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INTRODUCTION

by Frank Edwards

It would be somewhat of a misrepresentation to assert that the creation of this book was a labor of love—confidentially it was mostly labor.

There was the long period of patiently gathering the material (which consumed years); then the job of checking it out, discarding any that could not be fully corroborated; and finally the selection of the items that would eventually go into these pages. I have tried to select those which were typical of their respective categories and, whether you read them for entertainment or for enlightenment, to give you enough variety to make it worth your while.

So much that was considered fantastic ten years ago is commonplace today; so much that was unsuspected or unrecognized fifty years ago has become a part of our everyday life. But much remains to be accepted even now, also much which we do not understand because we have not yet been willing even to admit its existence. You will find many examples of such things in this book—reports on documented happenings which are, indeed, STRANGEST OF ALL.

Many of the things which baffle us today will eventually yield to patient research by men of open mind. And we may find that as we unravel the mysteries which now exist about us, we improve our chances of understanding the timeless riddles of the universe itself, toward which we now direct our first feeble steps.

FRANK EDWARDS

October, 1961



THE EQUINE WIZARDS OF ELBERFELD

If Wilhelm Von Osten was right, the world has been making a tragic error for countless centuries, for Von Osten was a staunch believer in the incredible intelligence of animals. It was his contention that many animals, and especially horses, are capable of intellectual attainments far beyond the normal limits ascribed to them. That they fail to reach this development is due to man's folly, in Von Osten's opinion.

Wilhelm, free to pursue his obsession by virtue of a small inheritance, annoyed his fellow townsmen by bouncing uninvited into their conversations to bombard them with his favorite topic. Berlin soon came to regard him as an eccentric, which is putting it mildly.

In order to prove that dumb animals were dumb only because they had not had the advantages of higher education, Wilhelm had to come up with some evidence. His modest income did not permit of any sizeable expenditures, so it is not surprising that his first trainee, so to speak, was an ancient and ailing circus bear which he bought for next to nothing.

Whether the bear was harboring some hidden intelligence will never be known. Wilhelm's landlord objected to the bear's living in the humble quarters which Wilhelm had rented only for himself. The neighbors objected on the ground that the bear possessed more odor than brains. They also objected, and not unreasonably, to Wilhelm's habit of shouting at the bear at the top of his voice at all hours of the day and night. Hour after hour, he would bellow, "*one!-two!-three!*" The beleaguered bruin seemed to take no interest in this annoying rumpus other than to growl menacingly when Wilhelm accented his fundamentals of arithmetic by

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clouting the bear on the head with a roll of newspaper. Obviously this sort of thing had to stop before the teacher got beyond "four"—and stop it did.

Apparently one of the disgruntled neighbors slipped into Von Osten's room in his absence and unchained the pupil. At least this was Von Osten's complaint. Be that as it may, he did not stay long in the room upon his return. Bear and teacher came down the stairway in a dead heat, taking their leave of each other at the street with mutual relief.

We should not dismiss the possibility that the unfortunate bear in this case might have been deaf, and there can be little doubt that he was allergic to arithmetic to the tune of a rolled up newspaper. Herr Von Osten, who was best qualified to judge the case, never again tried to teach any animals except horses, and judging from the results—it was a very sound decision.

His first equine student was on a mental par with the bear. After several months of patience-straining endeavors, Wilhelm sent the horse back into circulation in the capacity for which it seemed so well-equipped, that of hauling a small cart for a vegetable farmer.

Von Osten began his experiments with the bear in 1895 and followed that ill-starred venture with the cart horse in 1896. For four years thereafter he seems to have devoted his time to lively, if one-sided, discussions of the subject with anyone who would listen. Then, in 1896, Von Osten came into possession of the horse that was to mark a turning point in his life.

Hans was a Russian stallion, young, beautiful and intelligent. Under the intensive tutelage of Wilhelm Von Osten, Hans made such rapid progress that he soon acquired the prefix "Kluge" (clever) and Clever Hans seems to have richly merited the title.

If the horse had latent intelligence that needed only training and some method of expression to bring it to full fruition, Von Osten was willing and eager to devote himself to the task. He first familiarized Hans with such common ideas as top, bottom, right, left—tapping the

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objects under discussion to emphasize his teaching. As soon as Kluge Hans got the idea and could respond by touching the proper side to indicate that he understood, Von Osten advanced from these simple symbols to elementary arithmetic.

On a table before the horse he placed one small object, in the first case a skittle. Repeating over and over, "one—one—one," he taught the horse to paw one time with his hoof each time he heard the word "one" or saw one object on the table. Von Osten says that it took about a month to teach Clever Hans to count up to four. After that the progress was surprisingly rapid. The objects were replaced by figures on a blackboard, for Von Osten believed that the horse would be able to understand that numerals represented objects and sounds. The results seem to indicate that he was right.

The name and fame of Clever Hans spread rapidly and it was inevitable that he should attract the attention of scholars. One such was Professor E. Clarapede of the University of Geneva who spent weeks observing and testing the remarkable stallion. In his report on the subject Professor Clarapede says:

"Hans could do more than mere sums: he knew how to read; he could (also) distinguish between harmonious and dissonant chords of music. He also had an extraordinary memory: he could tell the date of each day of the current week. In short, he got through all the tasks which an intelligent schoolboy of fourteen is able to perform."

Among other things, Professor Clarapede posed oral and written problems in cube root (solutions unknown to anyone who was present), and in every instance Kluge Hans pawed out the correct answers without hesitation. The savant noticed that Hans was invariably correct if he tapped out the answers instantaneously; if he hesitated, as though to think about it, he was generally wrong. In this respect, Professor Clarapede noted, the famed Elberfeld horse resembled the human prodigies who could work out complicated mathematical prob-

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lems mentally. They, too, had to deal with the problems quickly and intuitively in order to arrive at the correct answers.

As the story of Clever Hans spread far and wide throughout Europe, visitors flocked from everywhere to see this living confirmation of Von Osten's theory of animal intelligence. And, as might be expected, Clever Hans soon became the center of bitter controversy.

Some learned observers flatly branded him a fraud and his performance a clever bit of fakery. Other observers, equally as eminent, defended the horse and his owner as genuine and credible. There the matter stood until 1904, when a scientific committee was appointed to resolve this matter once and for all. Professors of psychology, physiology, zoology and medicine were included, along with a circus manager, two cavalry officers and a trio of veterinarians. This group spent five weeks examining, contemplating, considering and observing the antics of this remarkable stallion, finally retiring to their respective bases to decide what they had seen. Their report set down their experiences in factual manner: they had seen the horse do some complicated mathematical problems which they themselves had submitted. The horse had tapped out replies to questions. He exhibited an amazing ability to perform feats which indicated intelligence far beyond that generally conceded to the equine world. If the horse's abilities were genuine, it was astounding; if they were fraudulent, it was a remarkably clever trick. Smart horse or clever fraud? The committee could only report that it had found much to startle its members and nothing to arouse their suspicions—but it offered no definitive conclusion.

Obviously, with several important newspapers out on the limb denouncing the horse as a fraud, this sort of committee action could not be tolerated. A second committee was appointed, including on its roster the name of Oskar Pfungst, head of a Berlin psychological laboratory and a man whose low opinion of Clever Hans was no secret. Though Mr. Pfungst was biased, he was also

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eminent and anything he had to say would carry a great deal of authority.

After this second study of Kluge Hans, Herr Pfungst had much to say, so much in fact that it constituted a book entitled *Clever Hans* which appeared on the market in 1908. The gist of this tome is that Clever Hans was just that—so clever that he had fooled other highly intelligent investigators, but not clever enough to deceive Herr Pfungst. It has been described as a voluminous and crushing report and it was admittedly all of that. In it Herr Pfungst declared that Clever Hans had no intelligence beyond that of any ordinary horse, did not know how to calculate or count, and recognized neither letters nor figures. In short, he regarded Hans as a fugitive from a dray wagon, earning his living and that of his master by perpetrating a colossal fraud.

How was this done? Herr Pfungst emphatically stated that it was all done by getting the horse to obey signs from Von Osten, subtle movements and shadings of voice which gave Hans the cue for his "replies."

This blast from such a prominent figure as Herr Pfungst created doubt in the minds of many who had been convinced; it created conviction in the minds where there had been doubt. Public opinion veered away from Von Osten and his equine friend. He tried in vain to secure a less biased probe but no one in public life cared to fly in the face of Herr Pfungst's blockbuster. Frustrated, lonely and embittered, Wilhelm Von Osten died in June of 1909 at the age of seventy-one.

But for one man, the work and theories of Von Osten might have died with him. That one man was a wealthy manufacturer of Elberfeld, Herr Krall, who had taken a considerable interest in Von Osten's work and to whom Kluge Hans was transferred by Von Osten's will. Krall had upon occasion conducted some experiments on the horse while Von Osten lived. Now that the horse was his by inheritance, Krall decided to devote even more of his time to the enigmatic creature.

Krall was a kindly, quiet man who never lost his

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temper or his patience in dealing with his pupils. This was in marked contrast to the gesticulating and irascible Von Osten. Under the tutelage of Krall, Hans expanded his abilities and became a more reliable student, less given to the caprices which had so frequently exasperated his original owner. There were no longer any of those mental collisions between horse and master. Instead there developed a distinct fondness between the two, Krall and Hans, which was instantly recognized by all who saw them at work.

After the public denunciation by Pfungst, interest in the performance of Hans diminished rapidly. This was actually a help to Krall, for it gave him ample time to devote to his pet project without the handicap of an audience. He bought two fine Arabian stallions, Muhamed and Zarif, to add to his pupils, for Krall had some ideas of his own and wished to ascertain whether he too could develop the latent mental abilities of horses, starting from scratch.

Maurice Maeterlinck, who spent considerable time at Elberfeld with Krall and his horses, describes the scene: "Krall . . . adores his pupils; and in this atmosphere of affection has in a manner of speaking humanized them. There are no longer those sudden movements of wild panic which reveal the ancestral dread of man in the quietest and best trained horse. He talks to them long and tenderly, as a father might talk to his children; and we have the strange feeling that they listen to all he says and understand it. If they appear not to grasp an explanation or a demonstration, he will begin it all over again, analyze it, paraphrase it ten times in succession, with the patience of a mother."

Under this type of tutelage, the progress of the Arabian stallions was much swifter than that of Hans. Within two weeks of the first lesson, says Maeterlinck, Muhamed was doing small problems in arithmetic correctly. He had learned to distinguish the tens from the units, we are told, striking the tens with his left hoof and the units with the right. He appears to have known the meaning

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of the plus and minus symbols. Eighteen days after his first lesson Muhamed was ready for introduction to multiplication and division of small numbers. Maeterlinck and others have recorded that after four months' teaching by Krall, Muhamed could extract square and cube roots; a few months later he was taught to spell and to read by means of an unusual alphabet devised by Krall. This consisted of a system whereby the horse indicated the letters of the alphabet by tapping alternately with his front feet. While it sounds complicated, it was in reality nothing more than a form of Morse code with one foot representing the dots and the other the dashes. The astounding part of the matter is that it was being taught to a horse and that the horse reportedly grasped and used it.

The progress of Muhamed was little short of remarkable, and he soon exceeded the famed exploits of his predecessor, Kluge Hans. Of the other Arabian stallion, Zarif, it can be said that his progress was also notable although he seemed to be less gifted than Muhamed, especially in the field of higher mathematics.

After about six months of training under the inspired Herr Krall, this equine trio was attracting thousands of visitors. They were admitted without charge, for Krall wished to be free of any suspicion that he was using the horses for pecuniary gain; he had ample personal funds, and training these horses was a hobby which he could easily afford, although it took a toll of his health. His efforts to train Häuschen, a Shetland pony, were as frustrating and unrewarding as the time he spent with Kama, a baby elephant. After months of patient effort on his part, Krall had to admit that neither of these diminutive pupils showed any interest in anything more than feeding time. "Lovable," he said of them, "but just pets, nothing more."

But the fantastic attainments of his three principal stars were enough to make his cup run over. They tapped out replies to questions from thousands of visitors. They performed feats of higher mathematics for learned

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men from the principal universities of Europe: Sarasin of Basle; Beredka of Pasteur Institute; Schoeller and Gehrke of Berlin; Mackenzie of Genoa; Ferarri of Bologna, and many others who came to witness and to wonder.

Where Herr Pfungst had blasted Kluge Hans as a fraud, subsequent critics found themselves frustrated by these amazing equine pupils of Krall, including the original Hans, for Pfungst's yardstick no longer applied. His contention had been based on his opinion that the horses themselves did nothing more than carry out the instructions or desires of the operator, orders which Pfungst held were transmitted, consciously or otherwise, by almost imperceptible changes of voice or position of the operator.

This theory came a cropper when applied to Hans and his new classmates under the tutelage of Herr Krall, for the horses could and did perform equally well regardless of whether their instructor was present. And to the great delight (if not edification) of the visiting scientists, the horses would sometimes interpose comments of their own in the midst of these sessions. Professor Clarapede reports that while he was conducting lengthy experiments at Elberfeld in the summer of 1913. Zarif suddenly stopped in the middle of the session.

The scientist wanted to know the reason for this.

"Tired," Zarif tapped out. Then he added, "Pain in leg."

Drs. Schoeller and Gehrke state in their reports that during one of their numerous experiments with the Elberfeld horses (1912 and 1913) they asked Muhamed why he did not reply to them with speech instead of tapping out answers with his hoofs. The animal, they report, made pitiful and touching efforts to reproduce speech. After a few minutes of this, Muhamed went to his board and tapped out, "I have not a good voice."

Noting that he did not open his mouth when he tried to speak, they showed him by example that speech is possible only when the jaws are well separated. Then Dr. Gehrke asked, "What must you do to speak?"

Replied Muhamed: "Open mouth."

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"Why don't you open yours?"

"Because I can't."

During some subsequent tests, Zarif was asked how he communicated with Muhamed.

"Mit Mund." (With mouth.)

"Why didn't you tell us that with your mouth, Zarif?"

"Wel ich kein' stimme habe." ("Because I have no voice.")

To the trio of Muhamed, Hans and Zarif was added the final member of Krall's famous stable, a blind stallion named Berto who compared favorably in his accomplishments with his colleagues. In 1912 Karl Krall published a book on the remarkable experiences which he and others had had with the horses of Elberfeld. Their detractors were apparently confused by the fact that the horses did not require the presence of any particular person in order to do their mathematical problems, to reply to questions or to submit to such tests as scientists might contrive. If they felt like working they worked, if they did not feel like it, or if they disliked the visitors, they simply disregarded them.

Zoologists Kraemer and Ziegler of Stuttgart, Sarasin of Basle and many others supported Karl Krall's contention that he had proved Wilhelm Van Osten's theory regarding the latent mental abilities of animals, particularly of horses.

If his work proved nothing, it still served the purpose of refuting the criticism of Pfungst and of restoring the question to the realm of academic discussion.

In the December 17, 1914, issue of *Nature*, Dr. S. Von Maday wrote an article called "Are There Talking Animals?" in which he said:

". . . but the performance of the blind horse Berto stamps as inadequate Pfungst's theory of visually perceived movements. . . . The solution, if it ever comes, can scarcely fail to eliminate, if not the animal mind, at least that of man!"

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DESERT DREADNAUGHT

It was indeed a strange name for a battleship, but then the *Wateree* was a strange battleship. In all the annals of the American Navy there was never another ship that came to such an unusual end, for the *Wateree* fought her one and only battle on dry land!

She was a side-wheeler, a wooden ship with huge paddle-wheels in covered boxes on the sides of the vessel, just like the handful of river boats which still ply our inland streams for dances and excursions. The *Wateree* was proud but passé. Built in the closing days of the Civil War, she got her commission too late for action in that conflict. And perhaps it is just as well, for wooden vessels had already been outmoded by the ironclads. She was fitted up with a couple of small cannon, given a captain and a crew, and listed as a gunboat.

The *Wateree* bummed around the Caribbean for a couple of years before she drifted down the coast and around the Horn to Aconagua in Chile. Her orders were to act as a morale builder for the shaky Chilean government just by sticking around and showing her two small guns and waving the Stars and Stripes at her masthead.

This sort of thing went on for more than a year. Captain Alexander and his crew were getting restless. The sturdy craft needed some repairs and the skipper asked for permission to return to the States. Permission was granted, but it came too late.

The steam launch had brought the mail from shore and Captain Alexander was sitting in his cabin reading the communications which were at least a month old. He found the one he wanted, ordering him to take the *Wateree* to Pensacola. Ah! Pensacola! That meant at least a month of welcome relief from the dreary duties that had plagued him for the past year.

The Captain's log picks up the story at that point:

"While servicing the mail which had just arrived I

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noticed that the cabin lamp was swinging fore and aft. This I thought most unusual since we were anchored well inside the bay and there was no wind. I hurried on deck and quickly recognized the nature of the disturbance as a submarine earthquake, since the water was rapidly draining seaward from the bay. By prompt action we managed to swing the *Wateree* around, but in a matter of minutes we were aground, our stern to the sea.

"I anticipated that we might be able to ride it out by cutting the anchor cable which was quickly accomplished. The stench from the sun shining on the mud of the harbor bottom was most distressing and several of the crew were made ill. Others, including the officers, managed to avoid this condition by breathing only through clean cloths soaked in vinegar, a practice to be recommended in such circumstances.

"The great wave which struck us broke over the stern of the ship and did heavy damage as well as sweeping overboard three members of the crew who were never seen again. We had no control of the ship and indeed counted ourselves fortunate to be afloat."

Riding the wildly churning waters of the tidal wave, the old *Wateree* was flung inland along with scores of other craft. Thanks to her shallow draft and flat-bottomed construction, she rode it like a raft, coming to rest at the foot of a cliff two miles from the sea. All about her was scattered the wreckage of other vessels and their cargoes. The deep sand along the base of the cliff was strewn for miles with tempting bait for looters.

The thieves came to prey on the plunder. Alexander armed his crew with pistols and warned the swarms of looters away. When morning came he realized that he was in for real trouble. Most of the worthwhile items had already been carried away from the desert strip where the sea had deposited the wreckage, and during the night the number of voracious plunderers had multiplied. Many of them tried to climb aboard the *Wateree*; the tired crew beat them off with difficulty. The looters

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crowded together just out of pistol range: the *Wateree's* hour was at hand.

Captain Alexander ordered the cannon loaded. The gun crew managed to get enough powder, but they were unable to reach the shot, which was somewhere in the twisted wreckage beneath the sloping deck. In desperation the Captain bethought himself of a substitute—hard round cheeses from the galley.

The mob surged over the sand toward the old battleship, screaming and firing pistols. Alexander held his fire until they were only a couple of hundred yards away. Then the cannon roared—and balls of cheese skipped over the sand. A couple of men were bowled over like ten pins, only to leap to their feet and scurry out of danger. Another broadside did the job; the mob retreated in wild disorder, surfeited with cheese.

The *Wateree* never got back to the sea. She was broken up where she lay, sprawled in the sand miles from the water. In the Navy's records she is gallantly listed as lost in action, which in a sense she was. But the *Wateree* is more than that, for she is the battleship that fought her only battle on dry land, firing cheese at a gang of thieves.

THEY CHEATED THE HANGMAN

The crowd ceased its growling and became ominously silent as the nine young men came tramping across the cobblestone street which led from the prison to the courthouse. They were leaders of the Young Ireland disorders, convicted of treason against the Queen, and they were surrounded by soldiers and chained together like common felons. The year was 1848. The penalty for their crime was death.

Except for Her Majesty's officials and the prisoners, the courtroom was empty. These men must be dealt

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with firmly; the spirit of rebellion which they represented must be scotched without further delay. The presiding judge cleared his throat and began:

"Patrick Donahue, Charles Duffy, Thomas McGee, John Mitchell, Thomas Meagher, Terence McManus, Michael Ireland, Morris Lyene and Richard O'Gorman, you have been tried and found guilty of treason against the Crown. Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence?"

Thomas Meagher had been chosen by the group to be their spokesman. It was a warm spring day and the windows of the court were open. He knew that the crowd, which stood silently outside, could hear him.

Meagher's statement to the court was delivered in clear, ringing tones which carried out to the crowd, as the judge well knew.

"Your lordship," he said, "this is our first offense, but not our last. If you can find it possible to be easy with us this once, sir, we pledge our word as gentlemen that we will do better next time. And the next time we will not be fools enough to get caught!"

A roar of applause poured in from the crowd outside. The irate judge flushed crimson and banged his gavel for order. He promptly sentenced them to be hanged to death.

The story of the nine young Irish leaders spread around the world and caught the popular fancy. Protests engulfed the British government, and Queen Victoria found it inadvisable to carry out the death sentence on these courageous young men. Instead, she ordered the sentence commuted to life imprisonment in the penal colonies of what was then the wild and uninviting land of Australia.

They were just what Australia needed; the men and the moment had arrived together. Patriots and fearless, they soon bade farewell to the penal colony and turned their undeniable talents to more fruitful pursuits.

John Mitchell made his way to the United States and had a brilliant career in the politics of New York State;

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his son became Mayor of New York City. Tom McGee rose swiftly to become an esteemed member of the Canadian House of Commons. Thomas McManus and Patrick Donahue became brigadier generals in the Union Armies during the Civil War. Richard O'Gorman became the Governor-General of Newfoundland. Tom Meagher became Governor of Montana.

Three of the original nine spun their careers in the land to which they had been exiled. Morris Lyene served as a brilliant Attorney-General of Australia, winning many a legal tilt against the British barristers, and Lyene was succeeded in that office by his old fellow-prisoner, Michael Ireland.

Bitterest pill of all for Queen Victoria came in 1871 when she found herself dealing with the newly elected Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Charles Duffy. To her amazement and distress, the Queen learned that this was the same Charles Duffy who had been exiled for high treason twenty-three years before. When the records of the other eight compatriots of Duffy were brought to the Queen, she seemed pleased. Perhaps she realized at last that by cheating the hangman she had enriched humanity.

BESSLER'S WONDERFUL WHEEL

Sir Isaac Newton once observed: "The seekers after perpetual motion are trying to get something from nothing."

Of the legions who have pursued this mechanical chimera, the case of the irascible Johann Bessler and his remarkable wheel stands alone. He was either a genius without peer or he was a mountebank without equal. Johann was one or the other—but which?

Scientists of his own day were sharply divided on the question—but then they had to deal not only with his

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invention but with Johann himself, and that was no easy task.

Let us examine the record.

A native of Zittau, Saxony, Bessler was thirty-two years of age when he exhibited his first "self-moving wheel" at Gera in 1712. It was a wheel about three feet in diameter and four inches thick, capable (according to witnesses) of keeping itself in motion for an indefinite period without visible assistance. Once the wheel was started with a gentle push, it would accelerate to about twenty-six revolutions per minute and would maintain that speed without further assistance. Furthermore, the wheel could be geared to lift small weights by means of a rope curled around its axle.

When the learned men came to observe his creation, Bessler took the position that they were enemies *per se* and he treated them as such. Opinionated, contentious and belligerent, Bessler did not help his cause by his relations with the visitors. It is small wonder that most of them went away with their questions unanswered, mumbling that the inventor was a fraud and his wheel a fake.

The following year he brought to Leipzig another and larger version of his wheel. This second model was six feet in diameter and a foot thick, covered with heavy cloth, which was oiled and tightly stretched from rim to rim. Like its predecessor, the wheel needed but a slight shove to set it in motion. Once under way, it quickly picked up speed until it reached its maximum velocity of about twenty-six turns per minute, which it could apparently maintain indefinitely, unassisted. Observers agreed on one thing: as the wheel turned, they could hear weights of some sort tumbling about inside it, concealed by the heavy oiled cloth stretched drum-tight from rim to rim.

The exhibition at Leipzig was successful in that the wheel performed flawlessly; otherwise, it was merely another battleground for Bessler. He soon found himself embroiled in bitter arguments with those who doubted

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the truth of his claims for his invention. In an effort to end these detractions once and for all, Bessler offered to exhibit his machine to a group of qualified citizens, and on October 31, 1715, a group of eleven such men witnessed the wheel in action and submitted it to certain tests of their own devising. In December they issued a report of their findings in which they unanimously concurred that "... the machine of Johann Bessler ... is a true perpetual motion ... having the property to move right and left, being easily moved, but requiring great effort to stay its movement; with the power of raising ... a box of stones 70 pounds, 8 ells high perpendicularly. ..."

Bessler's antagonists were in no wise deterred by this declaration of the investigating body; instead, they heaped fresh ridicule on both Bessler and those who signed the report. Meanwhile the strange wheel continued to spin day and night at its accustomed rate of twenty-six revolutions per minute.

It was at this stage of his hectic career that Johann Bessler began signing his name "Orffyreus" for some reason known only to himself. And it was also at this time (1716) that Orffyreus attracted the attention of Count Karl, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, one of the tiny quasi-independent states which were numerous in that stage of Germany's development. Karl had both money and prestige—Orffyreus had neither. Karl's first move was to put the eccentric inventor into a paying position as Town Councillor, a job which gave him an income on which he could live decently and a place to call home.

It was under the patronage of Count Karl of Hesse-Cassel that Orffyreus built his last and largest wheel. He constructed the thing in a gardener's shed on the ground of Weissenstein castle—where it could be kept under lock and key and guarded by one of the Count's men for fear that someone would see how it was built. Being suspicious even of his friends, Orffyreus kept a guard himself to guard the guard posted by the Count.

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The wheel was beginning to develop wheels within wheels, one might say.

A perpetual motion wheel in our own day and age would be little more than an interesting curiosity, of course, but in the early days of the eighteenth century it assumed imposing proportions. The reason for this becomes apparent when we consider the machine in the context of its time. In those days the prime source of power was that of muscles, human or animal. Water power was being used where it was available, but it was generally undependable. The search was for some new source of power which could turn the spindles and the wheels of the little factories. The man who developed such a power source would be much in demand; if he discovered a means of extracting usable energy from a free and endless source, perpetual motion, he would be providing the answer to one of the major problems of the era.

The wondrous wheel of Orffyreus purportedly fulfilled those requirements. It could be started easily, it developed increased momentum without further assistance, and it could be used for such tasks as lifting baskets of stones without materially affecting its over-all performance. It was admittedly a promising development—if it was not a fraud, as some claimed.

The detractors of the machine were many and vociferous. There was the mathematician in Leipzig, one Claus Wagner, who had never seen the wheel and who steadfastly refused to see it. Why? Because he had calculated by his mathematical tables that such a thing was preposterous, contradictory to the laws of nature, and it could not exist—according to his figures.

Clockmakers came forward for their brief moment in the spotlight to announce that they could duplicate the performance of the wheel of Orffyreus by cleverly concealed springs and gears. Whether they could do what they claimed will never be known, for not one of the lot ever produced a single example to support his contentions.

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Badgered by such characters, the difficult side of Orffyreus's character became worse, if such a thing was possible. He fought with everyone around him with the possible exception of the Count; he became so disagreeable that the guards at the room where the device was stored accepted duty there as a form of punishment.

If the machine really worked. . . .

Count Karl pressed Orffyreus for an answer in the form of a demonstration which would stifle criticism once and for all; or, if it failed in that, one which would bring to an end the Count's lengthy and costly sponsorship of the device. People were beginning to wonder if Count Karl had lost his mind, and it was high time that he proved his own case as well as that of the inventor.

In October of 1717, the Count induced the inventor to transfer the new and bulkier wheel to a room in the castle of Wessenstein which was large enough to permit the device to be set up with ample space around it. This time there must be no excuse for critics to charge that the axle of the wheel touched the wall and was turned from another room by a cord.

On November 12, everything was ready. Count Karl brought in a distinguished body of investigators: Professor Gravesande of Leyden; Doctor Dietrich of Bohsen; Friedrich Hoffman, described as a famous physician and an authority on mechanics; Christian Wolff, Chancellor of the University of Halle and John Rowley, famed maker of mathematical instruments. There were others of less renown, all handpicked to present a broad front of talent and integrity.

They entered a large room (according to their reports) where they found a huge cloth-covered wheel sitting in the center of the room. Their measurements determined that it was twelve feet in diameter, slightly more than fourteen inches in thickness—and it turned on an iron shaft about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The wheel itself was described as lightly constructed of wood. Like its predecessors, Orffyreus had screened its innards

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by covering the space from hub to rim with tightly-drawn oiled cloth.

Having determined the physical dimensions of the device, the investigators proceeded to experiment with its abilities. Baron Fisher was elected to set it in motion, which he found extremely easy. Just a push with one hand and the huge wheel began to revolve . . . slowly at first, then faster and faster, until it reached its maximum speed of twenty-six revolutions per minute.

After several experiments had been conducted, during which the wheel had supplied power to perform small tasks, the body of learned investigators carefully examined the room itself, sealing and locking every possible place of egress or entrance. Then they left the room and locked the door behind them, leaving the wheel spinning merrily at its usual rate. To make certain that the lock on the door was untouched during their absence, they sealed it with wax bearing the imprint of their several devices which they had brought for that purpose.

Fourteen days later, says the committee report, when they broke the seals and opened the door, they found the big wheel revolving just as they had left it. And again, on January 4 of 1718, they returned to the sealed room. There was the big wheel, still spinning its defiance of the accepted determinations of science.

The entire committee expressed the opinion that there was no fraud involved in the operation of the wheel. They were convinced that they had seen and tested a genuine perpetual motion device. Writing to Sir Isaac Newton, Professor Gravesande said ". . . I have examined these axles and am firmly persuaded that nothing from without the wheel in the least contributes to its motion."

If it worked, as the investigators agreed that it did work—then *how did it work?*

Orffyreus was insanely fearful that someone would steal the secret of his remarkable wheel, cheating him of his rights. Through his friend Count Karl, he offered to

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reveal the inner mechanism to anyone for the sum of twenty thousand pounds, that amount to be held in trust by the Count while the buyers duplicated the machine to assure themselves that they had a genuine perpetual motion device. No one came forward with the money to take up the proposal. Knowing of the precarious state of Count Karl's finances, perhaps they did not care to entrust him with such a sum.

The silence that greeted his proposal infuriated Orffyreus. He brooded. The Count feared that he would destroy himself and had an attendant keeping close watch over his eccentric protégé. By some undisclosed piece of legerdemain the Count induced the inventor to let him see the inside of the wheel, and so far as is known, this was the only instance in which anyone other than Orffyreus ever glimpsed the workings of the device.

When the oiled cloth was stripped away, said Count Karl, he found himself gazing upon a very simple arrangement of weights and levers. Orffyreus explained that he had conceived a system whereby the weights on one side of the wheel were farther from the axle than the weights on the other side of the wheel, creating an imbalance which caused the wheel to move. The secret, if there was a secret, lay in the ingenious manner in which the weights on the ascending side of the wheel were prevented from following their normal path next to the rim. Count Karl said that these weights were blocked by small pegs which swung back out of the way as the weight passed the zenith.

The Count prudently hastened back to his quarters and wrote an account of what he had seen.

The inventor went back to his brooding. He was convinced that he had solved the classic riddle of perpetual motion, only to be spurned by those who should be rewarding him for his genius. And those investigators! Peering under the axles, placing their ears against the base to listen for concealed springs as though he, Orffyreus, had to resort to fraud. Damn them all!

Sometime during the night his mental frothings bub-

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bled over. Orffyreus let himself into the room where his wheel was stored, and with a few blows from an axe, he shattered the flimsy thing.

In that moment of unrestrained rage he seems to have shattered himself, too. Remorsefully he told the Count what he had done and promised to build another wheel as good or better than the one he had just destroyed. But it never happened. For a few months he puttered away in his shop at the gardner's house. He quarreled with the Count. And when the wreckage of his wheel was destroyed by fire, the inventor and his patron reached a parting of the ways. Orffyreus became an embittered wanderer who died in November of 1745.

Did he really have a perpetual motion machine?

On the basis of Count Karl's description of what he saw, it seems that Johann Bessler's creation was merely another example of the unbalanced wheel, one of the oldest of all methods by which ingenious fellows have sought to attain perpetual motion. Scientists say they can explain why the unbalanced wheel cannot turn itself. Let us remember that these same scientists can also prove that a bumble bee cannot fly.

And what could be more exasperating to orthodox science than the spectacle of a bumble bee flying around the ever-spinning wheel of Johann Bessler?

THREE SMART DOGS

SEDALIA'S SENSATIONAL SETTER

Jim was an English Setter. His death in Sedalia, Missouri, at the age of twelve brought to a close one of the most incredible canine careers on record, a performance that compares favorably with any documented cases.

The dog was about four years old when his owner, Sam Van Arsdale, a hotel owner, discovered his unique

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abilities. He discovered that if he spoke the name of certain trees on the hotel lawn, Jim would go at once to the tree that was named and place his paw on it. Furthermore, the dog demonstrated that he could identify about ten different makes of automobiles and could find specific license numbers.

His reputation spread rapidly when word got around that the dog was also capable of predicting winning horses. Van Arsdale would write the names of the entrants in the Kentucky Derby on slips of paper, place them before Jim, and ask the setter to name the winner. Witnesses, including several prominent citizens of Sedalia, reported that Jim unerringly put his paw on the slips that bore the names of the eventual winners of six consecutive Derbies. Van Arsdale, no gambler himself, did not bet on the tips and would not permit the witnesses to profit by the dog's predictions. A movie company offered a contract for more than a quarter of a million dollars to the fabulous setter, only to have its proposal rejected.

