



PARADOX

"SCIENCE IS THE PURSUIT OF THE UNEXPLAINED"

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OCTOBER, 1971

SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

Columbia, New Jersey 07832

Telephone: Area Code 201 496-4366

ORGANIZATION

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

PARTICIPATION

Participation in the activities of the Society is solicited. Memberships run from the 1st of January to the 31st of December; but those joining after the 1st of October are granted the final quarter of that year gratis. The annual subscription is U.S. \$10, which includes four issues of the Journal PURSUIT for the year, as well as access to the Society's library and files, through correspondence or on visitation. The annual subscription rate for the journal PURSUIT (alone, and without membership benefits) is \$5, including postage. (PURSUIT is also distributed, on a reciprocal basis, to other societies and institutions.) The Society contracts-- with individuals, and institutional and official organizations for specific projects -- as a consultative body. Terms are negotiated in each case in advance. Fellowship in the Society is bestowed (only by unanimous vote of the Trustees) on those who are adjudged to have made an outstanding contribution to the aims of the Society.

NOTICES

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

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

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

PUBLICATIONS

The Society publishes a quarterly journal entitled PURSUIT. This is both a diary of current events and a commentary and critique of reports on these. It also distributes an annual report on Society affairs to members. The Society further issues Occasional Papers on certain projects, and Special Reports on the request of Fellows only.

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

Vol. 4, No. 4
October, 1971

PURSUIT

THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED

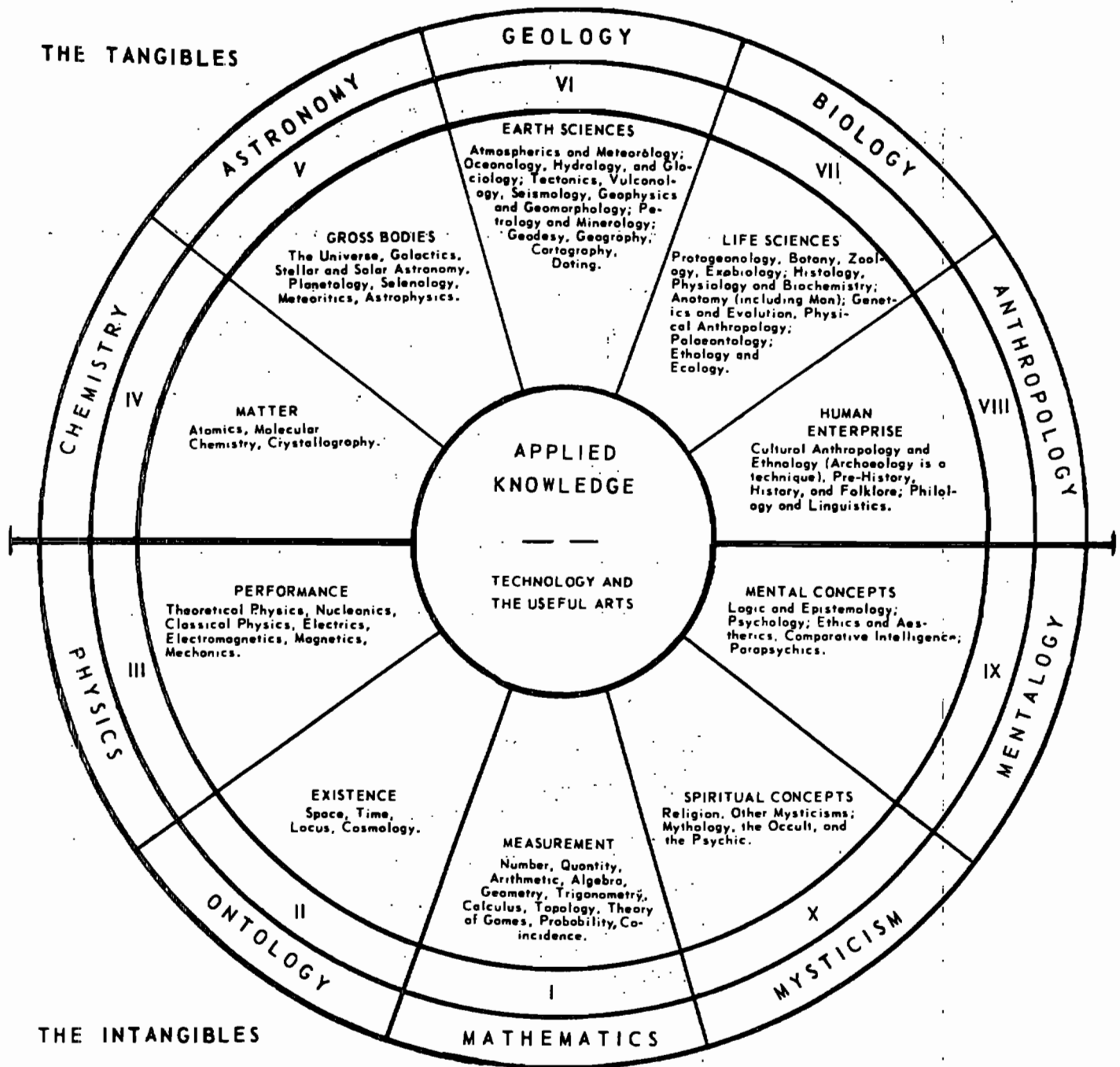
DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF "THINGS"
THAT ARE CUSTOMARILY DISCOUNTED

Editor & Publisher: Hans Stefan Santesson
Executive Editor: Marion L. Fawcett
Managing Editor: Allen V. Noe
Associate Editor: Walter J. McGraw
Consulting Editor: Ivan T. Sanderson

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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

Old people as they are called, come in two classes: the worn-out and dejected, who rarely live very long after retirement from an active life, or who become "vegetables" if they do; and that extraordinary breed who, having made their peace with life and death, have a keenness of mind and enthusiasm about everything that makes most of our current teen-agers and "under-30s" look like a bunch of zombies. These latter oldsters have lived through an incredible period of technological advance and 'sociological' change and have come to accept the inevitability of change, and even to enjoy it. They are our real "teen-agers" in mind, spirit, and approach. (This writer once met Dr. Victor Heiser, then 94, who had just been appointed to a Presidential Commission to study the resurgence of leprosy, properly Hansen's Disease, in areas where it was thought to be under control; he described his plans as if he had at least another 40 years in which to complete his project. He was alive!) The 'actual' teen-agers and those a bit older seem to have a tendency to forget that one day they too will be middle-aged, and even, with luck old. They apparently do not seem to realize just how much they can gain from the experience and, yes, the wisdom of "these ancient ones". (In all of this we are talking only of the so-called "Western World"; in other cultures, the 'ancient ones' are still honoured, respected, and, for the most part, cared for.)

There is a "generation gap" in that the middle generations of today, unless exceptionally fortunate, were both mis-educated in school and taught at home that "money is everything"; this latter possibly stemming from the "easy money" days of World War II. Both the 'very' young and the 'very' old have recognized this, and are inclined to look on the current middle-aged as the truly "lost generation". However, this is as unrealistic as condemning all scientists for the sins of some; something which neither Charles Fort—nor SITU—has ever done.

There is today not just a revolt but a revulsion against what is collectively called "Science", and especially among young people; but it seems to stem from a semantic misunderstanding more than from anything else. There are, in fact, three 'classes' of "scientists": the philosophical scientists [e.g. Einstein] (they used to be called "natural philosophers"); the "working" scientists or experimenters [e.g. Crick and Watson]; and the technologists. These last, no matter how brilliant and inventive, are really glorified mechanics who take the theories of the philosophical and "working" scientists, and figure out how to "make them work". That is their job. The philosophical scientists do not usually care whether their theories are 'applied' or not; they are simply curious about the Universe in all its ramifications — and please note that most early scientists, many of whom made discoveries of incalculable value, were what are today called "amateurs", a term that was once highly complimentary, and which indeed stems from the Latin verb "to love". In this day and age the word is ordinarily used to indicate some stumblebum who doesn't know what he's talking about.

There are stuffed-shirts among the true scientists — both philosophical and experimenters — but the technologists, who are responsible for the application of scientific discoveries and thus, in goodly measure, for the current status of our culture, should be left out of this wrangle about "Science". Their job really constitutes the Charge of the Light Brigade: all too often with similar results, one might add. But, short of making it illegal to think — or to publish what one thinks — we would seem to be stuck with this attitude.

It is the "stuffed-shirts", to whom we object. I believe it was Linus Pauling who once said, "If you know too much about what can be, you are likely to miss what is". It is those chaps, who won't believe in Loch Ness 'monsters' until one is bottled and plunked down in front of them, who make bold — and often fatuous — pronouncements, usually without having been to the scene of the "crime", or even having done so much as made a phone call to find out what facts there might be. These personages are more to be pitied than scorned, though they will, if they read this, probably foam at the mouth at such a suggestion. They are in the middle ranks of their institutional 'pecking order' — not yet being able to afford to be big enough to care not a wit if others think them balmy for even considering the possibility of the "unexplained" — and who, therefore, have to do their forteen 'homework' sub rosa, until they achieve tenure, or whatever status of security they are looking for.

But the true realists, because of long experience and vast informal as well as formal education — and education in its very broadest sense — are the "living" oldsters, and especially in the fields of Philosophy, Science, and Technology. If you young people, who make up a large proportion of our membership, really want to know what's what, go to somebody who is what you would probably call an "antique". You will probably find that he has a far more open mind than you do; and he is a lot better educated. The "middle class" chap is not deliberately against reality; he is simply scared and so tied up in administrative red-tape — you know: "publish or perish" — and a host of other nonessentials, that he hasn't time to think. A goodly number of these poor souls may eventually 'recover'.

Over and over again we have heard college teachers yearning for retirement, not because they disliked teaching — and some were good teachers — but because "then, at last, I'll be able to do what I really want to do". Like investigating falls of fish from the sky, perhaps?

Marion L. Fawcett

CHAOS AND CONFUSION

THOSE FARNBOROUGH TRACKS AGAIN

Our English correspondent has been at work, but the results are disappointing—not through any fault on her part. The local newspaper declined to provide copies of their photographs, but the Frasers were kind enough to lend her their newspaper clippings which she photographed for us. Unfortunately, they really are not reproducible and do not, in any case, show much detail. But there is an attached further report from the newspaper; it is a near classic in its way;—

"Chessington Zoo experts say it [the animal making the tracks] could be a brown or Himalayan bear which visited the Frasers in the dead of night. Said a spokesman: 'It could be a bear because bears are the only animals which don't retract their claws. Members of the cat family walk on their toes. However, footprints in the snow do expand,' he warned." Hmhhh! (or however it's spelled!)

The statement that bears are the only animals which don't retract their claws is absolute rubbish, and one hopes the "spokesman" was misquoted. Cats are the only ones that do retract them. Also, read mammals for "animals".

But it is the thought that a zoo expert could remark blandly that it might have been a Brown or Himalayan Bear that wandered amiably through the Frasers' garden, apparently without any notion as to how such an animal got there or where it came from, that causes our eyebrows to rise. The Chessington Zoo is, one must assume, not missing one; nor is there any indication that any other British zoo has lost one; while there are, of course, no bears indigenous to the British Isles. The fact is that the tracks, from what we can make of them, could be bear tracks. Frankly, we do not seem to have got any further with this case, and it would seem to be necessary to 'file' it as a case of possible ITF (Charlie Fort's "teleportation") by an unidentified animal, possibly a bear. However, from where?

ON BELLS

The two items that follow are only very loosely connected, but both have thus far defied explanation.

A UPI report, apparently dated the 14th March of this year, notes that in Stone, England "A bell rings twice every day in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bentley. Trouble is, they can't find out where the bell is or what causes it to ring. The fire brigade, post office engineers [the telephone system is under the postal service in England], and council officials have searched for it to no avail. The rings come at

8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. without fail. 'It's really quite baffling,' said a postal engineer."

This might be some kind of poltergeist manifestation; we do have reports of such regularly occurring 'events' which apparently are poltergeistic in nature (or PGMs, as the writer prefers to call them). There really is not enough information available as yet to risk a diagnosis, but one must assume that no purely mechanical fault causes this phenomenon unless one wishes to insult a host of British engineers. We are also constrained to wonder about the effect on the Bentley's nerves if the bell failed to ring on time! Our English "sleuth" has been asked to investigate.

The other 'bell' is reported by AP from Norris, Tenn. (no date, but apparently late July or early August.*)

"It seems that on windy days, people in Norris Dam State Park can hear bells — but only from inside a car with the windows closed tightly. Frank Podriznik, the state park naturalist for the East Tennessee district calls it 'the mystery of the bells that aren't there,' and is looking to summer visitors to help solve that mystery. 'I first learned of the bells last February,' Podriznik said Friday. He said he was talking with other men at the park when the wind picked up. One of them remarked that the bells should ring loud and clear. 'I thought it was a joke, but they convinced me they were serious,' Podriznik said. He and a park ranger then drove around the park, stopping at various places. 'Suddenly, I heard them,' he said. 'The sound is not exactly like bells, but more like a flute player playing up and down the scale. It was a beautiful sound' he added. 'I cannot explain the bells, and neither can anyone else I've talked to. That's why I'm hoping some of our visitors can solve the mystery.'"

