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SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

Columbia, New Jersey 07832

Telephone: Area Code 201, 496-4366

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PUBLICATIONS

The Society publishes a quarterly journal entitled PURSUIT. This is both a diary of current events and a commentary and critique of reports on these. It also distributes an annual report on Society affairs to members in categories (1), (2), (3), and (4) above. The Society further issues Occasional Papers on certain projects, and special reports in limited quantity on the request of Sponsors or Contributing Members. (Subscription to PURSUIT is \$5 per annum, including postage.)

PUBLISHING RECORD

Our publishing schedule is four quarterly issues of PURSUIT, dated January, April, July, and October, and numbered as annual volumes — Vol. 1 being 1968 and before; Vol. 2, 1969, and so on.

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*These are out of print.

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Vol. 3, No. 3
July, 1970

PURSUIT

THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

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

Editorial Director: Ivan T. Sanderson
Managing Editor: Marion L. Fawcett
Associate Editor: Daniel F. Manning

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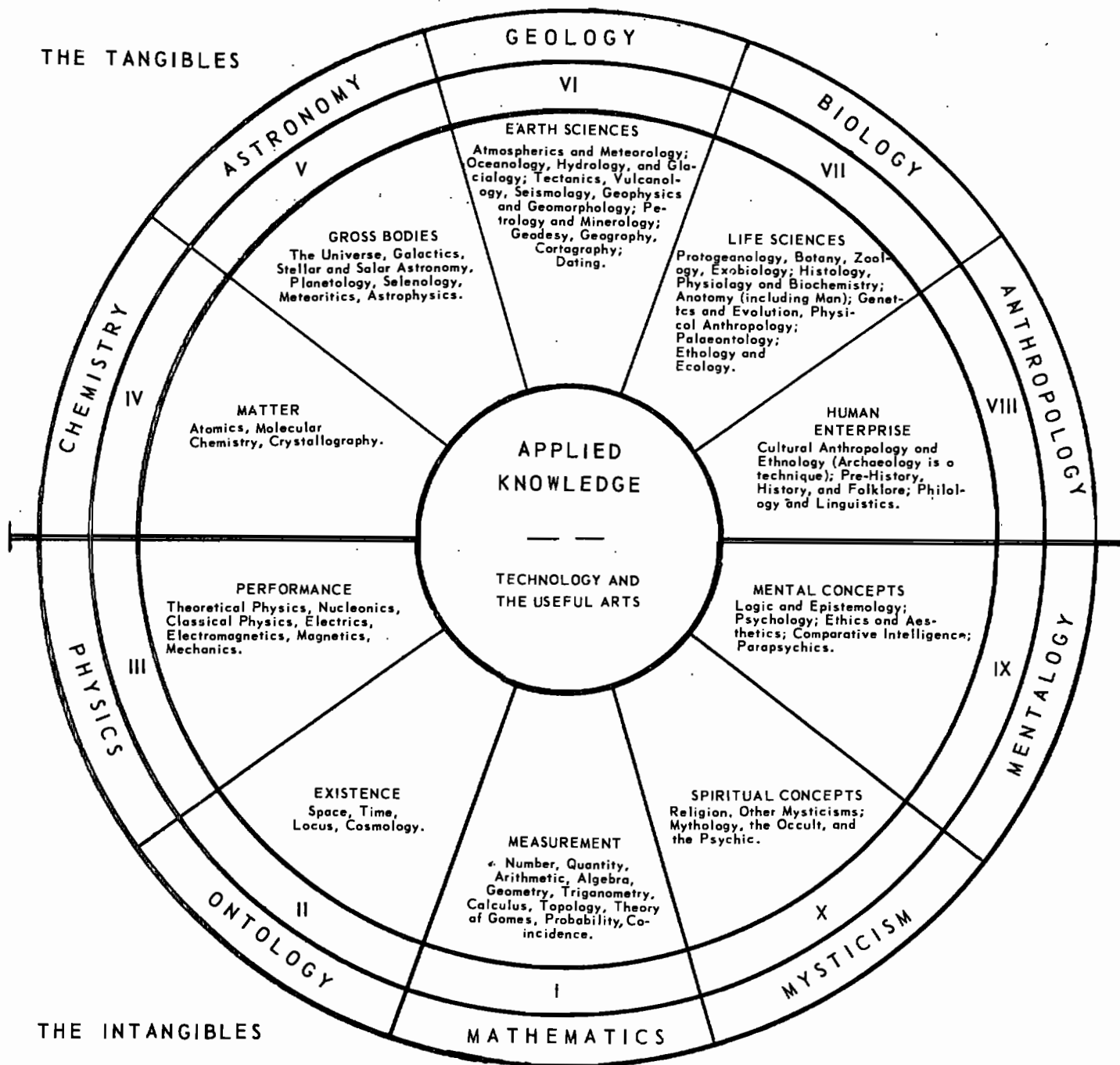
All communications should be addressed to:

S. I. T. U., Columbia, New Jersey 07832.

Telephone: Area Code 201, 496-4366.

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THE TAXONOMY OF KNOWLEDGE



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

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

EDITORIAL

The time has come for a reassessment of outlook and thus for a restatement of what, I suppose, can but be called policy. Actually, our approach has not changed in either respect, but what Charles Fort called "acceptance", on the part of many others and on many subjects, has changed drastically during the past year. We speak, of course, of the attitude to reality of philosophers with scientific training. We are delighted with this turn of events, and we welcome this fraternity to the ranks of common sense and understanding. However, it is the unexpected ways by which this and other "fraternities" have come to such an acceptance, that fascinates us.

As we have repeatedly observed, humanity ran on belief until the incident at Hiroshima. Since then, it has been forced to re-orientate its entire outlook to conform with reality. It's not that "God" died that day, as so many assert; but rather that the concept of an infinitely competent and benign power then literally dropped dead. What we, perhaps rather euphemistically, call Nature, which is only another way of saying reality, is not benign. It is, from our human way of thinking, infinitely cruel; and while not always by any means altogether competent, it is gruesomely efficient. Learn a little palaeontology and you will immediately perceive just how incompetent nature is — billions of different life-forms being evolved, and all but a couple of million of them being extinguished on this little planet alone. In fact, elimination of her failures by destruction, is nature's way of being efficient. But there is another side to the coin, and it is of this that we wish to speak.

All manner of people who have truly studied reality through realistic (i.e. what we call scientific) channels during the past century have ultimately been forced to accept the possibility of other realities — at least if they managed to remain intellectually honest. The most outstanding example that I know of was the great Alfred Russel Wallace, co-proposer of the theory of evolution, who was a pragmatist if ever there was one. From collecting Birds-of-paradise, he graduated to the contemplation of an ever-expanding concept of Nature, and he ended up being as near a mystic as any pragmatist can be. That was a century ago.

Wallace's final thoughts were scoffed at by contemporary scientists who, while being forced to respect the enormous contributions he had made to the natural sciences, endeavoured to attribute what they considered his (to them) gross aberrations to senility. They did the same to people like Sir Oliver Lodge.

They could not just ignore intellects of this stature and scientific training, nor could they declare outright that they were crackpots, as they did such personalities as Conan Doyle on the one hand and Charles Fort on the other. Anything that did not conform to their (primitive) mechanistic concept of everything, was labelled screwball — with the exception of religion, to which they continued to give lip service just to be on the safe side themselves! But as time has flowed on, ever more properly trained minds of a philosophical turn, and an extraordinary number of pure technologists, have cast off the shackles of the 'old' mechanics; and for the very simple reason that their own searches, researches, and discoveries have demonstrated without a doubt that there are not only other "mechanics" but other worlds of both logic and reality.

It is strange, nonetheless, that it should be the stepchild of reality — i.e. ufology, so called — that should have brought this boiling intellectual discontent to the surface. If you will turn to the section we allot to this business, you will see what I mean. John Keel is not the first but the last (or most recent) thinker to express opinions on reality that have exercised the minds and deep attention of all religions for centuries, and of most governments, many scientists, and hosts of others for now about fifty years. To the prior acceptance of these new concepts there have been two road-blocks. On the one hand, the old-time so-called scientists, and on the other the religionists and other mystics, the occultists and spiritists, and the spiritualists. What both parties have failed to realize is that there is a "third world", as it were. This is just as real as our mechano-physical one, but it does not run on our laws, principles, or even logic. Moreover, it is not the spiritual world.

If you want to know what it is — and you had better get with it if you want to survive — read books like this one by Keel; the one we recommended in our last issue, by Schroeder & Ostrander; and then take Vallee's Passport to Magonia; the Condon Report; and works by engineers like Aime Michel. They all come out at the same point — namely, pragmatic evidence, such as even our science now has to accept, of the existence of another (or many other) existence(s), interwoven with ours, with which we are beginning to make contact through our technology, and our new and better understanding of the operation and scope of what we call a "mind".

Ivan T. Sanderson

CHAOS AND CONFUSION

(The True Forteana)

(Editorial Note: We are bringing this column up front from now on because it is, after all, our *raison d'être*. This should not be construed to mean that the items described herein are any less serious-minded than those that come later; nor that the latter are more pompous than these. Our purpose as, we hope, good forteans, is to present all matters of a tangible nature that have not as yet been adequately explained; but, at the same time, to do all we can to find adequate explanations for them. The oddities and paradoxes that keep cropping up in the established fields of scientific enquiry (and which now follow this column) are every bit as enigmatic as these chaotic (intellectually speaking) items that are handled herein. It's just that, being asked to cope with the former first is asking an awful lot of those who do not have the time to keep up with the abstruser findings of "orthodox" science.)