The dog's uncanny performance began in 1929, and within five years he was being subjected to tests by various scientific groups, including Professors Durant and Dickinson from the University of Missouri. They conducted a public experiment at Columbia, Missouri, at which an estimated nine hundred persons were present. The professors gave instructions to the dog in several languages—Spanish, Italian, and German, among others—and the dog followed instructions without error. He was told to go into the crowd and pick out a woman with a blue dress and white hat, a man with a black mustache, a child with long, light hair, an elm tree, a sycamore—and Jim found all of them, promptly and correctly.

He was invited to appear before the Missouri state legislature, and again he displayed his remarkable ability to carry out instructions. This time, a telegrapher tapped out orders in code—dots and dashes—and as the names of certain members of the legislature were spelled out,

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Jim hurried away from the speaker's stand to the person he had been ordered to find.

By 1936 Jim's eyesight was failing, and he showed less and less interest in the matters for which he was famous. But 1936 was election year and interest in the outcome was keen, so perhaps it was inevitable that Jim's prediction should be sought. When the dog named Roosevelt as the winner there was considerable speculation that the poor old fellow had become senile. Hadn't the famed *Literary Digest* poll predicted a landslide for Landon?

Jim was right again, of course. When he died in 1937 the President was again Franklin D. Roosevelt, just as he had predicted.

ROLF—THE "TALKING DOG" OF MANNHEIM

The summer of 1913 was a busy one for Professors Schoeller and Ziegler of the University of Berlin. Not only did they spend two months with the horses of Elberfeld—they also spent some weeks with a most unusual dog named Rolf, the property of Mrs. Paula Moekel, of Mannheim.

Rolf is sometimes described as a Bedlington terrier; at other times as being of doubtful ancestry. Be that as it may, he exhibited signs of intelligence which have seldom been duplicated in the canine world. And according to his owner, he started the whole business by injecting himself into a little family conversation. Mrs. Moekel was mildly reproving her young daughter for making a mistake in adding some figures. Jokingly she said to the child, "Why I believe that Rolf could do that little problem without a mistake!" Then, said Mrs. Moekel, she turned to Rolf and asked him if he knew what two and two amounted to. To her surprise, and to that of her family, the dog came to her and promptly tapped his paw on her arm four times. She put other simple problems to him with similar results until the dog finally tired of it and walked away for a nap, leaving his owner and her family speechless with amazement.

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Gradually, Mrs. Moekel says, she worked out an alphabet which Rolf could use. Like that of the Elberfeld horses it consisted of taps for various letters and numerals. Unlike that of the horses, it did not include every letter of the alphabet, for the dog either could not or would not use V, Q, Z or X. Unfortunately for both dog and owner, they never worked out a simplified code for the alphabet, and it was a laborious procedure for the dog to tap out letters requiring as many as twenty taps for a single letter.

When Drs. Schoeller and Ziegler tested Rolf they reported that they found him capable of doing simple addition and subtraction with some multiplication of small numbers of not more than two figures. He could read and write with approximately the ability of an intelligent ten-year-old child. His spelling, the doctors reported, was simplified and phoneticized to the utmost. He could seek and find words to define an object or picture placed before him. For instance, Dr. Ziegler placed before him a bouquet in a vase and asked the dog what it was. Rolf seemed puzzled for a moment, then he laboriously tapped out: "Glass with little flowers."

Drs. Ziegler and Schoeller also found that Rolf could distinguish colors, could count money and that he could separate marks from pfennigs.

In the course of some tests conducted by Professor William Mackenzie of the University of Genoa, the savant was endeavoring to determine how many words the dog could identify. One of the test words was *Herbst*, meaning autumn. Could Rolf tell what it meant?

The dog reportedly tapped out: "Time for apples."

Also to Professor Mackenzie, who had shown him a card marked with red and blue squares, Rolf replied: "Blue, red, lots of cubes." Another learned man who visited the famed "talking dog" of Mannheim was Monsieur Edmond Duchatel, vice-president of the Société Universelle d'Études Psychiques of Paris, whose report confirms all that Schoeller, Mackenzie and Ziegler had experienced, with the addition of one incident which oc-

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curred during a session at which Dr. Duchatel's secretary was present. The secretary, a prissy middle-aged lady, was invited to put a question to the dog.

She inquired: "Is there anything you would like me to do for you?"

Rolf replied: "Wedeln"—in other words, "Wag your tail"

CHRIS—THE CANINE PRODIGY

Dr. Henry Nugent, professor of educational psychology at Rhode Island College of Education, calls him "a living riddle, enthusiastic but baffling."

Investigators representing Dr. J. B. Rhine, famed parapsychologist of Duke University call Chris "an amazing fellow who defies explanation."

His owners, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wood of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, just call him Chris. They do not try to explain him, which undoubtedly saves them a great deal of time and trouble. Chris is part beagle, part accident. He is a friendly little fellow who shares the Wood home with two big cats. Most of the time he is all dog, chasing cars, running rabbits, getting into fights. But when called upon to do so, Chris can assume the mantle of respectability long enough to present curious scientists with fresh reasons for pondering the limitations of man's knowledge.

According to Chris's owner, the whole thing began in 1953 when a visiting friend happened to mention that he had been able to teach his dog to count up to ten. Could Chris be taught to duplicate that feat? Mr. Wood thought it would be fun to find out, so he began showing Chris how to count by tapping with his paws on the arm of the chair. In a matter of a few weeks Wood discovered that Chris was not only learning, but was apparently waiting for Wood to catch up with him. After teaching him addition and subtraction up to one hundred, Mr. Wood suddenly discovered that Chris could count up to a million. There was a similar educational

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sprint when Chris took up square root, and his amazed master found that the dog could do cube root problems as well—in fact, that the dog showed unmistakable evidence of knowing the mathematical scale from beginning to end.

Did he know anything beyond that? Mr. Wood told newsmen that he and his wife wrote the letters of the alphabet on a card and put it on the floor. They explained to Chris, he says, that each letter was to be given a number, so that the dog could spell words by tapping out the correct number of times with his paw. After five minutes of gazing at the card and at his owners, the card was picked up and there was never any occasion to refer to it again. That was in October of 1954, and in the ensuing time Chris has tapped out thousands of replies to questions, using the code he scanned so briefly on that one occasion.

Since the discovery that Chris could and would tap out answers to questions, he has been called upon to do so more than five thousand times. His owners make no charge for this, nor will they accept any gratuities. Naturally they have had their share of critics who have watched the dog at work and then denounced him as a fraud or a satanic monster who should be destroyed.

In addition to the university representatives from Rhode Island and Duke, Chris has been tested by such visitors as two research specialists from Dupont. They concocted on the spur of the moment a complicated mathematical problem of the type that is customarily fed into electronic calculators. Instead of tapping out the answer almost instantaneously, as usual, this poser took Chris four minutes to solve. The researchers who had proposed it needed ten minutes to arrive at the same answer Chris had produced in four.

How does he do it? Chris replies: "Smart dog."

Investigators have found no reason to disagree with him.

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THE AMAZING PROPHECY OF ST. ODELIA

In the closing months of World War II long lines of American tanks rumbled through the little town of Odelianburg in the mountains a few miles west of Strasbourg. These ponderous war machines thundered along within a few yards of a quaint old church and churchyard in which is located the grave of St. Odelia, a gentle, devout woman who predicted the coming of these tanks more than a thousand years before, if you believe in prophecies.

Did she have, for a brief spell, the ability to lift the curtain of time and peer into the future? Did she describe, in the eighth century, the holocaust that swept the world in the twentieth century? Fortune tellers, spirit mediums, palmists, tea leaf readers—the list of those who claim to be able to envision the future is long and varied, but St. Odelia belonged to none of these groups.

She was the daughter of wealthy German parents. Born in the year 660, she was blind for almost sixty years. When baptised in the year 719, she reportedly became able to see. Many legends have attached themselves to her, but none stranger than those which spring from an unusual document known as "St. Odelia's Prophecy," which was not intended as a prophecy at all, but was in reality two letters written to her beloved brother, the Prince of Franconia, to describe a series of persistent and recurring dreams she had been experiencing.

Those who saw in these letters a description of World War I found many inconsistencies; the pattern did not fit the product. But this "prophecy" draws so many apparent parallels with the men and events of World War II that it merits examination as a curiosity, if nothing more.

Here, then, are the two strange letters which St. Odelia sent to her brother, transcribed from the Latin in which they were written more than twelve hundred years ago.

"Listen, oh my brother, for I have seen the terror of

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the forests and the mountains. Fear has seized upon the people, because never in any region of the universe has anyone given testimony of such trouble.

"The time will come when Germany will be called the most belligerent nation of the world. The period has arrived when out of her bosom will come a terrible warrior to spread war in the world. Men will call him the Antichrist. He will be cursed by mothers by thousands, who will lament like Rachel over the fate of their children, and who will refuse consolation because they will no longer be of this world and will be devastated in their homes."

Let us turn from her writings for a moment to analyze and compare this first portion of the "prophecy" with the events.

To say that Germany has become known as the most warlike nation on earth would require no stretch of the imagination, for she was called that, and worse, by the leaders of many nations who had felt her mailed fist. Twice in twenty-five years the Germans plunged the world into war, the most devastating wars in all recorded history.

St. Odelia tells her brother that men will call the leader of the German forces the Antichrist—and Adolph Hitler was indeed called that, for it was a title he earned by his infamous actions. Churches and church leaders were special objects of persecution. He burned and pillaged and ravaged without cessation as long as he had the power to issue orders. Godliness, by his orders, was made a laughing stock in the schools of the Hitler Youth Movement. The Ten Commandments were publicly derided and labeled signs of weakness and decay. Hitler deliberately set about destroying the works and teachings of the Gentle Man of Galilee, in order to set himself up as a god before the German people.

Then, says the letter, this fellow will be cursed by thousands of mothers, lamenting the fate of their children.

How terribly true that was! But not thousands of

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mothers—millions! The mothers of the little children who were herded into the churches of Russia and Poland and burned alive. The mothers of the little girls who were dragged from their homes and hauled away to brothels in German-held territories. And this German leader was cursed, too, by the brokenhearted mothers of Britain and France and Russia and the United States and Australia who saw their sons and daughters march away to give their lives in the struggle with this monster.

But—did St. Odelia really refer to Hitler?

The next paragraph of her first letter gives us a clue. She writes:

"The Conqueror will come from the banks of the Danube. He will be a remarkable chief among men. The war that he brings will be the most terrifying that men have ever undertaken."

Let's break that down into its various components.

"He will come, from the banks of the Danube." Adolph Hitler was born within fifty feet of the Danube River.

"He will be a remarkable chief among men." Hitler, the bastard son of uncouth ancestry, slugging, conniving, worming his way ever upward to eventual command of one of the mightiest fighting forces the world had ever seen. Trampling nations underfoot, dominating millions of enslaved peoples, matching wits with Europe's craftiest statesmen and forcing them to bow to his will. Do these things fulfill the requirements for "a remarkable chief"?

Then says the letter: This war which he brings—"will be the most terrifying that men have ever undertaken."

World War II was the costliest war ever fought in terms of lives and money. It was indeed the most terrifying conflict in history.

"His arms," says St. Odelia, "will be flamboyant, and the helmets of his soldiers will bear points darting flashes of light, while their hands carry lighted torches. It will be impossible to estimate the number of cruelties committed."

Blazing guns, flame throwers, firebombs, napalm—it

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all adds up to flamboyant in the sense of the word as St. Odelia used it. The lighted torches we might consider as symbolic of the fires which ravaged city after city, nation after nation, as the legions of Hitler rolled along on their earlier conquests. He strode through the world with a torch in his hand and left it in flames behind him to mark his passing.

"It will be impossible to estimate the number of cruelties committed." Lidice . . . Dachau . . . The butchery of an entire city . . . The gas oven where millions of helpless human beings were rendered into chemical by-products for Hitler's war machine.

"He will be victorious on land and sea and in the air—because one will see winged warriors in these unbelievable attacks, mounting to the heavens to seize the very stars and throw them down on the cities from one end of the universe to the other in order to start great fires." For two whole years after Hitler unleashed his war machine on the world his armed might rolled over the continent of Europe. His swarms of planes annihilated the enemy and drove them from the skies. They made the night brilliant with their flares as they loosed their incendiaries on their defenseless targets.

St. Odelia then warned her brother that the nations of the earth would be astonished at this display of apparently invincible power and would exclaim: "Whence comes this force? How is he able to undertake such a war?"

To say that the other nations were astonished is no overstatement. Around the globe, the self-appointed experts of numerous lands laughed at reports of German military strength. There were widely published stories of wooden tanks and guns used in Nazi parades in Berlin, of planes that were hastily flown from one airfield to another in order to conceal scarcity under a false mantle of abundance. Foolish military authorities took pencil and paper and turned out reams of statistics which "proved" that Hitler could not fight six months because he would run out of oil and gasoline. And

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wiseacre politicians both here and abroad sneered at the suggestion that France might fall, that Britain would be battered to her knees, that enemy submarines would menace shipping in the mouths of American harbors.

While Germany was coiling to strike, false prophets were lulling their complacent listeners with twaddle. Their pet expression was that it was "a phoney war," but the phoniest part of it was the "information" the counterfeited statemen dished out so freely and so disastrously.

Yes, the other nations of the world were astonished, just as St. Odelia had written twelve centuries before.

Her letter continues:

"The earth will tremble with the shock of the fighting. The rivers will run red with blood. Sea monsters will disperse to the top of the oceans."

Millions of tons of high explosives kept the earth trembling for more than five terrible years. Submarines, surging to the tops of the oceans, would have looked like strange sea monsters to anyone in the eighth century.

"Future generations will be astonished that his numerous and powerful enemies will not have been capable of stopping the march of his victories. And the war will be long."

The impotence of Hitler's adversaries was a matter of profound surprise which may well carry over into future discussions of the matter. For nearly three years after Hitler opened hostilities, his opponents suffered a string of almost unbroken defeats, for they had been caught napping. "And the war will be long." When Hitler's subordinates surrendered what was left of his holdings in April of 1945, Britain was in her sixth year of fighting with him.

This unusual document continues: "The conqueror will have attained the apogee of his triumphs toward the middle of the sixth month of the second year of hostilities. This will be the end of the first period of bloody victories. He will say, 'Accept the yoke of my domination' while continuing his victories. But his en-

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emies will not submit and he will cry out—'Misfortune will befall them because I am the conqueror!'

Let's analyze that and compare it to the record.

World War II began in September of 1939. The second year of fighting, therefore, began in September of 1940. Six months from that date was March of 1941, a fateful date for Hitler. After that time he never overran another major nation, and in June of 1941 he began his ill-fated attack on Russia. It was the beginning of the end for the Nazis. Hitler tried to throw his yoke over the captured nations but they refused to submit. From their hideouts in forests, mountains, caves and cellars they worked for the day when they could rise again. Was St. Odelia right once more?

In September of 1942, Adolph Hitler spoke to the German Reich from Berlin. He said, "The enemy will be annihilated. It is fated for Germany to dominate, to rule! I promise you this—it is mine to give to you!" St. Odelia said that the words would be "Misfortune will befall them. . . . I am the conqueror!" And she said it more than a thousand years before.

Then St. Odelia slips up, if she was describing World War II, for she writes: "The second part of the war will be equal in length to half of the first part. They will call it the period of diminution. It will be full of surprises which will make the earth tremble, when twenty belligerent nations will clash. Toward the middle of this period the little nations will cry out for peace, but there will be no peace for these nations."

It is true that we fought a war of attrition against Hitler, but the time element in her letters does not coincide with the period of diminution as it actually developed. By her calculations it would have amounted to a period of nine months, but in reality it amounted to several years. This was the time when we were forging our economic blockade around Germany and demolishing their submarine fleet in the inexorable tightening process. St. Odelia mentions surprises, and there were plenty of those: rocket planes, robot bombs, jet planes,

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radar. Twenty nations will clash? There were more than twenty, and there were little nations who cried for peace and found none.

"The third period of the war will be the shortest of all, and the conqueror will have lost faith in his warriors. This will be called the period of the invasion, because by just retribution the soil of the conqueror, by reason of his injustice and his atheism, will be invaded in all parts and pillaged. Around the mountains torrents of blood will flow. Then will see a revolt of the women of his nation who will wish to stone him."

The third period of the way, "the period of the invasion," was short and terrible. From D-Day in June of 1944 Hitler's days were numbered, and the ultimate conclusion was never in doubt. His Generals had tried to assassinate him; the women of Germany had rioted in several cities in protest and defiance of Hitler. In November of 1944, scores of women at Cologne were executed for the "crime" of holding peace demonstrations. Germany was in the process of being invaded in all parts and pillaged by the very peoples she had trampled underfoot.

And in conclusion, St. Odelia says:

"But one will also see prodigies in the Orient, where the troops of the Conqueror will be stricken with a strange and unknown illness. This evil will discourage his soldiers while the nations will say, 'The finger of God is there. It is just retribution.'"

Prodigies in the Orient?

For the first time in history the fury of the atomic explosion was unleashed on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It was a strange and unknown illness that afflicted its victims—and left them discouraged. Was this her way of describing an historic event that was still twelve hundred years in the future when she dreamed of it?

After the fall of the Conqueror and the prodigies in the Orient—what next? St. Odelia says:

"This will not be the end of these wars, but the beginning of the end. . . ."

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Korea. . . .

Indo-China. . . .

What next?

St. Odelia doesn't say.

THE SEARCH FOR JOHN PAUL JONES

It sounds incredible, but it is true nevertheless, that the American government once dug a mine in the city of Paris in order to find an American admiral.

Fate plays some strange tricks on those whom she has marked for fame, and among the oddest of her vagaries is the case of John Paul Jones, one of the founders of the American Navy.

He was indeed a friend in need. When the colonies were desperate for men to lead their cockleshells against the British fleet, Jones was ready, willing and able. The task appeared hopeless to the point of being suicidal, but he took it on with a vengeance. Precisely—with a vengeance.

He, too, had a score to settle with the British. John Paul Jones was a Scot. His name wasn't even Jones; John Paul had added that as a matter of precaution.

As John Paul he had been captain of a British merchant ship. In 1773 he had a mutinous crew on his hands, and in the fight for control of the vessel John Paul shot to death a member of the crew. Authorities at the port of Tobago decided he would have to stand trial, which meant almost certain death, since he knew the entire crew would testify against him. One night while a heavy thunderstorm was lashing the island, he picked the lock on his cell door and took his leave of the British government. John Paul, late of His Majesty's Navy, had become John Paul the fugitive.

Slipping into the embattled colonies, John Paul lived with a well-to-do family named Jones—and added their

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name to his own. He insisted to the public that he was a long-lost cousin of the Jones family, and they helped him out by supporting his contention.

The story of his heroic services to the tiny American fleet is one of the brightest pages in our history. With little more than courage and skill and the admiration of his crew, he outfoxed and outfought the British ships of the line which were sent to hunt him down.

The end of the Revolution left him without a job—at least the kind of job that he found to his liking, for John Paul Jones had developed a taste for fighting that matched his aptitude for it. He began to smell powder smoke in the East, and with the rank of rear admiral he joined the Russian Navy. Catherine the Great was proud of his exploits and rightly so, for under his command her ships trounced the highly-touted Turks—one of the few major naval victories in the history of Russia.

The life of a mercenary fighter was made to order for him. He drank the wine of victory and reveled in his successes, but the sands were running out for this homeless warrior. In Paris, at the age of forty-five, he died quietly and alone.

One hundred and thirteen years later our embarrassed government discovered that one of its heroes was missing. A frantic search disclosed that John Paul Jones had died in Paris. Our government had ordered his body embalmed for shipment to this country, and then we had failed to call for the body. It was all pretty humiliating.

Then began one of the strangest government projects this country ever instituted. First we had to secure permission from the French government to look for our missing hero. We found that the old cemetery in Paris where Jones had been interred had long since been abandoned and covered with hospitals and shops and factories. In the musty archives of Paris someone located a map of the cemetery which showed the approximate location of Jones's body. Knowing that it was there was the least of the difficulties; the real problem was to find it under such conditions.

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Miners were employed and they sank a shaft beside a large building a couple of hundred feet from the estimated location of the leaden casket containing Jones's body. The tunneling continued day after day, around buildings, under them, past several leaden caskets which proved not to be the one they sought.

Late one afternoon a workman felt a dull thud as his pick struck into the clay. Careful excavating brought out the casket—lead—with the initials J. P. J. on the cover. In the presence of experts (our own and those of France), the lid was carefully cut away. The embalmers had done a magnificent job; the feet and hands were carefully wrapped in metal foil, and the body was so well-preserved that an autopsy proved that he had died of Bright's disease, as his death certificate showed. Except for a slight flattening of the nose where the casket had pressed upon it, the likeness between the body and the paintings of Admiral Jones was striking. The strange search was at an end.

Fittingly enough, John Paul Jones came back to rest among our other heroes at Annapolis with all the honors that our country could bestow, escorted by part of the American battle fleet which he had helped to bring into being more than a hundred years before.

THE MARE SOLVED THE MYSTERY

Three-year-old Ronnie Weitcamp left his three small playmates in the front yard and ran around the house. It was a few minutes before noon on October 11th, 1955. Two hours later Ronnie was the object of one of the most intensive searches central Indiana ever saw, a search that led into many states and, finally, to a horse that had the answer.

When little Ronnie failed to come in for lunch on that fateful day, his mother inquired of his three small play-

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mates, who told her, "Ronnie went into the woods and he wouldn't come out!" Frantic, the mother spread the alarm, for the "woods" to which the children referred constituted thousands of acres of scrub timber that spread over the hilly south-central Indiana landscape around the Crane Naval Depot where Ronnie's father worked. If Ronnie was lost in there, finding him quickly was imperative.

Sheriff's deputies and Indiana State Police lined up shoulder to shoulder with an estimated fifteen hundred employees of the Naval Depot. Ronnie had been missing only a couple of hours when the first search parties were formed; by late afternoon, when the October chill began to settle over the scene, long lines of men were scanning the bushes and ravines for some trace of the youngster. They were working against time, for without shelter it was highly improbable that Ronnie could live through the night.

When the searchers came in empty-handed, long after dark, the case took a different twist. Ronnie was a very pretty little fellow and very friendly. Had he taken up with some stranger and been abducted? The searchers felt certain that they had not overlooked him. They had tramped through thickets and creeks and gullies for hours, covering far more ground than a three-year-old boy could conceivably encompass in the same period of time. Had he been kidnapped, after all?

Once the story hit the front pages of the newspapers and the broadcast services, tips poured in from all sides. Ronnie was seen in a bus station; he was seen with a young man dressed in a hunting costume walking along a street in an Illinois town about a hundred miles from Crane, Indiana. Authorities were overlooking no bets. With the aid of the FBI they ran down every "clue" and each fruitless tip. Among others, the newspapers played up the yarn of a drunken veterinarian in New Jersey who blabbed that the missing child was buried in the backyard of the Weitcamp home!

As news director of television station WTTV at Bloom-

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ington, I was one of the first to be contacted by the authorities in this case, since our Bloomington studios were only about twenty-five miles from the scene of the search. We flashed the picture of Ronnie Weitcamp at two-hour intervals, in the hope that someone might recognize him and give authorities the lead that would return the child to his grief-stricken parents and his brothers and sisters. I televised an interview with the parents in the faint hope that if the child had been abducted, the guilty party might realize the enormity of the crime and return the child. All our efforts were in vain; Ronnie Weitcamp had vanished without a trace.

Eleven days dragged by and still no trace of little Ronnie. Even the "tips" and "leads" from persons who thought they had seen him petered out. The story dropped to the inside pages of the Indiana newspapers, to be replaced in the headlines with newer and fresher matters.

On the night of October 22nd, after the search for Ronnie Weitcamp had ground to a halt for lack of any further leads, my wife and I were discussing the matter and she recalled the strange case of a few years before in which authorities in a New England city had credited a most unusual source with helping them solve the mystery of a missing child.

The authorities in that case said they had found the child with information supplied by a talking horse!

When my wife reminded me of the incident, I could recall that I had seen it on the news wires, but I was understandably vague on details. Yet it took only a few minutes' searching through the files of my broadcast scripts to come up with the details:

In Petersburg, Virginia, there was a most unusual horse known as Lady Wonder. In response to questions, the horse would use her nose to flip up large tin letters which hung from a bar across her stall. By flipping up these letters she spelled out words in answer to the questions put to her.

When the police authorities of Norfolk County, Massa-

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chusetts, had to admit failure in their months-long search for four-year-old Danny Matson, they turned in desperation to Lady Wonder. According to the District Attorney of Quincy, the horse directed them to a water-filled stone quarry which had already been searched without results. But this time, with misgivings, they searched the quarry again and found the body of Danny Matson, exactly as the horse had indicated.

The so-called "talking horse" had apparently been able to direct the authorities to the missing Danny Matson. Could the same animal do as much in the case of Ronnie Weitcamp?

Since I could not get away to make the trip to Richmond, Virginia, myself, I immediately got in touch by long distance telephone with a close personal friend in Washington, D. C., about a hundred and seventy-five miles from Richmond. It took considerable persuasion on my part to induce my friend and a companion to make the trip; after all, who wants to drive a hundred and seventy-five miles to talk to a horse?

They went reluctantly. They returned bewildered.

Mrs. Fonda, the owner of the horse, was ill, and Lady Wonder was more than thirty years old, a veritable Methuselah of her species. After convincing Mrs. Fonda that their case was an emergency, my friends were finally permitted to enter the stable to question the horse.

The first question they put to her was, "Do you know why we are here?"

Without hesitation the horse spelled out "B-O-Y."

"Do you know the boy's name?"

Lady Wonder flipped up the letters "R-O-N-E." (Was she trying to spell "Ronnie"?)

"Is he dead or alive?"

"D-E-A-D."

"Was he kidnapped?"

"N-O."

"Will he be found?"

"Y-E-S."

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"Where?"

"H-O-L-E."

"Is he more than a quarter of a mile from where he was last seen?"

"Y-E-S."

"More than a mile?"

"N-O."

"What is near him?"

"E-L-M."

"What kind of soil?"

"S-A-N-D."

"When will he be found?"

"D-E-C."

With that the ancient mare turned and shuffled unsteadily out of the stable, the interview at an end. My friends hastened to the nearest telephone to recount their unusual experience to me.

It was a strange performance, indeed, but to Lady Wonder it was an old, old story.

Mrs. Fonda purchased her in 1925, when she was a two-week-old colt. Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Fonda and her husband noticed a most peculiar trait that the colt had developed—she did not wait to be called but came trotting out of the field when either of the Fondas *thought* of calling her. By the time she was two years old, Lady Wonder had learned to count and to spell out short words by tumbling children's blocks around with her nose. One day she spelled out the word "engine" and a moment later a huge tractor came chugging past the house.

The fame of the fabulous mare spread rapidly. Thousands of people came from all parts of the continent to seek answers to their questions. Mrs. Fonda placed a charge of fifty cents per question on their inquiries. Patiently, Lady Wonder nuzzled the tin letters into position to spell out words and sentences. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, the mare predicted that Franklin D. Roosevelt would be the next President of the United States, making the prediction even before FDR had

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been nominated. She correctly predicted the winners of races (until Mrs. Fonda refused to accept any more questions of that type) and in fourteen out of seventeen years she correctly predicted the winner of the World Series. Lady Wonder sometimes ventured into the field of mathematics, as for instance the time when she quickly gave the cube root of 64 to a group of visiting students. Dr. J. B. Rhine, the famed Duke University specialist in extrasensory perception, spent about two weeks studying and testing Lady Wonder. He and his assistants came away convinced, so they reported, that she had some sort of genuine telepathic powers.

Admittedly, Lady Wonder was a most unusual horse. She had unhesitatingly spelled out answers in reply to the questions my friends had put to her. Did I dare use such material on my television news program? What would happen if I did use it?

It was a difficult decision for me to make, but I finally decided to broadcast the replies just as Lady Wonder had given them . . . for what they might be worth, if anything. All other avenues which might have led to the missing Ronnie Weitcamp had dwindled to nothing. Anything that might lead to his recovery was worth trying at that stage of the search.

On the night of October 24, 1955, I broadcast the strange story of Lady Wonder and her replies to questions about Ronnie Weitcamp.

I was the target for editorial ridicule from various newspapers in central Indiana. There was some very pointed criticism, tinged with sneers, from one of the Naval Depot officials who insisted that the missing child was still alive and had been kidnapped.

The weeks dragged along without a trace of little Ronnie.

Then, on the afternoon of Sunday, December 4, two teen-age boys found Ronnie's body. Authorities determined that Ronnie had been dead when Lady Wonder said he was dead; that he had not been kidnapped; that he had died of exposure shortly after he disappeared.

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The child's body was found in a thicket in a brushy gully or ravine, in sandy soil, a little more than a mile from where he was last seen. There were a few saplings in the vicinity; the nearest tree was an elm about thirty feet from the body. And the child was found in December just as Lady Wonder had predicted many weeks before.

To those who were familiar with this unusual mare and her past performances, the case of Ronnie Weitcamp was an old, old story. To me, it was by all odds the strangest story that I had ever reported in my thirty-one years of newsbroadcasting.

A DATE WITH DISASTER?

Is California scheduled for a long-overdue earthquake of incredible violence?

Scientists are notably reluctant to make predictions, especially predictions which could spread consternation among the millions who might be affected if the prediction proved correct.

That's why it is strange indeed to read the words of an eminent geologist, Professor Hugo Benioff of the California Institute of Technology, who made his ominous prediction in an interview with reporter Peter Hopkirk of the London *Daily Express*, which published the full account.

Says Professor Benioff: "There is no doubt that Los Angeles is going to be struck soon by a very severe earthquake. It will almost certainly kill hundreds of people and will do terrible damage. There is absolutely nothing that we can do!"

When will it occur?

"It could happen at any time. It is already overdue."*

* (Professor Benioff was speaking in the late summer of 1961—Author's note)

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The geologist went on to explain to the British newspaperman that California is astride a gigantic break, or "fault" which is 2000 miles long and about fifteen miles deep. The earth on one side of this break is moving northward at the rate of two inches per year, while that on the other side of the same break is creeping southward at the same rate of movement. But, along the lines of the fracture itself, says Professor Benioff, the earth is not slipping at all. The incalculable pressure that jams the fault lines tightly together is building up incredible strains and stresses. When the elasticity of the underlying rock reaches its limits, he anticipates disaster.

There was a light earthquake in Los Angeles in 1933 which destroyed scores of buildings, killed twenty persons and left hundreds injured. The London *Express* quoted Professor Benioff as saying that the impending earthquake, as he foresees it, would be many times more violent than that of 1933.

Old records show that Los Angeles underwent an extremely violent quake in 1857, when very few persons lived in the area. At that time the earth suddenly jumped twenty-one feet along the lines of the fault.

The causes of earthquakes are well-understood, although most of them are not predictable because they are due to readjustments and strains in strata which man cannot examine or measure.

If the scientists know that the fault has slowly built up ten feet of slippage since the quake of 1933, then why haven't they alerted the public to this danger?

The California scientist, making his grim prediction in London, is quoted as saying:

"Great pressures are being brought to bear to play it down, even to hush it up. It could, and probably *would*, halt the present mass migration into the area."

It was a strange interview, and a very disturbing one.

Will headlines in the days to come prove that it was an accurate prediction by a qualified scientist?

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S STRANGE BODYGUARD

The engineer strained his eyes, peering into the fog-studded darkness ahead of the train. One of his passengers was Britain's beloved Queen Victoria. She was anxious to get back to Buckingham Palace at the earliest possible moment, for the affairs of state had taken a turn for the worse and her presence had been urgently requested. The engineer was driving the train as fast as he could, consistent with safety, but it was a difficult and dangerous trip at best. Patches of fog cropped up from time to time in the glare of the headlight—fog which replaced the drizzling rain that marked most of the trip. Back in her coach, the Queen was holding an emergency session with two of her advisors who had brought her news of the latest development in Parliament.

Suddenly the engineer was startled to see ahead of him in the fog a black figure that waved its arms frantically in the white funnel of light from the headlight. He cut the power to the pounding wheels, slammed on the brakes, and the train shrieked to a halt, sparks streaming from the protesting wheels.

What was wrong? The Queen's armed guards checked their guns and took their positions. A steel shutter dropped into place at the window of her coach. Every precaution to prevent an ambush took place in seconds.

The trainmen scrambled down to determine the nature of the emergency. Who was flagging them so frantically? And why? The signaler had vanished. The conductor walked ahead a couple of hundred yards and discovered the danger—a railroad bridge had collapsed into a swollen stream. Death had been waiting for the Queen's train about six hundred feet from where it had screeched to a halt. But of the strange figure in black which had prevented the disaster, there was no trace.

No trace, that is, until a member of the train crew was

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startled to see a moving black shadow in the headlight beam. He climbed up to check the headlight itself and found the answer—or part of it. A giant moth was flattened out over the headlamp, its outstretched wings still moving feebly with the last of its strength. The flapping of the moth's wings had cast the shadow that alerted the engineer and stopped the train on the brink of disaster. It can still be seen in a London museum—the moth that saved the Queen!

