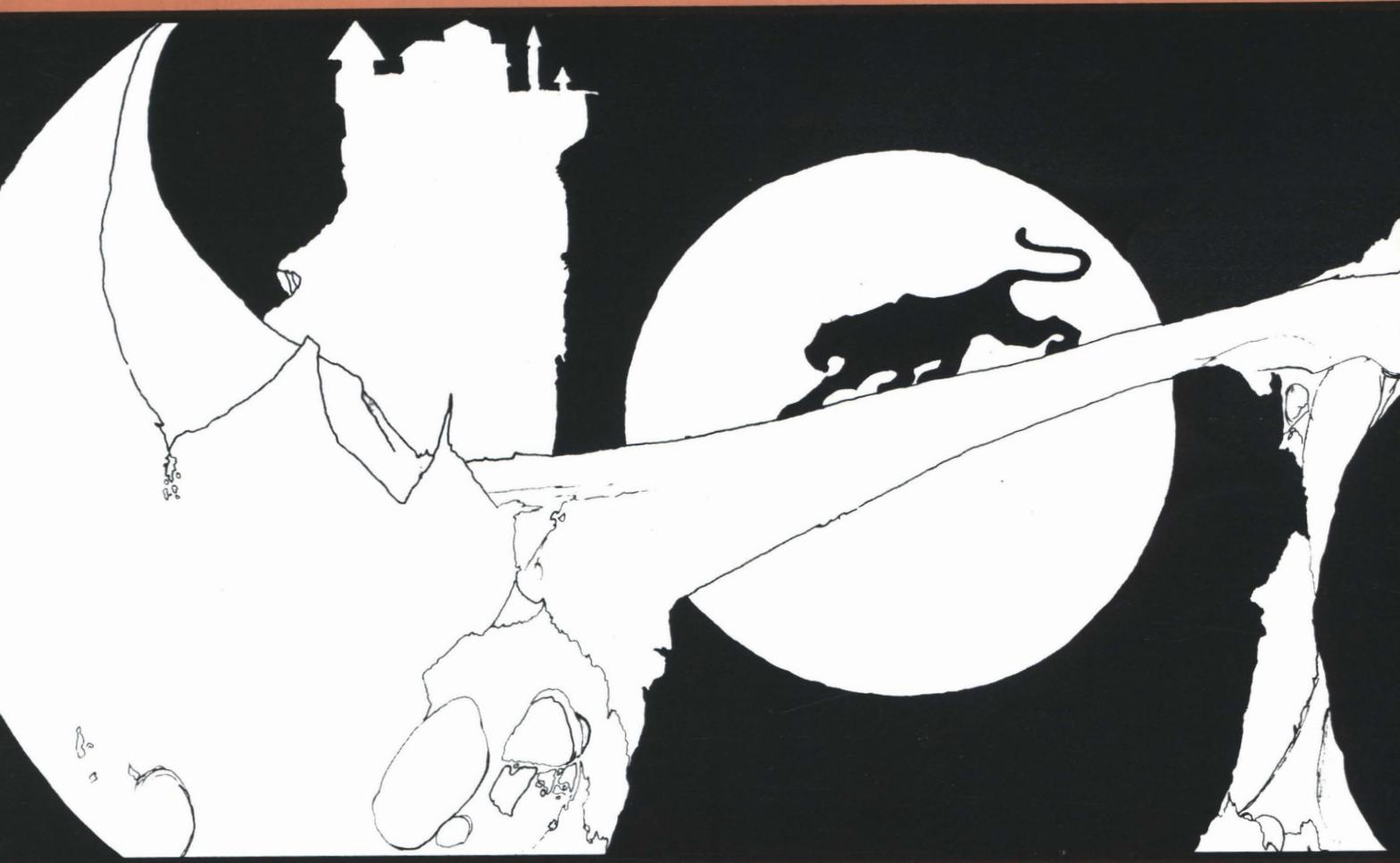


Pursuit

'Science is the Pursuit of the Unexplained'



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Cougar Comeback?

See 'Stalking the Cape Cod Cougar', pages 163-167 and 'Contents' page.

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THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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Pursuit®

'SCIENCE IS THE PURSUIT OF THE UNEXPLAINED'

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Cover drawing by Ray W. Boeche

Cougar Comeback?

Whether the cougar, mountain lion, puma or catamount exists in this country outside its one remaining known habitat in the Florida Everglades is now a mystery that could deepen into a phenomenon most any time.

The mystery will somewhat unravel when better evidence emanates from one or more areas already identified with dubious sightings of large cat-like creatures—often concurrent with reports of strange cries, weird wails, and screams in the woods at night. The "better evidence" would be *tracks* resembling the known pawprints and stride of *Felis concolor*; best evidence would be the capture of a live specimen (unharméd, please) or a reasonably sharp photograph, documented as to location, date and time taken.

If and when we pinpoint the whereabouts of a wild cougar where one shouldn't be, the mystery will devolve into a phenomenon and we will be asking *Why is it there?* and *Where did it come from?* But first, we need an answer to the mystery question: *Where is it?*

E. J. Kahn's entertaining assemblage of individual reports from witnesses on Cape Cod (pages 163-167) is a sequel to the roundup report on suspected cougar "resurgence" in Virginia and North Carolina, written by John Witt for UPI and forwarded as a SITUations newsclip by member Paul Thompson; it was published in *Pursuit* No. 58 (Second Quarter 1982), page 74.

At year's end we received an item clipped by member William Kingsley from the *Detroit News* which reported the November sighting of a "cougar or mountain lion" by a deer hunter on Drummond Island off Michigan's Upper Peninsula. "Other large cats (cougars?) have been seen crossing the highways of the U.P.," Mr. Kingsley noted. Thus we are in *Pursuit* (pun intended) of one of the more intriguing enigmas of our times.

You can assist in this investigation by taking notice of any printed or aired reports, from anywhere in the U.S., of cougars, mountain lions, pumas or catamounts that may be regenerating, migrating, or just on the loose. Then tell us, please.

—The editors

The Parascience Controversy

by Dave DeWitt

THE CONFLICT CONTINUES: Every day in technical journals, lecture halls and convention centers, the forces of science mobilize against insurgents who dare to theorize about things unexplained. This is a war in which seemingly innocuous words such as "psychic," "paranormal," "Genesis" and "UFO" are weapons in an arena of mindset where men and women of intelligence and education regard each other as heretics and traitors. Science vs. parascience is a particularly belligerent philosophical engagement, one which begins and ends, as always, with words and concepts which have different connotations for each side. Often it seems that parascience is winning, and such an outcome might not be as evil as the militant skeptics would have us believe. The battle lines are drawn; the choosing of sides depends on whether or not one believes that parascience is dangerous to the health of science and society.

I use the word "parascience" with reluctance. It is not applied in a pejorative sense, yet it seems to be the only term which universally applies to those disciplines which true scientists believe are undermining their fields of study. Besides, it is clumsy to enclose all words of dubious definition in quotation marks. Parascience is said to encompass all those fringe fields which true science rejects: astrology, parapsychology, cryptozoology (the study of anomalous animals), ufology, creation science and many, many more. But before we can accurately define parascience, we must examine science itself.

True science concerns *knowing* rather than *believing*, and most definitions of science today begin with the words "systematized knowledge." The scientific method endeavors to organize all knowledge related to the operation of the universe, based upon theories which are continually tested for their validity. Theorizing thus is not alien to science; it is a necessary part of the scientific method. Under this broad definition of systematized knowledge, it is easy to see how disciplines like social science and library science came to be. However, the scientific community seems to be narrowing the definition of science these days in an attempt to eliminate all vestiges of parascience. For example, James Oberg, an engineer with NASA and a longtime critic of parascience, declares that for a science to be true, it must develop theories which *cannot be proven to be*

untrue, no matter how much testing is done. An example would be Einstein's theory of relativity, which has never been disproven and thus is considered scientific fact. Such theories are termed "disprovable," and Oberg's point is that since the parasciences have produced no disprovable theories, they are invalid as scientific endeavors.

But if true sciences deal only with disprovable theories, what of psychology and other related fields, which are studies of human behavior? Are there any disprovable theories in those disciplines? Are they less than pure sciences? By logical extension, Oberg's thesis would obviate the human factor in scientific endeavor, leaving physics and mathematics as examples of pure or true sciences, despite the necessity for much theorizing in those disciplines, too. If the real world existed as the hardcore skeptics claim, it would be a very strange place indeed—all ultralogical, and no room left for speculation.

Now call me an illogical romantic, but the concept of theorizing (perhaps even prophesizing) is a healthy one. Because science engages to prove *theories*, someone must first theorize. So for the moment, let's assume that scientific methods can be applied to fields of study which are not necessarily the purest of the sciences; by such applications we can learn more about parascience.

Scientists are nervous about parascience because they are such sticklers for accurate data—and rightfully so. They accuse the parascientists of utilizing unscientific and inaccurate techniques for acquiring and applying data. Many researchers of the paranormal do not think of their studies as pure science *per se*. Rather, they are investigating anomalous occurrences which may agglomerate both causes and effects from one or many disciplines, may not be observable often enough to form a useful data base, may be difficult or impossible to repeat experimentally, whether by duplication, simulation or computer-modeling. If the borderland of science seems occasionally to be on the verge of shutdown because of fog, conditions are scarcely improved when charges of data-manipulation explode on either side.

In the last two years, the scientific community has been shaken by at least five cases of data-faking. Most of these occurred in medical research, an admittedly high-pressure field where a researcher must discover something dramatic in order to attain great success. But pressure is no excuse for plagiarism, fabricated data, faked experiments, or the flaunting

Dave DeWitt lives in New Mexico. His previous article in *Pursuit* dealt with the cattle-mutilation phenomenon (Vol. 13, No. 4, Whole 52, Fall 1980).

of bogus degrees. Much has been made of hoaxes and forgeries in parascience, particularly in psychic studies and ufology. The point to remember is that there have been scandals in both science and parascience.

Scientists also resent amateurs who have certain talents—or have access to specialized equipment—which can mislead the public into accepting them as true scientists. This problem, also, is one of definition. Is a person required to have a Ph.D. or a medical degree to be classified as a scientist? Or can anyone with specialized knowledge about a particular scientific field, regardless of educational background, call himself or herself a scientist?

What kind of research must a person undertake to be a scientist? Must it always be laboratory or field research sanctioned by a university? For example, this author is an amateur horticulturist. Suppose, in my studies of cacti and succulents, that I discover a new species, or uncover some exotic and previously unknown fact about the plants I breed. Can I then call myself a scientist, despite the fact that my advanced degree is in literature, not botany? Or am I a scientist now because I am trying to discover if *Lophophora williamsii* is extinct north of the Rio Grande?

A person who writes verse is often dubbed a poet regardless of the degree of talent possessed by that individual. No committee of literary experts is convened to determine if a person is talented enough to be awarded such a title. But what about Ray Stanford who operates a UFO "tracking station" near Austin, Texas; can he call himself a scientist because he uses sophisticated electronic equipment and the scientific method in his research? Of course he can, but I doubt seriously that the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal would concur that he is a scientist.

The semantic questions become even more complex when actual scientists begin to delve into parascience. Dr. Roy Mackal, for example, a research zoologist at the University of Chicago, recently spent months in the Zaire jungle looking for a dinosaur which he believes escaped extinction. Because of his research into the parascience of cryptozoology, Mackal has suffered ridicule. But is he less of a scientist? Many say no, he is merely following the basic traditions of science—using imagination, curiosity and hard work to unravel a mystery; others call him a fool for wasting his time and education on such an outlandish project.

Yet zoological surprises are common. Consider the coelacanth, the primitive fish discovered in 1935, originally thought to be extinct millions of years ago. And just last year a healthy flock of yellow-fronted bowerbirds, believed to have vanished into extinction in 1895, was found in New Guinea. What harm can be done to science by searching for theoretical life-forms like dinosaurs, Bigfoot or the

Loch Ness Monster, provided such explorations apply scientific techniques?

Perhaps the most famous example of a scientist up to his neck in parascience is Dr. J. Allen Hynek, professor of astronomy at Northwestern University and scientific director of the Center for UFO Studies. The originators of the term "close encounters" believes that science has been blinded by ignorance when confronted with paranormal occurrences. "Since 1947 many peoples of the world have become increasingly aware of that bizarre phenomenon we call UFOs," he says. "But it has been too strange, too unacceptable, and too uncomfortable for the scientific world, which should have expressed at least some scientific curiosity about a subject that concerned so large a number of people."

Scientists like Dr. Hynek are not necessarily attempting to prove that UFOs or other such things are extraterrestrial or paranormal. Rather, they are investigating reports of such occurrences in order to determine whether the phenomena are real in a physical sense or a product of man's unconscious mind, as Carl Jung suggested. Occasionally such investigations pay off. In 1976, a research group called Vestigia conducted extensive tests of "spook lights," those ghostly fugitive lights which have often been seen near railroad tracks and were formerly attributed to UFOs or spirits of the dead. Their findings indicated that the lights are probably related to piezoelectricity, a phenomenon wherein pressure exerted on quartz-bearing rock along geologic faults causes a build-up of electrical fields; this electrical potential results in discharges of energy capable of ionizing the air above into visible luminosities. Regardless of whether or not this theory is accurate, it demonstrates a scientific approach to a phenomenon previously thought to be paranormal.

Likewise, UFO critic (and investigator) Philip Klass attributes most UFO sightings to another electrical phenomenon known as ball lightning, the existence of which is still debated by scientists. Klass's theory is bitterly opposed by most ufologists, who delight in pointing out the irony that Klass is senior editor of *Aviation Week*, the publication which blundered in reporting and editorializing in 1958 about the test flights of a Russian nuclear-powered bomber, a plane which simply did not exist. While parascientists are relieved that theories like ball lightning cannot refute the existence of UFOs, they know that the scientists' failure to disprove the existence of UFOs is no evidence, either, of extraterrestrial visitation.

The scientists who debunk the most make the mistake of grouping all anomalous events and their investigators into the single category they call "pseudoscience." Obviously there is quite a difference between a person utilizing scientific techniques and methods, say, to search for the Loch Ness Monster and the person who claims that alien invaders from

'In the best tradition of early scientific endeavor, parascientists are not only utilizing scientific techniques, they are uncovering new disciplines to explore.'

Rigel 3 are among us today. Ironically, politicians do to scientists what the scientists are doing to the parascientists. An example is the NASA radio-telescope project called Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence (SETI) which politicians have ridiculed; Senator William Proxmire "successfully" eliminated funding for the project, and that raises the specter of politicians consigning all scientific projects to a single category with little or no real study of their comparative worth.

I think scientists protest too much and too loudly about parascience, and that investigations into unexplored fields are both proper and valid. Overreaction to parascience probably results mostly from a feeling by scientists that they are threatened by amateurs experimenting in areas in which they are unqualified. James Oberg has noted that ufology "might be considered as a protest movement against the impersonality and specialization of modern science, which has all but eliminated the role of the 'citizen-scientist,' the amateur investigator who in the past contributed substantially to the development of science through part-time dabbling." According to this judgment, the parascientists are frustrated that they cannot be "real" scientists, so they invent outrageous theories in order to subvert true science. Such paranoid fears are highly exaggerated, and the notion that parascience will somehow contaminate true science seems quaint.

Not content to let the test of time prevail over claims of the paranormal, the militant skeptics continually attack. Some of their protests are valid, of course, but the nitpickers get caught up in endless semantic debate. For example, Arthur Reber, a professor of psychology at Brooklyn College, writes in the winter 1982-83 issue of *The Skeptical Inquirer* about inaccurate terminology in parapsychology. He criticizes the field for the use of such terms as "elusive" and "shy" to describe PSI phenomena. "What would the study of magnetism be like," he asks, "if magnets displayed 'shyness' and revealed their properties on a random or nondiscernible basis?" Here Reber makes the classic assumption that science is always precise and parascience imprecise. I wonder how he would characterize those nuclear physicists whose study of particle-theory often seems more akin to magic than science.

Nobel Prize-winner Burton Richter of Stanford University has characterized certain sub-atomic particles called quarks as having a property known as "charm." Another Nobel laureate, Caltech's Murray Gell-Mann, proposed three types of quarks with attributes he called "flavors." How's that for precision in science?

The truth about science and parascience is that there are unexplainable phenomena in both. Sometimes these phenomena are unraveled, but often they defy analysis, and theories about the phenomena, however logical or wild, remain unproven. Even Arthur Reber, in his *Skeptical Inquirer* article, acknowledges that the principles of biofeedback and acupuncture have only recently come to be understood after being debunked by science. Admittedly, many theories proposed by parascience investigators seem to violate scientific principles and thus are open to criticism from the scientific establishment. Flat-earth theories and "holes-in-the-poles" come to mind immediately. But many suppositions by parascience investigators only appear to contradict established canons of science because no more logical explanation has yet been advanced.

Most investigators of parascientific matters understand that they must apply scientific theory and display acceptable proofs in order to win credibility within the scientific Establishment. Despite all the fun of the chase and all the speculations about plesiosaurs, cryptozoologists are aware that without a necrotic Nessie or a live specimen of the monster, the burden of proof still rests with parascience. And parascience investigators know that they too must be skeptical; it is risky in any field to stick out one's neck and embrace even good theories without at least *some* evidence. Ironically, it has been mostly skeptical parascientists, not "real" scientists, who have exposed frauds in ufology and parapsychology.

There is a thin line between skepticism and fanaticism which is akin to the difference between agnosticism and atheism. A healthy skepticism helps prevent outright fraud and deception. But the militant skeptic is like the atheist who denies the verity of all gods and thereby creates an intolerant, absolute and non-god religion which precludes all other beliefs. Has organized science reached such an exalted state in our society that its proselytizers can afford to scoff at new ideas and denigrate those who do not conform?

Science today is highly specialized and there are now thousands of experts in fields where only a century ago there were mere dozens. Such statistics emphasize the difficulty amateur investigators encounter in attempting to explore the fringes of science. They are outnumbered, under-financed and often ridiculed, but they survive despite the war with the scientists and the odds stacked against them. In the best tradition of early scientific endeavor, parascientists are not only utilizing scientific techniques, they are uncovering new disciplines to explore.



Higher Dimensions and The Barrier

by Daniel Eden

Illustrations by
the author

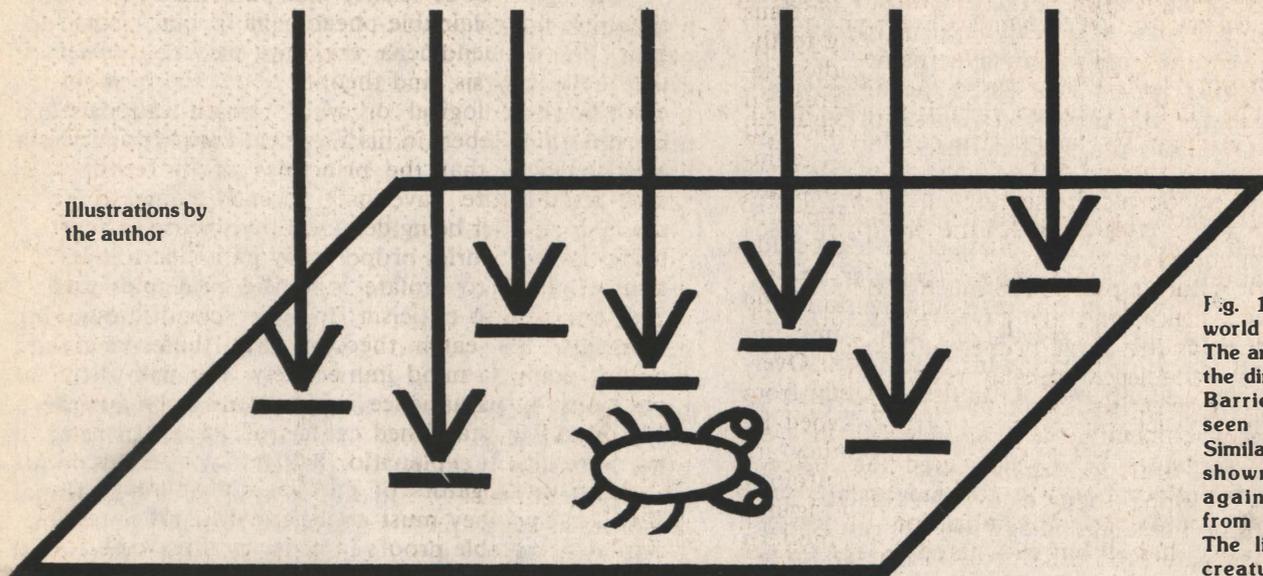


Fig. 1 This is the world of Flatland. The arrows indicate the direction of the Barrier Force as seen from above. Similar forces (not shown) push up against Flatland from underneath. The little Flatland creature has no reason to suspect the existence of the force, or the Higher Dimension.

Part I The Hyperplane

IS OUR PHYSICAL WORLD of height, length and breadth merely a slice through a greater world? Are we locked within a subset of a higher space? Strangely enough, there exists a subtle, but potentially revolutionary, chain of evidence that links our world to a greater one. This evidence comes from different fields of human endeavor, including physics, psychology, parapsychology, and Fortean observations. The collective evidence seems to suggest that our world is locked within a hyperplane which penetrates a space of four (or more) dimensions.*

The term "hyperplane" may be unfamiliar to the reader, but it is simply a mathematical term that denotes a certain space that is a subset of a greater space. To be a little more precise, I will be using the following definition for the term "hyperplane." This definition was adapted from a comment made in the text by A. R. Forsyth:†

Given a space R_n of n dimensions, and $n > 0$, then a *hyperplane* called S_{n-1} exists as a subset of R_n . The hyperplane is a space of one-fewer dimensions than is R_n .

For example, our normal world of height, length and breadth is a space of three dimensions, R_3 ; thus, a

*Many scientists use time as the fourth dimension. However, it will simplify my arguments if I only consider space-like dimensions and not time-like ones. The normal space dimensions are (x,y,z) or forward/backward, right/left and up/down.

†Mathematicians have several different definitions for the term "hyperplane." My definition should not be assumed as universal. I use it primarily because of its simplicity. More formal definitions are available.

hyperplane of our world is just an ordinary geometric plane called S_2 . A portion of an S_2 hyperplane is represented by the surface of a table-top, one side of a sheet of paper, or any other flat surface.

One S_2 hyperplane in fictional literature has become famous: the imaginary world of Flatland. A world of two dimensions called Flatland was the focal point of an 1884 fantasy novel by Edwin Abbott.² In his book, Abbott explored the social and political consequences of a sudden meeting between Flatlanders and a higher dimensional creature. Abbott's book is still in print, and it has become a classic in the teaching of the concepts of higher dimensions. Since Flatland presents a very useful visual model for thinking in terms of dimensions, I will refer to it freely throughout the rest of this article.

If we step up one dimension from our own world, we can argue that there is a higher space called R_4 . Now our three-dimensional world will act as an S_3 hyperplane of this higher space. The geometry of such higher spaces has been worked out in detail by mathematicians. (See textbooks by H. P. Manning,³ A. R. Forsyth,¹ M. G. Kendall⁴ and a paper by M. Szynter.⁵) With such precise mathematical tools available, a higher space conception of our world may prove very useful.

However, before we can argue that mankind rushes about in a limited subset of a higher space, we must face a host of serious questions. For instance: Why aren't we constantly drifting in and out of this higher space? Why should the common energies and matter of our world seem to be constrained to function within only a hyperplane of a higher space?

The answer to these questions is that there is a *physical* force that acts upon our world to lock us into three dimensions. I emphasize the world "physical" because this force is as physically tangible as gravitational force, although it may seem as eternally elusive as the gluonic force which is said to bind quarks within the proton. Our barrier force acts perpendicularly to the sides of our hyperplane (i.e., it is mathematically orthogonal to S_3), and it acts as a real physical barrier to prevent us from venturing beyond the hyperplane.

At least one other person has sensed the underlying necessity to argue for the possible existence of such a force. A. R. G. Owen saw the problem thus:

It remains, therefore, a purely open question whether or not there is an *actual* space of higher dimension not usually accessible to matter or energy, but which physical objects could in principle get into. If so, there is presumably some force which holds the physical continuum together and stops things from leaking away into other compartments of higher space.⁶

Now it is very difficult to visualize just how such a force presses in on our S_3 hyperplane. Fortunately, we can fall back on the Flatland analogy to give us a rough visual idea of the nature of this force. A barrier force acting on Flatland would press up on it from underneath and push down on it from above. The force always acts to hold the Flatlander locked within his 2-d world.

Actually, there is no *net* force acting on the creature; he is in a state of equilibrium. The forces from above and below cancel each other, as long as the Flatlander stays within the plane. It would take a force exerted into the third dimension to disturb a Flatlander from his equilibrium within the hyperplane.

Presumably, a Flatlander has no way to exert a force in the third dimension. His body is simply not constructed to allow for this option. However, he may still be subject to forces that originate "outside" his hyperplane.

Does the Flatlander "see" into the third dimension? The answer is no. The creature's flat-eye sensors can only receive light-signals that move within the plane. Even if his "mind" can conceive of 3-d objects, or even normal 2-d objects that float beyond his world, he can only observe objects via data that travels within his world. Of course, this assumes that he cannot go "out of the body" for other data.

What evidence suggests that our world is a subset of a higher space? In the interest of orderly discussion, let us try to categorize some of the phenomena most familiar to SITUans and examine each category to see what evidence may be adduced from the contents. Keep in mind that some of these phenomena may be less credible, and less well attested, than others; and all have long been steeped in controversy.

Five Categories

1. Some aspect of the brain's normal thinking processes may operate beyond three dimensions.
2. Certain portions of our mind itself seem to be able to maneuver beyond three dimensions. Here I include the

overlapping phenomena of clairvoyance, out-of-the-body experiences (OBES), and remote viewing.

3. Some observed phenomena on the atomic and subatomic levels of matter can be interpreted with a view to higher spaces. The fundamental indeterminable properties of quantum mechanics might be the result of our narrow 3-d view of higher space activities.

4. Fortean and poltergeist phenomena, such as the anomalous fall of stones, seeds and liquids from "appearing points" within closed rooms, may be *prima facie* evidence for a higher space.

5. The alleged teleportation of humans, animals and other objects from one location to another also implies a higher dimension.

Normal Brain Processes

The problem of localizing the "seat of consciousness" within the actual brain tissues has been challenging neurologists for years. Using various electrical and chemical methods, a neurologist can stimulate different brain tissues to evoke a variety of responses. Sometimes a motor response is evident in the raising of an arm; at other times, a memory is recalled. At certain points within the human brain are seated such emotional responses as anger, pleasure, aroused sexuality and pain.⁷

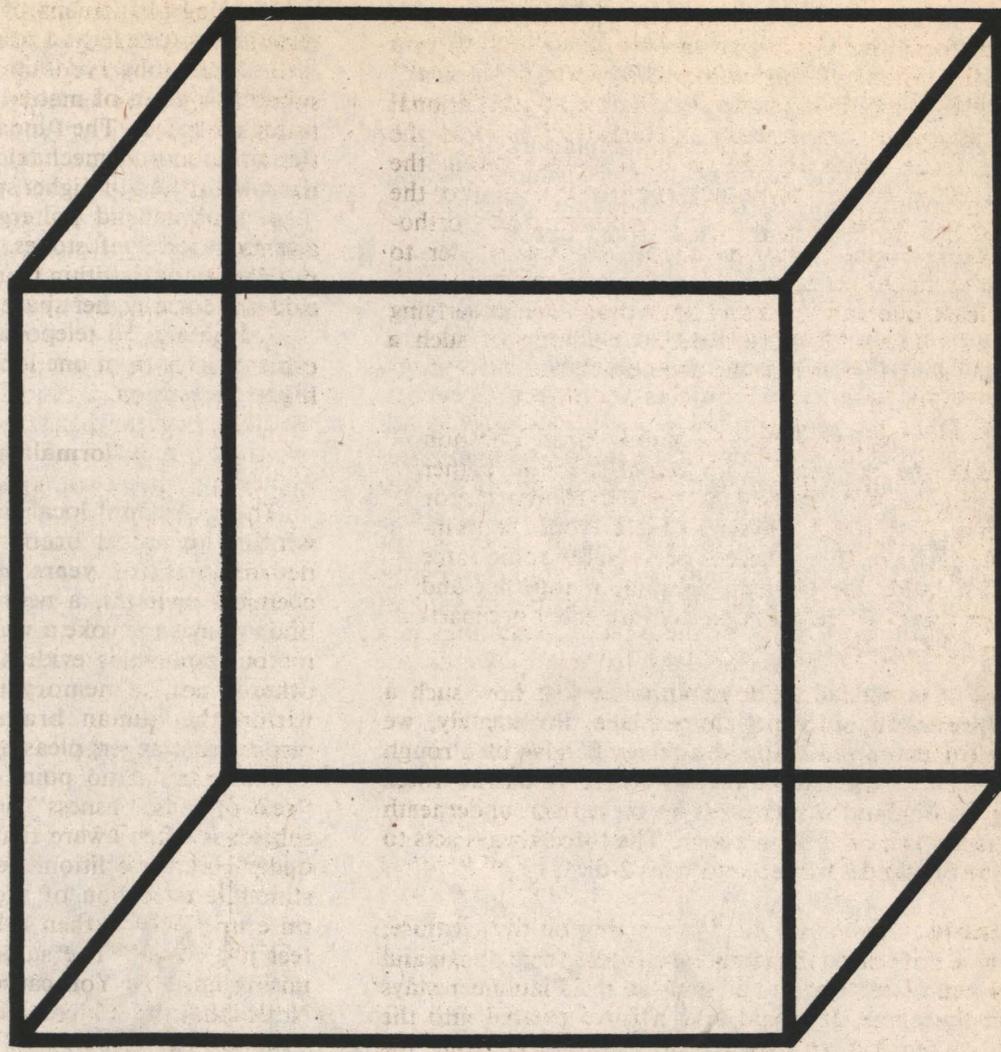
However, at no point can it be said that the actual "seat of consciousness" has been uncovered. In fact, the subject is often aware that the evoked response was not under his own volition. For instance, the researcher may stimulate a portion of the brain that causes an arm to raise up. He will then ask the subject, "What did you feel just now?" The subject will reply, "I felt my arm raising up. . . . You caused my arm to raise itself up!" Notice that the subject did not say that he had personally "willed" the response to occur; he is aware of the artificial, or at least, unwilling nature of the response. Therefore, his "seat of consciousness" escapes localization at a *particular point* in the brain.