A SET OF RADIO DENTURES

This is an old saw, but coming from a dentist we have to take note. It ties in with a couple of other things that cry out for confirmation and elucidation. But first, the story: — Daytona Beach, Florida, 9th April, 1970. "A housewife who has been receiving musical radio signals through her teeth has a mouthful of new fillings today, but still may be driven to extraction. (Of her teeth, presumably. Editor) The woman, who agreed to talk about it only if her name wasn't used, said Wednesday she had all her fillings but one replaced by plastic. She said a metal filling was left because it involved a root and might have to be pulled. The music stopped for three days. She had been picking up the signals since the night of March 16 and had been sleeping in a motel out of range of her neighborhood to get peace. 'I thought I was free and was ready to throw a party,' she said. Then her teeth tuned up again, much weaker than before but still there.

"Electronics experts say they believe the music is being transmitted by a person using a wireless phonograph to send signals to another part of his house. A dentist, Dr. J. H. Long, explained that two metals such as gold and amalgam fillings, plus acid in saliva, could set up a potential receiving system such as the woman's mouth. The housewife placed an advertisement in a newspaper urging whoever had been playing the songs she was hearing to identify himself. The numbers include 'Long Way to Tipperary' and 'Rambling Rose', she said. She said the ad brought a flood of calls, 'but nothing concrete'."

Our first question is why only music? The experts may be right in that the lady was picking up only a hi-fi using radio, rather than an intercom, to other rooms in the house. However, similar reports have been coming in since the initiation of regular broadcast programs in the early twenties. Many of these have been in a way suppressed because the sufferers heard voices as well, which they interpreted as 'evil spirits' haunting them; and who, as a result of being

unable to obtain relief from psychiatrists, were toted off to mental institutions. We wonder just how many poor people have been so toted off, only to end up truly insane. It is, of course, just possible that the bloody OINTs* or ultraterrestrial intelligencies, as John Keel has now designated them**, can and do pester good people with dreary music and a running commentary of a frightening or obscene nature, as would seem to be their wont and pleasure. However, there is another lead-in to this phenomenon.

Way back in 1916, a Mr. James McKelvie, who was a partner and confidant of Marconi and who used his steam yacht, the Surf, in conjunction with Marconi's, named the Electra, to first step the Atlantic by radio relays, was staying in a hotel at a place called Tintagel in Cornwall, England. He complained that the springs in his bed were picking up Morse-coded signals and, being one of the leading experts in the diffusion of such at that time, he started keeping a record in shorthand. Through his position, which was semi-official, he was able to trace the messages to certain British naval craft, operating within a limited range of Tintagel; and he then proceeded to somewhat upset officialdom by forwarding to them samples of these ultrasecret, encoded Morse-code communications.

Electronic engineers take an extremely dim view of the suggestion that two different metals used as fillings in teeth, bathed in buccal acid saliva, can act as radio receptors; and they take an only slightly less dim view of this bedspring bit, which has likewise persisted for year after year. In both cases, they

*The abbreviation coined by Ivan T. Sanderson for "Other Intelligencies", with deliberate intent to match their seeming unpleasant character; though without wishing to impugn that of the worthy pig, which is claimed to be the third most intelligent animal, second only to the chimps and ourselves.

**See Ufology, page 65.

More Chaos?

We regret that we must inform you that the protozoan Chaos chaos has been renamed Palomyza carolinensis. Some people have no respect for tradition at all!

request an outside power source independent of the broadcasts. However, some of the EMI effects that are now being detected would seem to imply that all of us (and our beds) are riddled with electromagnetic interferences from all over a vast range of frequencies. An entire approach-system at a Chicago airport was once thrown into complete chaos by a small electronic machine in a nearby shirt-factory which was used intermittently for labelling the goods as they came off the stitching machines! In other words, the poor lady in Florida might well be advised to consult an EMI specialist (vide: our member No. 22, who heads Electromagnetic Interference Corp. of Boston), with a view to trying to change her frequency.

RAIN-MAKING: NEW STYLE

LONDON, Eng. (UPI), 28th March, 1970: "A housewife said this week she is making it rain 3000 miles away in Canada so that seal hunts will be washed out. Doris Munday said she conjured up Canada's rains just sitting in her Brook Green parlor and 'thinking very hard'. That way, said Mrs. Munday, she has caused the torrential rains reported there to have cancelled out many seal-hunting operations, just as she had earlier ended droughts in India, China and the United States, and caused hail to fall on an English cricket ground.

"'Nobody ever believes me,' Mrs. Munday said. 'There's no mumbo-jumbo, no incantations, no witchcraft — I just think very hard, concentrate on what I want the weather to do, and it works. At least, it works 90 per cent of the time. I love animals, and when I read about those poor little creatures being clubbed to death (in Canada), I got angry,' she said. 'So I made it rain.'"

This is another old saw but even more aggravating because it is so very old. Throughout history, and from long before, chaps have claimed to be able to make it rain; and we have all the old rain-making ceremonies, like those of the admirable Hopi of our country, and the mystic ponderers on Asiatic mountain tops, still going on today. Countless thousands of people have witnessed these ceremonies; and even some sceptical scientists among these have grudgingly had to admit a disturbing incidence of coincidence in the desired results observed, that at least seemed to considerably surpass the law of probability. However, the whole bit was a pretty lost cause until the current scientific analysis of brain control, and of physical "brainpower" was undertaken. Now not only physicists and meteorologists, but all other pragmatists of the old schools, have had to indulge

second thoughts. If only one man (see PURSUIT, Vol. 2, No. 2) can demonstrate an ability to dissolve clouds, with near 100% accuracy and under controlled conditions, it is hard to deny that a whole bunch of enthusiasts could not loosen up the free ions in some, and so make rain. Any such procedure, nonetheless, might be supposed to operate only in a direct line of vision. But why stop there? Mindpower appears now not to be linear in effect, but to be tridimensional — i.e. to operate in every direction at once and irrespective of the solidity of any matter intervening. We are getting rather fond of "housewives"; they come up with the damndest things.

COCIOJO: THE UGLY RAIN-MAKER

Since we are on this rain-making jag, we would like to bring to your attention two other 'stories' that you may well not have heard of. Neither comes from what is so often euphemistically called "unimpeachable sources", but they are signed, the originals include photographs of the persons concerned, and they give names, dates, and locations, all of which have been confirmed. The first was written by one Lois Worker for the National Insider of the 2nd June, 1966, and went as follows:— "In the old song, 'The rain falls mainly in the plain,' but in Costa Mesa, Cal., the rain falls wherever William Payne places his little clay replicas of an old Indian rain God, Cocijo.

"When Payne, an art instructor at Orange Coast College, set the ugly little statues out in the fields last November, Southern California got the heaviest rainfall in its history. On nine other occasions when rain was needed, Payne put little Cocijoos in the fields, and precipitation, ranging from drizzles to downpours, resulted. 'Sure, I believe Cocijo brings rain,' Payne told me when I talked with him at the college. 'My students believe it, too — at least until after final grading time. If Cocijo was good enough for the Zapotec Indians of old Mexico, he's good enough for me.' The Zapotecs believed that if they placed stone likenesses of the god, face up in the fields, they'd get rain. But, according to their legends, the faces of Cocijo were good for only one downpour. So Payne, following the tribal custom, molds fresh images of Cocijo after every successful performance. 'The Indians believed that Cocijo worked because he was so ugly,' he said. 'He was designed to scare the heavens into letting loose with the water.'

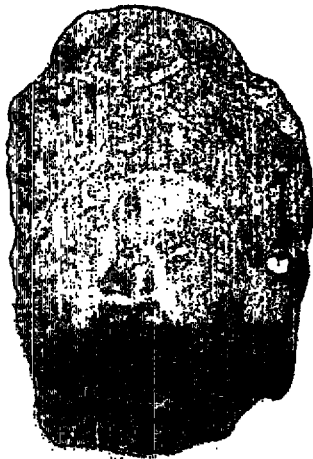
"Doesn't Payne perhaps check with the Weather Bureau before making up a batch of Cocijo images and putting them outdoors? I asked. 'No, I never

Peter Ustinov on Advancement

"People only get to the top because they have no qualification to detain them at the bottom."

Requirements for Scientists

The famous German physicist Erwin Schrodinger, "father" of quantum mechanics, laid down some requirements for scientists: "The first requirement of a scientist is that he be curious; he must be capable of being astonished and eager to find out".



check with the weatherman,' he said. 'Cocijo just works, that's all.'

It just so happens that the writer once came upon hundreds of little pottery faces, (see cut) lying on a bare desert area in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in southern Mexico. Curiously, the locals stated that these had been exposed by a strange torrential down-pour some years back and that, for some reason, it had never rained in that area since! The surrounding areas continued to have a very fair rainfall, and the 'desert' where the little faces lay (and there was lots of other pottery about), was clearly a new development since there were multiple signs of very recent cultivation and even of adobe buildings that could not have been more than a decade old. Did these little Cocijos (Coss-ee-hohs, or "Kosyt!") lose their power after their first effort?

IT'S NOT RAINING INSIDE TONIGHT

This next one is lifted in toto from the National Enquirer, who initially published it by arrangement with Lyle Stuart of New York. It is too good to be paraphrased, especially since the facts check out. It goes as follows: —

"In two blazing hot years only 2 inches of rain had fallen on the parched earth around San Diego, Calif. By January of 1916, the city was on the brink of disaster for want of water. It had been three months since the last feeble shower. The reservoirs were virtually dry. At the risk of being regarded as idiots, the city council voted to employ the services of a professional rainmaker. They had been bombarded with proposals from Charles Mallory Hatfield, a former sewing machine salesman who claimed he could induce rain, for a fee. He got the job.

