise call psychic) should be applied. This is not to say that psychics should not continue to pursue such matters by their own methods, but they are now well advised to find out first just what of their pet subjects have been so explained scientifically; and, at the same time, see to it that anything promising that they might stumble across be immediately made known to the technologists working in that particular field. The longer they refrain from doing these two things, the more idiotic they look and the more suspect they become. That the serious-minded astrologers—not the uneducated masses who have recently turned it into a paying religion—should waste their time and brains trying to prove their fossilized contentions that have now been proven to be unprovable, is deplorable, especially when there is a most solid scientific bedrock for their basic contention; probably best laid out by Michel Gauquelin in his book *The Scientific Basis of Astrology*.

In reviewing a book most grossly misnamed *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain* by Misses Schroeder and Ostrander, we tried to make this point clear but, as the term Parapsychics only reached the western world after this splendid book had gone to press, there was nothing to be done about it. The use of the word 'psychic' in this title has done irreparable damage to the progress of science and general knowledge in the many fields of enquiry which it describes. The book has (happily for the authors) had a very large sale, but from knowing the authors and having heard what they went through last year on the lecture circuit promoting it, it is very plain that all the good it has done is to confirm the psychics, mystics and the assorted nuts and screwballs who have crept in under their umbrella, that what they describe in their book is 'psychic'. Not one word of it is; it is all basically parapsychic, and concerns the technological proof that the items covered are just as real and realistic as a bunch of rocks or a flock of geese.

Unfortunately both for those labouring sincerely in this vineyard of esoteric knowledge and for the public at large the continued misuse of the term psychic will set all acceptance of the findings even of the tech-

nologists back years, perhaps centuries, because once the general public latches on to a catch-phrase –and more particularly if it is a misnomer, it would seem– they will never let go of it, and they will never bother to read the facts or give up their drivelling misconceptions. This damnable term is every bit as bad as the other popular fancies such as their persistence in calling the Yeti the “Abominable Snowman” when it is neither a man, nor lives in the snow, and has no reason to be called abominable; “The Great Sea Serpent” which it is not and never has been described as; the “Bermuda Triangle” which is not a triangle and has nothing to do with Bermuda, other than that it points roughly at those islands, while being an oblong shaped something; and this most accursed of all terms “ESP” which for no reason at all has become a catch-all for a vast range of individual though related studies having nothing to do with perception.

Our only hope for the future is that the technologists will continue to investigate these matters, tear them apart on practical grounds, and publish their findings irregardless of the simperings of the non-technological psychics, mystics, and all the rest of them. By this means the truth will be ever wider separated from mere belief, and the believers come to look ever more ridiculous until even the general public gives them the horse-laugh. Writers like Lynne Schroeder and Sheila Ostrander are going to be needed aplenty to explain the findings of the technologists in plain language, so that they can be compared with the babblings of the psychics. Then, and then only perhaps, will the serious-minded psychical researchers drop their games and devote their vif intellects to pushing back the frontiers of knowledge in this department by aiding the technologists. They had better, because the technologists are not going to stop now, nor are certain departments of sciencedom and officialdom who are backing them and who are already perceiving the most useful possibilities coming out of their searches and researches. Photographing a person's, an animal's, or a plant's aura is already proving rather useful; and the control of the two PKs –psychokinesis, meaning the ability to move objects at a distance without touching them, and pyrokinesis, meaning to set things on fire at a distance– would change a lot of things. More power to the technologists.

Ivan T. Sanderson.

UFOLOGY

OFF AND ON

Experiments (by whom or where not specified as yet) are alleged to have discovered that the eye is a differential organ, which can only see an image if it is moving relative to the retina. It ensures this by a continual irregular tremor at around 100 Hz. Further remarkable experiments, in which this frequency is optically detected and used to vibrate the scene exactly in phase with the viewer's eyes, have also allegedly been performed. This cancellation of the tremour maintains the image exactly static on his retina, and he cannot see it! But then, if a single tunable frequency (say 51 Hz) be superimposed on top of this continual servo-tracking movement, the world immediately becomes visible again, for the optical image is now oscillating at exactly 51 Hz over the retina. If the experimentee looks at something at 50 Hz frequency, the two frequencies will beat on his retina at the same time. For one half cycle the image will be out of phase with his retina and moving over it, and for the other half cycle in phase and moving with it; so he will see the scene or object appearing and disappearing once a second.

This brings up some interesting possibilities. How about UFOs causing such in-phase interference? It would be the simplest thing to do and either unidirectionally or throughout 360 degrees, so that some individuals would see them flashing on and off, or just plain coming on and then later disappearing, while vast crowds could be similarly influenced.

This has nothing to do with what UFOs are or where they come from; it is merely a rather solid new suggestion as to how they might appear to us to perform one of their “tricks”. The same suggestion has been repeatedly made to explain their alleged ability to switch car engines and other electrical circuits on and off and, what is more, have the engine running when they turn their little gimmick off.

ESSENTIAL READING

The following article is reprinted with permission from the January/February 1972 issue of Flying Saucer Review and is by Colin Bord. We do not know whether the book he mentions, The Use of Lateral

Thinking by Edward de Bono, is available in this country; but we consider Mr. Bord's article most important. It is addressed to ufologists, but all forteans should take heed. To wit: —

“One of the current internecine squabbles among UFO researchers revolves around the question: Should Fortean and parapsychical phenomena be considered as having some value in our efforts to solve the UFO problem? While the advocates of this approach point out that UFOs are but one of the many enigmas with which we are surrounded, and may in fact be only part of a far greater mystery, the opponents feel, to quote from a recent BUFORA journal, ‘there are enough “fringe” phenomena already classified or included under the UFO umbrella . . . which have no proven direct connection with UFOs.’ The author's italics for the word ‘direct’ brought home to me the tenor of his thinking. Here was the traditional scientific approach to the problem, logical and exact, from one solid step to another solid step, which is of course the only recognised way with which to approach any problem, and the method we are all taught to use throughout our early years of training.

“But there is another type of thought pattern that can be used, not one opposed to logic, but complementary to it. This mode is used instinctively by those who feel that the Fortean and parapsychical are well worth considering. It is the thought style of the inventor and the originator, the individual who, to the envy of his fellows, appears to be able to pluck a cohesive coherent idea from what had seemed to be trackless confusion. This approach has been critically examined and defined, and termed ‘lateral thinking’, by Edward de Bono, in his recent book The Use of Lateral Thinking (pub. Jonathan Cape). Traditional logical thinking he has termed ‘vertical thinking’, and likens it to using building blocks, each block resting firmly and squarely on the block below it, whereas in

lateral thinking, the blocks are scattered around and the ensuing pattern can have a multiplicity of directions of approach, some of greater value than others.

“Lateral thinking is more concerned with possibilities than with certainty, and with the generation of new ideas, rather than the refinement of old ones, and so this book should be essential reading for every student of UFO phenomena. Indeed, sentences and paragraphs leap from the page as one reads; it could well have been written with the present state of UFO research in mind. Thus we read of ‘dominant ideas’ which can exert a ‘powerful organising influence on the way a person thinks and approaches a problem’. Or again I quote, ‘It is disturbing to think how many situations are incompletely understood because attempts at exploration persist in using well-tried familiar patterns which ought themselves to be re-examined.’

“Although this is not a book about UFOs, in another sense it is very much concerned with them. Not only will it help us to question our mental approach to the problem, but it shows us how to develop and use other patterns of thinking, which may pay greater dividends when applied to the UFO enigma.

“I end with a quote from the book that might suitably be printed on thick card and sent to every UFO researcher.

“It is not possible to dig a hole in a different place by digging the same hole deeper. Logic is the tool that is used to dig holes deeper and bigger to make them altogether better holes. But if the hole is in the wrong place, then no amount of improvement is going to put it in the right place. No matter how obvious this may seem to every digger, it is still easier to go on digging in the same hole than to start all over again in a new place. Vertical thinking is digging the same hole deeper; lateral thinking is trying again elsewhere.’”

CHAOS & CONFUSION

MORE SKY-LINES

Back in our January issue of last year (Vol. 4, No. 1) we reported a remarkable phenomenon that we had investigated in the Caidwells, N. J., in the previous summer. These were seemingly endless very fine glistening lines or threads that appeared in the sky running absolutely straight and taut for miles at various angles to the horizontal ranging between about 30 to some 50 degrees of elevation. These lines ran at different directions of the compass and showed no pattern in their distribution. Two of them remained absolutely taut and stationary for up to a month through

several bad electrical storms and some other high winds. Many people, including the local township police, followed them both ways trying to locate an end to them, but despite 20x20 binoculars none could be spotted. Eventually the lower end of these two lines fell down during the night; one in a retired newspaperman's front lawn, the other among some chairs by a swimming pool. The newsman and his wife hauled in a very considerable mass of the stuff before it came down so low that it snagged on some tall trees opposite. That at the pool was hauled on for almost an hour by four youngsters and the two lifeguards until it too snagged on an overhead power line. This lot almost filled a 55-gallon oil drum used

as a trash can. In both cases, the moment it came down it ravelled up just as if it had been unwound from a spool of a diameter of about two inches.

We had this material analyzed by the DuPont Company who stated that it was chemically a type 6 Nylon (caprolactam) or possibly a copolymer such as type 6 and type 66, but that it was not of their manufacture. It looked for all the world like a lead-line for fishing tackle and so we bought samples of as many as we could find and wrote to the manufacturers, especially those in northern New Jersey. None could identify it precisely. We then sent a sample to a Dr. Vargas, an analytical chemist at Rhode Island University. He readily confirmed DuPont's identification but then something even more mysterious happened. These lines had a fine hollow tube running through their length. When Dr. Vargas first examined the specimens this was empty, but after a time in a vacuum jar he found to his amazement that this tube was filled with some other solid substance, and this defied analysis so far as we can make out.

