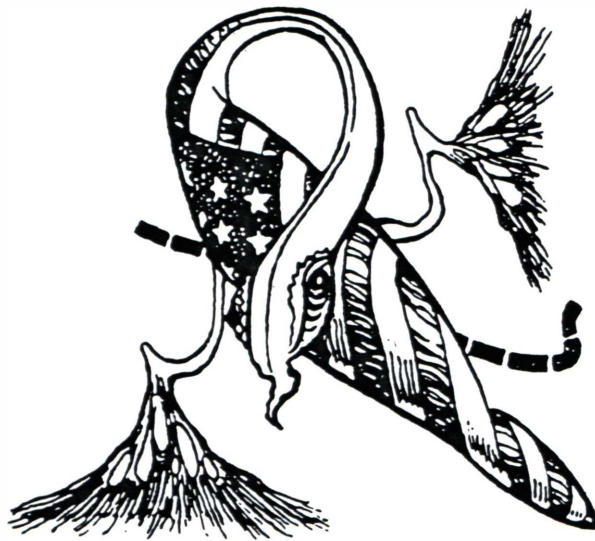


DOUBT

THE FORTEAN SOCIETY MAGAZINE
Vol. II Whole Number 46

⁶⁶ *Science does not know*
its debt to imagination ⁹⁹
+EMERSON+



SCIENCE-LAYING-ON-GOOD
OLD-AMERICAN-KNOW-HOW

EDITED BY

TIFFANY THAYER

35c.

2/— in Great Britain

DOUBT

The Fortean Society Magazine

Edited by TIFFANY THAYER

Secretary of the
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ON FORTEAN ARTS

This has been mentioned here before, and it will come up again and again. It deserves all the thought you members can give it.

Snap-judgment on only the most obvious evidence has hampered the development of Forteanism as the basis and inspiration for works of art in the older fields—music, painting, poetry and so on. The snap-judgment has been that Fort's aesthetic is that of Jules Verne, and so he has been wet-nurse to a generation or two of more or less imaginative prose writers. Where would the fantastical and scientificioneers be without him?

That is all very well, and we're proud of him for it, but it is all too obvious. Moreover, even in prose, the writers of saucer-books and their cousins are not the only type who might find nourishment here, and the suggestion is that you more serious fellows look to Fort's style and color and humor as something to build upon. Marvel is only one facet of this growing crystal, and by no means the most important one.

In DOUBT #35 we printed a short fiction by Garen Drussai and an article by Jack Clayton, a vignette by Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin and a poem by Norman Markham, all cases in point. We should like to print much more such material, but you don't send it in. The piece which follows this preamble is offered as another example of what we're driving at. *A Genesis & Exodus of the Writer as Man*, by Curtis Zahn, is one expression of the Fortean attitude, different from anything in #35, but no less typical of what the Fortean viewpoint can produce without flying to Mars or turning Time forwards, backwards or cross-wise.

Let us have more such material, please. DOUBT can't pay for it, but your reward is in thinking and feeling in the Fortean manner, and in hearing the Fortean echoes.

Let us have Fortean music, folk-song or symphony. We tried to induce MFS Lone to apply his "cosmic constant" of 1.618 to a new musical scale but he never got around to it. Suppose you tuned your piano on that basis, using the numerical value of vibrations for the necessary arithmetic. What would Old Black Joe sound like on an instrument so tuned? What new compositions could be written specially for it?

In architecture, oddly enough, we have done very well. Frank Lloyd Wright and Buckminster Fuller have brought their Forteanism to bear upon building materials known and unknown, but still we don't know what a Fortean library should look like. If you have any ideas, draw them and send them in.

Don't send any marble statues, but chisel them and take photos.

Let's get going on this thing. There's a lot more to Forteanism than just watching the papers for snail blizzards.

A GENESIS & EXODUS OF THE WRITER AS MAN

By Curtis Zahn

1. August, 1940; The Green Years

A seal burst the utterly black surface of the water ahead of the launch; the Britisher aboard was vomiting quietly in a forlorn corner of the rear cockpit, and two showgirls, weekending on one of the racing yawls, swayed into the arms of a tired, cocky Los Angeles real estate promoter whose wife fenced with a young starboat skipper—a boy bound for Stanford between regattas. And W. W. Huddleston the writer, whose article "There's Money In Mice" was being considered as a reprint for *Reader's Digest* under the title, "There is a better mousetrap" seized the thick, rough hand of the woman on deck beside him and exclaimed, "Galatea, I love you."