TWO MISSING WIVES

Fernand Deffontaine, 37, was a farmer who lived near Lemain, Belgium, when he reported to police in October of 1942 that his wife, Germaine, was missing. In fact, he said, she had left home more than a week before and he had not heard from her since.

Was it a case of another man? Fernand calmly told the police that he did not know, did not think so, but after all he was merely the husband and might have been cuckolded without realizing it. At any rate his wife was gone and he thought the police should know about it.

Fernand was not detained; was scarcely questioned. He was regarded by Germaine's father as a quiet, hard working young farmer, an opinion shared by most of the little community in which he had lived all his life.

But Germaine's mother was not among them, for shortly after her daughter disappeared Mrs. Van Driesche began having nightmares in which she saw Germaine in a grave. These horrible dreams recurred with such annoying frequency that the mother began voicing the opinion that her daughter had been murdered, and that Deffontaine had been the slayer. Mr. Van Driesche pleaded with his wife to keep quiet about her unprovable accusations but he was unable to change her views—after all she was having those dreams almost every night.

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The authorities ignored the mother and her charges, of course, for they had no reason to doubt the husband's account of the disappearance. But Mrs. Van Driesche was a determined and disturbed woman. She knew that in their little town there was a fellow named Cesar Demark who had the reputation of being something of a mystic. Cesar was a balding, paunchy, bespectacled tailor who sometimes did water-witching and who was reputedly able to find lost articles, if permitted to handle an object that belonged to the loser. In the language of occult students, Cesar was a psychometrist.

In 1945, almost three full years after her daughter's disappearance, the harassed mother took Germaine's picture to Cesar Demark. Without a word he accepted the photograph and sat down to contemplate it. After a few moments he said: "Madam, your daughter has been strangled!"

When Mrs. Van Driesche told her husband of the charge, he felt compelled to take a hand in this unusual business, to terminate it before it got out of hand. If this mystic could deduce so much from the picture of the victim, could he not also select the killer from another group of pictures. Mr. Van Driesche borrowed an arm-load of pictures from the police, inserted a few of his own, and called at the psychometrist's house.

Demark shuffled hurriedly through the pictures and drew half a dozen from among them. These he laid out for further study. While the Van Driesches watched, the tailor took a divining rod and held it over the six pictures, moving the rod slowly from side to side. Over one picture the rod dipped violently. It was the photograph of Fernand Deffontaine.

Said Demark: "This is the man who killed your daughter."

Mr. Van Driesche called the tailor a liar and a fraud.

Mrs. Van Driesche, however, saw to it that the strange story of the mystic and his accusation was well-circulated. As the account spread, the community chose up sides, with Deffontaine's supporters far outnumbering his

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detractors. The police, having nothing to work on, remained aloof.

But their break came in November of 1951, when a neighbor who had fallen out with Deffontaine went to the police and told them a story of having noticed a strange piece of newly turned earth on Deffontaine's farm about the time of Germaine's disappearance. The police dug at the indicated spot and found the remains of the long-missing girl, identifiable by her dental work and jewelry.

At first the widower denied any knowledge of the crime, but when he was confronted with the evidence, and with the prospect of the psychometrist being called in again, he confessed the crime. Fernand Deffontaine admitted that he had strangled his wife in a jealous rage over another man. He was sentenced to twelve years at hard labor.

Similar in many respects to the case of Germaine Deffontaine of Belgium, was that of Zona Shue, who lived (and died) near Levisay's Mills, West Virginia. The account of this astounding case is to be found in the court records of Lewisburg, West Virginia, for June and July in 1897.

Mrs. Mary Heaster had one child, a lovely daughter named Zona. In spite of her mother's misgivings, the girl had married a ne'er-do-well named Erasmus S. Shue, and had gone to live with him in his cabin near Levisay's Mills, about twelve miles from her mother's home. Mary Heaster did not go to visit her daughter and her new son-in-law, for she regarded him as trash, and he knew it.

On the morning of January 24, 1897, Mary Heaster had gone out to carry in some firewood for the fireplace when she glanced up and recognized Shue driving his rickety old buckboard wagon down the hillside toward her house. Zona was not beside him on the seat.

A few moments later Shue stopped at her gate.

"Zona's dead!" he blurted out. "She died of a heart at-

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tack. She's in the box in the back of the wagon. I brung her home to bury her here."

The stunned, grief-stricken mother got few details from the son-in-law, for their dislike was mutual. He would only tell her that a colored boy had found Zona dead in the cabin and a doctor had examined her and pronounced her a victim of heart disease.

Shue came into the house and had a cup of coffee, over which he managed to control his grief to the extent of a few snuffles. Then he and the mother carried the coffin to the shallow grave that Shue hacked out of the frozen ground in an old burial plot on the hillside behind Mrs. Heaster's house.

As Shue prepared to drive away, Mrs. Heaster asked him for the ring which he said he had removed from Zona's finger. He shook his head.

"Nope. Can't give you the ring. I'm keepin' it myself fer a keepsake." Then he slapped the horses with the reins and jolted off down the road.

All afternoon Mary Heaster sat in stunned silence before her fireplace, considering the tragedy that had befallen her child: Zona dead? Heart failure? Zona had never had any heart trouble of any kind. Her death just had to be due to something else. Was it murder?

That night Mary Heaster prayed for hours. She later told the court that she prayed to God to let Zona come back to her just long enough to tell her what had really happened. For the next week or ten days Mary repeated this prayer, for she was plainly obsessed with the idea that Shue had lied to her about Zona's death.

On or about the night of February 3, the mother told the court, she had what she regarded as an answer to her prayer. By the flickering light of her log fire in the grate, Mary Heaster testified that she saw Zona standing at the foot of her bed. Before she could say a word, Mrs. Heaster testified, her daughter spoke: "Maw, he was mad cause there wasn't no meat cooked! I had plenty of things on the table: apple butter, cherries, three kinds of jellies. Maw, look what he done to my neck—the last joint. He

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squeezed it till it was all bloody! Look in the house! Go in through the house to the log building and look at the right-hand side as you go in at the door. Look in the cellar behind some loose planks! Go down next to Martha Jones in the holler and look at the rocky place near the fence!"

Mrs. Heaster testified that she was not dreaming but was wide awake at the time of this incident. Furthermore, she said, she reached out and touched her daughter's arm and it felt natural. As the apparition walked toward the door, said Mrs. Heaster, she noticed that her daughter's head slowly turned around until it was facing backward. Then she was gone.

These visitations continued for three more nights, according to the mother, and in them the dead daughter repeated her claim that her husband had "squeezed my neck off" She repeatedly implored her mother to look for the signs of the struggle.

After this fourth visit, Mrs. Heaster went to the prosecutor of Greenbrier County, Mr. J. A. Preston, and described in detail what had happened. Preston and his assistant, Henry Gilmer, finally agreed to issue an order for the exhumation of Zona Shue's body, probably more to pacify this distracted mother than to look for foul play.

The exhumation was performed in mid-February and the coroner made a careful examination of the body. He found that there had been no heart failure involved, but that Zona Shue had died of a broken neck, just below the base of the skull. There was blood on the back of the neck, just as the mother claimed her strange nocturnal visitor had described it.

Was it foul play? The authorities moved swiftly. They went to the home of E. S. Shue, where the girl had suffered the broken neck, and began their search. There were traces of blood on the doorjamb, just where Mary Heaster had told them they would find it. There were traces of a scuffle. But search of the hollow near Martha Jones' cabin produced nothing nor was anything found

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behind the loose planks. Fortunately, the authorities had already found enough to merit taking the case to the grand jury.

On April 21, 1897, E. S. Shue was indicted for murder. On the following June 23rd, he was placed on trial at Lewisburg, West Virginia. It was a rather long trial, but one which was well-attended because of the bizarre aspects of the case.

Both the defense and the prosecution spent considerable time questioning Mary Heaster. The defense counsel's efforts to make her appear ridiculous or unreliable came to naught. Her strange testimony covers many pages in the records of the trial.

It was clearly brought out that Mary Heaster had never seen Shue's home until the day the authorities went there to investigate. Both Shue and Mrs. Heaster testified that the crude coffin which contained Zona's body was not opened in the mother's presence. And before she finally went to the authorities, Mary Heaster had told seven close friends the details of the eerie experiences she was having.

The authorities found the house exactly as Mrs. Heaster had described it, and found the bloodstains as described. They also found the corpse of Zona Shue dressed as described, found her neck broken and found the blood stains on the neck they had been told to expect.

The only discrepancies between the mother's account of the visitation and the subsequent investigation was the inability to find anything unusual near Martha Jones' house in the hollow or behind the loose planks, as described by Mary Heaster's visitor.

The jury was instructed by the judge to disregard the visions, as such, in arriving at their conclusions, but to consider the rest of the evidence, most of which resulted from the visions, of course.

E. S. Shue was found guilty of murder in the first degree and on July 8, 1897 the judge sentenced him to life imprisonment.

The case was not unprecedented in the annals of Am-

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erican courtroom procedures, but it remains unusual in that it was so well substantiated by the witnesses to whom Mary Heaster had told her strange story before going to the officials, and by the irrefutable confirmation of so many of the points in her description of the statements attributed to her dead daughter.

It was another case where a killer was brought to justice by the intervention of a power which is little understood and seldom recognized.

THE ROCK FROM NOWHERE

It was a big rock, and it was right smack in the path of Charlie Wissel's tractor. Furthermore, it was right smack in the middle of Charlie's cornfield. It had not been there when he planted his corn, nor had it been there two weeks before he found it, when Charlie had last plowed between the rows; but it was certainly there now!

The date was July 14th, 1960 and Mr. Wissel was cultivating the corn that he had planted June 23, in his twenty-acre field near Alden, in McHenry County, Illinois. The rock was too big to have gone unnoticed, and it was too big for Charlie to pick up and toss aside. It was later measured and weighed: Twenty-six inches long and fourteen inches thick, it tipped the beam at two hundred and eighteen pounds.

Mr. Wissel finished his day's work by going around the newly-arrived stone, but he couldn't get it out of his mind. He and his wife talked about it and decided that it must have been a meteorite, so they phoned the noted astronomer, Dr. Gerard Kuiper at Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin, only about ten miles from Wissel's farm.

At first, Dr. Kuiper assumed that the stone was a genuine meteorite, although he did so with some reservations.

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For one thing, it was not deeply embedded in the soft soil, as an object of such weight should have been had it come streaking down through the atmosphere. Dr. Kuiper noted, as Wissel had before him, that there were no tire marks in the soft earth to indicate that anyone had merely hauled the stone there and dumped it, some hundred feet from the nearest road.

When he failed to find any trace of radioactivity, which would have indicated its absorption of rays as it roamed through outer space, Dr. Kuiper began to entertain serious doubts about his own meteorite diagnosis, so he had the stone removed and sent to the Enrico Fermi Institute at the University of Chicago.

The Institute, too, could find no trace of radioactivity, but they did find something else. Their chemical analysis confirmed Kuiper's suspicion that the yellowish white stone was a mass of dolomite, a common stone which, so far as anyone knows, is found only on earth.

Having virtually eliminated the chance that this might have been a space visitor, Dr. Kuiper found himself faced with the problem of figuring out *how* and *why* the stone got into Wissel's field.

By noting the condition of the corn stalks which had been affected by one side of the stone, it was concluded that the stone had arrived at its destination about a week after the planting, around the first day of July.

A fragment from a meteorite that had struck nearby and shattered? Dr. Kuiper and his aids searched the area carefully and found no impact marks of any kind. Later, the chemical analysis wrote off the chance that the stone was of meteoritic origin.

No marks that would have resulted from terrestrial transport and not of meteoritic origin—that left but two possibilities: one, that it had been dropped there by a crane from a passing truck; two, that it had been carried aloft in some aircraft and dropped.

The crane theory was dismissed for several reasons: no such vehicle had ever been known to traverse that road; the stone was more than a hundred feet from the

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highway; and experiments showed that the stone had been dropped from a height of at least two hundred feet. This height, while not impossible for a special crane, would have required some maneuvering and would have taken considerable time—ridiculous when the crane could have dropped the same rock with less difficulty at many other points in that rural area.

What carried the two hundred and eighteen pound stone to a point two hundred feet or more above Charlie Wissel's cornfield? and dropped it? That was the riddle with which Dr. Kuiper and others were confronted when they first took up the case in July of 1960. And it remains a riddle to this day.

MISSING SHIPS AND MISSING MEN

Many a ship has sailed over the horizon never to return, and the fate of both vessel and crew forever remain mysteries. But occasionally one of these luckless ships *will* return with her crew, as did the *Seabird*, and then the mystery is deepened.

Most of the residents of Easton's Beach, Rhode Island, in 1850, were fisherfolk, and when they saw the big sailing vessel pounding toward the beach with all sails set they tried frantically to ward off the disaster. Their shots and shouts went for naught, for the vessel's sails continued to flap and the ship came on swiftly to what looked like certain destruction.

Just before the ship struck the beach a swell lifted her high and the sea set the *Seabird* down on the beach so gently that she was undamaged. There she sat, her sails flapping forlornly in the warm sunshine.

When no one appeared to answer their hails, the fishermen climbed aboard. Only a friendly little cur greeted them; there was no other living creature aboard the ship. There was a pot of coffee boiling on the galley stove;

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there was the trace of fresh tobacco smoke in the crew's quarters, but that was all.

The log book showed the vessel to be in command of Captain John Durham, a rugged New Englander who was well known to many of those in Easton's Beach. But, of Captain Durham himself there was no trace, other than his clothing, still hanging in his cabin. The log bore the notation that the *Seabird* had been on course to Newport, returning from Honduras with a cargo of tropical hardwood, pitch pine and coffee. The log showed that Branton Reef had been sighted, a chain of rock offshore and only a few miles from Newport, the *Seabird's* home port.

Later in the day, the crew of a fishing boat came in and reported that they had hailed the *Seabird* that morning and their hail had been returned by Captain Durham.

A board of inquiry held an investigation of the mystery but without results. For some unknown reason the captain and crew of the *Seabird* had vanished from the vessel after it was within sight of port. For weeks the *Seabird* sat forlornly on the beach, defying attempts to float her. Then one night a storm struck. Next morning the *Seabird* was gone. . . perhaps to join her missing crew, for she was never found.

The gray waters of the North Atlantic were churning under a stiff southeaster in midmorning of February 28, 1855, when the sailing vessel *Marathon* overhauled the *James Chester*. Even from afar she looked bedraggled and unkept; at close look she lived up to her advance billing. The master of the *Marathon* hailed the other vessel and received no response. He led a boarding party that battled its way through the heavy seas to her side. With considerable difficulty, they managed to lash alongside so they could board her.

From stem to stern the ship was a scene of wild disorder but there was no living thing aboard. Oddly, although there was so much disarray, there were no signs

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of bloodshed, no weapons, no indications of struggle. Only the ship's compass and papers were missing, along with the captain and the crew. Every boat was hanging in the davits; there were ample provisions and water; the cargo was intact, and the ship was as sound as the day she was launched.

The *Marathon* subsequently made a full report of her grim discovery but no trace of the officers or crew of the *James Chester* was ever found.

Maritime experts agreed that there might have been a spare life boat carried on deck (a possibility which the owners of the vessel said was unfulfilled), but even had there been such a boat the real mystery remained unsolved.

What sort of terror would drive a crew of seasoned sailors to desert a sound vessel in mid-ocean to take their chances in a small boat? It was a question to which there was no answer then and to which there is none to this day.

Why would a ship's crew desert the vessel when there was no storm and the ship was sound and full of valuable cargo?

If you can answer that question, you can solve the riddle of the *Mary Celeste*, a mystery which has defied the experts for more than eighty years.

When the *Mary Celeste* was found drifting and deserted by the British ship *Dei Gratia* about 300 miles off the coast of Portugal on the afternoon of December 4th, 1872, she touched off a chain reaction of controversy that reached a high point of silliness in 1922 when one frustrated "expert," D. G. Ball, wrote in *Nautical Magazine* that "the *Mary Celeste* had never existed in the first place!" Unfortunately for the neatness of his hypothesis it does not square with the recorded facts, a fatal shortcoming in this instance.

The court records at Gibraltar alone are sufficient to prove that the *Mary Celeste* did exist and by the strange

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nature of her existence carved a niche for herself in the annals of the sea.

The *Dei Gratia* was moving along briskly before a fair breeze when Mate Oliver Deveau spotted a smaller ship laboring slowly on a path which would intercept that of his own vessel. The newcomer's sails were furled for the most part, she was "shortsailed," as the mate reported to Captain Morehouse. The *Dei Gratia* "spoke" the other craft, but there was no response to the mate's calls through the long brass trumpet. Captain Morehouse put about and came up alongside the *Mary Celeste*.

Strange that there should be no one on deck! The wheel was untended, there was no sign of life. Deveau and three seamen crossed over and boarded the brig.

In their subsequent testimony before the British court at Gibraltar, the members of that boarding party agreed on what they had found: No one on board; more than three feet of water in the hold; lazarette and fore hatches both open; binnacle compass shattered; the skylight of the captain's cabin open.

Mate Deveau told the court: "The captain's clothing was all in proper place and even the log book was on the mate's desk in his cabin. There seemed to be everything left behind in the cabin as if left in a hurry, but everything in its place. I noticed the impression in the captain's bed as of a child having lain there."

The boarding party found 1700 barrels of alcohol in the hold of the *Mary Celeste*, a rich haul for the ship that could tow her into port for salvage. Captain Morehouse ordered Mate Deveau to take his skeleton crew and run the derelict into port at Gibraltar, to register their find and claim the salvage rights. Deveau did as he was told, but he ran into trouble from the moment he touched shore at Gibraltar, nine days after he pulled away from the *Dei Gratia*. The Marshal of the Vice Admiralty considered the size and value of the *Mary Celeste's* cargo and decided that no one in his right mind would desert seventy-five thousand dollars worth of alcohol in mid-ocean without visible reason. Therefore it

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had to be piracy. When Captain Morehouse made port a few days later, he found his prize crew in prison, awaiting trial as common buccaneers.

The court had to prove its case, of course, so its first move was to search the *Mary Celeste* for evidence of foul play. Under the berth of the missing captain a battered old Italian officer's sword was found—and stained suspiciously, too! A doctor was appointed by the court to determine the nature of the stains. After due consideration the good Dr. Paton reported that the stains on the sword, like the stains of the deck, were not blood.

Had the ship's crew panicked when it had struck something, a reef perhaps? The court employed a diver who carefully examined the bottom of the mysterious brig. No trace of any injury—no sign that the *Mary Celeste* had bumped into anything that had in any way scarred her sturdy hull. She was as sound as she was baffling.

Why, then, had Captain Briggs, his wife, his little daughter and the nine crew members of the *Mary Celeste* deserted her suddenly in mid-ocean? Had the alcohol leaked fumes in such quantity that the captain ordered the abandonment in order to get away before fire and explosion killed all of them? Had the crew tapped the alcohol and when discovered, murdered the captain and his family and in a drunken frenzy then abandoned the ship, only to perish in their efforts to escape?

Or, as sailors whispered among themselves, was the *Mary Celeste* merely another jinx ship, foredoomed to bring sorrow to all who dealt with her?

Let's look at the record.

This enigmatic brig which was brought to port by the prize crew of the *Dei Gratia* had not always been the *Mary Celeste*. She had been christened the *Amazon* when she was built back in 1861 and her first skipper, Captain Robert McClellan, took sick aboard her on her maiden voyage and died a few days later. Her second skipper, John Parker, found ill fortune dogging his foot-

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steps. He made no money for the owners and soon found himself jobless. His successor piled the brig up on the rocky Cape Breton Island, bankrupting the owners. John Beatty bought her cheaply and lost her quickly. For she went right out and knocked her bottom out on a rocky reef along the Maine coast.

In November of 1868 she was sold as a condemned hulk to Richard Haines of New York, who sought to give her a new lease on life by changing her name to *Mary Celeste*. Haines went bankrupt in ten months and the *Mary Celeste* went to James Winchester, who was fighting a court action charging him with fraudulent ownership at the time the ship set out on the trip that was to launch her name indelibly in the annals of maritime mysteries.

As the brig touched briefly at Staten Island on that memorable voyage, the captain's wife penned a quick note to her mother. Dated November 7, 1872, it says in part: "Benjie [Capt. Briggs] thinks we have a pretty peaceable set [the crew] this time if they continue as they have begun." Then she adds ominously—"Can't tell yet how smart they are."

Mrs. Briggs posted her letter and the brig slipped out into the trackless wastes of the Atlantic for her strange rendezvous with fate.

The dramatic discovery of the abandoned vessel in December of 1872 did not mark a turning point in her hectic career. The evil reputation she had acquired clung to her more tenaciously than ever. When the court at Gibraltar ordered her returned to her owners, a Captain Blatchford came from Massachusetts to run her on to Italy to discharge her cargo of alcohol. Back in Boston several prospective purchasers showed up, but once they learned her story they lost interest.

By this time her owner, Mr. Winchester, had had more than his fill of this ill-starred brig. He managed to sell her to a Captain David Cartwright, losing slightly more than eight thousand dollars in the process.

Captain Cartwright loaded her with lumber for Mon-

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tevideo. She got there, but in the stormy trip she had lost all her rigging and all the lumber that had been stored on her deck. Her skipper found an unsuspecting soul who wanted a load of horses delivered up the coast. The horses died en route, and the skipper himself had to be put ashore at St. Helena where he passed away. Cartwright was glad to dispose of his jinx ship to a schemer named Wesley Gove.

Mr. Gove was a man with a plan. He did not propose to trust to the vagaries of commerce for making a profit. Like many schemers both before and since his time, this precious conniver intended to beat the insurance companies.

He needed a skipper who was amenable to such work, for a price, of course, and in Captain Gilman Parker he found his man. Gove took out cargo insurance for twenty-five thousand dollars; Parker loaded the *Mary Celeste* with furniture and cloth for Haiti.

A few miles from their destination the skipper passed out grog to all hands. Roaring drunk himself, he pointed to a reef on which the waves were crashing and ordered the helmsman to ram her head-on. With a crash the *Mary Celeste* struck the sharp coral; gutted, she began to settle. The crew took another drink to their handiwork and pulled for the shore.

Gove and Parker found themselves hauled into court on a charge of barratry, and confronted with the testimony of the crew, they knew they faced conviction. But before they could be brought to trial, Parker died, his mate died, and all six of the insurance companies involved had gone bankrupt!

Gove went free for lack of prosecution.

And what became of Captain Briggs, his wife and daughter and the nine sailors?

Like many another riddle of the sea, time has closed the books on the *Mary Celeste* and our question must go unanswered.

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The majestic river boat *Iron Mountain*, which churned out of Vicksburg and vanished without a trace on her eighth birthday in June of 1872, was followed into oblivion less than a year later by another ship, the palatial *Mississippi Queen*.

At the time of her unsolved disappearance, the *Mississippi Queen* was regarded as the finest boat on the rivers of America, and she generally had a waiting list at every point of call, so great was her popularity. Families drove for miles to stand along the river banks to watch the great steamboat pass by; it was something to remember and talk about for years.

Her departure from Memphis on April 17, 1873, was accomplished with the usual fanfare: crowds cheering, flags flying, thunderous blasts from her "steam trumpets" to warn other craft to get out of the way. The queen of the river was calling for a clear track and would brook no interference.

All day she churned southward down the river toward her goal, New Orleans. Music playing, smokestacks spouting sparks from the pitchpine fuel, she deigned to exchange toots of acknowledgement with lesser craft that greeted her regal presence.

Only one thing was wrong: the *Mississippi Queen* never arrived at her destination.

When she was twelve hours overdue, something that had never happened to the craft before, the worried owners began sending telegrams of inquiry to various river cities where she might have been delayed. They learned only that the *Mississippi Queen* had sped downstream all day without any indication of trouble, and that up-until a few minutes after midnight she had been on course and on time. After that—nothing.

It did not take long to determine that tragedy had befallen the magnificent vessel. From the point where she was last seen the search was quickly instituted. The river was dragged by boats which carried long chains suspended between them. The banks were searched for

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wreckage or survivors. The searchers all came away empty handed.

Like the *Iron Mountain* case, eleven months before, no trace of passengers, crew or cargo was ever found, nor any wreckage of the huge river palace herself. The *Mississippi Queen* vanished as completely as though she had sailed to the moon.

And perhaps she did.

The sailing vessel in the cove near the southern tip of Chile gave no sign of recognition as the British ship *Johnson* approached. Her frayed rope ends flapped lazily in the wind. The few remnants of the tattered sails were green with age. When she failed to answer the hail, the captain of the *Johnson* put off with a boarding crew to examine this weird stranger. He and six members of his crew managed to make out the name *Marlborough, Glasgow*, still faintly visible on the bow, although it was badly weathered and somewhat obscured by a layer of some mossy growth.

Once they were aboard the *Marlborough* the boarding party found themselves standing on rotten decks, surrounded by one of the classic mysteries of the sea. Beside the helm was a skeleton, still clad in tattered rags, a bony hand stretched out toward the wheel that it would never again touch. Three more skeletons were found in positions which left the impression that they had died trying to crawl under a heavy wooden hatch cover, which had protected them in death as it had failed to do in life. Making their way carefully over the crumbling decks, the boarding party found thirteen more skeletons; those of the captain and two other officers at the foot of a companionway, three more on the bridge, seven of the crew in their quarters, some of them in their bunks as though death had overtaken them in their sleep. Further investigation was abandoned because the physical condition of the ship was such that it was too dangerous to search it. The cargo of lumber was still in place,

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but there was no clue to the cause of the disaster that had overtaken the captain and crew.

The *Johnson* continued her voyage to New Zealand and reported her strange experience. Authorities took the information and began to probe to determine the facts, which were meager enough, all told.

The records showed that the *Marlborough* had left Littleton, New Zealand, in January of 1890, with a crew of twenty-three men under Captain Hird. She was sighted in the Straits of Magellan a couple of weeks later, and then vanished until 1913 when the *Johnson* sighted her. As in the case of the *SS Ourang Medan*, many years later, something killed every one aboard, swiftly and without warning, and left the *Marlborough* adrift in the South Pacific with a crew of skeletons for twenty-three years.

On February 10, 1953, the English freighter *Ranee* brought into the port of Colombo a modern mystery ship.

The *Ranee* had come upon the motorship *Holchu* adrift between the Andaman and Nicobar Islands on February 7, 1955. Unable to raise anyone aboard the motorship by signaling, a boarding party was sent to investigate. They found the vessel deserted, but sound. She was well supplied with food, fuel and water. Her radio was in working order. But there was no living thing aboard her and nothing to indicate where they might have gone, or how and why they went.

On the work tables in the galley, the boarding party found a meal that was ready to be served, waiting for a crew that has never been found.

It was another case where, for some unknown reason, the crew of an isolated vessel suddenly left the ship for reasons which may never be known and for a destination which can only be guessed at.

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Something was menacing the Dutch vessel *SS Ourang Medan* as she beat her way through the straits of Malacca on that February morning of 1948. The ship flashed a series of frantic distress calls. Dutch and British radio centers picked them up and their directional gear quickly confirmed the location of the stricken vessel. Again and again the radio operator on the *Ourang Medan* sent out his S.O.S. calls. Then there was a short silence before the radio crackled again: "All officers including the captain dead, lying in chartroom and on bridge . . . probably whole crew dead." Suddenly the message became garbled. Another call for help was rapped out with desperate speed. Then the final message: "I die," followed by a silence that told its own story.

Rescue craft from Sumatra and Malaya rushed toward the scene of the distress calls. They found the *Ourang Medan* right where she had reported herself, but there was no response to their calls to her.

When the boarding parties clambered to the deck of the *Ourang Medan* they found themselves in a floating morgue. There was the master of the vessel on his back on the bridge, dead, one hand thrown back covering his eyes. In the wheelhouse were the bodies of the other officers, piled across each other on the floor. In the wireless room, the operator who had tried so desperately to bring help was slumped in his chair, his lifeless hand still lying across the transmitting key. The corpses of the crew were scattered throughout the vessel, some in their bunks, others where they had fallen in the line of duty. On the face of every corpse in every part of the ship was an expression of stark terror. Even the captain's pet dog died on the deck with its teeth bared in anger, or agony.

In the report filed with the Proceedings of The Merchant Marine Council, the officers of the rescue vessels say they found no traces of violence and no wounds or injuries on any of the bodies. After a conference on the deck of the stricken vessel the other ships agreed to pull the *Ourang Medan* with her grisly cargo, into the nearest port. But, while they were talking, flames burst out be-

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tween decks. The would-be rescuers hastily abandoned the ship when they found themselves unable to control the fire. Minutes later the *Ourang Medan* exploded and sank. The strange fate that overtook her captain and crew remains a modern mystery of the open sea.

Captain Gerald Douglas was awakened by the pounding on his cabin door. It was shortly after daylight and the *Tuvalu* was rapidly drawing near a derelict vessel. Douglas hurried on deck and quickly made out the drifter to be the *Joyita*, a sixty-foot schooner that had vanished after she left Apia in the Samoan Islands on October 5, 1955, with twenty-five persons aboard. Here she was, on the morning of November 10th, waterlogged and drifting aimlessly without a living soul aboard her, as Captain Douglas and his boarding party quickly discovered. To deepen the mystery, even the log book was gone. There was no indication of violence. The cargo of food for the crew and passengers was still in the hold, virtually intact except for what might have been eaten by twenty-five persons in about a week. What had happened to Captain Dusty Miller and the twenty-four persons in his care? Captain Douglas flashed the news of his discovery and the search was promptly underway. The British Government assumed that the missing persons might have left the *Joyita* in rafts, in which case they should easily have reached any of the numerous islands in the area. But weeks of searching produced no trace of them. There was a reward of a hundred pounds for anyone who could shed light on the mystery, but the reward was never claimed. What became of the twenty-five missing persons who had sailed away on that tragic voyage? The *Joyita* had a radio transmitter which was not functioning well, and for some reason Captain Miller declined an offer to repair it for him before he left Apia. His transmitter and two radio receivers were still in place when the deserted craft was found. Hauled back to port, the *Joyita* was finally sold as salvage, repaired, and

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sent out again, only to ram into a reef and be abandoned. She refloated herself and was sold to another owner but crewmen wanted no part of her—the *Joyita*, they said, was jinxed. The *Joyita*, when first found by the *Tuvalu*, had on her deck an empty two-gallon can riddled with tiny holes. This brings to mind the strange experience of the Arctic explorer, Ejnar Mikkelsen. In 1914, when Mikkelsen was in the arctic, he found one of his oil cans empty, riddled with hundred of needlelike holes. As with the case of the *Joyita* . . . it was a minor mystery still unsolved.

Postscript: The most recent chapter in the riddle of the *Joyita* and her missing passengers was recorded in early 1961 in a court at Cardiff, Wales. There, the wife of the missing Captain Miller had asked for a divorce on the grounds that her husband was presumed dead and that she was deserted.

Judge Temple Morris noted that the *Joyita* had been found abandoned and deserted; that no distress calls had been received; that no survivors or messages had ever been found and the court added that the *Joyita* had been unseaworthy at the time of her fateful sailing. Therefore, the judge held, Mrs. Miller was entitled to have both her requests granted.

The mystery of the *Joyita* remains unsolved in late 1961. The arbitrary court action, ten thousand miles from the scene of the unsolved tragedy, was unable to add a single paragraph to the known facts about the case.

In the gathering gloom of November 2, 1957, the flaming ship stood out like a beacon. Whatever caused the fire must have happened suddenly, for the lookout on the oncoming Japanese freighter *Meitetsu Maru* had seen nothing in that same direction a moment before. The Japanese ship was bound for Seattle and was thirty miles

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off Vancouver Island when the flaming vessel was sighted.

The officers of the *Meitetsu Maru* noticed a bright, circular white light near the burning ship, but as their freighter approached, the white light receded swiftly in a great upward arc and vanished in the distance. There was no effort to board the ship, for the flames had already gutted the sixty-foot vessel by the time the Japanese got there. In his report to authorities the freighter's captain said that the name "K-13-ac" was visible on the side of the flaming hull, but no other identifying marks. There were no survivors in the water and the ship was afire from end to end, as though it had been an arson job.

The skipper of the Japanese freighter radioed the alarm and search planes went into action at once. Their flares failed to locate any survivors and, oddly enough, although there were many fishing boats in the area, none of them found any survivors and only one of them reported a glow which could have been the burning ship. Since that single report mentions only a brilliant white light—before the time the Japanese freighter arrived—it must have referred to the same bright light which the freighter's men had seen, moving upward and away from the fire.

The "K" would indicate that the vessel was of Canadian registry, but there were no missing craft carrying that designation. Another oddity is the unexplainable scarcity of debris; all that was found in days of careful search by the Coast Guard was an empty naptha can, of the type frequently used in the cook's galley on foreign fishing boats but *not* on Canadian or American craft; and a charred chopping block carrying fish scales native to that area. No other debris was found, no insurance claims were ever filed, no survivors ever showed up, no vessel of that type was reported missing, and no inquiries from friends or relatives were ever filed. The mystery of the "K-13" remains unsolved to this day.

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THE "THING" ATTACKS

One of the weirdest reports in many moons was that carried by Reuters News Agency from White River, South Africa, in mid-August of 1960. It quoted Police Chief John Wessels and others who watched attacks by what they called "an unseen agency" upon the person of Jimmy deBruin, aged twenty.