The fact that the 'bells' are heard, apparently, only on windy days suggests a natural explanation. Sound—and particularly that of bells—has been known to travel extraordinary distances (vide, the case of church bells heard several hundred miles, if memory serves correctly, at sea). But that the sounds reported here are audible only in a tightly closed car is most odd. A car with one or more windows slightly open may be the site of very peculiar sounds caused by air vibration, which can produce effects which affect the human ear 'psychologically'. The humming of an electric fan, for instance, sometimes 'translates' into music.

*Dear Members: please date all clippings and indicate source.

Any of our members travelling in the vicinity of Norris, Tennessee, are hereby invited to investigate and report. We will, of course, be making further enquiries on our own, but the more reports the better. And a little experimentation would seem to be in order also.

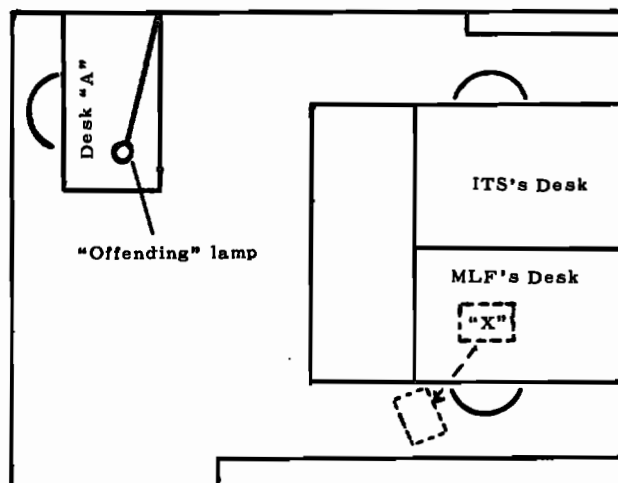
ON HUNTING POLTERGEISTS

by Walter J. McGraw

Poltergeist phenomena —or PGMs, as Marion Fawcett prefers to call them, i.e. short for Polter-Geist Manifestations— are a great deal more common than most people realize. If bureaus start falling over, the crockery starts flying about the house, and the occupants (the ordinary human ones, that is) are regularly dumped out of bed, the fact that there is a "poltergeist" at work becomes pretty obvious and the long-suffering police are called in, usually followed by the clergy, and the "parapsychologists". As a rule, it doesn't really matter what they do; the poltergeist eventually departs, and often within a few weeks.

Minor PGMs are, so far as we can determine, very common indeed; though this should not be taken to mean that the moment anything odd happens one should start yelling "Poltergeist!" To demonstrate the difference, here are several cases reported to me by Alma Sanderson and Marion Fawcett:

Both were sitting in the office one morning when a crash and the sound of breaking glass were heard coming from the cellar below the office. They immediately went to investigate and found that a small glass jar, of necessity placed toward the outside edge of a shelf in the toolshop, had fallen to the floor and smashed; their instant verdict was that a field mouse had probably run across the tops of these jars, which are arranged in staggered rows because of the narrowness of the shelf from front to back, and had knocked this one off. They cleaned up the mess and returned to work. On another occasion, again both were alone in the office when a tremendous crash was heard from the Sandersons' bedroom just above the office. They quickly determined that all dogs were outside and then stared at each other for a moment. Marion Fawcett tells me that although the crash resembled that of a bureau (at the very least) falling over, neither she nor Mrs. Sanderson was 'impressed'. One of them —they cannot remember which— finally said, "I suppose we ought to investigate". There was not so much as a pin out of place.



Not to scale; and not a complete floor plan.

Recently (i.e. starting approximately the end of August) they have had "trouble" with one of the office lamps. These are standard light bulb 'sockets', to which are screwed metal lampshades; the cords are strung through metal piping so fixed that the lamps can be moved horizontally to any position desired. These lights are turned off at night, and the first person up turns on both the kitchen lights and the office lights. One morning Marion Fawcett, at that time alone in the house, both the Sandersons being in hospital, turned on all the office lamps and went to make her morning tea. On her return to the office, where she habitually drinks this, she heard a "pinging" sound, clearly the sound of the metal chain on the lamp on desk "A" (see diagram). This has continued to occur every morning, and the chain has been seen to flip upward, sometimes landing exactly where it had been placed after the lamp was turned on, sometimes landing on the other side of the screw which lies in direct line with it and holds the shade onto the fixture (there are three screws in all). The time between turning on the lamp and its flipping about (this has been seen on some occasions but not all) varies from 14 to 21 minutes. This is hardly a spectacular occurrence, but it was thought initially that it might be a PGM. However, Marion Fawcett noticed something and proceeded to dismantle the fixture. The cause of this particular "PGM" proved to be a mechanical defect. The chain is made up of a string of beads, with a large bead near the top of the chain, and the chain, when pulled out to turn on the

Department of Utter Confusion

Ruth Parker's "Western Girl Report" quoted in the San Jose Mercury, notes that a Lincolnshire, England, newsagent distributed a form letter to his customers as follows: "To ease the strain on our bookkeeping, in the future all weekly accounts will be rendered monthly & all monthly quarterly. Quarterly ones will be rendered quarterly if you have one, or if you have not you can. Also if you wish to have a weekly or a monthly you have only to say the word." To which Miss Parker added, "But not in front of the children!"

lamp, should slide back into the fixture up to this large bead. It doesn't do so, there being a defective "doohickey" inside which apparently does not function until the lamp has heated up to a particular temperature, at which point it suddenly yanks the chain into its 'proper' position.

On the other hand, some time ago, Miss Fawcett was plagued by a rather nasty PGM. In order to type comfortably, she must sit on a small mountain of pillows, with the result that her feet do not reach the floor. A very sturdy box sits well under her desk as a footrest ["X" in the diagram]. Some months ago she began to hear peculiar noises definitely coming from underneath her desk (actually a piece of heavy plywood rather than a standard desk). Her initial reaction was that one of their dogs had chosen it as a sleeping place, a common occurrence—but, no dog. she ignored the noises thereafter. However, when she got up a few minutes later she tripped over the box which had somehow mysteriously—and instantly—moved into the 'corridor' between her desk and the book shelves behind it. This occurred several times, on the last of which—and it was the last—she went flat on her face, bruising her knee and narrowly escaping smashing her skull on the bookshelves. This was too much for Miss Fawcett who is reasonably even-tempered [except when struggling with putting out PURSUIT], and, following instructions from Ivan T. Sanderson, she banged on the desk and, "using language that would make a sailor blush", told the PG what she thought of it and where it could go. It went.

Even a spectacular case may be difficult or impossible to investigate—not so much because of the

manifestations themselves but because of the humans involved and their reactions to these, to them, totally new and sometimes 'alarming' incidents.

It is also often difficult to determine whether even a reportedly spectacular case is genuine. Our member #402 wrote us in March of this year that an acquaintance of his, with a friend, claimed that they had been disturbed by PGMS while on vacation in New England during the summer of 1970, that these had stopped on their return to New York City to college, and then had recurred. I should like to emphasize that #402 was not directly involved and should, in fact, be congratulated for bringing this case to our attention while it was still "in progress". All too often we are informed of such cases only when it is far too late to do anything truly constructive about them. He provided the necessary contacts, but I am afraid that they were unable to produce a single piece of 'hard' evidence that this was indeed a poltergeist case. They made investigation nearly impossible in any event by alleging that they were being contacted by telephone—in a sort of Morse code—by an 'entity' who instructed them not to talk to anyone who might publicize the matter. I have no way of knowing whether this is/was true, or simply an "easy out" on their part. But #402 should not be discouraged by this setback and is hereby invited, along with all our other members, to report immediately any apparent PGMS they may hear of. Some will be out-and-out hoaxes, some will be the equivalent of the light chain at SITU's HQ; and some will be genuine. As Member #402 put it, "The word 'frustration' probably came into being in connection with investigations such as this"—but someday we will find an answer.

II. ONTOLOGY

ON TIME ANOMALIES

by R. J. Durant

Recently SITU has been exploring the mysterious disappearances and spatial dislocations of ships and aircraft, such as the notorious Bermuda Triangle incident in which six Navy aircraft disappeared without a trace. Ivan T. Sanderson's Invisible Residents discussed several incidents in which aircraft encountered a totally inexplicable deviation from the planned duration of the flight. In these cases the aircraft simply flew "too fast" or "too slow" and did so by a margin so wide as to strain credulity. As a professional pilot with a major airline I was asked to study these cases to determine whether any ordinary consideration such as adverse winds or navigational error might have caused the difficulties encountered by these aircraft. The results of my study were quite startling in that no rational explanation for these incidents could be found. The pilots involved were

highly competent and they used accurate navigational methods. Wind and atmospheric phenomena were ruled out for a variety of reasons. It was profoundly puzzling, and as an active pilot naturally I take more than just a passing interest in these matters.

After pondering all this I concluded that an aircraft is really a fine thing to get caught in a Vile Vortex, or whatever, because it is jammed full of instruments to measure temperature, altitude, attitude, direction of flight and so on. With a normally attentive crew one might get a very complete set of readings describing the atmospheric environment at the time of the incident, and thus perhaps be in a more favorable position to get to the heart of the problem. I was especially keen to get a case involving a modern commercial airliner because they are equipped with a tape recording device called a flight recorder which records altitude, airspeed, heading, and "G" forces against a time base for the entire flight. At long last one such case has come to my attention and I describe it below.

A Boeing 727 left Detroit at 5:04 p.m. on the 16th November 1968, en route to Milwaukee. The plane had been cleared to climb to 22,000 feet and was in a 5 degree nose-up attitude climbing at a rate of 2500 feet per minute. Two minutes and 55 seconds after takeoff the aircraft suddenly encountered a most unusual set of flight conditions. The airspeed jumped from 230 to 276 knots, the aircraft began a completely uncontrolled climb at a rate of 7,800 feet per minute, and the nose pitched up to a 25 degree nose-up attitude.

The pilot immediately took corrective action by reducing power and attempting to lower the nose. Despite these actions the dizzy climb continued for 48 seconds, taking the aircraft from an altitude of 4,800 feet to nearly 9,000 feet. At this point the ordinary laws of aerodynamics came into play again and the aircraft, finally responding to the controls, nosed over in a 25 degree dive. A recovery was made at an altitude of 240 feet above the ground and at an airspeed of 460 knots. The pilot returned to Detroit where a number of passengers were treated for injuries suffered in the dive.

The pilot was subsequently charged with improperly flying the machine in turbulence. This is not unusual because the wild ride was simply not comprehensible to aviation experts. Atmospheric turbulence is a common phenomenon and pilots are well trained to cope with it. On occasion aircraft have temporarily gone out of control in severe thunderstorm turbulence, but this case was radically different, and the flight recorder told the tale. The authorities were forced to charge the pilot on the basis of the facts as they appeared at the time: the aircraft went out of control and yet all the meteorological facilities of the Federal Aviation Agency in the Detroit area indicated nothing that could have caused even a minor control difficulty.

In the end, however, this incident was laid to rest with a classic forteen "wipe" delivered in a most modern and eminently fair adversary proceeding before the National Transportation Safety Board (Docket No. SE 1110). The pilot was vindicated, the of-

ficial explanation being that a gigantic wave of air, analogous to an ocean wave, four miles long and 1 mile high, with a wind velocity of 120 miles per hour on the ascending side, and a precipitous breaking top had enveloped the aircraft. This wave of air, having gargantuan dimensions and potentialities, hoisted the aircraft four thousand feet and then literally dumped it over the curling top like a hapless surfer. Case closed.

Of course, such a giant atmospheric wave has never been observed. It is a theoretical construct of the meteorology trade and apparently the pet theory of an eminent meteorologist from the University of Chicago who was called in to testify on behalf of the accused pilot. The Detroit area at 5 p.m. is a very high density air traffic region, yet no other aircraft encountered turbulence. At no time before or during the flight did the authorities issue any warning of turbulence, thunderstorms, or other unusual atmospheric phenomena. Nor was there any unusual wind reported from observers on the ground, though it is obvious that the effect on the ground of this giant wave of air with 120 mph winds at 5000 feet would have been considerable, to put it mildly.