As Sir Arthur Koestler might put it, the human machine can be probed and understood, but the ghost in the machine is not yet affixed. This is the fundamental problem: the human mechanism can be shown to consist of programmed emotions, motor responses and memories; and yet, is there something more? Is there a subtle essence that plays the keyboard of the brain's computer? Does an element of "mind" that has not yet been localized in cellular tissues run the complex human machine?

Taking a somewhat maverick position for a brain scientist, the eminent Sir John Eccles⁸ suggests that consciousness will never be localized within brain tissues. He views the brain as a sort of basic focal point utilized by the mind to scan the physical environment (and the environment within the body) for data. He says that the mind hovers "over and above the brain," constantly scanning for the data to form mental imagery and to make appropriate bodily responses. It is tempting to speculate that his term "above" may actually mean "from outside of the hyperplane."

In a less dramatic vein, some persons have suggested that certain visual illusions may be associated with "thinking in higher space." For example, draw a Necker

Fig. 2 This is the Necker Cube. Stare at this figure for a moment and you will see it suddenly change its orientation in space. With practice you can make the change occur continuously.



Cube (above) on a sheet of paper. Study the cube for a moment and you will notice it has changed its orientation in space. This in itself may not seem overly remarkable. However, with a little practice you will be able to make the orientation-change occur repeatedly; you perceive the cube as if it were in some kind of continuous rotation. It has been argued that the continuous motion results from the rotation of the figure by your mind, in four dimensions.⁹

Many philosophers, mystics and mathematicians have argued that thought ultimately takes place in a higher space. Even one of Abbott's Flatlanders came to the conclusion that the final step in thinking is taken in a higher world called Thoughtland. Is our human Thoughtland based in R_4 space?

Some mathematicians seem to have a peculiar ability to visualize 4-d objects directly within their minds.^{10, 11} It allows them to predict aspects of 4-d figures that they have not yet proved with their mathematics. Once having visualized the object, they can more easily find the analytical means to express their situation graphically.

One mathematician who may have had this ability to an unusual degree was Charles Hinton.^{12, 13} He was convinced that the direct visualization of 4-d objects could be learned through training. Unfortunately, his training techniques seemed to require more power of concentration than most of his trainees could muster.

Whether or not such 4-d visualization may be acquired through training is certainly debatable, but the next category of data may provide impetus for some new attempts to validate the training.

Clairvoyance, OBEs, and Remote Viewing

An important prediction of the hyperplane model is that an observer with a view from "above" the hyperplane can actually peek into the *interior* of objects within the hyperplane. For example, an R_3 human can see within a sealed room in Flatland. A sealed room to a Flatlander is any closed curve or closed geometric figure that lies within the plane; such a room is entirely "open" from the third dimension. The Flatlander would think that the human has some kind of mysterious x-ray vision into all 2-d objects.

One of Abbott's Flatlanders described this situation in eloquent fashion:

When, for example, the question arose about the treatment of those lunatics who said that they had received the power of seeing the insides of things, I would quote the saying of an ancient circle, who declared that prophets and inspired people are always considered by the majority to be mad; and I could not help occasionally dropping such ex-

pressions as “the eye that discerns the interiors of things,” and “the all-seeing land”; once or twice I even let fall the forbidden terms “the Third and Fourth Dimensions.”²

In fact, this “eye that discerns the interiors of things” is one of the radical features of clairvoyance, OBE and remote viewing. Some portion of the mind seems to sense data as if it suddenly had a view from “above” our normal world. Here the term “above” is shorthand for “from outside the hyperplane.”

Consider clairvoyance. This is actually a very old term which means that a person may sometimes have an extrasensory awareness of objects or objective events. Unlike OBES or remote viewing, clairvoyance is not usually associated with the sensation that consciousness has actually moved out of the physical body. In a clairvoyant state, a person may be able to sense the nature of some object hidden within a sealed metal container or behind a locked door. He may also be able to describe events that are occurring far away, such as the burning of a house in the next town, or the weather conditions in a distant region. Typical incidents of clairvoyance are recounted in a paper by Rex Stanford.¹⁴

Out-of-the-body experiences (OBES) involve the sensation of actually leaving the physical body behind. In the OBE state, a person suddenly feels that he is no longer

within his body. He may be floating above it, or traveling around in some location far from his body. In some cases the subject may feel that he is moving through another world, or even a series of worlds. These worlds may be identical to our own, slightly different, or radically different. Good material dealing with OBES can be found in Crookall,¹⁵ Rogo,¹⁶ Swann,¹⁷ and Monroe,¹⁸ as well as in papers printed in *The Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* and *Parapsychology Review*.

A very intriguing point, in some cases of OBE, is that the subject may see a mirror-image of our world. He may see the letters in a sign reversed, or some other indication that his sense of right- and left-handedness is somehow backwards. This is important. A mirror-reversed world is exactly what you would expect if a person could alternately move along the positive and negative axis of a dimension that surrounds our fixed hyperplane. Along one direction of the 4-d axis, the image of our world, seen as the subject looks back toward the hyperplane, would appear relatively normal. However, if the observer then moves in the opposite direction, to the other side of the hyperplane, the image is reversed.

The same thing happens when you draw a picture on a window pane. If you walk around to the other side of the window to view it, the image is reversed. Just as the 2-d image remains glued to the glass even though you are free to move around it in three dimensions, so the normal

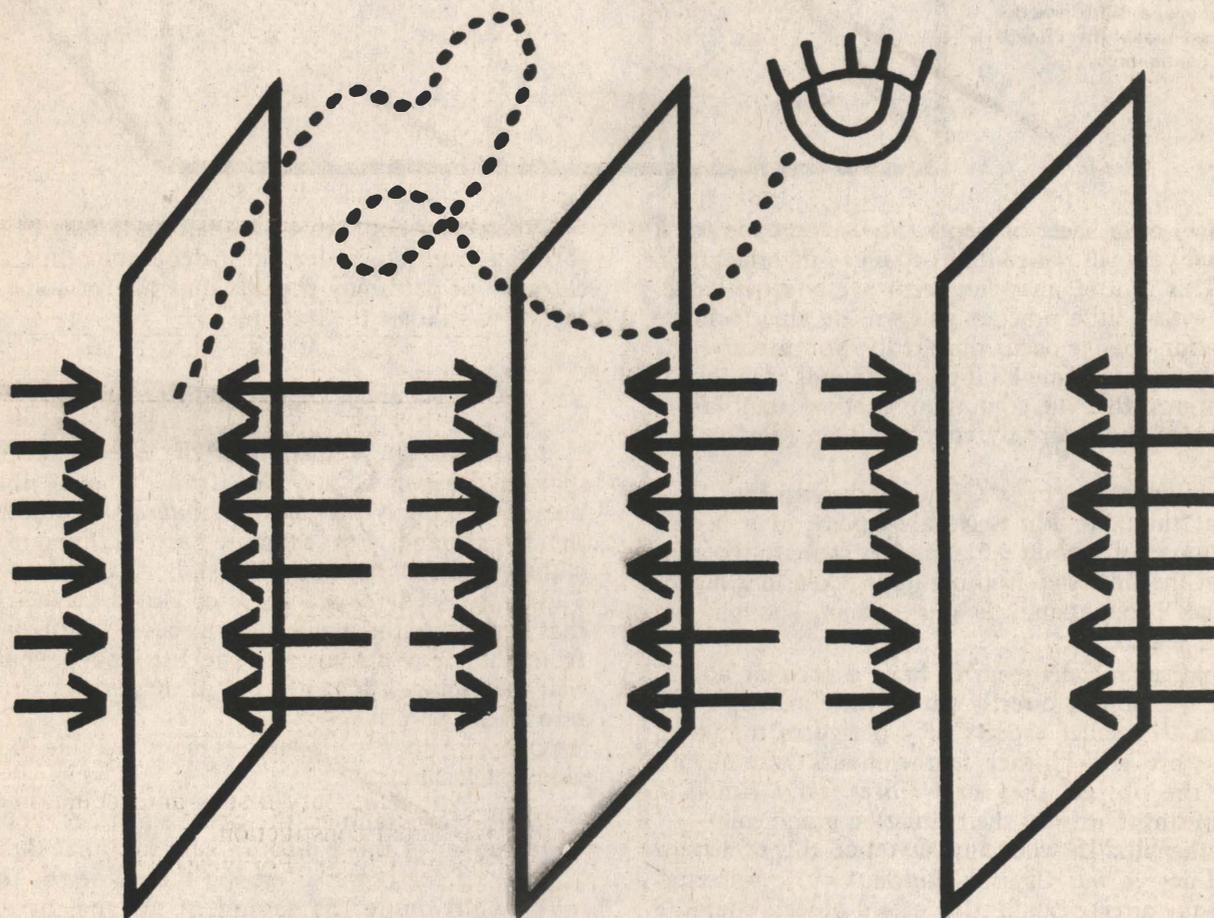


Fig. 3 This is a series of Flatland hyperplane worlds. The eye represents a Flatlander who is having an out-of-body experience.

world is glued into a hyperplane and the mind can move around it in a higher space.

However, this argument plays down the fact that the OBE subject may be highly confused by data-signals that come from the *interior* of objects, as well as their exteriors. We must not forget that extra factor of "x-ray vision" that is implicit in a view from above the hyperplane. For example, a mirror-reversed view of an alarm clock might be confusing to an observer, especially if he is observing the internal components of the clock at the same time!

A third phenomenon of "mind" that suggests hyperplane vision is called remote viewing. The concept of remote viewing (RV) has grown out of the work by physicists Targ and Puthoff.¹⁹ In RV experiments, a subject is asked to mentally visualize some unknown target location. (The target location is some distinctive, randomly chosen place, like a concrete plaza, or a children's playground.) The subject verbally describes his impressions to an experimenter who records them. A second experimenter actually travels to the target location and records his own impressions of the target area. After-

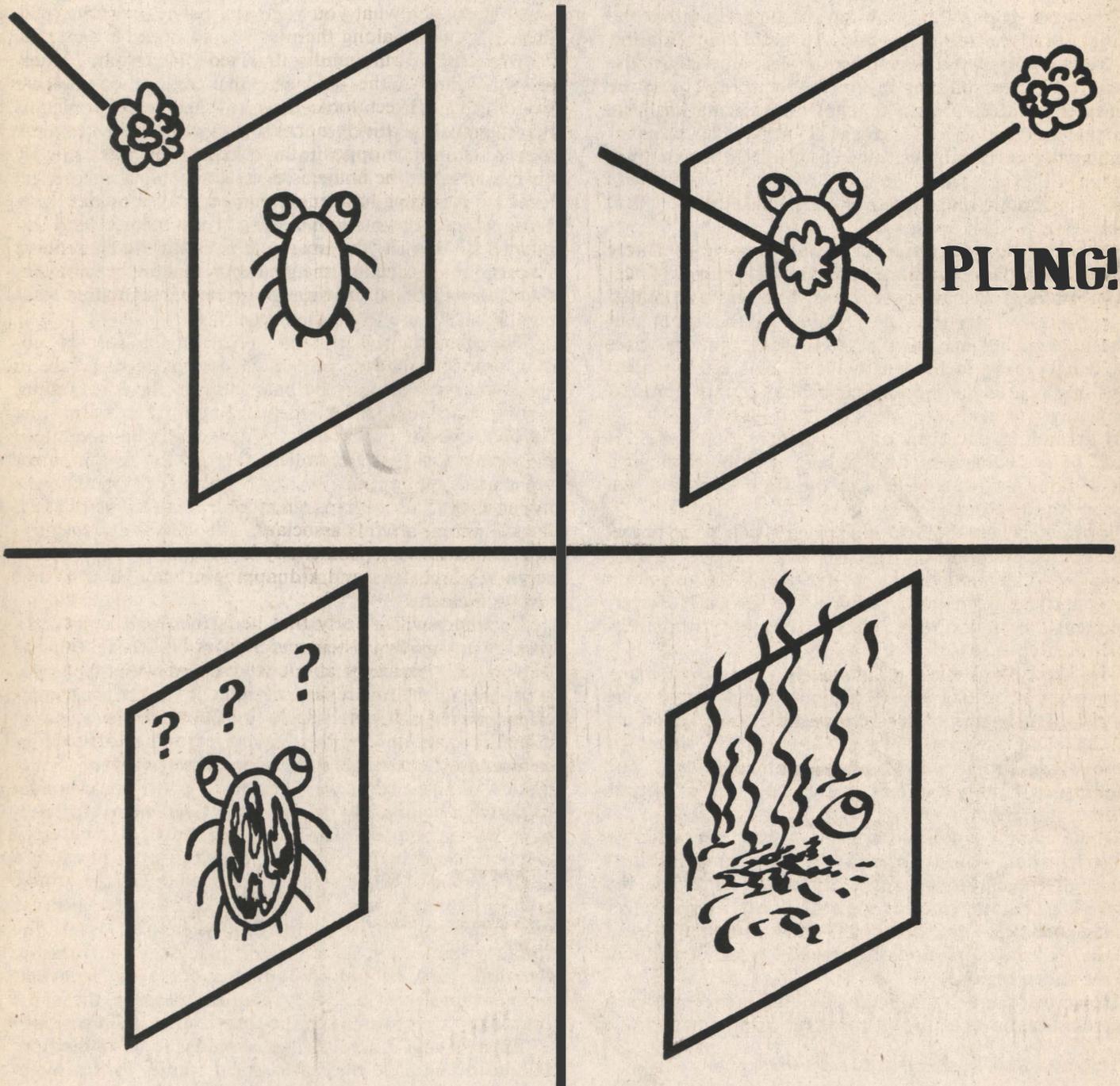


Fig. 4 In this cartoon sequence, a higher space rock strikes a Flatlander. However, the force is not enough to push him entirely through the barrier. Under some assumptions, this means that he is going to burn up!

wards, independent judges are asked to compare such recordings to determine if the subject achieved a hit or a miss. Targ and Puthoff have had some striking successes with their methods and the work has been independently replicated by others.²⁰

In general, it may seem that the terms clairvoyance, OBE and remote viewing are practically interchangeable. However, some important research by Osiris and McCormick²¹ suggests that we should be very careful to distinguish between possible modes of paranormal perception. They have devised laboratory techniques that can distinguish between, say, an actual out-of-the-body perception and a clairvoyant-scanning mode of perception.

This work goes a long way toward suggesting that the "thing" that can leave the body to gather information has a physically detectable structure. In some cases, the actual presence of this mysterious "thing" can be monitored with the proper kinds of instrumentation. The idea that this mysterious element of mind may have instrumentally measurable parameters is indeed fascinating.

Atomic and Subatomic Phenomena

As the scale of matter becomes ever more finely divided, the intrinsic mysteries of nature seem only to expand. For instance, as an article in *Pursuit* #51 pointed out,* the electrons that flit around in the atom can sometimes penetrate into regions that, energy-wise, should have been forbidden to them. This effect, called tunneling, is also the mechanism behind certain kinds of radioactive decay.

If tunneling occurred on the macroscopic level, it would be the equivalent of a human walking through a wall without leaving any hole in the wall. This is a real mystery on the atomic level.

Fortunately, via the Schrodinger equation,† the tunnel effect can be predicted on the basis of the "wave" nature of matter. The modern interpretation of this equation allows particles of matter to behave like waves. However, at present this notion only refers to "waves" in a statistically predictive sense.

The wave-like nature of matter is identical in many ways to the wave-like nature of light. Light can also be thought of in terms of discrete particles (i.e., photons) that have an associated wave nature. (The waves of photons are simply waves of electromagnetism.) The similarity of light-waves and matter-waves even extends to the tunnel effect.

Under certain conditions a beam of light can penetrate a barrier that would normally block transmission.²² Although the photons cannot normally penetrate the barrier, a small amount of their associated electromagnetic fields can penetrate, and the fields allow a certain amount of photons to actually transmit through the forbidden region.

However, there is an important difference between electromagnetic (photon) tunneling and matter-wave

(electron) tunneling: the former is considered *deterministic* while the other is not. Light-waves are described by the deterministic field equations of Maxwell, whereas matter-waves are described by the *nondeterministic* Schrodinger equation.

By saying that matter-waves are nondeterministic, we imply that the actual waves involved do not have a direct cause-and-effect relation with the actions of the particles. Instead, for electrons we must utilize a wholly statistical approach that assigns a probability to some mathematical manipulation of the wave. For example, a probability value is sometimes assigned to the wave only after it has been mathematically squared. This boils down to saying that the matter-wave is only a statistical device used to make probability guesses as to the behavior of the particle.

Why can't we use the matter-wave in the same deterministic (cause-and-effect) way that an optical engineer would use an electromagnetic wave? The basic problem is that certain measurable components of matter (mainly location, speed, momentum and kinetic energy) can only be measured to a limited degree. Beyond a theoretical level of precision, the measurements are not accurate. This error of measurement was first theoretically explained by Werner Heisenberg; it is called the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. In its current version, it stipulates that *some* error will always be present, no matter what equipment we use to do the measuring.

The Uncertainty Principle represents a sort of no-man's-land in modern physics. Most physicists refuse to speculate on what may be happening in those uncertain, error-prone regions of measurement that seem just beyond accurate observation. A few others have indulged in speculation that fundamental errors of measurement are caused by "multiple worlds," or maybe "breakdowns in causality," or perhaps "temporary halting of physical laws," or whatever guess suits the prevailing fashion. Man's theoretical creativity in the face of a "lack of observation" is always enormous even though it is not always accurate.

For the purposes of my thesis, I will only consider a single old-fashioned interpretation for these famous "errors of measurement." The old idea was that waves of matter might really be deterministic (direct cause-and-effect) waves that were simply not bound to three spacial dimensions. Following this line of reasoning, Albert Einstein and others²³ tried to develop some five-dimensional models of space (time was the fourth dimension), hoping to derive a completely deterministic field theory for electron waves. Under such a scheme, normal measuring devices (based in three dimensions) can only measure a *cross-section* of what actually takes place on the atomic and subatomic levels. Uncertainty is inevitable because our measuring instruments simply cannot "see" the whole phenomenon as it occurs; machines can measure the three-dimensional components of speed, location, momentum, etc., but they cannot measure the same components performing in the fourth spacial dimension!

Einstein and his colleagues should not be faulted for failing to complete their theoretical studies in this direction. They had no compelling evidence, beyond the Uncertainty Principle, to indicate that our world might be a higher-space construct. The '20s and '30s were years of

(Continued on page 176)

*by Morgan D. Eads, Summer 1980 issue of *Pursuit*, p. 104.

†German quantum theorist Erwin Schrodinger shared the 1933 Nobel prize for physics with British mathematician Paul Dirac. The Schrodinger equation and a brief commentary are included in the appended notes and references on page 179.

The Strange Case of the Two Charlie Wetzels

by Loren Coleman

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NINETEEN FIFTY-EIGHT was a relatively uneventful year. Most noteworthy, perhaps, was the launching of Explorer I from Cape Canaveral, and the creation of the Bank-america card. Things moved slowly in Eisenhower's America. In Fortean America, an old mystery was reborn and the modern era of Bigfoot accounts began.

On August 27, 1958, Jerry Crew and his men, literally his crew, reported some strange incidents as they were building a new lumber access road near Bluff Creek, California. Soon photographs of giant 17-inch-long plaster casts of human-like tracks were being carried nationwide by the media, and the hunt for Bigfoot was in full swing.

Three months later and 600 miles away, an eerie encounter was to occur in southern California which soon took an aberrant but classic place in the Bigfoot literature. This was the Charlie Wetzel sighting. The details of the story are familiar through the writings of Barker, the Bords, Green, Sanderson, and others, but during 1982 I was able to personally interview Wetzel and his family, coming up with some interesting new information.

Charles Wetzel, born July 8, 1934, was driving his two-door green 1952 Buick Super near Riverside, California, when he saw "it." Saturday, November 8, 1958, is a night Charlie told me he would not soon forget. He even remembers which radio station—KFI in Los Angeles—he had tuned in. Wetzel neared that part of North Main Street where the Santa Ana River infrequently overflows its banks, and sure enough, at a spot where the road dips, water was rushing across the pavement. So Charles slowed down.

Within moments he was struck by two sensory events which caught him off guard. First, his car radio started to transmit lots of static. He changed stations, he told me, but to no avail. Next, he saw what he thought was a temporary danger sign near the flooded site. Before he could think twice about any of this, Charles Wetzel saw a six-foot-tall creature bound across his field of vision and stop in front of his Buick. It had a "round, scarecrowish head like something out of Halloween," Wetzel told reporters at the time. He described it then and now as having no ears; no nose; a beak-like, protuberant mouth; and fluorescent, shining eyes. The skin was "scaly, like leaves, but definitely not feathers," Wetzel recalled during our 1982 talk.

The creature was waving "sort of funny" with its incredibly long arms, and seemed to be walking from the hips, almost as if it had no knees. Wetzel remembers another detail not noted at the time: the legs stuck out from the sides of the torso, not from the bottom. The gurgling sounds it made were mixed with high-pitched screams. When it saw Wetzel it reached across the hood and began clawing at the windshield. Terrified, Wetzel grabbed the .22 High Standard pistol he kept in the car because he was often on the road at night. Clutching the gun but not wanting to break the one barrier he saw be-



tween himself and the beast, the frightened Californian stomped on the gas. "Screeching like to raise the dead," as Wetzel put it, the creature tumbled forward off the hood and was run over by the car. Wetzel could hear it scrape the pan under the engine, and later police lab tests revealed that something had indeed scrubbed the grease from the Buick's underside.

The police used bloodhounds to search the area, but the dogs found nothing and the officers were left with only the sweeping claw marks on Wetzel's windshield to ponder. Then, the very next night, a black something jumped out of the underbrush near the same site and frightened another motorist.

In recent years, strange three-toed "Bigfeet" have been reported from surrounding areas of southern California, notably the Buena Park smelly eight-footer seen emerging from a drainage ditch in May, 1982. But the Wetzel sighting near Riverside has won classic status

among Southern California cases, having been widely discussed and debated by Bigfooters since 1958. Not until 1982 when researcher Ray Boeche passed along an aging newsclip did I learn that *another* Charles Wetzel had seen something strange. For years I had encouraged Boeche, as I had many others, to search their local newspaper libraries beyond the realm of lake-monster and Bigfoot accounts, into the wide weird world of creatures that fill the zoo surrounding us all. I was thus happily amazed to discover that *this* Charles Wetzel was involved with one of my favorites—mystery kangaroos! The names were the same and the year was the same, 1958; but the scene shifted from California to Nebraska.

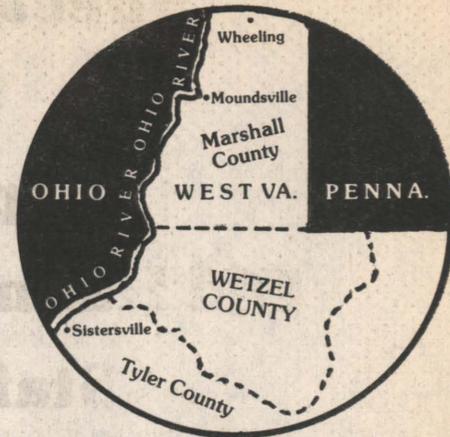
I got on the telephone to interview the new Charles Wetzel. The elements of his story were straightforward, as befits a true son of the plains. Charles Wetzel (II), born March 29, 1888, was at his Platte River cabin, near Grand Rapids, Nebraska, on the 28th of July, 1958, a Monday. Wetzel reported the thing he first took to be a deer was chasing some dogs, which in itself seemed a bit strange. Then he got within ten yards of it and saw what looked like a kangaroo bound away with ten-foot leaps. To Wetzel, the animal, or whatever it was, appeared to be about six feet tall, brown, with large hind legs and small forelegs that barely touched the ground as it jumped. According to Wetzel, the kangaroo stayed around the cabin for several minutes but finally departed as Wetzel was trying to get closer, first on foot, then in his car. The kangaroo disappeared into an alfalfa field.

Wetzel's report was no isolated event in Nebraska in 1958. Other sightings of kangaroos were reported from towns as distant as 100 miles from each other—Endicott, Stanton and Fairbury among them. Charles Wetzel was operating a brewery in Grand Rapids at the time of his sighting; he named one of his brands "Wetzel Kangaroo Beer."

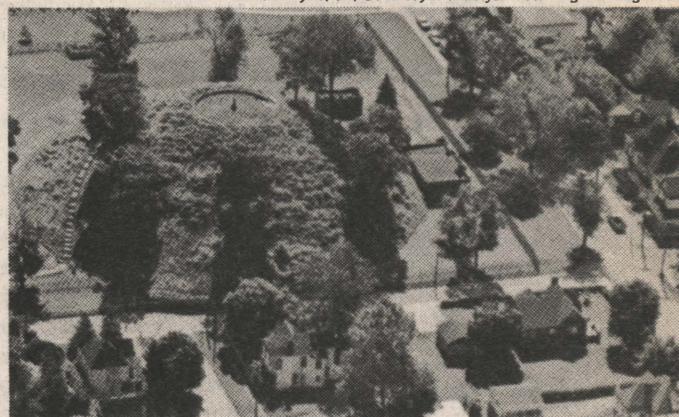
In talking with California Charles Wetzel and Nebraska Charles Wetzel, I discovered that both had sons named Charles, but neither family knew of the other. What are we to make of this bit of synchronization of Wetzels, both named Charles, both having encountered creatures way beyond the norm, in the year 1958? After much head-scratching, I thought it might be useful to find some kind of underlying pattern via the name "Wetzel." Now, monsters do not seem to be seen by people with the most common names, but why would a couple of Charlie Wetzels be picked? "Wetzel" is a German name, a corrupted form of "little Varin," from "Warin," meaning "protector." Should we therefore assume some elemental insight from a name that literally means "little protector or guardian"?

Next, I went on a search to determine whether the name "Wetzel" is used geographically. On a map of the United States I discovered but one use of "Wetzel"—it was the name of a very rural county in northern West Virginia. I was not too surprised to find that the folklore of Wetzel County is a repository of historic ghost stories. No surprise, either, to find some curious Fortean items in surrounding areas. Nearby Sistersville, West Virginia, is well known as one of the few eastern American cities to have been visited by the phantom airships of the 1890s. Moundsville, just north of Wetzel, is the site of a significant earthen mound built by ancient unknown people.

In the northern counties of West Virginia is some of archeology's best evidence of very ancient civilization on our continent. The Grave Creek Mound (below) in the town to which it gave the name Moundsville is a famous example.



Arnout Hyde, Jr., Courtesy Wonderful West Virginia Magazine



Other mounds are still being discovered in the area; one was recently exposed when a hill was cut away to provide a building site for a glass factory. Bordering counties in Pennsylvania—Greene and Fayette—are the site of many strange accounts of hominoid and UFO visitations in the last few years. All in all, Wetzel County probably feels very at home in the state of the Flatwoods Monster, and Mothman.

Speaking of Mothman, John Keel was one of the first among us to start looking at the whole issue of name-selectivity. Some form of choosing is occurring beyond the limits of our understanding, be it the Reeves noted by Keel, the Lafayettes discussed by Bill Grimstad, or the Wetzels mentioned here. The name-game sometimes centers on people (Ambroses, Suttons, Wetzels), and at other times on places (Decatur, Dovers, Leeds, Logans, Fayettevilles). The names pop up, again and again. Variations on the magnetic names—the foregoing and dozens of others—appear in some yet-undiscovered way to attract frequent bouts with poltergeists, creatures, UFOs and related phenomena. The laws of probability seem to malfunction in the midst of Fortean, for the Smiths, Johnsons and Joneses are not the most frequent witnesses of the more bizarre encounters in the U.S.A.

Two Charles Wetzels saw two quite wonderfully weird creatures in the same year, 1958. I would expect that somewhere in this country there is a "little guardian" who soon will have another meeting with a monster, and perhaps because of that encounter, the elementals will have been held back yet another day. Something is collecting Charlie Wetzels!



Speculations on Natural Explosions at Old Hannah's Cave, Staffordshire, England

by Colin Pounder

OLD HANNAH'S CAVE is located in the structurally complex limestones of the southwestern Derbyshire-Staffordshire border. Its name derives from the Old English "hen hoh," or high hill (Fraser, 1947). Samuel Carrington, local paleontologist and archeologist (Bateman, 1861), collected and published eyewitness accounts of natural explosions occurring in the immediate vicinity of the cave (Carrington, 1870). During an account, to the North Stafford Field Club, of his archeological excavations in the cave, Sir Thomas Wardle, F.G.S., F.C.S., J.P., industrialist and author of geological papers (*Who was Who*, 1966) reiterated Carrington's paper. He added his own observations while in the company of George Borrow of H.M. Geological Survey, of the explosion phenomenon (Wardle, 1899).

Explosions no longer occur, though the area is apparently unchanged since Carrington and Wardle's day. This paper arises from my curiosity aroused by the explosion accounts. It is based on six field trips made to the area in the period 1979-81, coupled to knowledge and experience of static electrification and mining.

Characteristics of the Explosions

Carrington (1870) collected eyewitness accounts by local people. A 92-year-old lady, who had been sitting with friends on the hill above the cliff and cave, recounted her terror on hearing a crash which, she said, "sounded as if the rocks had been rent asunder and violently knocked together again." The ladies concluded that the event was supernatural.

On January 1, 1855, George Fallows and Joseph Wint were taking cows up the track near the cave. It was a very windy day, and they heard a loud report sounding like large blocks of stone tumbling down a deep mineshaft. The roaring noise was repeated at short intervals, loud enough to be heard a mile away, "but for the high wind which then prevailed. A blue flame edged with reddish yellow issued from a cleft in the rock." The cows ran up

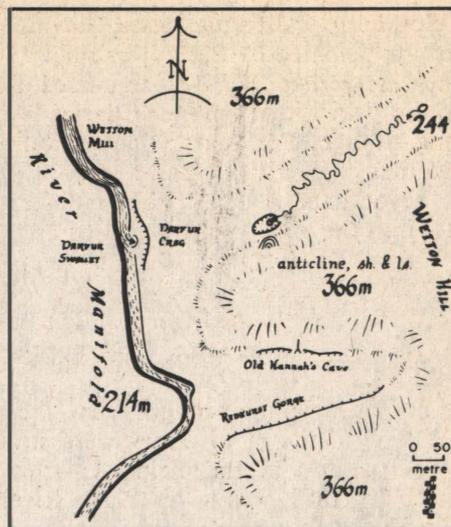


Fig. 1 Field sketch of the Old Hannah's Cave area

COLIN POUNDER, JAMES HEDGES

Photographs by
the author

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Fig. 2 Entrance of Old Hannah's Cave



the steep Wetton road and paused for breath, but a repeat of the explosions set them off again. Fallows climbed up on the wall to look at the site of the explosions, but Wint, in terror, made him get away. Consequently they arrived in Wetton, where people commented on their frightened appearance. They tried to persuade men to go back. Some laughed and used the "tempestuous wind" as an excuse to stay put. However, Thomas Redfern, one of those who did go, said that the noises he heard were like blasts of gunpowder and, "that a narrow stream of pale fire issued from the face of the rock." In a letter to Carrington, dated May 7, 1868, Wint added that when he stood opposite the Old Hannah's cave and cliff, the reports were like the "fall of a building, or the shooting up of stones from a cart but much louder, and at the same time a noise like the crackling

of a forest on fire; and while I was in sight there came from the cleft a kind of blue blaze like the burning of sulphur, which appeared to be about 12 inches broad as it issued from the face of the rock.”