The phenomenon began on August 10, when deBruin went to work at a plantation near Farm Datoen, where he lived. At first there was nothing more vicious than the activity generally described as "poltergeist" (German for "noisy ghost"), the customary tossing about of bottles, furniture and other odds and ends. But in this particular case the objects were tossed around with such violence that police were called, and Chief Wessels and three of his constables went to the scene.

Said Wessels: "I walked through the house, and as I left the lounge an ornamental sealed-glass bowl containing a flower smashed to the floor four feet from the shelf on which it had been standing."

Suddenly deBruin, who was wearing shorts, began to scream with pain. While the officers watched, cuts appeared on the youth's bare legs and blood streamed from them. On the following day, while two detectives watched closely, a deep gash appeared on the boy's chest, under his white shirt, a slash inflicted by some unseen agency or means.

The attacks on beleaguered Jimmy deBruin continued for several days, generally taking the form of slashes which were as cleanly cut as though they had been made with a razor blade or with surgical instruments, according to those who examined them. The police were unanimous in their opinions that the boy could not have inflicted the cuts himself.

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As with most poltergeist cases, the phenomena gradually subsided until they finally ceased.

The terrifying experience of Jimmy deBruin is similar in many ways to the savage attacks which were inflicted upon eighteen-year-old Clarita Villaneuva in Manila, beginning on the night of May 10, 1951, when she fled screaming to the main police station, seeking protection from her unseen assailant. The story of her incredible experience is told in full in my book *Stranger Than Science*, published by Ace Books under the Chapter heading "The Invisible Fangs."

OFFICER SABEL, THE PSYCHIC COP

The police radio dispatcher at Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan, flashed the report of a holdup that had just taken place. Patrolman Don Sabel was riding with a rookie cop, Robert Sass, when they picked up the alert on that fall afternoon of 1960. Sabel and Sass both noted that the description of the two bandits was rather vague. The victims, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lambardi, had been held up in their home and plundered of a sizable amount of cash and jewelry. In the excitement, they failed to make note of the details needed to properly describe the bandits.

For no reason which he could explain, Officer Sabel told his driver to swing the car around and drive along Mack Street, which was in the vicinity of the house where the robbery had occurred.

It was a warm evening and there were many strollers on the street as Sabel and Sass cruised along. Suddenly Sabel told Sass to pull over to the curb and stop. Sabel jumped out of the car and walked up to a man who was just about to enter a restaurant. He asked the startled fellow a few questions and then arrested him on the spot after frisking him and finding that he was

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loaded with almost five hundred dollars in cash and a woman's wrist watch.

Sabel brought his suspect to the scene while other officers were still there getting briefed on the robbery. The Lambardi's looked up in amazement when the man who had just robbed them came walking back into their house, handcuffed to a police officer. Sabel had the right man and the bandit confessed on the way to the police station.

It was not the first time, nor was it the last, that Patrolman Don Sabel solved crimes by this direct and peculiar process.

About two months after the Lambardi case, Sabel was cruising around on Hawthorne Street in Grosse Pointe. He noticed two young men sitting in a car, laughing nervously, he thought. Sabel passed them by and then, for no real reason, decided to go back and have another look. As he pulled up, they sped away. He pinned them in against the curbing and took them to the police station for questioning. While the police were querying the youths, Mr. and Mrs. John Heberling phoned to report that their home had been burglarized. The police chief was understandably proud to be able to advise the Heberlings that the guilty parties had been apprehended before the crime had been reported, a new high in snappy police work.

These strange premonitions have happened to Officer Sabel many times, with gratifying results. He can't explain them and prefers to call them hunches. His chief calls them "pure inspiration."

Whatever it is, it has enabled Sabel to pick out an unidentified bandit from a crowd within a minute after the crime was discovered, and to solve another burglary before it was even reported. He doesn't want to talk about it, but the steadily growing record speaks for itself.

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QUEER CRATERS

Something strange and violent was happening on the South Carolina farm of Mrs. John C. Allen. It was July 31, 1953, when she first noticed the phenomenon—a crater more than sixty feet across and from seven to twelve feet in depth. Quite evidently it had been blasted from the earth, although neither Mrs. Allen nor any of her neighbors had heard any explosion.

On the following day they found another such pit, similar in shape to the first but only nine feet wide and scarcely five feet deep. Something had struck there with terrific impact, or some sort of explosive had blasted out the pits. If it was an explosive, it was a unique chemical that left no detectable traces and made no noise, qualities which ruled out all known explosives.

Mrs. Allen reported the queer doings to the sheriff and that gentleman promptly investigated. He discovered a pine tree near one of the craters with its top sheared off as if by lightning. Sheriff Rogers also picked up a handful of powdery gray ash from the blasted tree and sent it to Clemson College, where analysis showed it to be nothing more than ordinary wood ash.

On the day prior to the discovery of the first crater on the Allen farm, a series of four similar craters had been discovered in a field alongside a road about six miles from Georgetown, South Carolina. The holes were in a straight line and were about fifteen feet across and six feet in depth. They were readily visible from the road because the force that created them had thrown mud and sand for a considerable distance around them.

That, too, was a case where no one had heard the explosions (if there had been any explosions), and local authorities found themselves baffled. They called in the Navy, which instituted a probe based on the supposition that the puzzling craters had resulted from gunfire or bombs dropped from planes. Careful study and lengthy analysis of the soil produced nothing to support either

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hypothesis. The Navy reported to the South Carolina authorities that the craters "had been made by meteorites or other unknown causes."

The meteorite theory would seem to be improbable, if not entirely impossible, for two reasons: first, because tall trees around the craters were untouched, with the possible exception of the one tree on the Allen farm; second, the presence of meteors would have left traces which could have been detected by chemical analysis.

There was no official determination of the cause, but *something* had ripped six large craters in the soil of South Carolina in the two closing days of July, 1953. These were not the first of such craters, nor have they been the last, as we shall see.

There was at least one recipient who almost got a glimpse of the crater-makers. He is the Reverend Melvin D. Carr, who lives in the Great Smoky Mountains, near Pittman Center, Tennessee.

It was about five minutes past six in the evening on October 6, 1956, and the minister was in the barn milking his cows. There was a bright flash, and a roar which he thought sounded like an explosion. Reverend Carr jumped up and looked out the open door of the barn, but whatever it was, he was too late to see it.

On the chance that it might have been a bomb, accidentally dropped from some passing plane, the minister called Sevier County Sheriff Ray Noland, who came up to investigate. The two men soon found half a dozen holes scattered in a sixty yard radius on the slope of a hill about one hundred fifty yards from Reverend Carr's home. One hole was about nine inches in diameter and perhaps three feet deep. The others were shallow pits averaging about six inches in diameter and only four or five inches deep.

The sheriff decided that it certainly wasn't a bomb but that it might have been a meteorite . . . or something else.

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Rather more unnerving was the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hall of Carthage, South Dakota, in the spring of 1955. They awakened one morning to find a gaping hole in one of their fields, a crater that was two feet across but *eighteen feet deep!*

The alarmed farmer called the sheriff, who took one look and called the Air Force. They took the customary soil samples and arrived at the anticipated conclusion—no evidence as to what might have caused it. All agreed that the hole was there, and all agreed that they didn't know what could have caused such a thing. The upshot of it was that farmer Hall boarded it over to await developments. At last reports he was still waiting.

The farm owned by W. R. Wacaser is located in what is known as the Little Alafia section in Hillsborough County, Florida. In December of 1956, the farm was rocked by the impact of something huge and violent that ripped into a cowpasture, tearing out a hole the size of a boxcar.

Mr. Wacaser promptly called the sheriff who called the Air Force. They sent experts on the double-quick, for the first descriptions left the impression that this might have been a runaway missile from Cape Canaveral or possibly a bomb dropped accidentally from one of the numerous planes that make daily trips around the Tampa area.

Grass around the hole was burning when the first persons arrived on the scene a few minutes after the crash. Several trees were knocked over by the blast, and many others were burned on the side nearest the crater. Other trees fell into the crater and, along with the sod, continued to smolder for forty days.

No rocket, no bomb, no radioactivity . . . and no explanation that covered the known facts ever was discovered.

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One of the most puzzling of these mystery craters is the one which occurred near Logan, Utah, on May 1, 1954. It is one of the few such cases to have had an eyewitness: Mr. James Fuller of Clarkstone, Utah. He reported to authorities that he was driving along the highway near Logan when he was startled by a brilliant red hemisphere of flame which seemed to spurt from the ground slightly ahead and to the left of his car. A few seconds later, his car was nearly overturned by a tremendous rolling concussion. Small wonder, for over an area of two hundred square miles around that spot, cars were jolted, doors flung open and a shock like that of an earthquake reported by scores of frightened persons. Investigation revealed that when Fuller first saw the flash, he was (fortunately!) a little over a mile from the point where it occurred.

Search parties set out early next morning to look for the crater, and Game Warden Joe Sheen was the first to locate it—a pit sixteen feet across and eight feet deep. Chunks of earth and some stone had been thrown for hundreds of feet in every direction.

Since the blast had attracted such widespread attention by its fury, authorities sent for expert help at once. Three specialists arrived on the double-quick to examine the site while the evidence was fresh. They were Dr. Lincoln La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteorites at the University of New Mexico, and Professors Clyde Hardy and J. Stewart Williams of the geology department at Utah State.

The three scientists agreed that the hole was not the result of a meteorite, which would have betrayed its passage through the air by a flaming trail some twelve miles above the earth—a requirement which was absent.

Lacking the prime requisite of a meteorite impact, that left the scientists with the possibility that the crater and the widespread shock had been caused by chemical explosives, deliberately or accidentally. Yet they found

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no evidence to support that theory, either, for there was no smell of the characteristic clinging after-odor of explosives and no chemical traces of them in the debris. Nor could it have been a nuclear device of any sort known at the time, for Geiger checks by the professors revealed no unusual radioactivity.

The blast had broken through the hardpan and the crater gradually became an artesian well.

Unable to trace the cause of the thunderous blast, the three scientists finally packed up their gear and left the scene. The crater was still there; the witnesses were there; the scientists were there. Only thing missing was some detectable clue to what had caused the phenomenon.

Bill Blackburn lives on a farm about twelve miles from Red Bay, Alabama. One clear, cool day in December of 1957, he was startled by a jarring explosion. When he investigated, he discovered a cluster of gaping holes in one of his fields. Three of them were relatively small, six to eight feet in diameter and about three feet deep. They were clustered around a real grandpappy of a crater, a yawning pit five feet deep four feet wide and forty-eight feet long. The force that tore out the craters had flung quantities of sod and sandstone about the field for a hundred feet around.

Deputy Sheriff Aubrey Blackburn came and saw and called the Third Army Headquarters in Atlanta. They sent investigators who came on the double-quick. Among other things, they noted that a barbed wire fence near the craters had been fused in a couple of places. On this they based their guess: the whole thing was a case where a field had been struck by lightning.

Make your *own* jokes.

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UNEXPECTED TRANSPORT

Mrs. Joe Weron, of Bowdle, South Dakota, took her nine-year-old daughter Sharon with her in the family car, along with three smaller children, to drive to a neighbor's house to get a horse. It was July 1, 1955.

When they reached their destination, the skies looked threatening, so Mrs. Weron put Sharon on the horse to take a short cut across the fields while she drove the car back around the roads.

Mrs. Weron got home first, and she and the three youngsters were out of the car, standing in the front yard, when they saw Sharon coming across the field on horseback. There was no storm—just a breeze—but suddenly something lifted Sharon and the horse from the ground and sent them into the air to a height of perhaps thirty feet. Mrs. Weron could distinctly hear Sharon's screams as she scrambled into the car and made off in pursuit. A few minutes later she found the terrified child and the shivering horse safe and sound on a hillside almost half a mile from where they had taken to the air. In the course of their strange journey they had cleared three fences, two of which the horse could not possibly have jumped.

There was no tornadic disturbance and no whirlwind was in evidence—just the flying mare and the frightened child who clung for dear life.

The alarming experience of little Sharon Weron had a happier ending than that of another young girl. The case of sixteen-year-old Mary Ann Bailey is recounted in detail in the *Yorkshire Observer* for February 23, 1911.

At 8:40 A.M. on the preceding day, an estimated eighty girls were standing with their satchels and books on the playground of the Hanson High School in Yorkshire. There is a high brick wall around the school and the youngsters were waiting for the bell which would

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summon them to classes. It was windy, with gusts up to thirty-five miles per hour.

Suddenly there was a scream and Mary Ann Bailey shot into the air. Says the *Observer*: "With her skirts ballooning out and her arms extended, she rose to about thirty-five feet above the playground, then crashed down to the asphalt, smashing her jaw, wrist, forearm and thigh. For two hours, until she died, she remained unconscious.

"The school has two upper floors but no one had seen Mary Ann ascend to any upper room. At the inquest, the coroner said he could not believe that the girl had been transported thirty-five feet into the air from the playground. Why should that have happened to her alone, one among seventy-nine other girls?"

Further investigation only deepened the mystery. It was brought out that Mary Bailey's dress was identical to that of her classmates and that she had been standing in a group of four when she suddenly shot into the air.

Meteorologists and aeronautical experts agreed that it would have required a wind with a velocity of at least one hundred ten miles per hour to have lifted the girl into the air. On the morning of February 22, 1911, there was no gale or even a single gust of such velocity anywhere in or near the British Isles.

Whether this next report belongs in the same category with those we have just discussed I am not prepared to say. But just for the record, here it is.

For a good many years, a substantial tobacco barn stood just inside the city limits of Lumberton, North Carolina. It was about twenty by twenty feet, well constructed, and in continuous use.

On the night of April 15, 1955, the barn vanished! Fire Chief Ed Glover of Lumberton could only say that, "It just went up . . . sort of disappeared in a kind of explosion." But explosives experts could find no trace of any explosion; they could only find that the barn had

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gone up and away to the north, dribbling a few scraps to indicate its direction and then it had vanished.

A tornado perhaps?

The U.S. Weather Bureau at Raleigh said it could not have been a tornado because the conditions were not right for such twisters.

The barn took off. Where or how it went nobody knows, but even the experts agree that it is gone.

UNEXPLAINABLE CREMATIONS

The number of persons who die from burning is comparatively high, and most such cases are directly attributable to well-understood conditions. But in the records, there are other cases which do not conform to the commonly understood characteristics of fire, although fire was certainly involved. These deaths are discovered, investigated and filed away without acceptable explanation. Yet from time to time they recur—just often enough to plague the experts who must deal with them.

In the microfilm department of the Reddick Library in Ottawa, Illinois, there is a copy of the *Daily Republican Times* of that city, dated December 28, 1885. It carries a detailed account of the mysterious cremation of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Rooney, a grisly event which had occurred on Christmas Eve.

John Larson, the hired man for the Rooneys, made the find and reported the case to authorities. He and the ill-fated couple had been drinking whiskey from a half-gallon jug around the kitchen table. John had gone to bed after a couple of drinks, leaving his employers to their imbibing. When he came downstairs next morning, before daylight, to begin the day's chores, his lantern revealed a scene of horror.

The entire kitchen reeked with a nauseating odor and everything was coated with a thick layer of oily soot.

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Pat Rooney lay dead on the floor beside the table. He was fully clothed but he, too, was covered with the malodorous soot. Of the corpulent Mrs. Rooney the feeble light of Larson's lantern gave no hint. The hired man fled to a neighbor's house to call police.

Two officers came on the double-quick and they accompanied Larson to the scene. Rooney's body was there, just as the hired man had described it, but of Mrs. Rooney there was not a trace.

In view of what happened a few minutes later, it seems that the excited officers must have been in a complete funk. For there beside the kitchen table was a hole in the floor, three feet wide and four feet long, yet they failed to notice it until they had searched every other room in the house!

When they finally got around to taking cognizance of the charred and gaping hole they found the remains of Mrs. Rooney: a burned piece of skull, a couple of vertebrae, a portion of foot bones and a few handfuls of white ashes on the earth a couple of feet below the kitchen floor. No other part of the floor was burned.

Further investigation disclosed that the oily soot from this cremation had collected on the stairway leading to John Larson's bedroom and had settled on his bed to such an extent that his head was outlined on the pillow. The hired man was quite ill for several days as a result of the fumes he had inhaled in his sleep.

After lengthy but fruitless investigation the authorities decided that two hundred pound Mrs. Rooney had come to her death by accident but they could not decide just what kind of accident it had been. The fierce heat which had completely consumed her body had burned a sizeable hole through the floor, yet it had left the rest of the room untouched with the exception of a corner of the table cloth immediately above the body. Patrick Rooney presumably suffocated from the fumes, although the heat left him untouched.

The victims of this bizarre tragedy were buried January 1, 1886, in the Catholic cemetery at Ottawa, Illinois,

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their deaths the subject of widespread speculation, without explanation, as to the strange fate that had befallen Mrs. Rooney.

Harold Hall, 59, of Benecia, California, told his landlord, Sam Massenzi, that he believed he would go to the movies that night. It was April 28, 1956, and the men were standing in front of 114 East F Street, where both of them lived.

Harold went into the house to dress and Sam sat down on the front steps to chat with a neighbor.

Half an hour later, Sam smelled smoke and he went inside to investigate. On the kitchen floor he found Hall, unconscious and frightfully burned. The man was lying on his back. His chest, arms and face were virtually charred, although the clothing on his back was untouched by the flame.

When medical help arrived it was discovered that the man's lungs were badly burned and an incision was made in his throat to enable him to breathe. But Harold Hall was beyond help, he died a few hours later.

The Benecia Fire Chief, Thomas Geifels, investigated and declared flatly that the fire had not been caused by gas. There was speculation that Hall might have spilled cleaning fluid on himself, but that was mere speculation for there was no evidence to support it. The fiery death that overtook Harold Hall that warm April evening remains an unsolved mystery with many of the aspects of similar cases at other times in other climes.

One afternoon in December of 1956, Mrs. Virginia Cagat smelled smoke seeping from the apartment next to hers at 1130 Maunakea Street in Honolulu. Unable to get a response to her knocks, she opened the door on a scene of horror.

Seated in the corner of the room in an overstuffed chair was a seventy-eight-year-old helpless cripple,

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Young Sik Kim. His body was wrapped in flame, fire that was raging so fiercely that Mrs. Cagat couldn't get near him. She fled from the place and her screams attracted Mrs. Kim and other neighbors. They, too, were turned back by the intense heat.

In the excitement somebody bungled the call to the fire department; they didn't get it until ten minutes after Kim's plight had been discovered. By the time the firemen arrived, the flames had died down to such an extent that they were easily controlled.

Then the peculiar and mystifying nature of the fire became apparent. It had been so hot that the first rescuers could not approach near enough to throw water on the blaze. It had completely consumed the overstuffed chair on which the victim was sitting. His body was half-consumed. A nearby clothes rack, loaded with clothes, was destroyed, along with a venetian blind and a curtain. But the wheelchair on which his feet were resting was only slightly scorched.

In the final analysis it became another in the growing list of cases where fire of great intensity had confined itself to a very small area while it consumed a human being in a fashion which does not conform to the scientific understanding of fire.

On January 7, 1939, the *Liverpool Echo* reported the strange death of Mrs. N. Edwards, Makin Street, Walton, Liverpool, England. *The Echo* said that Mrs. Edwards was found burned to death by her own clothing, which had caught fire by some method which could not be discerned, because there was no fire or light in the house at the time and she did not smoke tobacco in any form.

Liverpool had had a somewhat similar case about a year previously, when, on July 30, 1938, a woman suddenly burst into flames and burned to death before her horrified and helpless family while they were cruising along Norfolk Broads in a small pleasure craft. Neither the police nor the family could explain it.

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At Chelmsford, England, on September 20, 1938, the *Daily Telegraph* carried a gruesome account of the flaming fate which overtook a Chelmsford woman while she was in the midst of a crowded dance floor. Flames shot up around her, defying the frantic efforts of her escort and others who rushed to the rescue. Within a matter of seconds she was a human torch; moments later she was dead. The coroner, L. F. Beccles, questioned the witnesses, examined the evidence and told newsmen: "In all of my experience I have never come across a case as mysterious as this!"

The day after Christmas in 1916, the housekeeper at the Lake Denmark Hotel, seven miles from Dover, New Jersey, was found lying on the carpeted floor, badly burned and dying. Her clothing had been destroyed by the flames and the floor beneath her was slightly charred, but nothing else in the room had been damaged. There was no hint as to a possible origin of the fire and although the victim, Lillian Green, was still able to speak when she reached the hospital she died without being able to explain what had caused her to burst into flame.

The deadliest day on record for these mysterious burnings must surely have been December 27, 1938, when the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* and other papers carried the accounts of three aged persons who were consumed by fires for which there was no acceptable explanation. The victims were Mrs. Louisa Gorringe, of Downham, Kent; Mrs. Agnes Flight at Brixton; and most spectacularly for that day of doom, James Duncan of Ballina, County Mayo, Ireland, who burst into a roaring mass of flame that quickly consumed him and his bed, a fire "that rescuers were unable to approach."

Most baffling to the investigators of these three tragedies was the discovery that none of them smoked tobacco and none were near any fire of lamp which might have ignited them.

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Which brings us to the baffling case of Veronica Rae Klenke, who was eleven years old at the time of her terrifying experience, March 28, 1953. She lived in Silver Spring, Maryland, a suburb of the nation's capitol.

Veronica was practicing on her expensive accordion, which she had owned for about three years. Suddenly her father heard the child scream. Henry Klenke rushed upstairs from the basement to find his daughter swathed in flames. Before he could tear the blazing accordion from her and throw it through the window into the backyard, both father and child were badly burned.

Veronica told investigators that she had just begun to play the instrument when jets of fire began squirting from it in every direction.

Investigation disclosed nothing that might account for the blaze. The accordion had not been exposed to any inflammable liquids or fumes (it had been locked in its case until the child removed it a moment before the fire), nor were there any matches or fires in the room where the accident occurred.

Deputy Montgomery County fire chief Roy Warfield said he could find nothing to account for the furious blaze which burned Veronica over thirty-five percent of her body while her father suffered second degree burns over about twenty-five percent of his body.

Self-igniting musical instruments are rare indeed, but this case is just another in the series of strange fires which constitute such a puzzling page on the records.

At Nijmegen, Holland, in April of 1938, Willy Ten Bruik met his death in most baffling fashion. His little closed car ran off the road and came to a stop without a collision. Passersby called authorities, who came on the double-quick, but not quickly enough to save Willie. The car was filled with smoke and the metal was too hot to touch barehanded. When it had cooled a bit the police removed Willy, a veritable cinder, from the charred wreckage of the interior.

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Oddly, they found the gas tank intact and there was no indication of any condition which might have loosed such an inferno.

Baffled, too, were the authorities of Upton-by-Chester, England, on April 7, 1938, when they were called to a tragedy beside the highway. A truck driver had been incinerated in the vehicle's closed cab. The doors of the machine opened easily but for some unknown reason the driver had made no effort to escape from the furnacelike fate that overtook him. Again, authorities found the gasoline tank undamaged and they could find no clue that might explain the fire or what caused it. Just another instantaneous holocaust that could not be explained.

On March 1, 1953, several motorists noticed a 1951 Nash parked alongside the road on Bypass 291, near Greenville, South Carolina. Smoke was curling from the narrow openings at the tops of the windows. But when the motorists reached the car they found the door handles too hot to touch and the windows so blackened with soot that they could see nothing inside the burning vehicle. Suddenly the car started up and drove away. At a point some four hundred yards away it stopped briefly, then slowly rolled forward and to the right down a steep embankment, plunging end over end to the bottom of a steep ravine.

Firemen and police arrived a few minutes later and scrambled down to the still-smoking wreckage. They drenched the car with chemical foam, unaware that there was anyone in it. To their surprise they found the charred body of fifty-year-old Waymon Wood, of Greenville, S.C., on the burned-out front seat. Fire of undetermined origin had gutted the Nash. The flame had been so hot that plastic fittings had melted and the windshield had bubbled and sagged into the car. Yet the fire itself had been confined to the front seat.

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Again, expert analysis failed to produce a single clue to the cause of the fire. Neither the body of the victim nor the debris of the car interior showed any trace of flammable material which might have supported the debatable conclusion of suicide. A fiery fate of inexplicable origin overtook Waymon Wood as he drove along the highway that afternoon. What it was and what caused it will probably never be explained.

Precisely what happened to Billy Peterson on the evening of December 13, 1959, may never be known. Before we consider the possibilities and the mystery, let us examine the known facts.

At exactly 7 P.M. on that fateful Sunday evening, Billy left his mother at his uncle's home in Pontiac, Michigan, to drive to his own home about one mile distant. Slightly less than an hour later firemen were called when passersby noticed smoke seeping out of Billy's automobile which was then parked in his own garage.

When firemen removed the young man's body from the car, they discovered that he was dead and that his face and arms were livid with burns. They also discovered that the car itself was so hot that it had melted a plastic icon on the dashboard, but there was no fire in the car.

The young man's body was removed to Pontiac General Hospital where an autopsy was performed to determine the cause of death. The doctors ascertained that he had died of carbon monoxide poisoning—no mistake about that. An examination of the car revealed that the tail pipe had been altered and the exhaust fumes led into the car itself by means of a piece of flexible pipe. Further investigation turned up the missing piece of tail pipe in the garage at the home of Billy's uncle, where relatives recalled that the young man had been puttering around in the garage shortly before he left for his fatal ride.

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This fact, coupled with the knowledge that he had been on sick leave for two months due to a kidney ailment, seemed to point to suicide.

It could hardly have taken more than ten minutes at most for Billy to drive from his uncle's home to his own garage. How long he had been sitting in the car in the garage before the alarm was sounded is not known, but it could have been thirty or thirty-five minutes.

At first, some of the investigating officers were inclined to write it off as just another case of suicide, possibly the result of ill-health. But the medics at Pontiac General Hospital could not reconcile such a possibility with the balance of their findings, for they were admittedly amazed at the condition of Billy's body.

He was literally covered with burns.

For instance, his back and legs were covered with second and third degree burns; his left arm was so badly burned that the skin had peeled off. Yet, the hair on his body was not even singed! His nose and mouth were burned, but his eyebrows were untouched.

The extent and severity of his burns made it certain that he could not have dressed himself after the burns occurred. And there was no evidence that anyone else had dressed him, for that, too, would have left marks which were not present. The investigators decided that at the time of his injuries Billy Peterson was fully clothed. Whatever caused the burns over most of his body did not burn his clothing, his underclothing, or singe the hair on his body.

Doctors at Pontiac General Hospital were baffled, of course, as were the police, and the Detroit newspapers quoted the medics as saying, "It's the strangest thing we've ever seen!"

The puzzling case of Billy Peterson was recorded as an accident. How it could have happened remains an unsolved mystery.

If Billy Peterson was indeed burned by something that

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seared the flesh without burning his clothing, as the evidence indicated, it was not without precedent.

In early April of 1953, Maryland State Police were called to the scene of an accident which had occurred about eight miles south of Hanover. There the officers found the body of Bernard J. Hess, 35, of Baltimore, in his overturned car. The vehicle had left the highway, skidded at an angle down a twenty-foot embankment and ended up with its wheels in the air.

The coroner found that Hess had died almost instantly of a fractured skull and internal injuries. That much was routine. But the coroner also found something else: Bernard Hess was fully dressed and yet his body was two-thirds covered with first and second degree burns. The burns were so serious that it was considered impossible that he could have been dressed *after* having been burned. Something had inflicted those burns on his body while he was fully clothed—without burning the garments.

The body of Bernard Hess resembled that of a man who had been trapped in a flaming car, except that there was no trace of any fire in the car.

The burns which played a part in his death constitute another mystery which remains unsolved.

In the summer of 1959, the newspapers in Grand Rapids, Michigan carried the reports of the puzzling fate which befell Dr. Lemoyne Unkefer, 36, of that city. She and her husband, Dr. George Ruggy, 48, both practiced medicine in Grand Rapids.

One evening after they had both worked until 8 P.M., they drove home and Dr. Ruggy took their baby sitter home while his wife bathed and fed their five-month-old baby. When Dr. Ruggy retired about 10:30 P.M. his wife was sitting in the living room, reading a new book.

About 1 A.M., passersby noticed that the living room was in flames. They rushed in and found Dr. Unkefer's body lying beside her chair on the living room floor. The

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body was badly charred, but nobody else in the household had even been aware of the fire.

January, 1959. Teheran, Iran: Hussein Meshayekh and the fire department had a busy and baffling day at his house. There were eighteen separate blazes in one day, all due to causes which could not be determined. Most annoying from Hussein's standpoint was the fact that his underwear caught fire—while he was in them.

In Rockford, Illinois, in the spring of 1959, Ricky Pruitt died of critical burns at the age of four months. The burns were suffered while the infant was in his crib, but neither the crib nor the bedclothes was even scorched.

San Francisco, January 31, 1959: At the Laguna Home for the Aged in San Francisco, orderly Sylvester Ellis gave Jack Larber, one of the aged patients, a glass of milk. After Larber had drunk the milk, Ellis took the empty glass and left the room. Five minutes later, Ellis told police, he glanced in as he passed by the door and saw Larber wrapped in flames. Since the victim neither smoked nor carried matches, authorities found themselves with a real puzzle on their hands. One fire department official ventured the possibility that someone had drenched the old man in lighter fluid and set him afire, a theory that failed to stand up under investigation.

THE PATIENT BULLET

During the disastrous British attack on Gallipoli in World War One, one of the attackers was a young British

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soldier named John Russell Makinson. He was among those whose ranks were decimated as they tried to claw their way up the slopes to the entrenched Turks. Makinson was thrown backward by the impact of a rifle bullet and tumbled into a ravine. There stretcher bearers found him and carried him to the hospital.

Medics examined him and did not bother to perform surgery. The bullet was lodged in his heart, a circumstance that was regarded as invariably fatal. But John Makinson clung to life, feebly, tenaciously. Doctors re-examined him and decided that surgery would be fatal, so he was invalided out of the army and sent home to Surrey, England, where he operated a small hotel for many years.

In the summer of 1936, just twenty years after his battlefield brush with death, John decided to take a vacation trip, including a side trip so that he could show his wife the battlefield where he had been struck down.

As they strolled arm in arm over the rugged terrain, John seemed to be looking for something. At last his face brightened. Pointing to a narrow pathway that came up out of a ravine, he exclaimed: "I say, Maggie, this is where the blighters got me!"

At that instant his knees buckled and he slumped to earth, dead. An autopsy disclosed that the bullet which had been imbedded in his heart had suddenly shifted its position, completing the grim mission on which it had been dispatched twenty years before.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK

Death comes in many forms to claim its victims. So it was that the faithful performance to duty by Thomas Manners rewarded him so tragically.

He was a public servant whose duties included winding the great clock in the bell tower of the Law Courts

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Building in London. This chronological landmark was driven by an arrangement of strong chains which moved the hands; the chains in turn were actuated by heavy weights which wound onto a huge steel drum turned by a large electric motor. The electric motor merely adjusted the tension and the level of the weights. The winding of the clock was accomplished by a huge crank which was located in the gear room about twenty feet below the face of the clock itself. Thomas Manners attended to it alone for seventeen years, climbing the narrow stairs in the dark, always alone.

In early November of 1954, people who customarily referred to the big clock noticed that it had stopped striking. Repairmen, unable to find Manners, climbed to the winding room in search of the difficulty.

There they discovered why the clock had ceased to function. Manners was jammed into the huge gears of the clock, his coat caught in the mechanism. Little by little it had strangled him. For seventeen years death had waited for Thomas Manners, concealed in the gears of the great timepiece he had served so faithfully.

FROM COWS TO RICHES

The story of two of America's first great fortunes began with a mouse, a maid and a bunch of cows. It goes like this:

In the winter of 1633, the sailing ship *Treventure* was docked in Southampton, loaded with forty-five fine fat cows to be delivered to the Canary Islands where the supply of beef cattle was painfully short. These cows were the property of the Earl of Northumberland and he stood to make a fine profit on them, for when his tenants couldn't pay their rent, he took their cattle at his own prices. His rent collector was a former convict named Culloden, an ideal person for separating the peasants

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from their property. Culloden heard that the peasants were coming to hang him, and at gunpoint he forced the captain to put to sea even though the supplies were not all aboard. Lashed by storms and bullied by Culloden, captain and crew were soon short-tempered. Culloden fancied himself a practical joker. Seated across the table from the captain one night, he waited until that worthy bent over his plate and then dropped a live mouse down the neck of the captain's shirt. They fought. Captain Stewart tore the bully's gun from his hand and shot him dead.

From that moment Captain Stewart was a marked man. He turned the ship from the Canaries and made his way to Boston. The food gave out. He and the crew ate seven of the cows. Upon arrival, the other cattle were just bags of bones but the settlers bid eagerly for them, the first cows in America. As a result, Massachusetts became the cattle center of the colonies, and the leather industry followed as the cattle multiplied. Stewart auctioned off his entire cargo of undernourished cows in just thirty minutes and sent the ship back to England with his compliments, but with nothing else.