"Oh, button it up, W. W."

"I certainly shall not."

"You're drunk again. You're being an ass again." She turned upon him with the power of desolation, for "Galatea" was to her a warning of her husband's metamorphosis, a neo animation he underwent whenever a story idea visited him, not to be confused with his feeling towards her. For he became rich with story idea, and when he was rich, he could love himself and, able to achieve this, he turned shy, expanding fingers of warmth upon whoever happened to be nearby. And at this precise moment she keenly resented his fantasy for she knew that the human voice rode water far past the throb of the launch's motor; the preposterous statement would carry into the unbelieving portholes of every boat in the anchorage, and when the launch drew up to the landing, the vomiting Britisher and the young starboat sailor would catch her under the floodlight, would see her age and feel her weight, and then resent her husband for the liar he was. Only the cocky real estate man, the one from Los Angeles, would spare her, and this because last night, when he was drunk, he had lost his glasses and kissed her.

"There's romance in light-bulbs," Huddleston said, twisting the phrase reverently, "think I'll do it as a fact article."

"What for?" She enjoyed the tone of helpless irritation that decorated her question.

"*Illumination World*. They pay a cent a word. Or, maybe *Electrical Times*, although they'd want photos." He stopped and vacantly noticed that one of the showgirls had ceased screaming, had fallen into an almost revolting silence as she writhed in the embrace of the real estate promoter.

"There's romance in lightbulbs," his wife said, "pretty arresting title."

They travelled the rest of the watery way in silence, except for the drubbing throb of the motors, and the occasional frantic vomiting of the Britisher, and the renewed crisp, sparkling screams of the two

showgirls. And W. W. Huddleston, the exciting new literary discovery who currently had the lead story in *The Legionaire* under his own title, "It Is Worth Fighting For!" Inhaled careful quantities of ozone, of the damp, dark air filled with the cries of gulls, and he knew that he must soon do another piece, this one for art's sake; a dedication; a testimony — a confession of his gratitude for the American way of life. For, somehow, tonight was a dream tried. The trip to the moon was anybody's for the asking. He re-squeezed the hand of the woman beside him. He meant to tell her that you could say what you want — for him, there was no way like it, you never had it so good. But something went wrong. His ulcer had started again, and the voice—unmistakably his own — was asking, "dear, shall I tip the captain a quarter or is fifteen cents enough?"

2. May, 1928. Onward With The Arts.

"Galatea, I love you, I love you inescapably." It was the long, lone wail of the youthful architect again. He had poorly timed it so that the statement drifted throughout the Gym at a sad, remembered moment when the orchestra had concluded *Iust A Gigilo* and hundreds of college couples hung frozen and foolish, their arms about one another, their feet stalled on the waxed floor. The girl was a consecrated lover, her face was the soft, blurred photograph of another person, a calling-forth of everything, absolutely everything, and men laid aside their books and picked up telephones and called long-distance, carelessly telling operators to keep the change. Her hair was a jet waterfall that could, if she wished, cascade down smooth skinways to a posterior landing. Her mouth was functional; designed for uttering the word, "oh."

"I love you inescapably," he had announced when startled frosh and politely intrigued seniors turned slowly upon their heels and stared across the sea of faces toward the UC pennant where he and the girl stood apart from the world, trying to get back in, "inescapably!"

"You guys— What is it you guys are always trying to do?" Her eyes denied the rest. She was a model demonstrating daintiness or loveliness in lingerie, as a young mother choosing a wise, safe soap. As a hushed, breathless Barnard Girl concerned about throat irritation while a young Doctor told of his own brand. She was (he could imagine) something in a shower covered by aluminum tiles that you, too, could install. She seized his soft, pencilgrasping fingers. "How's your mathematical calculus, W.W.?"

"Margie—"

"Galatea! Remember?" She knew that the thrust was to fall upon its mathematical derivative, but knew, also, that he would take the remark home, cherish it, keep it in the small cage — along with the Prom Program — and cry over it, and drink beer with it Saturday nights.