Every pilot knows that the initial effect of flying into a strong up-draft is a nose-down pitching action, but the pilot reported an extreme pitch up! The airspeed should have dropped rapidly with the reported nose-high attitude, but instead it increased substantially, then levelled off before beginning to drop. The airspeed at the top of the climb was approximately equal to the speed at the entry. The most puzzling parameter is the "G" readout which shows that the aircraft actually experienced a smoother flight during the 48-second uncontrolled climb than it did for the entire remainder of the flight after the dive and recovery; this is all the more remarkable in that the cruise back to Detroit was flown at 5,000 feet, only several hundred feet above the base of the "air wave".

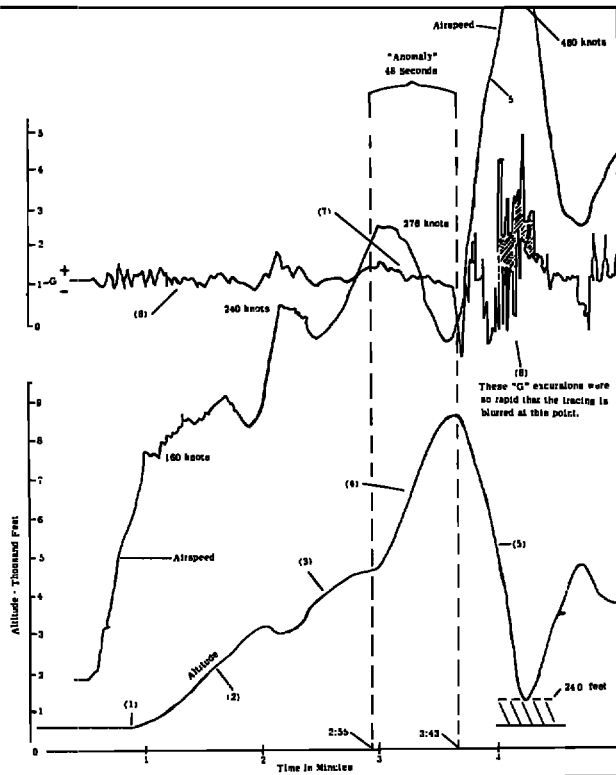
A novel concept has been advanced to explain cases of mysterious spatial displacement such as this one and the "Bermuda Triangle" disappearances. The theory postulates the existence of variations in

Department of Impossible Requests

We often blink, to put it mildly, at some of the questions asked us —and from college graduates as well as youngsters— but we obviously have 'company'. The Jersey Free Press of the 14th July of this year reported that a 12-year-old boy wrote to the Boston Museum of Science as follows: "Please send me complete information on the universe. I need it by Friday."

A Goof by Frank Edwards

One of our subscribers, now resident in Mexico, writes as follows: "An item that may be of interest is in connection with Frank Edwards' book Strangest of All, page 160. The account that a UFO almost rammed us is pure nonsense. It is true that the pilot panicked when he saw the object, and he apparently was the last one [to see it] because most of the passengers, including myself, watched the object for several minutes hovering harmlessly, going our direction and at about our speed. A few had their cameras out but I never found out if this sighting was successfully photographed."



the normal flow of time. These variations, or "Time Anomalies", seem to occur rarely. The only regularity associated with them is a rather well defined geographical distribution. This distribution of so-called Vile Vortices was discussed at some length in PURSUIT, Vol. 4, No. 2.

A simple explanation of the effect of the theoretical time anomaly is possible if we resort to a basic formula from high school math. Distance equals rate times time is a basic formula showing the relation between the speed of an object, the time it travels, and the distance travelled. Knowing any two of these factors will quickly yield the third. For example, given a car travelling at a speed of 30 miles per hour, how far will the car move in one hour? This formula presupposes certain extremely important properties of the universe we live in. The measurement of distance must be constant. That is, whatever unit of length we decide to use, be it a centimeter or a mile, must retain its length throughout the area of space in which we intend to move our car and measure its progress. No space warps or rubber yardsticks, please. This idea is commonsensical and fits in well with our ordinary experience.

In order that $D = R \times T$ may work consistently, time also must have a fixed value, and therein lies the problem and the genesis of the time-anomaly theory. It was a simple matter to give an example from everyday life showing the necessity of constant distance measurements, but nothing of the sort is possible with reference to time. If time flows in a

steady stream without variation, our formula works; if not, we are in deep trouble. This is a problem that is vexing some of the top minds in theoretical physics today.

With all this in mind, let us refer again to the distance formula and suppose for a moment that the "T" (time) is indeed flexible. The result — the distance travelled by the car will vary, even though the speedometer may very well continue to read 30 mph. We would say that the car has entered into a time anomaly, meaning that in the region of space occupied by the car the flow of time is altered with respect to our normally experienced time. If the driver (or pilot) were to emerge and attempt to compare figures with an observer outside the anomalous zone a considerable confusion would result. The car will have gone too fast or too slowly, depending on the direction of the time flow. In a case where the time flow is altered to a sufficient extent the car would probably cease to exist in our "normal" world. Thus the time anomaly theory ties together both complete disappearances and the fast/slow cases.

Viewed as a time anomaly case, the Boeing 727 incident was caused by the existence of a transient time flow alteration in the vicinity of the Detroit airport. This particular anomaly apparently operated in a vertical direction and resulted in the aircraft performing in a manner inconsistent with normal-time mechanics. Thus it is an exercise in futility to apply the test of ordinary experience to a case such as this as a means of explaining what occurred. In the same way it may be that other hitherto unexplained phenomena such as the UFO's and even the working of the mind may have to be analyzed as problems in time flow.

Editor's Notes: The tracings reproduced here were made from an official copy of the flight recorder tape. They have been "simplified" to a certain extent, partly to save space, and partly to make them more intelligible to the ordinary reader who lacks technical training; e.g. the scale for the airspeed record has been eliminated, but the tracing as such is that on the official record, which uses a double scale to save space — when airspeed reaches a certain level, the machine automatically shifts to scale B and the record is started "at the bottom".

So as not to "muck up" the tracings with annotations, they have been labelled with numbered arrows, matching the comments by R. J. Durant as follows:

(1) Takeoff [and please note, the altitude is that of the Detroit airport; the scale is based on 0 as indicating sea-level]

(2) Initial climb; takeoff power

(3) Climb at 2500 feet per minute; climb power on engines

(4) 7800 feet per minute climb at cruise power or less

(5) Dive [in case you hadn't figured this out for yourself long ago]

(6) Normal "G"; slight bumpiness

(7) Note "G" tracings during the climb at 7800 fpm. They are relatively smooth.

(8) Extreme "G" excursions due to dive and pull-out.

One of the fascinating points about this record is that the "G" 'level', which is relatively smooth, i.e. normal, during the unaccounted-for rise of the aircraft when gravity would seem to have 'stopped', drops suddenly just as the craft starts its dive. That

it later rose to nearly 5 Gs during the dive is not, one assumes, really noteworthy except that commercial airliners and transport (i.e. passenger as opposed to fighter) planes are not built to withstand such stresses. Mr. Durant told me in general conversation on this incident that no one really knows why the aircraft didn't come apart at the seams during the dive — it 'ought' to have done so.

Lastly, Mr. Durant says, "I'm sure my little $D = R \times T$ thing will bring a load of brickbats", but we are agreed that the more persons we can get to work on this "thing" the better. Anyone have any ideas?

IV. CHEMISTRY

THAT NON-RUSTING PILLAR IN INDIA

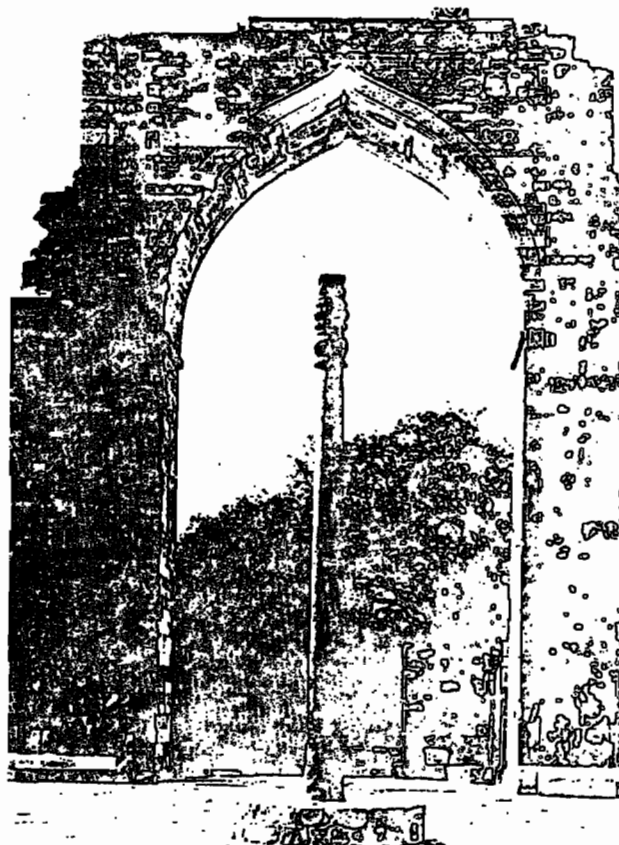
One of the 'standard' items in fortune books is a rustless iron pillar in Delhi, India. The pillar is definitely known to be about 1600 years old, dating from the time of the Guptas, and was apparently first erected at Bihar. An inscription dated 1052 suggests that it was moved to Delhi at that time.

It is 23 feet tall, including the portion underground, and was reported on almost ad nauseam by British military and political personnel during the 18th and early 19th centuries (these gentlemen were a most remarkable breed; they really deserve a book) because of the fact that it did not rust. Various theories were advanced to explain this, but none really did so. We now have an explanation that seems plausible.

The New Scientist and Science Journal (Britain's leading semi-popular scientific journal, generally the equivalent of our Scientific American) of the 10th June 1971, paraphrases a report from the Collection of Czechoslovak Chemical Communications, vol. 36, p. 625, wherein a gentleman by the name of G. Wranlen of the Royal Institute of Technology, Stockholm — he is not otherwise identified — comes up with what he considers to be the answer to this puzzle. The article in the N.S.S.J. is headed "Superstitious Myths Help to Stop Iron Rusting" and paraphrases Wranlen's original report.

This scientist attributes the rustless condition of the pillar to the "clean and dry air" at (Ancient) Delhi, stating that samples taken to more humid climates did rust and that the portion of the pillar below ground is, in fact, badly corroded. He also notes that "The composition of the iron, which is high in phosphorus and low in sulphur, is such as to encourage a protective oxide layer to form on the metal". (We have written for a copy of Wranlen's original paper in order to find out just what kind of "oxide" this is; ferric oxide is rust.) He further goes on to point out that the pillar weighs some six tons and that the heat accumulated during the day promotes rapid drying of rain or dew that falls on the pillar.

Also, it is pointed out that the pillar is in a class with wishing wells, the Blarney Stone, and such; it is considered to bring good luck to stand with one's back to the pillar and try to clasp one's hands behind it. This, according to G. Wranlen, has polished the metal in a band around the pillar and given it a rust-resisting coating of fat — he cites some 2000-year-old chains used as handrails along a path leading to a shrine in Ceylon which are 'similarly' preserved by a layer of human grease. This is a perfectly splendid



notion, but suggests that, if all of the pillar is rustless (above ground, that is), these superstitious visitors must average 15 feet tall, assuming that approximately one-third of the pillar is underground, and that this is one of the reasons for its rustless state.

Dr. Wranlen also believes that climatic conditions at the time of manufacture of this object might have played a part in its history in that the atmosphere at that time might have been more alkaline (the result of numerous animal 'inhabitants' and their dung) which would have had a "passivating effect" during the manufacture of the pillar, described as being forge-welded wrought iron. Old Delhi is still "rural" in that Sacred cows, monkeys, and other animals still roam its streets unmolested; New Delhi is an entirely different matter and may have the more acid atmosphere of any industrial city of today, thus promoting corrosion of practically everything (including people).

Although we have the greatest respect for the New Scientist and its synthesis of technical articles from other sources, we await the full text of Wranlen's original report. As we said at the outset, his theory, based on numerous reports by others, seems plausible; but there are some 'nasties' involved.

In the first place, its place of original manufacture is in doubt; this is usually given as Bihar, but another source states that it was probably Muttra (now Mathura). Bihar is a bit southwest of Patna on the Ganges River, while Muttra is on the banks of the Jumna River, about 90 miles 'south' of ancient Delhi. The climatic zone in which these and ancient Delhi are found is described as subtropical with winter drouth and summer rain. The average rainfall for the area is 40" a year. This is not exactly a sodden area (a town named Mawsyhrum had 670.35" of rain in 1957!) but it isn't a desert either.

Nevertheless, whatever the explanation (and Wranlen may be correct; we will peruse his original paper with utmost care), the inscription on the pillar dates its manufacture as circa 1600 years ago; and it has certainly been there since the British first arrived in India in 1600 (the actual charter of the East India Co. was granted in 1608).

We would still like to know more about it and will report further when Wranlen's paper becomes available.