Captain Stewart began to utilize his talents as a trader. He soon struck up a partnership with another astute trader named John Jacob Astor, and between them they founded two of America's first large fortunes. Astor branched out into the fur business with his share of the leather and hide industry founded on the Earl of Northumberland's purloined cattle. Stewart's fortune later financed one of the great mercantile ventures in New York City. And the cows? They have grown into a billion-dollar industry, and their descendants still race madly across the television screens each night, all because a seagoing bully put a mouse down the captain's back.

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THE IMPOSSIBLE INSTRUMENT

At the conclusion of a particularly frustrating and unsuccessful series of experiments, Thomas Edison made one of his most profound observations when he said that the experiments had shown how little we really know and how little we understand of what we do know. In this connection the discovery made by a Greek sponge-diver on Easter Sunday of 1900 is especially appropriate for consideration.

The Greek made a routine dive for sponges, which he was cutting from the wreckage of an ancient ship in shallow waters off the coast near Piraeus. From time to time the sponge-divers brought up curiosities which they tried to sell to museums. On that Easter morning the sponger dug out an encrusted metallic clump wedged among the timbers of that very ancient vessel. He picked at it carefully with his knife, enough to see that it was some sort of soft, shiny metal, but it was so crumbly that he had to handle it carefully lest it become worthless. He found that it was neither gold nor silver and lost interest in it. The article went to the Greek National Museum in Athens where it finally ended up on a shelf in the storage room bearing a tag that identified its place and manner of origin and the label as "Unknown."

In the latter part of 1958, the distinguished Dr. Derek Price, of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton, was casually probing around in the museum at Athens when he picked up this "unknown" lump of metal, so corroded by its long immersion in the sea that it was flaking off in his hand. Dr. Price examined it carefully and to his amazement found that he was looking at a delicate and precisely made model of the Earth, sun, moon and planets, fashioned sometime between 75 and 55 B.C. It contained complicated gears which were made to turn by a small crank, moving the representations of the heavenly bodies through their orbits with correct relationship to each other. Examination under magnifi-

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cation showed that it bore ancient Greek symbols and calibrations explaining the theory of the machine.

Said Dr. Price: "Finding this thing is like finding a jet plane in the tomb of King Tut! This delicate, precisely made astronomical instrument is two thousand years old . . . made at a time when we thought they did not understand the solar system nor how to manufacture such an instrument . . . but there it is!"

PREHISTORIC MYSTERIES

Somewhere in the dusty storage room of a museum there lies a chunk of feldspar which was taken from the Abbey mine near Treasure City, Nevada, in November of 1869. This fist-sized piece of stone was unusual because firmly embedded in it was a metal screw about two inches long. Its taper was as clearly visible as was the regular pitch of the threads. Having originally been of iron, it had oxidized, but the hard stone which held its crumbling remains had faithfully preserved its delicate contours. Trouble with this exhibit was that the feldspar in which the screw was embedded was millions of years older than man himself (as estimated by science), so the annoying exhibit was sent off to a San Francisco academy and quietly forgotten.

That object was as unanswerable in its way as the challenging discovery of Tom Kenny of Plateau Valley, on the western slope of the Rockies in Colorado. In 1936 Tom was digging a cellar in which to store vegetables for the winter. At a depth of ten feet he found his digging blocked by a smooth, level pavement. Further work revealed that the pavement was made of tiles, each five inches square and handmade. They had been laid in a mortar which was subjected to chemical analysis; it showed that the mortar was of a different composition from anything found in that valley. The perplexing pave-

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ment is there today. Scientists can only agree that it is very old, at least twenty to eighty thousand years. But there remains the chilling fact that the pavement lies in the same geological layer as the fossils of the three-toed Miocene horse, which roamed that part of the world from six to thirty million years ago!

The strange pavement on Tom Kenny's farm has a counterpart in Kentucky, where workmen at Blue Lick Springs unearthed the bones of a mastodon at a depth of twelve feet. Three feet deeper they found a broad stone pavement made of well-cut and neatly-fitted stone slabs—another incredibly ancient work of man that remains unsolved.

Nor does the record end there. In 1851, in Whiteside County, Illinois, the twisting bit of a well driller brought up two artifacts from sand at one hundred twenty feet. One was a copper device shaped like a boat hook; the other a copper ring of unknown purpose. And in 1871, near Chillicothe, Illinois, drillers brought up a bronze coin from one hundred fourteen feet—another bit of evidence that man had been there. But when, no man can say.

THE NAMPA IMAGE

In the drilling of wells, considerable debris is brought up from the layers of earth and stone through which the drills grind their way. So it was that on the afternoon of a blazing August day in 1889, on the farm of M. A. Kurtz near Nampa, Idaho, the drill brought up a tiny baked-clay figurine from a depth of three hundred feet. Kurtz noticed the inch-long object in the mixture of sand and clay. He washed it off and discovered to his amazement that it was an unmistakable image of a man with one leg broken off at the knee, presumably as the result of contact with the drill bit. If genuine, this inch-long oddity

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might constitute evidence of human existence long prior to the accepted dates. If it were a hoax, how did it get down in that deep layer of sand, three hundred feet below the surface? Word of the discovery brought considerable publicity to Nampa and considerable derision from its contentious neighboring cities of Boise and Caldwell. Newspapers carried the report and the pictures of the tiny image and thus it was that Charles Francis Adams of Boston, an official of the new railroad that ran through Boise, became interested. He acquired the controversial little image and had it placed on display in a Boston museum. Its very existence resulted in the customary scientific squabbling. To admit that it might be genuine would mean jeopardizing the long-held scientific opinions on the antiquity of man in this hemisphere, so the stand-patters denounced the image as a fraud. But there were many eminent men of science who came and saw and went away convinced that the Nampa Image was a genuine relic, an artifact tens of thousands of years old, lost ages ago by some Dawn Man in the sandy bed of a stream and brought up in fair condition by an astounding freak of chance. Unfortunately, the argument as to its age cannot be resolved by the carbon-dating technique, which is applicable only to organic materials. Experts at the Smithsonian Institute who have examined the Nampa Image can only say that it is of unusual design, primitive in concept and material. As to its age, they declined to venture a guess. If it is a hoax, Mr. Kurtz certainly never made any effort to gain either money or publicity from its finding. Today it rests in a glass case at Boise's Davis Park Museum. Scientists cannot agree whether it is antique or merely unique.

THE MAGIC BELLS OF BATTLE

A gem in a magnificent pastoral setting is the little village of Feldkirch, on a steep hill just inside the western

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border of Austria. On Easter morning in 1799, the village found itself looking down the valley into the cannon barrels of a French army that had crept up under cover of darkness. The little town was the key to Arlberg pass, through which Napoleon planned to pour his armies into Austria. The village was defenseless. Only a miracle could save it.

The town fathers hurriedly called a meeting. They had to decide quickly whether to surrender and save the city, or to fight and die while the women and children sought safety in the mountains.

Finally the dean of a church arose. His voice trembled with emotion. "My friends," he said, "this is Easter, the day of the resurrection of Christ. Let us display some of the courage that *He* had. Let us pay tribute to *His* day by ringing the church bells to show that we have some of the *faith* that *He* had! If the town must fall to the enemy then we shall at least have paid homage to the Lord. I say *let the bells ring!*"

His emotion electrified his audience. Within minutes, the bells of a church began to ring joyously. . . . another church joined. . . . and another . . . until the bells of all four of the churches in Feldkirch were sending their silvery tones ringing down the valley. The bell ringers worked so assiduously that they imparted a sort of triumphant sound to their work.

Half a mile away, the French army was puzzled by this unexpected outburst of bell ringing. Were these people mad? Facing utter disaster, why were they suddenly so jubilant? The leader of the French forces, General Massena, called a staff conference. The general and his advisors decided that the beleaguered citizens must have received some sort of good news. And that meant *bad* news for the French. It could only mean one thing: Austrian troops were approaching and the French Army would soon find itself looking *up* into the muzzles of enemy cannon—a suicidal situation. Watchers in Feldkirch were amazed to see the eighteen thousand French troops making a hasty retreat; but it was true. History

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records that action as a "repulse" for the Army of Napoleon, but it was more than that; it was the only known case where a great army was driven off by the ringing of Easter bells.

THE CORPSE WANTED HELP

Camerino, Italy, a very ancient town with about five thousand in population, is in the mountains near the east coast of Italy. It boasts an ancient cathedral and, important for this record, a university.

During the summer of 1950, a small group of psychic researchers were holding a seance with a local medium, Mario Bocca, when the medium muttered that a very confused personality who called herself Rose Menichelli was trying to deliver a message.

The course of the incident developed that this alleged Rose Menichelli had been born and lived in the town of Castel-Raimondo, about six miles from Camerino. She claimed to have died in Camerino and to have been buried in the cemetery there—*buried alive!* She begged that her remains be exhumed and the truth of her horrible experience be brought to light so that others might be spared such an ordeal.

One of those present at the seance was Dr. Guiseppe Stoppolini, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Camerino, a physician and psychologist of note in Italy. Dr. Stoppolini had been the recipient of many national honorary titles and awards, and when he filed a request for the exhumation of the body of Rosa Menichelli Spadoni, her married name, the authorities granted his request without questioning.

The burial records show that Mrs. Rosa Spadoni had died in Civil Hospital in Camerino on September 4, 1939, at the age of 38. Cause of death, according to attending physicians, was puerperal infection with heart involve-

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ment. She was buried September 6, 1939, in grave 10, line #47.

Dr. Stoppolini secured the cooperation of local authorities for the opening of the grave. Present were Dr. Matteo Marcello of the Camerino Board of Health, Dr. Alfredo Pesche, a pathologist, three officials representing the government of Italy and a photographer, S. Manfrini, who recorded the findings on film.

The grave of Mrs. Spadoni was reopened on September 13, 1950, in the presence of those listed above. The eleven years of interment had badly decomposed the coffin but it was not crushed. The workmen carefully removed the crumbling lid and exposed the remains.

The skeleton lay on it's back, with the skull turned to the left. The left arm was flexed and the wrist was directed toward the mouth, the finger bones and two of the hand bones inside the mouth and throat cavity. Examination by the doctors present revealed that the small finger bones bore evidence of having been bitten. The fingers were clenched inside the mouth. The hair was disarranged and the knees were bent as if in an attempt to force the coffin lid.

The findings of the exhumation completely confirmed the statement attributed to Rosa Menichelli as recorded at the seance. She had unquestionably not died at the hospital but had been buried alive while in a coma, to awaken in her coffin, beyond help.

Scores of newspapers carried the bizarre story of Rosa Menichelli Spadoni and the manner in which it was brought to light. As a result of the gruesome disclosure and of Dr. Stoppolini's campaign for mandatory embalming of the dead, many Italian communities changed their burial practices to prevent a repetition of this tragic incident.

The entire case is a matter of official record. The only phase of it which is not fully understood is that by which Rosa Menichelli Spadoni made her horrifying experience known, eleven years after she had suffocated in her grave.

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CLOUDS IN COLLISION

Theoretically, such a thing could not happen, but it did happen and the result was tragic.

Hundreds of persons in and around Mill Run, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, saw the two strange clouds approaching each other on that fateful afternoon of July 28, 1874. The witnesses noted the ominous and unusual appearance of the clouds: They were dense black masses and each was ringed with a belt of red. One cloud came over the horizon from the northeast; the other approached from the southwest. Clouds in collision? Impossible, of course. Clouds travel with the wind, and the wind can't blow in opposite directions at the same level at the same time.

As the awestricken populace watched and wondered, the black, red-ringed clouds drew nearer to each other. It left many with the impression of two great warships maneuvering for position in the heavens; and that effect was heightened by the fury of the lightning that flashed between them. The earth trembled with the concussion.

Then they seemed to ram together. There was a thirty-second period of incredible violence, according to witnesses, a period when the sky seemed to be exploding. With that supreme effort, the uproar subsided and the cloudburst began. Columns of water came plunging down from the heavens and in a matter of minutes it was sweeping fences, livestock and bridges before it. A hundred and fifty persons lost their lives in the roaring waters that came churning down the valley. It is believed to have been the most violent and disastrous event of its kind in that area—and certainly one of the strangest.

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SCIENCE STUDIES DEATH

It was the contention of Dr. W. J. Kilner of St. James Hospital in London that death, which is the inevitable sequel to life, deserved more scientific study than it had been receiving. Instead of merely accepting it, Dr. Kilner wanted to know what it was.

He made no memorable progress toward the solution of that phase of his problem but he did succeed in finding a condition which his fellow scientists chose to disregard. In 1908, during the course of his experiments one day, he chanced to use a viewing filter stained with a rarely-used dye called dicyanine. Looking at a nude human body through this filter, he found that he could detect a cloud of radiation extending for about six to eight inches around the body, showing distinct colors. And if the body was seriously diseased, the "aura," or radiation around it, exhibited unmistakable changes of color and intensity, according to Dr. Kilner.

This radiation vanished instantly at death, he wrote.

The dissemination of this report left him embroiled in a flood of controversy and denunciation. Dr. Kilner was neither a mystic nor a publicity seeker, but merely a quiet, common-sense man of medicine who felt that he had made an important contribution to science, as indeed he may have. Some of his contemporaries said they could see the radiations as he did; others were vehemently certain that there were no radiations to be seen. Dr. Kilner clung doggedly to his work and his conclusions, publishing them in extensive form in the book "The Human Atmosphere" in 1920.

Kilner's preoccupation with an analytical approach to death and its mysteries were contemporaneous with work being done by others in the same field. Death continued to baffle the scientists, and they continued to probe.

Professor William McDougall was one who devoted much of his time and talents to scientific assault on the

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subject of death. At the time of his experiments in 1906, he was the head of the Massachusetts General Hospital where he had ample opportunity for examining patients at the precise moment of death. His purpose was to determine whether there was any appreciable and *detectable* physical change in the human body when life ceased to exist in it. Was there some measurable factor which could be recorded at that interval?

The scientist constructed a very delicate set of balance scales, large enough to hold the cot and the patients who were near death. The scales were so delicate that they recorded the weight of a cigarette which an attendant placed momentarily on the platform.

Dr. McDougall's first test case was an elderly man who had no known relatives. As the tide of life ebbed slowly from the patient, McDougall and his assistants waited almost breathlessly. At the exact moment of death they had their answer; the scales showed a sudden loss of weight of approximately one ounce. Taking into consideration the possible loss of air from the patient's lungs, there was still a measurable factor for which there was no ready accounting. McDougall concluded that something real, but invisible, had left the patient's body at the moment of death.

The experiment was repeated several times with other patients and invariably the delicate scales indicated that *something* left the body at death. Whatever it was, it weighed from a quarter of an ounce to slightly more than an ounce, and could not be seen.

McDougall was not alone in his findings, for Prof. Twining, then on the staff of the Los Angeles Polytechnical School, subsequently conducted similar tests which duplicated the findings at Massachusetts General Hospital.

A former bacteriologist at Cornell University, Dr. Otto Rahn, conducted lengthy experiments which seem to substantiate certain aspects of the conclusions drawn by McDougall and Twining.

Dr. Rahn's findings were published in a small brochure in 1936. He stated that he had discovered some unknown

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rays which emanated from the fingertips, nose and eyes of the living body. He found that these rays were powerful enough to destroy yeast cells and other microorganisms. Perhaps most important, he and his assistants determined that these emanations ceased instantly at the moment of death.

In short, the technical language of Dr. Rahn's little brochure said that the human body is surrounded by an invisible but potent envelope of unidentified radiation which vanishes with death.

Rahn's experiments and conclusions were followed and supplemented by the work of Dr. George W. Crile of the National Academy of Sciences in Cleveland, who wrote in his report that, "the human body gives off an infrared radiation from 8000-12,000 Angstrom units." This radiation is detectable by instruments but well beyond the limits of normal human perception.

In this connection, we might digress from the purely scientific aspect of the problem to consider the experience of the noted writer, Louisa May Alcott: She and her mother and the family doctor were gathered at the death-bed of Miss Alcott's sister. As they watched, the body of the patient shook with the tremor of death; the doctor made the customary examination and prepared to pull the sheet over the corpse. Just then, in full view of the three witnesses, a thin, faintly glowing mist rose slowly from the body, coalesced and floated away.

Needless to say, the witnesses were dumfounded. Miss Alcott described the scene: "My mother's eyes followed mine and when I said, 'What did you see?' she described the same mist." The doctor, too, said that he had seen the faintly luminescent mist, although he could offer no explanation of its nature.

In April of 1907, the French physician and neurologist Dr. Henri Baraduc arrived at a fascinating conclusion: he decided that his lengthy researches into human vitality indicated that he might secure some startling results if he photographed the human body with specially-sensitized plates at the moment of death.

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Ironically, his first subject was his own son, Andre J. Baraduc. Photographs were taken at the instant of death and at intervals of three hours thereafter until six plates had been exposed.

The negatives were so unusual that Dr. Baraduc repeated the experiment when his wife died six months later. On this instance, the first exposure was made at the moment of death and subsequent exposures made each fifteen minutes thereafter for two hours.

The negatives showed three distinct globes of mist rising from the dead woman's body, rather more distinct than in the case of the pictures taken of the son. These balls slowly coalesced until they formed a single globe. This floated motionless for half an hour, connected with the body by a tenuous, luminous cord. At length, the cord seemed to dissipate and the globe floated out of range of the camera.

Dr. Baraduc exposed and developed the plates himself to preclude the possibility of mishap or fraud. They have been published many times but the inference to be drawn from them is so contrary to conventionalism that they have long since been filed and forgotten.

The emanation of some sort of rays from the human body was the subject of an interesting experiment by Dr. F. F. Strong, M.D., of Hollywood, California, in early 1918. He experimented with methods of recording such rays, if any, on photographic film. His results were so satisfactory that on July 24, 1918, he gave a demonstration of the method before a group of scientists meeting in Los Angeles.

He let the scientists select a subject, one of their own members, from the audience. Dr. Strong placed the man on a straight-back chair in the center of the stage, facing the audience, and had him hold his hands tightly against his chest with the fingertips about an inch apart. The auditorium was dimly lighted by only two 60-watt globes as a newspaper photographer, using his own camera, took a time exposure of the subjects hands.

When the plates were developed and shown to the

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assemblage there were distinct streaks of light connecting the subject's fingertips. The scientists agreed that there had been no trickery, but they could not agree on what the camera had seen which they had been unable to see. Dr. Strong repeated the experiment many times in subsequent years, but tiring at last of the persistent refusal of scientists to accept his findings, he gave up in disgust.

In the hospital records at Pirano, Italy, is the report of a bizarre incident witnessed by three eminent doctors: Drs. Vitali, Trabachi, and De Sanctis. It occurred as a patient named Anna Monaro lay dying in a private room. The three physicians had assembled there after hospital attendants had reported an unexplainable phenomenon. The cautious doctors had searched the patient, examined the room minutely, changed the nurses on the case and sealed the window to eliminate all outside light sources.

But there it was, just as the frightened attendants had reported. In the hours just before dawn, while the three doctors watched beside the bed, a mere wisp of blue light flickered faintly on the dying woman's chest. It faded, brightened and then faded again. The doctors bent over and examined it at close range. The strange light cast no shadow, even when it was at its brightest.

There was never any explanation of the phenomenon, of course, just the report signed by the three respected doctors who witnessed it. Then the report was filed away and forgotten, like the reports of McDougall, Rahn, Crile and Strong and Baraduc.

The late Harry Houdini, a world-renowned theatrical magician and "escape-artist," devoted a large measure of his time and talents to the exposure of persons who professed to have supernatural powers. Houdini's methods were often as questionable as those employed by some whom he exposed. But in his files the great magician left the record of a case which he could neither explain nor duplicate. It reads:

"Los Angeles, April 11, 1923. In reference to photo-

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graphs of Mrs. Mary Fairfield McVicker, who, before she died, requested that pictures be taken over her body at five P.M. on the day of her funeral, saying that she would appear in spirit form . . . I got in touch with Larry Semon (a movie producer and a close friend of Houdini—*author's note.*) who arranged to let me have a cameraman. At 3:45 P.M., Nathan Moss walked in with his camera and plate-holders. He had no idea what I wanted.

"We went to Howland and Dewy, Eastman Kodak representatives, for a dozen plates, size 5 x 7. I handled the package, and walked into the darkroom with Moss. He loaded the holders with the plates we had just purchased.

"He then placed all the loaded plateholders in his grip. . . . On arrival at the church we took ten exposures.

"When we returned we entered the darkroom, and in my presence the plates were developed immediately, and on one we saw a peculiar streak. Moss made a print from this plate which caused a lot of talk. Not one photographer could explain how this could be tricked.

(Signed) Houdini."

In his booklet "Houdini's Spirit Exposés" that picture is reprinted. It shows the streak as a heavy band of light with a ball of luminescence at one end. The marking was so unusual that professional photographers were at a loss to explain how it could have been the result of a defective plate or camera.

It was an experience which Houdini could never explain and, at the time of his death, his good friend Joseph Dunninger found the account of it in Houdini's handwriting in the magician's files, along with an offer of one thousand dollars to anyone who could duplicate the effect under similar test conditions. There were no takers.

In a somewhat different category were the experiments conducted by a scientist at the University of California in 1934. Dr. Robert Cornish was interested

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in the possibility of restoring the dead to life. It was his belief that if the physical processes involved were better understood, many persons who died by drowning, asphyxiation and in automobile crashes might be saved.

As part of his experiment, he put to death by nitrogen asphyxiation on April 13, 1934, a dog known as "Lazarus III." After four minutes of death, Dr. Cornish began applying artificial respiration by means of a special apparatus and gave the dead animal an injection prepared from the blood of another dog, mixed with eheparin, epinephrin, gum arabic and a mild salt solution.

On May 16, slightly more than a month after the dog had been put to death, Dr. Cornish permitted reporters to observe the results of his experiment. The newsmen saw the dog eating and walking. They reported to their startled readers that the creature seemed to be in a sort of stupor but it was admittedly alive.

The published accounts brought an avalanche of denunciatory outcries from those who saw only what was happening rather than what it was intended to accomplish. For a time the university authorities supported Dr. Cornish, but eventually the torrent of abuse became heavier than they were willing to endure. On June 4th, 1934, Dr. Cornish was invited to vacate his laboratory at the University.

About a month after his exit from the school, newspapers reported that Lazarus III was still living and that the "resurrected" canine was showing signs of regaining his faculties. That was his last appearance in the public prints.

Another series of scientific attempts to cheat death ran almost concurrently with those of Dr. Cornish, and ended quite as dramatically.

On April 6, 1935, Dr. Ralph Willard of Los Angeles revealed the performance of a near-miracle; he had revived a tubercular Rhesus monkey which had been frozen stiff for three days. Furthermore, said Dr. Willard, he had been able to do the same thing with rabbits and guinea pigs. These startling results were an offshoot, he

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told newsmen, of experiments to determine whether the freezing destroyed the tuberculosis bacilli.

Clinically, the subjects of his experiments were dead. By subjecting them to his unique and revolutionary freezing process, which he said suspended the life processes without destroying the tissues, Dr. Willard felt that he could restore a human being to life and health, devoid of harmful germs.

His story made headlines and within ten days one hundred eighty persons had volunteered to be frozen to death in the interests of science. Dr. Willard selected the son of a professor at Columbia University for the experiment.

Although the Rhesus monkey remained alive and well, the S.P.C.A. clamored for an end to the experiments, which it called "inhuman, brutal and degrading." When it was announced that the next subject of the deep-freeze was to be a human being, the district attorney at Los Angeles added his uproar to that of the S.P.C.A. and the experiment was doomed. Dr. Willard abandoned his project and turned his hand to more conventional, though less important, lines of endeavor.

One of the world's great inventive geniuses was a man who had little if any religious belief; a man who hacked out his niche in history by ignoring the traditions in search of the facts. Like most mortals, he was curious about the possibility of the existence of the human consciousness after physical death. He said: "I have been thinking for some time of a machine or apparatus which could be operated by personalities which have passed on to another sphere of existence."

Unfortunately he was not given to confiding in others nor to keeping extensive records of his experiments. That he did conduct some research toward the goal he mentioned is known, but how far or with what measure of success is not recorded.

On the basis of his past performance it seems most regrettable that this genius was unable or unwilling to devote his full time to such a fascinating project, for the

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man who tried to develop an instrument through which the living might communicate with the dead, was none other than Thomas Alva Edison.

MERIWETHER LEWIS—MURDER OR SUICIDE?

Between the shot that killed Meriwether Lewis and the lucky break that had launched him on his career, there are many strange episodes, of which his death itself was but the culmination.

Honored for his part in the great Lewis and Clark Expedition, and condemned by his political enemies for alleged graft and fraud, Meriwether Lewis came to his death in the ramshackle log cabin of John Griner in the hills of Tennessee under circumstances which are subject to several interpretations. Did he kill himself? Was he murdered? In either case, why?

Let's look at the record.

The tall, gaunt stranger who had asked for lodging at the humble cabin of Mr. and Mrs. John Griner on that October evening in 1809 did not bother to identify himself. He took the room which was offered and ate his evening meal in silence. The Griners were accustomed to providing lodging for occasional travelers and they had learned to ask no questions, for Tennessee was still a wild country that harbored some rough characters.

After supper the stranger retired at once to his room. The Griners heard him muttering, but they could not tell whether he was talking to himself or holding a real or fancied conversation with someone else. Since their own room was in the shed kitchen at the rear of the cabin, it was possible, though not probable, that someone else could have entered the stranger's room. Not probable, however, without the family dogs raising quite a rumpus—and they gave no sign of alarm.

Shortly before dawn the next morning, the Griners

heard a shot. It seemed to be in the house or very near the house. Mrs. Griner hurriedly unlatched the front-door and looked around. She noticed that the dogs were gone, but otherwise everything was as it should have been. From the stranger's room there came groans. She called her husband and together they entered.

They gazed down on a mystery that has never been solved.

The tall stranger was writhing in agony on the floor. His garments were soaked with blood from a wound on the left side. There was a low stump which still stood in the corner of the hurriedly-built cabin room and the dying man clutched at it.

Mr. Griner tried to staunch the flow of blood while his wife bathed the stranger's face with a damp cloth. There was little time remaining. The stranger raised himself on one elbow and said: "I am no coward . . . but it is hard to die . . . so young . . . so hard to die . . ." and sank back down. A few minutes later he was gone.

Who was he? Where did he come from?

The Griners searched through his battered old leather knapsack and found only two well-worn buckskin shirts, a crudely painted picture of a young dark-haired woman and a little ledger which bore on its fly leaf the inscription: "Meriwether Lewis, Albermarle, Virginia. Capt., U. S. Army."

Captain Meriwether Lewis of the famed Lewis and Clark Expedition, Governor of the Louisiana Territory, dead on the floor of a cabin, by a gunshot wound of unknown origin!

The Griners had both heard the shot. They had both rushed into the adjoining room in a matter of seconds. They had both noticed that in the small room where Captain Lewis lay dying *there was no powdersmoke*. This was odd, they thought, for the black powder used in those days left an acrid white fog to mark its firing—but there was no such smoke in Lewis's room.

They decided that this was a matter which had best be left to the authorities, such as they were, and Mr.

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Griner saddled up his mule and rode off to the nearest settlement, some thirty miles away.

At the time of his death, Meriwether Lewis was en route to Washington to defend himself against charges that he had been lax in handling financial affairs in his capacity as Governor of the Louisiana Territory. He had left St. Louis accompanied by Major John Neely of the U. S. Army. As they made their way along the lonely roads in the foothills of eastern Tennessee, several of the pack mules carrying Lewis's records panicked in thunderstorm and Major Neely went back to catch them. The Governor, thin from malaria and sick at heart from the political calumny that was being heaped upon him, continued until he reached the cabin of the Griners.

The charges against him were later found to be baseless, and perhaps a more patient man might have ridden out the storm with less suffering to the soul, but Meriwether Lewis had long been consumed with another inward fire, that of being frustrated in love. He had been courting the daughter of Vice-President Aaron Burr at the time President Jefferson had sent him off with his friend Lieutenant William Clark on the journey that was to make them famous. Aaron Burr did not approve of his daughter's fondness for Captain Lewis and Lewis suspected that Burr had a hand in sending him away into the wilderness. When Lewis next saw Miss Burr it was at her father's trial for treason, at which Lewis's friends were aligned against Burr. The greeting from her for which Lewis had long been waiting was cold. Stunned and saddened by this turn of events, Lewis turned away and left for St. Louis to take up his new duties as Governor of the Territory—a bachelor, but not by choice.

As he started back to Washington to defend himself against his political enemies three years later, Lewis was physically worn and mentally fatigued. Had he lived to reach Washington he could easily have cleared himself of the charges which had been made and in so doing he could, on the basis of the evidence in his ledgers, have scored heavily against his detractors.

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Thomas Jefferson accepted the report that this gallant explorer had died by his own hand, presumably in a fit of mental depression.

But the suicide theory left some unanswered questions.

Governor Lewis's rifle was standing in the corner of the room where he died and it had not been fired. There was no powdersmoke in the room when the Griners rushed in a few seconds after hearing the shot. If Lewis killed himself by pistol, what became of the weapon? No pistol was ever found although the room was repeatedly searched.

What of Major Neely, the Governor's companion? He went back to catch the mules, so he said, and for some reason he never showed up at the Griner cabin until mid-morning of the following day, hours after Lewis's death. At the time he decided to spend the night with the mules, or wherever he spent it, Major Neely presumably had no way of knowing whether the Governor had found shelter from the storm.

What really happened to this national hero? Did he die by his own hand in a fit of despair? If he shot himself, what did he do with the weapon? Or was Meriwether Lewis murdered by political enemies to enable them to rifle his ledgers in order to protect themselves?

His friends failed to provide the answers to those questions and his enemies had good reasons for not wanting them answered, so the tragic end of Meriwether Lewis remains as one of the unexplained mysteries of history, fenced in by question marks.

THE RIDDLE OF THE FLANNIN LIGHT

Seafarers in the North Atlantic know them as the Flannin Islands, but in reality these seven menaces to shipping are nothing more than barren rocks which total a little less than a mile square. Due to their location

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they are dangerous, and many a ship ripped out its bottom on their jagged snouts before the lighthouse was built there.

Known as the Seven Hunters Lighthouse, it was manned by a staff of four. Each man worked an eight-hour shift, with the fourth man for relief. Things went along without incident there until the closing days of 1900, then the lighthouse became scene of a mystery that remains unsolved to this day.

On the morning after Christmas, the relief ship *Hesperus* hove to off the island. It had brought the usual stores of supplies and also a relief man, Joseph Moore, whose arrival would permit one of the lighthouse keepers to take a well-earned respite from the lonely vigil on the rocks.

But there was no response from the lighthouse when the *Hesperus* hoisted the customary signals. Moore, a veteran of such work, decided that the men on the rock were still asleep and he made ready to go ashore. The supplies were stowed into a small boat and Moore rowed to the landing dock at the foot of the lighthouse. Still no indication that the presence of the *Hesperus* was known to the crew on the rock. When no one answered his shouts, Moore had a growing premonition of tragedy. He hastily tied up his little craft and climbed the stairs, pausing twice to shout.

Nobody answered his calls because there was nobody there. He climbed out on the railing around the light and signaled for help. The *Hesperus* sent out two men who aided Moore in a careful and complete search of the lighthouse and the few nearby spots where the men might possibly have been fishing or swimming. There was nobody.

The daily log of the lighthouse contained its last entry under date of December 15th, eleven days before the *Hesperus* arrived. The log mentioned that a heavy gale was blowing—after that the pages were blank. Subsequently, the steamship *Archer* reported that the light had not been burning during the night of the 15th and

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as a result the Archer had narrowly avoided piling up on the rocks.

Inside the living quarters at the lighthouse, everything was in order. The lamps were trimmed and ready, the beds made, the kitchen utensils spotless. The only missing articles were the oilskins and seaboots of two of the lighthouse keepers. This led to some speculation that they might have gone to secure some equipment near the storm-damaged landing dock and had been swept away by the sea. This theory would not account for the disappearance of the other two men, however, especially since their gear was still hanging in place.

The Coast Guard made a lengthy investigation and could arrive at no conclusion other than that the men were missing.

The fate which befell the four tenders at Flannin Light sometime during December 15, 1900, remains an unsolved mystery.

BERT REESE—"GIMLET EYES."

From his birth in Prussia in 1841 to his death in Germany in 1926, the record of what he did and where he did it is quite clear. But how he did what he did remains unexplained and perhaps unexplainable.

His real name was Berthod Riess. At maturity he was round-faced, potbellied and short of stature. Bert liked to stroll along with the ashes from his big black cigars tumbling down over his bright-colored vests. He changed his name to Reese early in life because he found that too many people pronounced his real name as though it were "rice," which he detested.

Many eminent persons who conducted experiments with Reese were convinced that he possessed some strange, abnormal gift or power, although Reese himself never made any claims of any kind. By remaining

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silent he let others fan the controversy, which raged about him for years, to his benefit. Harry Houdini, the professional escape artist who delighted in denouncing those who specialized in psychic performances, called Reese an out-and-out faker. But as in other instances of his career, Houdini was unable to expose Reese's alleged methods, or to duplicate Reese's feats.

The paunchy little Prussian had appeared before scores of the leading European scientists and other dignitaries before he came to the United States shortly after World War I. In this country he baffled Woodrow Wilson, Charles M. Schwab, Warren Harding and others. But perhaps most important for all parties concerned were the experiments which he permitted Thomas A. Edison to conduct. Here was no mere political figure nor prominent newspaperman, but a man of science noted for his skepticism of such things as "mind-reading."