"He had noticed, he said, that after great battles there were often great storms. He had also noticed that during great battles clouds of cannon smoke rose into the skies. And, to Hatfield, this constituted evidence that the burnt powder had, as he put it, upset the balance of nature in the air. Once upset,

clouds formed and rain fell, said Hatfield. For several years he had experimented on his father's farm in Kansas, setting up huge wooden tubs on towers — tubs from which clouds of chemical vapors drifted aloft. Rains came, torrential rains sometimes, and Hatfield found there were those who would pay him extremely well for his services. For example, the farmers of California's San Joaquin Valley hired him year after year to provide them with bountiful rains. They paid him \$10,000 a year and were happy with the results. The miners of Dawson City, Alaska, paid him \$21,000 to provide water for their dry sluicboxes. So, when San Diego finally turned to Hatfield in January of 1916, it was not dealing with an unknown.

"San Diego's main source of supply was Lake Morena, a man-made reservoir which had never been more than one-third full in its 20 years' existence. When Hatfield arrived on the scene, the lake was a hot, stinking mudhole. He made the city two offers: \$1,000 an inch for each inch of rain that followed his efforts; or \$10,000, for which he would fill the lake that had never been filled. For several days the city council stalled, vainly hoping that nature would provide the water. But when the fourth day dawned hot and cloudless, they hired Hatfield. And he put the workmen to setting up his tall wooden towers. Within 24 hours after those towers began sending their evil smelling vapors into the skies, rain began to fall. Crowds stood in the streets to cheer Hatfield.

"But the rejoicing didn't last long. On the third consecutive day of rain, the San Diego Exposition was washed out, and the Tia Juana race track was flooded. Telegraph and telephone lines were knocked down. Railroad bridges were swept away. And still the rains came. Otay and Sweetwater reservoirs filled — overflowed — and finally burst their earthen dams and thundered down the valley. A 50-foot wall of water carried 50 persons to their deaths. Troops were called in for emergency duty. Lake Morena filled and overflowed for the first time in its history. Then Hatfield turned off his towers and went to collect his money. The city, busy digging out of the flood, refused to pay him. And years later his lawsuit was finally dismissed. Scientists declared that Hatfield was a fraud and that his method was worthless. But before Hatfield died in 1958 he lived to see scientists making rain by sending chemical vapors into the air — just as he had done 42 years before."

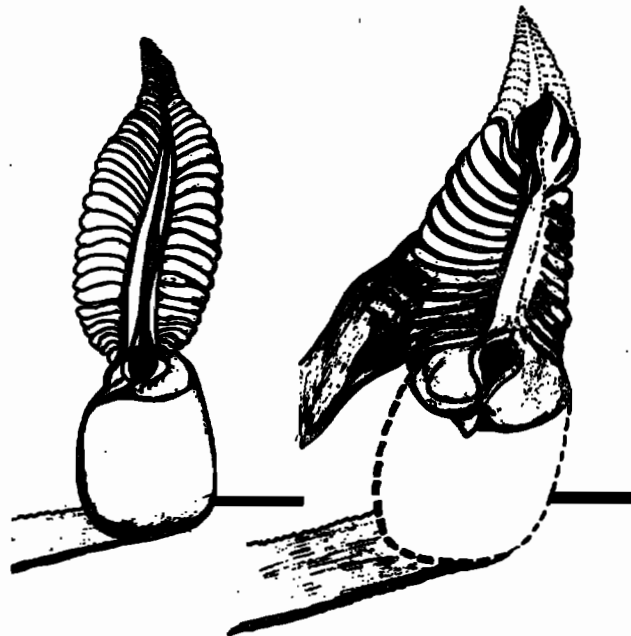
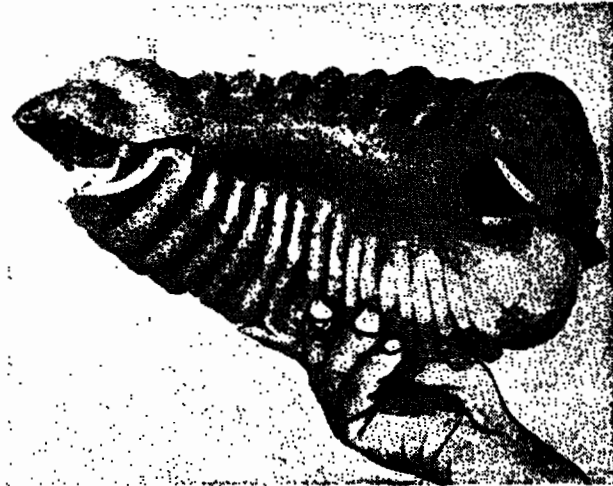
A "NASTY" FROM ON HIGH

The accompanying photograph and the following story are taken from Saucer News, published by Saucerian Publications, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va., with their kind permission. It reads: — "Saucer News is indebted to Mrs. Maria Desmedt, of Caracas, for sending us the above photo which appeared in her home town paper, El Mundo. She also translated the account accompanying it. A strange object shaped like a human kidney fell from the sky on July 22, 1969, in the Los Llanos area, near Zaraza, Guarico State, producing panic and excitement in the farm

neighborhood. The object was composed of a very solid gray material. 'Its interior is completely empty,' the paper stated, 'giving the impression of being a protective harness or armor-plate of an unknown instrument.' Farmer Hilario Aponte carried the object to the nearest village, where it was turned over to government officials who indicated they would turn it over to the American Embassy! The paper added that the object showed little damage and could hardly have been a part of a satellite or other space shot. Ironically, farmer Aponte died from unknown causes the day after he gave the story to the newspaper."

(Editor's comment: When collecting animals and plants in north-eastern South America, we saw something like this, but neither I nor my wife who was with me, can for the life of us remember just what it was. It certainly was not this size, and we have a feeling that it was the rind of some kind of fruit or nut from a primary forest tree. At the same time, however, there is a group of marine creatures called popularly Sea-Pens, and more scientifically the Pennatulaceans, that give rise to just such odd-looking structures that are sometimes found on sea beaches after storms. They are a kind of Coelenterate, holding a status somewhere between the Sea-Anemones and the Corals. They are gelatinous but become rubbery when dead and exposed to the air. The top part (see Fig. 2) readily breaks off, and the tentacles then curl inwards on drying — i.e. away from the viewer in this picture — until they go into the interior, which is hollow.)

Zaraza in Guarico State is about 50 miles from the sea, but trash-fish and other inedible animals that are brought up in trawls and dredge-nets off that coast, instead of being tossed overboard as by us, are often harvested by the frugal Venezuelan fishermen and sold — and at a handsome price, we might add — as fertilizer for inland cornfields; and Zaraza is on the Ipiri River which leads to the sea. There is no direct evidence that this thing actually "fell from the sky", and so we have it in mind that it turned up one day after rain on the surface of a milpa (corn field), having arrived initially in a load of fish manure. Space-animals there might be, and all kinds of organic junk has been reported as having fallen from the sky but for now we prefer to await sight of this item before pontificating further. Incidentally, some Sea-Pens are poisonous; apparently exuding a substance related to nicotinic acid which, of course, can kill by penetrating the skin. Whether such poison remains after death, or whether farmer Hilario Aponte took his "find" to bed with him, we also do not know.



Above (top) is the object found inland in Venezuela, which by the size of the hand holding it would appear to be about a foot long. Bottom left is an outline of a two-foot-long Pennatulacean, fully extended, from the eastern Caribbean, and to the right the Venezuelan object reduced to scale, with the upper tip indicated by a dotted outline, and the main basal body likewise below. These animals anchor themselves in sand as do some Sea Fans.

Scepticism Defined

Anon. — "Knowledge is unattainable, and if attained is unrecognizable."

TRUCKING LEVITATION

Here's a funny one indeed, and one that would have given Charlie Fort a great 'lift'. But first the story:—

Woodbridge, N.J., 24th February, 1970: "An 8,500-gallon tank-truck mysteriously overturned yesterday afternoon on the ramp from the Garden State Parkway to Route 440, spilling nearly 7,000 gallons of fuel oil onto the ramp. According to the driver of the truck, owned by Rollo Transporting of Keyport, George Hermey, 53, of Middletown, he entered the ramp in low gear because of the grade and curve, but 'the truck just seemed to lift up and slide over'. He said the accident occurred just after noon, and that an unidentified New York man, who helped him out of the cab told him that the truck seemed to lift up also. 'I just do not know what happened,' Hermey said, noting that once the truck did overturn, it slid nearly six feet. 'It just doesn't make any sense,' he said."

The next morning, as reported by Judy Geissler in the News Tribune of Woodbridge, N. J., dated the 25th Feb., police were notified that a tank trailer containing highly flammable acetone had overturned on Route 9 at the cut-off for Bordentown Avenue. "The driver of the overturned truck, William R. Buchanan of Middleton told police he had applied his brakes going into the turn but 'didn't get a good response.' He decided against cutting across the divider for fear of hitting oncoming vehicles, and the truck rolled onto its side. 'I couldn't slow down enough for the turn', he explained. The roll-over was the second incident in two days involving Rollo trucks...."

The major forteen aspect of the first case is, of course, the implication of levitation; but the secondary aspect is delicious. Here we have two trucks "rolling" over, within a short space of time, and both owned by the ROLLO Trucking Company!

THE FAMOUS BARBADOS VAULT

Just about every forteen book ever published, and a very substantial majority of "kookbooks" and other less reliable opera, have given great play to a certain vault in an old churchyard on the island of

Barbados. Even the inimitable Cmdr. Rupert T. Gould seems to have considered it a mystery so genuine as to be regarded as proof of natural occurrences without our present understanding. One of our members recently brought up this matter once again, pointing out that, if modern electronic equipment were installed in this vault and some new coffins placed therein, we might get a record of just what does go on therein. Meantime, however, another member (No. 344) who is a working scientist, visited said vault. His report goes as follows:—

"I have now returned from Barbados, where I examined the Chase Vault. It is well maintained, but I could find nobody who knew as much about it as I did! There is a new school within 50 yards of it, and there is not much peace and quiet in the daytime there now. I have been on the island for a period of weeks in three separate years, and each time there has been at least one cloudburst despite what the Tourist Bureau tells you about the weather. You walk down several steps, as it (the vault) is well below ground level, into the vault and there is the wall of a large church just behind you to act as a catchment. I would be very surprised if the vault does not flood during these downpours. The cement floor has now cracked away from the brick walls, and lizards move freely through the cracks. This is obviously the means by which the water escapes. It comes in under the door. The crack is now plainly visible, but it may not have been 150 years ago. I would be very inclined to the flooding explanation for the movement of the coffins."