In 1867, a man repairing the track opposite the explosion site heard a series of reports like sharp claps of thunder. In April 1868, Laurence Fallows was repairing the wall in the Redhurst Gorge in a gentle breeze when he heard hissing sounds repeated at intervals, “like a miner’s fuse.” Carrington states that others were familiar with the phenomenon but that he had recounted enough accounts to put it on record.

Wardle and Borrows’ (1899) account was of Saturday, December 10, 1899 when they heard a sound like several rifles “being discharged simultaneously.” Realizing that no one was shooting, they looked up the cliff and witnessed an explosion which emitted a flash from a hole or fissure in the upper part of the cliff. This had a bluish column “not of steam or fire or smoke, but apparently of aqueous vapor” (approximately 12m wide), which traveled with immense force across the valley. Within minutes came another discharge from higher up the cliff and then “several ones with crackling sounds producing semitransparent wavy streaks in the air, not smoky in appearance.” Next came a very loud explosion which “we had the good fortune to see plainly.” Wardle describes this as “like a gun but with crackling, a series of continuous reports, [the streaks] cleaving the air in a zigzag or riverlike course in a narrow band about 15cm to 20cm broad, of bluish color.” They waited an hour before attempting to reach the holes or fissures but could not climb the vertical part of the cliff particularly due to the “perfect hurricane blowing from the southwest against the cave and cliff.” The force of the wind was such at times that the two men lay down to avoid being blown over the edge.

Old Hannah’s Cave in the dry valley of Redhurst Gorge is about 70m above the River Manifold. Only in prolonged very wet weather does the river take its north-to-south surface course, initially over impervious Manifold-limestone-with-shales. For most of the year, it sinks into swallets in the reef limestones which begin at Wetton Mill (Ford, 1977). Of particular relevance to this paper are swallets, into the eastern bank, under Darfur Crags, which take water under Redhurst Gorge. (In passing, it may be noted that natural explosions are also mentioned as happening in Darfur Crag Cave above the swallets [Ford, 1967].)

The inaccessibility of the subterranean system must be emphasized. The deepest penetration has been 300m into the part vadose, part phreatic, Redhurst Swallet, ending at impassable cracks and unstable rocks (Ford, 1977). The hydraulic gradient (north-to-south) takes the River Manifold on its underground course 8km to resurge in the “boil holes” at Ilam. This was demonstrated in Dr. Samuel Johnson’s time by throwing corks into the water, but more reliably by dye tests in 1928 (Spencer and Porter, 1972). The cave roofs at the “boil holes” resurgence are, in dry conditions, about 40cm above the water in the rejoined, impervious, surface course at this place. The main resurgence was penetrated by Mike Nelson for about 120m. In previous dives, he found the system phreatic, with large submerged banks of sandy sediments (Cave Diving Group, 1977).

The steep-sided Redhurst Gorge has reef limestone out-

croppings which are fissured, often into large blocks. (Identical material forms the large cliffs in Lathkill Dale, about 25km away, and a winter with hard frosts sees many such blocks broken away. These, over many years of frost action, break down into large scree slopes.) Old Hannah’s Cliff projects outwards beneath the hill summit in a series of sloping steps, each about 15m high. Alongside these projections, forming the covering of other, lower “steps,” is very loose soil and scree. Hence Wardle and Borrows’ fear of being blown into the gorge in high winds.

Old Hannah’s Cave (Fig. 2) is a fissure, probably a swallet of an earlier river system, about 1.5m wide, 5m high at the entrance, bulging to 2m wide just inside, but then narrowing to a vertical crack about 0.3m wide. The crack is packed from floor to roof with a reddish-brown soil. Wardle found human remains 3.5m below the floor in a section beyond the crack, in what he described as a rounded room in which four people could easily stand side by side. This “room” section is now filled with soil, thereby reducing the cave length from about 13m, in Wardle’s time (1899), to its present 6m.

Outside the cave, a slope of the same colored soil mixed with scree falls, at an angle of about 30°, some 15m to the valley floor. Access to the rock outcrops, Wardle’s “cliff,” with the cave in its base may be gained by climbing loose soil and scree slopes. Fig. 3 illustrates the fissured rock and a soil-scree slope alongside it. The cave roof is about 2m under this point and runs from left to right. The holes from which the explosions occurred are difficult to reach, for a non-climber, but I managed this in 1979 and 1980. They are about 0.6m high (Figs. 4 and 5), one the home of an ill-tempered jackdaw. Some of the holes are connected by obvious external fissures, but others examined appeared to be interconnected by internal fissures. The edges of many fissures are sharp, like frost fractures. However, the holes for the most part have the appearance of phreatic tubes dissolved in the limestone—which is the common mode of origin of Derbyshire cave systems. All the holes to which I was able to gain access had internal fissures, but how these formed I do not know.

To the north of the Redhurst Gorge is a second valley running almost parallel (see Fig. 1). A stream originating in springs about 800m up the valley runs in a very meandering course. This stream is obviously affected by rainfall and often floods into many interconnecting sections which in drier weather are overgrown with grass. Recent fieldwork by the author has revealed that the stream sinks into vertical swallets partly choked with stone blocks, soil and grass. Immediately adjacent to the swallets is a pronounced anticline, revealed where soil has been eroded away. It measures a few centimeters at its ridge and widens to about 3m before it is lost to view. The rocks of the anticline are crinoidal limestone interleaved with pyrite-bearing shale beds. The layers vary from about 1cm thick near the base to a few millimeters at the ridge. Both the swallets and the anticline are in the same hill as, in direct line with, Old Hannah’s Cave and its cliff.

Soil Samples

Samples of the reddish-colored soil were taken from the area above the cave as well as from the cave floor and from the floors of holes joined by fissures. These separate samples were put into glass beakers of water in order to sep-

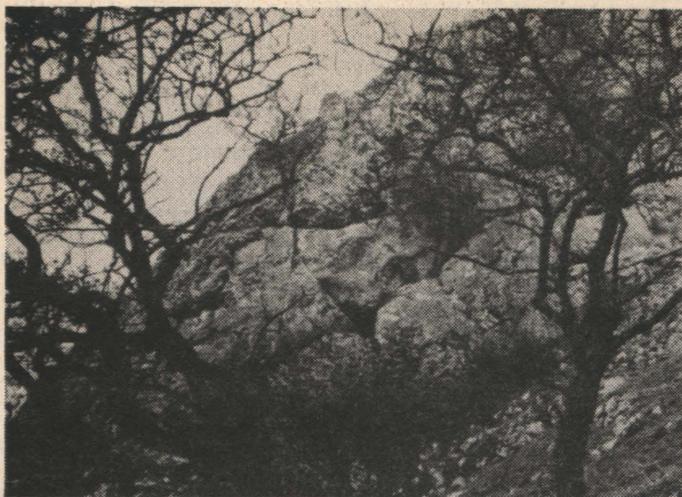


Fig. 3 Fissured cliff above Old Hannah's Cave

arate out organic material, which included roots and one tiny bone, which floated, from the heavier soil constituents. Samples of the heavier material were microscopically examined in both transmitted and reflected light. The assumed soil proved in fact to be sand. The grains were sharp sided, i.e., not eroded, quartz typical of the Pleistocene drift found in many Derbyshire and Staffordshire caves. A few grains of mineral, possibly sphalerite, were also present. All samples were identical in structure and material. On his fatal dive into the main Ilam resurgence, Mike Nelson dug through a massive bank of this material which had been washed down through the subterranean Manifold River system (Cave Diving Group, 1977). The total sand deposits amount to many tons and were deposited by glaciers of the last Ice Age, the melt waters of which were responsible for the local cave systems (Ford, 1977).

Natural Explosion Hypothesis

The River Manifold takes water and organic debris under the Redhurst Gorge, as also does the spring-fed stream behind Old Hannah's Cave. I speculate that the decay of the grass and algal growth of the stream evolves methane. The degenerations of pyrites in the shales may also add hydrogen sulphide. At the times mentioned in the explosion accounts, viz., December, January, April and, one in early May, organic material would have been taken underground by the melting snow and rain. The air would be low in humidity due to frosts. In May, 1980, I observed bubbles rising through the 20cm of water above sand on the boulders partly choking the smaller Ilam resurgence cave. I had no means of testing these with me. In August, there were no bubbles, which tended to rule out nearby air being entrained by the flowing water. In April, 1981, I captured the gas by the displacement of water from 2cm-diameter test tubes. A match applied to these produced a loud "pop" with a purplish flame. The onset of freak snow conditions made a return impossible, but in late May, I returned with the intention of taking samples only to find that the cave entrance has been dug out, probably by cave divers, and there was an air gap of some 50cm above the water surface. It would border on the incredulous to state that inflammable gas caught 8km away from Old Hannah's Cave could be the cause of the explosions but it does offer some confirmation of the evolution of gas in the subterranean water course.



Fig. 4 Solutional opening with prominent fissure in cliff above Old Hannah's Cave

Fig. 5 Another solutional opening in cliff



However, the speculation that inflammable gas is present under Redhurst Gorge due to the decay of organic material plus the evolution from pyrite-bearing shales seems reasonable. Such accumulated gas would percolate upwards through the fissured rock and, in Wardle's time, escape to the air. Methane has been studied with respect to mine explosions (Evans and Brown, 1973, Sorbie, 1978). Mason (1954) stated that the methane/air mixture is explosive between 5 and 15 percent, being most explosive at 9.5 percent. Recent work by Mills (1980) has demonstrably ruled out any spontaneous will-o'-the-wisp type of burning or explosion.

If the conditions prevailing at the times of the witnessed explosions are considered, (1) there was always a high wind blowing, and (2) the appearance and sounds are typical of a gas explosion issuing from a tunnel mouth. The structure of the fissures and holes forms a natural counterpart to the apparatus used in the investigation of the generation of static electricity by blowing dusts and sand grains (Blacktin, 1928, Shaw, 1928). More recently, Kamra (1971) and Mills (1977) have investigated the large fields and electrical discharges in blowing dust clouds, particularly in sandstorms. In Mills' work, a simple experiment in which sand is whirled in a partly evacuated glass flask produced bright coronas

and magnificent sparks. In my own investigation (unpublished), the earlier statements by Shaw were found to be confirmed in that unlike materials, for example sand grains blown through a tube lined with pumice, will generate very high charges. Also that identical materials will generate very high electrical fields and sparks. Laboratory tests using a few grams of material have generated high fields breaking down in sparks. How better Nature who, employing gale force winds, blows sand grains through the limestone fissures in the Old Hannah's Cave cliff!

The high winds are indicative of an atmospheric low-pressure region. Such a condition results in an increased production of methane in local mines (Met. Office, 1981); hence an increased likelihood of gas rising from the underground river system into the fissured cliff. The winds would not only generate electric sparks by triboelectrification of sand grains on limestone but would also serve to dilute the gas to its explosive concentration, resulting in the dramatic explosions which terrified local people and animals and caused one woman even into her nineties to believe that a supernatural agency was at work. These events urged Carrington (1870) to overcome his innermost feelings, that perhaps he dare not mention the phenomenon since it was unheard of anywhere else and left to posterity his exciting paper which concludes: "The probable causes of this phenomenon I leave for future solution, contenting myself with now simply recording the facts as they occurred."

Why Not Today?

Why can we not witness explosions from Old Hannah's Cave cliff today? There has been a massive earth slip, which has certainly infilled the back of the cave and sealed off the ingress of gas from the subterranean river below. Until the system is explored, if ever, its actual structures remain a mystery. I predict that methane and possibly hydrogen sulphide will be found, and if it should ever become possible, if permitted, to dig out the sandy soil blocking the gas ingress fissures, the phenomenon would happen again.

Thanks to . . .

SITU member David Whitcomb, who read this article in *The NSS Bulletin* and recommended it for reprinting in *Pursuit*.

James Hedges, editor of *The NSS Bulletin*, for his courtesy in arranging for the reprint rights and for reminding us that SITU's founder, Ivan Sanderson, "was a prominent member of the National Speleological Society during the 1950s."

Colin Pounder, Ph.D., M.Inst.P., F.R.Met.S., Member Electrostatics Society of America. Immediately upon learning of our intention to reprint his article, Dr. Pounder wrote from his home in Derbyshire, noting that this was "thrilling news indeed." He added the following provocative update which developed during his return visit to the subject area in July:

The local people have no knowledge of the phenomenon, but one old farmhand told me of watching "steam" rise

AUTHOR'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My thanks to Miss E. M. White, Leek librarian, for loaning me the copy of Sir Thomas Wardle's paper and to Derby, Local section, for access to Carrington's paper. To the memory of Michael Nelson, who died in advancing our knowledge of the resurgence of the River Manifold from the Ilam "boil holes."

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from ancient lead-mine shafts. There are many tales of the old mines, of course, since this was a lead-mining area from at least Roman times. I did locate the grave of the Laurence Fallows mentioned in the paper; he died in 1907 and was buried in Wetton churchyard.

Not far from Old Hannah's Cave is a very strange-looking cave in a large limestone block. The elderly lady who lived nearby told me that an American professor from Illinois (whose name she could not remember) had spent several weeks in the area; he told her he had linked the place with the ancient story of Sir Gawaine and the Grene Knight. I reread the story in its original English (my local dialect, in fact), and it certainly seems to fit in many respects. I wondered if perhaps the explosions were taking place at the time some monk wrote down the legend. There is indeed mention of a strange whizzing or whirring noise recounted in the story at that location—which leaves me wondering.



New Evidence for Psychic Phenomena

by Michael H. Brown

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GERRY EUGENE, a psychologist at a home for the aged, rests on a comfortable recliner in a dimly lit room in Princeton, New Jersey, electrodes taped to her skin to monitor her muscle activities. She is trying to guess—or influence—which of several targets will be next to be hit by a random electric charge. A computer checks her results and their deviation from the dictates of probability.

The experiment centers on a complex instrument called a Random Event Generator (REG), at the heart of which is an electronic diode that produces a randomly varying voltage. Nearby, tiny high-speed counters whir, rotating as many as a million times a second and stopping momentarily, as a roulette wheel does, to mark the position of a hit.

According to the laws of quantum mechanics, it is theoretically impossible for anyone to know how the voltage will vary, and consequently at what specific target the counter will next halt. Yet dozens of people have been repeatedly able to do just that.

Charles Honorton, director of the Psychophysical Research Laboratories located in Princeton, believes that REG tests from laboratories around the world indicate results so extraordinary—defying the laws of chance—that they will rekindle the debate over psychic phenomena. He and other scientists think they may have developed a foolproof new test of Extra Sensory Perception (ESP).

Because he believes the experiments should be made exciting, Honorton hooks an REG to electronic devices similar to computer-television games. In one, a "space" game nicknamed PSITREK, for example, the goal is to predict, by pushing one of four buttons, the location of an invisible enemy spaceship. The screen is divided into four quadrants. As flying saucers whip past the moon, the subject guesses which part of the

screen the enemy has invaded. If the guess is correct—if that's the quadrant at the instant the button is pushed—the enemy is annihilated in an explosion of orange and blue. "Direct hit!" a sign declares.

The probabilities for a hit are equal: 25 percent for each position. And the probabilities for a correct guess are the same: 25 percent on each try. Yet subjects like Gerry Eugene have consistently scored higher. At times, Eugene has outfoxed the REG against odds of a thousand to one. (A statistical test result is considered "significant" if there is only one chance in a hundred that it could have been due to coincidence.)

The Honorton researchers have devised other types of REG tests. The subject may be asked to concentrate on replacing a white dot with a color display, on a screen, or to concentrate on noises coming through a set of headphones—beeps, bass rumbling, static buzzing—and "think" the sounds toward the lower end of the audio spectrum. In such tests, the machines have recorded inexplicable diversions from probability.

The origins of the exciting new experimentation go back to the mid-1960s and Helmut Schmidt, a German who was a senior plasma physicist at the Boeing Company in Seattle. Schmidt was fascinated by reports of Prof. Joseph B. Rhine's work on ESP. But he considered the Rhine methods to be unsophisticated and set about searching for an experiment that would be "indisputably random." Such a test had to involve machines.

There is no process more random than radioactivity—the decay of atomic nuclei. While scientists can roughly guess *how many* atoms will decay over a certain period of time, emitting high-speed electrons, they cannot possibly predict just *when*—the exact millisecond—an electron will be emitted. In 1967, Schmidt

constructed his first Random Event Generator, containing a small amount of strontium 90, on this premise.

He engineered the machine so that, when every few seconds the strontium 90 emitted an electron, one of four corresponding lights on a display board lit up. The goal was to predict, by pushing the appropriate button, which light would go on next.

The physicist picked three subjects with psychic backgrounds. The typical session lasted two hours and included an average of 1500 trials. Over a period of weeks the subjects sat through a total of 63,000 trials, and the results were astonishing. They had scored 4.4-percent higher than would be predicted by accepted laws of chance. While to the layman that may seem no great margin of success, it jolted the statisticians. The subjects had beaten odds of *500 million to one*. Somehow they had guessed the timing of—or *deflected*—the subatomic emissions. (When the machine ran a few hours a day on 100 different days, with no humans present, each target was hit 25 percent of the time, in accordance with the laws of probability.)

To find out whether his subjects were using ESP to *guess* the machine's patterns, or were somehow subconsciously skewing the radiation through psychokinesis, or PK (a term meaning the ability of the mind to affect physical motion), Schmidt restructured his experiments. An REG was set up (as in Honorton's later experiments) to act as an electronic coin flipper, choosing randomly between two targets: HEADS and TAILS. Attached to the REG was a panel of nine lights arranged in a circle. Each time the machine picked HEADS the light jumped clockwise; each time TAILS, counterclockwise. Running by itself, the machine would cause the light to do a "random walk" among the bulbs, moving in each direction an equal number of steps. But when a human subject was present, trying to *will* HEADS or TAILS, the lights moved unequally. Somehow, human beings seemed to influence the subatomic events.

The continuing work of Schmidt (at the Mind Science Foundation near San Antonio) and Honorton presents what appears to be a major breakthrough in evidence, by far ex-

B.C. Bigfoot Report

by George W. Earley

Longtime *SITU* member and frequent *Pursuit* book reviewer George W. Earley spent his 1982 summer vacation backpacking in Bigfoot territory: the Canadian provinces of Alberta and British Columbia.

ceeding results previously reported in PK research. The REG machines may help re-establish serious dialogue between researchers and skeptics. REG tests are being conducted in many respected universities and research centers: SRI International (formerly Stanford Research Institute), Yale, the University of California at Irvine, Syracuse, St. John's and Princeton. They were also started at think tanks in England, Switzerland, Holland, New Zealand and Australia. Many have begun to report positive results.

Success rates seem highest among cheerful, spontaneous, believing subjects. People who are depressed, neurotic, or doubtful that they can exert PK fail to do so. Subjects in a non-analytical state of mind (listening to music, for example) have fared better than those involved in analytical acts (such as solving mathematical problems) at the time of testing. Subjects with histories of ESP experiences seem to do well at the REG tests. So do people who meditate.

Subjects who try too hard are often prone to failure. Honorton once asked his people to tense their arm muscles and point their arms at the REG, trying to zap the machine. They did poorly. Subjects were much more successful when they went about the task casually. Others have noted that the longer an experiment proceeds, the less positive are the results.

The study of PK remains shrouded in uncertainties. Researchers have still not devised a system whereby the presumed psychic energy can be produced at will 100 percent of the time. It can't, therefore, be used for practical purposes. And it can't be stored. In fact, even believing scientists don't know what type of a force it could be.

Oregon psychologist Ray Hyman, who has publicly debated Schmidt, says that REGs have not yet been fully scrutinized nor the experiments consistently replicated. Hyman argues that the results are perhaps misinterpreted. REGs are much more challenging than anything else he's seen, says Hyman, but he still believes that Schmidt "hasn't made his case yet."

Martin Gardner, an author and a member of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, says: "In most cases

DESPITE the growing popular acceptance of Bigfoot (e.g., the existence in a privately run natural-history museum in Banff of a Bigfoot display which includes a life-size dummy), many Canadian officials are reluctant to talk about their mysterious monster.

In Jasper, Alberta, adjacent to a large national wilderness area, I visited the local Chamber of Commerce to see if any of the "Jasper Dollars"—commemorative medals struck annually as fund-raising souvenirs for tourists—carried a representation of a Sasquatch. My query drew a frosty reply from Chamber officials: "There are *no* Sasquatch in Alberta. They are a British Columbia affair!" Park officials reacted similarly.

I had slightly better luck with my queries in eastern British Columbia. A dozen years ago, my questions had been brushed off with a stiff "we don't talk about Sasquatch" reply. This time I found two men willing to comment.

One was a young naturalist in Yoho Park. While noting that this was only his second summer traveling in the back country, he was open to

I think the randomizing techniques are sound. But there are scores of ways a test can be subtly biased." An accurate evaluation of the work by Schmidt or Honorton would be costly, requiring months of painstaking scrutiny by skeptical statisticians.

The history of psychokinesis is rife with miracles that later came into serious question. But today's experimenters argue that their new methods are virtually invincible, immune to trickery or even to subconscious bias and error. So confident are some ESP and PK researchers that their case finally has been proved that they have now moved on to more exotic concerns. One example is

the possibility that Bigfoot exists—not because of personal experience but from reading the literature *and* from the experience a friend had recounted. His friend, he said, had served several years ago as a fire warden at an isolated mountain location in Oregon. One night, said the naturalist, my friend the fire warden heard footsteps and heavy breathing, as though someone was laboring up the steep trail to his tower. Glad to break his isolation with a visitor, the young man bounded down the stairs, calling out "Hi! Welcome! I'm Jim!" There was no answer. Then, as he reached the bottom and stepped away from the tower, he became aware of a huge "presence" looming up in the darkness a few feet away. Abruptly it turned and ran swiftly away. The ground was hard and no footprints were found the next day. But the fire warden was sure he had encountered a Bigfoot that night.

In the second instance, I spoke to a Park warden who had not seen a Bigfoot himself but knew other wardens who gave credence to reports of such creatures. These were not sightings, he explained, but reports of tracks and "strange cries" heard in the wilderness. "These are men of high veracity," he told me in his French-accented English. "If they say to me they have seen such things and heard such cries, then I can do no less than believe them."

All of which is not proof, of course, but it is encouraging evidence of a change in attitude toward the mysterious monster among those who man the outposts of its Northwest domain.



the potential use of "energy influences" to jam computers or disable the electronics of missiles and satellites. In line with this area of research, it has been reported that the Central Intelligence Agency has funded several parapsychological studies, including a joint ESP venture with the National Security Agency. Intelligence sources estimate that as long ago as 1972, the Soviet Union was spending at least \$21 million a year in this field.

Honorton, Schmidt and others are proceeding with more sophisticated tests. If they are right about the new evidence for ESP and PK, the consequences—philosophically and practically—are momentous.



TRURO, the venerable Cape Cod town where I have owned a house since 1953 and where my wife and I have recently been spending about half of every year, is an unusual community. Of its nearly 12,000 acres, more than 80 percent lie within the bounds of the Cape Cod National Seashore, a park that has existed, to the good fortune of those of us whose homes are inside it, since 1961. Truro's land area translates into 19 square miles, an expanse that my neighbors there and I have lately been thinking of, ludicrous as the perception may seem, as about one-third the conventional stalking area of a mountain lion.

The superimposition of a national park on the Cape Cod landscape, and the ensuing happy limitation on both commercial and residential building therein, have probably made it convenient for wildlife to flourish in our midst. We have, or in the last few decades have had, a lot of feral creatures in Truro: deer, raccoon, fox (both the red and the gray), mink, ermine, otter, striped (but not Eastern spotted) skunk, long-tailed (but not least) weasel, muskrat, chipmunk, badger, squirrel, mouse, and, if the truth must be known, rat. We have had, along with the smaller birds, hawks and osprey. During the softball games that are hotly contested most summer Sundays on our Snow's Field, play has occasionally been halted so the participants could pay suitable attention to a bald eagle hovering overhead. We had so many rabbits hanging around last summer that my big black dog Rainbow didn't even bother to chase them all off our lawn. Rainbow's a Belgian shepherd, more or less. She rarely leaves our turf, because she seems to conceive it, flatteringly, to be her mission in life to protect us against predators. I believe Rainbow believes I am a sheep. My wife believes Rainbow is her sister.

That a *Felis concolor*—mountain lion, cougar, puma, catamount, call it what you will—can have joined our meandering menagerie is by all logic and experience absurd; and that possibility, when my wife and I closed

Stalking the Cape Cod Cougar

by E. J. Kahn, Jr.

our South Pamet Road house late last fall, never crossed our minds. Since then, however, there has been so much to-do about a strange big catlike animal in our territory—our local semiweekly paper, the *Cape Codder*, calls it the "Pamet Puma"—that I made an unseasonal pre-spring safari back to our warm-weather lair to see what the fuss was all about. Also, this gave me a chance to visit my five-year-old grandson, Ian, who lives in Wellfleet, the town abutting ours. When Ian heard I was coming, he said he would be glad to help me search for the mountain lion, provided he could carry a weapon. They don't teach kids everything nowadays; he was unaware that *Felis concolor* is considered an endangered species and that there is a \$10,000 penalty for killing one.

The story—though, like the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, it took some time to be widely circulated—begins last September. Mark Peters, a young Truro man who not long before had quit his job as a town policeman to work more remuneratively for a liquor store, but who still held the municipal portfolio of dog officer, was summoned to investigate an eerie spectacle: a dozen or so mauled house cats heaped at North Truro, in a stand of scrub oak, on the ocean side of our narrow peninsula, which there measures a scant two miles from Cape Cod Bay east to the Atlantic. Peters, who lives with four cats, two dogs, and a guinea pig, faithfully reported the gruesome corpses to his bosses, the town's three elected selectmen, one of whom he recalls saying at the time, with what proved to be unforeseen irony, "Who cares about cats?" Another of the eminent triumvirate remembers then saying, to himself, "I figure it was done by a dog or a fox or a raccoon or some satanic cult." That was in September. In November, Joe Taves told Peters at a party that a horse of his had behaved most peculiarly in North Truro one day, suddenly shying

away from some threat Taves did not observe and could not explain. December was the month of the pig. There were two recorded porcine incidents. A pig at the North Truro place of David Costa, a policeman still on active duty, was so badly maimed by something-or-other or somebody—huge chunks of flesh torn from its back—that it had to be destroyed. Next, a couple of pigs at Peter Shenk's South Truro sty, Shenk discovered when he went out to feed them one morning, had odd scratch marks on their backs and rumps.

By this time, the board of selectmen had designated their junior member, Edward Oswald, a retired Air Force sergeant studying for a master's degree in real-estate assessment, to assess the bewildering situation. Both Oswald and Peters went around to Shenk's. They saw some outsized paw prints in the snow in a garden near the pigpen that didn't strike them as canine. (Mountain lions, unlike dogs, usually retract their claws when they walk, or run.) The National Seashore's park rangers also got interested. They thought the prints had been made by dogs. (Cougar footprints are generally three to three and a half inches wide; those of a big dog—a Saint Bernard or a Great Dane may be somewhat wider.) Moreover, while one of them was on the scene, he watched a boar clumsily try to mount a sow. Afterward, the squealing female had scratches on her back not unlike those previously inflicted by perpetrators unknown.

By now, too, the *Cape Codder* had gotten wind of the inexplicable developments. And when it wrote about them, two more North Truro residents came up with a surprising recollection. Back in October, reported William and Marsha Medeiros, not far from the spot where the dead cats had been discovered, they'd been taking a stroll along a National Seashore bicycle path one afternoon. They had encountered, in clear view, in broad daylight, a feline creature as tall as their knees, with short ears and a long tail, weighing, they estimated, 60 to 80 pounds. They thought the interloper was a mountain lion. If so, it must have been a fairly kittenish one. An adult male can be six feet long, not counting a three-foot tail, and can weigh up to 200 pounds.

It was hard to dispute what the Medeiroses said they'd seen. And

E. J. Kahn, Jr., is a staff writer for *The New Yorker*. This article appeared in the July 1982 issue of *Boston Magazine* and was brought to the attention of *Pursuit's* editors by members Loren Coleman and Paul Thompson. It is reprinted by courtesy of Mr. Kahn and the publishers of *Boston Magazine*.

what was anybody to make of the experience, on February 7, of Truro Police Officer Rodney Allen? At approximately 11:30 p.m., while on a routine cruiser patrol along Pamet Point Road, which runs from our main highway—Route 6—west to the bay, near the line that separates Truro from Wellfleet, he had had to jam on his brakes and swerve to avoid hitting a large tan-colored animal that loomed up in his headlights. Allen had flicked on his roof spotlight and briefly pinned the critter in its beam before it skittered off into the bush. Allen was absolutely certain it was a mountain lion. Interestingly, it wasn't the first one he'd ever looked at in the wild. As a boy of six or seven in northern Maine, he'd had a glimpse of what his father had assured him was an authentic specimen of the species. Later, before joining the Truro police, Allen had worked for the Animal Rescue League in Boston, and had acquired further familiarity with unfamiliar beasts—though, to be sure, his most harrowing adventure had had nothing to do with big cats but had occurred when he was called upon to rescue a combative boa constrictor that had gotten itself entangled in the wires under the dashboard of an MG convertible.