When Edison finished with Reese the great inventor wrote a magazine article about his experiences with the little Prussian.

The tests were conducted in Edison's laboratories at Orange, New Jersey. According to Edison, Reese's opening gambit left his auditors dumbfounded.

Bert asked Edison to call into the room a number of his assistants. When they had assembled he asked Edison to select any one person from that group and to send that person into another room. There the man was instructed to write on a slip of paper the maiden name of his mother, the place where he was born and some other intimate personal items which he alone could know. Having done this, the assistant was to hold the piece of paper tightly against his forehead.

Reese was told that the assignment had been completed. Closing his eyes as though pausing in deep thought for a couple of minutes, Reese broke the silence by reciting without error everything the assistant had written. When this had been checked and found to be correct, Reese gave them another tidbit: the assistant

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who had gone into the next room, he said, had a ten-kroner good luck piece in his watch pocket.

This, too, proved to be correct. The assistant carried the coin wrapped in paper, and how Reese knew what it was, or where it was, he never revealed and nobody else ever knew.

At the time of these tests Edison was working on the problem of the storage battery, trying to produce a lighter, more powerful battery to power the electric automobiles which Edison regarded as the ultimate in mass transportation. Edison went into another building some distance from where Reese sat with Edison's assistants. The inventor went into a room by himself and wrote on a scrap of paper the words: "Is there anything better than nickel hydroxide for an alkaline storage battery?" Edison folded the scrap of paper and stuck it in the back of his watch for safekeeping, then he returned to the room where Reese was waiting. In his account of the incident Edison reports that the moment he entered the room Reese looked up and said: "No, Mr. Edison, there is nothing better than nickel hydroxide for an alkaline storage battery!"

Two years after Edison's first tests with Reese, the great inventor was working in his office one day when an assistant came in and told him that Reese was waiting outside. Before sending word to his visitor to come in, Edison hastily scribbled the one word—"Keno"—on a bit of paper and slipped it into his pocket. No one else could have seen it. As Reese entered the room Edison said: "I have a slip of paper in my pocket. Can you tell me what is on it?"

The little Prussian grinned and replied: "Keno."

Edison defended Bert Reese from the attacks by Houdini and other critics. In one instance Edison wrote to the editor of the *New York Evening Graphic* and said that not only had Reese passed every test with flying colors, under the strict conditions imposed by Edison, but that Reese had performed similar feats for hundreds of other persons under conditions which precluded fraud.

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Bert Reese laughed at Houdini and strutted on through life, having fun and baffling the learned men of his day. He died in Germany in 1926 and his secret, whatever it was, went to the grave with him.

UNSINKABLE HUGH WILLIAMS

Students of such things may have an explanation, but they have never come forward with it.

On December 5, 1660, a vessel sank in the Straits of Dover, and the only survivor was a fellow named Hugh Williams. Precisely one hundred twenty-one years later, to the day, another disaster in the same waters claimed the lives of all on board, except a fellow with the charmed name of Hugh Williams. On August 5, 1820, when a picnic boat capsized on the Thames, all drowned with the exception of a five-year-old boy, Hugh Williams.

The maritime annals would seem to have finished with this amazing sequence after three such incidents, but that was not the case. On July 10, 1940, a British trawler was destroyed by a German mine and only two men survived. They were related, uncle and nephew, and both were named Hugh Williams.

DREAMS THAT SOLVED MURDERS

When W. C. Smith failed to come home from the filling station he operated on the outskirts of Wadley, Georgia, on the night of January 9, 1942, his alarmed family notified the authorities. They found that he had closed the station at 9 P.M., the regular time, and had left there with about one hundred fifty dollars in his pockets.

The officers were not too concerned about the pos-

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sibility of foul play; they knew of too many cases where missing forty-two-year-old husbands like Smith had merely taken the day's receipts and gone off on a tear. But if they thought that about this case, they were sadly mistaken.

On the afternoon of January 10th, the day after Smith vanished, two Negro hunters took a short cut behind the Primitive Baptist Church and there, under some bushes, they found the mortal remains of the missing man. He had been butchered at close range by a shotgun blast. The money was gone from his wallet.

For two weeks after the discovery of the corpse, the police were without a clue to the identities of the killers. Just when the slayers were probably congratulating themselves on their good fortune, a little girl had a dream. Mary Smith, the eight-year-old daughter of the dead man, told her mother that her father had appeared to her in a dream and had told her that he had been murdered by three men, whom he named. The child also said that her father had described the scene of the slaying, even to the spot where the empty shotgun shell was thrown and where his empty wallet was concealed.

Next morning the widow took the little girl to the skeptical Chief of Police, Charlie Spell, who listened but was reluctant to take action on nothing more substantial than the dream of a little child. Spell called in Captain S. W. Roper of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation and after that officer heard the story he assigned two skilled investigators, J. E. Eddy and T. M. Price, to the crime.

Checking out the leads from the dream, they found the incriminating shotgun shell and the empty wallet. Tracing the actions of the alleged slayers, they soon obtained evidence which substantiated the accusation in the dream. Police nabbed Morris Mincey, a nineteen-year-old Negro, who confessed that he had led the slain man to his doom by pretending that he had a jug of whiskey hidden behind the church. There, according to confessions signed by two white men: Cliff Salters, 34;

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Al McKenzie, 19; they had killed Smith when he resisted their attempts to rob him of his day's receipts.

None of the confessed killers had been under suspicion until little Mary Smith had her strange dream.

Mary Cooper had simply vanished in the spring of 1955, from her suburban home near Sylvester, Georgia. She did not vanish without a trace, however, for neighbors and police who investigated found bloodstains on the front porch of her home, on the sparse grass along the sidewalk and on the floor of her husband's car. But forty-five-year-old Hall Cooper, a laborer, clung doggedly to his contention that he did not know where she was. And until the authorities could find her, dead or alive, they didn't have much of a case.

Sheriff D. S. Hudson and his men spent a lot of time questioning Cooper, probing the wells and cisterns in the neighborhood and dragging a small stream a couple of miles from the house. They got nowhere.

Then the sheriff had a visitor one morning, a young woman with a strange story to tell. Ella Mae Weston said that she had had a frightening dream, had in fact had the same dream twice in one night. In it she had entered a ramshackle, abandoned house in which hay was being stored, and under the hay she found the body of a young woman who had been hacked to death.

With considerable misgiving, the sheriff and his deputies began a quiet search for old houses in which hay was being stored. There were a dozen such storage shacks in the county but luck was with the sheriff. On the third house he investigated, he found a bloodstain on the windowsill. Well-concealed under the hay was the body of Mary Cooper. It had been mutilated just as Ella Mae Weston had seen it in her dream.

Hall Cooper was promptly charged with the murder of his wife and a Worth County jury found him guilty

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without recommendation of mercy, which made the death sentence mandatory.

Another case where a dream played an important part in bringing a killer to justice.

DREAMS OF PREMONITION

In the early morning hours of November 18, 1955, a Brooklyn housewife and mother woke up screaming with terror. Mrs. Albert Harrison told her husband she had just seen her son die in a plane crash—a flaming tragedy.

"I saw the plane, a very big one, leave the airfield. There were civilians around but mostly the people were soldiers," she told the Associated Press. "Then, as the plane was taking off, I saw a house right in its way as it dived and caught fire. I waited outside the wreck helplessly as man after man jumped out of the wreckage.

"Then I saw my boy and he was burning.

"His clothes were all on fire. He fell down. He didn't move. I knew he was dead!"

Mrs. Harrison was still shocked and dazed from her dreadful dream when she received a long distance call from Seattle. It was regarding her son, Pfc. James Harrison, 20, who had been one of those aboard a huge military transport plane that had crashed and burned on takeoff, injuring scores and killing twenty-seven. The call notified the distraught mother that James was *not* dead, merely suffering from minor burns.

Newsmen were permitted to talk to him at the Seattle hospital. He told them: "I was in the cabin of the plane and then I saw the door. I don't know how I got out; I think I must have been thrown out.

"Next thing I knew I was in the snow, rolling over and over to put out the fire. My clothes were on fire. My shoulder hurt. My hand burned. I tried to get up but I

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was too dizzy to stand, so I just crawled. I had to get away from all that burning gasoline.

"Finally I put out the fire with snow. Then I turned around to see if I could help anyone else."

The time of the accident and the description of what happened coincided almost exactly with the dream of the boy's mother, except for the happy ending. When she learned that her son was one of the lucky ones who escaped with his life.

The strange story was a two-day wonder in the nation's newspapers before it dropped from sight, unexplained and unexplainable.

Kirklin, Indiana, is a quiet little prairie town where life follows a well-established routine. When nineteen-year-old Harry Evans failed to reach home by midnight one spring night in 1956, his mother went to bed with an uneasy mind. She finally dropped off to sleep but it was a restless, tossing, sleep that ended with a dream in which she could hear her son calling faintly for help.

At four o'clock in the morning, Mrs. William Evans set out to find her boy. She drove up and down the slippery rural roads for miles without result, then she suddenly noticed fresh skid marks as she came to a bridge. She stopped her car and got out to search, and it was well that she did, for down in the dry creek bed, out of sight from the road, was the overturned car of her son. Harry had been pinned in the wreck for seven hours. Fortunately his injuries were slight.

As the rescuers summoned by his mother freed him from the overturned car, Harry told them: "I was sort of stunned at first and I kept calling Mom for a long time. I knew she would come. I just didn't know when!"

One of the best-documented cases of premonitory dreams is that of Captain Edmund Fanning, an instance

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which has left a trace on the maps in the form of Palmyra's Island, in the South Pacific.

Fanning was in charge of the sailing vessel *Betsy* in 1798. He had just discovered and named Fanning Island and was heading for China. He retired at his usual hour of 9 P.M., but instead of falling into a sound sleep he found himself on deck less than an hour after he had gone to bed. Sleepwalking was a new experience to Captain Fanning, and a very disturbing one as well. To conceal his annoyance, he chatted a few minutes with the first mate before he went back to his berth.

Less than thirty minutes after he turned in for the second time, the captain found himself back on deck. He realized that the first mate was looking at him strangely and he understood why, but he again tried to conceal his inner unease by chatting with his subordinate.

When he awakened for the third time on the companionway, fully clothed, shortly before midnight, Captain Fanning was convinced that some sort of supernatural force was intervening in his normal routine. He gave orders to lay to for the rest of the night, a very unusual procedure in the open sea, but once he saw the orders carried out he went back to bed and slept soundly until daylight.

As the vessel got under full sail again they discovered heavy breakers dead ahead. A quick change of course enabled them to run parallel to thunderous waves that were hammering an uncharted reef a mile away. All aboard realized that if they had remained on course during the night they would have piled up on those jagged coral reefs which were just beneath the surface two miles from the island they surrounded.

Fanning noted his position and informed the authorities of his find, an island which Captain Mackay later visited and named Palmyra's Island.

Captain Fanning later took part in the exploring expeditions of Commodore Charles Wilkes and made more than seventy trips to the South Seas and China before he finally died in New York in April of 1841 at the age of

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seventy-one. To the end he cherished the log book of the *Betsy* in which he and his officers attested to the strange experience which saved their ship.

CRIME BY HYPNOSIS

Under oath, five witnesses identified the defendant, William MacDonald, as the man they surprised in the act of burglarizing a Second Avenue apartment in New York City. He got away from them but all were positive in their identification of him as the guilty party.

The defense attorney waited until the prosecution had completed its parade of eyewitnesses and then he brought to the stand a professional hypnotist, Professor A. S. Wein, who was well known for his many appearances in New York theatres.

The hypnotist dropped a bombshell in the courtroom on that hot afternoon of July 8, 1896, for he testified that at the moment when the preceding witnesses claimed they had been struggling with the burglar on Second Avenue, that same William MacDonald had been in a hypnotic trance on the stage of a Brooklyn vaudeville theatre, five miles from the scene of the theft and in full view of several hundred persons! Furthermore, the defense brought in six reputable citizens of Brooklyn, persons who had acted as a committee on the stage during that same performance, and all of them identified MacDonald as the man who had been in the trance at the time of the burglary.

The angry prosecutor opened his questioning of Professor Wein by attempting to ridicule the idea that hypnosis might have played a part in such a fantastic manner.

"Are you telling this court that MacDonald's body was with you in that theatre while he was actually engaged

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in other activities elsewhere; that he was in two places at the same time?"

Professor Wein admitted that such was the case.

The prosecutor smirked. "Tell me, Professor, when you hypnotized this man—or whatever you call it—what did you suggest that he do?"

"I suggested that he go to sleep."

"Did you suggest that he should make a trip to New York?"

"No, sir. I was not thinking of New York and never spoke of it to him."

"Did you suggest to him that he should commit a crime?"

"No, sir."

"A theft?"

"No, sir."

"Do you consider MacDonald a good subject?"

"One of the best subjects I have ever met in the course of my experience."

"Does he execute all the suggestions you make to him?"

"I am convinced that he would execute all my suggestions within certain limits. I certainly would not suggest any criminal acts because I consider him in a cataleptic state, deprived for a certain time of all sensations other than those I impose on him."

There were the witnesses who had positively identified William MacDonald as the man they had found burglarizing the apartment in New York City. On the other side were the hypnotist and the witnesses who identified the same William MacDonald as the man who was sitting on a Brooklyn stage in a hypnotic trance at the time of the burglary.

After due deliberation the jury decided that the defendant should be acquitted. It is the only case on record where a court has decided that a man was in two places at the same time as the result of an unexplained, and unexplainable, psychic phenomenon.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: For another historic court case deal-

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ing with hypnotism and its power over the individual, read "Murder By Hypnotism", page 198, "Stranger Than Science" published by Ace Books, 1960.

THE GHOST CALLED IT MURDER

In the court records of Australia, there is no case that is stranger than the disappearance of Frederick Fisher, and the manner in which it was solved.

He was a former convict who operated a small farm near Campbelltown. As an overseer, he hired another ex-convict, a parolee named George Worrell. Fisher was a likeable fellow and a successful farmer, and his sudden disappearance on June 27, 1826, came as a surprise to those who knew him. Fred had been drinking at the Plough Inn that night and shortly before midnight he set out for home. After that he was not seen again in his customary haunts.

George Worrell let it be known that his missing employer had been in trouble because of some forgery and had fled to escape punishment. Fisher, according to his overseer, had authorized Worrell to dispose of his property, which Worrell seemed reluctant to do. His reluctance became more understandable when he admitted that the missing man had not provided him with any written authorization for such action.

Police made a perfunctory investigation but found nothing on which to base action. They, too, were skeptical of Worrell's story but they could prove nothing. The overseer laughed at the officers and went about running the farm and collecting the proceeds.

Three months after Frederick Fisher paid his last visit to the Plough Inn, the swinging doors of the tavern burst open and a wild-eyed man stumbled into the room. His eyes bulged, his face was white, his breathing heavy from his running.

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John Farley was well known to those present, for the Plough Inn was a regular point of call for this paroled convict, known in local parlance as a ticket-of-leave man. He had, in fact, just left the tavern a few minutes before.

"I seen him!" Farley cried. "I seen Fred! I seen his ghost on the slip rails leading to his farm! I seen right through him!"

The crowd in the tavern bellowed in derision. But their laughter subsided when they realized that Farley had indeed been terrified by something. By next morning the story was all over town and the police invited Farley to enlighten them on the unusual experience he claimed to have had.

In the story as he told it to the officials, he had been on his way home from the Plough Inn about 11 P.M. When, he got to the slip rails that led from the road to Fisher's farm, he was startled to see a figure leaning against the slip rails. It bore a remarkable resemblance to Fisher, whom he knew well, but Farley said he was terrified to note that he was seeing right through the figure. Then it raised its arm and pointed toward a creek some distance away, beyond the paddock. Farley did not know what the figure meant and he did not tarry to inquire. He left at top speed for the tavern he had just left.

For a month the police took no action, perhaps in the belief that the whole thing was a figment of Farley's admitted tipsiness that evening. But on October 25, two troopers and two native trackers sought out Farley and asked him to lead them to the scene of the incident he had described. The first thing the trackers found were faint bloodstains on the wooden sliprails. Moving in the direction which Farley claimed the figure had designated, they came to a shallow, slime-covered waterhole.

One of the native trackers waded in up to his waist and carefully sniffed the scum on the top of the water. Turning to the officers he said, "Me smell fat of white man!"

But there was no body in that mudhole, as careful

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search confirmed. The trackers moved on into the brush, toward the creek. A moment later one of them called the other and they chatted excitedly over some faint sign which the troopers did not see at all.

"Man been drag somethin' long herel" they told the troopers.

Step by step the trackers edged toward the creek some two hundred fifty yards away. Crawling at times, and sniffing the ground, they came at last to a marshy area where the mud was so deep that further progress was impossible. At that point, the trackers cut short poles which they used to probe in the bog. Suddenly one of them found a spot where the pole would not go down more than a couple of feet.

"Dig! White fella therel"

The trackers had found the body of a white man, too badly decomposed to permit of identification, however.

Acting in the hope that George Worrell would confess, the police arrested him, but they reckoned without the talents of that veteran criminal. Worrell not only declined to confess but he even produced an alibi, one Nat Boon, a former convict who told police that Fisher had been forging his name and had probably fled to escape punishment, just as Worrell claimed.

Boon's testimony was the basis for Worrell's defense when the overseer went on trial for the murder of Frederick Fisher. For a time all went well, for Boon was a slippery witness who had probably been well-coached as a part of the plot. But under cross-examination Boon made a fatal admission; he admitted that the body he had seen at the inquest was that of the missing Fisher. He was unnerved by his slip and the prosecution pressed on with the questioning. Boon became tangled in his story of the alleged forgery and his testimony helped lead to Worrell's conviction.

There was some doubt in many minds that the body the trackers had found in the bog was actually that of Frederick Fisher and that George Worrell had really murdered his employer. But those doubts were swept

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away when George Worrell made a full confession of the slaying just before he was executed on February 6, 1827.

That confession cleared up everything about the case with one exception: what was it that John Farley saw on the sliprails, pointing to the spot where the body of Frederick Fisher had been concealed by his murderer?

MONSTERS OF THE OPEN SEA

Although it is traditional for sea serpents to be explained away as lines of leaping dolphins or figments of the imagination, such explanations originate only from self-styled authorities who admittedly arrive at their conclusions by intuition rather than by investigation.

Let us consider the report from commercial fisherman George W. Sagers, of Ucluet, B.C., Vancouver Island, Canada, taken from the sworn statement he subsequently filed with Canadian naval authorities.

Sagers fished from a forty-one foot boat which he owned. It was equipped with radio-telephone, direction finder and photoelectric pilot. A veteran of twenty-eight years in the business, he is married and the father of two children. His report states:

"I had left Ucluet harbor about an hour before daylight. It was November of 1947. About two miles off shore, southwest of Anthracite lighthouse, I lowered my fishpoles, slowed down the engine and put my lines and hooks in the water. After trolling a mile further out to sea, I got a salmon bite. I started the trolling gurdy and shoved in the clutch which winds in the line. When I came to the leader with the fish on, I shoved on the brakes and pulled the fish alongside with gaff hooks, ready to land it.

"Suddenly I had the funniest feeling. A sort of shiver went up and down my spine, and I had a feeling that I

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was being watched. Immediately I straightened up and looked all around.

"On my port side, about one hundred fifty feet away, there was a head and neck raised about four feet above the water, with two jet black eyes, about three inches across and protruding from the head like a couple of buns, staring at me.

"It just didn't look real. I've never seen anything like it. The head seemed to be about the same size as the neck, about eighteen inches through, and of a mottled color of gray and light brown.

"This particular morning there was quite a ground swell with a chop which meant that anything floating on or close to the surface would get a lot of tossing about. But this sea monster was very steady, which I took to mean that there was plenty of it under water.

"After it had looked at me for a full minute or so, it turned its head straight away from me, showing the back of its head and neck. It appeared to have some sort of mane, which looked like bundles of warts rather than hair. I thought it looked like a mattress would look if slit down the middle so that bundles of cotton batting would protrude slightly. The color of the mane was dark brown.

"Then the monster slid down out of sight. It went so smoothly and quietly that it left almost no ripples or disturbance of any kind on the surface.

"My name is George W. Sagers, commercial fisherman, whose permanent address is Ucluet, B.C., Vancouver Island, Canada. I hereby swear that the above statement is a true account of my experience."

On December 4, 1893, the steamer *Umfil* was churning southward toward the Cape, about thirty miles off Cape Corveiro, which is on the west coast of Africa. The day was perfectly calm and the skies were cloudless. A few minutes past two in the afternoon, a huge creature broke the surface about four hundred yards on her star-

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board beam, and swam past the *Umfil*, going northward.

According to the accounts reported by Captain Cringle, and signed by crew members and passengers who witnessed this weird spectacle, the creature exhibited three distinct humps on the barrel of its body and it carried its serpentine head high out of the water on a slender neck about fifteen feet long. Captain Cringle promptly turned the *Umfil* and attempted to give chase to their weird visitor, but after half an hour at full speed he was forced to call off the chase when the sluggish old steamer was unable to gain on its quarry. However, that half hour enabled the officers and several of the passengers to observe the monster through binoculars. They were unanimous in their stated opinions that the thing they had seen was a single huge creature of form unlike anything they had ever seen before.

When the captain of the *Umfil* reported the incident, the press stories brought him a humiliating response. Said he: "I've been so ridiculed about the thing that I've many times wished that someone else had seen that sea monster rather than me. I've been told that it was a string of porpoises; that it was an island of seaweed; and I don't know what besides. But if an island can travel at the rate of fourteen knots, or if a string of porpoises can somehow stand fifteen feet out of water, then I give in!"

In the official records of the British Admiralty there is the account of the experience which befell the armed merchantman *Hilary*, shortly before 9 A.M. on May 22, 1917.

The *Hilary* was pounding along in a relatively calm sea off the coast of Iceland, looking for some of the German submarines that had been playing havoc with British shipping. The lookout spotted a huge object rising to the surface less than fifty yards away, and sounded the alarm. Before a gun could be trained, the thing had broken the surface; instead of a submarine, it was some

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sort of gigantic living creature. In his report to the Admiralty, Captain R. W. Dean, R.N. included a drawing made by an officer of the *Hilary* and signed by all those who had witnessed this incredible thing. They describe it as about sixty feet long, with a long and very flexible neck and a head much like that of a cow. The body, which was clearly visible, was large and rounded in the trunk and seemed to be propelled by four paddlelike flippers which were round and quite stubby.

The thing returned the astonished gaze of those aboard the *Hilary* and continued to float serenely on the surface for several minutes after the vessel swept past.

The tendency to dismiss sea serpents as the product of untrained observers is not applicable to the thing reported by those aboard the yacht *Valhalla* off Parahiba, Brazil, on December 7, 1905. When the unidentified creature was sighted, it numbered among its startled audience two Fellows of the Zoological Society of Britain, Mr. M. J. Nichol and Mr. E. G. B. Meade-Waldo. These learned and trained observers promptly used their binoculars on the swimming creature, which was about one hundred yards from the yacht. They saw about eight feet of a long, slender neck bearing a turtlelike head. The neck stemmed from a huge body which could be discerned in the clear, sunlit waters. Since no living creature known to science resembled this anomaly, it had to be filed among the impossibles.

Both Nichols and Meade-Waldo went on record as saying that the thing they had seen resembled in detail the creature sighted and drawn by an artist aboard the *H.M.S. Daedalus* so many years before.

The *Daedalus* was under command of Captain Peter M'Quhae, R.N., on her way back from the East Indies to her home port of Plymouth, which she reached on October 4, 1848. It was in the course of this trip, on August 6, while the *Daedalus* was between the Cape and St. Helena, that she made her historic encounter.

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Captain M'Quhae reported to the Admiralty that his vessel passed within a hundred yards of a gigantic sea creature, which was propelling itself by means of short, rounded fins or flippers. Sixty feet or more of its body was visible awash, and it carried its snakelike head about four feet above water on a long, sinuous neck not more than a foot in diameter. Since the ship and the monster were going in opposite directions, the sighting was somewhat shortened. But fortunately, neither was moving rapidly, and it was estimated that the creature was in view for three to five minutes. It was seen from the poop deck by the captain and four of his officers, all of whom signed the report which was submitted to the Admiralty along with a drawing made by a member of the crew and also signed by the officers.

The report of the *Daedalus* remains a classic of its kind, one of scores of such reports where the qualifications of the observers offsets much of the derision aimed at them by scoffers who were not there.

Two of the most interesting sea monster cases occurred within a few hundred miles of each other off the west coast of the United States. The record of the experience of *H.M.S. Fly* is to be found in the British scientific journal *Zoologist*, page 2356, and in a subsequent report by Henry Lee of the Brighton, England, Aquarium, who says:

"Captain the Honorable George Hope states that when in *H.M.S. Fly*, in the Gulf of California, the sea being perfectly calm, he saw on the bottom, a large marine animal with the head and general figure of the alligator, except that the neck was much longer, and that instead of legs the creature had four large flippers . . . the creature was distinctly visible and all its movements could be observed with ease."

Students of such things will instantly recognize Captain Hope's description as that of an ichthyosaurus, one of the great swimming reptiles which supposedly be-

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came extinct a hundred million years ago. Captain Hope had never heard of such a creature; he merely described the one he and his crew observed.

The experience of those on H.M.S. Fly was more than matched by that of the officers and crewmen of the Monongahela and the Rebecca Sims, who took part in the capture of a hundred-foot-long monster identical to that described by Captain Hope. Furthermore, the two crews on the American vessels managed to cut off the gigantic reptilian head of their strange prize. The entire case is reported in detail in my book Stranger Than Science, published by ACE books in 1960.

Among the strange creatures spewed up from the depths we must include the catch of the Mexican shrimp boat *Xochitl Elena*, which docked at Tampico on May 20, 1954.

Being well supplied with ice for refrigerating the shrimp catch, it had no difficulty preserving a weird creature the crewmen had harpooned. Put on the scales, the thing tipped the beam at five hundred fifty pounds. It was about four feet from tip to tail, but it was six feet from top to bottom. It was well-supplied with long sharp teeth and its flippers, located on back and belly, were stubby and powerful.

The vessel had come upon it floundering on the surface in the Gulf of Mexico. The creature's hide was so tough that the long, heavy harpoons bounced off it repeatedly. Out of nine tries, only two harpoons penetrated deep enough to hold the thing.

Nobody knew what it was and it was finally towed back out to sea and dumped.

In the late spring of 1957 an unidentified fish washed ashore near Westport, Conn. Local fishermen had never

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seen anything like it. The fish was about four feet long, weighed thirty-five pounds and was dark brown in color, with a white belly. Protruding from the belly were two fins that looked like turtle legs without the claws. The eyes, unusually large, were placed close together atop the head and beside each eye were three-inch spikes that resembled little antennae.

During the summer of that same year, and in the same general area, another sea monster was reported. The *Boston Globe* says that the incident occurred at Pollock's Rip, near Harwichport.

First to see the thing was Bud McKenny, described as a skipper of excellent reputation, who was piloting his fishing boat *Wanderer* when he saw the monster slash into a school of hundred-pound tuna. A moment later, Herb Coleman on the *Mary Ann* and Carl White on the *Old Striper* also saw the creature.

They described it in the *Globe* as having "... a head that looked like a giant lobster claw standing on edge and a body that must have been fifty feet wide. Its fin was like a sail about seventeen feet high, tapering back slowly and then turning straight down toward that gigantic body."

Reporter Pat Harty, who interviewed the skippers after they had made their report, quotes McKenny:

"He chased those tuna and had them jumping out of the water to escape him like sand eels in the surf. Spotting us moving in on him, he sort of rolled over and dove and it was then that we saw that finlike deal that stood up like the sail on a good-sized sail boat."

In the first week of September, 1953, townsfolk of Girvan, Scotland, converged on a lonely beach nearby to gape at a dead monster that had washed up there.

It was described as about thirty feet long, with a small head on a ten-foot neck like that of a giraffe. It had four stumpy legs, a twelve-foot pointed, fleshy tail and was

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covered from tip to tail with thick coarse hair of a dark brown color.

Unable to bear the stench of the thing, nearby cottagers drenched it with oil and set it afire. Local authorities speculated that the creature may have been some distant relative of plesiosaurus, a reptile that flourished millions of years ago. From the British Museum came the official scientific word; it was nothing more than a basking shark, which sometimes grows to a length of forty feet. Dr. W. E. Swinton's sonorous declaration was received with polite laughter by the folks at Girvan, who are well acquainted with basking sharks.

Reuters News Agency carried the report of the strange creature that washed up on the beach at Bordeaux, France, in January of 1960.

It was thirteen feet long, ten feet wide and it weighed several tons when it drifted up on Cape Ferrat Beach in the Bay of Biscay. It was bulky after the fashion of a sea elephant, although it was admittedly *not a sea elephant*. Its head was flat, about three feet in diameter, and its feet were like huge flippers, slightly more than six feet long. The creature was thickly covered with dense black hair more than four inches long. It was well on its way to decomposition when first found and had to be hauled back out to sea at the first propitious time.

One of the more intrepid scientists of our times must be Dr. Robert Menzies of the biology department of the University of Southern California. He not only believes that sea serpents exist but he says so publicly. And he fishes for them.

From the little boat *El Nino*, Dr. Menzies dangled a steel hook three feet long, baited with squid, twelve hundred feet down into the Peru-Chile trench. The line he was using had a two-and-a-half ton breaking point and was wound on the ship's winch.

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One night, Dr. Menzies got a king-sized bite—a jarring strike that staggered the *El Nino* for a moment. For several thrill-packed minutes they were able to keep the pressure on the line, then suddenly it was gone.

Whatever it was that took the squid down there in the depths, it must have had a sore jaw, for it had straightened out that huge hook.

Said Dr. Menzies: "I intend to keep trying. That thing that hit and ran two hundred fathoms beneath the sea could have been man's first nibble from a sea serpent. I'm going back with more and stronger hooks and I think that some day we will land history's most elusive monster."

That such gigantic creatures may exist in the uncharted ocean depths may be substantiated in part by the discovery of Dr. Anton Brunn. He captured intact an eel larva more than six feet long, with four hundred fifty vertebral plates. The only known eels have only one hundred five plates.

If the larva with four hundred fifty plates grew to maturity on the same ratio of size as the eels we know, it would develop into a snakelike monster seventy to ninety feet long and weighing many tons.

Whether such things exist, no man can say. But they do exist in the larval form; therefore, Dr. Menzies intends to continue fishing for the parents.

ODDITIES FROM THE GRAVE

In June of 1955, workmen were engaged in construction of the foundations for a new building near Monroe, Louisiana, when one of them found that his shovel was stopped by what felt like stone or metal. Fellow diggers helped him uncover the obstacle, and it turned out to

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be a long, narrow, cast-iron box of some sort which had been sealed tightly with lead.

Just on the off-chance that this might be something requiring legal attention, authorities were called. In their presence, the box was opened. Inside was the body of a young woman, so startlingly well-preserved that she might have been asleep. Yet the silver plaque on the unusual casket bore only the name "St. Clair" and the burial date—September 7, 1814.

In June of 1883, Dr. A. H. Herring of Red Hand, Louisiana, knew that death was near although he was only forty years of age. He made his will and spelled out the arrangements for his burial: the body to be placed first in a brick vault above ground at his home until such time as it could conveniently be transferred to his family cemetery in Georgia.

According to his instructions, his body was placed in a metal casket which was then hermetically sealed by soldering and enclosed in a large pine box. This was moved to a brick vault (above ground) and the vault was tightly sealed with lime cement to keep out moisture.

Two-and-a-half-years later, the doctor's family decided not to take his body to Georgia, but to bury it near their home in Louisiana, underground. They invited a close personal friend of the deceased, Samuel A. Boggs, to supervise the final interment in the Red Land cemetery.

In preparing the brick burial vault for its cement seal, the builders had laid a broad and heavy pine plank from end to end over the walls of the vault, and had then placed the cement and bricks of the roof on the plank. When Boggs and his helpers removed the roof of the vault in order to get out the pine box containing the casket, they were astounded at the condition of the heavy roof plank on its lower side, nearest the casket. They found it damp and discolored—amazingly so. For on its surface there was clearly visible the likeness of a human body. The features of the face were too vague to bear

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any recognizable resemblance to the dead doctor, but the body was plainly outlined. The large veins and arteries were etched in dark red, the lungs in a lighter shade, the brain area was a dirty white. The bone structure and the ribs, especially, were clearly depicted as if in shadow.

When it was exposed to the light, the "picture" began to fade, but not before the family and a score of neighbors had seen and marveled at it. Last to vanish was the outline of the lungs, but the dark red veins were still visible on the roof plank for weeks.

This, however, was only the beginning.

When the pine box which contained the metal coffin was lifted from the vault and opened, it was found that the inside of the box was damp and on its inner side was a second "picture" similar in shape and size to the first. It differed, according to witnesses, in that it was less distinct and complete; the vital organs were not depicted in colors.

Somehow, the figure on the ceiling plank, which had the pine box and the metal coffin lid between it and the body, was more detailed and complete than the phenomenon on the box lid.

The re-interment of Dr. Herring proceeded without further incident but the inexplicable "pictures" which developed inside his sealed burial vault were widely reported and variously interpreted for years after the event.

YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER

People who suffer excessively from the heat might have appreciated the summer of 1816 . . . had there *been* a summer in 1816. But for the rest of the nation it was a season of disaster. There had been nothing like it before in the history of this country, and fortunately there has been nothing quite like it since—for 1816 was *the year*

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without a summer. All across the northern tier of states that spring, as far south as the tip of Lake Michigan, fields went unplanted because the farmers could not plow the frozen earth. Even in those areas where they *were* able to plow, the freak weather conditions spelled bankruptcy. Temperatures dropped as much as forty degrees overnight in midsummer as far south as Georgia. Frost, sleet and hail ravaged crops in twenty-five states. Sunspots began to appear on the surface of the pale sun and by May they presented an awesome band that extended across an eighth of the sun's diameter. Millions of people watched them through pieces of smoked glass and discussed "signs in the heavens." Ministers noted that there was a sharp increase in church attendance while the solar spectacle was in evidence.

In June of that frigid year, Boston had eight consecutive nights of killing frosts. A snowstorm swept down across Quebec and into Maine and Vermont, leaving many highways blocked with drifts. Leaves fell from the blighted trees and young birds froze in the nests. In the southern rim of the Midwest, hail storms beat the scrawny garden vegetables into the mud. As the weeks dragged by, snowstorms in July and August erased the meager late corn crops of the Midwest and the great plains states. And as usual, the experts came forward with words of reassurance. In the scholarly *North American Review*, a bevy of learned men went on record to the effect that there was no cause for alarm and no occasion for surprise. This was slim consolation for the ten of thousands of farmers and merchants who had been ruined by crop failures and declining business. It was several years before the experts realized that the frigid summer of 1816 in the northern hemisphere was the end result of the explosion of Mount Timbora, near Bali in the East Indies. That eruption killed fifty-six thousand people and sent millions of tons of dust into the heavens, dust that blanketed the northern skies, dimming the sun and depriving 1816 of its summer.

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ICE FALLS

After a thirty-pound chunk of ice came smashing to earth near Toccoa, Georgia, in 1959, there was a brief flurry of official interest, as though there might at last be an authoritative explanation of these recurring ice bombs, an explanation that could conceivably be accepted without offense to common sense. Unfortunately, such was not the case, for stripped of its tortuous verbal turnings, the "explanation" simply said that the ice which had plunged to earth in Georgia was frozen water of unknown origin, a state of affairs which had been rather apparent from the outset.

These falls are considerably more numerous than the average newspaper reader realizes, since his local daily generally carries only those reports of nearby incidents of this sort.

On the clear, bright Sunday afternoon of September 11, 1949, three doctors went dove hunting on the Eugene Tipton ranch in Stephens County, Texas. Dr. Robert Botts was sitting beside a huge earthen storage basin waiting for birds when he heard a shrill, whistling sound. He glanced up in time to see a glistening object which seemed to be headed directly toward him. Actually, it was a chunk of ice which would have weighed about forty pounds. It struck the earth about fifteen feet from the startled doctor, digging a hole several inches deep and shattering itself into many fragments. Dr. Botts called his companions and the three of them examined the evidence. They agreed that it was ice and that it was milky white and had an unpleasant astringent taste.

The other doctors, T. J. Treadwell and John Tipton, agreed with Botts that the substance which had fallen was not dry ice and that there had been no planes overhead in the two hours they had been in the field.

Where did it come from?

Perhaps it came from the same source as the specimen

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which narrowly missed two nine-year-old bicycle riders in Buffalo, New York, on the afternoon of September 11, 1959. George Trillizio and his playmate, Kirk Sigmund, were riding their bikes in a vacant lot next door to George's home at 114 Chestnut Ridge Road, Town of Amherst, a suburb of Buffalo.

The boys clearly heard what they describe as a "ripping sound" and the chunk of ice, five inches wide, three inches thick and a foot long, thudded to earth alongside George, barely missing him. His mother called authorities, who promptly called the weather bureau. Those "experts" assured the interested parties that it was nothing more than a slab of ice that had fallen from the wing of a plane. What plane? They could not say, which is probably just as well, for the airport records show that there had been no plane over that area for several hours.

London newspapers reported two ice falls there during the month of December, 1959. One chunk ripped through the roof of a house, smashed through the ceiling and demolished a substantial table. A few days later still another basketball-sized lump of ice came whistling down through the roof of a house occupied by Clarence Webster on Cox Crow Road, Tom's River, doing an unspecified amount of damage. Officials collected the fragments that remained and offered no explanation.

On the morning of July 3, 1960, in Portage, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Dixie Lewis, 22, was hanging her wash to dry in the backyard of her mother's home at 608 Makin Street. She heard a loud whoosh! looked up, saw some bright object plunging toward her and barely managed to leap aside.

The mass of ice thudded to earth, dug a hole about the size of a two-gallon bucket, and shattered itself to pieces. Oddly, the fragments seemed to break along lines which indicated that the ice had formed in layers. The Police Chief, Victor Fukas, estimated that the chunk must have had a total weight of about twenty-five pounds. The chief of the Pittsburgh Weather Bureau promptly announced that it had fallen from the wing of an airplane.

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In July of 1959, a chunk (or ball) of ice about a foot in diameter fell with sufficient velocity to half-bury itself in the lawn of William Bower, an electronics engineer who lives in Glendora, near Los Angeles. And on that same day still another mass of ice came clattering down, this time on the roof of 62 Almendral Avenue, in Ather-ton, California. Robert von Bernuth, 62, heard what he called "a peculiar rattle" on his roof, found scores of fragments of ice, some of it in pieces the size of his hand.

On April 22, 1959, the roof on the home of Mrs. Ella Coleman at 3426 Walton Street, Los Angeles, was struck by a mass of ice which witnesses described as "about the size of a three gallon bucket." Although it tore an eighteen-inch hole in the roof, the rafters kept it from penetrating into the rooms below. Mrs. Coleman and her two guests heard the crash and wasted little time getting out of the house.

On September 8, 1958, another big mass of ice plunged through the roof of a warehouse at 510 North Third Street in Chester, Pennsylvania.

And let us not neglect the unnerving experience of William Wiley of 212 Oak Street, Mount Vernon, Ohio, who was driving along on the road to Newark, near Elmwood School at 7:15 P.M. on May 18, 1961.

Suddenly, Wiley saw a small white object dropping down toward him in a sweeping arc. At first he thought it was a piece of paper, or a small bird. There was not even time to duck—just a splintering crash as the object smashed into his windshield and through it, sprinkling the driver and his twelve-year-old son David with a shower of fragments and cutting the boy's face slightly.

Mr. Wiley hastily pulled off the road and stopped to take inventory. He brushed the tiny particles from his son's face with his handkerchief and together they searched the inside of the car for the missile. He dis-

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covered that many of the shards that appeared to be glass were actually ice. They were already melting on the floor and seat of the car.

Again, no planes in the air, and no explanation for the origin of the chunk of ice that had caused the damage.

In the old records we find that in Brussels on June 8, 1839, the city was suddenly plunged into pitch darkness and thousands of pieces of ice, about one inch thick and up to twelve inches in diameter, showered down. Scientists agreed that the darkness was *not* caused by an eclipse, and, as to the cause of the ice, they had no suggestions at all. In Aitkin, Minnesota, on April 2, 1889, sudden darkness engulfed the city when both sand and chunks of ice fell in great quantities. In the Orkney Islands north of Scotland, July 24th, 1818, was a day to plague the scientists, for jagged pieces of ice, some of it a foot long, rained upon the islands, and when it melted the residue had a distinctly sulphurous odor. There were other celestial dribblings in those days which were definitely not ice; as for instance, the football-shaped object which buried itself in the earth near Wandsworth, England, on January 31, 1888. When dug up and examined by scholars it proved to be made of polished iron of unknown origin. On the day after Christmas in 1950, David Paterson of Ardencaple Drive, Helensburgh, near Dumbarton, Scotland, was strolling along the road when he caught a flash of a falling object which struck the road surface and exploded into a shower of ice. Police were called and they collected one hundred twelve pounds of fragments. The British Meteorological Service commandeered all the fragments from the police and refused to permit any photographs to be published. Perhaps they were a bit shaken by the event of five days before, when a one pound block of ice came whistling down and struck Mrs. Margaret Paterson, 24, of Lingwell Road, London,

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a glancing blow on the side of the head as she was alighting from a tram car. Those two falling ice cases in the British Isles were followed about two weeks later by still another, reported by the West German newspapers. On January 10, 1951, a spear of ice, six inches in diameter and about six feet long fell from the sky and killed a carpenter working on the roof of a house in Kempten, near Dusseldorf—another grim chapter to an old riddle.

In San Rafael, California, on January 25, 1958, a huge chunk of ice estimated at about thirty-five pounds came swishing down from a clear sky to plunge through the roof of the home of James Carmine at 2154 Fourth Street. The newspapers promptly speculated that it had fallen from the wing of an airplane. By a simple check they could have found that no plane had been in the air over or near the Carmine home within an hour of the time the ice fell. But that would have been too logical, and it would have spoiled the easy brush-off. Since the ice unquestionably did *not* fall from a plane, where *did* it come from?

Madison Township, New Jersey, had two of these strange ice falls within a period of ninety days. The first was a block weighing seventy pounds or more which streaked down out of the night sky and ripped through the roof and into the kitchen of the home of Dominic Bacigalupo at 336 Greystone Road, doing several hundred dollars damage in its transit. Its origin was never explained. A few days later Mr. and Mrs. Russel Kane, of Spottswood, also in Madison County, New Jersey, found their yard littered with sizeable chunks of ice which had fallen during the night and dug holes in the lawn. Raymond Dill, Jr., who works at his father's filling station, heard a whistling sound and glanced up in time to see a baseball size piece of ice falling. It shattered itself on the driveway.

On December 23, 1958, Captain William Walls and two of his detectives were investigating an automobile accident on the Morristown Road, in Madison County, New Jersey, when 4 chunks of ice, each the size of a grapefruit,

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came smacking down, one after another, to burst on the highway near the officers. Again—no planes . . . no explanation . . . just more mysterious falls of ice from a clear sky.

In January of 1955, Mr. Alton Ludvicson of 553 W. Colden Avenue in Los Angeles heard some strange thumping sounds which seemed to come from his backyard. He investigated and was quite startled to find his yard cluttered up with big chunks of ice, most of it half-buried in the sod. The largest piece weighed twenty-five pounds; the smallest about six pounds. Most of it was in the form of boulder-shaped pieces and it all melted quickly in the Los Angeles sunshine. It had evidently fallen from a considerable height and that was about all that could be deduced with certainty.

On April 9, 1953, while Mrs. Edna Lewis of 1130 West 99th Street in Los Angeles was away on vacation, she too had an icy visitor from the sky. About 11:00 P.M. her next door neighbors heard a crash like an explosion and they rushed out to find big splinters of ice all over the place, littering the driveway between the two houses. The chunks of ice had also knocked a hole about fifteen inches in diameter in the roof of Mrs. Lewis' home.

This fall had been preceded by another which occurred on January 16, 1953, at Whittier, California, where Mrs. Catherine Martin of 134 West Road reported to police that a chunk of ice 13 x 16 inches had whistled down out of a clear sky to half-bury itself in the garden, narrowly missing Mrs. Martin and her son.

Could the ice have fallen from planes? In most cases the size of the ice makes such an explanation preposterous. Furthermore, when similar falls in Pennsylvania were investigated in 1958, Professor George Jenkins, Lehigh University geologist, investigated and decided that the ice was not man made and could not have fallen from an aircraft. Neither could that eighty-pound chunk of ice which fell near Salina, Kansas, *in August of 1882!* (And to the list of unsolved sky mysteries we must add the artillery shell that fell in Naples, Italy, on February

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7, 1958. It did not explode. The shell casing bore the date of 1942, and was marked with a cross and an eagle. Where did it come from, and where had it been for the past sixteen years?)

There are several reasons why the oft-repeated suggestion that these ice falls come from planes is untenable.

For one thing, many of the falls have occurred at times and places where no planes had been in flight anywhere near the time of the fall. For another, the size of some of the chunks precludes the possibility that they could have formed on any part of a plane in flight or otherwise. And finally, many of the ice falls occurred long before man could fly in any fashion.

Tests of many fragments from these ice falls seems to indicate that none of it is radioactive, and this in turn would tend to support the belief that it is not from space, although scientists are not certain that ice from space would be radioactive.

There are at least three theories advanced by way of possible explanation of the ice falls:

Donald Robey of the Convair-Astronautics Division of General Dynamics has advanced the belief that the chunks of ice which come plunging to earth are fragments of gigantic glacier-size masses that sweep through the heavens in the form of comets or, as he puts it, "cometoids."

Dr. Fred Whipple of Harvard Observatory, in seeking to explain the behavior of comets, contends that the nucleus is a mass of gases frozen into a solid. The terrestrial passage of the earth through the "tail" of such a comet might produce such ice falls as we have witnessed.

Somewhat in the same vein as Whipple's postulate, is one put forth by the director of Leyden Observatory in Holland, Professor J. H. Ort, who supposes that somewhere in space there is a vast sea of celestial icebergs, the debris of some titanic heavenly catastrophe. From time to time, says Professor Ort, masses of this ice may

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be thrown off into space, and from time to time the paths of these icy wanderers may cross our own, causing the phenomena known as ice falls.

Sounds a little far-fetched, perhaps, but still more plausible than the nonsensical "explanation" that a three-hundred pound block of ice fell from the wing of a plane that wasn't there!

FLYING SAUCERS AND THE BRASS CURTAIN

On June 19, 1956, the *Washington Evening Star* said in a front page headline: "Mystery Object Sighted Over Nation's Capital."

The story dealt with the appearance over Washington of another Unidentified Flying Object, sighted by Ground Observer Corps watchers as it approached the National Airport, where it hovered for a few minutes glowing brightly, then sped away and vanished.

Officially it became another in the long series of unidentified flying objects which have been recorded over the nation's capital in recent years. Singly and in swarms they come, circling, swerving, hovering by turns. When jets are sent up to pursue them, they flip up on edge and race away, leaving the jets far behind.

What are they? Where do they come from? How do they operate? Why are they here?

But first—are they real?

The Air Force, which is entrusted with defending the nation against any and all aerial intruders, has since 1947 been conducting an extensive and expensive investigation of these phenomena popularly known as "flying saucers." The Air Force has followed a most extraordinary policy in its public statements on the matter, a policy of contradiction, confusion and of deception.

While the Air Force was solemnly assuring the public that those who reported these unidentified flying objects

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were sadly mistaken, the same Air Force was also spending huge sums of money trying to capture one of the very objects whose existence it denied.

While the Air Force persistently brushed aside such reports as "mere hallucinations"—it was also sending up its fastest jet fighter planes to chase the "hallucinations"!

Each year, as the Air Force announced that it was closing its latest project of investigating these unidentified aerial objects, it neglected to add that it was opening another such project immediately, under a different name.

Perhaps this peculiar official policy was well founded. Perhaps there is developing a situation which warrants keeping the facts from the public as long as possible.

Let us examine the records.

Are the flying saucers real?

The answer to that question is a well-kept secret, if we expect an answer in so many words. But if we look about us we can arrive at a conclusion without being told. Fifteen major nations, including our own and Russia, have official government projects devoted to the study of the so-called flying saucers. Only France, of all the major countries, has no government agency in this field. And only in France are reports of sightings printed in their entirety as they occur.

The German saucer-study project was headed by Dr. Herman Oberth, famed rocket expert and long-time exponent of space travel. Dr. Oberth said, in June, 1955, that the studies of his group had convinced him that the flying saucers did not originate on this earth, but evidently came from somewhere out in space. (A few weeks later Dr. Oberth was brought to this country and placed on the staff at Redstone Arsenal in Alabama, effectively terminating his public statements on the subject of unidentified flying objects.)

The British government followed a policy of free and public discussion on its findings in this field until the late summer of 1954, when it suddenly reversed itself and ordered all military and government personnel to make

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no further public statements dealing with unidentified flying objects.

Are the flying saucers real?

On May 15th, 1954, Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan Twining was speaking in Amarillo, Texas. He said to his audience: "The best brains in the Air Force are trying to solve this riddle (of the flying saucers). If they come from Mars, they are so far ahead of us we have nothing to be afraid of."

A few weeks after General Twining's remarkable statement at Amarillo, Colonel Frank Milani, Director of the Civil Defense Center in Baltimore, publicly demanded that the Air Force end its "policy of secrecy" on the UFO's and tell the public what was happening.

Milani was referring to the numerous sightings which had been reported in the heavily populated area in which his group operated. The *Wilmington* (Delaware) *Morning News* for July 9, 1954, finally broke the story after the Air Force sought to muffle Milani's demands. Said the *Wilmington* paper in a front page story: "100 Mystery Objects Sighted Here."

The article quoted the Ground Observer Corps for its authority, since the GOC people had made the sightings and reported them to the Baltimore Filter Center. The sightings had extended over a two-year period, but the policy of official secrecy had prevented the public from knowing that these things, whatever they were, had been maneuvering around in the skies over Wilmington, watched by radar and by ground observers, and pursued vainly by jet interceptors. At least one of these objects, according to the official records, was of tremendous size, hovering at an altitude of many miles over the nation's capital before it moved toward Baltimore. It was listed in the records as an Unidentified Flying Object, which is the Air Force name for flying saucers!

Are they real?

The United States government evidently thinks they are, for the Pentagon issued two specific orders dealing with them. The first is known as JANAP 146-B CIRVIS.

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The word CIRVIS is formed from the initials of the title of the order—"Communicating Instructions for Reporting Vital Intelligence Sightings from Aircraft." It was issued by the Joint Chief of Staff in September, 1951. It covered all military and civilian personnel under the jurisdiction of the government, ordering them to report immediately any sightings of "*unidentified flying objects.*"

That was a move that was made in 1951, before the mantle of secrecy had been fully lowered. In August of 1954, after Colonel Milani's demand for the publication of the facts and after the publication of the Wilmington reports, the second order was issued. Known as Air Force Regulation 200-2, this came from the Secretary of the Air Force. It stated flatly that it was concerned with unidentified flying objects (flying saucers)—"First as a possible threat to the security of the United States and its forces, and secondly, to determine technical aspects involved."

In paragraph 9 of this order AFR 200-2, the Secretary of the Air Force gave specific instructions that reports of unidentified flying objects are *not* to be released. . . . "Only reports . . . where the object has been definitely identified as a familiar object."

The effect of these two official orders, JANAP 146-B and AFR 200-2, was to require immediate reporting of all sightings of strange objects in the air, and once those reports had been made, the persons involved were expressly forbidden to make any public statements.

What kind of reports had the public been getting?

It got one from the Air Force press desk at the Pentagon on June 10th, 1954, when the Air Force announced that flying saucers were on the wane because it had received only eighty-seven sighting reports in the first five months of the year.

The public got another jolt on that *same night*, when Colonel John O'Mara, Deputy Commander of Intelligence at Air Technical Intelligence Center, Dayton, Ohio, told newsmen that "the Air Force is now receiving more

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than seven hundred sighting reports per week—the highest rate in the history of the entire investigation.”

While the Air Force was getting its wires crossed in this fashion, hundreds of local newspapers were front-paging sighting reports by credible local citizens.

On May 17, 1954, the *Dallas Times-Herald* said: “Four Jet Pilots Report Race With Saucers Over Dallas.”

The paper quoted veteran Marine Reserve pilot Major Charles Scarbrough, who was in command of the flight of four SF-97 jets. He told how he and his three companions suddenly found themselves in the midst of a flight of sixteen silvery, disc-shaped objects which played tag around the jets for several minutes, while the jets tried vainly to match the maneuvers of their eerie playmates.

The *Joliet (Illinois) News-Herald* said on that same day: “Saucer Pays a Visit”—and it told how local citizens had watched a single silvery disc perform over the city.

From Alaska, from Uganda, Africa, from every state in the Union and from the countries of South America, the reports appeared. Whatever they were, they were being watched in all parts of the world.

But what were they?

Dr. Herman Oberth, who had identified them as visitors from space was, by mid 1954, an employee of the United States government, subject to strict security regulations (including AFR 200-2) and could make no more public statements.

British Air Marshal Lord Dowding was a man with a distinguished military record and he was also a man who knew what was in the files of the British Royal Air Force. He said, in 1954, “The flying saucers are unquestionably interplanetary craft and should be treated as such.”

Lord Dowding was not alone in his views that the saucers should be treated with extreme caution. In July of 1952, when scores of these strange objects sailed around over Washington, D. C., the jittery Air Force issued an order to its pursuit pilots—“Shoot them down!”

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The order was issued shortly after noon on July 26, 1952, and it got nationwide coverage on the news wires as a matter of course. Prominent scientists, including the late Dr. Albert Einstein, called the White House to urge that the order be withdrawn in the interests of common sense. Their reasoning was logic itself: any intelligence able to cross space would be able to defend itself after it reached its goal, certainly against such comparatively primitive weapons as rockets and guns.

The "shoot-'em-down" order was rescinded by White House orders shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon. That night, while Washington observers watched the objects on radar and with the naked eye, jets raced back and forth in pursuit. The objects sped away; the jets returned without a shot being fired.

Are the flying saucers real?

Even after this remarkable experience in Washington, the Air Force doggedly insisted that the things were nothing more than "hallucinations."

Did the Air Force really believe that?

In December, 1953, Colonel D. M. Blakeslee was flying an F-84 Thunderjet over northern Japan, when he spied before him in the gathering gloom a cluster of glowing objects. As he tried to close in on them with his jet operating at full throttle, Colonel Blakeslee reported that he could see the glowing objects flying in spiral formation around a common center at the same time that they easily outdistanced him.

According to the Air Force "explanation," Colonel Blakeslee was having a hallucination, but it is worth noting that he was not grounded for a single minute.

Lieutenant David Brigham, flying a P-51, was approaching his base in northern Japan on the night of March 29, 1952. Sky clear, visibility excellent—when a shiny, disc-shaped thing came streaking in at him, came to a sudden stop in mid air, then played around over his wings, cockpit and tail planes before it zoomed away from him. Another pilot, coming in behind him, also saw and verified the report.

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If the Air Force believed its own "explanation," both these fliers were in a bad way mentally, having "hallucinations." Neither man was grounded, of course.

The experiences of Lt. Brigham and Colonel Blakeslee are typical of those reported by hundreds of pilots, both military and commercial. It is worthy of note, that *Not a single pilot was ever grounded for having what the Air Force claims are "hallucinations" of this sort!*

Is there a veil of censorship which has kept the public from being fully informed on these strange objects?

From 1947, when the so-called flying saucers first burst on the world news scene, until July of 1952, when they appeared in swarms over Washington, D.C., there was no consistent attempt to censor the publication of sightings on a national scale. But after July 26, 1952, and the commotion which attended the "shoot-'em-down" order, the muzzle of censorship was clamped on.

For example: The July 20th and July 26th sightings over Washington involved a total of about forty unidentified flying objects. These sightings were widely reported in broadcasts and newspapers. But on August 13th, 1952, according to the official records of the Civil Aeronautics Administration, sixty-eight unidentified flying objects were visually sighted and tracked by radar within ten miles of the Washington National Airport in a three-hour period starting at 8:30 P.M. Although this group far outnumbered the widely publicized sightings of the preceding month, *not a word leaked out to the public through the muzzle of official censorship!* Disclosure of the amazing sightings of August 13th, 1952, finally leaked out through publication of a CAA booklet in 1954 which instructed government personnel how to identify and track UFO's.

As an example of how the censorship worked this incident is typical:

At ten minutes past midnight, October 19, 1953, a National Airlines DC-6 just out of Philadelphia en route for Washington was at 8000 feet over the Conowingo Dam. The pilot had just reported his position and es-

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timated arrival time. He hung up the microphone and settled back for a routine milk run to the National Airport.

Thirty seconds later he found himself confronted with a possible mid-air collision. A shiny, disc-shaped object slid out of a thin layer of clouds and came rushing at him. The co-pilot flipped on the wing lights as a warning. In return the object sent a blinding beam of white light into the cockpit of the airliner. The pilot, with only a few seconds left, threw the big DC-6 into a dive at full power. The object that had almost rammed them shot past overhead and vanished.

The commercial airliner had dropped to three thousand feet before it could be brought out of the dive. Passengers were piled in the aisles—the sudden maneuver had caught them unprepared and tumbled them about. A radio call went out to have ambulances and doctors at the National Airport. Fortunately, this was a flight that arrived at a time when the airport was nearly deserted and even more fortunately, none of the passengers was injured beyond a few bumps and scratches.

The story of this Unidentified Flying Object that apparently tried to ram a commercial airliner loaded with passengers appeared in the *Washington Post* next morning. It ran in only one edition. Then it was yanked out, and *it did not appear in any other paper, nor did it appear on any news wire*—although such an incident was front page news material.

Plugging the loopholes through which such incidents got national coverage must have been simplicity itself. All newspapers and most broadcasters rely for such coverage on the two news wire services: United Press-International News Service and Associated Press. If the news services do not carry the story, then it gets little or no publicity. The news services themselves are highly competitive and therefore highly vulnerable. They get scoops and tips and special material from the government, especially from the Pentagon, when it pleases the various agency heads to dole out their favors. The news agency

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which refused to cooperate (that is, which insisted on printing reports which the military wanted to suppress) would soon find itself being left out of many other stories which its competitors would get in return for their "cooperation." When the military decided to muzzle the distribution of flying saucer reports, the procedure involved two simple steps: First, a statement from the Air Force ridiculing the "saucers." The news wires dutifully carried this statement. It gave them an official peg on which to predicate their subsequent silence on incidents which the military wanted suppressed. The second step in the suppression campaign involved an informal meeting with representatives of the three news services. . . . "If you will just forget about the flying saucers, we will give you plenty of other stories in their place."

Net result—after the startling sightings around Washington in mid-summer of 1952, there was the subsequent "ridiculing" statement from the Air Force and the "saucer" stories vanished from the news wires.

No such move was made, however, to muzzle local newspapers or local broadcasters. That would have been too risky—too many people involved—and besides, local publicity never had an effect outside the range of the broadcasting station or the newspaper which used the story. This is why hundreds of newspapers each year have carried reports of local sightings by credible witnesses, but with few exceptions these reports are not reprinted elsewhere.

It is evident from the record that these mysterious objects are not "hallucinations" even in the minds of those who officially profess to dismiss them as such. It is equally clear that in many nations, including our own, there is a continuous and continuing program of investigation aimed at acquiring every bit of information that has a bearing on these objects. The record also shows that the "flying saucers" which are discredited by the Air Force are identical to the unidentified flying objects with which some of the largest branches of our military are deeply engrossed. The things have been observed and reported

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by credible witnesses in every part of the world. They have been photographed. They have been watched through astronomers' telescopes and tracked on radar screens. They have been (and are still) chased by jet pursuit planes when such pursuit is practicable.

That much is common knowledge, but it leaves many vital questions unanswered.

Where do these things originate? What do they want? Do they (as Dr. Oberth and others suspect), power themselves by distortion of the gravitational field? Is there any significance in the fact that the number of sightings increases greatly in the years when the earth and Mars are in their nearest approach? If these things do come from another planet, are they using the moon for a base from which to survey the earth and its inhabitants? Does this explain the strange lights and changes which astronomers have reported on the moon in recent years?

When and *if* the answers to those questions filter through the curtain of official secrecy, the world will have the answer to the riddle of the flying saucers.

In the meantime, the depth of the enigma is accentuated by the remarkable statement of General Douglas MacArthur, who said in an interview on December 7, 1955: "The nations of the world will be forced to unite . . . for the next war will be an interplanetary war."

SIGNALS FROM SPACE

Are beings on other planets trying to communicate with us?

Radio signals from outer space are not new, but our ability to receive and identify them has improved vastly since such things were first reported.

On June 4, 1956, the Naval Observatory in Washington announced that its scientists had succeeded in making

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what was believed to be the first "radio contact" with Venus. The report stated that several weak signals from Venus had been picked up and identified by the giant radio-telescopes at the Naval Research Laboratories in Washington. From the nature and characteristics of the signals received, it was deduced that Venus has a surface temperature about the boiling point of water, which, if correct, would help to explain why that planet is surrounded by a thick blanket of steam or gas.

Ohio State University released a press statement on July 2, 1956, which went a bit further than that of the Naval Observatory. It stated that on June 22nd an Ohio State University radio astronomer, Dr. John D. Kraus, had received radio signals "of a type resembling radio telegraphy in many ways" and these signals, said the University, came from a source presumed to be Venus.

Dr. Kraus reported that he was actually receiving two distinct types of radio signals from out in space. Since June 1st he had been picking up strong crackling or "Class One" signals on a wave length of 11 meters. But in addition to this Class One type (sometimes originated by terrestrial thunderstorms) Dr. Kraus had also been receiving for about two months signals of a distinctly different type: "Class Two" signals, which he said presumably originate on Venus.

These signals were received only when the giant radio-telescope at Ohio State University was trained precisely on Venus. Dr. Kraus suspected that these Class Two signals, "which have many of the characteristics of signals of a terrestrial radio transmitting station," might be nothing more than freak interference from some station on earth. After sufficiently numerous and varied observations, however, Dr. Kraus came to the conclusion that it was "very likely that they do come from Venus." Certainly they came along with the Class One signals, and they came only when the planet was directly in the beam of the radio-telescope.

This is by no means an isolated case or experience.

Great observatories and universities all over the world

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are installing radio-telescopes—huge metallic dishes which can be focused on individual planets, just as Dr. Kraus pinpointed Venus with the radio-telescope at Ohio State University. These devices are very sensitive. They are also very costly, and their purchase and use is no mere happenstance. They are there for a purpose—to *discover if intelligent beings out in space are signalling.*

This is really only the latest development in a story that began around the turn of the century, when Marconi reported that he was picking up signals on a frequency not being used by any terrestrial transmitter. Listening on his yacht in the Mediterranean, Marconi detected signals which he regarded as code, meaningless to him. He instructed one of his assistants to make a public statement on the matter at a forthcoming speech to some New York business men. The assistant read Marconi's telegram to the audience, there was a brief flurry of excitement in the feature sections of the Sunday papers, then the matter was quietly dropped.

Nikola Tesla, famed Yugoslav electrical wizard, also reported receiving cryptic code signals which seemed to be most numerous and strong when his antenna was directed toward Mars. Tesla like Marconi, had no qualms about making his findings public. If Mars was trying to reach us, these men thought we should know about it.

In 1924, engineers for RCA announced that they, too, had picked up these mysterious chatterings which did not conform to any known code, but which seemed to be intelligently conceived and directed. The signals received by RCA were recorded, discussed, then filed and forgotten.

But not for long. Scarcely more than a year after the RCA incident, scientists in the Naval Research Laboratories in Washington came in for a surprise. They were testing a process for recording wireless signals on film. Out of the ether came a weird chirping which made no sense in terms of understandable code, but when the film was developed the scientists were astounded to find that the signals had arrived in such fashion that they

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recorded in the form of faces! Caricatures, to be sure, but faces beyond a doubt.

And in 1926, after many months of preparation, the scientists from Johns Hopkins University, along with radio experts from both the Signal Corps and the Navy, were ready to try to contact Mars. They had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars building powerful transmitting equipment and delicate receivers in Nebraska. Their efforts lasted about two weeks and, according to the statements released to the public at the termination of the tests, came to nought.

Thirty years later, science is again listening for signals from Mars or Venus—with better equipment this time, and apparently with better results.

The chronicle of mysterious broadcasts would not be complete without one which is certainly strangest of all, and perhaps most significant in the final analysis.

Television is relatively restricted in its range. A station with a coverage area of one hundred and fifty miles radius is fortunate indeed. That is why television viewers in England were startled to see on their screens in September of 1953 the station identification card and call letters of television station KLEE in Houston, Texas. The signals came in strong throughout a large portion of the British Isles, so strong that many viewers had ample time to photograph this remarkable long-range television reception. British broadcast engineers were promptly informed of the unusual circumstances and they too were able to pick up the signal without difficulty.

Freak long-range television pickups are rather more common than the public realizes and the British authorities attached no real importance to this reception of the KLEE signal, at least not until they contacted KLEE on the matter. Then they got a real surprise!

KLEE, Houston, Texas, went off the air in 1950. The successor to KLEE informed the British Broadcasting Corporation that no KLEE identification card had been televised at any time since 1950—three years before the signals were picked up in Britain!

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The British finally decided that it was a matter which defied analysis. For someone to have broadcast that signal as a practical joke would have meant expenditure of at least one hundred thousand dollars, as well as involving considerable risk and requiring special equipment. The chances that it was a pointless practical joke were ruled out by both British and American authorities.

What did happen? Where did the signal come from? Why was KLEE chosen for the broadcast, when it had not been on the air for three years? Why were the signals beamed only to the British Isles? Who sent them?

The chief engineer for the British Broadcasting Corporation told newsmen: "We are confronted in this instance with a set of circumstances which are at variance with accepted knowledge of television transmission. It is unthinkable that these signals could have been circling the earth for the period of time since that station last broadcast them. It is physically impossible that they could have been reflected to us by chance from any celestial body at such a vast distance. That leaves us with but one possibility, however bizarre, that these signals were transmitted to us purposefully and intelligently, from a source and for a purpose presently unknown."