Meantime, we had been asked to prepare a short article telling the whole story for True Magazine, and the Junior Editor assigned to this item came to visit us at HQ, bringing his girlfriend with him. The moment she saw the stuff she became really very excited, telling us that the year before such a line had been stretched over the lower Village in Manhattan where she lived and that eventually one end had come down on the outside fire escapes of her apartment house and had become hopelessly ravelled on hers which was the one but top floor. It was still there. Further, she added, only about three weeks before we met, another line had come down on the other side of the small yard behind the house. A few days later she sent us some specimens of both. They looked exactly like the Caldwell one under the low-power microscope. That was a year ago; now we have this, which we take verbatim from the Atlanta Journal and Constitution, of the 11th June of this year. It is bylined Herbert Wilcox, a staff correspondent, and goes as follows: —

“Elberton, Ga. — The sun hadn't quite come up and the moon hadn't quite gone down the other morning, and Hut Wallace was in a rocking chair on his front porch enjoying the dawn when he noticed a strange thing. A shining line seemed to be right up to the moon in front of his home and to stretch into infinity in the back. Nowhere could there be seen anything to hold it up. Hut, a long-time friend, telephoned and urged me to come over and see the unusual sight. By the time I got there, the sun had come up and the moon had gone down, but the line was still mounting the sky and shimmering in the light of the early morning sun as far as the eye could see. An earthy guess was that it might be a kite string. If so,

it was the longest and fanciest kite string ever seen around here. Besides, there was no kite in sight to hold it way up in the air. Another guess was that it was some sort of hot line laid out by a plane, or maybe a parachute had disintegrated way up yonder and that this was what was left of it. This still didn't explain how it managed to stay up there. During the day, Eddie Boswell, Hut's son-in-law, got on the roof, where the line was at its lowest point. He pulled in yards and yards of it but never saw a thing to indicate what it had been fastened to. There were two kinds of material in the line. That pulled from the west was a fluffy, shiny, white substance. That from the east was a tiny, hard-finished green material something like a fishing line. Both were hard to break.”

I am afraid that we have nothing to add to all this except to put on record that we submitted samples to the USAF, asking them if they might be some device for jamming radar or such and asking whether we might publish this fact if it were. We received a curious letter back from an old friend there saying “Present budgetary stringency makes it impossible for us to run complete scientific tests on this material”. We had never asked for any such thing!

How do these obviously manufactured lines get up there and what holds them taut and stationary through rain and shine and all manner of storms? To what are they attached at either end, and what keeps them up there? It has defied the meteorologists, and the physicists have nothing to offer because it seems to defy all their laws of natural propriety.

SUB-SECTION “K”

If you turn ahead to page 59, you will see some of the things that lightning does both normally and of utterly bizarre natures. The following concerns lightning but the oddities of its behaviour in this case are far outweighed by its solidly fortian aspect; namely, that of what we call “K”, standing for coincidence. This is one of the hairiest of all fortiana and one which irks mathematicians and a wide variety of other scientists the most. There must be a natural law somewhere to explain it but every time the mathematicians think they are getting such a new set of rules, which have to be quite outside our current ideas of reality and logic, they break down. The following case is one of the sweetest we have ever seen.

We herewith offer excerpts from the L.A. Times—Washington Post Service release. It is appropriately datelined Doooms, Va., and goes as follows:

"Roy Cleveland Sullivan is a veteran Shenandoah National Park ranger who used to have a full head of white hair. He lost most of the hair recently when, for the fourth time in his 60 years, he was struck by lightning and lived to tell about it. Three of the hits have occurred while he was on duty, including the last one, which got him while he was manning the registration station at the Loft Mountain camping area. 'There was a gentle rain, but no thunder until just one big clap, the loudest thing I ever heard,' Sullivan said. 'The fire was bouncing around inside the station, and when my ears stopped ringing, I heard something sizzling. It was my hair on fire. The flames were up six inches.' People made a lot of bad jokes, leaning heavily on the fact that his home community is named 'Dooms', and he did his best to laugh. One of the people who used to make such jokes is his wife Patricia, 35. She hasn't made any since August, 1970, when she was hit by lightning while standing outside their trailer home near Saw Mill Run on the western edge of the park.

"Sullivan's third lightning strike came in July, 1970. He was standing at the edge of his garden when a bolt hit the power transformer near the trailer and jumped from there to his left shoulder, knocking him several feet but leaving only slight burns.

"Strike No. 2 happened in July, 1969. Sullivan was driving a park truck on Skyline Drive near Milepost 97 when a bolt hit two trees on the west side of the road, then jumped to a gum tree on the east side. The bolt went through the cab of the truck, which had both windows open, and relieved Sullivan of his eyelashes, eyebrows, and all the hair up to his hat brim. That was the only strike that knocked him out. The truck rolled to a stop at the edge of a cliff!

"Strike No. 1 was the worst. In April, 1942, his sixth year with the Park Service, he was in the Miller's Head Fire Tower when a heavy storm hit. 'The tower was new and they hadn't put in the lightning rods yet,' he said. 'It was hit seven or eight times and fire was jumping all over the place, so I decided to bail out. I got just a few feet away from the tower and then, blam! It burned a half-inch strip all the way down my right leg and knocked my big toe nail off. My boot was full of blood, and it ran out through a hole in the sole.'

"Were he not a modest man, Sullivan could lay claim to five lightning strikes. When he was a boy, while cutting wheat with his father in a high meadow, a bolt struck the blade of his cradle scythe and then bounced off along the ground, setting the grain afire."

METALLIC BALLS FROM WHERE?

We are not quite sure that we have this in the right place because, in the great majority of cases, these things have been said to have fallen out of the sky, not a few of them in conjunction with an UFO overfly.

These metallic balls come in a very wide range of sizes and weights. All seem to be hollow and none of them show any signs of having been welded or how they were otherwise made. If the reports are to be believed, both government and commercial laboratories appear to have been unable to identify the metals, and in several cases it is stated that they were unable even to cut them. This last we find passing strange, what with the power we have at our disposal and the diamond and other cutting edges in use in industry. These balls, once reported and collected, appear almost always to disappear into the maw of officialdom's laboratories, and are never heard of again. A good example is as follows: —

From the Evening Times of Manasquan, New Jersey, 28th August, 1971: "A fishing trawler working off the coast near here has dredged up a mystery of the sea, a U.S. Navy spokesman said today. The fishing boat, the Zerda out of Gloucester, Mass., late yesterday netted a three-foot-diameter metal sphere weighing about 1,500 pounds which the Navy has been unable to identify. According to Martin Monahan, information officer at the Earle Naval Ammunition Depot, the object was first thought to be a bomb or mine. But, Monahan said, a Naval explosive demolition team, flown out to the trawler last night by the U.S. Coast Guard, couldn't identify it. 'Right now, we're not sure what it is,' he said. 'The team went through our ordnance records to see what it might be but it doesn't look like anything we've heard of. The only thing we're sure of is that it's old.' The 92-foot-long, 159-ton trawler radioed the Coast Guard that she found the device about 5 p.m. yesterday, 33 miles southeast of Manasquan."

The case that was most widely publicized was that of three balls found on the surface of the ground in Australia. The following facts are excerpted from the Investigator, the bulletin of the National Investigations Committee of Aerial Phenomena, via the British publication FSR, Vol. 10, No. 1., for January-February, 1964. "The odd metal "space" spheres found in New South Wales, Australia, in April and

Predictions

From Samuel Johnson: "If ever a man should travel at more than thirty miles an hour, the flesh would be seared from his bones by the pressure of the air."

mid-July 1963, still have not been identified, according to the Australian Ministry of Supply, Mr. Allen Fairhall. Minister Fairhall stated that his inquiries to the U.S. and U.S.S.R. space agencies have drawn a blank. The first mystery ball, 12 lb. hollow sphere 14 inches in diameter, was discovered on April 8, 1963, in a desolate part of Bouilla Station, New South Wales. Mr. J. McLure, who found it, said no one else had been in the area for 50 years. Scientists failed in their efforts to open the sphere with files and hacksaws. On June 28, the second 'space ball' fell, in New South Wales, 60 miles from the first location. This one weighed 18 lb. and was 16 inches in diameter. It was made of the same puzzling metal. The third sphere fell on July 12, near Muloorina, in South Australia. It was six inches in diameter and had an opening in it. Earlier, Australian officials had said the first sphere would be cut in half for scientific examination. To date, there have been no further announcements.

"The highly technical work and cost required to build such spheres seems to rule out any hoax answer. Both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. have denied any connection. Even if the spheres were earth-made, all three would hardly fall by accident in this one area. To drop them there deliberately would require precise re-entry by remote-control, also retro-firing jets, which the spheres did not have.

"If they were extraterrestrial, some more advanced control mechanism might be used. In this case, the



Australian Government may have found the answer — and possibly a clue to their purpose — on opening the spheres. To the best of our knowledge, Australian officials have been silent as to what was discovered."

Their silence has continued to date.

Three years ago there was a real flurry in northern Mexico. A peasant found one lying on the ground high up a bare mountain slope and was sensible enough not to touch it. He reported to the local jefe of his village who, knowing the man from birth, went to look at it. He did not touch it either, but reported it to his local police superior who in turn reported it up the line. In due course, quite an assemblage of minor and major "brass" turned up, and went to inspect the ball, which was about a foot in diameter and of a polished bluish-white color. The Feds picked it up and took it down to the local village for a look, having run a geiger counter over it and gotten a negative result. There, the local citizenry crowded around and one by one started saying that they knew where there were more such balls of varying sizes. Still higher-ups were then called and the Americans arrived with them! Three more balls were located over an area of about 100 square miles. They were duly signed for and sealed and whisked off to Mexico, D.F., and that is the last that has been heard of that lot.

Now comes another one, with a good photo at last. It is under the byeline of one Ralph Landon, of whom unfortunately we know nothing. Were it not for the rather excellent photograph we would have been most reluctant to publish this as it comes from the "atrocitiy" newspaper called Midnight (of 7 Aug. 1972) in which we have found, over the years, some stories that are not only censurable but very nearly actionable. Nonetheless, it goes as follows: —

"Scientists in New Zealand are baffled by a heavy metal ball that appeared in a field one day recently — and some of them believe it may have fallen from a flying saucer! The object landed in a field not far from the town of Ashburton, and at the moment no one can say where it came from, or what it's made of. 'It must have fallen from a great height,' said Sergeant J. R. Wheeler, of the Ashburton police force, who recovered the ball. 'There were no footprints or other marks of any kind around the ball, and it had buried itself six inches into the ground — which was hard because of a recent drought.' The ball is 16 inches in diameter, weighs 13 and a quarter pounds, and is half an inch thick. Expert metallurgists were unable to identify the metal, or metals, from which it is made — but it had obviously been through some drastic abuse. 'One end has a jagged, irregular, burnt-out hole about six inches by three inches,' commented one police lab technician. 'Around the hole the metal has been flung back as though subjected to immense

heat. Where the metal has been burnt away, bright gold and purple and other colored metal shows through. The ball in fact is in two parts – perfectly welded together.’