"I'll sell my slide-rule and buy an old portable," he announced to himself silently, decisively, "I'll rent a room down in Greenwich Village and become a poet. I'll invite her down for a Princeton-Harvard weekend."

OCTOBER, 1946. THE INCIPIENT ULCER

"The beautiful Galatea I believe—"

"Yes — Galatea!" She had taken the word and given him his change in pennies corroded with arsenic. "You plant that name on everybody you've ever had, W.W. That is, provided you don't actually have them. I'm honored."

"It's been a long time, Jody." He tried quickly to button his vest. "A sheer eternity!" he screamed.

"I came just as quickly as I could."

"Bring the stuff?" He had forced himself to come about and fill away on the starboard tack, pounding into the oncoming rough chop, feeling the cold sting of salt as he stared down from the eleventh story window to the ferryboat on the East river. He thought, "the wound never healed, really, never." She looked lovelier, and he was unable to batten down the last button on his vest.

"Well —"

"Well?"

She had removed her mink coat, had accomplished the chore as though, so, if nobody were gendemanly enough to do it for her, then she was Lady enough to prevent his knowing it. He discovered suddenly that his cigarette had burned his fingers. This, he attributed to the fact that he made sixteen dollars a week, rather than the fact that she wore absolutely nothing under the coat.

"Well, let's go to work."

He rode the swivelchair so that he faced the window, the tall graniteflows that crowded the panoramic picture, the window which tantalizingly reflected, recaptured, in a wild transparency, the multiple curves that crisscrossed her flesh. And without glasses he saw his own changing face, fattening from starvation and failure; naked in its hard-driven, compromised struggle. And he started to talk, evenly, distantly, as though both of them had suddenly transcended twenty years of land and water, of Ford roadsters and campuses and downtown rooms. "I keep remembering Central Park," he told absolutely no one, "I remember the man who speared paper litter on the grass. I remember the fat ducks, waddling sensuously past those hungry bums while cops fingered their clubs." The proffered hand of his recall extended towards her, holding the world of her buttocks in the transient grasp of middlemindedness.

"Poor darling. You always wanted to be an architect."

"But a doctor before that."

"And a lawyer prior to this."

A smile dropped from his assemblyline of tailor-made expressions. She saw it on the floor, wanted to pick it up and put it into the wastebasket where it so dearly belonged.

"I gave up poetry, you know. During the small years of the great war." Defiant welts of perspiration illuminated his face. "I used to write on both sides of the page. I remember a man who twitched, and was afraid of selling his soul. Thank God I'm ok now."

"But now an ulcer, yet, instead."

"Oh, an ulcer, yet, instead."

She had drawn the coat around her. He began immediately to be disenchanted. But an actual tear clung to her cheek, and she wore it grandly. And he knew that, like the college boy, he would take it home and put it into the cage with the Prom scorecard, the Vassar garter and the highschool ring. "I'm selling water-softeners now," he said quietly, "water softeners and Camel cigarettes."

"May I sit down, W.W.?" She wet him with tenderness. "No — over there —" For he had adjusted the swivel chair as though he were an executive and she his private secretary. "W.W. I also remember the ducks in the park. The ducks. The pigeons. The pigeons were like your manuscripts, they always came home, either that or they became lost in flight." She stretched her tan, inspired leg from the desk where she had chosen to sit. "And now let's go to work. I'm due back at the agency at three."

The hell with her, he thought, but he was surprisingly contained, for at that very moment he had thought of the gimmick required to sell the story tentatively titled, "I found God In My Backyard." Not only that, but a new lead for "There *Are* Reds On Wall Street" which the Digest indicated it might buy provided he first got it published in *Mercury*. It was as simple as one-two-three. Why, anybody could learn the technique, in fact, why not do an inspirational piece for a writer's magazine with just the title, "Anybody can sell Reader's Digest?" No. It didn't pay much. But it never hurt to let other writers and editors know how you were doing.