The original story goes that, every time this vault was opened for the interment of another member of the Chase family, the coffins within, the exact locations of which were recorded each time it was sealed, were found displaced. "Supernatural" forces were inferred, and more especially because some of these coffins were lead-lined. However, all were sealed, and even a heavily lead-lined coffin can become water-borne. Knowing the incredible volume of water that can fall on a small area in tropical storms, we are quite prepared to take our informant's suggestion at face value for now. Interestingly also, there has never been any implication of "choombays" (a West Indian term for poltergeist or geist manifestations) connected with this place, while Islanders of African

Official Chaos and Confusion

A booklet entitled "Journey from the Blue Nile: A History of the Abyssinian Cat", published by the United Abyssinian Club, Inc., Lackawanna, N. Y., contains a classic bit on official regulations. Mr. and Mrs. William Maguire, stationed in Ethiopia (Abyssinia), acquired a kitten that conformed to "Cat Fancy" standards for Abyssinian cats and were determined to bring him back to the States with them and set about getting the proper papers. "No one in any official capacity knew what to do for no one had ever asked to take a domestic cat out of the country before. There was no precedent for this. A lion perhaps, but a cat! Insistence paid off, and convinced at last that the Maguire family would not leave without Smokey, an official issued a document which gave: 'Permission to export a pelt with a live animal in it!'"

origin are very sensitive to such alleged otherwordly affairs. So, until we do so install modern

electronic equipment that proves otherwise, we plunk for plain water.

THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

II. ONTOLOGY

SPACE IS 3-DIMENSIONAL

This is one of those marvellous items that would have delighted the soul of old Charlie Fort. The whole of existence is actually a complete mystery, and we don't, in point of fact, have the foggiest notion what it is all about. Also, although we are now cluttered with an endless cascade of details about everything, from nuclear particles to galaxies, and chromosomes to blue whales, some of the most basic aspects of everything have just not been questioned. Here is a real lulu that is just about as basic as you can get. We quote in full from the British journal, the New Scientist, for 19th February, 1970:—

"Have you ever wondered why ordinary space is three-dimensional? Although this may seem to be a ludicrous question, it has been the subject of considerable thought by scientists and philosophers since the time of Aristotle. Before scoffing at their apparent folly, remember that myth and common-sense often succumb to scientific scrutiny. However, you do not need to worry that space has been five dimensional without your knowing, because general physical arguments have revealed that three is the only combination that works. Dimensions larger than three can be discounted if we accept that the gravitational force varies as the inverse square of the distance between two masses. This law, originally derived by Newton, will only allow for stable elliptical planetary orbits if spatial dimensions are three or less. Similar arguments apply for stable atoms. Unless there are two or three dimensions, electrons will collapse into the nucleus as a consequence of the inverse square law nature of Coulomb forces."

This article ended by saying, "That's comforting". Nonetheless, it still leaves a number of further basic questions such as whether ours is the only 'space'; and whether time might have to be three dimensional, as opposed to uni-directional or -dimensional. And what about locus (i.e. a point in space)? Is this a 'dimension'? As a point in "time" it does not, of course, exist, except in theory, and as a turn-over point from the past to the future — and whichever way you are going. But in space, it obviously has quite another connotation. Is somebody going to try to devise a formula to prove that we exist? That would be ontology at its best.

HOLES IN OUR UNIVERSE

A perfectly splendid round-up of the knottiest aspect of ontology appeared in Science News, of

the 9th May, of this year, under the byline of Dietrick E. Thomsen. This laid upon the line for us nitwits, a summation of certain current theories regarding the basic cosmological business of the origin and conservation of matter. As we have been repeatedly told by the popular media, there are two theories, the 'continuous creation' and the initial 'big bang'. The first envisages matter (as we know it in our space-time continuum) as having been continuously created since ever and thus forever pushing all parts of our universe apart — hence the Doppler Effect. This would seem to indicate that the farther anything is from you, wherever you may be, the faster it is going away from you. The opposing view is that everything that we know started from one concentrated mass that exploded, and all the bits and pieces of which have ever since been flying apart. (But how then the Doppler Effect?) Neither theory is altogether satisfactory.

This Doppler Effect has most definitely been proved to be valid, but at comparatively short (astronomical) range only. There is no real proof as yet that the objects that we believe to be farthest away from where we are, are actually moving away from us faster than all those in between that point and us. But this may be no more than what it is called — namely, an "effect" (of perception). The "Big Bang" theory, on the other hand, is on even more slippery ice. For all the mathematical and other proofs there may be for it, the basic question still must remain — where did the stuff that went bang come from, and what was it doing before. The advocates of this notion suggest that it was previously all diffused, as it is today, but that it then fell back in on itself until it made such a concentrated mass that it just had to go "bang" once again: and for the nth time.

Now comes one Dr. Frank J. Low of the University of Arizona with a bit of plain common-sense. His reasons for promulgating his theory should be read in the article specified above, or in his own technical papers, but it may be summarized as follows. Due to certain happenings, which he has been able to record and document, there would appear to be a possibility (and watch that qualifying word) that matter is created in the centers of galaxies. This is, of course, over-simplifying. Nonetheless, Dr. Low and his associates have presented statistical evidence that more comes out of such points than goes into them. When it comes to thoughts upon just where this new matter might come from (and for "matter", read energy) one really "strikes it rich", as it were.

Could the centers of the whirligigs that we call galaxies be "holes" leading out of or into our space-

time-continuum, so that matter could, as it were, drop into ours from some other — and/or drop out of ours, the other way? Intriguing; but at least possibly logical, and certainly rather soothing. If the forces inherent in our universe are not geared to create new energy — but it can be proved to be continuously augmented, and to expand — would not such “spouting” into it of what is needed from another (or other)

universe explain some current (to us) anomalies and paradoxes?

Curiously, this article states: “Acceptance of this idea immediately raises the problem of antimatter. According to currently accepted laws of particle physics, when matter is created, so is an equal amount of antimatter”. So let us proceed to this “matter”.

III. PHYSICS

GETTING WITH COUNTER-MATTER

We ordinary folk have really got left behind in so many things. If by any chance we read any other than the spot-news, or the sports columns of our newspapers, we just might have noticed mentions from time to time in the past few years of a thing called “antimatter”. So weird and abstruse is this to almost everybody — except physicists and highschool students — that we just flip over the page and get on with news of the current war. This is a pity because this “jazz” is probably soon going to direct all our lives — if we survive, that is. Yet, one can't be expected to concern oneself with everything. Today there is just too much.

Of course, the point at issue is not ‘anti’-matter but ‘counter-matter’ in that there is nothing “against” (or anti-) what we call “matter” about this. Nonetheless, we are stuck with the designation and we will have to live with it. Only a few years ago, the suggestion that there might be another lot of “matter” having qualities opposite to those of what we call matter, was considered as an advanced form of kookery or ‘nuttism’. However, the physicists have been working along, and they have now got to a point where they solemnly permit the following sort of thing to be published in a periodical which purports (with their full permission) to explain their efforts. This comes from the British journal New Scientist, of the 26th February, 1970, and we quote:—

“Nuclear physicists are slowly building up the chemical table the hard way — using anti-matter. Last year researchers from CERN and the Russian Institute of High-Energy Physics working at Serpukhov

announced the identification of anti-deuterium among the reaction particles obtained by bombarding aluminium with 70-GeV protons (Physics Letters, vol 30B, p.510). Now the Russian workers under the direction of Professor Yu. D. Prokoshkin have discovered the anti-matter analogue of helium-3 — a conglomerate of two anti-protons and one anti-neutron. Their discovery was announced in Pravda last week. From over 2×10^{11} secondary particles, five nuclei were identified as anti-helium.”

Of course the working of this natty little statement is incomprehensible to the average citizen but it has been interpreted for us, and for your edification, by our advisors in this field, as follows:— “Those with the necessary equipment to investigate nucleonics have now progressed so far in the collection of evidence of the existence of this ‘antimatter’ as to be able to start listing actual specific examples”. In other words, this antimatter is apparently now here to stay; and this brings up the pertinent question; “Where is it?”

This question also has recently been hotly debated, and almost ad nauseam. The whole idea of antimatter is that it must be created in amounts equal to what is to us normal “matter”. However, if the two types “get together” ‘as it were, they are alleged to be mutually annihilitic. In other words, they cancel each other out instantly, resulting in some gamma-rays. Haven't some people got their lines crossed somewhere. Even if there are only five antimatter helium nuclei in $2 \times 1,000,000,000,000$ ordinary ones, how come they did not just pop off instantly? Either they lasted more than an “instant”, or they didn't. If they did, they can coexist with their (ordinary) counterparts, at least for a brief ‘bit’. Explain please.

Don't Knock the Ladinos!

We in the U. S. have a tendency to belittle the scientific accomplishments of our South American neighbours; and in fact the Establishment once refused to have some extraordinary papers translated simply because they were written by a Brazilian. Now NASA and its associated institutions are using a diamond knife invented by a Venezuelan scientist, Dr. Humberto Fernandez-Moran, to slice lunar rocks. “The cutting edge of the diamond knife is so fine that it can cut a human hair lengthwise into 10,000 strands.” That's not a typo; it is ten thousand strands. That is quite a knife!