“But by whom? And for what? Nobody yet knows. For the moment, the Royal New Zealand Air Force has been called in to try and shed light on the mystery, along with experts from the United States Navy’s Operation Deep Freeze. Attempts to get further information have been blocked by the air force in the same way that flying saucer sightings have been suppressed by a wall of silence. But B. R. Roswell, a metallurgist who had the opportunity to examine the strange ball, had this to say about it: ‘If there’s anything on earth right now that comes from another planet, this object could be it. It seems to be made from a metal that bears no resemblance to anything known to man, and nobody seems to be able to decide what it could have been used for. But obviously, it was manufactured by something or somebody. Whether that “somebody” was human or not still remains to be seen.’ ”

THE MYSTERY BELL – STONE, ENGLAND

In our October 1971 issue we included a short note on various ‘bells’ that seemed to require explaining. One of these was reported by UPI on the 14th March 1971, as follows:

“A bell rings twice every day in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bentley. Trouble is, they can’t find

out where the bell is or what causes it to ring. The fire brigade, post office engineers, and council officials have searched for it to no avail. The rings come at 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. without fail. ‘It’s really quite baffling,’ said a postal engineer.”

We asked our English correspondent to investigate, and she bunged off letters to various parties. Only one, finally, deigned to reply – the Stone & North Staffordshire Advertiser. The pertinent portion of their reply was that “The ringing of the bell was eventually pinned down to a fairly natural cause. A bell hung at the bottom of the Bentley’s garden. Vibration from passing trains caused it to ring at regular times.”

That vibrations from trains could cause a bell to ring is perfectly possible but this sounds suspiciously like a ‘wipe’, and we have asked for further investigation. It may be that the original UPI release was sloppily done and, in fact, grossly inaccurate. Either the bell rang in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bentley; or it rang at the bottom of their garden, they forgot that they had a bell at the bottom of their garden, and a whole host of engineers and technicians were unable to locate it or, apparently, even to figure out that it wasn’t in the house. The type of bell is not specified in the initial report, but the personnel called in to investigate it suggests, to this writer at least, an electrical bell rather than the church bell type of thing. Post office engineers are, in England, in charge of the telephone service, hardly the sort to call in to check on a sudden spate of change-ringing. So we shall see what the Bentleys have to say.

V. ASTRONOMY

WHERE DOES THE IRON GO?

For decades group after group and corporation after corporation, mostly led by one Mr. Barringer, probed what used to be called the great Arizona meteor crater – it was finally named after this gentleman – in the belief that there was a great hunk of iron that had caused the crater buried beneath. The crater looks as if the meteor had come in vertically but prolonged field work seemed to show that it had come in at a slight angle so that the iron would be outside the rim to one side. Drilling there, some iron was found but not the real mass. They eventually gave up and it became a tourist attraction.

Then in the late thirties, none other than the late Willy Ley, originally a palaeontologist but turned rocket expert, came up with a theory. This was simply to the effect that a body the size of that which made the crater, landing on earth constituted virtually “an

irresistable force meeting an immovable body” so that it would, for various reasons, be impossible for said meteor to survive. Willy Ley was a mathematician and knew his physics, and he pointed out that the heat engendered by such a collision on this scale would cause the meteor to volatilize and perhaps vapourize atomically. He went on to point out that there should nevertheless have been a little penetration and a lot of spatter and scatter. And, true enough, if you wander off over the level plain around the Barringer Crater you will find small nodules of meteoritic iron scattered for miles.

The majority of meteors are composed basically of iron with metallic inclusions and, since the same meteors seem to have peppered both the Moon and the earth, we are constantly being asked now what happened to all the iron that must have landed on the former. Considering the number of craters on the moon and the length of time that they have been piling in

there, one on top of the other, it is not unreasonable to expect that the whole surface would be composed of spatter. It isn't; as we now know firsthand. In fact, there is unexpectedly little iron even in the surface rocks as far as we now know them. So, just where did the iron go?

The larger the meteorite, the greater the volatilization, so that most of their bulk may have been shot out into space; but what of the smaller ones; thousands of them smaller than the Barringer Crater? The really small ones should have remained intact and got buried like many that we have found on the earth; but the intermediate sized ones should have at least left, first an increasing, and then a decreasing amount of

spatter according to their size, ranging upwards to that of the really big boys. Stony meteorites get through our atmosphere as well as iron ones, but there is no possible reason for suggesting that all those that have hit the moon were stony; and, even if they were, where did the stone go? Does it today form a component of the breccias that we have now brought back from the moon? We have asked several of the more or less top chaps about these questions but we have obtained no answer either to the puzzle or even to our communications in many cases! This is an unexplained that, one would have thought, could rather readily be explained by a combo of astronomers, meteoriticists, astrophysicists, and geophysicists.

VI. GEOLOGY

MYSTERY SAND DUNES

The results of a ten year study of north African sand dunes by a French geologist have just been published. This was begun more as a geographical exercise but has ended up by demonstrating that we didn't really know anything about inland sand dunes, at least until this study was undertaken. The most mysterious discovery is that they come in four basic forms running both across and parallel to the prevailing winds, and they never change shape, or even size and height. Further, while they have manifestly been there since the drying up of the Sahara in the last interglacial there is no evidence so far as to why they are there or even where they got the sand from in such vast quantities.

We have some very odd inland deserts in North America and perhaps the most extraordinary is Colorado's Great Sand Dunes, a National Monument since 1932. This has recently been beautifully reported on by staff writer Charles Hillinger of the Post-Times News Service. This is loaded with other mysteries related to these sand dunes, and goes as follows: — "The strangest desert in the country — Colorado's Great Sand Dunes, bounded by four mountains more that 14,000 feet high — lies in the

Sangre De Cristo (Blood of Christ) range. Covering 57 square miles, the great sand dunes is one of this planet's loftiest sand piles — at an elevation of 9,000 feet, 30 miles northeast of Alamosa in the south central part of the state. Scientists are unsure exactly why the dunes exist.

"There are tales of vanishing wagon trains in the early days of the West as immigrants made their way over the mountain of sand, and shepherds and their flocks crossing the dunes to waterholes have been lost, never to be seen again, or so the stories go. Yet, the dunes at their widest and longest points spread no more than 10 miles each direction."

Personally, I cannot see why the idiots didn't go around the dunes. I have been there and either walked or driven almost all around them as they form a compact blob, and the ground is for the most part a level plain with scant vegetation all around. Trying to take a wagon train over them would be quite impossible, and why any shepherd would want to drive sheep in there when there is nothing to eat except around the few water holes which, incidentally, get buried from time to time, seems equally balmy; and I would certainly be disposed to write both off as just other of those tall tales for which the Southwest is

From an Idaho Weekly

March 22: "For sale. Slightly used wench in good condition. Very handy. Phone 336-R-2. A. Cartright."
 March 29: "Correction. Due to an unfortunate error, Mr. Cartright's ad last week was not clear. He has an excellent winch for sale. We trust this will put an end to jokesters who phoned Mr. Cartright and greatly bothered his housekeeper, Mrs. Hargreaves, who loves with him." April 5: "NOTICE. My WINCH is not for sale. I put a sledgehammer to it. Don't bother calling 366-R-2. I had the phone taken out. I am NOT carrying on with Mrs. Hargreaves. She merely LIVES here. A. Cartright."

so famous, but for this Mrs. Cora King who is, after all, a government employee as well as a lifetime resident of the area. Mr. Hillinger then goes on: —

“In the past twenty years there have been scores of reports of flying saucers taking off and landing from the desert. Many nearby ranchers and a few monument employees swear they have seen strange objects hovering overhead, landing and taking off from the great sand dunes.

“Until recent years, a herd of web-footed wild horses reportedly roamed the sand hills, feeding on wild grass and flowers that survive near water holes hidden deep between ridges. ‘My husband and other ranchers around here have rounded up the wild horses from time to time’, said Mrs. Cora King, 60, an employee of the monument and lifelong resident of the area. ‘The horses got lost in the dunes or wandered in and never got out. In time they became web-footed — their hooves got big and thick from running over the soft sand.’”

This one I don’t get despite Mrs. King’s description. I suppose she means “splayed”; while a horse’s hooves could hardly be thicker than they are to start with. We will have to write to Mrs. King and ask for a photograph if she has one.

Despite the spin-off oddities, it is the sand dunes themselves that are the least explained. They are of an extraordinary, very slightly rosy, shade of brown and, while mineralogically of the constitution of certain rocks on that side of the valley, the color appears to have been a secondary acquisition due to atmospheric weathering.

ALMOST FORTEAN FACTS ABOUT LIGHTNING

While the origin and nature of lightning is perfectly understood by meteorologists and other scientists, it displays some aspects that are more than odd and for which there are not and perhaps cannot be explanations. These emerge from some basic statistics and

perhaps should be classified under our famous head of “K” for coincidence. These statistics were recently laid out very succinctly for us in an article in the Asbury Park Sunday Press, for the 30th April, of this year, date-lined simply Washington. The pertinent facts herein are as follows: —

“Some 17,000 to 20,000 houses will be hit this summer by lightning, many with as much as \$25,000 damage. The total loss will be from \$70 to \$100 million. Despite million-to-one odds, around 600 people will be killed by lightning and 1,500 injured — more than by hurricanes and tornadoes. Some will be unharmed victims of freak accidents, such as the steeplejack whose wristwatch was melted by a lightning bolt or the thunderstruck father and son welded inside their car during a storm. About 500 airliners will be hit by lightning, causing little damage other than to electronic gear. Ten thousand forest fires will be touched off by lightning strikes, burning \$100 million in timber. Lightning frequently will strike the same place twice, including up to 50 hits each on the Empire State and other skyscrapers. The earth will be enriched by 100 million tons of nature’s fertilizer, nitrogen, literally blasted out of the air by thunderbolts. Almost 2,000 thunderstorms are raging at any one time, sending lightning stabbing the ground 100 times a second. A single lightning stroke may have 100 million volts, enough wham to lift the Queen Mary six feet into the air. A typical lightning flash is about 350 kilowatt-hours of energy, but because it lasts only about a fifth of a second, it is worth only about \$7.50 at average home rates. Momentarily a lightning stroke may be 60,000 degrees Fahrenheit, or five times hotter than the sun’s surface. With this heat, the air explodes into sound waves heard as thunder as far as 18 miles away.”