■

A mountain lion? In *Truro*? Anywhere on Cape Cod? Anywhere in *New England*? The last time a *Felis concolor* (*concolor* means "one-colored"; adult cougars are usually fawn-colored, like some Great Danes) was trapped in northern Maine was 1938. The last time one was shot in Massachusetts, if a photograph taken at the time is to be trusted, was 1927. According to *Mammals of Eastern United States*, published in 1979, "Repeated press accounts of these large cats in northeastern United States occur, but most such stories lack authenticity." There are some mountain lions in the southeastern United States, but they stick pretty much to the swamps of Florida's Everglades. One of the country's foremost mountain-lion experts, the biologist Robert Downing, who works for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and is based in Clemson, South Carolina, has spent the last four years searching for solid mountain-lion evidence in the East. Downing, who since January, 1979, has been

singlehandedly putting out a scholarly publication entitled *Eastern Cougar Newsletter*, has yet to find any such evidence, but he is not discouraged; the cougar, as he prefers to call *Felis concolor*, is one of the most elusive animals on earth. President Theodore Roosevelt, who saw and shot a massive one in Colorado in 1901, was quoted as saying, with not atypical immodesty, "No animal, not even the wolf, is so rarely seen." According to *Furbearing Animals of North America*, published in 1981, "Mountain lions and bobcats [which have short tails] can live close to man for many years and never be seen." That tome adds, "The reports continue to come in. They always have. Now, however, there is substance to them. People have reported seeing the mountain lion all over the country for years. These reports generally came in during the spring, summer, and fall, but not during the winter when tracks in the snow could substantiate the claims. Now the tracks are there, too—proof positive that America's most elusive cat, one of its largest predators, is again being seen in areas from which it had been extirpated."

And it may have been seen in Massachusetts, whence it was supposedly extirpated a century ago. For nearly a year now, Virginia Fifield, an animal behaviorist from Wisconsin, has been exclusively devoting herself—working out of the Worcester Science Center—to scouring the commonwealth for mountain-lion traces. Fifield knows the species well; growing up in Milwaukee, she had a cougar as a house pet. She hasn't yet come upon one in Massachusetts—as of late spring, surprisingly, nobody had asked her to look around Cape Cod—but she has received a couple of promising reports, among them an alleged sighting, last June, in the Quabbin Reservoir area.

Nor has Robert Downing, plodding gamely through the Carolina hills, yet stumbled on any telltale tracks. He has a friend in California, he has told me, where cougars do roam, who has covered 40,000 miles on foot and has seen 700 of the animals; but all those save one have been cats that had been treed by dogs. A mountain lion can move swiftly, as well as stealthily, though with less speed than a cheetah. A lion's stamina is limited, though, and a pack of determined dogs can eventually force it into arboreal

retreat. Further, according to *Mammals of Eastern United States*, the lion is "capable of emitting unearthly wails"—most frequently during courtship. "Those who have heard this feline's weird drawn-out shriek," according to the book *The Animal Kingdom*, "declare it to be the wildest and most hair-raising sound that ever broke the stillness of the American wilderness." Downing would very much like to track whatever animal Cape Cod is agitated about, but the Fish and Wildlife Service has had its budget slashed and mutilated, and he would have to travel north at his own expense unless some patron picked up the tab. He hasn't gotten to Truro yet.

Mountain lions subsist mainly on deer (Cape Cod has deer in abundance; I have often seen them close to my house), and full-grown males consume eight to 12 pounds of meat a day, which comes to about 50 deer apiece a year. The giant cats, who routinely prowl 20 or 30 miles a night (about the same distance Police Officer Allen covers in his prowling car), do not chew their meat. They gulp it, like my voracious dog, Rainbow. Lacking available deer, they will eat smaller wild animals, and in a pinch, domestic ones, too. Although years ago (according to the 1968 book *Animals in Danger*) cougar hunters used to justify their outings with the slogan "Kill him before he kills you," the shy, reclusive, largely nocturnal cats rarely slay wantonly, as dogs or house cats will (even so, one aberrant mountain lion was credited with dispatching 192 sheep in a single bloody night); and they never track people unless cornered. Only about 20 human fatalities have been chalked up against them. It is suspected that in each such instance a near-starving creature probably mistook a child for a small animal. I decided not to share this particular item of intelligence with my grandson Ian; it can wait till he grows up.

■

Once the *Cape Codder* and then other papers had broken the outlandish news, more and more Truro folk came forward to disclose information they had theretofore kept secret. William Cooper, a former school principal who lives near the area where Officer Allen froze his animal in his spotlight, said he'd seen a big, long-tailed cat on a road in April,

1980, at about 4:40 a.m. He hadn't told anyone about it. He hadn't wanted to be taken for a nut. Joel Costa, another townsman, saw a huge cat on Route 6 early this year, a half-mile south of Joe Duarte's package store. An off-Caper from Winthrop, Massachusetts, wrote Selectman Oswalt that he'd seen one while he was hunting on South Pamet Road—my road—27 years ago. (I had a large wandering Labrador retriever then; I wonder.) My old friend Sidney Simon, the sculptor, revealed that he and his wife, Renee, had seen a large, light-colored, long-tailed cat while driving near their Truro home in August, 1979, at dusk, at a 20-foot range. Sidney swears he was cold sober; he was on his way to a cocktail party. He had even gotten out of his car and approached to within 12 feet of the stranger, which he resolutely described—and later sketched—as having the face of a kangaroo. On arriving at the cocktail party and relating what had happened, he was ridiculed; it was a time when people were talking about the Loch Ness Monster, Bigfoot, and UFOs. Commendably brave Sidney may have been at the instant of his encounter, but he has since been spending his summers in Maine. The writer Joan Colebrook, who comes from Australia, where kangaroos indisputably abound, is going to spend this summer *there*; walking in the woods near her fairly isolated South Truro home last summer, she was startled by an appalling, blood-curdling shriek. Unaware then of the conceivable presence of a puma, she assumed nothing more out of the way than a woman in dire trouble. Jeff Newman, a Trurorite who has seen considerable wildlife while working with American Indians in the West, maintains that he spotted an elk in Truro 15 years ago. Other eyewitnesses have categorized what they've espied in the last several years as mutants—perhaps a cross between a wildcat and a fox, or a wildcat and a dog. There is no mammalogical precedent for a normal mountain lion's engaging, by consent or by force, in any such fanciful dalliance.

Early in February, while I was still securely in New York, sidestepping uncrowded subway cars, the *Cape Codder*, which had just published a feature, under the heading "Cape Cod's Strangest Mammal," about, of

all things, an opossum, received a handwritten, unsigned letter, mailed from Truro, enclosing a Polaroid snapshot of what was unquestionably a mountain lion. The animal was shown at night, sniffing, with ears serenely flattened, at an open garbage can alongside a house. The subject of the photograph was not looking at the camera. Malcolm Hobbs, the proprietor of the paper, who has a goosefish skull impaled on his office door, suspected that the picture was a hoax. It seemed implausible that a human being could emerge from a building and take a flash photo without alerting so sensitive a beast. Moreover, mountain lions don't go for garbage. They like their meat fresh, and when they kill a deer they gut it at once, to keep its flesh from rotting. Hobbs ran the picture anyway, with a covering caveat. The photograph did turn out to be a fake. The animal was a stuffed one. In the course of tracing the picture's provenance, the *Cape Codder* was surprised to learn that there were at least three stuffed mountain lions on Cape Cod, one of which had been borrowed from its owner by a prankster or pranksters, identity still undetected, to pull off the hoax. (There have been live mountain lions on the Cape, too, but all of them in zoos, and all either still present or accounted for.)



I betook myself back to Truro, one recent evening, shortly after reading in an off-Cape paper that a Virginia Beach man had been sentenced to five years in jail for hacking his mother-in-law to death; the jury didn't believe his story that he had mistaken her for a raccoon. I had scarcely arrived when Ian's parents—my son Tony and his wife, Judy—hustled him and me off to a meeting of the Lower Cape Committee for a Nuclear Arms Freeze. Ian, I was relieved to perceive, went along unarmed. The formal agenda was worthy and self-explanatory. The informal chit-chat was more trivial and, among several acquaintances I found at the gathering, more feline. The woman in whose house the meeting was held told me that normally her 14-year-old son would have directed traffic, down at the entrance to their long driveway, all by himself; tonight, in view of—well, I had

perhaps heard some of the yarns floating around about you know what—in view of existing circumstances, he had prevailed on two of his schoolmates to keep him company. Another mother said that what concerned her most about her son, who'd lately taken to walking across frozen, snow-clad ponds in quest of cougar tracks, was not so much that he might run into a track maker as that he might fall through the ice. I was introduced to a woman from Eastham, 20 miles up Cape, who said her husband was a taxidermist and that their residence harbored one of the three stuffed cougars in the area—not the one, she hastened to add, that had been used in that sophomoric stunt. "We also have five or six stuffed bears," she went on, "including one from Alaska that must be 12 feet tall, and four sheep, and I think one wolverine. I have practically no room at home for myself. I don't really believe there could be a *real* mountain lion out there, do you?" I was a newcomer to the subject under discussion. I hedged. I replied that the only thing I truly believed in, at that moment, was a nuclear freeze. My kin and I left at about 11 o'clock. On our way home we detoured off Route 6 along Pamet Point Road, where, at almost precisely the same time of night, Police Officer Allen had had his jarring confrontation. I had hoped that Ian, whose vision is far keener than mine (though unarguably inferior to that of a night-prowling cougar), might detect something spectacular on or just off the road. Alas, I was too late; before we even got close to our assignment point, Ian had fallen asleep. It will be a long time before I take him hunting again.



The following morning, I stopped by our post office, as I habitually do on Truro mornings. I learned that the local Boy Scouts hadn't been out searching for whatever it was, because their scoutmaster, Jack Kelly, who is also our postmaster, doesn't believe there is anything out there to look for. Jack's deputy, Roberta Lema, is also a nonbeliever. Why, she told me, if there was anything to the story, how come nothing untoward had happened to disrupt the normal routine of her brother Tom's sheep and chickens? Truro, I was beginning to sense, was a house divided. Some of

its most dedicated churchgoers were, when it came to mountain lions, downright atheistic, or at any rate agnostic. The painter Malcolm Preston, who is also our town moderator, and as such presides benignly at our town meetings, falls somewhere between belief and disbelief. "Nobody has yet explored the notion," Malcolm told me when I bumped into him near his North Pamet Road studio, "that what attacked those pigs was a big hawk, or an eagle. I don't eliminate that." Malcolm urged me to phone Clive Driver, whose father was for many years head of the zoology department at Smith College, an institution of impeccable probity. I did, and Clive told me that he'd been in touch with Driver senior, who, on being apprised of the known facts and suppositions, had said that in his erudite view the animal in question had to be either a mountain lion or a bear. A bear! I could hardly wait to tell Ian. He loves bears, especially small cloth ones with glass eyes. All things considered, though, he is fondest of his plastic Mighty Mouse.

Later that morning, I scrutinized every square foot of the bare surface of my clay tennis court, hoping to find some eye-popping tracks. Nothing. Not even a hint that George Mooney's cows had traipsed over from next door, as they occasionally do, to leave their calling cards. George, I would soon learn, is another nonbeliever. "I think it's all nonsense," he told me unequivocally. I checked the earth around my garbage cans for prints—negative—and moved along South Pamet Road to drop in on still another neighbor, Thomas Kane, who was to retire this spring after 40 years as Truro's town clerk. On the side, he has been writing, for nearly as long, a weekly newspaper column about Truro and its history, past and present. Tommy had started out, earlier this winter, as a forthright apostate. "I think it's a figment of the imagination," he had written in a mid-January column. He thought the Truro animal which the *Star* had asserted, shortly after Kane's reassuring opinion, was "terrorizing residents," to be nothing more or less than a plain old dog. There was no chance of anybody's pinning anything on *his* dog, Shebna, a cross between a Shitzu and, in its owner's opinion, a cairn terrier; winter and summer both,

Tommy walks Shebna along South Pamet on a stout leash. In a later column, our town scribe reported—I gathered, tongue in cheek—that he had dusted off his shotgun, reinforced his stock of buckshot, moved his stack of firewood closer to his back door, and shortened Shebna's lead. By the time I crossed his threshold, Tommy was wavering. "For all this smoke, there has to be some fire," he told me. He rendered no judgment on two theories I'd heard from town: that the mountain lion had gotten to Truro by leaping onto an open-top truck coming down from Canada with a load of firewood or Christmas trees, or that the animal had been some wacko's summer pet in Provincetown, where anything goes, and had been turned loose after Labor Day. "This lion affair doesn't yet quite rank up there with Truro's other big events," Tommy said, "like the 1927 forest fire or the attempt to land a boatload of booze during Prohibition, but it has its possibilities. If I were a mountain lion, I'd consider Truro an ideal place to be. Beautiful brush. Lots of rabbits. Lots of deer. Only thing that puzzles me is how come no hunter flushed it during deer week. Well, there aren't anywhere near as many hunters around as when I was a boy. I remember how even in later years, while I was driving the ambulance, there were so many hunters here the first week in December they'd shoot each other up pretty badly."

Tommy Kane is, or has been, among a welter of vocations and avocations, trombone player, cemetery-plot mower, and school-teacher. His own scholarly name for Truro's most talked-about creature is *Animalus Oswaltensis*. He advised me to call on Edward Oswalt, the selectman who had been more or less in charge of the town's mountain-lion business, and whose own recently acquired sobriquet was Cat Man Oswalt. I did. Oswalt, who shares the digs of a large German shepherd, is not altogether convinced he is dealing with a *Felis concolor*. He has retained enough skepticism, for instance, to have predicted that this coming summer someone will claim to have seen a live alligator in a Truro salt marsh. "I'm of mixed emotions," he told me, "a cloth alligator gently stirring on his chest." "I haven't seen anything that's super-conclusive. I believe that all the people who say they've seen

something have seen something. What they've seen I don't know. What I've seen are mostly paw prints. I got called out on Super Bowl Sunday, just 15 minutes before the kickoff, to examine some tracks at Joe Peters's place in South Truro. I guess I've looked at a million dog tracks in snow and mud and sand in the last few months, and that particular set of them, whoever made them, was different. I don't know if the mystery will ever be solved, but I would never discount the possibility of a mountain lion's existing somewhere in these woods. Listen to this." He switched on a tape recorder and played for me a communication he'd just received, in the form of a recorded monologue, from an up-Cape man whose firm voice informed us that the speaker had been hunting and fishing for 50 years, and deemed it perfectly plausible that a cougar could be in Truro—though if one was here it had probably been transported across the Cape Cod Canal by a human being, and thus might have an attitude toward two-legged creatures different from that of the majority of its ilk. "I had a meeting late in February with the state wildlife people, the ASPCA, the police, the National Seashore," Oswalt said, "and we all concurred that as long as the animal wasn't bothering anybody we would just do nothing more about it. Not, mind you, that Irving Tubbs and the rest of his Park Rangers have yet conceded that there is anything in the vicinity to do nothing about."

Irving Tubbs is the chief park ranger for the National Seashore district that embraces Truro. Over a cup of coffee at his headquarters—a onetime Coast Guard outpost at Race Point, at the very tip of Provincetown, virtually in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—Tubbs told me that he and his fellow rangers had checked out every report, no matter how flimsy, that had come to their notice, and had found not a shred of evidence to confirm the presence of any cat of extraordinary dimensions. "People's imaginations have been running a bit riot lately, I'm afraid," Tubbs said. "Why, just the other day a woman called up excitedly to report a dead whale at Fisher Beach, in South Truro, with large cat prints all around

Is a mountain lion loose on Cape dunes?

By Peter Anderson
Globe Staff

TRURO — Several dead cats, were found in the same area in St. not too significant in a town where dogs.

Two weeks ago a hog, about mauled, its flanks raked by deep flesh torn from its neck. The dog wound in its neck.

PETER ANDERSON
Off the Road

The lion as a friend

In the forest the eastern mountain lion sleeps tonight, in West Wardsboro, Vt., or Wytopitlock, Maine, maybe, but not in Truro. Mountain lions are too scarce, too easily spooked to find their way to Truro, crossing the canal or the road to that town near the

woman in Stow was convinced she had seen a lion after hearing a commotion among her sheep. Hoyt inspected the area and "met the biggest dog I ever saw. 150 pounds, with a long tail, and unlike most dogs it had a flat face (like a lion). I went over there that winter in new snow and the place was loaded with fox tracks but no cat tracks of any kind, so I'm sure it was a case of misidentifying the dog."

Not all such sightings are so easy to explain. Too many people have seen lions in daylight. I have talked to or corresponded with several such people: Rita Potter in Wytopitlock; wildlife photographer Jack Swedberg who saw a lion at Quabbin Reservoir; the ski instructor who stuck his head over a stone wall in West Wardsboro, Vt. to see what had moved there and saw a lion staring back at him; Wayne Bosowicz, who saw a lion twice in western Massachusetts and who years ago was significant because he

Truro's 'beast' to hit TV

The Advocate, Thursday, January 28, 1982

Some of their townspeople saw them on Channel 6's "Chronicles" last night. Their neighbors in Truro will get a chance to see too, due to national interest in the east, believed responsible for mauling

"They were probably the closest thing to cat tracks that I've seen," he said. "They were big and loping tracks. It's a big thing, whatever it is. Those tracks looked like an elephant's."

Tubbs said he called Oswalt about the tracks because they were. They could have been made by a large cat or a

Is it a mountain lion?

Continued from Page 13

Oswalt has had several phone calls since re-ports of the mauled pig were printed in Cape Cod newspapers. A Harwich resident said her pheasants had disappeared; a Provincetown woman said a strange creature was in her neighborhood. Oswalt thinks it was a skunk; two or three callers reported sighting bobcats (not unknown in the area); a man saw a strange creature in the Bound Brook

"A fellow called me who lives in Truro," he said. "His wife was awakened by a loud screaming noise like a awakened was a squeaking water pump until he saw a set of big tracks and he thought tracks made in snow."

As the 'Cape Cod Cougar' rumors spread, SITU members clipped reports like these from their local papers and sent them to Pursuit.

the carcass. That wasn't even in our jurisdiction—Fisher is a town beach, outside the Seashore—but I sent a ranger over anyway, and he came back with a photo of a white-sided dolphin, with dog tracks alongside it. Imagine—taking a dolphin for a whale! We got a big laugh out of that one. Now if—if there's a large cat around, it's not unlikely to be a bobcat, though there probably aren't any of them in the area either. We've picked up every deer carcass we've been notified about, and have had autopsies done on every one, as well as on that pig that got mortally injured, and the biologist who performed the autopsies has stated that they were all attacked by canines. You can tell, because dogs always go for the haunches, to disable their prey, and then rip out the rear flanks, but don't eat much. A cat will leap on a deer's back and then break its neck, most of the time, and after disemboweling it will drag the carcass off to a hiding place and cover it up with brush, for future eating. Totally dissimilar patterns of behavior. And we know there are deer-killing dogs around. We've been chasing two or three of them, so far unsuccessfully, for more than a year. Our rangers have had a good deal of experience, what's more, in identifying animal tracks. None of us has yet to see any that we're not sure were made by dogs. Still, I believe that anything is possible. Possible. Probable—no. In any event, even if we were convinced there was a lion on

the loose, we doubt we'd do anything about it unless there was proof it constituted a threat to public safety or public property. If in our collective view there was any likelihood of such a threat, we wouldn't have the facilities here—Havaheart traps, tranquilizing darts, whatever—to cope with it. I suppose we'd call in something like the Boston Zoo, which has the equipment to facilitate a humane capture."

Tubbs has been with the National Park Service for 10 years, and he has coped with challenges before. While stationed in Washington, D.C., he had the responsibility of seeing to it that the White House Christmas tree was illuminated without a hitch. He was also, for a while, chief ranger at Prince William Forest Park, in Virginia. When I asked him if the Truro beast—if there was one—could conceivably be a bear, he said right off, "A bear is as unlikely as a mountain lion." Then he paused. "Still, ..." he said and paused again. He sipped his coffee, and frowned. "I'd almost forgotten something that happened in 1977," he said, "when I was at Prince William. That's only 35 miles from the Capitol, you know, and one of its boundaries is a heavily traveled interstate. Well, I got a phone call one day. Somebody said he'd seen a bear in another part of the park. I laughed again, but a little less heartily. I figured it was a large, dark-colored dog. When a third call came in, I went out with a book that had pictures of

animal tracks, and I saw a couple that looked somewhat like a bear's. But they could also have been a dog's. Tracks—especially in the snow—tend to expand soon after they're made. I talked to my superintendent, and he agreed with me that it wasn't a bear. There couldn't be a bear in Prince William Forest Park. No way a bear could have gotten there without going through some congested residential areas. A few days later, on a road at the edge of the park, a young black bear was run over by an automobile."

There was a little snow still on the ground outside the ranger station when I took my leave. I glanced around in all directions; not a polar bear in sight, not even a moose. On my way back to Truro, I stopped to gas up at Sonny Silva's Chevron station. "The only thing I'd be worried about," Sonny said after I'd told him what I'd been worrying about, "would be if there was some kid standing at a roadside waiting for a school bus and. . . ." He left the sentence delicately unfinished. "I know one guy who says he saw the mountain lion crossing Route 6 twice, coming from opposite directions," Sonny continued. "As for myself, I know what I see, and I know what I don't see, and I haven't seen anything. If anybody asked me for my opinion, I'd say, 'Whatever's out there, leave it alone.'" And why not? The life span of a mountain lion rarely exceeds 15 years. Of course, if there are two of them out there. . . .

Further Notes on The Planetary Grid

by John T. Sinkiewicz

SINCE my original article, "The Planetary Grid," published in *Pursuit* for the First Quarter 1982, a number of comments and references have been made by others concerning that article. One of the more interesting of these appeared in the November-December issue of *The Journal of Borderland Research* (see below and opposite).

It was the intent and purpose of my article to stimulate investigation and review of the Grid's probability; thus references to it go a long way toward satisfying that intent.

In order to facilitate further research into the Planetary Grid's uses, the following additional information is presented for consideration.

First, it should be noted that the two interlocked structures, i.e., spherical icosahedron and spherical dodecahedron, function in two distinctly different fashions. The dodecahedron structure is that form or energy envelope which sets the outline of "form." The icosahedron is that structure which gives energy or vitality to the form. They both have analogies in the make-up of our human form (as above, so below), the etheric body "so-called" being the mold or form maker, the meridians and chakras being the energizers of the form. Actually, the 13 primary nodes (12 on the surface plus the sphere center) of the icosahedron are quite similar in function to what the ancients called the chakras of the human form. Like the chakras, these nodes are activated in a pattern consistent with the level of evolution of the form.

As to the forms useful for applications in Earth research, we must first come to recognize that the pyramid form, thought quite powerful when properly tuned and applied, is not natural to this planet. Therefore, its natural

harmonic resonance with this planet is imbalanced, except for those exceptional beings who understand its true qualities. On the other hand, the tetra-hedron and the dodecahedron are forms natural and harmonic to the planet Earth.

Here at the L.I.F.E. Research Corp.* we find that the dodecahedron is an exceptional form-enhancer when used as the model for an acoustical room. This dodecahedron room will help form pure tones into useful energy packets. These packets will energize similar lethargic or imbalanced energy packets in the human energy make-up.

The tetra-hedron was found to be an energy transformer type of form which, when constructed of particular materials, would act as a transformer of the sea of energies in which our Earth floats, making the result useful as free energy available to all.

Researchers looking into pole-shift information will be interested in knowing that there has been a confirmation of sorts as to my projected new pole location. In Ruth Montgomery's new book *Threshold to Tomorrow*† there is a statement by her guides that the new South Pole would be south of South America: That is also the location of S6 in my article. This is, of course, no great validation but is none-the-less pertinent.

Finally, it should be noted that my sensitive persons are able to detect the exact intersections of active grid crossings. This is a simple way to verify grid patterns. We ran some experiments in which individuals were asked to locate any grid energy intersections in a given area. The results were as precise as could be plotted on a U.S.G.S. Topographic Map of 7'30" grid. These "hits" were not through dowsing techniques but by the person simply detecting the column of energy with the physical body. It has been determined that many can do this with very little training.

*The author recently established L.I.F.E. (Light, Interaction, Frequency, Evaluation) Research Corp. As its research director, he is interested in hearing from any reader who wishes to receive or contribute further information about the Planetary Grid and related subjects. Address: John Sinkiewicz, L.I.F.E. Research Corp., P.O. Box 871, Hendersonville, NC 28793.

†Published by Putnam Publishing Group, New York.

Excerpted from *The Journal of Borderland Research*, Nov.-Dec. 1982
Published by Borderland Science Research Foundation, P.O. Box 548, Vista, California 92083

PLANETARY GRID

The [Fig. 1] map of intersecting lines of Etheric forces is the so-called Russian Grid because it was developed by Russian engineers and archeologists. It was illustrated and described at length several years ago in an article by Christopher Bird in the *New Age Journal* (date not given) and sent to us by an Associate. The idea of a worldwide power grid along which Flying Saucers travel regularly is not new to Journal readers. We reviewed Capt. Bruce Cathie's book on the subject, *Harmonic 33*, in the early '70s. He thought he had discovered something new but was chagrined to learn that an elite group of American scientists was already well into the subject and were developing a grid map of their own, apparently in cooperation with Flying Saucer entities, and keeping it a secret! After all, if such a free-flowing source of usable energy became available to the general public it would raise hell with the electric and petroleum power monopolies—not to mention Wall Street's massive investments in same!

More recently, the First Quarter 1982 issue of *Pursuit*, the journal of the Society for the Investigation of The Unexplained, has an excel-

lent article by John T. Sinkiewicz. His numbering system for the major crossing points is different from that in Bird's chart above, but he goes into considerably greater detail of the Grid System and its refinements, including coordinates for the intersections, down to the 4th decimal place!

Chartres on a Grid Line?

Louis Charpentier, in his book *The Mysteries of Chartres Cathedral*, makes much of the idea that the gallery crypt leading to the Black Virgin was lined up with Telluric (earth) forces flowing in a north-easterly direction. Thus the worshipful feelings of the pilgrims to the underground shrine were enhanced.

He notes also that the cathedral itself is laid out on a northeast line, rather than the traditional east, which causes the celebrant of the Eucharist to look toward the rising sun when facing the altar. But Notre Dame de Chartres is dedicated to She who bore the Savior, rather than to the great Sun spirit Himself; so Charpentier suspects

that the Knight Templar initiate who laid out the temple in the 12th century was well aware of the flow of the Earth Mother's currents in that part of France. It is only now, in the late 20th century, that these grid lines are being "re-discovered" by science.

Figure 1

Note the small circle at the bottom center of the illustration at right. Count up five circles, to the one labeled "1". This is the great pyramid of Gizeh at Cairo, Egypt. This, the most obvious grid marker in the Western world the Russians chose as the first. Sinkiewicz gives this as 29° 58' North and 31° 09' East. Go up to the next circle, marked "2". This is Kiev, Russia, 50° 53' N - 31° 07' E. Now over to the left to the next big intersection marked "11". This is Edinburgh, Scotland, 56° 56' N - 3° 17' W, and down to the next big intersection, marked "20". This is somewhere out in the Erg Iguidi desert of southwestern Algeria, 25° 08' N - 4° 21' West. We have now bracketed France in the Earth's icosadodecahedron grid system—a geometrical figure which, its discoverers claim, preceded and guided the physical construction of the earth billions of years ago, and sustains its present life and form. Women give form to life so it is logical to assume that the Grid System represents a Cosmic Feminine force, the Great Sky Mother!

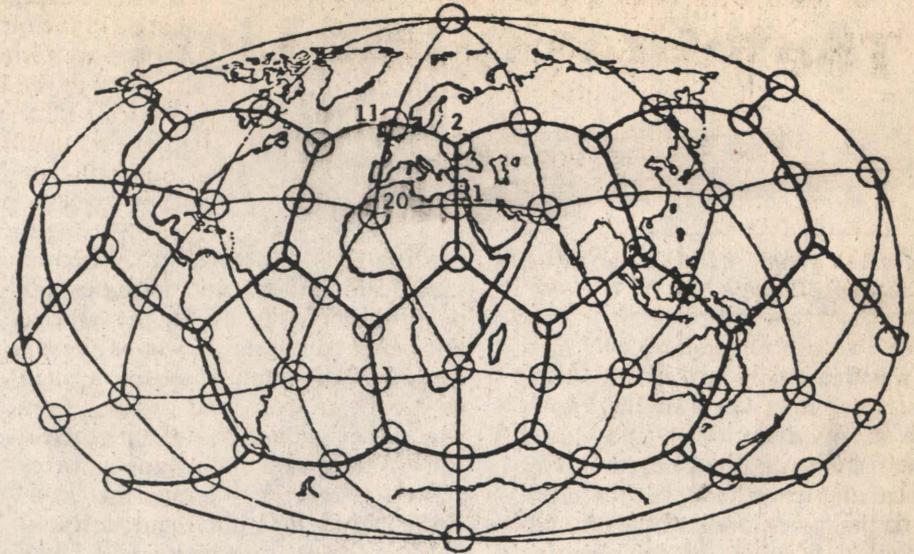
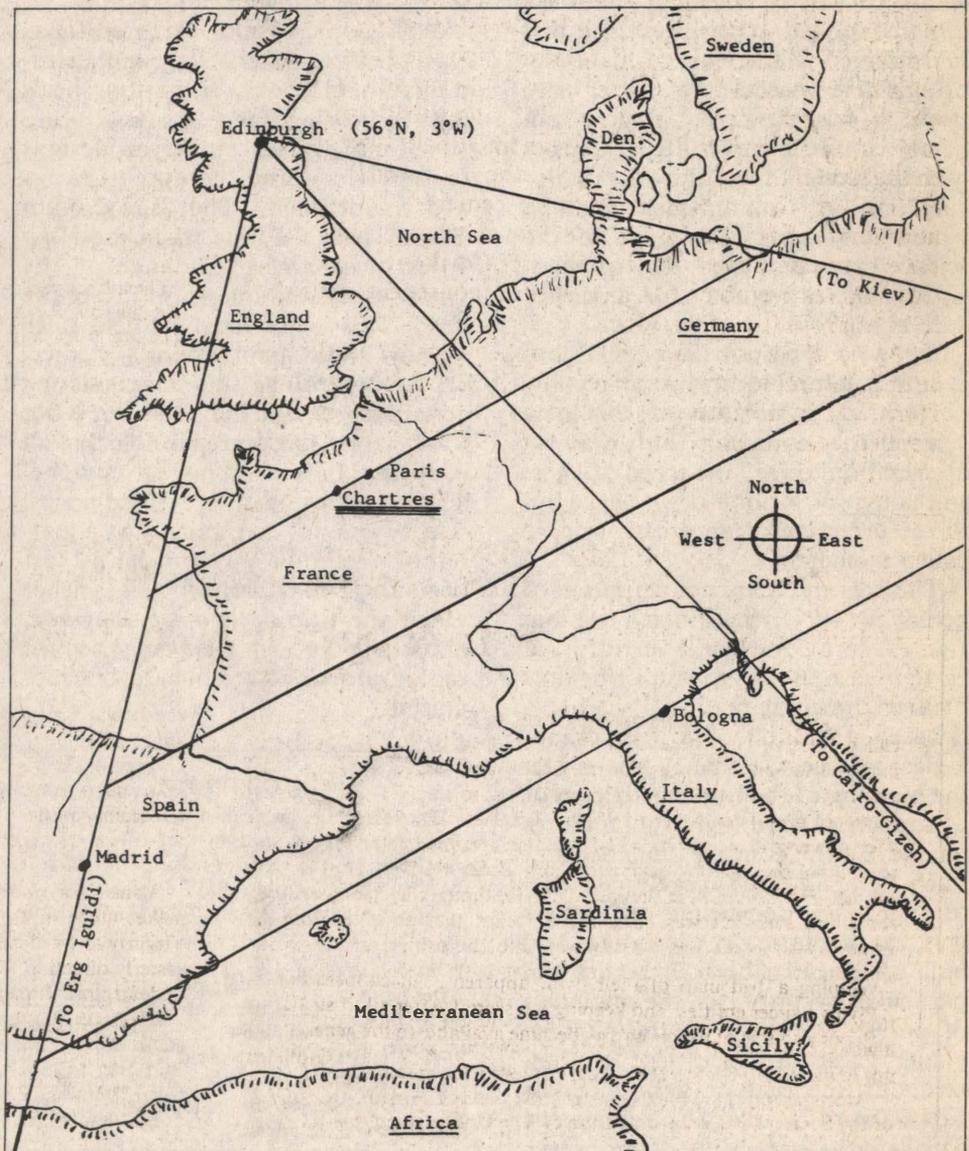


Figure 2

We transferred grid crossings 1, 2, 11 and 20 from a world map to the map of Europe in the "Great World Atlas" published by the Reader's Digest. Then we laid out the minor grid lines as nearly as we could figure it out from Sinkiewicz's instructions. Sure enough, Chartres is on a northeast line which also includes Paris.