ACHTUNG!!

to Lookenspeepers

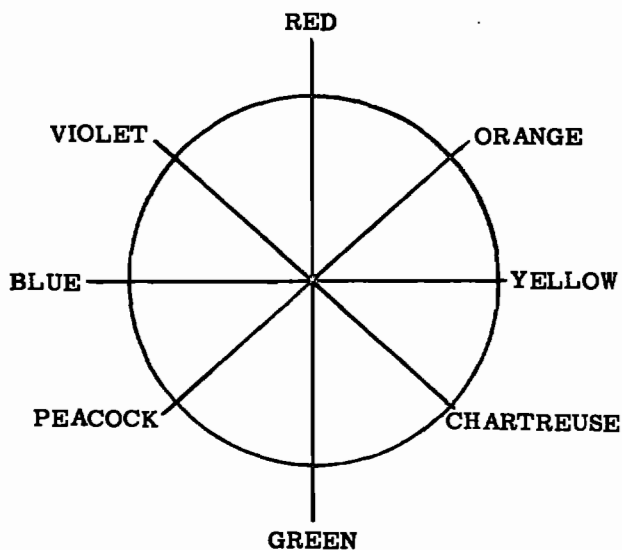
Das machine und ekvipment is nicht fur gefingerpoken und mittengrabben. Ist easy schnappen der springenwerk, blowenfusen, und poppencorken mit spitzzensparken. Ist nicht fur gewerken by das dummkopfen. Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen hands in das pockets — relaxen und watch das blinkenlights.

IV. CHEMISTRY

BLUE AGAIN: INDIGO AND WOAD

The chemistry of dyes is possibly the oldest of all molecular techniques discovered and developed by man. You didn't even need a pot to observe that many vegetable products, and some mineral ones, produced different colors when dissolved in water. Once this fact was observed by man, however primitive, it would seem to be obvious that he would take the next step and soak the right plant, or bit of rock, when and if he wanted any particular color. The color that seems to have impressed him most was red so that we find evidence of the compounding of red-ochre from the mineral haematite taking place in early palaeolithic times. In our last issue we noted the discovery of mines in South Africa, dated 40,000 years B.P. from which iron ore was extracted but from which a rare mineral named specularite was also apparently taken. This is still used as a cosmetic colouring agent and it is possible that it was the search for it that brought on this ancient mining, and that the use of the iron from the tailings of these works came only later.

There are three primary colours but four basic ones. The former are red, blue and yellow; the latter are red, green, blue, and yellow; and nature works on the latter scheme. Blue and yellow make green, but red and green make brown, or the earth colors! Red and blue make violet (almost), but the other combos don't work out on the tripartite scheme. Natural colors are better expressed on a simple wheel, thus:—



The most interesting thing here is that the most difficult color to extract from nature is blue. You can get red from several minerals and vegetables, and you can get green from the mineral malachite and several others, while endless plant extracts are within the green sector. Yellows and all the other earth colors just go on forever. But try for blue. Copper-sulphate is blue, and gives blue in solution, but it does not give blue as a dye. There are other minerals that, in their crystalline state, appear blue — sapphire for instance — but these are almost all refractive colors.

The "true blues" are vegetable dyes, and among these, there are two outstanding groups — the indigos and the woads. The former are Oriental in range, from Malaya, Indochina, and China; the latter are western Eurasian. There is also a West African plant named *Lonchocarpus* from which a deep blue dye has been made from time immemorial. The woads of Europe (the plant named *Isatis tinctoria*) were used from earliest times and particularly in the British Isles where the Celtic peoples employed it to dye their skins, which somewhat alarmed the Romans who, as a result, dubbed these people the *Pictores*, or "Painted Ones". This plant is still grown commercially in small isolated areas on the eastern side of England. The remarkable thing about these dyes is that they do not derive from blue flowers or even from blue-green leaves, while the initial extracts of them, using water as a solvent, are either pale straw-yellow or colorless.

The chemical formula of the indigo base is $C_{14}H_{17}NO_6H_2O$. However, there is also an enzyme in the plant which transforms this into a glucose and a substance called indoxyl. Both substances are colorless but when distilled and exposed to the air they take up oxygen and go blue. To a latterday chemist there is nothing mysterious or even odd about this but, if you will try to place yourself in the position of some chap who had to spend his whole life hunting or grubbing for a living, you will, I think, agree that it was a pretty miraculous thing that he even stumbled across such a complex process and even purely by accident. Perhaps it was not a chap, but a "chapeess" who made the discovery when washing grit out of vegetables or her hide loincloth.

The discoveries that formed the basis of chemistry must, we can but presume, have been haphazard and fortuitous; but just "How"? Let us not forget that there are people of very old cultures today who still do not and possibly cannot differentiate between blue and green, and who even deny the very existence of either color, classing everything as either black,

Color Vision

From the Easton (Pa.) *Express*, 25th May, 1970: "Despite the fact that many motorists seem unable to distinguish between traffic lights, most people are extraordinarily sensitive to color, scientists at the National Bureau of Standards have found that under ideal conditions the human eye can distinguish between 10 million color shades and tints."

white, or red (all the earth colors). To them, the sky is white if cloudless; black if clouded. Yet "blue" seems to have come in at a very early date. Is this another case, like alcohol which is one of the most evanescent and difficult things to make chemi-

cally, but which appears also to have been 'discovered' over and over again throughout the ages, and by all kinds of totally disassociated peoples, and all over the world. How did man ever get onto the idea of distillation anyway?

V. ASTRONOMY

BAGBY'S BABIES — EARTH MOONLETS?

In our January issue we gave space to some statements published by one Dr. John Bagby of the Hughes Aircraft Company. These were to the effect that the earth has ten or so natural little satellites, some of which are leftovers from a larger item of meteoritic origin that we captured and which broke up above our atmosphere in 1955. Dr. Bagby further stated that these moonlets had been tracked and were the cause of aberrations in the orbits of several of our artificial satellites. We concluded our observations with a plea that Dr. Bagby tell us more.

This bleat was heard by our representative in the U.K., Janet Gregory, who is also secretary of Space-link; and she, in turn, brought it to the attention of their advisor on satellite activities, Dr. Geoffrey Falworth, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and editor of the British Astronomical Association's publication Satellite News. This gentleman has kindly supplied us, through Miss Gregory, with some considerable analysis of Dr. Bagby's published statements. These are of great intrinsic interest, and not only to geophysicists and astronomers, but also to all fortune-tellers and especially to ufologists, since Dr. Bagby's statement that the existence of natural satellites has been proven greatly excited those wishing to explain some high-flying (what they call) "sightings" as being no more than observations of such objects. In the interests of factuality we herewith throw the ball to Dr. Falworth who writes:—

"What Mr. Bagby says is that the orbits of some, but not all, satellites displayed drastic changes in their apogees and perigees (their farthest and closest points in their orbits to Earth) at the times when they came close to one of these 'minimoons'. For an object to be able to perturb a satellite orbit to the amount claimed by Mr. Bagby, the natural moonlet first would have to be very large and very massive — as large as a house and as massive as iron, would be a rather rough estimate — in fact, it would have to be large enough to be quite readily tracked by the satellite tracking radars (which Bagby's moonlets have not); and, secondly, would have to come as close as a few metres from the satellite in question before

any perturbation would result. His orbital data was obtained from the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory bulletins and NASA's twice-monthly 'Satellite Situation Report' which is, in effect, (only) a reprinted version of these bulletins; and therefore his information comes from virtually only one source. From my own personal acquaintance with the 'Satellite Situation Reports', they appear to be quite liberally sprinkled with errors, and one learns to take the data with a large grain of salt. Bagby has not apparently used the USAF Spacetrack bulletins, nor visual tracking results from stations such as Slough in England or Moonwatch in the United States. From the UFO standpoint, it is extremely unlikely that these moonlets could be the cause of UFO reports. They are quite faint; and even to the trained observer, would look just like artificial satellites. In fact, it is quite possible that several visual stations have already made observations of these moonlets and discarded the data because it did not fit in with known satellite orbits." (Note this last statement — Editor)

In a further communication Dr. Falworth continued:

— "My argument is that, if these objects are so accurately tracked as Mr. Bagby would have us believe (and they must be, if he is so certain that they were in the same small portion of space as a couple of dozen varied and widely-differing satellites on a multitude of different orbits) then it should be a straightforward task to publish an ephemeris or table of positions of his natural bodies at future instants in time so that we can all have a look; and, in particular, so that Schmidt tracking cameras can get a lock-on! I would be obliged if you could keep me informed of future developments along these lines as things are starting to get interesting!"

So, methinks, we have another 'cliff-hanger'. Are there natural earth moonlets; or are there not? If there are, where is satisfactory (to others than Dr. Bagby) evidence of them? Just what are their orbits; and are any of them hunks of meteoritic iron the size of houses? If so, it would seem that they might indeed cause distressing perturbations if they did just happen to be passing by at docking-cable length.

VI. GEOLOGY

YOU THINK WE'RE POLLUTED

Don't wince when you see this awful word still again. As a matter of fact, as fortians, we are campaigning to substitute for it the more pithy designation contaminated. If you may wonder how we should become involved in this business, please consider the following facts.

Today, in our headlong dash to get just about everything wrong about everything, a spot of fortian pragmatism is urgently called for. Pollution has always been an intrinsic part, and even a function, of our environment. In the new outcry — which is of course a good thing — we have nevertheless once again got our metaphors mixed. While the overall picture is indeed an ecological matter, it is primarily an ethological one. (Note: not ethnological.) Ethology is the study of the behaviour of living organisms in their natural environment; behaviourism is the study of their behaviour in unnatural conditions. The main point at issue today is, therefore, simply:— Is the environment we have created for ourselves natural or unnatural?