Be it understood that all this applies only to our continent. If you add the contributions of tropical storms which go on all year round and all night every night, you will get some idea of just how much nitrogen is produced.

“Monkeyshine Tree—o”

From the San Antonio (Texas) Express of 19 May 1972; with thanks to member No. 582: “Port Arthur (AP)—Port Arthur policeman Dave Smith said he spotted a young man sitting in a tree early Thursday morning. Smith stopped and asked the man, ‘What’s your name?’ The officer said the man replied ‘Tarzan’. Smith said he then asked, ‘If you are Tarzan, where’s Jane?’ The officer said that from higher up in the tree a young woman stuck out her head and said, ‘I’m Jane’. Then Smith asked, ‘Well, if you’re Jane, where’s Cheeta?’ The officer said the girl disappeared into the foliage but reappeared a moment later with a chimpanzee. Smith told his superiors he did nothing about the incident. He said he knew of no law which forbids people—or chimpanzees—from sitting in a tree.”

VII. BIOLOGY

250-MILLION YEAR OLD ORGANISMS REVIVED

This is not the first report on the revival of seemingly fossilized organisms, but it is by far the oldest record as yet. AP in Moscow dug this out of a Russian scientific journal. Excerpts from that were distributed by the news agency TASS. The substance of these reports goes as follows, and we quote from a dispatch as of the 10th of February of this year: —

“A Russian scientist has revived microscopic organisms that had lain dormant for 250 million years in a piece of potassium ore, a Soviet magazine reported yesterday. The experiment was disclosed in this month’s issue of the English-language monthly, Soviet Union. Excerpts from the article were distributed by the news agency Tass. The article reported that geochemist N. Chudinov happened upon his discovery while examining a piece of potassium ore in his laboratory at the Berezniki Potassium Combine in the Ural Mountains.

“The scientist became interested in the origin of the red coloring of the ore’, the magazine related. ‘On dissolving the specimen of rock in distilled water, Chudinov noticed that stranger flakes, like bits of moss, were beginning to float away from the rock. They were lighter than water, and bore no resemblance to any oxide. The scientists did not realize the excitement these flakes were going to cause. Using a microscope, Chudinov found that each flake contained a world of microorganisms, but the real surprise was yet to come. On taking another look several days later at his world in flasks, Chudinov couldn’t believe his eyes. The primeval microworld had come to life and the tiny drop of solution was swarming with reanimated organisms from the Paleozoic era.’

“The article said the revived organisms grew in the test tubes and then reproduced normally just as if they had not been in a state of suspension, locked in potassium crystals, for 250 million years. The organisms had flourished in the great Perm Sea, which once covered much of European Russia from the Urals in the north to Kharkov in the Ukraine, the article added.”

A DEFINITELY UNCLASSIFIED MARINE ANIMAL

Over the years we have viewed dozens of photos of alleged “Sea Monsters” washed up on shores all over the world. One look has usually been enough to identify all of them as either a decomposed whale or shark. However, the ‘reports’ run into the hundreds, and none of these would appear to have been either,

since the single common denominator of all is a long neck of less diameter than the head. There is no known marine reptile or mammal living today that is so constructed, though the extinct marine reptiles of the pre-Tertiary period, known as Plesiosaurs generally, had just such proportions. Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans in his monumental work, In The Wake Of The Sea Serpent, for which he carded over a thousand reports, was finally forced to break them down into at least seven absolutely distinct looking creatures. One of these had a series of erect triangular fins along its back, and another (though with a short neck) appeared to have a series of appendages or something like large plates extending down the sides of its body throughout its length.

Now, we received first what appeared to be a typical eye-witness report by three resident artists of a Longneck off a beach near the mouth of Carmel River in California, in 1948. This appeared in the May issue of a magazine entitled What’s Doing, for that year and reads as follows: —

“One stormy day last month three well known Peninsula artists, John Cunningham, Sam Harris and Myron ‘Mike’ Oliver Jr. were strolling along the beach near the mouth of the Carmel river. Suddenly, outlined against the sullen sky, a huge snake-like head reared eight feet out of the rolling breakers. John set off on a dead run to get binoculars and to phone the Stanford Marine Biology Lab. The Marine Station ignored the phone call, thinking it a prank. When John returned, the monster appeared to be no farther out than forty feet in the first line of breakers. They studied its half-submerged undulating form through the glasses. All three agreed that it was shaped like a huge crook-necked squash some forty feet long and about twelve feet wide through the belly section. It was covered with a mottled pelt of grayish green hair studded with barnacles. It had a long pinkish wrinkled neck and head. A row of sharp, glassy bottle-green spines stuck up along its back almost two feet high. It seemed to swim by humping itself along like [unlike—Editor] a serpent. It blew spume out of its mouth or head when it surfaced. After lolling about in the surf for an hour or more the weird creature steamed majestically out to sea.

“Dozens of other people had seen the monster that day. Among those who admitted seeing it were a retired U.S. Army major named Milton Bochat, a professor of Business Administration on sabbatical from the University of Wisconsin named Dr. Robert Aurner, a master mariner named Robert Brownley, and a number of other otherwise respectable business and professional men who implored us to leave their names out of it, even though they did see it.

"From the description and drawings by the artists, Dr. W. K. Fisher of the Marine Lab supposed that it could possibly have been a specimen of the extinct bullet-headed whale, and the East Indian scientist, Raghu Prasad, at first thought it the rare tropical Rhinodon, but said the picture looked more like a Mesozoic reptile. Marine Biologist Edward F. Ricketts wondered if it could be a 'new species of pinniped mammal'."

You will note the usual idiocy of this Dr. W. K. Fisher, who obviously knew no zoology, for no whale alive or extinct (and what is this "Bullet-headed Whale anyway?) ever had a long neck thinner than its head. Dr. Raghu Prasad on the other hand, after making a professional bow to the professionals — and it could have been no less because the Whale Shark Rhinodon has just about the least 'neck' of any fish—made the first sensible statement we have ever seen. So to a lesser extent did this biologist, Edward F. Ricketts.

One of the results of the publication of this report by the magazine was a slew of letters of a confirmatory nature and, among these was the truly astonishing photograph reproduced above, which came out in that magazine's June issue of the same year. The caption that accompanied it reads as follows: —

"Although many people saw the Carmel Sea Monster last month, no one got its photograph. The general reaction to the story and drawings appearing in our last issue was that it was all hokum. These two photos, sent in by one of our readers, (Mrs. Morgan Taylor of Piedmont, California) show that sea monsters CAN be photographed. This one was washed ashore two miles north of Santa Cruz in the summer of 1925. Many people from Monterey went to see it at the time. Jack Hilbert, Monterey merchant, remembers the serpent-like monster as about fifty feet long and two feet in diameter, with a fish's tail and a duck's head. Strangest feature, Jack recalls, were the pairs of elephant-like legs every few yards along the body."

Please forgive us and our long-suffering printers for the quality of this photo but it was taken from a rather pale photocopy of the original in the old magazine. We have made it as contrasty as possible without losing the essential features but, however murky, all we need are those essential features.

These are, first and foremost, the manifestly, and undeniable, small diameter of the neck compared to the head. No whale however decomposed or shrunken could possibly look like this and, what is more, the skin is obviously not decomposed. The second feature is the general conformation of the head. This has a slim upper jaw and a very sturdy lower one, which protrudes beyond the former. There are what appear to be peglike teeth at the front of the lower



jaw. There would also appear to be a pair of blowholes pointing almost forwards from the domed cranium. No eye can be discerned, unless they are small and lie to either side of the dual blowhole and look forward; but there is a distinct small ear-pinna not unlike those of some Pinnipede mammals such as the Sea-Lions.

This is a curious combination of characteristics. The general shape of the head can only be matched by reconstructions of some of the long-necked, so called Duck-billed Dinosaurs, which apparently had blowholes or rather their nostrils on the tops of their heads. However, if there had been no neck and the head from mid-cranium back had just flowed into the body with increasing diameter moving backwards like all whales, the head could possibly look like one of the Strap-toothed Whales (*Xiphiidae*). The head does not look like a sealion or any other kind of Pinnipede in any way. The result of all of this is that, for the first time, it is our considered opinion that this creature is an enormous marine Reptile. We had always expected both the marine and the freshwater Longnecks to turn out to be long-necked Seals. Any such notion in this case would seem to be finally ruled out by the statement that this monster had a

"fish's tail". That would be possible for a whale, but not for a Pinnipede.

All in all, we are prepared to say that this is the first photograph we have seen that is manifestly and without any shadow of doubt that of a totally unknown and as yet uncaught marine creature, and probably a reptile.

SELF-BEACHING CETACEANS

Funny that, after all these years and all the effort put into it, kind-hearted people and government employees spend so much time towing various kinds of small cetaceans (i.e. whales, dolphins, porpoises, et al) back into deep water when they have deliberately beached themselves. These are mostly so-called Blackfish — a kind of giant dolphin named Globiocephalus melas — but, from time to time includes all sorts of other smaller cetaceans. All, however, are gregarious; be it noted.

About 15 years ago, one of the best marine biologists we've got, N. V. "Craig" Phillips, who planned the Seaquarium in Miami, and is now with the Federal government, pointed out something so basically simple about this so-called "phenomenon" that one wonders how anybody, unless they wish to make a fast buck out of an old myth, dare even bring it up again.