Proof that the existence of the Grid System was known in Europe in ancient times is the re-discovery of Ley lines and their markers all over the place. There is also the quote from the Greek philosopher-magician-mathematician, Pythagoras, in Chris Bird's article on the Russian grid—and also taught by Plato: "The earth, viewed from above, resembles a ball sewn from twelve pieces of skin." Were Plato and Pythagoras taken aloft in a Flying Saucer to have such an exalted view of the earth? Or were these advanced, Sixth sub-race humans capable of out-of-the-body projections in full consciousness? Take your choice.



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A Treatise on Anti-Gravity and Light

by Dr. Joseph L. Intelisano

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(Continued from the previous issue,
Pursuit No. 59, page 121)

NOW we can understand why man was feared by his etheric overlords. Once man knew of the knowledge of good and evil (individual consciousness) and had become more physical and less etheric and therefore held to the lower levels of the animal-type mind with all of its negative drives for dominance, he posed a threat to the etheric world, lords and the portal of time travel. There then would be vast problems at the areas aforementioned. Man in essence had not attained to the level of mentality or spirituality needed to master time travel. As is the case today he can barely control his own life or destiny with the global threat of nuclear holocaust; so one can imagine what he would do having knowledge of the science being discussed. The question is, is man ready today for a science such as this?

Below is a partial theoretical concept of a natural logarithm which may be used as a portion of this new science for levitation (anti-gravity) acceleration toward the speed of light. In reality this is not a new science but the resurrection of an arcane science called geomancy.

The present dictionary definition of geomancy—"Divination by random figures formed when a handful of earth is cast on the ground, or by dots or lines drawn at random"—is but a debased definition of a lost technological science. Geomancy was in fact the building of the true macrocosm or astronomical (astrological) miniatures on the Earth's surface (microcosm). Each Pyramid, each megalithic structure such as Stonehenge and others was mathematically designed and built after a solar body or bodies and particularly represented the miniature of our solar system on the physical plane. These structures also symbolized our spiritual or Etheric Solar Logos (word or solar electromagnetic wavelengths—specific). To observe

further: each structure was placed at specific longitudes and latitudes for purposes of drawing in the etheric and electromagnetic waves based upon their inherent composition, such as quartz or iron, and design. They would then act either in the piezoelectric effect or para and magnetic waves as well as etheric. We may then conclude that as functional and activated fields in totality on a global level, they indeed wielded powerful forces. Many of our mythologies of today are but perverted stories of an earlier dawn of the Gods or Etheric Lords.

This global system of force fields was used for interstellar and extra-dimensional travel, levitation, healing, increasing longevity and other functions by their inherent designs (geometrics) and composition as aforementioned. The Babylonian Tablets tell of a time when the High Priests under the guidance of the Gods were even able to resurrect the dead. This is not too far afield since we now know man is essentially etheric. By controlling and manipulating certain etheric and light-waves it is not too far from incomprehensible that all of these things could have been done. This was obviously a well-advanced science and not mythology. As a matter of fact, our government is just beginning to rediscover this science under the title of *Project Sanguine*, although at present it is being used for radio transmission to our Polaris submarines.

EDITORS' NOTE

Dr. Intelisano has called attention to two printer's errors in the first part of his article published in the previous issue of *Pursuit* (No. 59, Third Quarter 1982):

—page 119, right column, line 17: "division spark" is incorrect; it should read "divine spark."

—page 121, right column, last sentence: three words, "the manipulation of", were omitted. The last sentence correctly reads: "When mastery of light-speed is accomplished for interstellar travel, then time too is mastered for time-travel, via the manipulation of geometric form or matrices."

I now introduce a mathematical exercise based on a natural logarithm mentioned earlier as a possible first step toward a new beginning of this science:

Where $n = .618034$ (The Golden Mean)

$$1. e = \lim_{n \rightarrow +\infty} \left(1 + \frac{1}{n}\right)^n;$$

$$2. \left(1 + \frac{1}{n}\right)^n;$$

$$3. \left(1 + \frac{1}{.618034}\right)^{.618034};$$

4. Take .618034, find the reciprocal ($\frac{1}{x}$), add one; find y^x and insert .618034 and this equals 1.8126875.

If we multiply this by 360° in a circle, be it an atom or the Earth, we obtain: 652.5675. We now can take this answer and multiply it by 19.44 geodetic inches or one ten-millionth part of 45 (degrees). This quantity shows evidence of a harmonic affinity with the gravity reciprocal. (See the works of Capt. Bruce Cathie, specifically *Harmonic 288*).

Then:

(652.5675) (19.44) = 12685.912 and rounding out, we get 1269, which is fairly close to Harmonic 26944; the number one of our answer relating to unity; we ignore the 44. It should be noted that 16944 is the harmonic mass of a proton. What this data signifies is the possible beginning of a design pattern or device for transmuting and teleporting matter based upon the geometrics of the Golden Mean. (For clarification of above data, see *Harmonic 288*.)

It should be noted that the log 494.9772858 = 2.69458 (Harmonic 26944—double proton mass harmonic) would indicate the location of an aerial grid structure, or a buried grid structure based upon the speed of light harmonic for resonating the Earth. This in fact is the log of the coordinates (location) of the secondary location of a grid under Project Sanguine as mentioned by Cathie: it is northwest of Austin, Texas. The primary location of said project is at the Michigan Peninsula; both locales were mentioned by Cathie prior to the U.S. devising this project as completed. The other interesting point is that the above is based on light harmonics and proton mass, etc., and now we can see the application for transmuting mat-

ter and teleportation if the concepts are expanded.

Another interesting point from the above answer is the fact that if we multiply 1.8126875 by 180 and 90 respectively, we obtain the answers of 326.28375 and 163.14188 and of course note the values of 2π and π respectively or close enough to these values; ignoring the non-underlined integers.

The importance of the works of Capt. Cathie and others such as John Sinkiewicz (see *Pursuit* No. 57, First Quarter 1982) hopefully is a bit more clear, although almost too vast to grasp.

Capt. Cathie, for instance, in *Harmonic 288, The Pulse of the Universe* has indeed broken the mathematical code to creation and is the sole person responsible for presenting this knowledge on a general basis. As well as devising a new science, he has solely created a new Atomic Table of Elements, discussed the harmonics of the laser, the harmonics (mathematical geometrics) of water, temperature, sound and the very pulse of life generation.

With this new logically mathematical science based upon harmonic universal balance, Capt. Cathie has indeed taken us from a primitive society based on fossil fuels to an ultra-advanced society based on the pulse of creation and limitless energy as Tesla, Moray and others have related to us in the past.

From the standpoint of evolution, the question still of course is, can a spiritually immature humanity serve this limitless power of energy—the very essence of the reflection of our creator without destroying himself?

Yes—there is no question that as this science grows so will we grow toward a greater understanding and love of our creator; but will we give ourselves the time needed?

Of course, the depth of this subject is as vast as the universe itself, once one begins to unravel these mathematical mysteries; and I must leave this up to Capt. Cathie and others who have done such a fantastic job in this area.

I would also like to extend my personal thanks to Capt. Cathie for his kind permission in allowing me to use certain portions and/or concepts of his most detailed and admired works.



'Soft Burning'

by Boyd Hill

MY WIFE Michelle and I are mature, well-educated professional persons, not given to flights of imagination. Although we have both had minor experiences which might be paranormal, we are distinctly not psychic in any ways that we can discover. We are skeptical of tales of occult occurrences, but far from being automatic disbelievers. We have, however, had one happening that we cannot explain.

It was on a Sunday morning: August 22, 1976. We were in our 32nd floor apartment of a condominium facing the yacht harbor. It was a bright, clear day, and Michelle, wearing a terry-cloth housecoat, was in the kitchen, preparing breakfast. I was in the living room, reading the Sunday paper. It was an absolute cliché of a day. . . .

Without any warning the apartment was suddenly—within three seconds, to my best estimation—filled with a strong odor of burning fabric. There was no smoke. At the same moment, I heard Michelle scream. I rushed to the kitchen.

Michelle had torn off the terry-cloth housecoat, thrown it onto the floor, and was stamping on it, although there were no flames. At the same time she was frantically brushing with her hand near the back of her left shoulder.

"I'm burning!" she cried. "Soft burning!"

She picked up the robe from the floor. It was not burning. It stank of scorched fabric, but it was not smoking anywhere. There was a patch of light redness, like a very mild sunburn, on Michelle's extremely white skin. It was just over her left shoulder blade, and about the size of my hand. It was not warm to the touch, and was not painful in any way. In a few minutes it completely disappeared.

We studied the robe. On the *outside* of the back, in the left-shoulder area, the fabric was distinctly scorched, although it was unmarred on the inside; it was not warm, but carried a strong scent of burning.

The only way Michelle could describe the happening was that she felt a sudden, strong sensation of "soft burning," feared that the fabric had caught fire from the gas stove, and tore the robe off. The burning sensation ceased as soon as the garment was removed.

We opened the windows and the strong trade wind soon carried away the burning smell. Michelle put the robe back on and continued cooking. She wore the robe several years afterwards, and there was no recurrence of the "burning." Nor were there any more abnormal happenings during the four years we continued to live there.

Boyd Hill lives in Hawaii. He served as an information officer and editor for the U.S. Air Force and Army for 20 years before retiring in 1970. In his response to *Pursuit's* letter requesting further information about this apparently unique close encounter with the phenomenon of spontaneous human combustion (SHC), Mr. Hill noted:

If—and I want to stress that IF—Michelle's experience actually was a case of SHC, it was a most unusual one.

First, she felt it. It hurt her. From what I have read, in SHC the victim does not feel the flames until they are very well developed.

Second, it started, then stopped. I have never encountered a case of "partial" SHC.

Third, it developed from outside her clothing. Her robe was charred on the outside, not the inside. Loops of the terry cloth were destroyed, but her skin, separated by only one layer of cloth, had only a very minor first-degree burn. From all I have read, SHC starts either on the surface of the skin, or perhaps even under the epidermis.



Astrology and Charles Hoy Fort

by Allan Grisé

FORTEANS know that anything said to be impossible by the scientific establishment of the day will more than likely be accepted fact within a few decades.

Upon realizing this basic tenet of Forteanism must apply to astrology, I decided to put astrology to the test in a most empirical way: compare the planets in Charles Fort's birth chart to what is claimed in standard astrological texts.

The purpose of this exercise is not only to see how astrological dictums stand when called into test, but to make a very Fortean point. The latter I shall do at the conclusion of this article.

In Tiffany Thayer's introduction to the *Book of the Damned*, he mentions that His Preposterousness was born August 9, 1874. After dutifully looking up the positions of the Sun, Moon, and planets for that date, I consulted a number of prominent texts on the meanings traditionally attributed to specific geometrical relationships between these heavenly bodies.

Fort's Sun was in Leo, the sign of people who are proud and imperious. This shows in the way Fort let the world know his intelligence was insulted by the spineless racketeering being passed off as science. Evangeline Adams in her *Astrology—Your Place in the Sun* says that Leos "possess the power to generalize, to bring up to date, in perfect arrangement and beauty the sum of all knowledge, extracting the heart of it and making it manifest." This generalizing was the very soul of Fort's writings, as again and again he wrote that all things merge into other things, that one defines things in terms of other things, and that one measures the circle beginning anywhere. In short, Fort was good at putting on paper that shining bit of Eastern philosophy: All Is One. Like other Leos, he liked to fool around, and excelled at creative play. Thayer mentions Fort's game of Super-checkers, a vast diversion to be played by armies at a time.

In addition to Fort's fun-loving Leo Sun, we find Fort was armed with an Aries Moon. Aries is said to be fiercely independent and pioneering, delighting in the constant aggravation of people and being rude. In this regard, there's something absolutely comic in the coincidence that the man who so ably proffered an endless volley of mental Bronx Cheers to science actually lived in the Bronx. Students of synchronicity take note!

Foremost among Fort's features was his sense of humor. This is a result of his fun-loving Leo Sun ganging up with his Aries Moon, a facet of his birthchart that definitely indicates a quick mind, acid wit, and the love of confrontation necessary to deliver the cheap shots and zingers we all love. Further, the planet Uranus was a mere 6° from Fort's Sun. This is held by astrologers to bring a mind that loves to be freaky, upset the applecart, make waves, and at the very least be unconventional.

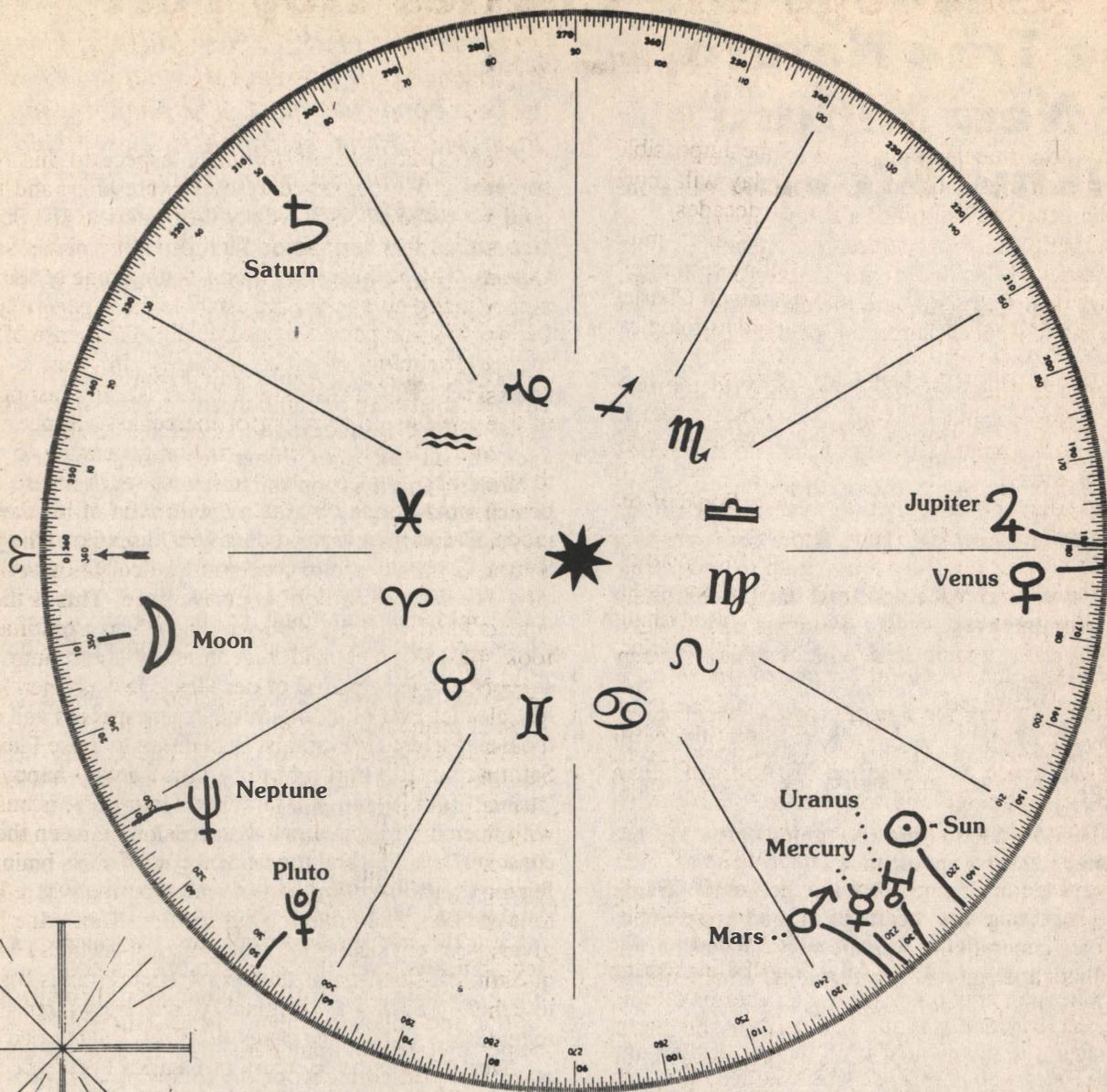
Fort's Sun was in fortunate aspect to his Moon, something that conferred ease of expression, and let his bold wit shine through—lucky for posterity. His Sun was also square to Pluto, a dark and brooding planet say the experts. This influence blossoms forth as one of suspicion and of being up against the establishment generally, and the wealthy and powerful specifically. This sense of bucking overwhelming odds surfaces in Fort's ready admission that his works will not make any lasting dent in the constipated thinking of mercenary science.

Fort's Aries Moon forms a friction-generating 45° angle to Pluto also, making Our Hero very much aware of the power block formed by the mental mafia of his day. His moon also forms a very productive 60° sextile to the planet Saturn, a feature said to confer much dedication and tenacity. We see this in Fort's perseverance. This is the guy who cranked out 3,500,000-word novels as a pastime, and took 40,000 notes and pigeon-holed them into 1300 categories over a period of decades. He was relentless in his plowing and plodding through newspapers and a few thousand scientific journals. In addition to these Pluto and Saturn contacts, Fort's Moon formed a very happy 120° "trine" with Mercury, Mars, and Uranus. This business with Mercury means ease of expression between the subconscious memory and the rational part of one's brain, conferring that ability Fort had of remembering where his 58 tons of notes fitted into the big picture. Mars trine Moon gives great physical and mental energy—which Fort unquestionably had—and the Moon trine Uranus added a touch of sheer genius, originality, and know-how that so relentlessly graced the pages of *Wild Talents* and *Lo!*

Next we find the Mercury of Charles Fort to be in the sign Leo, the sign of creativity and whoopie cushions. Mercury just happens to get great and glorious energy from its conjunction with Mars, and Mercury gets a splash of bizarre inventive genius from its proximity to freaky Uranus. Synthesize these, and we get a very energetic, unconventional mind that loves to tap dance on the nose of those minions of Academe who revel in staying on the beaten path and wearing sensible shoes.

Mercury (the rational mind) is also in opposition to Saturn, giving Fort a suspicious, cautious turn of mind. May I remind you the name of the journal of the Fortean Society was "Doubt," a faithful echo of this astrological characteristic. Fort's Mercury was also square Neptune of Imagination, something that made him more likely to sell the Brooklyn Bridge than buy it. This flair for spinning yarns along with his unconventional bent is clearly evidenced in his writing.

Venus in this birthchart conjoins Jupiter, both having to do with money and good fortune. Not only did these cosmic cuties have something to do with the modest inheritance Fort lived on, they undoubtedly added an occa-



Geocentric positions of Sun, Moon and planets at the time of Charles Fort's birth, August 9, 1874

sional civil note to Fort's usually scathing criticism of Bozo astronomers, and zoologists who cringe at the very thought of rabbit stampedes.

Fort's Mars was an energizing 60° from his Jupiter, a tidbit seen in the charts of those suffering from idealism and honesty. Fort is certainly guilty on both counts, in that there is in the vast emotional salad that was Charles Fort a yearning and hopelessly optimistic hanker (borrowed from either Don Quixote or Dudley Dooright) to make the pillars of the scientific community knock off the baloney, and admit to things they did not know when the occasion arises.

Another delicacy emerging from Fort's chart is Mars square Neptune. This brings a tendency to promote illusions, to take a swing at mind control. Hence endless allusions to tongue-in-cheek kingdoms of the "Super-Sargasso Sea," the notion we are fished for, not to men-

tion the barely submerged sense hiding behind Fort's self-confidence that he might just know something you don't.

The last astrological gem I want to hold up for inspection is an opposition of Fort's Saturn to his Uranus. Saturn, say the astrological pundits, marks the area in one's chart where one is likely to criticize others. Quite appropriately, enough Saturn in Fort's chart is in Aquarius, the sign ruling science. Saturn opposing Uranus is the aspect par excellence of the iconoclast. If Fort was nothing else, he was a needler of scientists, and an iconoclast. The popular press, in fact, repeatedly referred to Fort as "the arch-enemy of science." This concludes my brief astrological look at the birth chart.

And now I'd like to make that Fortean point I mentioned at the beginning of this article. Astrology and other so-called pseudo-sciences including dowsing and the whole

(Continued on page 192)

The True Nature Of New Milford's Talking Stove . . .

by Dale Hartford

IT WAS AFTER MIDNIGHT when Hawk Palardy trudged up the alleyway in back of the New Milford Restaurant, entered the rickety storage shed and began collecting an armful of onions.

Suddenly an eerie voice broke the stillness of the night:

"Hawk, can you hear me? Hey, Hawk, can you hear me?"

For brief seconds Hawk stood transfixed, blinking his eyes against the darkness, vainly attempting to locate the voice.

"Hey, Hawk, come on down!" repeated the voice, in a hollow, inhuman inflection.

Gangling Hawk Palardy bolted through the door, sending onions scurrying on their separate paths as he raced down the alleyway and across the railroad tracks into nearby Young's Field.

It was September, 1930, and the famous New Milford Ghost had made its first appearance.

Perhaps it was the Crash of '29 that created a strange mixture of skepticism and spiritualism which enveloped New Milford, Connecticut, a year later. Whatever the cause, the mood was hospitable to a band of wandering spirits—or was there only one?

Old Charlie Hoffman was surely a believer. For years on end he sat in the dilapidated train depot, sending and receiving the telegraph messages which called and sent lumbering freight trains through the town.

But late into each night, long after sign-off time, Charlie continued his work, painstakingly recording a detailed Life of George Washington which came to him on a second, disconnected receiver. A fairy tale? Obviously . . . except to those living witnesses who today recall with clarity the unexplainable clickety-clicks of that wireless machine, which Charlie often slipped into his pocket like a pack of cigarettes.

And Charlie's friend, Luke, was another believer.

Late at night he would be admitted, one of a chosen few, into the ill-lit center of the depot. Often his face was bloodless, his eyes enlarged, his voice and body shaking.

Charlie would softly ask, "What's the matter, Luke—did you see your father tonight?"

"I . . . I was coming down to the depot," came the hesitant reply, "and he walked right by me. But he wouldn't speak to me." No wonder he was shaken. His father had been dead for ten years.

In September of 1930, New Milford, Conn., experienced the presence of what appeared to be a bona fide ghost. The phenomenon attracted writers, spiritualists, clergy, and simply the curious from all over the country. It was described in newspapers around the world. After ten days, the ghostly voice ceased and since then no explanation of it has ever come forth until . . .

Hawk Palardy's rapid exit from the old wooden storage shed was not unnoticed, despite the hour. The New Milford Restaurant was operated in those days by Gus the Greek (Gus Jones to some, but really Gus Ghiones), and it sat on the north end of Railroad Street, which unlike today was alive with workers and drifters and railroad men in need of coffee and camaraderie. Gus rarely closed his doors before 3 a.m. The tailor, Mario Garcia, only three doors away, often was cutting his carefully made suits until the same hour. The town and the street were alive; what better pastime than conversing with the dead?

Hawk left a trail of yelps and onions behind him as he headed into Young's Field. His close friend, Jack Comstock, savoring a cup of Gus's fine coffee, heard the commotion and hurried to the door in time to witness his friend's odd performance.

Quieted finally, Hawk was led into Gus's, where he told his tale of the strange voice calling to him. Hawk was a fun-loving, emotional man. Now he was frightened. But his story fell on disbelieving ears.

Still the tale spread throughout the village, causing a few chuckles over the dinner table the following night and a good deal of scoffing among Hawk's many friends.

But the following night, when Gus told his young helper and fellow immigrant, Tommy, to go up to the shed and peel potatoes for the following day, he was met by sullen reluctance. Caught up by the fanciful tale of the odd voice in the night, more men than usual were crowded into Gus's small eatery. It took their collective prodding before young Tom grabbed his shiny bowl and with a display of indifference went out into the black night.

A half-hour after beginning his task, Tom was relaxing. One potato after another plopped into his bowl; his work was nearly done. Then came a plaintive plea:

"Help, help!" intoned the hollow voice. "I'm buried 40 feet deep underground. Help! Help!"

Tommy didn't hear that last call for help. Younger by a dozen years than Hawk Palardy, he set an all-time record for getting down that alleyway.

The men in Gus's buzzed and murmured into the morning hours. Many were sure the voice was a prank. They wanted to be in on it. Others were skeptical but unknowing. A few felt a ghostly presence, including Tom, who swore in his heavy accent that never again would he set foot in the old shed.

Next day New Milford sizzled with the story, and it was enriched as it passed from mouth to mouth. By two in the afternoon, Gus counted 120 people—men, women,

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and children—in front of his restaurant and jammed into the narrow, 30-yard-long alley. He viewed their presence with both nervousness and pleasure. So many people—they might cause trouble. But they got hungry milling about and business had never been so good. That was for sure.

Many in the crowd ventured into the tiny wooden shed, and in daylight inspected its wares. An old pot-bellied stove. Shelves filled with tomatoes and preserves. Sacks of potatoes and onions. And that was all.

Late in the afternoon the voice spoke again, and a wave of apprehension swept through the crowd. A lady bending by the stove heard what appeared to be an infant's cry. Promptly she swooned and had to be carried through the throng. But others took her place.

The cry became a discernible voice. The infant, between gasps, reported it was buried in the cellar of a Kent home, some 14 miles away. And then it became silent.

The message was charged like an electric bolt. Derisive cries were heard: "Tear down the shed! It's a hoax!" But many more stood in wonder and awe, and the few did not move against the many.

Fearful that it would become party to a prank, the local *New Milford Times* treated the story gingerly in its first report. Some "radio-minded men," it said, felt the voice was being heard "because of some electrical phenomena. They were all of the opinion that the stove served as an antenna and receiver, it being of metallic composition with properties similar to radio tubes."

The *Times* admitted that a "great majority felt the infant's appeal was genuine."

While the newspaper refused to heat up the story with detailed reporting, an enterprising employee (and son of the owner) tossed considerable fuel on the flame.

Diminutive Harry Worley, as enterprising today as he was nearly 40 years ago, fulfilled his responsibilities as a "stringer" for the three major wire services by letting them in on the story. They were skeptical, he remembers, but nonetheless they flashed the yarn across the country, and later, around the world.

Harry Worley did not stop there. He placed calls to all the New York City newspapers and had lengthy talks with their reporters. He repeated the tale for Gabriel Heatter and heard the substance of his remarks broadcast to millions the following night.

Suddenly New Milford's ghost was being discussed by Russians and Englishmen as well as Californians and New Yorkers. Harry Worley—collector of clippings extraordinary—had done his work well.

At the end of his first week in town, the ghostly voice was attracting science fiction and mystery writers from throughout the country, reaching the village of 5,000 by plane, train, and car. Charlie Hoffman sent off urgent dispatches to eminent spiritualists in Chicago and New Orleans, and was informed that they were on their way.

Nuns came two-by-two and four-by-four, followed by priests and the clergy of all faiths. "I thought it was going to become another Lourdes," said Harry Worley, pronouncing it "Lord-ees." Obviously he had not been dismayed by the prospect.

Law enforcement officers of every rank and reputation came to town, intent on solving the mystery. In the tenth day of the voice, a long black Packard limousine pulled into Railroad Street, discharging six

uniformed New York City policemen. They studied, probed, investigated, then left at day's end still unknowing.

Gus the Greek agonized in his dilemma. Now when he looked out from his tiny restaurant he saw a throng of a thousand people packed into Railroad Street, all intent on visiting his woodshed. The crowd included rowdies and troublemakers, and fist-fights between believers and non-believers became common. The lame and the halt prayed for recovery in front of his old time-worn stove, the women fainted with increased regularity, and still the crowds came. Should he demand of the army of police on the scene that they close the alley to the public, and return order to the street?

But for several days Gus and his hard-working crew had been making the fabulous sum of \$1,000 a day, feeding the hungry mob. One does not turn off such a bountiful faucet with a simple twist. The agony, Gus decided, was worth it.

The ghostly voice, meanwhile, did its work well. It could, by the tenth day, be heard at all hours, and few visitors to the shed left without hearing its intonations. Generally it had now been dubbed "the talking stove," and its messages varied.

Most often it continued to be the infant entombed in the cellar of a Kent home. Harassed Kent officials refused to order a cellar-by-cellar search, but they reported that "all infants in this community are accounted for." No check on the cellars was made.

Then the voice became George Thatcher, a Negro worker murdered in that very alley 25 years before. Mournful pleas for retribution issued from the oracular stove, as the ghost of Thatcher called upon the listeners to find his murderer.

Another time the voice became a famous Indian chief; still again it was an unnamed man buried deep in a near-by well. To hundreds and even thousands of people the stove became a medium for communication with the world beyond, and they flocked to it with their urgent requests and pleas for salvation.

As the voices began their second week, worry lines on the faces of officials grew deeper, and New Milford's Railroad Street mob threatened to get out of control. State police were assigned to the area around the clock, and all special constables in the town were actively employed along with the local police.