V. ASTRONOMY

THE PLANET "VULCAN"

In September 1859 the famed French astronomer Leverrier, who had correctly predicted the existence of the planet Neptune, told the French Academy of Sciences that he had observed what he believed to be another planet between the Sun and the planet Mercury. The ensuing battle, which Leverrier lost, is described in considerable detail in Charles Fort's Book of the Damned (p. 196ff in the hardcover collected works). It was declared categorically that there was no planet Vulcan, as Leverrier had named it.

In June of this year a New York astronomer, Dr. Henry C. Courten of Dowling College, announced that he had discovered what appeared to be something orbiting the sun closer than Mercury, but more work was needed to determine just what it is. The evidence is a number of mysterious tracks on photographic plates made during the solar eclipses of 1966 and 1970. These tracks do not have the characteristics

of comets, and Dr. Courten postulates an asteroid or, more properly, planetoid with a diameter of about 500 miles.

There is an irregularity in Mercury's orbit, and this had been, in the 19th century, the origin of the idea that another planetary body must lie between Mercury and the sun. This irregularity was explained by Einstein's theory of relativity, but Courten points out that a body that has a diameter of only 500 miles would not affect Mercury's orbit in any case. The object—or possibly objects—is/are about 9 million miles from the sun; Mercury is 36 million miles away.

Courten hopes that other astronomers will look for this during eclipses in 1972 and 1973 when conditions should be most favourable. Other astronomers are generally rather sceptical but agree that Courten, at least, should continue his work. We shall simply have to wait to find out whether Leverrier will finally be vindicated.

A number of our readers have asked "When will Mr. Sanderson be on radio (or TV or whatever) again; we would like to listen [etc.]?" The fact is that it is impossible to let members know in advance of such programs for the simple reason that most are arranged only a few days in advance, and sometimes with no warning at all—the latter is particularly true of what are called "beepers", i.e. radio shows via telephone. As for forthcoming magazine articles, we seldom know when an article will be published (this may be a matter of four to eight or more months) and, by the time it is published, we have usually forgotten about it. All we can suggest in this latter case is that you keep an eye on Argosy, True, Saga, and Fate.

A detailed map of the Labrador Sea region. The map shows the coastline of Labrador, Canada, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Key locations labeled include St. John's, Miramichi, and various islands and rivers. The map is oriented with North at the top. The Labrador Sea is labeled in large letters at the top. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is labeled in large letters at the bottom. The Atlantic Ocean is labeled in large letters at the bottom right. The map shows the coastline of Labrador, Canada, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Key locations labeled include St. John's, Miramichi, and various islands and rivers. The map is oriented with North at the top. The Labrador Sea is labeled in large letters at the top. The Gulf of St. Lawrence is labeled in large letters at the bottom. The Atlantic Ocean is labeled in large letters at the bottom right.

under polarized light (see "crossed nicols" above)] —none; dispersion —weak, .012; not attacked by acid; heat —fuses with difficulty under blowpipe."

Manny goes on to say —and this should be intelligible even to novices—"Labradorite in gem varieties is so distinctive that it cannot be mistaken except perhaps for "Blue John" (Fluorite) which is much softer and the change of color is not in regular laminations (plates or 'layers'). As a trade term, labradorite refers only to those varieties of Labradorite feldspar which show a change of color known as labradorescence as the stone is moved. Greenish, bluish, yellowish, or reddish change of color may occur, but blues and greens are more usual. The background of the stone is usually gray or brownish gray. Color changes may occur only in patches, and color in adjacent patches may differ greatly; but this is not the multi-color play as seen in most opals. Dark stones are sometimes known as Ox-eyes, green stones as Lynx-eyes. The greater the change of color, the more valuable the stone. Clear fine blue gems, of the Russian variety are superior, and the most valuable. Some rare labradorites can almost be classed as "precious", but the inferior stones usually seen have lessened the appreciation and value of the variety as a whole.

Most specimens lack sufficient beauty or have gray patches that exhibit no labradorescence and can be classed only as ornamental stones.

When cut [in] cabochon [style], it shows somewhat chatoyant ["marked by a play of colors"] bands of green, blue, red, or yellowish light. It never contains a combination of contrasting colors such as green and red as is often seen in opals. Its colors are always close together in the spectrum, such as various hues of green or green and yellow or, more rarely, blue-green and yellow".

Attempts were made to "mine" this island in the early 30s but the climate and the fact that blasting operations tended to shiver the rock, thus making it virtually impossible to "work" later on, caused operation to be abandoned, though the local people still help themselves and sell it, though the price is low. As Dr. Paddon put it in his letter, "Considering there must be several hundred million tons of it on the island. . . I do not think that anyone's conscience was much bothered about this".

We wish we had the money to reproduce in color a photograph of a piece of labradorite in the possession of one of our members. It really is beautiful.

Notice: Please do not address any mail to the Sandersons' New York apartment; as of the moment of writing they still "maintain" this apartment, but the mail is not forwarded —even first-class mail— and is picked up only at the most irregular intervals.

Quotable Quotes:

Philip Callahan, in his book entitled Insect Behavior, reviewed in this issue, makes the following comment:

"And who ever said the 'expert' was always right, anyway? I often think of the words of the German poet and dramatist Schiller, who wrote: 'The natural enemy of any subject is the professor thereof, for the power of the professor is revealed not so much by the things he teaches, as the things he fails or refuses to teach'."

From Professor Charles Richet: "I never said it was possible; I merely said it was a fact."

Heracleitus, circa 500 B.C.: "Because it is sometimes so unbelievable the truth escapes becoming known."

Please be reminded that those of you who joined before the 1st October of this year should remit \$10 for 1972 dues before the end of the year (if you have not already done so). It is a great saving to us in both time (i.e. labour) and money if members renew without our having to send out a reminder. Of course, if you can't stand us, we won't expect to hear from you. Nevertheless, it is our impression that most of you are at least reasonably pleased.

Also, PLEASE send us any change of address, and well in advance if possible, and including your zip code. PURSUIT does not go through without one. And, if you fail to receive a copy of a particular issue (despite our best endeavors, they are ordinarily mailed toward the end of the month of issue), please let us know. We have had letters in December stating that "I didn't get the April issue"; we have no way of knowing whether you have received your copy or not, unless it is returned because of a change of address —and, "alas and alack", the Post Office is far from perfect, and, so far as we can determine, takes about three weeks to deliver even relatively local third-class mail, sometimes failing to deliver it at all!

N.B. This notice was pasted in upside down quite deliberately; most of you seem to have ignored the one in the October 1970 issue. It may be "undignified" but it may work, too!

VII. BIOLOGY

ARKANSAS HAS A PROBLEM

As a matter of fact, it would seem to have a whole slew of them. One hardly knows where to start.

The two most highly publicized 'items' are the "Fouke Monster" (apparently pronounced FOWK) and the "White River Monster", though it is difficult to determine from the various newspaper reports just how many types of 'monsters' are involved in each case. There are almost certainly two and possibly three other kinds of unknown animals in the White River area; plus, apparently, at least two ABSMs or "abominable snowperson" types; plus, again, some 'ordinary' out-of-place animals in the Fouke area. We append a map.

"Wild men"—i.e. unusually tall, definitely bipedal, fully haired chaps with big feet—were, so far as is known, first recorded in 1834 in St. Francis, Poinsett, and Greene Counties (see map) but no descriptions got into print. In 1851 one showed up in Greene county again, stampeding cattle but otherwise behaving inoffensively. He was seen by hunters who described him as covering a distance of 12 to 14 feet with each leap when he made his getaway; he left footprints that measured 13 inches long (this is really not very big). In 1856 one roamed the Arkansas-Louisiana border and an encounter with him was fully reported in the Caddo Gazette of Louisiana (Caddo County is just south of Miller County, Arkansas, in which Fouke is located). Briefly, he was hunted by a posse, the leader of which managed to corner the "wild man"; to quote from an article by Margaret Ross in the Arkansas Gazette of the 27th June 1971, [the wild man] "dragged the man off his horse, threw him to the ground, and demonstrated the dangers of chasing monsters. Besides biting large hunks out of the man's shoulders and other parts of his body, he scratched out one eye and injured the other so badly that it was thought he would be permanently blind. Then he tore the saddle and bridle off the horse and demolished them. He held the horse by the mane while he snapped off the top of a sapling, then mounted the horse and fled across the plains to the mountains, using the sapling to whip the horse." We have reservations about this last though it is not impossible. On the other hand, the rest of the posse never did, so far as anyone knows, catch up with the "wild man", and no one seems ever to have caught up with the posse either. This story has no ending to it. In any event, so much for ancient history.

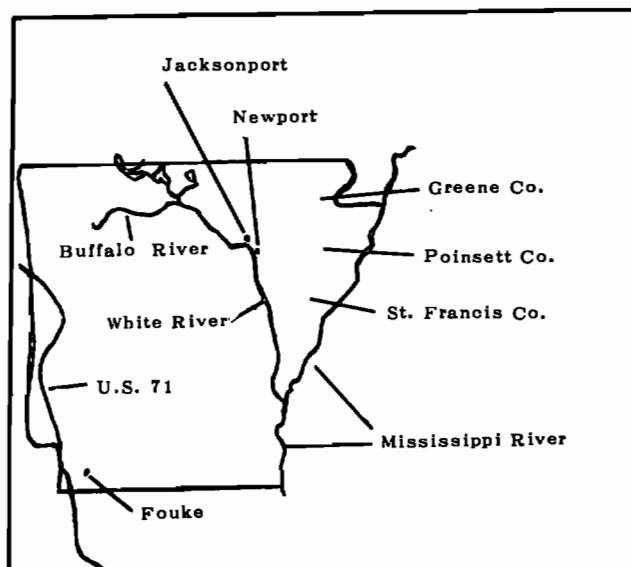
So far as we can piece it together, on the night of the 1st-2nd May of this year, a Bobby Ford, age 25, of Fouke, Arkansas, was at home with his wife who was "asleep" on the couch in the living room. She may have wakened as the result of unfamiliar noises (and they had lived in the house only five days in

any case), but she "saw the curtain moving on the front window and saw a hand sticking through the window. At first I thought it was a bear's paw, but it didn't look like that. It had heavy hair all over it and it had claws. I could see its eyes. They looked like coals of fire. . . real red. It didn't make any noise, except you could hear it breathing." She screamed. Then, apparently she and her husband both saw "an animal" heading toward a wooded area, and Mr. Ford took a pot-shot at it. They then went and got Constable Ernest Walraven of Fouke who searched the property and did find large tracks — which he described as being "similar to a cat's". Walraven apparently then departed.

The "animal" returned twice that night (i.e. early Sunday morning, the 2nd May) and on the second occasion — Ford presumably was having a look round outside — grabbed Ford, who managed to break away and ran straight through the front door without bothering to open it. They went for Walraven once again, and Ford was unconscious on arrival. He was treated for several scratches on his arm and side at a local hospital.

We have umpteen clippings on this, and none tells quite the same story, but as early as the 3rd of May Ford was describing the creature that actually attacked him, as "about 6-feet tall, black and hairy." He also said that it ran on its hind legs, and much too fast for a bear.

The Hope Star of Hope, Ark., sometime after the the 3rd May, stated "Walraven and Johnny Carey, who works in Texarkana, but lives and hunts in the Fouke area, feel that it is a panther or a wolf" and goes on to say that "[Deputy H. L.] Phillips says that panthers occasionally do get as far north as Fouke, but he thinks it is a cougar". This last is an absolute classic, since "panther" and "cougar" are both local



names for the puma (Felis concolor)! Actually, the term panther should be reserved for leopards outside of Africa (the "black panther" is simply a black or melanistic form of the African leopard). There is also evidence of bear in the general area, and there are those who are convinced that this was what attacked Ford. However. . .

On the 23rd May, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Woods Jr. and Mrs. R. H. Sedgass, all of Texarcana, were returning from Shreveport, La. along U.S. 71 when a "large hairy creature" crossed the road in front of their car. They all described the creature as being "stooped with long; dark hair and running upright across the highway". Mr. Woods said it looked like a "giant monkey" and estimated that it weighed more than 200 pounds. This sounds like an awfully small ABSM, and a correspondent, who wrote on the 30th of June, remarked that a creature resembling that seen by Ford "has been reported seen by a number of people, including several motorists along U.S. Highway 71. The description is always about the same: six to seven feet tall, covered with hair, and walks upright like a man. One motorist, however, described it as resembling a large monkey or a small ape, which brings up the interesting thought that perhaps the creature has offspring". This is almost undoubtedly Mr. Woods whose report is quoted above. And the gentleman whose letter we quoted (received through Argosy Magazine) has a very good point there.