Since we are manifestly the product of a natural evolutionary process, we can but assume that our present environment is just as natural as anything else. Thus, we are actually not to blame. The current mess is a mess, but now that we have woken up to this fact, we might take heart from some solid facts that seem to have been overlooked. A rather neat one is the accompanying extract from a fine publication named the Wildlife Review of British Columbia, and which appeared in its Volume No. 5, No. 4 (see cut of early British efforts). This should put certain matters in a somewhat different light — or darkness. Then, we have a rather interesting quote from an article by that consummate pragmatist Dr. Edward Teller, in the New Scientist for the 19th February, 1970. This reads as follows:—

"The fight against pollution has entered into a particularly popular phase, but thoughts on pollution are older. In 1954 Otto Frisch, one of the discoverers of fission, wrote a short parody on the safety measures connected with nuclear reactors. He pretended that in the year 4995 the uranium and thorium mines from the Earth and Moon mining systems were near exhaustion and wrote: 'The recent discovery of coal (black, fossilized plant remains) in a number of places offers an interesting alternative to the production of power from fission....The power potentialities depend on the fact that coal can be readily oxidized, with the production of a high temperature and an energy of about 0.0000001 megawatt day per gramme....' Further on, he remarks: 'The main health hazard is attached to the gaseous waste pro-

ducts. They contain not only carbon monoxide and sulphur dioxide (both highly toxic) but also a number of carcinogenic compounds such as phenanthrene and others. To discharge those into the air is impossible; it would cause the tolerance level to be exceeded for several miles around the reactor.'"

We often wonder what our urban citizens of today would have thought of a good old Liverpudlian or London "pea-souper" of the tens, teens, twenties, and thirties. You think you've got pollution! Dear hearts; just what would you do if your city was completely "blacked out" for three days by a pale-pinkish, acrid smog, so dense that even with the street lights on cops could not direct the traffic? That was pollution. And what about Gary, Indiana, and the bit between it and Chicago today, with hundreds of smoke stacks belching dense clouds of every color from white through rose-pink, chrome-yellow, and sundry browns to jet black? The people who live, and have lived there for three generations, have somehow survived. Could it be this famous "survival of the fittest"? And now another thing. Question: "Whatever happened to spring?"

This may sound a bit balmy but please consider the points made by this respondent (member no.218). Let him tell it in his own words.

"Our factory pollution is stationary. This is because the factories do not move about. The only thing which moves the polluting factor about is the atmospheric circulation. My point is this:— If the polluting factor moved about, it would pollute a much larger area. One such polluting factor which is no longer with us is the 'steam locomotive'. They have been gone about as long as our 'old fashioned

1273 Use of coal prohibited in London as being "prejudicial to health."

1306 Royal Proclamation prohibiting artificers from using sea-coal in their furnaces. Record of the execution of one offender.

1307 Commission of Inquiry appointed to "inquire of all such who burnt sea-coal in the city or parts adjoining, and to punish them for the first offence with great fines and ransoms, and upon the second offence to demolish their furnaces."

1578 Queen Elizabeth I "findeth her-sealfe greatly greved and annoyed with the taste and smoke of the sea-coales."

1648 Petition of Londoners to Parliament to prohibit the importation of coal from Newcastle on account of the injury they experienced.

1661 John Evelyn submitted his "Fumifugium, or the Smoake of London Dissipated," to Charles II.

springs'. Another 'thing' which is gone is the old 'steam ships'. Do you remember the old photos of steam ships with their long trails of black smoke? There is a very great difference between a factory with its stationary stack and a steam locomotive, or ship. Factories have tall stacks which create a 'natural draft', whereas steam engines with short stacks require 'forced draft' — the spent steam is blown up the stack and this creates the forced draft. It also blows everything out the stack except the 'clinkers'. That is why, at the old rail stations, you never got an ash in your eye — it was always a cinder as big as your fist. And so it would seem that our 'old fashioned weather' was man made. We had thousands of portable, or moveable steam engines all over the lot — blowing millions of tons of 'fly ash', etc. into the atmosphere. And this was going on 24 hours a day, 365 days of the year."

ROCKALL — YOU-ALL

This is basically a frivolous item but we simply cannot pass it up, and it has some deliciously forteen aspects. Let it not be said even yet that the sun does set on the British Empire. Britannia still rules the waves, as a good up-to-date world political atlas will demonstrate. Outstanding among these possessions is the smallest and, it now appears, perhaps the most valuable. The photo shows it in all its



glory. The following historic text comes from the January issue of the British Science Journal.

"Last autumn a sedimentary basin that might contain oil or gas was found by British scientists beneath the Rockall plateau in the Atlantic, some 450 km northwest of Ireland. However, the basin and its contents might not belong to the United Kingdom. The European continental shelf convention signed in Geneva in 1958 implies that the area probably is British but recent geophysical evidence raises some doubts.

"The basin, a relatively shallow area the size of Ireland, covers an area 130 by 300 km and lies between two banks: on the west is the Hatton bank and on the east is the Rockall bank on which, to quote the first report of the discovery, the small rocky islet of Rockall (250 feet in circumference — Editor) 'stands proud above the waves and beneath the guano of generations of seabirds'. The question of who owns the plateau is complicated by the Rockall Trough. The scientists believe the plateau is a continental fragment left behind when America and Greenland separated from Europe 100 million years ago, and so it is not strictly part of the European continental shelf. If this is so, then the plateau might not be covered by the Geneva convention which lays down rules for the ownership of the European continental shelf. If the Rockall plateau is taken to be part of the European continental shelf then its ownership is clear. As a Foreign Office spokesman explained, 'Rockall Island is right in the centre of the bank, and Rockall Island is indisputably British'. In fact Rockall was annexed to the British Isles in 1955 because it comes within the 'fall out' area of the South Uist rocket range, and the Ministry of Defence wanted to be sure that it was British. It seems that, on examining the archives, they found that although Rockall had always been assumed to be British, ownership could not be established. A formal act of annexation, involving the raising of the Union Jack, was therefore carried out, with some difficulty, by the Royal Navy in the name of the British Crown."

We just measured the periphery of our main (SITU) building and the lab, and find that we have this outpost of Empire beat by 36 feet in circumference. This is a sobering thought.

Migrating Birds — A Matter of Mere "Instinct"? Or...

An AP dispatch from Martigny, Switzerland: "Birdwatchers report swallows migrating northward have been seen taking a low cut through the 4-mile Grand St. Bernard Road tunnel from Italy to Switzerland rather than flying over the 8,000-ft. Alpine heights."

The Germanic languages are obviously not alike, the linguistic experts to the contrary. The Deutschland Hotel in Leipzig has this sign in its lobby: DO NOT ENTER THE LIFT BACKWARDS, AND ONLY WHEN LIT UP. And when the elevator recently underwent repairs, this sign appeared: WHILE THE LIFT IS BEING FIXED, WE REGRET YOU WILL BE UNBEARABLE.

VII. BIOLOGY

MORE ON "B.O."

Somebody seems to have been reading this journal — like the progressive magazine Playboy, yet! Quotes from the June, 1970 issue of same:—

"LONDON — Before too long, perfumes may start living up to their advertising image as potions for vamping the opposite sex. Researchers at Cambridge University are studying the chemical nature of pheromones — the substance that some insects and mammals secrete as a 'sexual attractant' — in hopes of discovering a scent that has the same effect on people. A scientific paper, as reported in the London Standard, states that male sex pheromones seem to act as an aphrodisiac on the female, while the female sex pheromones communicate a readiness to mate. For the perfume industry, the discovery of human pheromones would be the biggest thing since ambergris."

In our April, 1969 issue (Vol. 2, No. 2) and again in our last issue (Vol. 3, No. 2) we charged into the ago-old and rather obvious matter of fluid and gaseous sexual attractants in animals, including our own species. There were those who became somewhat "disturbed", let us say. We could not care less; and more particularly because it is the normal practice of the major segment of western humanity to become upset when anything so natural and basic is brought up. Let us repeat: body odors are perfectly natural, and both delicious and useful; stale perspiration in dirty clothing is nauseating, and apparently just as potent a force in turning off sexual attraction as the natural effluents are in turning it on. So, once again, we advocate dispensing with as much clothing as possible in conformity with the climate and temperature and the degree of contamination of the area in which you live. Underclothing indeed absorbs perspiration, but it also creates it.

NOW IT'S OCEAN-GOING HIPPOS

Member No. 210 sends us this one from the Chicago Tribune, of the 8th April, of this year. It is not only a sad but a disgusting story:— Durban, South Africa: ISLANDERS GET A SURPRISE. "Vacationers on Paradise Island, off the coast of

Portuguese Mozambique, were astounded when they spotted a hippopotamus swimming in the sea. The huge beast apparently paddled eight miles (sic) from the mainland. A game ranger shot it after it had swum around the island for about three days (sic.) A game expert said the hippo was probably driven from the mainland after a feud with an older bull."

There are various aspects to this report; but, first, to dispose of the disgusting part. Why shoot the poor creature? Game wardens admittedly aren't much as "animal men" but they might at least take advice from a zoo man or professional collector as to how to drive and corral a hippo. It's not that difficult, even in open water; and the poor thing probably wanted only to come ashore. One envisions oneself swimming around an aircraft carrier for three days trying to find a landing and finally getting shot by some goon.

Another aspect of this little ditty is of quite a different nature. Some years ago, one Mr. Aleko Lilius reported having met some large sort of dinosaurian creature on the mainland beach almost opposite this paradisiacal island, and he produced three-toed footprints from several sets of tracks, and piles of droppings containing fish bones, to back up his story. Casts of said tracks, photographs, and the droppings (duly preserved) were sent to the zoological department of the Witwatersrand Museum (see Chap. 2 in More "Things", by Ivan T. Sanderson, Pyramid Books, 1969). The only suggestion as to the identification of this creature, which walked on its two hind legs only and ate fish, was that it was a hippo that went for a swim in the briny and got lost. Of such ridiculous nonsense are 'official' explanations of unexplaineds made. We'd sure love to see a hippo negotiating a twenty-foot-tall sand-dune on its hind legs and leaving three-toed, 18-inch long footprints, and surviving on a diet of fish while at sea! Terrific.