Monday night of the second week, over 40 men were huddled together in the tiny woodshed, when all lights in the area suddenly went out just as a tortured voice issued from the stove. There was a mad scramble for the door, and in the melee men fell and were cut and bruised, clothing was ripped, and a ripple of panic shivered through those hundreds in the alleyway and on the street.

Still the carnival of uncertainty went on. By the middle of the second week, an estimated 3,000 people were in town to hear the fabled voice. Included were an array of hucksters and promoters, intent on making quick gain from the turmoil.

New York City reporters and others from throughout the East were intent on solving the riddle. One, from the *New York Daily News*, walked into Garcia's tailor shop and laid a fat roll of bills on the counter.

"Tell me what's going on, and it's yours," said the newsman.

"I don't know a thing," said Mario, pushing the bills away.

Another promoter offered Gus a "fabulous sum" for his restaurant, and when that offer was refused, he begged the Greek to sell him the concession to the famous woodshed. Gus shook his head.

A reporter for the *Bridgeport Herald* finally got Gus to agree, for \$100, to let him dig a three-foot ditch around the shed, but when the work was three-quarters done, Gus made him stop.

"Thatsa nough of these. You bringa too many people. Get off my property." And he handed back the \$100 to the reporter.

Two days later, the population of New Milford had doubled and still the ghostly voice talked on. Sleepless Gus Ghiones was besieged by crackpots and law officials. The bizarre situation, he agreed, was finally getting out of hand.

In marched a cordon of police officers. The alleyway was cleared. Even as the voice continued to lament its state, the doors to the shed were nailed shut and barricaded. Another barricade was placed at the foot of the alley, and stern signs warned that trespassers would be severely prosecuted.

"The ghost has gone away," officials told the mob. "It will never be heard again. Go back to your homes."

It took several days for the mob to disperse, but slowly a semblance of normalcy returned to Railroad Street. The curious still plied Gus the Greek with questions, but to no avail. Months later, most minds had turned to other thoughts. The ghost was gone, without explanation, just as it had come. With the passing of time, as the story went from old-timers to newcomers, from parents to children, it was often suggested it had all been a marvelous hoax.

But was it really? And, if so, how had it been done? Nobody could really say for sure.

Now, years after the fact, the nature of New Milford's ghost—beautiful in its simplicity—can publicly be reported and the "case" closed.

New Milford's ghostly voice was, first of all, an accident.

At one time the little woodshed behind the restaurant had housed a refrigerator. Electricians had run a wire cable underground from the shed into the restaurant.

Purchase of a new, larger refrigerator, placed in the

restaurant itself, caused Gus the Greek to sell the old unit, and at the time it was disconnected the electricians removed the wire from the cable—but not the cable. Purely by happenstance the old stove was placed over the tiny opening in the shed leading to the marvelously conductive cable, providing amazingly effective camouflage.

Hawk Palardy was not an employee of the restaurant, but like many others he often, late at night, offered a helping hand when needed. He was performing such a favor on the night when he went to the shed to gather onions.

Soon after Hawk left the restaurant, the night chef—oldtimers believe his name was Nick, but no one is quite sure—remembered that he also needed more hamburger meat, as well as onions. He suddenly remembered the small cable opening which entered his kitchen just behind his stove. He wondered, half aloud, whether the cable would carry his voice.

So he bent over the stove and shouted:

"Hawk, can you hear me? Hey, Hawk, can you hear me?"

And the New Milford ghost was born.

Fun-loving Hawk Palardy was a principal in perpetuating the stunt. He knew first-hand how eerie the voice sounded. Gus the Greek, after that first experience, shortly told Hawk where the voice had come from—and Palardy instantly recognized the potential for devilry.

It was Palardy and several others—in all, perhaps a dozen men were finally in on the ruse—who discreetly kept the ghost alive during the first days. But the mobs drawn to the scene, poking about, made it impossible to communicate through the cable without being discovered. The kitchen was simply too accessible.

At three o'clock in the morning on the fourth day, a half-dozen men met secretly to consider their creation. One was a night watchman whose keychain proved vital to the plot that was finally hatched. Another was a plumber and another a telephone man. All talents were needed.

Working in the quietest hours of night, they extended the cable through three adjacent stores, ending in the small men's room in Garcia's tailor shop. Six keys were distributed, and six voices played on the nerves of thousands for another ten days.

Hawk Palardy died some years ago. The identity of his five partners has not been revealed—and probably never will be.



Higher Dimensions and The Barrier

(Continued from page 154)

great productivity and great acclaim for the physicists while serious study of the human psyche and its interaction with the physical world had barely begun. Even today the physical implications of OBE and clairvoyance escape the attention and understanding of many physical scientists. If and when attitudes are changed, the prevalent indeterministic quantum theory may also be changed to the *deterministic* quantum theory.

'Appearing Points' and Poltergeists

On the basis of some anomalous data that he had collected, Charles Fort²⁴ developed a sort of quasi-theory

that matter sometimes falls from "appearing points." Thus a stream of rocks might drop from a point near the ceiling, or from 50 feet above a meadow; a liquid might suddenly squirt out forcefully from a dry and spotless wall; coins might dribble to the Earth from nowhere; a sudden plague of nails and tacks might make a bedroom or a kitchen unfit for use. The range of this sort of hyperbolic absurdity seems limitless.

Most people dismiss such reports as the product of hoax or insanity. But if these events and others like them do indeed occur, they may also contribute to the evidence for a higher space. Ernst Mach, the famous philosopher and scientist, was thinking along these lines one hundred years ago:

The space of sight and touch is *three-dimensional*;

that, no one ever yet doubted. If, now, it should be found that bodies vanish from this space, or new bodies get into it, the question might scientifically be discussed whether it would facilitate and promote our insight into things to conceive experiential space as part of a four-dimensional or multi-dimensional space.²⁵

Mach, however, did not believe that there was any real evidence for such a higher space; neither did he believe that such a space would be anything other than a mathematically useful "mental fiction." Mach's very ambivalence poses a challenge to test whether the concept of such a space is valid, or only the mathematical equivalent of jogging.

Let us suppose that rocks, dust or other debris of nature are adrift in spaces beyond our hyperplane. If a little of the floating debris were to move close enough to our hyperplane, the associated "barrier force" might pull the material into our normal world and we would see it as a sudden "appearance" as if from nowhere. Such an experience would replicate Fort's "appearing point."

Rocks are one thing, but nails? Coins? Why would artificial things like these be floating outside of our hyperplane? There is room in our scenario for some interesting action:

If a rapidly moving mass from R_4 —for instance, a rock—were to intersect with our hyperplane, it might strike something in transit. Suppose it struck a bag of coins. A component of the impact force* that strikes against a bag of coins will be directed into R_4 space. The coins will thus be forced against the "barrier." If the component of impact is of sufficient magnitude, it will completely push the bag of coins out of our world.

Now imagine the bag of coins spilling out its contents, setting adrift a cluster of coins in R_4 just outside of our S_3 hyperplane. If the coins are "recaptured" by the attractive pull of the barrier force, they will eventually make a sudden reappearance in our world. Depending upon the original impact energy, the strength of the barrier force, and the trajectory of the intruding rock, the coins may reappear quite some distance from their point of origin.

Of course, this model is a bit naive in that we don't consider such factors as the frictional forces or the strength of the barrier. However, from this argument you may discern that at least some falls of artificial materials from "appearing points" may result from natural processes.

Another conjecture is that some unknown "intelligence" may have the capability to mediate R_4 forces. Such an "intelligence" need not necessarily be alien; it could as well be an uncontrollable factor of the human subconscious. Here one thinks of those rare individuals who are victims of the bizarre poltergeist syndrome.

The poltergeist syndrome is characterized by a series of strange effects that tend to center about one person,

*A rock from R_4 will exert a force that has components in all four dimensions (x,y,z,q), where q is the fourth dimension. In vector notation, this force is:

$$F(x,y,z,q) = F_x + F_y + F_z + F_q.$$

It is *only* the component F_q that can push an object against the barrier. The other components will only act in directions parallel to our normal world. If $F_q = 0$, the force is just a typical three-dimensional force.

usually referred to as the "focus" of the syndrome. Typically, the focus is an adolescent youth with serious emotional difficulties; less frequently, the focus is a much older person.

In the poltergeist syndrome, objects may fly about with odd trajectories, noises of unseen collisions may emanate from within walls, ceilings or floors, rocks may suddenly appear in a room, objects may be teleported, and so on. Besides the important work by Owen, quoted earlier,⁶ references to the poltergeist syndrome are contained in works by Gauld and Cornell,²⁶ Sitwell,²⁷ Bayless,²⁸ and Roll.²⁹

The term "poltergeist" translates from German as "noisy ghost." The characterization is apt, for the poltergeist often seems to exhibit a sort of personality. It may be somewhat malicious, as in cases where there has been wanton destruction of property, or in other instances where aggression has been directed against people. Alternatively, the poltergeist may show a sense of humor and may indulge in creative, if childish, activities. Often-times the personality seems unstable and more responsive to the beliefs and expectations of the observers who are present than to itself.

Modern researchers of the poltergeist syndrome do not seem to favor the "noisy ghost" concept. Instead, they view the syndrome as a product of psychokinesis (mind over matter) whose source is in the subconscious mind of the focus. These researchers have coined the term Recurrent Spontaneous Psychokinesis (RSPK) to replace "poltergeist." The nature of psychokinesis is as mysterious as the poltergeist ever was, so it would seem prudent to withhold judgment as to the origin and significance of the syndrome. Perhaps further research will justify the assumptions inherent in the acronym RSPK, or maybe we will be led toward some entirely new and unexpected discoveries.

Teleportation of Humans, Animals, and Objects

Charles Fort used the term *teleportation* to describe the sudden disappearance of an object from one location with its sudden reappearance at another location. He adopted the word in order to get his data out from under the veil of mediumistic and spiritualistic interpretations in which "apport" had become the favorite word to describe such phenomena. Today, many serious writers seem to prefer "dematerialization" as a more descriptive synonym, notwithstanding its popularity in the pages of science fiction.

Apparently, something similar to teleportation has been observed from the earliest recorded times to the present, and in each era a different interpretation has come forth. Each culture sees the phenomenon in the light of its own beliefs, traditions and religion. Typically, a mysterious entity or unknown intelligence is alleged to be involved. Such agencies have included: "the spirit of the Lord," the devil, spirits of the dead, fairies, "the Faery Queen," goblins, Incubi and Succubi, subterraneans, cat-like phantoms, Bigfoot, UFOs, humanoids associated with UFOs, and even the Blessed Virgin Mary. Examples are scattered throughout the UFO, Fortean, parapsychological and religious literature. Stranger than these, however, were some of the cases cited by Charles Fort which did not seem to be directly connected with

any operating agency or ascribable to a reasonable cause. In Fort's perception, things seemed to happen spontaneously, even meaninglessly. Fort wondered whether he had stumbled upon an unknown natural process, and he did not discount the possibility that some "technology," either human or nonhuman, might harness such a process.

An excellent general reference to teleportation-reports is Nandor Fodor's *Mind Over Space*.³⁰ Fodor collected scores of possible instances of teleportation that have been reported from ancient times to the present. Much of his data comes from old books, magazines, occult publications and psychical journals that are no longer generally available; omitted, however, is any mention of those teleportations-by-UFO which have been alleged in many chronicles of UFO activity during the past three decades.

Fodor's data covers a wide range of objects and substances which have been allegedly transported. Besides some of the claims of spiritual mediums to have experienced personal teleportation, he mentions the mysterious transportation of large blocks of ice, fresh snow, cacti, snakes, eels, goldfish, starfish, lobsters, wet sand, beetles, various larvae, butterflies (up to 40 at a time!), flowers, birds, cats, dogs, horses, numerous cattle, a team of oxen, a bicycle with its rider, a bed with a sleeping man, an infant, large numbers of children, American Indians, Asians, saints of the Christian church, and housewives, to name just a few.

Almost certainly, many of these reported cases are hoaxes, delusions and every other kind of thing that can foul data. But we should remember, it takes only one white crow to prove that not all crows are black. If one single datum is accurate, among multitude, we should be persuaded to start thinking in terms of a higher space.

At present, the most active producer of teleportation reports seems to be the UFO phenomenon, and many of them contain vivid descriptions of discontinuous motion. Dr. J. Allen Hynek³¹ recently discussed the significance of the associated phenomena:

Beyond these reported properties must be added even more bizarre "paranormal" characteristics. In addition to "materialization," "dematerialization," change of form, implausible accelerations, speeds, and "instantaneous" changes in position without any apparent travel time have also been frequently reported. Although seemingly incredible, these paranormal aspects are too well documented to be disregarded. . . .

It is becoming increasingly apparent to those who seriously study the UFO phenomenon that some modification in approach and methodology is necessary. Do events in the mind represent interlopers from a parallel reality? Or, indeed, are they themselves such parallel realities? Should we look to the distant star systems for the solution to UFOs or much closer to a metaterrestrial rather than an extraterrestrial hypothesis?

The ever-cautious Dr. Hynek has slowly been moved to consider the metaterrestrial (higher space) hypothesis after having devoted many years of research and careful study to the UFO phenomenon.

Karl Brunstein's thinking has moved in the same direction: In a recent book,³² the physicist agrees that the "strangeness" factors in UFO sightings are first-line evidence of a higher space. He is on the verge of understanding that there must be another force present in our world to allow such phenomena to occur. According to Brunstein, "If we are to speak of a fifth dimension [he uses time as the fourth—D.E.], we must provide a totally new physical force to go along with it, one that has not yet found itself a comfortable niche in science." Nevertheless, Brunstein falls short of suggesting that this force must be the thing that holds our world locked into a hyperplane; instead, he associates the force vaguely with ESP and psychokinesis.

Imaginative people are listening to Hynek's arguments for a new approach, and there is a growing interest in the attempts of Brunstein and others to identify a higher space and explore its dimensions. We can only wonder what the physics of the next century will be like after the anomalies of today have become less unexplained.

Towards a Conclusion

There seems to be enough evidence to reasonably defend the notion of higher space. The evidence is not yet conclusive but it certainly is compelling. The simplest picture, if not the correct one, is that our world is barrier-locked into a hyperplane that dangles in a space of four dimensions.

We are typically unaware of higher space because of the existence of the barrier force and the physiological limitations of our bodies. It is only when we penetrate the barrier via some portion of our mind, or by some unusual energy processes, that we become aware of the barrier at all.

To determine the physical features of this barrier, we must examine the phenomena that seem to violate it. For example, the very existence of electron "tunneling" suggests that the barrier force may be weaker on the atomic level than on the macroscopic level. This would then imply that it is a macroscopic force, as is gravitation; it may even be negligible on the atomic level.

Another interesting possibility is that an object may lose a tiny portion of its mass when it penetrates the barrier.* Present evidence for this effect is weak; if and as it is corroborated, however, we may learn from it something fundamental about the barrier.

Still a third possible physical feature may be that the barrier induces a slight temperature increase in an object that penetrates it. Again, the evidence is meager³³ but nonetheless tantalizing because it may hold a clue to the structure of the barrier.

(To be continued)

*See previous article by Daniel Eden: "Teleportation and Relativistic Rest-Mass?" in *Pursuit* No. 53, First Quarter 1981, p. 10.

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THE SCHRÖDINGER EQUATION

The "time-dependent" Schrödinger equation, written in one dimension (x), for a particle with mass (m), and a potential energy of V(x), is:

$$\frac{\hbar}{i} \frac{\partial \Psi(x, t)}{\partial t} = \frac{\hbar^2}{2m} \frac{\partial^2 \Psi(x, t)}{\partial x^2} - V(x) \Psi(x, t)$$

Here (\hbar) is Planck's constant divided by 2π , and (i) is the square root of -1. Despite the obvious complexity of this equation, it has some similarities to the classical concept of a light wave, or even sound waves or water waves. Rather than light, sound or water, however, it is the mysterious quantity $\Psi(x,t)$ that does the undulations in this case. Today, many physicists consider that quantity to represent a "nonphysical" wave of probability. Einstein and Schrödinger preferred to think of it as a real physical wave and not just a statistical artifact.

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26. *Poltergeists* by Alan Gauld and A. D. Cornell, Routledge & Kegan Paul Publishers, London, 1979. In perhaps the most exhaustive reference on the subject to date, Gauld and Cornell give data on some 500 cases that have occurred from ancient times to the present.

27. *Poltergeists* by Sacheverell Sitwell, University Books, New York, 1959. An early book on the subject in which Sitwell covers some of the notable cases in fairly complete detail.

28. *The Enigma of the Poltergeist* by Raymond Bayless, Parker Publishing Co., New York, 1967. Bayless has written many interesting books dealing with the paranormal. This one is well worth reading.

29. *The Poltergeist* by W. G. Roll, New American Library, New York, 1974. Roll is one of the top American investigators of RSPK. He and his colleagues have worked diligently to produce physical models of poltergeist effects. See also Roll's many papers in the J.A.S.P.R. and the *Research in Parapsychology* series.

30. *Mind Over Space* by Nandor Fodor, Citadel Press, New York, 1962. This is one of the very few books devoted solely to teleportation. (Fodor prefers to call it "transportation.")

31. "The UFO Phenomenon: Laugh, Laugh, Study, Study" by J. Allen Hynek in *Technology Review*, Vol. 83, No. 7, July 1981, pp. 50-58.

32. *Beyond the Four Dimensions* by Karl Brunstein, Walker & Co., New York, 1979. Fortean should keep an eye on Brunstein. He may be one of those whose work will provide the foundation for the next giant revolution in our knowledge.

33. References to an unusual heating effect that seems to occur in some apport and poltergeist cases can be found in most of the previous references to poltergeists. For example, Fort (ref. 24) pp. 563, 393, 410; Gauld and Cornell (ref. 26) pp. 103, 105, 169, 227, 231; and Owen (ref. 6) pp. 274, 299.

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SITUATIONS

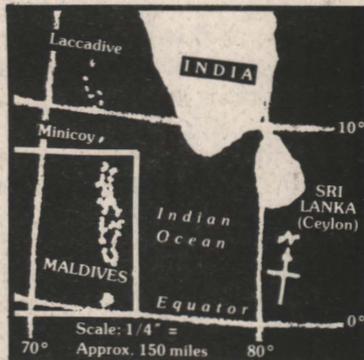
In this section, mostly contemporary curious and unexplained events are reported. Members are urged to send in newsclippings and reports they deem responsible. Please be sure to include the source of reference (name of newspaper or periodical), city of publication, date of issue in which article appeared, and your first initial and last name (or membership number only, if you prefer to be credited in that way).

Pyramid on Maldive Island

His name became a household word when Thor Heyerdahl won a 1951 Academy Award for the storybook film about his 'Kon-Tiki' expedition of 1947. By floating a wooden raft 4,300 miles from Peru to Polynesia, the expedition demonstrated the possibility that Peruvian Indians could have settled in Polynesia in pre-historic times.

Further research into primitive astronomical navigation convinced Heyerdahl that many islands near the Equator most likely would have been visited and settled by ancient navigators. He crossed the Indian Ocean in the reed boat 'Tigris' in 1977, and in the years following he has made a number of shorter voyages from his home base in Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon), with intent to demonstrate the feasibility of the ancient trade routes for navigation by various types of primitive watercraft.

Inevitably, some of these voyages took him to the Maldives Archipelago southwest of India where a string of coral islands stretches southward across 467 miles of ocean, almost to the Equator (see map). The 1,500 citizens of the



Republic of Maldives live on only 202 of the islands; few of the 1,200 others are ever visited, and most have never been explored.

During a November voyage, Heyerdahl found on one of the remote islands a limestone temple rising above the tropical landscape. Inside the temple was a pyramid he estimated to be 40 or 50 feet high. Composed of coral rubble, it "stepped" or terraced upward from a broad base to a narrow apex plateau, in the style of the Mesopotamian pyramid-builders. Against the south wall of the temple was a ceremonial ramp, likewise reminiscent of an architectural feature often found in ancient buildings in the Middle East.

Inscriptions discovered nearby seemed to indicate that the temple was devoted to worship of the Sun God, Heyerdahl said, and he added that the pyramid inside was astronomically oriented to the sun.

The Norwegian explorer, now 68, believes that detailed study of the inscriptions he found, and explorations for ruins on some of the other uninhabited islands, may yet show a close relationship between the Maldives and the great Indus Valley civilization that flourished from 2500 to 1500 B.C.

SOURCE: UPI in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, 11/29/82. CREDIT: R. Nelke.



Medicinal Tree?

It was Good Friday morning when Alfredo Varona, 91 years old and blind from cataracts on both eyes, washed his face with the sap of a sea grape tree, and soon afterward declared that he was able to see again, for the first time in five years.

The news excited hundreds of people in the teeming hispanic enclaves of southern Florida. To the tree, which stood in a sandy courtyard of an apartment complex in Miami's "Little Havana," those afflicted with all manner of disease and disability brought their hopes and prayers that they, too, might be restored to good health through the working of a miracle such as the one which had banished the cataracts from Alfredo Varona's eyes.

The crowd grew throughout the day, and so did the feelings of annoyance and apprehension among residents of the apartment building nearby. Someone called a tree-service company, and shortly thereafter three men arrived in a truck with a wood-chipping machine latched to the back. Amid dire imprecations from on-lookers, the three went to work with their chain saws, reducing the tree to a stump and the trunk and branches to short lengths.

As the chipper ingested its first load, eager hands extended to intercept the chips lest they fall into the truck and their curative powers be forever lost. Plastic bags appeared as if from nowhere; stuffed with chips, they became family-size packages of "tree medicine" for future use. Suppliants who sought more immediate relief massaged afflicted body parts with the moist chips, or pressed their afflicted limbs against the tree-stump.

Reporters at the scene could find no one willing to say that the close encounter with the tree had relieved pain, mitigated disability or cured disease. Why, then, did Alfredo Varona experience relief from cataracts, a condition most doctors agree is irreversible except by surgery they dare not risk in cases of advanced age?

An editor who had a background in botany thought he knew the answer but wanted confirmation. He telephoned Dr. Julia Morton, author of *Atlas of Medicinal Plants of Middle America* and other books on tropical and semi-tropical plants. Yes, she agreed: Varona's sight could have improved, even dramatically, after he rubbed the sap into his eyes. For the sap of the sea grape tree is rich in tannin, and tannin is a substance that can clear the mucous deposits formed by cataracts.

The pilgrims drifted from the area amid expressions of disappointment that the tree had worked no miracles for them, and their sorrow was mixed with deep resentment against those who had ordered the tree removed. With it went their hopes, perhaps to try again and have better luck the next time.

SOURCE: AP report to Canadian media, 4/14/82. CREDIT: W. Benedict.



Search for a Lost Army

Gary Chafetz says he has the money and the tools—a sophisticated radar unit—to find the "Lost Army of Cambyses." He says his search next spring will center on a 185-square-mile area of desert south of Siwa, Egypt, the ancient site of the Temple of Amon.

According to the Greek historian Herodotus, the army was dispatched in 525 B.C. by the king of Persia, Cambyses, conqueror of Thebes, the ancient capital of Egypt. The army of 50,000 men was ordered to sack the temple site. Instead, it vanished along with its support staff, concubines, children, tools and weapons.

Money Tree?

Certain trees that grow in Canada appear able to help make snow, and "made snow" is what keeps skiers skiing through extended seasons and thus helps sales and earnings of an important recreation industry to reach new heights even in years when natural snow is in short supply.

Discovery of the snow-making trees resulted from research jointly sponsored by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) and the University of Colorado, and directed by Dr. Russell C. Schnell. He noted that the find could heavily impact the \$125 million-a-year commercial snow-making industry. Because of the potential commercial value, the type of tree is being kept secret; NOAA officials say only that the trees grow in the Canadian province of Alberta.

The problem that Dr. Schnell's research attacked, and solved with the trees' help, arises in commercial snow-making operations: Snow will not form until the water sprays used are cooled to nearly 0° F. Schnell found that introducing dust from the leaves of the "secret trees" allows crystals to form up to almost 32° F. The dust particles serve as nuclei for the snowflakes, and dust from these particles makes the most efficient nuclei.

The dust is produced by grinding the tree leaves to the consistency of talcum powder; it is then added to the cold-water sprays at the rate of one pound of dust to 100,000 gallons of water, Schnell explained. Although he gave no dollar figures, he pointed out that use of the leaf dust in large snow-making operations would save "considerable" amounts of energy.

SOURCE: AP in the *Asbury Park Press* (N.J.), 12/12/83. CREDIT: Member #432.

"A southerly wind of extreme violence drove the sand over them in heaps as they were taking their mid-day meal, so they disappeared forever," Herodotus wrote. Chafetz believes the army was engulfed by the Khamsin, hurricane-force winds that sweep the Sahara each March and April. He hopes his camel-borne radar will detect remains of the army in an area south of Siwa notable for huge cairns—rock piles erected long ago to help travelers find their way across the ever-shifting desert sands.

SOURCE: *The News-Journal Papers*, Wilmington, Del. and Burlington, Vt. *Free Press*, 10/25/82.

CREDIT: H. Hollander, J. Zarzynski.



Deadly Wait for a UFO

Drawn by messages from "some higher power," Gerald Flach and Laverne Landis drove from St. Paul to the snowy, frozen wilderness of northeastern Minnesota, to wait for "further messages" that the couple expected would soon come from the same source as several previous communications which Flach said he had received through Miss Landis.

For more than four weeks they waited in their snowbound car, eating only vitamins and drinking water from nearby Loon Lake.

When found by a passing motorist, Flach had apparently collapsed on the trail that led from the parked car to the main road; Miss Laverne was dead in the front seat of the car. An autopsy determined she died from a combination of hypothermia, dehydration and starvation. A sheriff's deputy said there was no evidence of foul play; no criminal charges were filed and Flach was released after three days' treatment at a local hospital.

Flach declined to answer reporters' questions, but friends described him as "becoming obsessed with UFOs in recent months."

SOURCE: AP in Schenectady, N.Y., *Gazette* and *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, 11/19/82.

CREDIT: J. Zarzynski, R. Nelke.



Two-Meteorite Town

When a 6-pound meteorite crashed through the roof of the Donahue home in Wethersfield, Connecticut on November 8, it brought distinction to the town as one of only two communities ever to have experienced a second meteorite fall within its boundaries. The other community was not even part of the United States when the first meteorite fell on Honolulu; in 1825 the Sandwich Islands still went by the name Capt. Cook gave them. The second meteorite fell a short distance from the first, but not until 1949.

The time spanned by the two Wethersfield meteorites was much shorter and they fell closer to each other than their historic island predecessors. Roy S. Clarke, Jr., curator of meteorites at the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History, compared "Wethersfield 1982" with "Wethersfield 1971." Both are of the same type—L-6 chondrites—the most common type found on earth "and thus are probably related back in space and time," Clarke said. Asked to comment on the same-town aspect, Clarke replied: "We're still researching."

SOURCE: *The Hartford Courant*, 12/20/82.

CREDIT: G. Earley.

A Fish Story with a Curious Ring

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Joseph M. Cross went out sailing one day,
In July 1980, on Chesapeake Bay.
He had a good time. It was pleasant and warm,
When all of a sudden there came up a storm
And the wind blew quite hard, as it suddenly lifted.
The sail filled the air and it jibed and then shifted.
And the boom swung across at the weather's command
And Joe Cross tried to hold the boom back with his hand.
He took quite a wallop and felt quite a sting,
And somehow in the process he lost his school ring.
It came off of his finger. He felt the thing drop,
And the ring fell right into the water, kerplop!
The school ring he thought that he always would keep,
Somewhere at the bottom there, 30 feet deep.
Joseph Cross knew for a certainty then
That he never would see that old school ring again.
The ring from the finger of Joseph M. Cross
Was a goner, a total and permanent loss.
And though it was something he hated to lose,
He forgot it and went back home to Newport News.
Then, just two weeks ago, this man, Coleman V. Maddox,
At a Charlottesville market for bluefish and haddocks,
Was chatting one day, when—he doesn't know why—
But amidst the fish garbage a gleam caught his eye.
A sort of a glitter was shining, it seemed,
And he looked a bit closer to see what had gleamed.
And yes, sure enough, it was Cross's school ring,
University of Virginia. And engraved on the thing
Were fraternity markings, initials and date.
And Maddox, it happens, by some twist of fate,
Went to the same university, too,
And he knew just exactly what he now had to do.
He went to some yearbooks and cross-checked a bit,
And the name of this fellow, Joe Cross, seemed to fit.
So, he put in a phone call up to old Newport News,
And inquired if Joe Cross had happened to lose a ring,
Which he then set about to describe.
And it was the same ring Cross had lost in that jibe.
By a great stroke of luck, more than Cross dared to wish,
His ring had been eaten by some passing fish
And the fish had been caught and then must have been sold
To the market where Maddox had spotted the gold.
Most likely a bluefish, the fish experts say.
Bluefish love to eat things that are shiny that way.
So, the school ring is back now on Joe Cross's hand,
And our moral is this, if you'll please understand:
You must never give up, but stay hopeful and plucky,
For your wish can come true if you're terribly lucky.
Joseph M. Cross got his improbable wish,
Because of a highly cooperative fish.

—Charles Osgood



Books

VERDICT ON THE SHROUD by Kenneth E. Stevenson and Gary R. Habermas (Banbury Books, Inc., 37 West Ave., Wayne, Pa., 1981, 294 pp., \$3.95 paperback)

Reviewed by Dennis W. Prater

Verdict on the Shroud is essentially a review of past and current evidence concerning the validity of the legendary Shroud of Turin, believed to be the actual burial shroud of Jesus. The authors, Kenneth E. Stevenson, an engineer, and Gary R. Habermas, a research consultant and professor of historical and philosophical apologetics, present the scientific findings from the latest shroud research. This includes the 1978 Shroud of Turin Research Project, of which the authors were members.

The book is divided into three major parts. Part one deals with hard scientific data and other related evidence concerning the historical origin of the shroud. This includes a fairly detailed history of the shroud's travels and draws heavily on Ian Wilson's book *The Shroud of Turin*, to date the definitive work on the history of the shroud. This section also includes the history of the various theories about the actual image-formation process and illustrates the positive and negative aspects of each. The amazingly sophisticated scientific investigatory techniques employed to analyze the shroud are covered in this section, and the evidence points to the astounding amount of medically correct detail that can be discerned in the shroud's image.

In the second part of the book, a case is made for the archeological authenticity of the shroud and reconciles the image with the most commonly accepted Gospel accounts of the crucifixion of Jesus. It is in this section that the authors begin to repeat themselves in order to "elaborate" on previously presented material.