All cetaceans are mammals and appear to have evolved from land animals, and gone back into the sea. They breathe air and, although some of them can stay below for a very long time, they all eventually have to surface. Now cetaceans are subject to a whole host of diseases, and, curiously, one that appears to be very prevalent is bronchitis! If any lung infection is infectious and becomes epidemic in a herd, these animals experience almost insuperable difficulties in both diving to hunt food and recharging their air supply, which is hyper-oxygenated. Their instinct leads them to the only place where they can get relief in the latter; this is to the nearest shallow water where they can rest their bulk and keep their heads out of water for prolonged periods. It would appear that among the Blackfish especially, each pack or herd has a, or some, leaders and when they are hit by some such affliction they head for shore and the rest follow. Thus, some of the lot may just be beached but quite healthy and, if towed into deep water may survive, but most come back ashore again in short order. In a recent case in Florida a couple survived in the Aquatarium in St. Petersburg. Several others died within a few days.

Suggestions of "mass suicide" are ridiculous; and the notion that their direction-finding sonar went on the blink, does not seem to be valid even if they all have the same ear infection at the same time; but we

feel that Craig Philipps' suggestion makes a lot of sense. Of course, until somebody does a lot of autopsying it will remain unexplained.

DEEP-BREATHING, OR WHAT?

We have a mystery on our hands here that has not been explained to our satisfaction by the physiologists. The breathing apparatus of birds and mammals, which are warm-blooded, are supposed to freeze-up at some point above minus-200 degrees. Apparently they don't. The Emperor Penguins stand about in the air all winter nursing their eggs, which they carry on their feet and cover with the down of their lower bellies. Ponies and sled dogs taken to the Antarctic also stay outside, though the dogs make sort of basins in the snow. Nonetheless, all of these animals breathe sub-zero air.

Now, the lowest temperature ever recorded was at a Russian Antarctic station and was minus-126.9 degrees. Only slightly higher temperatures are common all around the periphery of the continent. Now, 1-knot of wind results in a drop of 1-degree in temperature, and winds can blow up to 200 mph in Antarctica. Thus if, say, we have a penguin standing in still air at minus-150 degrees and a 150-knot wind blows up, we get down to minus-300 degrees. What happens then to the nasal passages and the wind-pipe down to the bronchial tubes? Why don't they freeze solid, or is the internal heating mechanism devised to cope with this? Maybe it is in penguins, but how about the ponies and the dogs whose ancestors never experienced any such low temperatures? There manifestly must be an explanation, and we would very much like to hear what it is.

OUR TOP LAKE MONSTER

A splendidly written and, for once, totally un-factitious and factual article appeared in the Baltimore Sun, of the 9th December 1971, by the Sun staff correspondent, Muriel Dobbin. This was on the Lake Monsters of Lake Champlain. This is so good that we herewith reproduce it in toto but for two irrelevant short paragraphs. The obtuseness of the British about their Loch Ness monsters — and in Scottish and Irish lakes even better known — is bad enough, but it is as nothing compared to ours over the score of endlessly documented cases in lakes ranging right across Canada and down into our Rockies, notably to Lake Payette in Idaho. The scepticism about Lake Champlain is worst of all. The reaction of the friends of a Mrs. Green, mentioned below, would be analyzed by psychologists as not ridicule but a fear syndrome. Ridiculers are not just uneducated fools but basically psychopathic. This excellent piece reads: —

"Burlington, Vermont — Within the 700-foot depths of Lake Champlain, the stretch of water separating Vermont from New York, may lurk something which boggles even the mind of a Vermont bartender accustomed to hearing weird tales from his customers. It was in a hotel on the banks of the lake that the bartender recently recoiled at the suggestion that he share an eye-witness view of a snaky head and three black humps slithering through the water. After one incredulous glance, he returned to his bar, tuned in a football game on television and declared: 'I'll never say I saw it.'

"According to Mrs. Robert A. Green, who insists that she, her mother, and a friend simultaneously saw the sea serpent of Lake Champlain on that occasion, the attitude of the bartender reflects that of most Vermonters. 'They're afraid people will laugh at them,' asserted Mrs. Green, an attractive mother of six who used to be a society editor and who admitted that her monster story had reduced her friends to hysterical laughter. Yet Mrs. Green's group was only the latest of many who claim to have seen something scientifically inexplicable splashing around in Lake Champlain.

"Back in 1609, Samuel de Champlain, the French explorer who discovered the lake, reported that he had also discovered a monster, which he described as about 20 feet long, thick as a barrel and with a head like a horse. Humps, horns, scales and a mane also have been attributed over the years to the creature, which appears to bear some resemblance to its trans-Atlantic cousin, known as Nessie, which is said to inhabit the depths of Loch Ness in Scotland and is probably the most famous of the legendary serpents. As in the case of the Loch Ness monster, the Lake Champlain serpent has been seen too often by too many people for too long to be dismissed as an illusion resulting from sunlight on the water or martinis on the mind.

"'There is certainly something that people see. The question is, what is it?' said Professor Leon W. Dean, a retired professor at the University of Vermont in Burlington and an authority on Vermont folklore. While skeptical of the existence of a centuries-old serpent, he admits the lake does appear to be concealing something unusual within its depths. A thread of references to the monster of Lake Champlain runs through Vermont's folklore, including one report dated 1871 which described the creature as moving through the water 'at railroad speed'.

"The Burlington Free Press has offered \$100 for a 'bona fide, documented' black-and-white photograph of the Champlain serpent, and \$200 for a color shot. So far, the monster has not posed and no one who has seen it has had the presence of mind to seize a camera. There are those who live in homes fringing the lake, like Walter R. Hard, Jr., editor of Vermont Life magazine, who are among the ranks of once and future monster watchers. Mr. Hard and his wife say they saw the serpent 15 years ago, but despite their vigil at their lakeside windows, they have not seen it since.

"Lake Champlain, which stretches more than 100 miles into Canada and was once an arm of the North Atlantic, is geographically similar to Loch Ness and other deep cold-water lakes from Russia, to Norway, Ireland and Iceland. At least 60 species of fish have been inventoried in the lake, but none bears any resemblance to the serpent as it has been described by witnesses, including fishermen, farmers, school teachers, students, housewives and one child who reportedly was so unnerved by what she saw from the deck of a steamboat on the lake that she swallowed her excursion ticket.

"Mrs. Green, a native-born Vermonter, complained about those who had mocked her account of the 'super-long thing with three humps' that she watched streak across the lake on a calm September afternoon. 'I tried to come up with a logical explanation for it,' she asserted. When she failed, she called the research department of the University of Vermont to report her experience and was further outraged by the politely skeptical reception she received. 'Their explanation was that at certain times of the day, there was an evolution in the lake, when cold air and hot air met,' she related with rising indignation. 'What they told me, in effect,' she concluded, 'was that the lake was burping itself.'"

SUB-SECTION EXOBIOLOGY

POSSIBILITY OF LIFE ON JUPITER.

There is one scientist we 'dig'. This is Dr. Cyril Ponnamperna of the University of Maryland. He seems to be the last of the generalists and the first of the intergrationists, and so willing to look at our cosmos as a whole, and what we call 'life' and non-

For Fishermen Only

Wildlife Review of March 1970 notes that the bulletin of a Canadian fish and game club announced that "The committee decided that three members should discuss the possibility of stocking the lake with Conservation Officers".

life at the same time. What is more, he has been bringing his hypotheses into the laboratory and actually testing them. This is not just bizarre in this current closed-mind world, but has proved incredibly enlightening. He has been at it for years, and his considered opinions keep cropping up all over. Now he would seem to have struck at the core of one matter that is perhaps the most important of all, at least from a philosophical point of view. This is some real commonsense about both the possibility, and the possible parameters, of what we call 'life' elsewhere than on this our planet. In this case, he tackles our brother planet Jupiter and, as quoted on p.331 of the 13th Nov. 1971 issue of Science News, he states: —

“These conditions on Jupiter (see chart for said conditions) are not conducive to the existence of any form of life (as we know it), yet the school of thought that eliminates Jupiter as a possible abode of life without giving it any more consideration is missing the point. Life on the earth is believed to have evolved initially in an atmosphere of methane and ammonia which could be rapidly fatal to a man. And which is closely similar to that existing on Jupiter at the present day.”

On the theory that life evolves to fit itself to existing conditions, Ponnampereuna has simulated in the laboratory the atmosphere of Jupiter (although he didn't know the exact hydrogen to helium ratio) and put it through various tests. Using anhydrous methane-ammonia mixtures, Ponnampereuna's group simulated electrical discharges in the atmosphere, and the result was the formation of organic compounds as simple aliphatic nitriles, amino-nitriles, and their oligomers. A red "tar" adhered to the side of the flask.

Dr. Ponnampereuna's missing point is really two-fold. First, not even such agile minds as Carl Sagan see his Intelligent Life in the Universe, co-authored with I.S. Shklovski — have yet faced up to the (chemical) possibility that 'life' (or animation) and/or even intelligent life, need not be based on hydrocarbons as ours is; or even on matter itself, as we know it. Second, as Dr. Ponnampereuna says, even our kind of hydrocarbon-based 'life' could have initially evolved in what would be to us, today, a totally toxic environment. Thus the point is that our sort of life could have evolved to suit its environment, and then have changed that environment as it progressed. The process involves both time (cosmic) and space-relationship, meaning "place" relative to outside energy sources. Maybe life on Jupiter could be "behind" us, timewise, and this in turn could be due to its position in our planetary system, spacewise.