On the 14th June, tracks showed up in a soybean field about three miles southeast of Fouke. The imprints measured 13-½ inches long, were 4-½ inches wide at the front and 3 inches at the heel. The horrible thing about them is that they appear, though generally hominid in shape, to have only three toes (and did this cause confusion around here for a while; see below), all the same size and all about 2 inches long. These were found in freshly ploughed earth, and long-suffering Constable Walraven was called in once again. He, the owner of the land, a W. M. Smith, and a gentleman named Smokey Crabtree (his son reports having seen a similar creature in 1963 near Jonesville southwest of Fouke), found that the stride measured 57 inches. One of our members, #770, was visiting relatives in Little Rock in mid-July and drove to Fouke to "investigate" —the quotes are his; he had very little time available. He reports that one of the imprints is on display in a glass-covered cardboard box at a grocery store-service station owned by the son of the owner of the soybean patch, together with several plaster molds of the print. He was kind enough to take colour photographs of the casts and is sending us one. [Tracing the newspaper photo is impossible, the outline of the imprint so muddled by shadows etc., that it is useless to try.] He tells us that it does indeed seem to have only three toes; and reports are consistent that both feet show this very peculiar anomaly. The tracks have, because of this, been labelled a hoax by Frank Schambach, an archae-

ologist at Southern State College in Magnolia, Ark., since all primates have five toes.

#770 further reports that "Discussion revealed that infra-red camera & equipment had been used to no avail to photograph the creature at night in the field. Several citizens reportedly had heard 'it' making cooing, crying, and chittering noises in nearby woods. It had been seen mostly near a snake-infested, thickly undergrown creek region near town. A sketch drawn by a witness showed the classical sloped forehead and jutting jaw of an ape. Indeed, those we spoke to had no illusions of anything other than an escaped ape, gorilla, or monkey."

None less than the Washington Post got into the act, noting that most 'sightings' occur on Saturday nights, with the usual ribaldry about the inhabitants' alleged habits, though they note that Mr. Smith, owner of the soybean patch, told their 'stringer' (local reporter) that the "monster" was "seen just this morning (Saturday, July 31) at eight in the morning at the 134-71 crossroads just south of town. That codger is up and about, day and night." He went on to add "I believe it's got a little one out there. It won't leave even though hundreds of people go tramping around. If it didn't have a baby, it would leave." Smith is also reported to believe that it is an orangutan, "the last surviving member of a band of animals which escaped a circus truck that overturned near Fouke years ago".

While it is true that a circus truck did overturn, thus letting loose a number of animals, we do not 'buy' this orangutan business. The Orangutan is one of the most distinctive of the Primates; is pretty strictly arboreal, being extremely agile in trees but definitely clumsy on the ground; and is a sort of orange color (this has nothing to do with the origin of the name, by the way, which comes from the Malay orang utan or "man of the woods"). Nor would we 'buy' an escaped gorilla; although primarily terrestrial, they commonly walk on all fours —watch both at any zoo.

And "everybody" wants to go to Bluff Creek, California, to look for ABSMs! There are reports from virtually all the states in this country, including recent reports on a so-called "Skunk Ape" in the Everglades, simply because it stinks (quoth Samuel Johnson, "No Madam; you smell, I stink"), which has been widely publicized. At this point we give up on ABSMs.

Paraphrasing the famous musical humourist Anna Russell, we now ask: Remember the White River Monster?

We have been in touch with Mike Masterson, of the Newport Daily Independent, who was kind enough to send glossy photographs and sets of clippings—none of which bears a date of any kind. However, clippings sent us by others indicate that this first came to light in June of this year, though reports date back to 1850. A clipping from the Arkansas Gazette dated

the 7th July states that "Tracks measuring 14 inches long and eight inches wide have been found on a small secluded island about six miles south of Newport where for the last three weeks there have been sightings of a purported huge creature thrashing about in the White River," and a photograph of (one of the?) monster(s) was taken on the 29th of June.

The White River is shown on the map on page 89; it runs into the Mississippi which, as everyone knows, runs into the Gulf. Like all rivers, the White River varies in depth, speed of current, etc. At a point near Jacksonport, it is over a hundred feet deep, having been measured in either 1968 or 1969 by Jacksonport State Park Director Lairs Miller. It is, in fact, a very sizeable river and might well contain practically anything.

We reproduce here the various descriptions given by witnesses:

(1) "I just saw a creature the size of a boxcar, thrashing in the White River. . . It was smooth, gray, and long. . . very, very long. It didn't really have scales, but from where I was standing on the shore, about 150 feet away, it looked as if the thing was peeling all over. But it was a smooth type of skin or flesh. . . the thing was about the length of three or four pick-up trucks, and at least two yards across. . . Water began to boil up about two or three feet high, then this huge form rolled up and over; it just kept coming and coming until I thought it would never end. I didn't see his head, but I didn't have to; his body was enough to scare me bad." This occurred just south of Newport (see map).

(2) . . . "a long spiney-backed creature approximately 10 to 12 feet long in a deep section of the river near several sunken car bodies". The witnesses, Gary Addington and his step-father Lloyd Hamilton took photographs but, when they took them to the newspaper, undeveloped, they forgot to mention that the pictures were in color. As a result they were developed as black and white film and ruined. This incident occurred near Jacksonport in the deep area of the river mentioned above.

(3) "I didn't know what was happening. This giant form rose to the surface and began moving in the middle of the river, away from the boat. It was very long and gray colored. It appeared to have a spiney backbone that stretched for 30 or more feet. It was hard to make out exactly what the front portion looked like, but it was awful large. It made no noise except for the violent splashing and large number of bubbles that surrounded it. I've never seen anything like what I saw yesterday. I don't mind telling you, I was scared to death. The creature looked like something prehistoric. The tail was constantly thrashing, and bubbles and foam surrounded the upper part, or I should say the front." This occurred south of the White River Bridge (apparently just south of Newport), and the witness, Cloyce Warren, photograph-

ed the 'monster' with a Polaroid "Swinger". It does not show much detail, but we have traced off the "monster" as best we can, thus eliminating confusing reflections and ripples in the water.

(4) . . . "a huge creature. . . that would probably weigh over a thousand pounds. This thing I saw looks like it came from the ocean. It was gray, real long, and had a long pointed bone protruding from its forehead. . . it resembled more an animal than a fish [sic; i.e. a mammal (?) rather than a fish]." The witness, named Earnest Denks, named the creature "The Eater"; according to him "it looked as if it could eat anything, anywhere, anytime." Denks saw the animal south of Newport.

(5) Going back in history, a Mr. Bramblett Bateman swore out an affidavit in September 1937, describing two 'encounters' with the White River "monster", one on the 1st July 1937 and the other two weeks before he wrote his affidavit (we have no date on this). He wrote, "I saw something appear on the surface [about 375 feet from him]. From the best I could tell, from the distance, it was about 12 feet long and five feet wide. I did not see either head or tail but it slowly rose to the surface and stayed in this position for some five minutes. It did not move up or down the river at this time, but afterward on different occasions I have seen it move up and down the river." Bateman said that he had never been able to determine the full size or length of the creature.

(6) Ancient history on "the monster" was supplied by a folksinger named Jimmie Driftwood, an expert on the folk history of North Central Arkansas. He says that the monster has been reported at about 40-year intervals since 1850 and that it used to be alleged that the monster "went clear up into the Buffalo [River - see map]." Driftwood went on to note that during W.W. II "what some folks feared were German submarines coming up the Mississippi River as far as Memphis [which is well north of the mouth of the White River] were really sightings of the dreaded White River monster coming home after a journey to the ocean."

(7) Back to the present, but not a visual encounter. Ollie Ritcherson, 66, and Joe Dupree, 13, were fishing from a boat near Towhead Island in the White River, apparently south of Newport, when "something came up under our boat and lifted it out of the water. We turned completely sideways in the river." They beached the boat which appeared to be undamaged, took "one more turn around the area where it happened and found nothing in the water, then we got out of there." Both were emphatic that they had not hit a submerged log, tree stump, or any other kind of debris. Ritcherson also noted it was "about four years ago when a young fellow from Newport motored up the river in the same vicinity. He was with a group that were all in another boat, and he went up toward the



Photograph by Cloyce Warren, Courtesy of Mike Masterson, News Editor of the Newport Daily Independent.



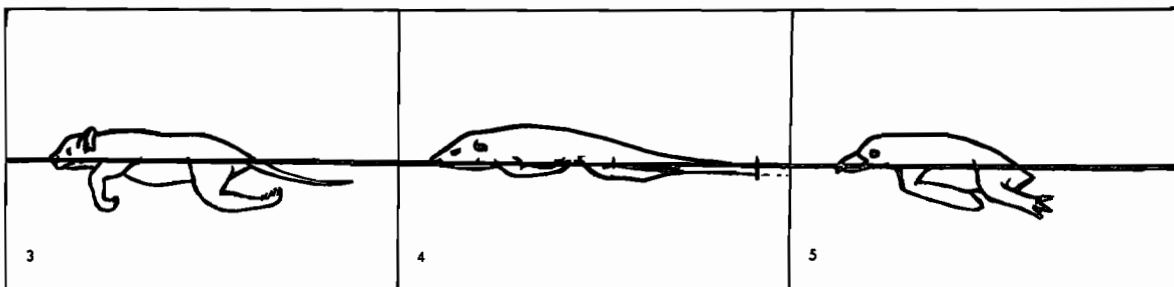
Arkansas



Florida



Penguin



If It's A Mammal:
Calf, Pig, Dog, Or?

If It's A Reptile:
Iguana or Other Lizard

If It's A Bird:
Giant Penguin?

island by himself. About 20 minutes later, the group saw the boat racing back down the river full throttle, and beach itself with no driver. They never did find that young man. No one knows what happened up the river that day."

Now, to get back to these three-toed tracks. As noted, the imprints were 14 inches long and 8 inches wide, each clearly showing three toes with claws on each, pods on the heels and toes "with a spur extending at an angle from the heel" — we are highly sceptical of this "spur"; photographs of the actual impression in the ground do not show it, though it shows up clearly in photographs of casts. It is probable that this is an artefact, i.e. a natural depression in the ground which happened to abut onto the actual imprint, thus being picked up when the cast was made. These tracks were found on Towhead Island (see No. 7 above) by a gentleman identified only as a former city official, who said he had seen tracks like these on the island for the preceeding two years but had thought nothing of them (!) until the reports of 'monsters' in the White River came to light. County law enforcement officers went to the island to inspect the 'original' tracks, estimating them to be about three weeks old. We are not sure whether this estimate is valid or 'psychological', i.e. the monsters were first reported three weeks ago, ergo. . . However, Sheriff Ralph Henderson of Jackson County said that it appeared that the tracks had been made during high water. While the Sheriff and his companions were making casts, Mike Loos, a psychologist at the Mental Health Clinic in Newport, walked about the island and found another set of prints leading from the water. He said "I noticed many small trees pulled over and a large section of grass bent down as if something had been lying in the area. I'm still a little skeptical, but I don't think that anyone would fake something as real looking as these, especially this distance apart and on the secluded island."

To review our 'scorecard', we have the following:

(1) A creature the size of a boxcar, with smooth skin or flesh, gray in color, with no noticable 'protuberances'

(2) A long spiney-backed creature approximately 10 to 12 feet long

(3) A long spiney-backed creature approximately 30 feet long, a measurement that apparently does not include the head which could not be seen properly but is described as "awful large".

(4) A huge creature, gray, long, with a long pointed bone protruding from its forehead, resembling an "animal" rather than a fish

(5) "Something" about 12 feet long and five feet wide, no head or tail seen.

No. 2 probably can be "scratched", inasmuch as there is a Mississippi Alligator (Alligator mississippiensis). Quoting from the Cambridge Natural History Series, . . . "they abound near the mouths of all the creeks and rivers as far south as the Rio Grande, ascending the Mississippi to the entrance of the Red

River in 33° 50' N. lat." Its farthest northern range is 35° in North Carolina. There would seem to be no reason why one might not have wandered up as far as Jacksonport, Ark., a much shorter trip from the Mississippi than that to 33° 50' on the Red River. Also, 12 feet is a reasonable length for such, though it is more or less the limit for a male (females are considerably smaller, seldom growing to more than 8 feet).

No. 3 is something quite else, [see comment by Ivan T. Sanderson, following this piece] if one accepts the length given; and this is at least the honest opinion of the witnesses. Unfortunately their photograph contains no "point of reference" which would make a definitive measurement possible. However, from what one can see of the "head", it does not look like an alligator, but it does at first sight look reptilian, and one is reminded of the famous U-28 "sea serpent" which the Commander of the submarine described as looking like a huge crocodile (see p. 396 of Bernard Heuvelmans' In the Wake of the Sea Serpent for a drawing), though this has been reported only as a marine animal and never, to our knowledge, as a freshwater inhabitant. However, it is virtually impossible for it to have made the three-toed tracks since reptiles all have five toes. In some cases the two outer toes may be 'set back' a bit on the foot and might not show in an imprint if the animal were really sprinting. But the three-toed imprints found on Towhead Island are absolutely "flat-footed", the impression being that of the whole foot and not simply the toes and the forward part of the ball of the foot.