Part three presents medical details of the body portrayed on the shroud and the conclusions that might be drawn from medical evidence concerning the man's death. Again, the authors seem to repeat themselves for the sake of elaboration. This section includes an outline of the naturalism versus supernaturalism debate and a brief dissertation on the merits of the Resurrection belief.

Even though this book is quite factual, and the authors' opinions are clearly labeled as such, this reviewer was not comfortable with the rather narrow scope of possible explanations offered for the shroud's existence. The evidence clearly shows that whatever the cloth may be, it is definitely not a painting or obvious forgery. However, it is also very clear that the authors are firmly rooted in Christianity and really have no room in their philosophies for any type of Fortean phenomena. They make rather blunt pronouncements, such as "Since this is a theistic universe ruled by a God who sent his son to proclaim a unique message, we should be impressed by the nature of Jesus' claims," and "The evidence indicates that Jesus rose. We should face this fact."

The authors employ the natural versus supernatural debate in a way that is reminiscent of the divine creation versus evolution teaching controversy in U.S. public schools. Gentlemen of the Fortean persuasion such as John Keel and Jacques Vallee have made good arguments for the existence of other "control systems" which work to create

systems of belief. And since Christianity was not only a religious belief dealing with the son of a Hebrew tribal god but also a world-changing political movement that helped launch humankind out of the god-king era, we should be aware of possible ulterior motives involved in the existence of such a relic.

Resurrection theory became a center of Christian dogma rather early, and as St. Paul wrote, "If Christ was not raised, your faith is worthless . . ." (I Corinthians 15) I believe that if a system of thought was being imposed on a simple populace, then the Resurrection would provide a more than adequate focal point.

The authors show what the shroud is not, but this reviewer feels that it is a bit presumptuous to imply that the shroud proves that a man named Jesus rose from the dead, ascended into heaven as the son of the only true God, and that it is the very embodiment of the tenets of Christian dogma.

Appendices, a notes section and an index are provided for the reader's convenience, and there are fourteen pages of color photographs.

GREAT EXPLORATION HOAXES by David Roberts (Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1982, 192 pp. with maps, photos, biblio. and index, \$12.95)

Reviewed by George W. Earley

Fakery is not confined, as skeptics would have it, to Forteans and others interested in unexplained tangibles. As Roberts clearly shows, fakery can even invade such an upright and macho field as exploration.

Ten men are examined here. Nine were fakes, but one, denounced as a fraud in his lifetime, was later found to have told the truth about his adventures.

I suspect 20th-century readers will be most interested in the chapters on Admirals Peary and Byrd who achieved fame and fortune by being the first white men to reach the North Pole by surface (Peary) and air (Byrd). Actually, they never achieved the goals for which they were lionized by the public and rewarded by the U.S. Congress.

Peary, we are taught, reached the North Pole by dog-sled, accompanied by four Eskimos and his black assistant, Matthew Henson. But none of the five had any knowledge of celestial navigation and therefore were in no position to verify Peary's claim.

The man who could have done so had been sent back to base by Peary only a few days before the North Pole was allegedly reached. Peary, who had averaged but 9.3 miles per day (mpd) while catching up to Bartlett, subsequently claimed an average of 26 mpd from that point until he reached the Pole. The return trip was even faster . . . an incredible 53 mpd! (The verified speed record, made on smooth Greenland ice by Knud Rasmussen, is 36.6 mpd.) For Peary to have done 26 mpd, let alone 53 mpd, over the highly uneven and often broken polar pack ice, is beyond belief. Yet so great was the craving for an American polar hero that he not only garnered public acclaim but gained the endorsement of the august National Geographic Society for his phony feat.

Like Peary, Byrd gulled the public and the National Geographic Society when, in 1926, he claimed to have made the first North Pole overflight. Riding (Byrd was no pilot) in a ski-equipped Fokker tri-motor whose top speed

was, at best, 75 mph, Byrd somehow made the 1330-mile flight from Kings Bay to the Pole and back in an incredible 15½ hours . . . and that included 13 minutes spent circling over the Pole. How did a 75-mph plane average 87 mph? Byrd credited a tailwind which not only boosted the plane enroute to the Pole but, as they circled it, obligingly "began to freshen and change its direction" so that, by the time Byrd headed home, it had shifted 180° and was again pushing the plane!

Among Roberts' other accounts are the non-search of Sebastian Cabot for the Northwest Passage, Father Hennepin's phony voyage down the Mississippi, and Robert Drury's fanciful account of 15 years' captivity on Madagascar. Fakers all.

The man who wasn't a faker? James "Abyssinian" Bruce, Laird of Kincaid, whose account of reaching the source of the Blue Nile in 1770 was universally ridiculed by the stay-at-home skeptics. Bruce died in 1794 and over 30 years passed before later explorations of Abyssinia demonstrated the truth of his "fanciful tales."

Pursuit readers will, I think, find this a fascinating and informative book . . . every library should have it.

MYSTERIES OF THE UNEXPLAINED by the editors of *Reader's Digest General Books (Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, New York, 1982, 320 pp., illus., \$19.98)*

Reviewed by Sabina W. Sanderson

I have had the greatest difficulty in making up my mind about this book. Its production values—printing, paper, etc.—are excellent; it includes a bibliography and an index; and the source of each item is indicated, all things in its favor. It is the content that poses problems for me.

I think the truth is that this is not a book for veteran Fortean. There is almost nothing in it that I have not come across before, and much that is included is in the "old war horse" category. The editors call it "an almanac of events that defy explanation in commonly accepted terms," and it really is a kind of lavish "seed catalogue" though it does have sprinkled through it general articles on specific topics, most of them very well balanced pro and con (but see below).

It is divided into five major sections: "Beyond the Walls of Time" (prophecies and such), "Unearthly Fates," "Monsters and More," "The Unquiet Sky," and "In the Realm of Miracles." Each of these is divided into several sub-sections, which include a wide variety of reports, ranging in length from a few lines to a page or more. The quality of the entries varies considerably, and some ought not to be there at all. This last applies specifically to the section on "Appearances and Disappearances" which includes one preposterous statement and a number of cases in which the meaning of "mysterious" has been stretched to the breaking point. The preposterous statement is that Leslie Howard and Glenn Miller "inexplicably disappeared" during WWII, which is rubbish. The second category includes such "mysterious" disappearances as Mallory and Irvine on Mt. Everest! Of course they disappeared, but there has never been any reason to suspect that there was anything supernatural about it. Examples such as this weaken the whole argument.

Also, I am informed that Uri Geller is talking to his

lawyer concerning a possible libel suit for a totally undocumented assertion made about him in the general article on "Poltergeists and PK." The editors state in their introduction to the book that they "cannot establish that all the events related herein occurred exactly as they have been recounted; . . ." but it is doubtful that this will protect them against libel suits.

The book would, I think, with the caveats noted above, provide an excellent *introduction* to Fortean. There is plenty of material for the novice to sink his teeth into, and the physical appearance of the book lends an air of "respectability" that no cheaply produced paperback can provide.

UFOs—AFRICAN ENCOUNTERS by Cynthia Hind (*Gemini, Zimbabwe, 1982, 236 pp., \$5.95 paperback*)

Reviewed by Robert Barrow

Some of UFO literature's finest moments occur when a book causes us to ponder the universal, absolutely unconfined geographical nature of the UFO.

Veteran UFO researcher Cynthia Hind has authored a book that exceeds this goal. In what appears to be the first volume ever to center primarily on African UFO experiences, Hind offers a variety of personally investigated reports. Properly cautious throughout, this African coordinator for the Mutual UFO Network initially assures the reader that "I'm not sure what UFOs are. I now accept, very definitely, that they are not terrestrial . . . people are seeing what they say they see, solid hardware which we, in our limited Earth terms, are not able to explain."

With colorful descriptions of the African countryside and people, Hind takes us from case to case in a delightful, light manner. Apparently, the intention here is to give in-depth treatment to a few cases, but the incidents touched upon positively drip with UFO-related characteristics noted around the world.

Beginning with the case of a South African farmer who encounters UFO occupants and physical evidence in 1975, Hind then elaborates on a witness whose seemingly wild story involves a physical relationship with a handsome UFO humanoid; the author wisely stands back and lets the reader judge the witness' case and credentials.

The 1972 Fort Beaufort incident in which a UFO was both extensively witnessed by police officials *and* fired upon is prominently featured, and Hind is careful to provide (as she does for other cases) laboratory results of the analysis of physical evidence. Another well-regarded incident, the "Peter and Frances" story, relies on hypnotic regression to uncover details of how a young couple's automobile was inexplicably transported a considerable distance across the country by UFOs.

Various UFO-related effects are explored in the remainder of the book, including bizarre radio broadcasts and an instance of a paved tennis court possibly ripped up by a UFO. Enhanced by a photo section, appendix, glossary, bibliography and complete index, this African publication is a pleasing addition to UFO literature.

African Encounters glows with a fair amount of charm, particularly because some of the witnesses are so far removed from all the UFO lore and hoopla Americans are accustomed to; they simply would be unable to fabricate stories which relate so perfectly to international reports. In fact, one can easily imagine how *unlikely* a part of African

life faked UFO tales would be after reading the following section, wherein a close-encounter witness describes his frustration in making his neighbors understand his experience:

I found the educated people were the most interested . . . But the more ignorant people, well, I'm an amateur geologist and I collect fossils . . . many people don't know that years ago fossils were animals or fish, but when I try to explain this point to the more unsophisticated people, they laugh at me and say, "Oh, come on now, that is a stone!" And I cannot convince them otherwise. Well, it's the same thing with UFOs—they just don't understand the concept of it all.

AFTER MAN: A ZOOLOGY OF THE FUTURE by Dougal Dixon (St. Martin's Press, New York, 1981, 124 pp., illus., \$14.95)

Reviewed by George W. Earley

Polluted air. Poisoned water. A burgeoning population with a shrinking food base. And, hanging overall, the threat of a nuclear holocaust.

Do all these things presage the end of the Age of Man? On the assumption that they—or some other catastrophe—will make Man one with dodos and dinosaurs, Dougal Dixon has attempted to envision a distant Tomorrow when both Earth and its species have undergone radical changes.

Zoologist-paleontologist-geologist Dixon has the scientific background which, when combined with a vivid but disciplined imagination, can be utilized to present a world we'll never know, but at the same time, a world we can find acceptably realistic.

(We can, of course, reject his view of Man's extinction, preferring to believe we'll spread into the galaxy to remake other worlds into Our Image . . . but let's play the game his way for now. It's both fun and instructive.)

So . . . 50 million years hence, says Dixon, "the world's northern continents of Africa, Eurasia and North America have joined with Australia to form a single unit. South America is separated from North America as it was in the Tertiary" period. Old mountains have fallen and new ones have arisen.

With the continents changed, Dixon proceeds to detail the climatic changes and then introduces the new animal populations: stranks, rabbucks, rundihorns, gigantelopes, possets, fatsnakes, strigers, khiffahs and quite a few more exotic creatures crawl, fly and swim in Dixon's Tomorrowland.

Each is a new lifeform, evolved to fit ecological niches left when Man, his domestic animals and many of today's endangered species—such as elephants and the big cats—died out. The baboon, says Dixon, is already both a predator and a species adapted to surviving . . . it evolves into the 3-meter-high raboon, a bipedal killer whose shape resembles that of the late *T. rex*, so beloved by makers of monster movies. The rabbuck is an antelope-sized descendant of the rabbit family. From the bat family comes the night stalker, a blind, flightless, fearsomely-fanged killing machine 1½ meters tall. One monkey has learned to swim and pursues his meals in their natural environment. Certain birds mimic plants, thus enticing insects to their doom.

I should note that Dixon rather sets the stage for all this in his opening chapters. "Evolution" and "The History of

Life" provide brief but clear expositions on such topics as cell genetics, natural selection, form and development, the origins of life, early living forms, and so on. The reader learns, if previously unaware, of how today's mammals evolved to fill the gaps left when the dinosaurs died.

Succeeding chapters limn the future in various locations on New Earth as Dixon shows us the creatures of such areas as temperate woodlands and grasslands, coniferous forests, tropical grasslands, islands and island-continent, and the tundra and polar regions, for example. There are subdivisions within those chapters—tree dwellers, sand dwellers, browsing mammals, etc.—and handsome illustrations, most in color, bring his imagined creatures to vivid life.

In all, this is a most fascinating book and well rounded-out by inclusions of an index, appendix, "tree of life" and a bibliography. If you don't own *After Man*, I hope your library does.

GENESIS by W. A. Harbinson (Dell Books, New York, 605 pp., \$3.50)

Reviewed by George W. Earley

Been having bad dreams lately about flying saucers? Losing sleep worrying about who's inside? Where they are from? And, perhaps the most frightening question of all ... WHY they are here?

Well, *Genesis* is not only the bad dream you may have had about UFOs, but it also supplies some terrifying answers to those very questions.

Fortunately, *Genesis* is fiction . . . I hope. At least, it is sold as fiction. It is also the most disquieting piece of UFO fiction I've read in over thirty years in the field.

The time is now. Two men, the Hynek-like Dr. Frederick Epstein of the "Aerial Phenomena Investigations Institute" in Washington, and his associate, Dr. Stanford, are chasing UFOs. Meanwhile, somebody is killing people involved in UFO research . . . and kidnapping others, for reasons initially unclear.

The reader will quickly find he is following two story lines: the pursuit by Epstein and Stanford of UFOs, and the machinations of others about which I will say no more beyond noting that the reader will discover certain "truths" before the main characters do.

Along the way, a number of people and events from the real world of ufology glide across the scene. Jessup, McDonald, Klass, Menzel and Ruppelt all appear, as do certain Bermuda Triangle mysteries, cattle mutilations, foo fighters and other anomalies.

Harbinson knows the UFO field. From a wide variety of disparate strands, he has woven a ufological tapestry which, while not flawless, pulls and tugs and compels the reader to finish this frightening tale. And if the ending is not to your liking, just keep telling yourself it is only fiction, it is only fiction . . .

In an epilogic note, Harbinson reveals that his interest in UFOs was sparked, while researching another novel, by "two short but intriguing articles" (about which he frustratingly tells us nothing) found in "the Imperial War Museum in London." Other facts followed, but it was those two War Museum articles that led him to write *Genesis*, a novel I urge you to read, but not, for your peace of mind, to believe.

Letters

In an earlier letter,* I claimed it was impossible for any ancient astronomer c. 2700 B.C. to have built the pyramids of Giza by Wilson's model. I have made several assumptions or assertions which I will now elaborate on.

1. Mirrors. Any geographic measurement of the speed of light would have had to use mirrors of some kind. The earliest mirrors were handheld and were from Graeco-Roman times (Boardman 1975). Unless more recent artifacts have been found, this means it was impossible to measure the speed of light geographically.

2. Lenses. The major obstacle against any ancient astronomer seeing the disk of Mercury was the lack of magnifying lenses. Twyman (1952) quotes a much earlier article by H.C. Beck in which he tells of a discovery by E.J. Forsdyke (1927) in Crete, of two crystal magnifying lenses that date back to at least as early as 1200 B.C. and probably 1600 B.C. As of King (1955), the oldest known lenses date back to 2000 B.C., also from Crete; see also Irwin (1975). Without the use of lenses the ancient astronomer must have relied on the unaided techniques I mentioned in the earlier letter.

3. Radius of the Earth. While Thiel (1957) does not mention the use of transits when the French in the time of Louis XIV measured the radius of the Earth, Uotila (1975) says that Jean Picard in 1669 (during Louis XIV's reign) first used a telescope to determine latitude and 1.2° of arc from which a radius could be calculated. Further, he says that Willebrord van Roijen Snell measured the size of the Earth by triangulation without the use of a telescope and was 3.4% too small; he references A.D. Butterfield, *A History of the Determination of the Figure of the Earth from Arc Measurements* (1906), among others.

4. Stellar Aberration. "Fixed" stellar aberration itself caused by the Earth's revolution around the sun cannot be used because the aberration constant has the value of 20.496 seconds of arc (Blackwell 1975). The velocity of light is obtained from the equation:

$$c^2 = \frac{2 \pi a V}{KT(1 - e^2)^{1/2}}, \text{ where}$$

K is the aberration constant, as is the semi-major axis of the Earth's orbit, e is the eccentricity, T is the sidereal year in mean solar seconds, V is the observer's velocity transverse to the direction of the object observed, and c is the speed of light. If the sun were used, the equation would be changed to

$$c^3 = \frac{2 \pi \rho V^2}{\pi_{\text{sun}} K T (1 - e^2)^{1/2}}, \text{ where}$$

$\pi_{\text{sun}} K = 180.245$ seconds squared of arc, ρ is Earth equatorial radius.

*See letter to the editors in *Pursuit* No. 54, Second Quarter 1981, pp. 95-96, which responded to Edgar Wilson's article "Evidence for the Stability of the Solar System Since c. 2700 B.C." in *Pursuit* No. 52, Fall 1980, pp. 151-154.

5. Mixed Color Occultation. I mentioned in my summary about the possibility of measuring the diameter of Mercury as it occults either Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, Procyon, or Capella using color changes. Payne-Gaposchkin (1965) lists these stars' temperatures as follows:

Procyon	6500K
Capella	5500K
Aldebaran	3300K
Betelgeuse	3100K

Sosman (1940) says that the practiced eye is capable of judging temperature by brightness with an error in brightness of within 25%. The Sun's temperature is $5780 \pm 50K$. Such an error in brightness means the naked-eye observer could guess these stars temperatures with the following errors:

Star	Spectral Class	Surface Temperature
Procyon	F5	$6500 \pm 380K$
Capella	G0	$5500 \pm 300K$
Sol	G2	$5780 \pm 310K$
Aldebaran	K5	$3300 \pm 180K$
Betelgeuse	M2	$3100 \pm 170K$

Since Mercury would be reflected light from Sol, a star with a surface temperature overlapping the range 5470 to 6090K would not be differentiable. This means Capella could not be used on the basis of color. When the brightnesses are close, the spectrum resulting from the sum of any of these, with reflected sunlight, indicates a temperature approximately midway between the two sources. These composite spectra would be the case whenever the two objects are within one minute of arc. In this instance those that overlap can be seen in the following table:

Star & Sol	Composite Temperature
Procyon F5	6140 ± 330
Aldebaran K5	4540 ± 245
Betelgeuse M2	4440 ± 235

This means inside the resolution of the unaided observer it is very unlikely that Procyon could be differentiated. Both Aldebaran and Betelgeuse could have been used. If these were used when Mercury was on Earth's side of Sol, then the longest time for the color sequence is about 15 minutes. This includes the color composites on either side of the occultation. This means if about 15 minutes of time could be measured, the ancient astronomer could know the diameter of Mercury if such an occultation occurred before the actual construction.

6. Shadow Clocks. For measuring both the speed of light and the diameter of Mercury by occultation, it is necessary to have available a reasonably accurate chronometer. Dolan (1975) says that the Egyptians around 3000 B.C. used shadow clocks or L-boards. He says that

these were used to tell the hour of the day, not very accurately. To measure the speed of light from Venus, times between 3 and 20 minutes must be resolved. At best they might have been 50% accurate. The diameter of Mercury by such a method would be meaningless.

7. Conclusion. It would take a lens of 5X to 14X magnification to resolve the disc of Mercury (one minute of arc). According to Twyman (1952) the lenses of the time (1600 B.C.) were only 3X. Even if lenses were used c. 2700 B.C. it is very unlikely they were more than 3X. In addition, a converging lens has as its focal length (L) the distance $M \times d$, where M is the magnification and d is the distance to the object to be magnified (Halliday and Resnick 1962). Clearly the ancient astronomer would have had to build a refracting telescope and none has yet been found archeologically.

The radius of the Earth could have been known to 3.4%.

I am a member of SITU and very much interested in the fields of psychotronics, new energies and disc-shaped aircraft and spacecraft. In *Pursuit* No. 59, Third Quarter 1982, I noticed a letter from Mr. W. Kingsley and the report "British Rail Gives Up on Flying Saucers." I think that many readers are interested in serious information concerning possible UFO technologies. There are a variety of ways to build strange little flying machines, and many U.S. and European patents exist. (I prepared a list of patents some time ago and ordered copies from the U.S. Patent Office and the Deutches Patentamt.)

Here is a list of books and other sources which may be of interest:

- "Intercettateli Senza Sparare"
- "I Velivoli Del Mistero"
- "Operazione Plenilunio"
- Author: Renato Vesco
- Publisher: Edizioni Azienda Padana Editrice s.p.a.
- Via Tadino, 29
- 20124 Milano
- Italia
- The first book had been published in the USA from Zebra Books, NY: "Intercept UFO" or "Intercept But Don't Shoot"
- "UFO—Arma Segreta"
- Author: M. Coppetti
- Publisher: Edizione Mediterranee
- Via Flaminia n. 158
- 00196 Roma
- Italia
- "Ungewöhnliche Eigenschaften Nichtidentifizierbarer Lichterscheinungen"
- MUFON-CES Tagungsband 1978, Munich
- "Forschung in Fesseln"
- Author: Rho Sigma
- Publisher: Ventla-Verlag
- D-6200 Wiesbaden-Schierstein
- "UFO's—Nazi Secret Weapon?"
- Author: W. Mattem
- Publisher: SAMISDAT PUBLISHERS LTD.
- 206 Carlton Street
- Toronto, Ontario M5A 2L1
- Canada
- "Genesis—The epic novel of the world's most fearsome secret"
- Author: W.A. Harbinson
- [Editors' note: See George W. Earley's review, page 184.]

The speed of light could not have been measured to better than 50%.

The only method left by which the radius of Mercury might have been gotten was by its brightness, and this requires a knowledge of logarithms for which there is no evidence. At best this diameter is only good to 15%.

Wilson's model has a built-in error of at least 52% for the astronomical capability of the time. Wilson's "model" remains only a number puzzle.

One other minor point regarding the 1/47th scale idea is that if the radius of the Earth was measured as Eratosthenes had done (between Alexandria and Syene) the angle subtended was 1/50 of 360°. Poseidonius (1st century B.C.) used the distance between Alexandria and Rhodes Island (1/48 of 360°). Eratosthenes was too large by 15% and Poseidonius was too large by 11%.

—Henry A. Hoff

- "We Want You—Is Hitler Alive?"
- Author: Michael X.
- "Document 96—A Rationale For Flying Saucers"
- Author: Frank Martin Chase
- "The Flying Saucer—A Simplified Explanation Of The Application Of The Biefeld-Brown Effect To The Solution Of The Problems Of Space Navigation"
- Author: Masone Rose
- Publisher: (of all three books)
- Saucerian Press/Gray Barker
- Box 2228
- Clarksburg, W.VA. 26301
- USA
- "How To Build A Flying Saucer..."
- Author: T.B. Pawlicki
- "Antigravity Propulsion Devices"
- Author: Bernard C. Ebershaw
- "NIPD"
- Vol. 1 and 2
- Publisher: Research and Development
- Post Office Box 873
- Concord
- North Carolina 28025
- USA
- "Suppressed & Incredible Inventions"
- Author: John Freeman
- Publisher: Fry's
- 879 Park Ave.
- Perris, CA 92370
- "The Death Of Rocketry"
- Author: Joel Dickinson & Robert Cook
- Publisher: CIP Systems, Inc.
- P.O. Box 2997
- San Rafael, CA 94901
- "The Principles Of Ultra Relativity"
- Author: Shinichi Seike
- Publisher: G-Research Lab.
- P.O. Box 33
- Uwajima Post Office
- Uwajima City
- Ehime (798)
- Japan
- "Die deutschen Waffen und Geheimwaffen des 2. Weltkrieges und ihre Weiterentwicklung"
- Author: Rudolf Luser
- Publisher: J.F. Lehmanns Verlag, Munich

- “German Jet Genesis”
Author: David Masters
Publisher: Jane’s Publishing Company Limited
238 City Road
London EC1V 2PU
Great Britain
 - “High Energy Electrostatics Research: Introduction And Information Compendium. H.E.E.R.”
 - “Antigravity And UFO’s. H.E.E.R.”
Author: (of both volumes)
Raymond A. Nelli
 - “Flying Saucers And Physics”
 - “Flying Saucer Energetics”
Author: (of both papers)
Stanton T. Friedman
- Available from: Arcturus Book Service
c/o Bob Girard
263 N. Ballston Ave.
Scotia, NY 12302
USA
- “The Great Cosmic Cover-up:”
Publisher: Association for Pushing Gravity Research
Craig Gunnufson
25176 Madison Street
Murrieta, CA 92362
USA

Searl National Space Research Consortium
J.R.R. Searl
17 Stephens Close
Mortimer
Berkshire, RG7 3TX, Great Britain

UFO-like craft were built and are being built for experimental studies of possible secret weapons. Airplanes with round wings are not very good, but if one takes several technologies it is possible to build expensive and superior craft. The Nazis built “Flugkreisel,” and after WWII other nations did, too. In the books listed above there is a lot of information, but researches for military purposes are naturally very rarely reported and lack details. I believe ways also exist for fast interstellar travel or so-called time-travel, and new, open-minded physics and psychology will show possible practicalities soon, I hope!

—J. Bodensieck
West Germany

George A. Agogino’s article on the Crystal Skull was a fine and concise piece of writing (*Pursuit* No. 59, Third Quarter 1982). It wove together in a well-ordered matrix all accounts and findings reported on this amazing matter.

Anthropologists are usually able by cephalic index and related means to re-sculpture the face and features of a living creature from its skull. Since the Crystal Skull and others like it were obviously closely and finitely patterned after the living homo sapiens, should not some effort be made to come up with racial features for these skulls, which in turn might help to identify their creators?

I feel sure that readers would find this an interesting point for discussion.

—Hillyer Senning

Dr. Cahoon’s article “Causality and Synchronicity as Natural Principles” (*Pursuit* No. 58, Second Quarter 1982) is an example of the careless reasoning which is so rampant in the various branches of xenology.

The author argues that, because the expansion of the universe is uniform in all directions and its composition homogeneous, all events in the universe are repeated many times: “Because there are a very large number of identical lines, an infinite number in the sense of differential calculus, it follows that there are a great many You’s in the universe.”

This is an example of the fallacy of composition. Merely because the physical composition of the universe is the same everywhere (and that itself is an unproven assumption), it does not follow that there are a multiplicity of Delwin Cahoons or Kim Neidighs out there. Possibly there are, but the premises do not prove it.

From this argument, Dr. Cahoon believes he has demonstrated how synchronicity operates. I confess I don’t see how. Parapsychic events are among those considered synchronistic, and Dr. Cahoon seems to be saying that these occur because of some sort of link between duplicate individuals in the universe. But this assumes the conclusion in the premises—an example of circular reasoning.

—Kim L. Neidigh

The following communication appeared in the “letters” column of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* issue of November 6, 1982 and was forwarded by member Ray Nelke.

The writer, Dr. Harley Rutledge, is professor of physics and heads the physics department at Southeast Missouri State University. From 1973 he directed a scientific field study in the New Madrid seismic area (shown on page 68 in *Pursuit* No. 54, Second Quarter 1981). His 1981 book, *Project Identification*, reported on the study and was reviewed in *Pursuit* No. 56, Fourth Quarter 1981, page 181. His letter to the St. Louis newspaper is quoted in full:

UFOs Exist

Recently Nova, a science-related series on PBS television, ran a program titled “The Case of the UFOs” that was as fine a piece of propaganda as I have seen in a long time. Based upon the presentation, the viewer was invited to make a judgment as to the existence of UFOs.

Several scientist-UFO experts gave their opinions regarding the UFO phenomenon. Not one had ever seen a UFO.

These scientists seek a natural explanation for the UFO phenomena. As an example of how far they will “reach,” one claimed a correlation between earthquake activity and lights in the sky. But such correlations are illusory. For instance, a correlation exists between an increase in worldwide UFO activity and the nearness to Earth of the planet Mars in its orbit about the sun. Yet NASA has no evidence that UFOs are on Mars.

Another example of reaching is one scientist’s belief that UFO sightings result from the observation of swarms of insects that give off an electrical discharge while in the vicinity of an electrically charged cloud, a natural phenomenon, too.

Having lived in the vicinity of the New Madrid fault for 20 years and having directed a long-term scientific field study of UFO phenomena, during which I observed some 150 UFO lights, I do not believe that any of these were produced by insects or earthquakes—nor were any of the seven craft I observed.

Contrary to the opinion of “experts,” I can state unequivocally that real UFOs exist and that they are not a phenomenon of nature.

Dr. Harley Rutledge
Director, Project Identification
Cape Girardeau, Missouri

LETTERS to the editors are always welcome. Please send to Fred Wilson, 66 Bortic Road, P.O. Box 134, Cedar Grove, NJ 07009. Letters are subject to abridgement as necessary to insure fair sharing of the limited space available.