Nonetheless, hippos do on occasion indulge a swim in saltwater, and it is alleged that they may browse on "sea grasses" in estuaries. Perhaps this poor fellow got washed out of such on the tide at night and smelt land — in the guise of this island paradise — due to the night wind, and headed off the wrong way.

The Postal Service Again

As reported in Atlas: "While our own postal workers were putting off our day of reckoning with bill collectors, Yugoslavia's postal force held an unusual contest. The object, according to Moscow's Komsomolskaya Pravda, was to see how fast a message could be delivered between Zagreb and Lyublyana (80 miles apart). The contestants: an automobile, a telegram, a telephone and a postal pigeon. Here are the results: The automobile was first—in one hour, 32 minutes. The pigeon was second—in two hours, 49 minutes. The telegram was third—in two hours, 50 minutes. But it took six hours to get a telephone connection." Hurrah for the pigeon. Perhaps we should try Pony Express and dog sleds.

VIII. ANTHROPOLOGY

SOMEBODY'S ARK AGAIN

This business of Noah's Ark is getting out of hand. Two items on it have come to hand since our last issue. The first is an article by Philip D. Carter in the Washington Post, of 23rd February. The second is a finely printed, pocket-size, 38-page publication named the Voice (Vol. 18, No. 4, for May, 1970.) The latter is devoted almost entirely to this business and describes at some length the history of this alleged 450-foot boat coming out of a static glacier in a lake on the top of this Mnt. Ararat at the corners of Turkey, the USSR, and Iran. We have neither the space nor the time to try to compress this material into readable form so that we urge any who might be specifically interested in the matter to write for a copy of the Voice, to The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, CA 90017. This issue of their publication tells precisely the plans for this year's onslaught

Mr. Carter tackles the business from a newsman's angle. He starts off by saying:— "Fernand Navarra, the Frenchman who claims to have discovered remains of Noah's Ark near the summit of Mount Ararat in Turkey, has found an eager audience in the United States, both among professional explorers from the respected Arctic Institute of North America and among fundamentalist Christians hoping to prove that the Bible story of Noah, the flood, and the ark is literally true. Drawing support from both these groups, Search Foundation, Inc. of Washington, plans a \$1 million expedition this summer to survey the site of the Frenchman's reported find. Members of the foundation who accompanied M. Navarra to Ararat last summer are careful to refer publicly to his reported discovery only as an unspecified 'artifact' of 'great antiquity'."

Even then, Mr. Carter goes on to point out: "Experts in archaeology, geology, Semitic languages, and biblical history dispute M. Navarra's claim. 'Absolutely anything is possible in this world,' Dr. Froelich Rainey, of the University of Pennsylvania, said, 'but if there's anything that's impossible in archaeology, this is it.'"

The North Carolina legislature has named the Gray Squirrel the official state mammal, despite Representative Henry Boshamer's objection: "I would like to say that an animal that can bury nuts could be dangerous to this General Assembly."

A Primitive Sense of Humour?

Again from Atlas: "The sophisticated city of Melbourne, Australia, has been caught with its pants down, according to Hong Kong's Far Eastern Economic Review. For 16 years, the city has held an annual festival known as the 'Moomba', believing that the word was Aborigine for 'fun-loaded-get-together'. A group of Aborigine leaders had assured the City Council in 1953 that 'Moomba' was just the right word: Now the leaders, who had grievances at the time, have confessed that 'Moomba,' in Aborigine, means 'ass' or 'back-side'. A City Council official declared he would get to the bottom of the affair."

"Radio-carbon dating performed in the university's laboratory has dated a wood sample submitted by Navarra at about A.D. 560, Dr. Rainey said, and carbon dating carried out in Britain derived 'about the same date' in an independent analysis. He pointed out that Noah's flood would have had to have occurred thousands of years before Christ. Dr. William F. Albright, Professor Emeritus of Semitic Languages at Johns Hopkins University and a recognized authority on biblical history, said that in the original Hebrew 'the mountains of Ararat' meant the mountains of the Middle Eastern region of Armenia. The mountain called Ararat today did not receive that name 'until Western travellers began penetrating Armenia around the sixteenth century.' Thus Noah's Ark, assuming it once existed, could have come to rest 'anywhere in Kurdistan or Eastern or Western Armenia,' he added."

As we said before, either this is an ancient "ark" that floated in from somewhere when the present site of this Mnt. Ararat was some 14,000 feet lower (relative to mean overall sea-level) than it is today, or somebody must have been running an off-limits, floating casino, or something, high aloft. Who? Unless this whole thing is a phony, a pipe-dream, or a put-on by the official Turkish tourist promoters, some nuts must have toted thousands of tons of heavy lumber up to this lake and solemnly constructed thereupon some kind of floating something. Why? This bit is bad enough, but even the current promoters seem not to have had sight of, or taken into account, the clear color photographs of a similar thing lying in the middle of a grassy plain at much lower level and nowhere near any lake, let alone a glacier. Have we got two arks up there? And, if we have only one, where did the wood come from?

We feel that Messrs Navarra, et alii, had better come up with some clear pix, and a film of same being taken by at least two independent and disinterested parties. Anybody can pick up some angle-beams 1400 years old in Turkey: the place is littered with them. Give us even a 4400-year radio-carbon date and we will go back to the original Aramaic and Akkadian texts.

UFOLOGY

In this column in our last issue we endeavoured to explain our attitude to this business. Being pragmatists, we did not expect everybody to understand what we were trying to say, but at least we said it! We will not reiterate, except to say once again that we are not in the least interested in "funny lights in the sky". On the other hand, we are deeply interested in any reports—however wild—of touch-downs, alleged landings, or what are now called "occupants" of seeming machines or other objects that appear to be material, and which appear to come down from the sky or up from waters; and with a particular emphasis on the latter, since they run about 2:1 to the former. In other words, like the gallant Dr. Condon, we are open to the reception of any reports, but preferentially to those that are other than mere unidentified lights in the sky. The reason for this is as follows.

In just on 40 years of active involvement in this curious business, we have become persuaded to a number of concepts or, as Charles Fort called them, "acceptances". These were completely contrary to the persuasions of others who got into this field only after the post-World-War-II outburst in this country. Starting in 1948, we found, somewhat to our amazement that the enthusiasts, and almost to a man, were stuck with the notion that all these things were (1) of extraterrestrial origin, (2) machines or constructions but that (3) for some extraordinary reason they could not have occupants! In no case did we ever hear of, in this country or Canada, even a recognition of a number of much wider implications and more basic questions that had been asked about this phenomenon for centuries in the Old World and in Latin America. The mere mention of such concepts was enough to provoke howls of derision from all parties who were even vaguely interested in the matter, including officialdom and 'sciencedom', and, most curiously, the mystics.

The first of these concepts, and the most ancient, was that unidentified and unexplained objects seen in the sky were of wildly multiple form, and displayed a bewildering variability of behavioural patterns. Second, that just about the only feature they did tend to display in common, was their ability to appear and disappear at any speed—time-wise—up to the ultimate, meaning instantaneity—in turn, of course, meaning an ability to teleport. Third, whether there be intelligent life with corporeal bodies on other gross bodies in our universe or not—i.e. we being unique in this respect—the possibility of the existence of intelligent non-corporeal bodies has for centuries been taken under advisement. Fourth, no-

body except the North American saucerians and ufologists ever for a moment questioned the possibility, if not the reality, of the existence of other universes; or, in Einsteinian phraseology, space-time continua. Every religion, including even science and communism, has always contended that there is an inter-relationship between our continuum and at least one other, if not with many others; while the Gautama Buddha reached the conclusion long ago that we are in touch with and influenced by an infinity of other existences.

All of this and the millenia of thought that had gone into it in the Old World, and apparently among the indigenes of Central and South America (and, it seems, among our North American Amerinds) was either totally unknown to this new breed, calling themselves 'ufologists', or was deliberately ignored by them. At the same time, their ignorance of the findings of modern, 'western', pragmatic, mechanistic science was not just abysmal but virtually total. You don't have to be an Oriental to conceive of infinity, though it does come hard to a westerner; but without this capability you will never be able to understand the ultimate findings of even our own pragmatic science. How can one expect ufologists—though perhaps not saucerians—to grasp the significance of Parapsychics in view of this their ignorance and their almost pathological denial of anything that they have not accepted?

Most curious of all, is the fact that it has been those whom we call, and usually rather scathingly, the mystics who have come closest to reality, though their interpretations have always been, and still are, all wet. But they cannot be blamed because they lacked, until very recently indeed, the ultimate and most essential tool to work with—namely, pragmatic, physical science. In the immutable progression of discovery and understanding, this 'tool' comes last. Imagination comes first, then belief, then theorising; but the whole exercise is worthless if you can not test your theories. This is actually all that science does.

In the case of UFOs, pragmatic scientists have run into a block that—if they are technological scientists—they cannot overcome. However, if they are philosopher scientists, this hurdle becomes merely a challenge. What has happened to so-called "ufology" is that it has reached a point where our presently accepted technology has baulked, and if we are going to probe further into the mystery, our materialistic technology will have to be expanded into fields presently unimagined by it.

Ufology — No Wonder the Government Has Given Up!

As quoted in an article in Flying Saucer Review, and reprinted in Phenomenes Spatiaux, a high-ranking NASA official passing through Barcelona asked: "If it is true that they (UFOs) exist, why haven't we intercepted their radio transmissions?" Comment is not possible.

This has been done in the Russian sphere, as is so simply and explicitly explained in the book we have advised reading: namely, Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain, by Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder. As we have also said before, there have been other break-throughs, but coming from the hardboiled realm of straight western science. The classic example will in time be Jacques Vallee's Passport to Magonia. Now comes an equally hard-boiled straight (originally) newsman with just the same answer. I refer to John A. Keel's UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse.