A STRANGER IN THE SKY

Astronomers are a clannish group and they have long been noted for their reticence when called upon to discuss something they cannot explain. That is why it was so surprising to find them publicly admitting that they were trying, without success, to identify a strange new object that had been discovered roaming the heavens.

The thing, whatever it was, was first photographed at Palomar on November 5, 1958. The discovery was made by two guest investigators, Dr. W. J. Luyten of Minneapolis and Dr. G. Haron of Mexico City.

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After these eminent observers had noted and reported the presence of something where nothing was supposed to be, the thing was photographed and the photographs were studied with great interest.

Whatever it was, it had not been there when the Palomar cameras photographed the same part of the sky in 1954. And observations made since that memorable date in 1958 show that the object is no longer there.

The photographs were recorded in ultraviolet, yellow and blue and astronomers agreed that the object resembled a classical white dwarf star. The object also resembled anything else that glowed with that same brilliance—something that came and went brilliantly on its way among the stars—which real stars don't do.

Dr. Luyten, fascinated and probably puzzled by this wanderer of the celestial wastelands, finally said to newsmen: "It seems difficult to escape the conclusion that this represents a *new type* of celestial object."

The italics are mine.

The discovery was his.

AUTHORITIES WHO BELIEVE IN FLYING SAUCERS

Despite the widespread, incessant, campaign of derision directed against those who refuse to accept the official "explanations" about flying saucers, the number of persons who regard UFO's as real, extraterrestrial craft continues to grow. Their logic tells them that they are right.

The classic assault on the "believers" has been the oft-repeated statement that "no astronomer, no moonwatch team, no camera or telescope ever has observed such strange flying objects as the so-called flying saucers." The skeptics then conclude with their clincher: that the Air Force has examined more than five thousand seven hun-

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dred flying saucers between 1947 and 1957 and not one could be substantiated!

Devastating if true, of course. But in reality this approach to the subject is merely an application of one of the oldest techniques in the long history of public debates: demolish the opposing thesis by a broad frontal attack and bolster your statements with a sprinkling of facts on a background of opinion. This often has proved a winning combination but it has one fatal flaw; it cannot stand comparison with the facts.

Let's begin with the conventional opening statement of the skeptics: "No astronomer, no moonwatch team, no camera or telescope has ever observed such objects as the so-called flying saucers."

Every segment of that claim is demonstrably false.

It is a matter of record in scientific journals that the first photograph of an unidentified flying object was taken by professional astronomers at the observatory at Zacatecas, Mexico. The director, Señor Jose Bonilla, had the telescope trained on the sun. It was a few minutes past eight o'clock on the morning of August 12, 1883, when Bonilla was startled to observe a small luminous body traversing the disc of the sun. Since his camera was already set to photograph sun spots, it was relatively simple for him to photograph this intruder. In his official report he stated: "I had not recovered from my surprise when the same phenomena was repeated! And that with such frequency that, in the space of two hours, I counted up to two hundred eighty-three bodies crossing the solar disc."

Señor Bonilla's report says he counted forty-eight of these unusual bodies, moving from east to west, in a matter of less than half an hour. Some of them were perfectly round, others were elongated. All were opaque when they crossed the face of the sun and most of them became luminous for a short period afterwards.

Bonilla continues: "I photographed most of these strange bodies in projection and in profile. Some appear round or spherical, but one notices in the photographs

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that the bodies are not spherical, but irregular in form."

Next morning, August 13, 1883, director Bonilla and his associates counted 116 of these strange objects moving through the heavens during a period from eight o'clock to nine forty-five. Other observatories were contacted by telegraph, but they failed to locate the objects, presumably because of parallax, the apparent displacement due to having a different point of observation.

Dr. Bonilla and his contemporaries concluded that the things they had seen actually were moving through space somewhere between the earth and the moon, which would account for the parallax.

His photographs, still extant, constitute a refutation of the claim that no strange objects have been seen or photographed by astronomers. Bonilla did both.

And what of contemporary astronomers? Have *they* seen the flying saucers?

Certainly one of the most eminent members of the profession was Dr. H. Percy Wilkins, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and one of the world's top authorities on the moon. He was, by his own words: "Not only a skeptic but a firm unbeliever in any such objects, until I had the pleasure of undertaking a lecture tour of the United States."

Dr. Wilkins tells how he boarded a plane at Charleston, W. Va. en route to Atlanta on the morning of June 11, 1954. As the plane droned along over great sunlit, cumulus clouds at about eight thousand feet, Dr. Wilkins noticed two brilliant, oval-shaped objects hovering above the tops of two lofty masses of cloud. He describes them as sharp-edged, glittering like burnished gold in the sunlight, about two miles from the plane on which he was a passenger. Suddenly he saw a third and similar object, hovering in the shade of the same cloud mass, gray in color, possibly because it was unlighted by the sun. The first two objects, said Dr. Wilkins, began moving into the wind. A few seconds later the third swung around in a wide arc and followed them, vanishing into a thick cloud. The entire display had taken about two minutes. Dr.

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Wilkins said, "Certainly they were not caused by any optical or meteorological peculiarities."

Another famous astronomer had left the dwindling ranks of the skeptics.

Among the other eminent astronomers who have seen and reported UFO's is NICAP board member Dr. James Bartlett, Jr. of Baltimore, Md., who said, "My belief in UFO's is simply expressed. They do exist. They are some type of mechanism, controlled craft; their origin is unknown; their purpose undiscovered. Beyond this I have no definite conclusions."

For twenty-five years Frank Halstead was curator of the University of Minnesota observatory at Duluth. After sighting two flying saucers in November, 1955, he said, "All over the world credible witnesses are reporting experiences similar to mine. Holding these people up to ridicule does not alter the existing facts. The time is long overdue for accepting the presence of these things, whatever they are, and for dealing with them and the public on a basis of honesty and realism."

Clyde Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto, and his family watched an object which he called a "space ship" and he commented, "These things, which appear to be directed, are unlike any phenomena I ever observed!"

The assertion that the ATIC examined some five thousand seven hundred reports between 1947-1957 is in error. The figure is several thousand higher than this number; in fact, the ATIC itself admitted that it was examining reports at the rate of seven hundred per week in June of 1954, and, not only were reports substantiated, but the Air Force itself had issued orders to shoot down the flying saucers if possible. And the Civil Aeronautics Board had published a booklet (illustrated with charts) showing how the unsubstantiated objects appeared on radar screens when they swarmed over Washington, D.C., in July and August of 1952. This is officially known as Technical Development Report No. 180-CAB. I have a copy before me at this moment, and I heartily recom-

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mend it to the perusal of skeptics, in case they are interested in a little factual material.

On the evening of January 7, 1948, after Captain Thomas Mantell had perished in pursuit of the gigantic object that crossed Kentucky that afternoon, the official statement released by the commanding officer at Godman Air Force Base said, "Captain Mantell was killed while in pursuit of a flying saucer."

The evidence of the reality of flying saucers includes physical evidence in the form of bits of metal officially identified as emanating from Unidentified Flying Objects. Photographic evidence exists in motion pictures and still pictures, black and white, and full color—some of them officially identified as photographs of Unidentified Flying Objects (the official name for flying saucers).

Dr. Hermann Oberth, the world's foremost authority on space travel and the father of the great German rocket team that brought us pell mell into the missile age, conducted a three-year study of the ubiquitous flying saucers for the West German government. At the conclusion of the program in June, 1955, Dr. Oberth said, "They do not originate on this earth and probably do not originate in our solar system, but very likely come from another galaxy. It is our conclusion that they propel themselves by distorting the gravitational field."

Dr. Oberth, obviously suffering from "flying saucer fantasies," nevertheless was promptly hired by the United States government and placed under a five-year contract at the Huntsville, Alabama arsenal to help develop the Jupiter space rocket.

When Dr. Oberth completed his term at Huntsville he was flown back to Frankfurt and there, late in 1959, he held another news conference. He repeated what he had said about flying saucers in 1955, and added that the United States is one of the nations that is trying to duplicate the propulsion system which the UFO's presumably use. Dr. Oberth added, "Considerable success has been attained in this program and I believe that

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within five years, men will be able to travel to the moon in craft propelled by electro-magnetic means."

The United States government confirmed our program of research in the field of electrical energy for space travel in April, 1960, when NASA revealed that we hope to be able to use an unspecified type of electrical drive to cross the void where gravity will present no problems. Ion drive? No, said the NASA spokesman, electric propulsion.

Still another prominent citizen whose mental condition would seem to be above reproach is Gen. Nathan Twining, distinguished leader of World War II and later commanding officer of the Air Force and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, top military position in the nation. General Twining said on May 15, 1954, in Amarillo, Texas, "The best brains in the Air Force are trying to solve this riddle (of the flying saucers). If they come from Mars, they are so far ahead of us we have nothing to be afraid of!"

This same General Twining, as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1959, received a letter from his friend, Vice Admiral R. N. Hillenkoetter, USNR, inquiring whether Twining knew what attempts, if any, had been made to communicate with the flying saucers. Twining replied that many and various attempts had been made without success, for what was assumed to be physical reasons. Pressed for an amplification of what he meant by physical reasons, General Twining declined further comment.

According to *Who's Who*, Admiral Hillenkoetter has served his country with distinction for many years. From 1947 to 1950 he was head of our Central Intelligence Agency. Admiral Hillenkoetter was, therefore, in this key position to handle global information when the saucers first broke into the headlines all over the earth in 1947. He was at CIA when Commander Orrego came back from the Antarctic late in 1949 with his motion pictures of flying saucers circling Orrego's fleet.

Vice Admiral Hillenkoetter is now head of a major

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steamship line and also serves as chairman of the board of NICAP, a privately-financed organization based in Washington, D.C., and devoted to study and publicizing of the available facts about flying saucers. In February, 1960, Admiral Hillenkoetter made front-page news when he released a copy of an Air Force order which alerted commanders of Air Bases around the globe to the "menace" of flying saucers. This Air Force order spelled out the specific steps to be taken in dealing with them and instructions for investigating sightings and reported landings of UFO's. Hillenkoetter's release showed that while the official policy was one of minimizing and ridiculing the existence of flying saucers, the Air Force regarded them as a serious matter.

Admiral Hillenkoetter's predecessor as board chairman of NICAP, Vice Admiral Delmer Fahrney, USNR, was for more than twenty years head of the Navy's guided missile program and is credited with originating the term "guided missile." As commanding officer of the Navy base at Point Mugu, California, Fahrney often participated in the rocket test launchings which took place at White Sands, New Mexico. He was thoroughly familiar with the details of the incident in 1948 when two flying saucers, circling a V-2 rocket as it climbed heavenward faster than a thousand miles an hour, were photographed, observed through binoculars and theodolites and tracked by radar.

Therefore, when Admiral Fahrney issued a public statement on the subject of unidentified flying objects, it received the front-page attention it deserved. On January 15, 1957 he said, "Reliable reports indicate that there are objects coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds. No agency of this country or Russia is able to duplicate at this time the speeds and acceleration which radar and visual observers indicate these flying objects are able to attain. There are signs that an intelligence directs these objects, because of the way they fly.

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The way they change positions in formation also would indicate they are directed. As long as unidentified flying objects continue to navigate through the atmosphere of this earth there is an 'urgent need to know' generated throughout the land."

On the NICAP board, and sharing the views of Fahrney and Hillenkoetter on the flying saucers, are Major Dewey Fournet USAFR, former head of an Air Force saucer investigation project; Captain William Nash, of Pan-American airlines, a multi-million mile flier who has seen flying saucers several times, once at close range; Major Donald Keyhoe, USMR, a veteran flier and noted aviation writer who first exposed the reality of the saucers back in 1950; and leaders from the fields of astronomy, physics, aeronautics, rocketry, broadcasting, magazines and newspapers.

Only one member of the United States Senate holds a jet pilot's license, Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona. He is also a Brigadier General in the Air Force Reserve and as such is in close touch with many sources of information not available to the average citizen. Senator Goldwater told newsmen, "Flying saucers, unidentified flying objects, or whatever you choose to call them, are real. The Air Force has a project to investigate these reports, but when you ask about them they clam up."

If you, too, believe that flying saucers are real then you are in distinguished company.

My own years of study of the riddle of the flying saucers has brought out one undeniable truth: the fundamental difference between those who believe in the reality of flying saucers, and those who do not, is that the believers are informed; the skeptics are not. In this, as in many other fields of human endeavor, there is no such thing as an informed skeptic. His is the blind faith of willful ignorance.

Author's note: Interested private citizens may join NICAP by sending \$5 for one year's dues to Major Donald E. Keyhoe, 1536 Connecticut Ave., N.W. Washington

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D.C. NICAP distributes regular bulletins and frequent confidential letters to its members, apprising them of the latest evidence in Unidentified Flying Objects as gathered by its members all over the world.

A SCIENTIST VIEWS THE SAUCERS

From personal experience I realized that certain well-placed individuals in government knew a great deal more about the nature and purpose of the so-called flying saucers than had been publicly admitted. I have a letter from a group of physicists employed by the government, dated in mid-1950, in which they state their conclusion that the "saucers" were remote-controlled devices conceived and directed by sentient beings who possess measure of technological attainment far beyond our own. Furthermore, they state in their letter that they had arrived at this conclusion after studying and evaluating material furnished to them by the government of the United States.

But how to penetrate the wall of official silence which had been built up around those who knew the facts? After many frustrating approaches to the more obvious sources, I finally decided to contact the scientists who had written the letter mentioned above. Could they put me in touch with someone who would talk to me about this subject on a basis of strict confidence? Would anyone care to do so—or would anyone dare?

After months of waiting, the answer came through. One authoritative source would talk to me, provided the identity of my source was not divulged. In fact, the identity had to be obscured to the satisfaction of the subject. With some difficulty that was achieved.

The following colloquy was tape-recorded at a place, and under conditions, prescribed by my source. With the exception of about two hundred words which he

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deleted before this material was first published in *Fate Magazine* in September of 1957, the interview is presented as it developed. In my fourteen years of research on this subject, I regard this as the most important and informative discussion I ever engaged in.

"And you have come so far to talk to me about these unknown objects in the skies?" he asked as he paused to refill the knobby old pipe that resembled a deformed sweet potato. "Well, sir, I have never seen one of them, and I have spent much time looking through telescopes you know. But I have friends who did see them. More correctly I should say that I did have friends who saw them. When you get to be eighty-four, you don't really have many friends left, only pleasant memories to keep you company . . . and an occasional, inquisitive young man who comes to ask strange questions! Now, where would you like to start?"

"Are you willing to admit the possibility of intelligent life other than our own in our own solar system?" I asked.

"Why not? Evidence we do not have one way or the other, if you insist on adhering to the accepted versions of such matters. But I am not so inclined. I think it is quite probable that there is life, *intelligent* life, on other planets in our solar system. Proof? No, we do not have proof if you insist that such creatures come in and submit themselves for inspection and approval. But evidence? Yes, plenty of that for those who have the patience to assemble it and to recognize it for what it is."

He kicked off his dusty shoes and slipped on a pair of hand-knit house slippers made from scraps of old garments such as my grandmother had used to make rag rugs so many years ago. The sun was down and the slight breeze dappled the bay. My old friend was silent so long that I feared he had forgotten what we were talking about. He hadn't.

"I was waiting for you to ask me about Mars. Everybody asks about Mars, you know."

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"Is it your belief then that there is life on Mars?"

"My belief?" He chuckled. "Who cares about my belief? In science belief is nothing; theory is everything. More important, I should tell you about *my* theory. Then I'll tell you how I support my theory. Most of us get the theory first and then search for evidence to support it. In my case I found my evidence and then built a theory around it. Science has little time for the man who opposes theory and even less time for the man without a theory. Soooo . . . let us examine what I am pleased to call my evidence.

"First, we must consider the possibility of life elsewhere in the universe and perhaps not so far from us. It is an accepted assumption that, given the right conditions as we know them, a planet will develop life as part of its aging process. Once developed, life may take many forms, some of which we might not recognize. Intelligent life will struggle with every means at its command to perpetuate its existence in the face of difficulties."

"You are thinking of Mars?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. It has all the signs of a planet that is older than ours, one that bloomed and faded while we were still comparatively young. It also bears signs of having developed intelligent life . . ."

"The so-called canals?"

He smiled. "The canals—always the canals! Better they should have been called highways. For the sake of my theory I am concerned with something else which may be more important to the long view: the moons of Mars.

"Men had been peering at Mars through telescopes for more than two hundred years before Professor Hall discovered that Mars had a moon. Six days later he discovered that it had *two* moons! Doesn't it seem strange to you that if these moons had been there all the time, as we are expected to believe, they weren't seen before? But no, my friend, after two hundred years of seeing nothing around Mars we suddenly saw *two* glittering satellites, and all in one week in 1877.

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"These moons do not have the rusty glow of Mars. One of them is almost white and the other is bluish-white. They are very close to the planet and very small, so small that they might be artificial satellites, stepping stones into space."

"Similar to the space bases we hope to build some day?" I interposed.

"Exactly! Their location would make them very useful to anyone who wanted to leave Mars, or to visit Mars. A satellite, you see, is a kind of two-way street; if you don't use it somebody else may."

"Are you suggesting that some intelligent creatures may already be using our moon?" I asked.

"You try to hurry me along! Let us go back to Mars and the shiny bits which we call its moons. Let us suppose that we lived there, on a planet that had aged to the point where it was difficult to support our population because a large portion of our natural resources had been used up long ago. We find that we must use every drop of water, so we pump it from the melting polar caps to the areas where it can be put to work. Would we simply channel it through open ditches, the 'canals'? I think we would not. More probably we would carry it through pipes and use it along the pipelines to grow food and other plants . . . trees perhaps. This would create long green or bluish-green lines which would intersect at control points where pipelines from the polar caps met.

"In spite of all our cleverness we someday would find ourselves confronted with a grave decision. Unless we could secure the materials we needed in order to exist, our civilization would perish. Long ago our astronomers had examined other planets; first, out of curiosity; then, purposefully. They found a 'young' planet, lush with vegetation, warm, with plenty of water and minerals. Was it inhabited? The astronomers could not tell. The only way to determine that was to get close enough to see, and that meant crossing space."

"Somewhat similar to our own plans, isn't it?" I said.

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"With one important difference, yes. We propose to make the trip out of curiosity disguised as scientific research. A wonderful blanket that covers many projects! Scientific research! But I must not take time to tell you the funny stories I know about things we have spent money for under that name. Let me go ahead with my theory.

"Oh, yes, we must visit that young planet called Earth. Our technicians know that we can make the trip and they create the machines for the long journey. Our first space travelers return with some strange tales. They tell us of finding the Green Planet inhabited by comparatively primitive beings, some of whom displayed hostility, while others regarded our space travelers as supernatural beings. Our men stayed long enough to teach two separated groups of these beings a few principles of architecture, including the simple pyramid. But the visitors from Mars had not come to dominate nor to teach, but to learn.

"The records of their visits were preserved in the legends of the primitive peoples. Traces of their pyramids and language similarities are to be found on both sides of the Atlantic ocean. Where you find the same type of architecture, you find the same root words and, keep in mind, these primitive people were separated by an ocean. It is my theory that their similarities are due to these visits by the research groups first sent out from Mars.

"During the course of these early trips it was found that the satellite of the Green Planet was uninhabited. It lacked an adequate atmosphere but it was a great untapped source of raw materials badly needed on Mars. And, most important, anything lacking on the moon was readily available on the Green Planet a relatively short distance away. By the simple process of mining the moon and supplementing the results from the resources of Earth, Mars could continue to support its population. Have I baffled you with my theory?"

"I'm not able to weigh some of these things on their

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merits," I replied. "But please continue. What about the prospectors on the moon?"

"Not so fast! Not so fast! This is to be a major endeavor and it would be foolish to attempt the job with craft that must be powerful enough to tear themselves away from the surface of Mars and propel themselves all the way to their goal and back. The logical thing is to build space bases, artificial moons, a few thousand miles from Mars. These must be large enough to handle sizeable quantities of the material that are in transport, a sort of natural deep-freeze from which the products of the moon-mines can be distributed. Since distribution from overhead would be relatively simple, a satellite as small as Deimos, estimated at five miles or less, would be ample."

The old scientist's pipe had long since gone out and he paused to refill it. Once the pipe was alight again he said, "If you smell something like honeysuckle this is it. I experiment with my pipe. I pick the honeysuckle blossoms myself, dry them and crumble them into the tobacco. I like to think it makes it smell better. I once tried crushed rose petals—fahhl!—they took the skin off my tongue!"

"You were saying something about the satellites of Mars . . ."

"Yes, I was. They play a very important part in my theory. Since they were first discovered by Professor Hall in 1877, it is quite likely that they were not there more than a few years before that time. He used a very fine telescope, the twenty-six inch Clark refractor at the Naval Observatory in Washington, but there were many other fine instruments in existence at that time, and for at least twenty or thirty years before 1877. I take the position that since the telescopes were there and the planet was there and the astronomers were looking at it, the bright little moons which Professor Hall saw so clearly for the first time in 1877 simply had not been there very long when he found them."

"Have you found anything to support that belief?"

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"In my opinion, yes. Prior to the construction of the moons of Mars, any travel between that planet and our moon would by necessity have been limited. More frequent trips, made possible by the moons and their facilities, would be noted in the form of increased activity on the moon. For almost a hundred years astronomers have reported tiny spots of light on the moon where no light should be visible. These have been explained away as the shining tips of mountains, or even as volcanic action, but for the most part they are just ignored. You see, they do not fit the accepted theory that there is no life on the moon. They did not fit into any theory but mine—at the time!

"About ten years before Asaph Hall discovered the peculiar little satellites of Mars, astronomers began to notice other strange things on the moon. They were using good instruments, these men, and they were seeing lights and lines and mounds and cavities which came and went in bewildering fashion."

"Such as Gruithuisen's claim that he saw lines which resembled the streets of a city? Too early for your theory, wasn't he?" I asked.

"Not necessarily. Gruithuisen reported in 1821 that he had found what appeared to be the streets of a city just north of the crater Schroeter. Many astronomers agree that there are some lines in geometrical patterns there; like the lines on Mars, some see them, some do not. But, my friend, you must remember that there were many others besides Gruithuisen who dared to fly in the face of accepted theory by reporting such things. Gruithuisen was early, yes. Too early? No. For you see if my theory is correct, the moon had been having visitors for thousands of years before anyone on Earth suspected it. Only by assembling the thousands of incidents since Gruithuisen can we begin to bring our picture into focus—"

"Thousands of incidents?"

"Yes, literally thousands. Between the time of Gruithuisen, let us say around 1820, and the discovery of the

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two tiny objects that circle Mars, in that period of about fifty-five years astronomers had recorded more than fifteen hundred sightings of lights in the dark areas of the moon.

"Sometimes these lights appeared in patterns. There were rectangles, and long, straight lines of lights. Birt and Schmitt and Neison and many, many other fine astronomers saw them. This is a matter of record, you know. But what good is the record if we ignore it?"

"An aged planet sends out prospectors to mine the satellite of its neighbor. The neighbor suspects nothing for thousands of years! It is no wonder!"

"For thousands of years the people in Europe had no idea there were other people living across the Atlantic Ocean. If they could not believe that, why should they suspect that the moon itself was inhabited? It was only after all these things were seen and reported in the nineteenth century that some of us began to suspect what I regard as the truth: that systematic mining operations have been underway on the moon for thousands of years and that such operations can explain the markings and the lights and the surface changes which have been reported, and which are still being reported to this day."

"You're way ahead of me, Doctor. I recall only the 'moon-bridge' of O'Neill and the black line that Frank Halstead and others reported in Piccolomini a couple of years ago. There were others?"

"Hundreds of others. By that I mean the tiny craters which appear and vanish, especially in and around Plato. Messier and Messier-A are lively places, according to the telescopes. Most important of all, I think, are the hundreds of small white domes which are seen on the moon. They are in most cases so small they are difficult to see. Possibly they are not more than fifteen hundred feet in diameter. They were first reported in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when Shroeter devoted his time to Linné, but after 1870 they were seen in rapidly increasing numbers, and now we know of at least two hundred of them. They are not fixed, not

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permanent. Sometimes they are clustered in one place, sometimes a few of them vanish and crop up elsewhere. It fits my theory, you see, to regard them as huge, portable structures, under which the miners of the moon can work in a life-sustaining atmosphere. Are you hungry?"

Actually I *was* hungry but before I could reply my host said: "Please be patient with me for a few moments longer. Then we will come to my second theory. It will take care of your hunger.

"Now, through the ages these visitors to the moon will have noticed the development of cities here on Earth. They will also have watched our slow and labored efforts to fly. Perhaps their own history covered much the same processes. Since they were getting almost everything they wanted from the moon, their trips here were infrequent. I trust that you have noticed that reports of huge aerial objects over the earth are most numerous after 1870?"

"Yes. At the moment I can think of the huge thing that zoomed down over the cotton field at Bonham, Texas in 1873, and the thing over Sistersville, W. Virginia, about 1879—"

"Those things had lights on them—searchlights, in some cases. They were a type of craft which could be built and launched quite easily from space bases, and they appeared only a few years before we first noticed that Mars had two tiny satellites which might have been artificially constructed, and which we had never noticed before."

I had a feeling that my distinguished host was leading me rapidly toward something which he considered extremely important. A moment ago he had piqued my curiosity with his remark that his theoretical "moon miners" were getting almost everything they wanted from the moon. What did he mean almost? I asked him:

With exasperating slowness he filled his gnarled old pipe again.

"There is an old saying that in the land of the blind the one-eyed man is king. You have heard it, of course?"

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I nodded.

"On a planet where water is precious it becomes of great value. From the moon, my theoretical, but by no means mythical, visitors, might get enough uranium to provide power and heat; they might get all the aluminum and other metals they need for industry; they might get all the chemicals for coaxing food plants from exhausted soil. But from the moon they would not get water, none for themselves and none for their planet that needs it so desperately. If you were in their predicament, what would you do?

"Of course! And that is exactly what the visitors are doing, in my theory at least. Think of all the reports of these objects, small ones now, being seen entering water, shining their lights under the water or resting on its surface. Not the big cargo craft, but small ones that can slip in, fill with water and unload it in the form of chunks of ice just outside our atmosphere—a very convenient storage place. Once in a while, if the ice is jettisoned too soon, accidentally or otherwise, chunks of it come crashing down to earth, mostly unnoticed, but occasionally crashing through somebody's roof, killing a sheep, or battering the hood of an automobile. On rare occasions these glittering chunks of ice which are circling the earth may be seen and thought of as possible satellites, until they are taken away by those who hung them in the sky in the first place."

"As for instance the small objects which Clyde Tombaugh and Dr. La Paz were hired to locate a few years ago?" I asked.

"Possibly. Probably. Also the cluster of objects which Adler Planetarium reported in 1953, circling the earth for a time at an altitude of about four hundred seventy-five miles. They are quite adequate for my ice theory, especially since these objects vanished from their plotted orbit after a short time. Vanished? Or were linked together and taken away?"

"It would be the longest water haul on record, beyond a doubt!"

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"Indeed. Eventually, however, its results should become apparent. It is my belief that these regular shuttle voyages have been underway at two-year intervals, the oppositions of Mars, for just about one hundred years. Only in the last fifty years have any appreciable changes been noted in the appearance of Mars, changes which fit my theory. The growth of the dark, blue-green areas has been noted. In 1954 there was a pronounced increase in the size of Syrtis Major, a change which I interpret as the long range result of water from the Earth and minerals from the moon, transported in what we call Unidentified Flying Objects, and intensively applied to its needs.

"There you have my first theory, and the facts which I am pleased to call my supporting evidence. Now I should like to offer my second theory—that I am the best sauerbraten cook in this part of the country. Will you come in and examine the evidence?"

I did. He was delightfully correct about his second theory. And his first theory? Time will tell.

FLYING SAUCERS STOPPED THE GAME

There had been many Little League baseball games in Paris, Illinois, but never such an unforgettable game as that of July 18, 1957. It started off with no hint of the sensational extra attraction that was to make headlines. Including the youngsters on the ball diamond, there were possibly seventy-five persons present, most of them parents of the players. The game had been underway for perhaps half an hour when someone shouted: "Look—what's that?" East of the field, easily visible in the late afternoon sunshine, two flat, shiny disc-shaped things were moving from north to south at low altitude. They were rapidly overtaking a single-engine jet plane moving in the same direction. One of the spectators, Paris busi-

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nessman Harold Mathes, said: "The two shiny discs separated as they reached the plane and passed the jet on opposite sides. As the plane swerved toward one of the discs, both discs banked and shot away from the jet. They were much too fast and maneuverable for the plane. By this time the baseball game had stopped and everybody was watching the performance in the sky, just as I was. We all just stood there amazed. I don't know what we saw but I know that I had never before seen anything like these two shiny discs and I know that they had no trouble flying rings around that jet!"

Still another of the spectators was John Ball, also a businessman of Paris, Illinois, who said: "We saw these things clearly . . . for there was plenty of sunlight and the sun was in back of us, shining directly on the two discs which the jet was unable to keep up with. I would say the things were about the same size as the jet pursuit plane, about forty feet in diameter. When I heard the shout and looked up, like everyone else, the two saucers were flying in front of the jet, one on each side and well out away from its wings. Everyone at the ballgame, including the players, saw the things . . . clearly. After playing around with the jet for a minute or two . . . making a monkey out of the plane . . . the things zipped up and streaked away at terrific speed. They were out of sight in a few seconds. We had never seen anything like it before . . . but the things we saw were real . . . solid objects . . . no mistake about that . . . and they sure stopped the ball game!"

TASMANIAN SKY RIDDLE

In a front page headline story, the newspaper *Tasmanian Truth*, published October 12th, 1960, says "Official probes follow Tasmanian minister's story . . . invasion by

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space-craft. . . . A two-minute invasion of Tasmania by creatures from outer space reported by a Cressy Church of England minister is being investigated by the department of civil aviation and other government agencies."

The original report was credited to Reverend Lionel Browning, the Tasmanian secretary of the World Council of Churches. The incident occurred about 6:10 P.M. on the evening of October 4, 1960. The minister and his wife told authorities they were sitting on the front porch of their home overlooking a valley near Launceston, Tasmania. Reverend and Mrs. Browning said that the first thing they saw was a huge dirigible-shaped thing that came down slowly out of the storm clouds, moving jerkily and much slower than any plane. They described it as being about three hundred feet long and in full view, a couple of miles from them and below them in the valley. "Almost immediately after the long cylindrical craft came into view," said Reverend Browning, "it was joined by five or six shiny disc-shaped objects that came swooping down from the cloud layer behind it. These objects appeared to be about thirty or forty feet in diameter, flat on the bottom and with a shallow dome of some sort on top." Continuing, he said: "They circled the larger craft but they did not enter into it or on it. We could see something moving on the larger craft. It was at the end of the object and seemed to be a radar screen or a propeller. At any rate it was revolving slowly and moving from side to side. Suddenly the large object speeded up and began to rise, with the smaller things still maneuvering all around it. All of them shot back into the clouds and we did not see them again. They had been in sight about two minutes in all."

Other residents, down in the valley, reported to officials that they, too, had witnessed this eerie aerial performance.

Tasmanian authorities found that the Launceston airport reported no aircraft in the area at the time, and the government ordered a full and immediate investiga-

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tion which was promptly instituted. It was another and well-authenticated chapter in the world-wide riddle of the "Unidentified Flying Objects."

FLYING SAUCERS CHASE THE TRAIN

Newspapers call them "flying saucers." The Air Force pursues them under their official title of "Unidentified Flying Objects." But the crew of Monon railroad train Number 91 remembers them as the things that chased the train.

Number 91 is a diesel-engined freight train that goes from Indianapolis north to the town of Monon and returns each night, a round trip of about two hundred miles. Shortly after three o'clock in the morning of October 3, 1958, train Number 91 was jogging along southward through the town of Rossville, Indiana. The fireman, Cecil Bridge, a former bomber crewman during World War Two, noticed a strange light formation crossing the tracks ahead of the train. The engineer, Harry Eckman, saw them too: four oddly-glowing white lights sailing serenely and slowly across the path of the train. Suddenly the lights made a sharp left turn and came straight toward the freight train. Fireman Bridge picked up the microphone and alerted the three crew members in the caboose, half a mile behind the engine. The conductor, Ed Robinson, replied that he had already spotted the thing from his vantage point in the cupola of the caboose, overlooking the train. Seconds later, the entire train crew reported, all four of the glowing white objects swept down over the engine to a height of not more than two hundred feet and came swinging over the full length of the train. When they were moving rapidly, the objects were glowing white in color; as they slowed down the color went through phases of yellow to orange to dull red. After traversing the entire length of the train,

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the objects wheeled in formation and flashed away to the East. Then, minutes later, they came back and flew behind the caboose—two of them flying vertically on edge, the two on either side flying tilted at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When Conductor Robinson shined a spotlight on them, the things would scatter, only to regroup a moment later and follow the train again, a couple of hundred yards from the caboose. The things were about thirty to forty feet in diameter, the trainmen agreed. They were flat on one side with a low, raised structure on the other. They glowed over all with a soft light and they followed Monon freight train Number 91 for seventy minutes—another chapter in the riddle of the “Unidentified Flying Objects.”

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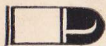
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