The Notes of Charles Fort

Deciphered by Carl J. Pabst

ABBREVIATIONS

★ ★	For some obscure reason, Fort cut a point on the left side of the note.	Jour. Roy Inst Gt. Britain	<i>Journal of the Royal Institute of Great Britain</i>
#	[?]	K. Hauser	Kaspar Hauser
Ac to	According to	Kiesw.	"An enterprising new member has undertaken the task of checking the references in Charles Fort's NOTES as printed in the Magazine, especially and primarily those gathered from the Reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. This welcome refinement of details is forwarded by H. A. Kiesewetter, of Buffalo, who is assisted in the work by Mrs. Kiesewetter." (<i>The Fortean</i> , #10, p. 146, c. 1)
A. J. Sci	<i>American Journal of Science</i>		Kentucky
(A 1)	[? Almanac ?]		La Belgique Horticole
An de Chimie	<i>Annales de Chimie</i>		<i>La Science Pour Tous</i>
An Reg	<i>Annual Register</i>		Light
Arcana of Sci	<i>Arcana of Science</i>		<i>Linnaean Society Transactions</i> [?]
Arch. des Decouv.	<i>Archives des Decouvertes</i>		[?]
Archiv. Verein Freunde Natur of Mecklenburg	[?]		<i>Living Age</i>
Ast. Reg	<i>Astronomical Register</i>		London Times
Astro	Astronomical		lum. of one
attrib	attributed		Mag Nat Hist
BA	<i>Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science</i>		Mechanics' Mag
bet	between		Mem. R. A. S.
Bib. Univ.	<i>Bibliographie Universelle</i>		Mems Nat. Acad. of Sciences
BO	"It is clear from the arrangement of the notes that he [Fort] was searching his chronological arrangement and plucking out specific notes for a future book in which he would refer to these data as opprobrious to the Scientists for their odor, 'B O'." (<i>The Fortean</i> , #3, p. 14, c. 1)		metite
	Succession of black rains		M Notices
	[?]		Monroe Co.
B. R. Success	black snow		mt.
Br. V Assoc	<i>Bulletin de la Societe Belgium D'Astronomie</i> [?]		"mut"
b. snow.	[?]		N.J.
Bull Soc. Belge D'Astro	<i>Chaos</i> [Fort's working title for <i>New Lands</i>]		N.M.
(C)	[?]		(N) op
(Ch)	<i>Comptes Rendus</i>		N. S. Wales
Cor.	illustrated		Obj
C.R.	<i>The Book of the Damned</i> , page 177		Op. Mars
(Cut)	department		p.
D-177	detonating meteor		(P)
dept.	details of phenomena		Penny Mag
det met	Extraordinary disappearance		phe
dets of phe	distant thunder		Phil Mag
Disap / Extraord	Eastern limb		P.P.
dist. thunder	<i>Edinburgh Journal of Science</i>		q and geolog
E. limb	England		Q. Jour. Roy Inst
Edin Jour Sci	<i>English Mechanic</i>		S. Car.
Eng	Extraordinary Discovery		Smithsonian Inst Rept.
Eng. Mec.	<i>Fletcher's List</i>		Somnamb.
Ext. Discovery	Fireball		stat.
(F)	(Frogs)		S to N
F. ball	Georgia		S.W. to N.E.
(FrGs)	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i>		Symons Met
Ga	hours		Tenn.
Gent's Mag	Hungary		
h.	Inferior conjunction		
Hun	Italy		
Inf. conjunction	<i>Journal of the American Museum of Natural History</i>		
(It)			
Jour Amer. Museum Nat Hist			

th. storm	thunderstorm
Trans Bombay Geog Soc	<i>Transactions of the Bombay Geographical Society</i>
Trans. Perthshire Soc	<i>Transactions of the Perthshire Society of Meteorological Science</i> [?]
Met. Sci	<i>Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh</i>
Tr. Roy Soc Edin	
Va.	Virginia
vol.	volume
Volc	Volcano
zod light	zodiacal light

Continued from *Pursuit* No. 59, Vol. 15, No. 3, Third Quarter 1982, page 144.

1827

Nov. 30 / W. Indies / also coast of S.A. / Shocks. In some places preceded by [Reverse side] violent wind. / BA 54.

Nov. 30 / Dec 1 / Dec 8 // Violent shocks in Martinique, followed by rain. / B.A. 54.

Dec 9 / Volc eruption near village of Jokmali (Bakon), on Caspian Sea. / [Reverse side] BA 54.

Dec 9 / At Vega-di-Supia / 8:30 p.m. / detonation heard by Humboldt / Bull. Soc. Belge de Geol. 9-190.

Dec 13 / Lisbon, Portugal / 1 / [Light quake / BA 1911].

1828

Mass of ice / Candeish, India / (D-177).

[BCF, p. 185:

Rept. Brit. Assoc., 1851-32:

That a mass of ice about a cubic yard in size had fallen at Candeish, India, 1828.]

winter / Larvae / (D-93).

★ ★

[BCF, pp. 96-97 / See 1806 winter.]

Jan 5 / [London *Times*], 3-a / Astro phenomena.

Jan 7 / Eruption of fire and water / Jokmali, Persia / Mag Nat Hist 6-301.

Jan. 14 / Venice / q / "After the motion had ceased a prolonged, dull noise was heard in the air." / det met? / BA '54 / [Reverse side] 11:45 p.m.

Jan 18 / Gotha / Fireball / BA 60.

Jan 29 / Krassova, Hungary / q preceded by th. storm / BA 54.

Feb. 2 / Island of Ischia, Italy / II / [Medium quake / BA 1911].

Feb 2 / March 14 // Vesuvius after quiet 6 years. / Q of Ischia on Feb 2. / Bib. Univ. 39/157.

—or 1829? Feb. 7 / 3 p.m. / On Darling River, Australia.

[Reverse side] Report as if big gun. / Sturt, "Central Australia, 2-21.

Feb. 11 / New York / S.W. to N.E. / Fireball / BA 60.

Feb 19 / Iceland / II / [Medium quake / BA 1911].

Feb. 23 / March 21 / Aug 13 / Dec 3 // q's /Belgium / Ciel et Terre 8/38.

Feb 27 / See 1827. / Near Mhow, India, stone perfectly similar to one near Allahabad in 1802 and near Mooradabad in 1808. / Arcana of Sci 1829-196.

[BCF, p. 409 / See 1802//.]

Feb 29 / [London *Times*], 3-f / March 4-3-a / 26-3-b / q / Antwerp.

March 14 / Vesuvius / 17 and 18, more violent, to 22nd, when diminish / An Reg 1828-40.

March 20 or 22 / b. snow. / Roseneath, Scotland. / Ac to old resident to

[Reverse side] Lewis P. Muirhead, in *Nature* 29-494, snow fell in black or sooty flakes.

Mar. 20, 22 / See 14. / B. R. Success / Scotland, Clyde Valley / (D-31).

[BCF, p. 29:

A correspondent to *Knowledge*, 5-190, writes of a black rain that fell in the Clyde Valley, March 1, 1884; of another black rain that fell two days later. According to the correspondent, a black rain had fallen in the Clyde Valley, March 20, 1828; then again March 22, 1828. According to *Nature*, 9-43, a black rain fell at Marlsford, England, Sept. 4, 1873; more than twenty-four hours later another black rain fell in the same small town.]

March 30 / Peru and rain and q / Very violent q—"the most extraordinary and violent rain followed, [Reverse side] lasted four days, and produced most disastrous inundations." / BA '54 / Peru.

April / Volc in Kamtschatka / Mag Nat Hist 6-301.

April / Fish / ac to an April no of Inverness Courier, copied in *Edin Jour Sci* 9-156 / At Fodderthy, Strathpfeffer, [Reverse side] a field found covered with herring 3 to 4 inches long. Sea 3 miles away.

Ap. 14 / Ross-shire / fish / (D-84) / Liv Age 52/186 / An Reg-1828/55.

★ ★

[BCF, p. 86 / See July, 1824.]

May / Hauser enters Nuremberg.

[BCF, pp. 703-710:

Upon Whit Monday afternoon, May, 1828, a youth, aged sixteen or seventeen, staggered, with a jaunty stride, into the town of Nuremberg, Germany. Or, while painfully dragging himself along the ground, he capered into the town. The story has been told by theorists. The tellers have fitted descriptions around their theories. The young man was unable fully to govern the motions of his legs, according to Andrew Lang, for instance. He walked with firm, quick steps, according to the Duchess of Cleveland. The Duchess' theory required that nothing should be the matter with his legs. By way of the New Gate, he entered the town, and there was something the matter with his legs, according to all writers, except the one who preferred that there should be nothing the matter with his legs.

To Nurembergers who gathered around, the boy held out two letters, one of which was addressed to a cavalry captain. He was taken to the captain's house, but, because the captain was not at home, and because he could give no account of himself, he was then taken to a police station. Here it was recorded that he could speak only two sentences in the German language, and that when given paper and pencil he wrote the name Kaspar Hauser. But he was not put away and forgotten. He had astonished and mystified Nurembergers, in the captain's house, and these townsmen had told others, so that a crowd had gone with him to the station house, remaining outside, discussing the strange arrival. It was told in the crowd, as recorded by von Feuerbach, that near the New Gate of the town had appeared a boy who seemed unacquainted with the commonest objects and experiences of everyday affairs of human beings. The astonishment of a look at the captain's saber had attracted attention. He had been given a pot of beer. The luster of the pot and the color of the beer affected him as if he had never seen anything of the kind before. Later, seeing a burning candle, he cried out in delight with it, and before anybody could stop him, tried to pick up the flame. Here his education began.

This is the story that has been considered imposture by everybody who wanted to consider it imposture. I cannot say whether all alleged cases of amnesia are fakes, or not. I say that, if there be amnesia, the phenomena of Kaspar Hauser are aligned with the phenomena of many cases that are

said to be well-known. The safest and easiest and laziest of explanations is that of imposture.

Of the two letters, one purported to be from the boy's mother, dated sixteen years before, telling that she was abandoning her infant, asking the finder to send him to Nuremberg, when he became seventeen years old, to enlist in the sixth Cavalry Regiment, of which his father had been a member. The other letter purported to be from the finder of the infant, telling that he had ten children of his own, and could no longer support the boy.

Someone soon found that these letters had not been written by different persons, sixteen years apart. One of them was in Latin characters, but both were written with the same ink, upon the same kind of paper. In the "later" letter, it was said: "I have taught him to read and write, and he writes my handwriting exactly as I do." Whereupon the name that Kaspar had written, in the police station, was examined, and it was said that the writings were similar. Largely with this circumstance for a basis, it has been said that Kaspar Hauser was an impostor—or that he had written the letters himself. With what expectation of profit to himself is not made clear. If I must argue, I argue that an impostor, aware that handwritings might be compared, would, if he were a good impostor, pretend to be unable to write, as well as unable to speak. And those who consider Kaspar Hauser an impostor, say that he was a very good impostor. The explanation in the letter, of the similarity of handwritings, seems to be acceptable enough.

People living along the road leading to the New Gate were questioned. Not an observation upon the boy, before he appeared near the Gate, could be heard of. But we see, if we accept that someone else wrote his letters, that this Gate could not have been his "appearing-point," in the sense we're thinking of. He must have been with, or in the custody of, someone else, at least for a while. Streets near the jail, where for a time he was lodged, were filled with crowds, clamoring for more information. Excitement and investigation spread far around Nuremberg. A reward was offered, and, throughout Germany, the likeness of Kaspar Hauser was posted in public places. People in Hungary took up the investigation. Writers in France made much of the mystery, and the story was published in England. People from all parts of Europe went to see this boy. The mystery was so stimulated by pamphleteers that, though "feverish" seems an extreme word, writers described the

excitement over this boy, "who had appeared as if from the clouds," as a "fever." Because of this international interest, Kaspar Hauser was known as "The Child of Europe."

The city of Nuremberg adopted Kaspar. He was sent to live with Prof. Daumer, a well-known scientist, and the Mayor of Nuremberg notified the public to "keep away from his present residence, and thereby avoid collision with the police." The seeming paralysis of his legs wore off. He quickly learned the German language, but spoke always with a foreign accent. I have been unable to learn anything of the peculiarities of this accent. Except to students of revivals of obliterated memories, his quickness in learning would seem incredible. Writers have said that so marvelous was his supposed ability to learn that he must have been an impostor, having a fair education, to start with. Though the impostor-theory is safest and easiest, some writers have held that the boy was an idiot, who had been turned adrift. This explanation can be held simply and honestly by anybody who refuses to believe all records after the first week or so of observations. Whether impostor or idiot, the outstanding mystery is the origin of this continentally advertised boy.

The look of all the circumstances to me is that somebody got rid of Kaspar, considering him an imbecile, having been able to teach him only two German sentences. Then the look is that he had not for years known Kaspar, but had known him only a few weeks, while his disabilities were new to him. Where this custodian found the boy is the mystery.

Kaspar Hauser, in the year 1829, wrote his own story, telling that, until the age of sixteen or seventeen, he had lived upon bread and water, in a small, dark cell. He had known only one person, alluded to by him, as "the man," who, toward the end of his confinement had taught him two sentences, one of them signifying that he wished to join a cavalry regiment, and the other, "I don't know." He had been treated kindly, except once, when he had been struck for being noisy.

Almost anybody, reading this account, will, perhaps regretfully, perhaps not, say farewell to our idea of a teleported boy. "That settles it." But nothing ever has settled anything, except relatively to a desire for settlement, and if ours is a desire for unsettlement, we have assurance that we, or any other theorist, can find in the uncertainties of any human document, whether supposed to

have been dictated from on high, or written by a boy, material for thinking as our theories require.

We note in Kaspar's story a statement that he had no idea of time. That is refreshing to our wilting theory. We may think that he had lived in a small, dark room all his life of which he had remembrance, and that that may have been a period of only a few weeks. We pick upon his statement that once he had been struck for being noisy. To us that means that he had been confined, not in a cell, or a dungeon, but in a room in a house, with neighbors around, and that there was somebody's fear that sounds from him would attract attention—or that there were neighbors so close to this place that the imprisonment of a boy could not have been kept a secret more than a few weeks.

We're not satisfied. We hunt for direct data for thinking that, if Kaspar Hauser had been confined in a dark room, it had not been for more than a few weeks.

"He had a healthy color" (Hiltel). "He had a very healthy color: he did not appear pale, or delicate, like one who had been some time in confinement" (Policeman Wuest).

According to all that can be learned of another case, a man, naked, almost helpless, perhaps in a state of hypnosis so profound that also it was physical, so that he could scarcely walk, and in whom memory was obliterated so that he did not know enough to make his way along a road, which he crossed, appeared near Petersfield, Hampshire, Feb. 21, 1920. If we can think that a peasant, near Nuremberg, found on his farm a boy in a similar condition, and took him in, then considering him an imbecile, and wanting to get rid of him, keeping him in confinement, fearing he might be held responsible for him, then writing two letters that would explain an abandonment in commonplace terms that would not excite inquiry, but not being skillful in such matters, that looks as if we're explaining somewhat.

Because of the continuation of Kaspar's story, we think that this place was near Nuremberg. Whit Monday was a holiday, and the farmers, or the neighbors, were probably not laboring in the fields: so this was the day for the shifting of the supposed imbecile. Upon this day, as told by Kaspar, "the man" carried the boy from the dark room, and carried, or led, him, compelling him to keep his eyes downward, toward Nuremberg. Kaspar's clothes were changed for the abandonment.

Perhaps he had been found naked, and had been given makeshift garments. Perhaps he

had been found in clothes, of cut and texture that were remarkable and that would have caused inquiry. The clothes that were given to him were a peasant's. It was noted in Nuremberg that they seemed not to belong to him, because Kaspar was not a peasant boy, judging by the softness of his hands (von Feuerbach).

The story has resemblances to the story of the English boy of Nepal. In each case somebody got rid of a boy, and in each case it is probable that a false story was told. If "the man" in Kaspar's case had the ten children that, to excuse an abandonment, he told of, there'd have been small chance for him to keep his secret. There are differences in these two stories. It will be my expression that they came about because of the wide difference in attention that was attracted.

Oct. 17, 1829—Kaspar was found in the cellar of Prof. Daumer's house, bleeding from a cut in the forehead. He said that a man in a black mask had appeared suddenly, and had stabbed him.

It has been explained that this was attempted suicide. But stabbing oneself in the forehead is a queer way to attempt suicide, and in Nuremberg arose a belief that Kaspar's life was in danger from unknown enemies, and two policemen were assigned to guard him.

Upon an afternoon in May, 1831, one of these policemen, while in one room, heard a pistol shot, in another room. He ran there, and found Kaspar again wounded in the forehead. Kaspar said that it was an accident: that he had climbed upon the back of a chair, and, reaching for a book, had slipped, and, catching out wildly, had grasped a pistol that was hanging on the wall, discharging it.

Dec. 14, 1833—Kaspar Hauser ran from a park, crying that he had been stabbed. Deeply wounded in his side, he was taken to his home. The park, which was covered with new-fallen snow, was searched, but no weapon was found, and only Kaspar's footprints were seen in the snow. Two of the attending physicians gave their opinion that Kaspar could not so have injured himself. The opinion of the third physician was an indirect accusation of suicide: that the blow had been struck by a left-handed person. Kaspar was not left-handed, but was ambidextrous.

Kaspar lay on his bed, with his usual publicity. He was surrounded by tormentors, who urged him to plug gaps in his story. He was the only human being who had been in the park, according to the testimony of the snow tracks. It

was not only Kaspar who was wounded. There was a wound in circumstances. Tormentors urged him to confess, so that in terms of the known they could fill out his story. Faith in confessions and the desire to end a mystery with a confession are so intense that some writers have said that Kaspar did confess. As a confession, they have interpreted his protest against his accusers—"My God! that I should so die in shame and disgrace!"

Kaspar Hauser died. The point of his heart had been pierced by something that had cut through the diaphragm, penetrating stomach and liver. In the opinion of two of the doctors and of many of the people of Nuremberg, this wound could not have been self-inflicted. Rewards for the capture of an assassin were offered. Again, throughout Germany, posters appeared in public places, and in Germany and other countries there were renewed outbursts of pamphlets. The boy appeared "as if from the clouds," and nothing more was learned.

It was Kaspar's story that a man in the park had stabbed him. If anybody prefers to think that it cannot be maintained that there was only one track of footprints in the snow, let him look up various accounts, and he will find assurances any way he wants to find them. For almost every statement that I have made, just as good authority for denying it, as for stating it, can be found, provided any two conflicting theories depend upon it. One can read that Kaspar Hauser was highly intelligent or brilliant. One can read that the autopsy showed that his brain was atrophied to the size of a small animal's, accounting for his idiocy. One comes upon just about what one comes upon in looking up any other matter of history. It is said that history is a science. I think it must be.

A great deal, such as Kaspar's alleged ability to see in the dark, and his aversion to eating meat, and his inability to walk would be understandable, if could be accepted the popular theory that Kaspar Hauser was the rightful Crown Prince of Bavaria, who for political reasons had been kept for sixteen or seventeen years in a dungeon. There would be an explanation for two alleged attacks upon him. But see back to his own story of confinement in a house, or a peasant's hut, near Nuremberg, where probably his imprisonment could not have been kept secret more than a few weeks. See testimony by Hiltel and Wuest.

See back to a great deal more in this book—

The wolf of Shotley Bridge, and the wolf of Cumwinton—or that something removed one wolf and

procured another wolf to end a mystery that was attracting too much attention.

It was said that Kaspar Hauser was murdered to suppress political disclosures. If it be thinkable that Kaspar was murdered to suppress a mystery, whether political, or not so easily defined, there are statements that support the idea that also some of the inhabitants of Nuremberg, who were prominent in Kaspar's affairs, were murdered, or one can read that von Feuerbach died of a paralytic stroke. See Evans (*Kaspar Hauser*, p. 150)—that, soon after the death of Kaspar Hauser, several persons, who had shown much interest in his case, died, and that it was told in Nuremberg that they had been poisoned. They were Mayor Binder, Dr. Osterhauser, Dr. Preu, and Dr. Albert.

"Kaspar Hauser showed such utter deficiency of words and ideas, such perfect ignorance of the commonest things and appearances of Nature, and such horrors of all customs, conveniences, and necessities of civilized life, and, withal, such extraordinary peculiarities in his social, mental, and physical disposition, that one might feel oneself driven to the alternative of believing him to be a citizen of another planet, transferred by some miracle to our own" (von Feuerbach.)

May 8 or 9 / W — for 1827 and 1829.

middle May and end May / Unusual number of sunspots, one of them of unusual size / Edin J. Sci., 9-169.

May / Tscheroi, Turkey / Stonefall / BA 60.

May 14 / 10:30 a.m. / A water-spout seen near Edinburgh. But water fell. None

[Reverse side] said to have gone up. / Arcana of Science 1829-192.

May 18 / I / Marsala, Italy / [Light quake / BA 1911].

May 24 / Tremendous sunspot by Pastorff / Ast. Reg 7-13.

May 26 / (C) / (N) op / Obj thought not been a sunspot, seen on disk of sun, by Pastorff / M Notices 34/26 /

[Reverse side] because Olbers had predicted comet cross the sun this day.

[BCF, pp. 412-413 / See July 31, 1826.]

May 28 / Kratzburg / fishes / Archiv. Verein Freunde Natur of Mecklenburg 12-75 /

[Reverse side] Jour Amer. Museum Nat Hist 21/615.

last of May / No q / BA.

The Notes of Charles Fort will be continued in the next issue.

Another Death by Lightning

by Sabina W. Sanderson

SOME TIME AGO I reported on a "blasphemer" who was struck dead by lightning out of a clear blue sky, and Harold Holland later gave an account of a similar occurrence.* The case that follows is not nearly so clear-cut, but the identity of the victim is curious, and I think the affair deserves notice. It was mentioned rather casually in *The Polar and Tropical Worlds* by Dr. G. Hartwig, published by C. A. Nichols & Co. of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1874. Hartwig seems to have been a reliable author, definitely not inclined toward sensationalism though occasionally displaying some of the prejudices of his era (primarily with regard to some jungle animals, notably the gorilla). The report he quotes did not originate with him—he is careful to note sources, another point in his favor—but is so matter-of-fact that it probably can be taken at face value.

The report appears in the chapter on "Siberia—Fur-Trade and Gold-Digging" (page 216). Hartwig notes that ". . . as the workmen [in the gold-diggings] only consist of the refuse of society, the greatest discipline is necessary to keep them in order. . . ." and then goes on to say:

"Hoffman relates an instance of a plot singularly nipped in the bud. In one of the gold-diggings on the Noiba, the workmen, at the instigation of an under-overseer, had refused to perform a task assigned to them. It was to be feared that the spirit of insubordination would gain ground, and extend over all the neighboring diggings. The director, consequently, sent at once for military assistance; this, however, proved to be unnecessary, for when the Cossacks arrived at the Noiba, a thunder-storm arose, and at the very moment they came riding up to the digging a flash of lightning killed the ringleader in the midst of the mutineers. As soon as the men recovered from the first shock of their surprise and terror, they all exclaimed, 'This is the judgment of God!' and, without any further hesitation, at once returned to their duty."

I have been unable to determine who Hoffman was, nor can I find the Noiba River, though in the latter case the name has probably been changed by the Communist regime and it may be a relatively small river to begin with. My personal assessment is that Dr. Hartwig would not have quoted the story unless he considered the source to be reliable.

One has to admit that it is an awfully effective way to stop a mutiny. Of course one would like more details, but the phrase "in the midst of the mutineers" strongly suggests that the leader was not imitating a church spire by standing alone on the highest prominence available. Indeed, one would expect the mutineers to stick pretty closely together for moral support and for purely practical reasons of defense. Thus it is certainly curious that lightning struck the ringleader rather than someone else, though one cannot rule out coincidence.

Whether this was an example of human PK (psychokinesis) at work remains a moot point. It seems highly improbable that even collective PK could have conjured up a thunder-storm, but given a naturally occurring storm, it is not impossible that some of those present—not necessarily the mutineers—felt very strongly that someone who flouted authority in this way ought to be struck dead for his temerity.

Directing a bolt of lightning to a particular target is a pretty neat trick, if indeed this was the case, though it is less mind-boggling than creating lightning quite literally out of the blue.

*See *Pursuit* No. 55, Third Quarter 1981, page 133, for Sabina Sanderson's report "Was It Collective PK?" and Harold Holland's letter to the editors in *Pursuit* No. 57, First Quarter 1982, page 45.



Astrology and Charles Hoy Fort

(Continued from page 173)

spectrum of PSI abilities lack a proper scientific birth certificate. However, astrology and these phenomena continue to parade before the impotent criteria of the laboratory. Like falls of toads from the sky, these not-quite disciplines have been relegated to the domain of the damned, and will likely remain in the category of crackpot pastimes until the Old Guard dies off. My guess is that astrology will become very "in" some day and be taught in universities once more, this time couched in terms of bioenergetics. Energies once written of as "influences" and "rays" will become more palatable "paragravitatic vectors" that alter and modify "meta-neural energies."

But until those new terms are drummed up to explain astrology or dowsing, we cannot with any measure of intellectual honesty dismiss these phenomena. They are persistent and wide spread, and our mental impotence in their face simply reminds us that we have no idea of the forces at play in the creation of people or the planets they inhabit.

At the risk of bending a few noses out of shape, I am duty-bound to suggest to my brother Forteans that astrology has passed the test of Fort's chart. And why not? They're both preposterous.

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How Much Did You Know About UFOs?

Here are the answers to the 50 Questions Compiled by Tom Burch in *Pursuit* 59, Third Quarter 1982

ANSWERS TO 'TRUE OR FALSE' QUESTIONS

- | | | |
|----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. True | 6. False | 11. False |
| 2. True | 7. False | 12. True |
| 3. True | 8. False | 13. False |
| 4. True | 9. False | 14. True |
| 5. False | 10. True | 15. True |

ANSWERS TO 'MULTIPLE-CHOICE' QUESTIONS

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Jacques Vallee | 12. Townsend Brown |
| 2. Missionary | 13. Wright-Patterson AFB Ohio |
| 3. Allan Hendry | 14. Kenneth Arnold sighting |
| 4. Antonio Villas Boas | 15. Batelle Memorial Institute |
| 5. Chiles & Whitted | 16. Charles Fort |
| 6. Edward Condon | 17. Smithsonian Institution |
| 7. <i>Flying Saucers—Serious Business</i> | 18. Nocturnal lights |
| 8. 1896 | 19. <i>The Day the Earth Stood Still</i> |
| 9. UFO abduction case | 20. Charles Hickson |
| 10. 53% | |
| 11. GEPAN | |

Memos & Miscellany

Reminder

This issue of *Pursuit* fulfills your membership for last year, it being the issue for the Fourth Quarter 1982. If you have not yet renewed your membership for 1983, please send your check for 1983 dues to SITU immediately so that we can keep our journal coming your way. . . .

Also please note: If you have moved within the last six months and didn't tell us, or if you are going to move, please stop by your local post office and ask for a "change of address card;" fill in your name and the old address where you have been receiving *Pursuit*, plus your complete new mailing address with date when effective; mail to SITU, P.O. Box 265, Little Silver, NJ 07739 USA.

Two Conferences

SITU's President, Bob Warth, attended two noteworthy conferences during his vacation this past summer.

The first was the U.S. Psychotronics Association's conference from July 18 to 22 at Golden, Colorado. Among the notables attending were Tom Bearden, Dr. Andrija Puharich, Dr. Bob Beck, Dr. Elizabeth Raucher, Dr. Louis Leonardi, Dr. T. Galen Hieronymous, J. G. Gallimore, Riley H. Crabb, Rev. Henry J. Nagorka, Dr. Leo Sprinkle, William Bise, Dr. Dan Fry and Ruth Harvey.

The meeting was well-prepared with a minimum of expected problems from the hosting Colorado School of Mines.

The 1983 USPA conference is planned for Portland, Oregon, from July 20 to 23. Membership information, details of the upcoming conference and a list of tapes made at the 1982 conference may be obtained from Bob Beutlich, Secretary, USPA, 3459 Montrose Ave., Chicago, IL 60618.

The second meeting Bob Warth attended was a seminar on "Healing Modalities, Psychic Phenomena and Survival Evidence" which met in Madison, Wisconsin, from August 6 to 8. It was notably well-organized and it, too, was very well-received by those who attended. Hosts Walter and Mary Jo Uphoff assembled such distinguished persons as Dr. Otto Schmitt, Dr. C. Norman Shealy, Harold Sherman, Uri Geller, Dr. J. T. Richards, Dr. Berthold Schwarz, Rose Gladden, again Ruth Harvey, Mrs. May Lemke, Anne Gehman, Masuaki Kiyota, and others.

Membership information and seminar tapes are available from: New Frontiers Center, Rt. #1, Oregon, WI 53575.

We hope we can encourage the Uphoffs and their allies in this important field to hold a follow-up seminar in the very near future.

Corrections, Additions, Etc.

Apologies to Richard D. Wright for three typesetting errors in his guest review of David Bohm's book *Wholeness and the Implicate Order*. The review, published in *Pursuit* No. 58, Second Quarter 1982, contained the following errors:

Page 81, paragraph 1, line 4 should read: classical science within its limits, works his way through the [not "works its way" as we had it].

Page 81, paragraph 4, line 9 reads correctly when the semicolon we mispunched is replaced with the comma Mr. Wright had in his text.

Page 83, left column, featured the omission of several words following the first line of continuation from bottom of preceding page. The first sentence should read: Astonishingly enough, one cubic centimeter of space is calculated to contain more energy than the total energy of all matter in the known universe.

* * *

Michael Baran, whose book *Atlantis Reconsidered* was reviewed in *Pursuit* No. 59, Third Quarter 1982, page 140, has asked us to advise prospective purchasers that the price of the book is \$7.50 postpaid when ordered direct from the publisher: Exposition Press, 325 Rabro Drive, Smithtown, NY 11787.

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 21. Ted Phillips | 29. J. Allen Hynek |
| 22. physical evidence | 30. Philip Klass |
| 23. photographic evidence | 31. astronomical phenomena |
| 24. radar/visual sightings | 32. James Oberg |
| 25. Project Starlight | 33. <i>National Enquirer</i> |
| 26. Thomas Mantell | 34. Army helicopter |
| 27. McMinnville, Oregon | 35. Iran |
| 28. hypnotic regression | |

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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ORIGINS OF SITU/PURSUIT

Zoologist, biologist, botanist and geologist Ivan T. Sanderson, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., in association with a number of other distinguished authors, established in 1965 a "foundation" for the exposition and research of the paranormal—those "disquieting mysteries of the natural world" to which they had devoted much of their investigative lifetimes.

As a means of persuading other professionals, and non-professionals having interests similar to their own, to enlist in an uncommon cause, the steering group decided to publish a newsletter. The first issue came out in May 1967. The response, though not overwhelming, was sufficient to reassure the founding fathers that public interest in the what, why and where of their work would indeed survive them.

Newsletter No. 2, dated March 1968, announced new plans for the Sanderson foundation: a structure larger than its architects had first envisioned was to be built upon it, the whole to be called the Society for the Investigation of The Unexplained, as set forth in documents filed with the New Jersey Secretary of State. The choice of name was prophetic, for Dr. Sanderson titled one of the last of his two-dozen books "Investigating the Unexplained," published in 1972 and dedicated to the Society.

Another publication was issued in June 1968, but "newsletter" was now a subtitle; above it the name *Pursuit* was displayed for the first time. Vol. 1, No. 4 in September 1968 ("incorporating the fourth Society newsletter") noted that "the abbreviation SITU has now been formally adopted as the designation of our Society." Issue number 4 moreover introduced the Scientific Advisory Board, listing the names and affiliations of the advisors. Administrative matters no longer dominated the contents; these were relegated to the last four of the twenty pages. Most of the issue was given over to investigative reporting on phenomena such as "a great armadillo (6 feet long, 3 feet high) said to have been captured in Argentina"—the instant transportation of solid objects "from one place to another and even through solids"—the attack on the famed University of Colorado UFO Project headed by Dr. Edward U. Condon—and some updated information about "ringing rocks" and "stone spheres."

Thus SITU was born, and thus *Pursuit* began to chronicle our Investigation of The Unexplained.

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