On the other hand, No. 4, might well have made such a track, if it is what we believe it might be! And here we would ask that you hang onto your hat, as it were. This was described as a huge creature, gray, long, and with a long pointed "bone protruding from its forehead"; it was also said to look like an "animal" rather than a fish. The use of the word "animal" in both English and "American" is so muddled that we cannot be certain what the gentleman meant by it: everything from amoebas to whales, and including Man, are animals; so are birds. And there is a bird that fits this general description, though it has not yet been collected and put in a zoo or museum. This is a truly gigantic penguin. Shown in the accompanying cut are (1) the three-toed tracks from Arkansas; (2) a tracing of a photograph of a three-toed track, one of many that showed up along the Suwannee River in Florida in 1948 (for a full account of this, see Ivan T. Sanderson's book More "Things", Pyramid Books, 1969, chapter 3). Unfortunately, the American Museum of Natural History in New York has 'lost' all the original casts, and an actual imprint, presented to it in 1948. The "bone" might well have been the animal's beak; many penguins lack a noticeable "forehead" and, of course, do not have "chins", so that a closed beak could easily be mistaken for "a bone".

Our No. 1 could also fall in this category — note that the witness did not see the head at all, but he said it was smooth and gray and very large, and

described it as rolling over and over, so that any spines must have become visible eventually. The creature is also described as having looked as if it were "peeling all over, but it was a smooth type of skin or flesh". Penguin feathers are very odd, and in fact, at first glance look more like 'fur' or hair than feathers; and when moulting, the short, scale-like feathers are flaked off like the sloughing of a reptile's skin.

The tracks from Florida were eventually likened to (only) those of a giant penguin by some palaeontologists from New Zealand, who happened to have recently uncovered a fossil penguin about 7 feet tall in their country. The animal that meandered along the shores of western Florida and eventually up the Suwannee River was estimated, from accounts by witnesses, to have been about 15 feet tall. Arkansas would now seem to have a similar creature on the loose —aside from unidentified large reptiles, and what appears to be a whole family of ABSMs. The three-toed (apparently) hominid tracks do have us stumped; they may be a hoax, but it is a peculiar thing for anyone to think up —and please note; these turned up in mid-June, whereas the "Giant Penguin" tracks were not discovered until the end of the first week in July. Had it been the other way round, one might suspect that someone who had heard of the "penguin" tracks but had not seen photos, simply borrowed the idea for his local hoax. There are obviously some jokesters involved; and several chaps were "taken in charge" and fined by the authorities for claiming to have been attacked by the Fouke Monster —police found blood under their fingernails, leading them to believe the wounds were self-inflicted. But not all of this can be so easily dismissed. And there is really no reason at all why ABSMs or even "giant penguins" could not show up in Arkansas, as ABSMs appear to have done in almost all of our United States.

Comment by Ivan T. Sanderson

To our considerable surprise and indeed shock we read in Curt Fuller's column "I See by the Papers" in the October issue of his magazine Fate, a statement that "We confess to a certain weariness with conventional monster tales because they so seldom are backed by convincing evidence. . . ." On reflection and more mature consideration, however, we begin to wonder if we don't agree with him. If you could see the ever-increasing cascade of reports of such that now land on our desk almost daily from all over the United States of Mexico, and whatever states ours should be called, and from every Province of Canada, you'd become "fed up" too; at least, in one manner of speaking. "Monster" hunting has been my profession for over forty years now, starting as a professional animal collector in the tropics for museums and zoos. I was trained in, if not ground into straightforward, pragmatic, scientific, orthodox methodology and my job was to collect animals and look for new ones. I

found the latter not only in short order but in such a bewildering variety, that I found myself confronted with some really beastly questions. The biggest new animal I ever discovered was only four feet long, but I found it in a forest reserve less than a mile from the house and laboratory of the officer in charge. What might not then be some of the much larger things reported to me, and even fleetingly seen by myself in the presence of witnesses, in remote areas and particularly large tropical rivers?

The 'loathesome' things that are now bombarding us are mostly giant, hairy, stinking hominid-like creatures, but along with these come an increasing number of my old pals the "River Monsters", and especially those alleged to come out on land, walk on their hind legs only, and leave huge three-toed footprints. The preceding piece ought to be enough for anybody, but frankly it does make me almost as weary as Curt Fuller; and mostly because nothing ever seems to happen. But we have just received from our member #923 a clipping from the Arkansas Gazette, dated 9th September, which reads, in part; (Gazette State News Service): "The ape-like 'Fouke Monster' and water slashing, gray 'White River Monster' may be in line for funding from the Smithsonian Institution's Center for Short-Lived Phenomena, John Opita, executive director of the Ozarks Regional Commission, said here Wednesday." Meantime, we had been working on the latter of these items from photographs kindly supplied by Mr. Mike Masterson, News Editor of the Newport Daily Independent. We had decided to concentrate on this and without reference to "Old Three-Toes" because we could not at first see any possible link between the two. Now, however, things have changed a lot.

Let us start with the attached photograph and drawings. (We have gone to much pain and expense to get the former reproduced on special stock so that you will be able to make out its special features. And while we are on this aspect of the matter, I should explain the rather remarkable facts that this photo was taken at 200 yards, as a snapshot with a Polaroid "Swinger", from which a negative was made; and that this was blown up to 8-1/2 X 6", and that from this the print which was made [by Mike Masterson after office hours, at that! MLF]. This in turn had to be reduced and then printed. We would say that everybody along the line did a most remarkable job.) This photograph has most remarkable qualities in that when viewed in various (angles of) lights, the conjunctions of adjacent tones of gray also vary, just as do aerial photographs of buried archaeological features when shot at sundown. Thus, the outline of the head of this object appears quite different as seen when the illumination is from different angles — see drawings on page 92.

After preparing these outlines, I could but come to three possible, alternate suggestions —as to the head that is. Either it is a mammal such as a dog or possibly a pig with upright ears; it is a very large

lizard like a giant monitor with large ear-holes; or it is something quite unknown. But then I came to the line of lumps and the obvious "splash effect" at the end. The latter could be caused by a thrashing tail, or it could be from a rifle bullet or shotgun, or again it might be caused by something having been suddenly hauled ahead and flopping about. The men who took this photograph made no mention of firing at the thing [and in fact apparently did not have a rifle with them; they were simply out fishing]; and we tend to believe them on this point. But then, something about the line of protuberance ahead of this splashing and the 'body' just did not look right to me, animal-wise. Then something dawned on me.

Could this be an animal of, say, large pig size caught in a fishing net with cork floats along the top and lead weights below, with a float at both ends, the hinder one of which might be splashing about when the terrified animal tried to take off and found itself so entangled? We are attempting to find out if such nets might be used in that river, legally or illegally. Should this be the case, the ensnared animal would be about as shown by the dotted outline in Figure 3, and it could be a calf, a pig, or even a large dog.

If, on the other hand, it is an enormous Monitor Lizard, or even an Iguana, what is it doing way up in Arkansas, alternatively 12,000 or at least 2000 miles from where it should be. Again, if it is some until now completely unknown kind of animal, might it be the one that comes out on land and leaves these damned three-toed prints? The final consensus of all who inspected the famous West Coast Florida Three-Toes was that it was a giant bird of the penguin type because of the disposition of the claws and their comparative lengths with those of the toes. Looking at this photo in this light, we find ourselves confronted with Figure 5. If a penguin-type was ensnared in such a net, its head might well break through but its fore-flippers be held against its body, while its thick muscular hind limbs and large webbed feet would be free to propel it forward with a real burst of energy.

We don't want to depress the monster-hunters or enhance our reputation as a purely debunking outfit, but we are set up to try to 'explain' tangible mysteries and, until all reasonable if seemingly improbable suggestions have been ruled out, we prefer not to simply add to a growing myth. If a Three-Toes could get 50 miles up the Suwannee River in 1948, there is no reason why others could not have got far up the Mississippi and its bigger tributaries throughout the ages, and even unto this day. It's only a suggestion.

MORE ON

JACK ULLRICH'S LOCH NESS PHOTOGRAPH

Lionel Beer, publisher of Spacelink, a British (primarily) ufological journal, writes us as follows:

"Although there are insufficient details for a proper evaluation [of Jack Ullrich's photograph], I would remark that monster sightings in the region of Urquhart Bay are suspect. Loch Ness is part of the Caldonian Canal and boats and steamers pass up and down, often on the opposite side of the Loch, which is a mile wide at the Bay, excluding the Bay itself. Twenty to thirty minutes can elapse before the wake of a boat reaches the Bay, by which time the boat may well be out of sight. Now, although Urquhart Bay is sited between steep hills, a study of the map shows that the Bay itself is a gently sloping inlet. It has the peculiarity of sometimes throwing up startlingly large waves when the wake of a boat eventually reaches its shallows. The direction of flow being the same as the not so recently passed boat. I note that the photo taken by Ullrich appears to show the wave well into the Bay. It is significant that nothing was seen above the surface, and an estimated 6 mph is a reasonable speed for a boat. I am not saying that this is a categorical explanation, but the Bay does give rise to a fair number of reports, and it should be given unbiased consideration. Waves have been estimated to rise up to 18 inches on calm water [there in]."

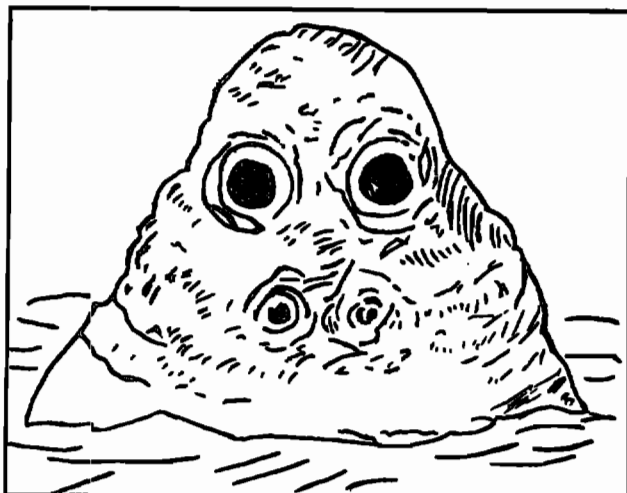
Jack Ullrich remains convinced that what he photographed was a 'genuine' wake, rather than the delayed wake of a passing boat, but does not know whether or not a boat might have passed, say, twenty minutes before he and his companions reached the spot from which his photographs were taken. It is, in fact, impossible for anyone to be absolutely certain about this photograph one way or the other; but there is no question at all that there are 'monsters' in Loch Ness, and that there have been unquestioned sightings in Urquhart Bay. Also, Jack Ullrich's academic and professional background and experience make it unlikely though not impossible that he would mistake a boat's wake for something else; though I am afraid that we do have here to render to Scots verdict "not proven".

Addendum: Jack Ullrich returned from a trip abroad just in time to check this article. He tells me that he took a series of shots and that no boat has passed that point within one hour, since he had a clear view for miles along the loch in both directions and had been watching for just such 'objects' that might produce misleading phenomena.

A SEA-MONSTER OFF NEW ZEALAND

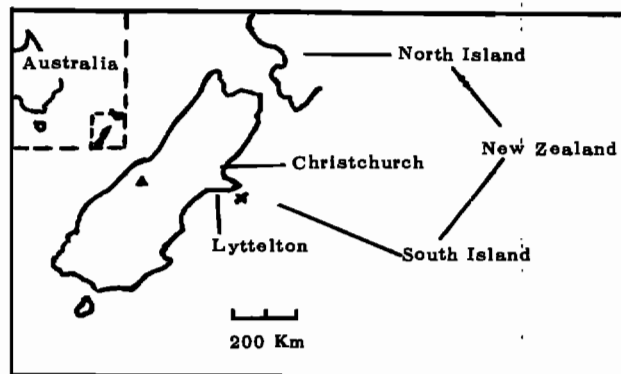
A correspondent resident in Japan has sent us a clipping from the Mainichi Daily News of the 18th July 1971. It is datelined Yaizu, Shizuoka.

"A bug-eyed monster (BEM) startled crew members of the 253-ton Kompira Maru as it observed their fishing operations off the South Island of New Zealand recently. News of the BEM and a sketch of the mon-



ster-see cut-was released after the 26-man crew returned to Yaizu Port, Shizuoka Prefecture, recently. The crewmen reported that the BEM's head reared about 1.5 meters [roughly 5 feet] above the sea's surface and that its eyes appeared to be about 15 cm. [roughly 6 inches] in diameter. The captain of the vessel drew the sketch. It appeared to have a nose like a deformed hippopotamus so they named it 'Kabagon,' after Kaba, the Japanese term for the river animal. The ship's log gave the date of the sighting as about noon on April 28 and at 44.15 degrees south latitude and 173.34 east longitude and about 40 kilometers [roughly 25 miles] southeast of Lyttelton on South Island. The sea depth was about 40 meters, the weather was fine with a north wind. According to the fishermen's testimony, the animal looked somewhat like a hippopotamus. But one noted that the hippopotami live only in fresh water.