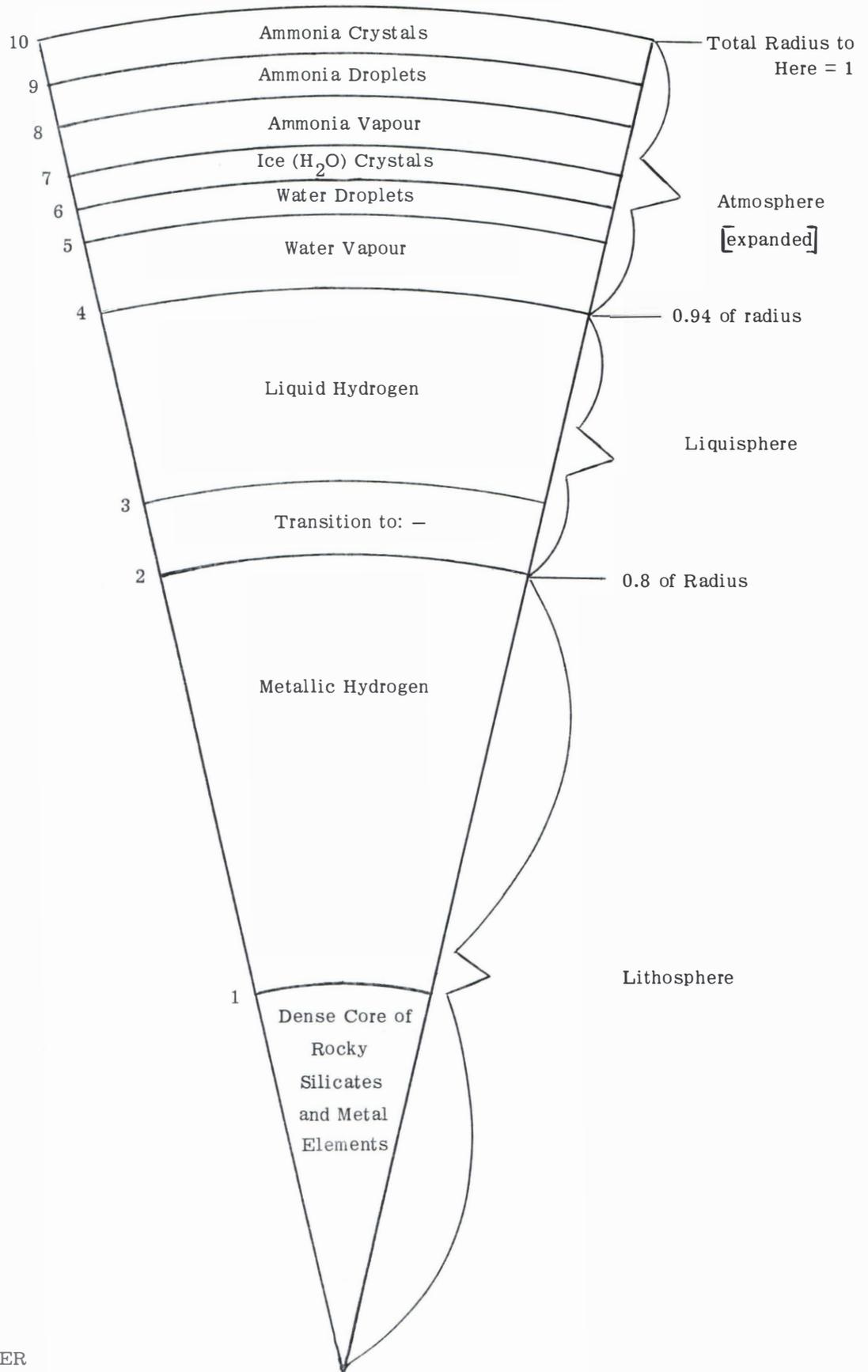
But, just what is known of the chemical composition of Jupiter from which Dr. Ponnampereuna has worked? The simplest way to display this is as in the accompanying diagram. This is a wedge from the top of the planet's uppermost cloud layer, but not necessarily its atmosphere to its center.

Thus, it might seem possible that life-forms have evolved on this planet, or might be evolving thereupon; and possibly even along our lines. What is so nutty about this suggestion? But, as with the Moon and Mars, perhaps it would be better to wait until we get there. Do you remember those people who suggested that the Moon was covered with a 400-ft tall forest? Then, there were those cannali on Mars! But cautious speculation never did anybody any harm; and, without it, we'd still be chasing and skinning deer.

THE MESSAGE

A very thought-provoking little piece appeared in column 'Ariadne' in the March 9th issue of the New Scientist. It went:

“It has struck me that there is an (apparent) return to primitivism in the search for other civilizations in outer space. The little plaque carried by Pioneer 10, for all its elaboration of mathematical logic, must remind us of votive tablets scattered around by the ancients. There is something strangely touching about the Adam and Eve figures, forbearing to hold hands lest the little green men out there mistake them for a single organism. 'A hopeful symbol of a vigorous civilization on Earth' is how the plaque looks to its designers. It might also be seen as a message in a bottle cast from spaceship Earth. Is it some sort of boast ('See, we have only 10 fingers but we can count beyond that') or a greeting? It does not look like a threat, but who knows how it might be taken. Perhaps it is a symptom of a new post-religious form of worship, like those cargo-cults. Only we seek enlightenment rather than material help. It reminds me of Ray Bradbury's allegory of the space-general buzzing from planet to planet seeking, with mounting fury, the strange individual who always seems to have just moved on. And what will the radio astronomers make of the reply from space ('Message received'). Will they simply sit on it embarrassedly as they did with first pulsar signals, for fear of looking foolish? Even if nothing happens, there will be those who will insist that a vital communication has in fact been received and, of course, is being hushed up by authority.”



RADIUS OF JUPITER

As seen by optical telescopes -- i.e. to the outer cloud limit -- No. 10 = 44,350 miles

Despite the enormous amount of thought that went into this little plaque and the awe-inspiring lucidity of the mathematical communications language developed for this, our first impression was, and has remained, that it was rather naive. Rightfully, any intelligencies picking such a thing out of a space craft must be at our level of intelligence or more advanced; but what if the thing hits something and is found lying on the ground just like our fafrotskies, not a few of which are alleged to have symbols on them. The finder might be of any degree of lesser intelligence than we and, as we do with fafrotskies,

treat the thing as an unknown, a joke, or something so nasty as to warrant immediate burial either literally or in a museum basement. Dr. Carl Sagan is not only a very knowledgeable man but a very wise one, and I know that he knows the treatment meted out to all unexplained things that fall from our skies by even the most open-minded of his colleagues. The day for the serious study of these fafrotskies has not yet come by any means. If the chances of this thing being picked up are a billion to one, we would opine that the chances of anybody paying any attention to it would be about two billion to one.

VIII. ANTHROPOLOGY

SOUTH AMERICAN PYGMIES

One of the blandest statements we have ever seen issuing from a Director of an established Anthropological Institution appeared in the Spring issue of the official Venezuelan quarterly entitled Venezuela Up To Date. It reads as follows: —

“Workers digging a ditch to lay new water pipes in the city of Quibor, in the Venezuelan State of Lara, found the skeletons of 44 Indian pygmies of the Ayamanes tribe, who lived in the area up to the 3rd century B.C. The skeletons, extremely well preserved, were found in what is thought to be a cemetery. They were lying in rows and showing no sign of death by violence. Their statures were about 3 feet and a half, but one, a giant among them, was 4 feet 11 inches tall. Close to them were found clay vessels, stone necklaces and statuettes. Tests with carbon 14, made by Dr. Adrian Lucena Loyo, Director of the Archeological and Anthropological Center of Lara State, indicate the skeletons date back to the year 318 B.C. The Ayamanes were native to Africa, and their descendants still may be seen in the Ituri jungles of the Republic of Congo. The skeletons just discovered in Venezuela belong to venturesome members of the tribe who emigrated to South America in the late Stone Age.”

When Professor Julian Huxley was heading up UNESCO he broke down one day in pure outrage during lunch, and in the presence of five of us. What

had got him was that he had been completely baulked in trying to get at least a percentage allotment of UN money for the support of scientific search and research in Latin America. Although of course an “anglo” himself, he stated point blank that it was the Anglo-American bloc who had deliberately canned this more than reasonable suggestion, which was in accord with UN guidelines, on the grounds, expressed openly in camera that the Latin Americans were, as he said they put it, “just a bunch of natives” while their universities were merely political establishments, and any research done at them was so “childish” as to be not worth consideration. Huxley did not have to tell the five of us that Mexico alone had five universities before this country was even colonized by the Anglos. And, this bit of behaviour was an outrage, quite apart from laying bare the abysmal ignorance and lack of education of the Anglo scientists, their inborn prejudices, and their total disregard for normal diplomacy.

It looks very much as if the same attitude persists if this announcement is to be believed. We read a considerable number of Spanish and Brazilian publications, and when compiling books on zoology, vegetalogy, and ecology we have been forced to go to Latin American sources. For instance, there is not one single seat of Vegetalogy in this whole country, while even the University of San Luis Potosi has had a whole department with a considerable staff assigned to this essential basic discipline for twenty years! And when it comes to anthropology and archaeology they are often so far ahead of us in their thinking that the Anglos retreat from them and actually revile them.

At a famous university, a sign was placed above the cloakroom hooks: FOR FACULTY MEMBERS ONLY! Underneath, someone had scribbled: MAY ALSO BE USED FOR HATS AND COATS.

Take the treatment meted out to Prof. Ramos for his large and scholarly publications on the discoveries of Phoenician inscriptions and petroglyphs in Amazonia. Frankly it makes us sick.

Nonetheless, the idea of Pygmies of a proto-congoid physique having boated over here from Africa three thousand years ago might seem to be stretching a point somewhat. In fact, might not these Ayamanes be solid proof for Gladwin's theory that the New World was colonized first by pygmies over the Bering Strait when it was a land-bridge, and later by successive waves of taller (possibly hairy) types related to the recently extinct Amerinds of Tierra del Fuego, and of the Neanderthaler subspecies of man, and later still by, first, primitive and then advanced Mongoloids in the form of the Amerinds? Of course, Goodwin, although an Anglo, got clobbered for his theory, but because he was not a professional (i.e. working) anthropologist and was therefore classed as an 'amateur', than which there is nothing more disreputable.

MORE ON MERCURY ENGINES

Through the courtesy of our Adviser for Cultural Anthropology and Linguistics, Professor Roger W. Wescott, of Drew University, we have received the following most valuable further information on the ancient Indian vimanas (sort of flying saucers —see Pursuit, Vol. 3, No. 4) and the first fully documented translation of a reliable Sanskrit text published by a recognized scholar. All the texts that we have had in the past have been pronounced to be "shoddy" by the scholars to whom we submitted them for translation. Also, in this new extract the much more vital matter of the mercury engines crops up again.

Said extracts are from the "Yantras or Mechanical Contrivances in Ancient India" by V. Raghavan published in 1956, and go as follows:

"The Samaranganasutradhara ascribed to Bhoja is, in many ways, a rare treatise in Sanskrit literature; besides the Arthasastra, it is the only theoretical text that has substantial information on our subject; its value, however, is greater than that of the Arthasastra, as Bhoja goes into the details of the construction of these yantras and explains at the beginning the principles underlying yantras.