That which these thinkers have done is simply to assemble straightforward reports on the results of seriously conducted enquiries into the nature of this "other world" (or universe[s], if you want), and present what evidence there is now available through

our so-beloved and much-vaunted technology for its (their) existence(s). And not only Vallee and Keel are in agreement; there are now many others such as Aimé Michel and Edward Naumov, and such enormous hegemonies as the Roman Catholic Church and half a dozen federal governments. Keel's basic theme is that not only UFOs but a whole gamut of other constantly reported mysteries are not extraterrestrial (per se) but what he calls ultraterrestrial, which is to say emanating from this "other world". Strange indeed that we once again come back to good old Charlie Fort who, now so long ago, suggested that we might be nothing but the property of some other, if not higher, intelligence, which actually controls us in every respect, even unto our evolution. But this is just what the new understanding and 'acceptance' implies.

CURRENT PURSUITS AND REQUESTS

Members are urged to send us clippings, etc., on any tangible unexplaineds they come across, with special emphasis on specific requests made herein.

1. STONE SPHERES

We really have nothing new to report on this, although three stone balls from the southern highlands of New Guinea (the Tari people) turned up in a collection made by Roberta Nochimson. These may be on display at Strange, Strange World in Montreal. This is not certain at the time of writing.

2. STONE SOFTENING

Nothing new. This is still Barney Nashold's special project; and if anyone runs across references to such a process in his reading or elsewhere, please pass these on to us — and we will pass them on to him.

3. RINGING ROCKS

Alas, nothing much new on this either. However, Prof. George Kennedy has offered to analyze samples sent to him, and these are being collected. A full report will be issued eventually.

4. LITHIC IMPLEMENT FACTORY IN BRITISH HONDURAS

One of our members, Mutt Lehmann, has a friend who lives down thataway and has promised to write to him to see whether he might be willing to go-look-see. If anyone else expects to be in that area, please do look into this. Let us know if you are going, and we'll give you what instructions and help we can.

5. A CHAIN IN ROCK

The less said about this spring, the better. We have our fingers crossed that fall will be less horrid and are formulating plans for an "expedition" once conditions are favourable.

6. PADDLE-BUGS

We're watching for them, though (again!) our current weather is not conducive to such efforts. If June weather proves better we will hope to catch at least one for proper observation..

7. MECHANICAL DOWSING

This is definitely a summer project (we have to dig holes in the ground, you see), and will be getting at this shortly, possibly before you receive this issue.

8. "BOZO, THE ICEMAN"

At the time of writing this (late May) there are signs that a break may be coming in what we often call "The Hansen Case". If the break does come, you will probably have heard about it by the time you read this. If it doesn't, we are in the same position as before — of having done all that we can legally do to obtain the original, genuine specimen for proper study.

9. THE LARGEST AND OLDEST PLANT

This is "still on the books" and will probably be investigated by the "expedition" that seeks the chain in the rock.

10. GRAVITY II

We still need volunteers in the fields enumerated in the April issue of PURSUIT.

11. IK-NISH

Nothing happened with the seeds planted this spring (held over from last fall and summer), possibly because of excessive rainfall (to put it mildly). We are asking member Basil Hritsco to supply more seeds for still another try.

12. ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TV ETC.

Mike Freedman has been working on this (he is an expert on electrics, electronics, and such) and is collecting all kinds of material in this field. Barney Nashold is also still working on Chimu pottery. Both would be most grateful for any leads, photographs, ideas, or whatever you may be able to come up with.

13. ENTOMBED TOADS

Marion Fawcett, while working at the library of the American Philosophical Society (a science library), made almost a hobby of sending us reports on toads and other animals encased in solid rock (or trees); and member George Eberhart has also supplied some reports. C. A. Eagan, otherwise known as "Hi-You", has promised to look into some recent reports; but we would be grateful for any and all reports of live toads, lizards, etc. incarcerated in seemingly impossible places. Enquiries sent to several towns where toads or lizards (so-called Horned Toads) were deliberately put into corner stones have not produced any replies. Admittedly it's a touchy subject, such a thing being "obviously impossible"!

14. POLTERGEIST MANIFESTATIONS

Our Board member Walter J. McGraw is particularly interested in these. Should you hear of any in your area, please call us or drop us a quick note, giving names, addresses, dates, whatever details are available. All too often we learn of these long after the manifestations have ceased. If humanly possible, Walter McGraw will drop everything and come running — fully equipped.

15. TREE STUMPS

This is addressed particularly to our southern New Jersey members. In Cape May County there are swamps in which there are thousands of tree stumps, snapped off a few feet above the roots — not "greenstick" fractures or uprooting — but snapped off like a matchstick, and we should like photographs, even a tree stump if you can extract it. We have pinned down the locations and will provide these to any who wish to do a really proper job on this.

16. LARGE CARNIVORES ON THE LOOSE

For a number of years now there have been continuing reports from all over the eastern United States and from the U.K., France, and some other European countries of large "cats", usually described as plain-colored and looking like lionesses or pumas, being seen and shot at in places where no such things have ever lived or been indigenous for centuries. So startling have some of the more recent ones been — and so heavily documented by such official sources as State Police — that we have initiated a long-term, working-press-type investigation. All who have heard of such items, please report in.

17. A "CROOKED" HOUSE

When we came to furnish our new library building, three professional carpenters, two construction men, two engineers, and four non-professional helpers all encountered, separately and in various combinations, absolutely inexplicable anomalies in simple measurements in the interior. The details are being written up and affidavit, and the specific locations photographed. There is something here that is, as of now, totally inexplicable.

Membership in SITU or a subscription to PURSUIT, makes a nice gift for the person who already has a mink toothbrush.

OUR LIBRARY

Re-cataloguing of old books and cataloguing of new ones has been almost completed, and a few changes and additions have been made in the classifications listed in the last (April) issue of PURSUIT. These are as follows:

Under Earth Sciences, three sub-categories have been added under XI. Geography — Travel; Exploration; and Atlases.

Under Life Sciences, Anatomy and Histology have been combined as II., and Embryology has been added as IV. Under VIII. Botany, we have added Vegetology and Podology as numbers (4) and (5). In

section VIII. Zoology, Domestication has been added as (15). (Medicine also belongs in this classification, though the Society has housed it as a separate collection.)

Our collection of fortune books is also separately housed and has been divided into six categories: I. General — collections of fortune and anything that did not fit into the other five categories; II. Biology — Sea Monsters, Lake Monsters, Extraterrestrial Life, *et alii*; III. ABSSMs; IV. Ufology generally; V. OINTs, including poltergeist manifestations; and VI. Anthropology, primarily cultural.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Strange World of Animals and Pets, by Vincent and Margaret Gaddis, New York, Cowles Book Company, Inc., 1970.

Do not be misled by the title which suggests 'just another book on pets'. The key word here is "strange", and this is a splendidly fortan book. It is basically a collection of reports of animal behaviour, ranging all the way from simple devotion, to evidence of a mathematical genius on the part of animals but, due to the authors' skill, it never becomes a "seed-catalogue". In addition, the Gaddises have speculated at some length on the whys and hows of the extraordinary behaviours that they report; thus setting their book apart — and considerably above — the many others in print which simply recount tales without ever asking any questions. In fact, the Gaddises explore what we are coming to call 'the third world'. Dogs and horses do not have the physical ability to talk, or — one presumes — the means to extract cube roots; i.e. adequate vocal cords or brains. Yet there have been those that have done both. Some of the unexplaineds covered in this book are 'respectable', some are not, but all make fascinating reading.

The Humanoids, edited by Charles Bowen, London, Neville Spearman Ltd., 1969.

Charles Bowen is editor of Flying Saucer Review, surely the best of the ufological publications, and this volume is a compendium of reports on "actual landing and contacts — over 300 of them — between Beings from Outer Space and Earth Humans." Though we may now doubt the "outer space" thesis, this remains the only truly serious survey of 'occupant' cases, with articles by such serious-minded searchers as Jacques Vallee, Aime Michel, and Gordon Creighton.

The Abominable Snowmen, by Eric Norman, New York, Award Books, 1969; and Strange Abominable Snowmen, by Warren Smith, New York, Popular Library, 1970.

Since Ivan T. Sanderson's book Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life was published in 1961, a number of books have been published on this subject, most of them simply repeating the 'classic' cases reported by Sanderson. Both the above books include reports made since that date; but both are disfigured by the inclusion of material that can only be described as hogwash — in particular, some conclusions by Roger Patterson on the habits of 'Bigfoot', vide, his statement "They have not become extinct because their life-span probably ranges from two-hundred to five-hundred years". Now really!

Warren Smith's book has probably the most appalling cover illustration ever produced, and consists of one- to three-page stories. It is readable, but the strictures noted above must be kept in mind. Eric Norman's book is a much fuller account but includes reports that probably do not even belong in the 'abominable snowman' category (for more on this, see below). Of the two, Norman's book is preferred, despite some shortcomings.

Strange Creatures from Time and Space, by John A. Keel, Greenwich, Conn., Fawcett Publications, 1970.

One of the problems facing ABSMs 'hunters' is the existence of, apparently, both 'ordinary' ABSMs and 'monsters' associated with UFOs. In this book John Keel analyzes in considerable detail the various reports of both of these and of other creatures unknown to science and speculates on what they may be — and the whys and wherefores of their existence. This is, in fact, a companion volume to his other book reviewed below. It is well worth reading.

UFOs: Operation Trojan Horse, by John A. Keel, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1970.

This book is mentioned briefly in our section on ufology. Here we will only say that it should be read by every thinking person everywhere, and read carefully. It is not a 'seed-catalogue' and, unhappily, because of that will probably not be read by so-called ufologists, but it should be by all of them. In fact, the ufologists should read it too. Your whole future may depend on an understanding of these books.

Marion L. Fawcett

NOTICE

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

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