"When the boat got within about 30 meters of the monster and a harpoon-gun was being loaded, it disappeared, according to the fishermen. Meanwhile, a weekly magazine in New Zealand reported strange footprints had been found on Lyttelton Peninsula."



Although hippos do occasionally go to sea, they are confined to Africa, and the sketch reproduced in the Mainichi Daily News (reproduced here in simplified form) does not look anything like a hippo to us in any event. What it does resemble is a female walrus, but this doesn't help very much since the walrus is — so far as anyone knows! — native only to the Northern Hemisphere. One wishes that the crew had been a lot nippier with that harpoon-gun. If there is a Southern Hemisphere Walrus, it must be enormous. 'Ordinary' male walruses reach a maximum length of about 12½ feet (the females are much smaller), so that an animal with a head reported to measure 5 feet in 'length' would be heaven only knows how long. Six-inch eyes are not to be sneered at either; and one should note that enormous eyes are commonly reported by those who say they have observed sea as opposed to freshwater monsters.

We have thus far been unable to find out anything more about the tracks on the beach at Lyttelton (at least presumably on a beach), but walruses do not 'walk' and therefore do not leave tracks in the ordinary sense. Whether there is in fact any connection between the two is not even open to debate as yet. We are continuing our enquiries and will attempt to report further on this at a later date.

DEPARTMENT OF LOOSE ENDS

Our advisor, Dr. Roger Wescott, points out that we erred on page 27 of our April issue, in that the bishop whom Thomas Huxley debated was Wilberforce, not Ussher.

Member 461 reports, "In re 'large cats on the loose', you might be interested to know that the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries has just passed a regulation declaring the Puma (Felis concolor), i.e. Mountain Lion, to be protected. This is in response to some 25 sightings of the animal in the 'Peaks of Otter' area, many by naturalists and other people who should know their animals." This is most encouraging, and interesting, in view of

the all too frequent pooh-poohing of sightings of pumas on the eastern coast of the U.S. — and in fact most of the U.S. — by game wardens and such. It does not, however, solve the problem completely. "Pumas" are still turning up in England! One was seen in St. Albans in July of this year. Our English sleuth reports "It (if it is the same animal in all sightings, which is by no means certain) moves round quite a large area of southern England." And some of the American "sightings" are odd indeed due to the frequent allegations of melanism (i.e. black rather than tawny pelage) among these reports. We have applied to the most "appropriate" authorities, and searched through the zoological section of our library, which contains

about a thousand volumes, and that classified as "Natural History", and we have so far failed to find a single case of melanism in pumas, either in the wild or in a zoo. If any of you know of a reference to this, in any reliable publication, please let us know.

Our member 621 notes, very correctly, that we should, in the article on so-called fairy crosses, have stated that precious black opals come only from Australia; though he notes that precious black opal has also been mined in Virgin Valley, Nevada. Whether this is the equivalent of the truly black precious opal of Lightning Ridge, Australia, we have not yet ascertained.

In our January 1971 issue, page 15, we ran an article entitled "Were Egyptians First in Australia?" Therein we noted that we had written to a Mr. Rex Gilroy who claimed to have discovered the evidence of their "occupation." He has not replied.

Member #755 who sent us what we called "contactee seeds" contends that there is a possible basis for the claim that this plant, the Bur-Marigold, and partic-

larly a Mexican Hybrid called tagetes, might prolong life; this on the basis that it contains a particular sulphur compound which apparently prevents or at least reduces the risk of certain rust diseases in the plant. He has not supplied us with leaves from the mature tagetes for analysis; and we frankly have not specifically asked for them, since, so far as we know, humans are not subject to rust (this is a fungoid disease of plants) — Thurber's uncle having died of the Chestnut blight notwithstanding.

* * * * *

Members and subscribers who have friends or relations who would like to join SITU or subscribe to PURSUIT are advised that an application form is not necessary. We do need the full name and address, including zip code; a check or money order (naturally); and it is of help to us if any special training, etc. is indicated — e.g. we have one member who is fluent in Arabic; we have not yet had to avail ourselves of his help but he has a card in our "talent file". Talents need not be as esoteric as that either; we can always use volunteer plumbers, ditch-diggers, etc.

CURRENT PURSUITS

Our Member #668 has pointed out that our current method of listing our Current Pursuits may be a bit baffling to new members and subscribers, and he has a most legitimate point here. I recall one plaintive note from a member asking in essence, "What in heck is Ik Nish?" (The fact that these items are no longer numbered stems from one of "Murphy's Laws of Publishing", not yet written by MLF; I haven't had time.) We will attempt to make these items a little clearer to new readers.

TIME ANOMALIES AND VILE VORTICES

Read first R. J. Durant's article on page 82. This is a continuing project and a most complicated one, and, as he points out, there may be brickbats hurled in his direction, but we hope they will all be constructive ones.

RINGING ROCKS

Professor George C. Kennedy has a mass of (physical) material for analysis but is away for six weeks attending various conferences and will give these a thorough going-over at his earliest opportunity. In the meantime, Richard W. Palladino, the chairman of our committee on this subject, is going to undertake a very specific study of one aspect of this puzzling matter: the effect of sunlight (i.e. notably the infrared or "heat" aspects of same) on the rocks. As noted elsewhere (Vol. 4, No. 2) it has been our impression

that the number of rocks that ring varies throughout the year. This writer (MLF) found out "the hard way" that her impression was correct. Non-ringers sometimes start ringing again. We had packed (in March 1971) a slab (i.e. a 3/4" thick piece cut from a ringing rock) and which still rang like a bell and two chunks chopped from a ringing rock but which had stopped ringing — these for comparison. When next unpacked, the latter simply went "klonk, klonk". However, when 'demonstrated' on a TV show later, they (very definitely) went "klink, klink". Fortunately, they did not truly ring as did the slab, but they gave me a couple of very bad moments! Reports from Mr. Palladino and Professor Kennedy will be published in due course.

ENTOMBED TOADS, OTHER AMPHIBIANS, AND SOME REPTILES

Marion Fawcett continues to plug away at this and wishes publicly to acknowledge help in research by members #52 and #372 in particular. As for her "lugubrious experiments", these stemmed from a report that dessicated frogs revived when placed in water. One such was secured from the basement at HQ and placed in a fish tank which was sealed, the seal being signed by Misses Heide and Aimee Schoenenberger and their mother, Pat (Mrs. Edgar O.) Schoenenberger. This was done on the 12th of June of this year. On the 16th June the frog had begun to float toward the top of the water in the tank, but there was no apparent change in the position of the limbs and

no sign of life. The tank was then placed on a windowsill in partial sunlight. On the 19th June, the water in the tank suddenly turned a distinctly reddish brown. It was then opened —outdoors!— and it was discovered that the frog had completely rehydrated and burst, and that the color of the water was due to the frog's blood having apparently completely reconstituted itself; it was bright red rather than the brownish color usually seen when blood is "reliquified". Even in the interests of science she was unable to photograph the corpse, which no editor with any compassion for his/her readers would publish anyway.

However, our main concern remains the reports of toads, frogs, lizards, etc., either deliberately or accidentally "entombed" in corner stones and such, and, more especially in those found within solid rock during quarrying operations, etc. We would be most grateful for any reports members or subscribers may come across; and for any affidavits or other documentation concerning those deliberately placed in corner-stones; and specifically those alleged, (at least) at Tinker AFB, ca. 21 June 1950, (for which my thanks to Member #41); Eastland, Texas (a horned toad, [actually a lizard] prior to 1948), and Heppner, Oregon, a frog or toad, also prior to 1948.

IK NISH

Having mentioned this mysterious-sounding 'object' above, it would be unfair not to report on it at least briefly. This is not really an unexplained, but inasmuch as cooking is one of Ivan T. Sanderson's hobbies and because this plant produces a variety of 'spices' apparently known only to the local Amerindians, we have been attempting to grow some here at our HQ, thus far with no success. However, a small packet of last year's seeds was discovered in cleaning out our lab and potting shed, and these were broadcast over a field completely denuded of topsoil —twice, as a matter of fact, in various landscaping operations. We

frankly don't know if any came up. Member #165 has now sent us a new supply of seeds, and we will try again. He notes "Don't get discouraged with the Ik Nish seed. It only takes about 10 years to produce a 'seedling'. My 3-year-old plants were only 3" high on a wire-like stem with 2-3 leaves. I figure they will produce edible shoots in 30-50 years." We must, therefore, be more patient.

MECHANICAL DOWSING

Won't somebody attempt to duplicate the experiments done here at our HQ with purely mechanical (i.e. without human intervention, help, presence, etc.) dowsing. One of our associated groups which specializes in studying dowsing was offered complete "instructions" months ago and has not been heard from since. It would seem that there are two extremes in this business: either you don't believe in it at all, or you insist that it requires human agency. We contend that this latter is not so but we cannot get anyone to attempt to repeat our experiments at other locations! To do so we offer copies of all our records, with charts, maps, diagrams, and any other assistance called for.

THE THUNDERBIRD PHOTOGRAPH

It proved impossible for the young couple who had volunteered to look for a live thunderbird to undertake that job this past summer, but we hope to line up other volunteers with the time and the proper training to search for this often-reported gigantic bird, a standard part of Amerindian tradition (note, not legend or myth), which is probably a truly giant Condor. But it still has proved impossible to locate the photograph which shows such a bird, 'nailed' to the side of a barn, and displayed by six men, at least one of whom is wearing a top hat. Any number of people have seen this photograph somewhere, but not one has yet remembered where! Our comments from here on, if printed would bar PURSUIT from the mails!

A LETTER FROM OUR DIRECTOR

Mr. Hans Stefan Santesson
President, S.I.T.U.
Columbia, NJ 07832

Dear Stefan,

In addressing this to you, I would ask that, if possible, the Editor of PURSUIT might be able to find space in the coming issue for its publication. This will make my personal life a lot easier, since all members may thereby be apprised of my recent past, current, and future situation.

As you know, my wife was hospitalized at the end

of April and had to give up all her duties on behalf of our Society. In late June I went in for a check-up and —to the doctors' considerable surprise and my great annoyance— I learned that I had to undergo three major operations (with a possible fourth one upcoming), from the last of which I returned home for convalescence only yesterday (the 4th September). As a result of all of this, I have been able to write almost nothing by way of contribution to PURSUIT for this issue. In a way this is, perhaps, just as well, since I had already expressed to the Board, starting with the mid-year meeting of last year, my intention to gradually disassociate myself from this aspect of

our endeavor. I had felt that the organization should and by now could stand on its own feet.

However, as a result of your last annual report, I assessed SITU's financial situation, and offered to make my annual donation as usual for one more year, in order to clear up the remaining loan originally raised to complete its organization and (physical) construction, thus balancing its books and putting it "in the black" for the new year.

Both organization and physical construction are now completed, in that the 8 acres, on which SITU holds a 99-year lease at a nominal \$1 per annum, has been "improved" by landscaping, and the lay-out and construction of 'fields', gardens, and ponds suitable for any ecological research feasible in this area; while it now has the necessary space and facilities for a permanent staff of four to live-in, and all the office, recording, and other technical equipment it needs. A detailed inventory of this is now completed; insurances written; and an 'acquisitions book' provided, separate from two copies of the Library catalogue.

I am not only willing but eager to remain as a member of the Governing Board, but with the status of Second Vice-President, and particularly since I am one of the Trustees, as required by the laws of this State. Also, I will continue my duties as the Director of the Executive Board, mostly because, as of the moment I hold a wider spread of degrees and experience in the fields of the natural sciences than any other and because, in point of fact, this officer must reside at our HQ. Since I do reside here, material that results from my own work, researches, and contacts is immediately available to SITU. I of course continue to offer my good offices to our Society in any and all other ways just as I have done in the past; and, for as long as I can in the future.

PURSUIT cannot, as of now, be more than an "Abstract" —like the "Annual Chemical Abstracts" or "The Annual International Zoo Book". Thus, contributors must not be offended or feel short-changed if we have to cut, sometimes radically, a piece submitted to us. In other words, such contributions should be looked on as 'pre-pub' summaries of possibly forthcoming works.

Also, we are primarily a collecting-house and a great deal of the material that comes to us has already been published somewhere; and for this reason we reserve as much space as possible for comment.