"The most curious of the yantras described by Bhoja in this Chapter is, of course, the one that rises and travels in the air. From the previous notices of this aerial machine only the barest details of its make-up could be gleaned. The only text that gives us some knowledge of its actual construction is this work of Bhoja. Firstly Bhoja mentions the main material of its body as light wood, laghu-daru; its

shape is that of a huge bird, mahavinhangha, with a wing on each side. The motive force is then explained: In the bowels of the structure, below, is to be a fire-chamber with mercury placed over a flame. The power generated by the heated mercury, helped by the concurrent action of the wings which are flapped by a rider inside, makes the yantra go up and travel far (dura) (95—96).

"A heavier (alaghu) Daru-vimana is then described (97—98); it contains, not one as in the previous case, but four pitchers of mercury over iron ovens. The boiling mercury ovens produce a terrific noise which is put to use in battle to scare away elephants; by strengthening the mercury chambers, the roar could be increased so that by it elephants are thrown completely out of control. This specific military use of aircraft against elephants tempts one to suggest that the Hasti-yantra advocated by Kautilya against elephants was something like the heavier Daru-vimana described by Bhoja.

"There may be some lacunae in the description, and Bhoja does not fail to mention that some vital knowledge is kept back as a secret, an idea which we noticed in the Brihatkatha story also. It is, however, clear that mercury vapour ought not to be confused as providing any lifting power; it was evidently converted into mechanical power, and the machine must have risen, as is expressly stated here, and implied by the mention of its cock-shape in the Brihatkatha story, by the flapping of the wings, and further movement must have been due to the manipulation of the wings and the flow of air itself, on the analogy of the flight of birds."

This may come as somewhat of a depressant to the flying saucer boys since they seem to have gained the impression that the actual vimanas, as mentioned in true, nonshoddy texts, implied huge wingless craft that could fly not only over a bunch of elephants but all over the world and also out into space. The flapping wings as a means of gaining lift will be a disappointment to the engineers and probably provoke wry smiles among them, to say the least. But to a whole new breed of scholars that has only recently arisen, it is going to give much cheer and impetus to their various studies. These are the historians of technology who are working out of a dozen cultural centers scattered all over the world now and all of whom are bringing to light an increasing flow of actual (tangible) artefacts that are either themselves technical devices, or scale models of such, and all the way from selenial calendars from the late Palaeolithic to various aerofoms between 500 B. C. and 500 A. D.

That the Ancients did have a knowledge of and the use of flight can no longer be denied. However,

the Indians alone offer us concrete written information on power sources for them. The Near Eastern items would appear to be gliders or sail-planes, though one Roman blandly states that he made his model "fly by compressed air". (Who, I ask, was compressing air in 200 A. D.?) The South American types probably would not fly without power, but we are having copies of these tested in a NASA wind tunnel because, if they can do so, we will have one of the greatest breakthroughs in aerodynamics yet. The Ancient Egyptian item is the most exciting and confusing of all because, while it has the conformity of a glider, its fuselage looks more like a heavy-lift cargo plane we now have on the drawing boards but which is still full of bugs. (Incidentally, we will be writing up this amazing discovery in our next issue, with photographs and scale drawings. We are being assisted by both the Egyptologists and the aerodynamic engineers on this one.)

However, here we are more interested in the "engines" that are alleged to have activated these aerial machines. In Science for the 3rd January 1969, two scientists, Gerald Schubert and J. A. Whitehead, described a remarkable discovery that they had made about heating mercury. On filling a wide, shallow, circular dish of mercury and then revolving a naked flame around and around under said dish, they observed that the mercury began to revolve in a contrary direction and with increasing velocity. So far we have been unable to find anything further published

on this or any subsequent experiments, but will in due course be applying directly to Messrs. Schubert and Whitehead.

The most interesting sentence in the above abstract is underlined by us. First, where did all the noise come from? Just the mercury or from the machinery it drove? Second, what machinery?

We must assume that this was part of the 'secret' and so we shall never know unless somebody with an eye to this mystery spots something in a text by a renegade technician; and there were these. The Indian princes seem to have maintained whole stables of such purely practical working technicians and, presumably, labs for them to work in. A few writings by such have been found giving rather intimate details of other 'machinery'. If they had flying machines did they invent them and their power sources themselves, or is this still another hint that there was once a much older and even more advanced, worldwide civilization that left a residue of its knowledge especially with native priesthoods? Now that we know somebody was mining iron ore in 40,000 B. C. it looks more and more as if this were so; and, be it noted, the first of the metals to corrode is steel and the last gold. As we dig down we find ultimately only gold copies but, strangely, they are the most competently made and of the most advanced items — so advanced indeed that archaeologists have either so far overlooked them for what they are (vide the Egyptian plane) or have deliberately set them aside.

NOTICE

Members are asked once again please to notify us of any change of address. We have 'lost' a number of members who have moved and left no forwarding address.

Also once again, should you wish to visit our HQ to consult the files, please call in advance. If you have difficulty reaching us or get a recording stating that "the number you are calling is no longer in service" or some other such idiocy, get the operator in Belvidere, New Jersey. Barring disruption of service by lightning strikes or other disasters, the exchange in Belvidere will put you through. And there is always someone here.

In fact, for a number of reasons, we must insist upon definite appointments being made well in advance, and particularly if members wish to consult Ivan Sanderson personally.

The Library is temporarily closed, but visitors will be received in the Sandersons' home, and what they need to read will be fetched for them for perusal in the office in what we call the Old House. Also, due to other circumstances, we cannot for now entertain any visitors or put them up overnight as before. (There are ample facilities within short driving distance and at a wide range of prices.)

CURRENT PURSUITS

There is little to report under this heading but this should not be taken to mean no progress at all. Various of our members have sent us accounts of their trips to the Ringing Rocks, though not enough to yield even a preliminary report; and material is coming in concerning other specific requests.

The Thunderbird photo continues to elude us, but

an active search for a live Thunderbird is currently getting underway in an area in Pennsylvania where they have been seen repeatedly in recent years. In the event that no specimen is obtained this year, we hope that the "expedition" will be able to locate at least one nesting site though, in view of the terrain, this in itself will be quite a job.

Bear in mind that contributions to SITU are tax deductible.

MEMBERS' FORUM

We are pleased to report that a complete reclassification of our clipping files for greatest efficiency is underway. This job will take time but is one that we consider to be of the utmost importance.

We are delighted to announce that one of our members has volunteered to work on Charles Fort's papers. Details are still to be worked out, so keep your fingers crossed that nothing fortian happens this time.

Member No. 966 notes that University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106, claims that they will find and microfilm or Xerox any out-of-print book. Either method can be expensive, and microfilm-readers are not yet a standard piece of household equipment, which makes that type of reproduction unsuitable for most people.

Member No. 922 wishes to contact other members specifically interested in ufology.

We will appreciate it if our members will let us know the call letters, address, and telephone number of any local radio stations that have "talk shows" done by telephone—called "beepers"—and the name of the MC. Armed with such a list, Ivan Sanderson can entertain and instruct you while sitting in the comfort of his own home.

Dr. M. A. Persinger, Environmental Psychophysiology Laboratory, Laurentian University, Sudbury, Ontario, Canada (name published with permission), is interested in contacting scientists concerned with the possible effects of extremely low frequency electric, magnetic and sonic fields, geomagnetic pulsations and seismologic stresses upon human behavior and physiology. This includes verbal behavior concerning putative "parapsychological events".

Member No. 460, head of a local club called "Odyssey", P. O. Box 2022, Baltimore, MD 21203, asks that any members hearing of UFOs, 'Bigfeet' or Monster sightings, and unusual animals in Maryland, southern Pennsylvania, northern and eastern Virginia, and some counties of West Virginia (Jefferson, Berkeley, Morgan, Hampshire, Mineral, Grant, Hardy, and Tucker), get in touch with "Odyssey" at the address given.

For those interested in bio-feedback and applied parapsychology, member No. 1151 welcomes correspondence and will supply, free of charge, schematics and plans for Alpha monitors, cardio-tachs, GSR meters, etc.

Again with permission, Jerry Koenigsberg, 186 W. Lake Shore, Rockaway, N.J. 07866, wishes to contact other members interested in the "Ringing Rocks".

From Anderson's Diary of an Eighteenth-Century Garden (in the Calthorp edition):

"I would give more for ten minutes with a man who cannot be sure that he has not seen an angel, than I would give for a week with a man who laughs at all he cannot lay his fingers on."

Members in the Indianapolis area are asked to keep an eye open for any and all oddities in that vicinity; member No. 1132 reports that "oddities hereabouts seem to be concentrated in an irregular blob over

southern Indianapolis" and wishes to obtain all possible data with a view to mapping and analysing fortan phenomena for any possible patterns. Any reports received will be forwarded to him.

BOOK REVIEWS

by Marion L. Fawcett

J. Allen Hynek. The UFO Experience: A Scientific Inquiry. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company. 1972. \$6.95.

At last a book on UFOs that is worth reading, by just about the one man who does, or should, know what he is talking about — and on two counts. First, he is a working scientist, properly trained in scientific methodology; second, he actually worked on this bizarre problem for just over twenty years as a trained scientist for the USAF as a consultant on this dreary business.

My colleague, Marion Fawcett, reviews the book per se below. As she says, reviews of this book have been literally pouring out and most of them are very long for any review. This is good; but I have noted that the nit-pickers have started in already, and mostly among the "buffs" and the lunatic fringe. Dr. Hynek's simple, straightforward text seems to have infuriated some of them. Small wonder, because most of them are not only "nuts" but almost all of them are totally uneducated.

To get a true grip on this rather terrifying subject, investigators or interpreters must have scientific training and some real knowledge of what facts about the subject are known. Dr. Hynek has both; so, as of now, it is quite useless to argue, or even debate with him unless you have similar qualifications, and of equal standing. Speculation is perfectly permissible but, in a matter such as this, please to be very careful that your suggestions be in accord with this true expert's summations.

We have not got the answer to the so-called UFO mystery and it is possible that we never will; but, as Dr. Hynek says, there just might be a 21st, and even a 22nd century 'science', if we don't blow ourselves up in the meantime. Who knows now what we might or might not know then? This reviewer has his own theories, hypotheses, and conceptions, which he has published but which he would not deign even to mention in any bracket with this scholarly work. What a terrific job it must have been to write — and quite apart from all the damnfool politics and the buffoonery displayed by things like the Condon Committee.

Read this book and try to get some of the real facts.

I.T.S.

Dr. Hynek's book has been reviewed at really rather extraordinary length in a number of magazines and journals. It certainly is an important book and may prove to be the landmark in the history of ufology since it may lead the scientific establishment finally to take an active part in both research and search in this field. It is a book written by a scientist for other scientists, and to be frank, the non-scientist reader will probably find parts I and II rather heavy going. Part III, "Where Do We Go From Here?", deals with past, present, and (hopefully) future 'official' investigation of ufological phenomena, and is in part rather fun. Dr. Hynek was, of course, for many years associated with the Air Force Project Blue Book; he does not spare the Air Force, nor does he spare the ill-fated Condon Committee. In fact, some of his revelations about both are truly shocking. E. g. in re the Condon Committee:

"I remember my own dismay when, on the occasion of my visit to the committee, when the project was scarcely two weeks old, Low [of the famous memo] outlined on the blackboard for us the form the report would take, what the probable chapter headings would be, how much space should be devoted to each chapter, with an implied attitude that he had decided already what the substance and tone of the report would be."

Part I is concerned with what may be called definitions and guidelines. And herein lies one of the best features of Dr. Hynek's book: he eliminated all the cases which have been explained before starting to compile statistics — hence, his statistics and analyses concern only those cases which have defied explanation. Also, in this section, he disposes of the common misconceptions held by the anti-ufology crowd — that UFOs

are reported only by nuts and screwballs or "uneducated" people (he points out, rightly, that "uneducated" doesn't necessarily mean stupid, and further notes that air crash investigators have found that the best witnesses are teenaged boys). He then presents his own method of analysing those cases he has accepted as unexplained. He uses two basic criteria — strangeness and probability, each with a 'range' from 1 to 10. Strangeness is fairly easy to gauge; for probability he frankly uses a betting system, i.e. what are the odds that what this chap reports really happened exactly as he says it did. Dr. Hynek admits that it is very difficult to assign probability ratings because of the many factors involved, but concludes that they are a very useful tool.

Part II is entitled "The Data and the Problem". Herein he breaks UFO reports down into six categories nocturnal lights, daylight discs (i.e. UFOs seen in the daytime), radar-visual UFO reports, and close encounters of three types ('sightings' at fairly close range; encounters which produce physical effects; and 'occupant' cases). Each of these is discussed at some length, always supported by case histories, the latter chosen almost exclusively from those in which there were at least two witnesses. Old hands in the ufology field will probably want to 'skim' these, concentrating on Dr. Hynek's summaries of the various types and his suggestions on investigative techniques. It is noteworthy that these were rarely used by Project Bluebook even after desperate urging by Dr. Hynek (he reports that a wag once dubbed Bluebook the "Society for the Explanation of the Uninvestigated!").

There are four appendices, two of considerable historical interest and importance — Dr. Hynek's letter to Bluebook in response to their request for his advice on how to improve on the work they were doing (never heeded), and Mary Louise Armstrong's letter of resignation to Dr. Condon.

It is perhaps regrettable that Dr. Hynek does not indulge any speculation on what UFOs might be or where they may come from; however, because proof of the nature of UFOs is completely lacking, such speculations might well have weakened the impact of his book on his fellow scientists. As he points out, "It is likely that many scientists would have given serious consideration and effort to the UFO problem had they been properly apprised of its content". I hope very much that all scientists will read Dr. Hynek's book; should they do so, they will find themselves properly apprised. I hope also that all those actively investigating UFO reports will read it too, and take to heart the solid advice given therein. A coalition of scientists and laymen may crack this very tough nut. Quoting Dr. Hynek, "When the long awaited solution to the UFO problem comes, I believe that it will prove to be not merely the next small step in the march of science but a mighty and totally unexpected quantum jump."

Brad Steiger. Strange Disappearances. New York: Lancer Books. 1972 95¢

This is one of Brad Steiger's rather better efforts, and though many of the cases he relates will be familiar to constant readers of Flying Saucer Review and other fortean publications, they are at least now gathered into one place. Unfortunately, there is no index which makes it exceedingly difficult to use it as a source book; and the references are spotty (one hopes that a reference to the October 1964 issue of Pursuit will be corrected in future printings, if any; it should be 1969).

The title of the book is somewhat misleading since 'appearances' and some 're-appearances' are also included, together with a few extraneous bits and pieces. It is primarily what we call a "seed catalogue" despite periodic murmurings about holes in time and/or space, through which things (including people) may drop into or out of other space-time continua (called "dimensions" by Brad Steiger). Also, there are some errors, e.g. the photograph of a little "space man" taken by Ronnie Hill (p. 91) was subsequently proved to be a hoax; and it is not true that there were "no signs of violence" aboard the Joyita. In fact, brief though Mr. Steiger's account of the Joyita is, it contains some rather astonishing statements. He reports that in 1959 (four years after she was found abandoned) a wine bottle containing a message "signed by the steward of the Joyita" washed up on the coast of Australia. The message is alleged to have read: "Abandoning ship. Strange circular metallic object forcing us aboard it. Help us." We have never heard of this before and, apart from the fact that no source is given for the story, we cannot think of a more inappropriate and just plain silly way to send for help in those circumstances than to toss a message overboard in a bottle! Also, there was no "steward" aboard (see Vincent Gaddis' book Invisible Horizons). Further, the Joyita was not found "north of Samoa" but west-southwest of Samoa, about ninety miles from the Fiji Islands.

The book is rather fun and provides food for thought, but not a great deal of thought per se! And, in view of such errors as noted above, the reader should approach it with considerable caution. The errors listed here are not the only ones in this book, but we do not have time or space enough to detail them all.

Sibley S. Morrill. Ambrose Bierce, F. A. Mitchell-Hedges and the Crystal Skull. San Francisco: Cadleon Press. 1972. \$3.95. (Address: P. O. Box 24, San Francisco, Calif. 94101)

Some time ago Mr. Morrill sent me the manuscript of this book with a request for any comments or suggestions that I might have. He is candid now in saying that "your criticism about there being two books in it still stands" —though I agree with him that he has smoothed the transition between the two to a considerable extent.

The first portion of the book, and to me the most interesting part, deals with a most remarkable 'jewel', a life-size crystal skull (human) with a detachable lower jaw, somehow and somewhere acquired by the big game fisherman and "explorer" Mitchell-Hedges; and a similar crystal skull, but without a detachable jaw, known as the "Aztec" skull and owned by the British Museum. The "Aztec" skull is undoubtedly, according to the evidence —both physical and 'cultural'— accumulated by Mr. Morrill, a later copy of the Mitchell-Hedges skull. Both are beautifully fashioned and, with one curious and most important exception, anatomically correct, so much so that an expert at the British Museum noted that "such realism . . . gives the skull the character almost of an anatomical study in a scientific age". The exception is the complete lack of suture marks on the cranium. Adding these would have been child's play compared with the work that went into the teeth and jaw, and particularly the very extraordinary eye sockets in the Mitchell-Hedges skull; and Mr. Morrill presents an entirely convincing explanation for this 'oversight'. He concludes that the Mitchell-Hedges skull was the archetype for the figure 10 in the Mayan head-variant system of numeration but was also used by the priests in uttering oracles and influencing people and events. There is evidence in the skull itself that this last was done and that this produced permanent changes in the crystalline structure of the right eye socket, wherein images may be seen and photographed (alas, Mr. Morrill does not include one of these) —a truncated pyramid, a domed edifice resembling the observatory at Chichen Itza, and a number of little skulls. No such images are found in the left eye socket or anywhere else on the skull. To attribute them to coincidence is stretching that overworked explanation much too far.

There is considerably more to the story of the skulls, and Mr. Morrill makes a pretty fair case for their having been the cause of the downfall of the Mayan nation, and this on purely practical grounds — not 'psychic' ones. He does not, and I think wisely, deal with the sporadic accounts (usually of doubtful origin and validity) of persons having dropped dead or suffered other misfortunes after laughing at or otherwise scorning the skull. On the other hand, I should like to put on record one of Mr. Morrill's experiences with the skull, since this is not included in the book. This was contained in a letter dated the 5th February 1972:

"Eight of us were seated in a semicircle before the skull. The only light was that from a bulb in a box beneath the skull, channeled up through the eye sockets and facial areas. A nutty psychic was holding forth. I was utterly bored, seated at the extreme right. As I lit a cigarette and glanced back at the skull, I was astounded to see that the left side of the face was darkening from below. I said nothing and watched intently. The darkening area spread upward about the mouth line extension. The forehead, too, began to darken downward. I looked casually around to see if anyone else noticed it. Jose Feola, a physicist and one of the most careful thinkers I know, was seated beside me and was staring bug-eyed at the skull. One other man was also staring at it. The rest had their eyes glued on the speaker. From then on I divided my attention between the skull and the group. The three of us later agreed that better than 40% of the facial area had darkened at the maximum point. The process lasted better than five minutes, less than ten, and the darkened areas were still there, as I recall, when the 'seance' ended and the lights went on. The others, who gave no evidence of having noticed it during the seance, later claimed they saw it all along."

Going on now to "book two", Sibley Morrill presents evidence that the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce was intimately connected with the reappearance of the skull, and that Bierce and Mitchell-Hedges —who never revealed where, when, or how he found the skull— were in fact sent to Mexico by their respective governments as intelligence agents. The careers of the two men are traced, with particular emphasis on the year preceding their travels into Mexico to join Villa; and the events following Bierce's disappearance are given careful scrutiny. Morrill is not so rash as to claim that he has proved anything, but his theory is certainly plausible and deserves serious consideration. Also, the spot picked by Mr. Morrill as the actual site of Bierce's disappearance —there is no proof of this, but it is true that it would have attracted Bierce— is notorious for disappearances. It is called the "Yalbac Triangle". I leave the reader to draw his own parallels.

The author is guilty of occasional infelicities of style, but these do not really mar the book and, even if you are tired of reading about Bierce, you will find the material on the crystal skull most interesting.

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