It should also be understood that any member contributing an article which is published in PURSUIT must permit his name to appear as author but that we will continue our published policy of giving out his or her address and/or telephone number only on receipt of written permission from him or her so to do. We must continue to do all we can to protect our members from the appalling outcome of the new legal (let alone the illegal) practice of the sale of mailing lists, which can be not just harmful but deadly to the reputations of professional people, let alone an harassment of the ordinary householder.

Finally, I think the time is long overdue for us to formally introduce Marion Fawcett to our membership. She was for five years an editor of medical texts for Messrs. Lippincott of Philadelphia, ending as senior editor of that most exacting department. For the following several years she was Secretarial Assistant to Dr. Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., Librarian of the American Philosophical Society —"held at Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge" as its initial charter, granted in 1769, so delightfully puts it— which is the oldest scientific society in the United States and which was founded primarily by the efforts of one Benjamin Franklin, Esq. She also has a number of technical publications to her credit. Actually, she has been almost wholly responsible for the last four issues of PURSUIT, even to writing almost all of their texts except for those columns or items signed by others.

What I feel ought to be stressed, therefore, is that there is nothing "amateurish" in our Society's publishing department; while it can quite well dispense with my personal services. (As a matter of fact, I would like to put it on record that my severest critics wrote asking "what the hell has happened to you?" and praising the first issue that she put out, as being a vast improvement! And these were all professional editors who had had to do battle with my manuscripts over the years!)

Yours sincerely,
Ivan T. Sanderson.

COMMENT BY OUR PRESIDENT

The foregoing letter from our Director will come as a shock to some of our members, but it is my impression —both from personal experience and from conversations with the working editor of this journal—that SITU has, despite its policy concerning the giving out of members' addresses (and more about this later), developed a rather efficient "grape-vine". The original purpose in founding our Society was to preserve, augment, and continue the work begun by Ivan T. Sanderson. Needless to say, we hope that both the Sandersons will be with us for a very long time —and both, despite their current illnesses, have no 'intention' of dying (Alma Sanderson has, in fact, survived several 'fatal' illnesses); and, again, despite the fact that SITU does not 'handle' mentalogical aspects of the Unexplained, there is no question that one's mental attitude has a great deal to do with whether one lives or dies.

The past several months, as of the time I write this, have proved that SITU can stand on its own feet in terms of organization and management of the physical establishment. We have a splendid, and most enthusiastic and loyal Scientific Advisory Board with impeccable 'credentials,' and, as Miss Fawcett once told me, "It's not what you know; it's whether you know where to look for the information you need, that counts".

We are, as yet, a very young organization, though growing steadily, and, as Mr. Sanderson has pointed out, PURSUIT cannot contain complete reports on all Unexplaineds investigated by us. Articles in PURSUIT are precis of reports submitted to us, either by members or by the resident staff after proper investigation. Full reports are available to Contributing members; the articles that appear in PURSUIT are summaries based on the facts accumulated.

We do not, and never have, claimed to be either perfect or omniscient, and the proverbial 99 and 44/100ths per cent of our membership seems to realize this.

We do have one member who has consistently questioned our policy of not giving out members' addresses or telephone numbers without their permission—he seems to feel it “undignified” for a scientific society; though we have received only commendation from all other members who have mentioned it, and many have specifically asked that their privacy be protected. This “gentleman” has, accord-

ing to his correspondence file, been given all reasonable assistance a Corresponding member can expect. As many of you know, the amount of work that has been done by our really miniscule resident staff is remarkable and we have, of course, been greatly aided by a number of volunteers, both with office work and with making the physical establishment an efficient and beautiful place to work.

I frankly do not believe that SITU owes any apology to anyone. It is still a very young society, but with a quite considerable number of accomplishments to its credit, and I have the greatest confidence that it will continue to grow. I think also that we should tell our members that tentative arrangements have been made concerning an exhibition of some of SITU's tangible Unexplaineds —i.e. actual objects in our possession— at the Library of the American Philosophical Society.

Hans Stefan Santesson

To Set the Record Straight

There was considerable publicity some time ago about a Mrs. Delores Jackson (née Pullard) who underwent surgery of the pituitary in an attempt to correct her gigantism; she died some ten weeks after operation. The point here is that she was invariably stated to be 8 feet 2 inches tall. A representative of Guinness Superlatives Limited tells us that he had been in communication with her several times and that she actually was ‘only’ 7 feet 5½ inches tall. He writes “This charming woman tells me that when she was 14 and 6ft. 10in. (82 inches) an American news agency who will remain nameless erroneously credited her with a height of 8ft. 2in.”

From the Kodiak (Alaska) Daily Mirror: A Preliminary Report

We have written to our correspondent in Alaska for further information on this rather startling item but have not yet had a reply (he runs a shipping business and is often away for long periods of time). The story is as follows:

“Rumors persist that there has been sighted in the Harvester Island area of Kodiak Island — a huge, white, marine creature which is capable of crawling up on the beach. Reports, unconfirmed as yet, indicate reliable individuals have observed the creature both from boats, shore and airplane. The MIRROR is currently awaiting reply from the boat M/V TOTEM, whose skipper is said to have taken photos of the creature, which has been described as being ‘between 40 and 60 feet long’ and as having ‘a tail like a whale’s.’”

BOOK REVIEWS

by Marion L. Fawcett

Erich von Daniken. Return to the Stars. London: Souvenir Press. £1.50. (In the U.S., Gods from Outer Space. Putnam.)

Member #33 said recently, “Also got the newest von Daniken mish mash to review. ...that won't be an easy task as there is so much nonsense there to take issue with that I hardly know where to start. He does

admit to being in prison in his introduction but neglects to say what for." Well, our member #318, who is vice-editor-in-chief of the largest-selling Swiss daily newspaper, wrote us in March of 1970: "It might interest you to know that von Daniken, a Swiss from Davos, was convicted a few weeks ago to seven years imprisonment on defraudation [sic] charges by the Supreme Court of Chur in the Grisons. At the same time, a French publishing company announced their taking legal action against him because they felt he plagiarized their author Robert Charroux whom you probably know."

Plagiarism is difficult to prove categorically, but von Daniken's stay in jail has certainly improved his writing, and one is inclined to suspect that he did in fact, in his first book, 'borrow rather freely' from Charroux' book, reviewed in our July 1971 issue. Return to the Stars (or Gods from Outer Space, its American title) is an entirely different kettle of fish, though the first two chapters are a bit dreary (and I admit to having nearly hurled the book at the wall on reaching page 21 where he repeats the hoary and inaccurate, though apparently ineradicable, "Einstein has proved that the speed of light is the absolute limit of velocity"; Einstein protested for years before his death that he had never made any such a claim, but to no avail). However, once von Daniken gets going on his own theories, he is really quite splendid.

In fact, this is more a philosophical than a 'factual' opus, though the author does bolster his speculations with various examples, both concrete (literally and figuratively) and ideological. Unfortunately, though he does include a bibliography (and an index), he does not actually list references as such, and one must take a good deal of what he says on faith. But it is his speculations that are of primary interest, and some are really arresting: e.g. in discussing advances in computer technology, the ultimate goal of which is a biotronic calculator (based on the use of nucleic acids —and please forgive this vast oversimplification), he ponders the possibility that these calculators would be susceptible to infection by viruses and bacteria! We continue to distrust computers anyway!

His major thesis is that we —the human race— are indeed "programmed" by other intelligencies* and that much of the evidence of their possible previous visits to this planet has been either ignored or misinterpreted, either deliberately or through ignorance. He states "We should always bear in mind that although the creators of ancient cultures have disappeared, the traces they left behind still question and challenge us. To find the correct answers to their questions, to meet their challenge, archaeological research institutes should receive adequate funds from their governments, but perhaps also from an international organisation, so that they can systematise and intensify their investigations. It is right and necessary for the industrial nations to invest millions of pounds [i.e. dollars] in research for the future, but should research into our past be treated as the Cinderella of the present for that reason?"

Von Daniken says, near the end of his book, "I accept the fact that the theories I have expounded will be savagely attacked"; perhaps they will —certainly they will from some quarters— but they do deserve consideration, largely because he seems to have done a lot more thinking since he wrote his first book.

Also, the photographs in this book are superior to those in his first, though there are still far too many which lack anything that provides a guide to the size of the 'monument' or whatever.

Ivan T. Sanderson. Investigating the Unexplained. Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1972. Price ?

This is the 'famous' "Still More 'Things'" that we have been promising for months. Technically the publication date is January 1972, but we are informed that copies may be available in local bookstores in the latter half of November; so we can only suggest that you keep an eye peeled — and perhaps even nag the bookseller about it. We are told that once the books are in the warehouse, it is not illegal to distribute them even though the book has not yet been "officially" published!

The book contains a Prologue, 16 chapters, an Epilogue, two appendices, a long list of references, and an index. Ivan Sanderson considers it the best book he has ever written, and I must confess that I agree with him, provided he adds to that statement "in that genre". In fact, having typed the manuscript four times, proofread the galley proof, I winced when the page proofs came in. "Oh, no! Not again!" thought I. But I thoroughly enjoyed reading it, and I believe you will too. It is, by the way, fully illustrated with drawings by Ivan T. Sanderson in the text itself, and a batch of photographs at the back. But I still wish they'd call it "Still More 'Things'".

*Ivan Sanderson's reader's (and mine, for that matter) may have noted that we use the term "intelligencies", whereas most writers use "intelligences". To us, "intelligence(s)" is/are information, e.g. intelligence reports by agents (of who- or whatever); "intelligencies" are entities possessing intelligence (of the I.Q. variety), whether it be genius or idiot level.

Sibley S. Morrill (Editor). Ponape: Where American Colonialism Confronts Black Magic, Five Kingdoms and the Mysterious Ruins of Nan-Madol. San Francisco: The Cadleon Press, [P. O. Box 24, zip code 94101] 1970. \$2.95 (including postage).

The author calls his book "the most comprehensive yet to appear in English on the subject of Ponape and its remarkable and mysterious people", and we are constrained to agree with this statement, though the book has one defect which is serious but not 'fatal'. It includes four chapters by Sibley S. Morrill: "Modern Ponapean Magic", "American Colonialism vs King and Nobles", "Ponapean Medicine in the 20th Century", and "Nan Madol—Survival of a Sunken Civilization?", and reprints accounts of Ponape by James F. O'Connell (1836), L. H. Gulick, M.D. (1857), and F. W. Christian (1899). All Ponapean sections in the Appendix of Christian's book are included, and make interesting reading, though it is his general account that will most appeal to the majority of readers.

Some of the material Morrill reports is truly eyebrow-raising, but it has been carefully researched — and is absolutely straightforward, however bizarre it may be. His second chapter has nothing to do with fortuneism but should be read with care by not just fortuneists but every 'American'. It is a devastating, blow-by-blow account of the U. S. Government's deliberate attempt to wreck Ponapean civilization and should make all of us thoroughly ashamed.

SITU does not handle medicine, but the third chapter proves that "benighted natives" can and do come up with cures that should be investigated thoroughly by the drug companies (they are sending teams to 'uncivilized' areas looking for just such chemical cures as are reported here, but they may well have missed Ponape — and Morrill indicates that the Ponapeans may not cooperate in any event; in view of the treatment meted out by us, why should they?).

It is, of course, the ruins of Nan Madol (there are a number of spellings in use, depending on which author one reads) that are of primary interest. No one — with the possible exception of the Ponapeans, who are inclined to be very vague about it and probably know considerably more than they have told any foreigner — knows how or by whom the structures on Ponape, which are massive and cover a very large area, were built. The author's discussion of its possible origin, 'manufacture', and the reasons for its being, plus the possibility that it represents the, or a, vestige of a sunken civilization is certainly one of the sanest and most conscientious we have read. A good many people have postulated a sunken continent in the Pacific, but usually on the worst possible grounds.

The defect in the book is this. The author points out in his Foreword that Ponape is known to only a tiny fraction of our population, despite the fact that we now 'own' it, noting that most people "give only a blank look if one mentions Ponape and the ruins of Nan Madol". But, aside from locating it in the Caroline Islands, he does not really tell us where it is and does not include a single map! Inasmuch as the Carolines stretch across approximately 1600 miles, this is not very helpful. Actually it is almost due east of Truk and very slightly southeast of Eniwetok. But the real problem lies in the fact that Ponape is a group of islands and there should have been a map of them in the book. One becomes really frightfully muddled in reading the accounts by the early 'explorers' who state blithely that they went to Nan-Tauach by way of Uchenta, since one hasn't the foggiest notion where either is. There certainly must be maps; Ponape was held, in succession, by the Spanish, the Germans, the Japanese, and, after W.W.II, by the U.S. There are also very few illustrations; and this is particularly frustrating inasmuch as some that are not included are described by F. W. Christian who took a Filipino photographer with him. There is a bibliography but, alas, no index. Despite these deficiencies, get the book (order directly from the publisher).

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