SEPTEMBER, 1933. THE INTELLECTUAL PHASES

"She was in a fashion magazine," the crew-cut man said through his pipe. "She came up at me one rainy day at Rockaway. Smoking driftwood fire. Stone hearth. No knotty pine, of course, and wind driving the sand. Later, a full moon, impeached by scudding clouds. Trillions of stars, millions anyway. And, still later, after a dinner of six wild ducks I shot in the slough. After six Martinis expertly designed by my host. I think the title was *Vogue*."

The woman's yawn stopped him. It was gentle, polite, determined. She smiled conspiratorially and said, "W.W. — I think my battery is dead." She indicated the hearing device on her ear. "But do go on. I love to watch you talk."

"Vogue," he continued, "Women's magazine. Women liked to read Esquire in those days. So here was this beautiful girl starkissed eyes and moonsmilk figure modelling an Irene gown at probably \$495.00 f.o.b. Legs apart. Fabulous yardage. Great expensive yardage, she was scissoring her yardage."

"She was?" The woman's voice sounded incredulous.

"Not anemic like today's models. No taut rubberbands for arms and legs." He ignited his pipe which on him at that moment, was utterly fraudulent. Whatever happened to her you ask? Probably a real-life model for motherhood — heavier, the skin, despite a famous soap, no longer Engaged-Looking. *Twenty*

years!" And he permitted gravity to lower his hand to her knee and suddenly felt a mysterious power dragging it, imperceptibly but honestly, to the northeast.

"Not now. Not while you're telling me about Galatea."

"Ho! Galatea—" With sudden strength he saw his hand close around a magnifying glass on the table. And with this as a pacifier he went on, "she was the American Way — the yacht I was always going to buy — the Colonial house with picket fences and an insured husband coming home to be climbed upon by his children." He was crying furiously now. "The thing you take home alone at night; the unseen hand held between you and every crazy girl you meet." Once again he stopped and seized the knee of the woman who smiled vacantly beside him. "Junie, I actually saw Galatea — saw her years later through the steamy windows of a San Francisco seafood specialty house, superimposed upon an eastern lobster."

"An eastern lobster." She got up, throwing the phrase into the air, catching it, tossing it up again. "Freudian—"

"Why, your battery must be working again, Junie."

"I never felt better in my life. That's the honest truth."

He considered. Suddenly, and for no logical reason, he had conceived the title, "Is Big Business Really Too Big?" A natural for *Reader's Digest* if he could get enough fact-packed anecdotes, and statements by name tycoons. Or, if they were overstocked with this slant, you could alter the approach and try it on *The Nation* under the title, "Big Business Is Too Big." Turning, at last, to the woman, he washed her down with a smile and went on, aloud,

"This Galatea was having the Blueplate with some old stockbroker. Our eyes met; they shook hands unlawfully. And then I momentarily averted mine to the newspaper racks on the sidewalk where, believe it or not, the headline read, "L.A. Beauty Raped by Ape-Man." And when I was again able to see the lobster, Galatea was gone."

"Throw another guest on the fire," the woman yawned, "I suddenly feel cold, cold, cold —" This she said because at this moment, perhaps for the first and last time, there existed absolutely no other combination of words suitable for the summation. For here was the beginning of the end of horizons; his past, present and future were a hospital chart; the case-history of a common but chronic illness. He was a flag kept aloft by the changeable breaths of editors — sometimes red, sometimes black, sometimes grey, yellow, white — a barometer of the latest styles in attitudes at so-much a word. And to herself she said aloud, "ther's not a damn thing I can do for him because he has no problem, absolutely no problem."

But Huddleston had politely refrained from eavesdropping, and he was, therefore, able to dwell upon the structural outline of the new story he had just planned for *Mc Calls*, titled, "Pink Tea In American Green Rooms."

NOVEMBER, 1954: THERAPY AS A LIVLIHOOD

"Shall I give him a ten, or is five enough?" He wondered if his oral tones had kept pace with the times, with inflation and conditioned reflexes and two-hundred horsepower engines. He wondered if the only real changes were smaller hearing devices with larger amplification; of thicker eyeglasses and more vital vitamin pills, of higher fidelity in phonographs and longer wheelbases, and shorter Lifetime Guarantees. But the name, W.W. Huddleston was beginning to be etched among the slicks, was already remembered in the cacaphonic world of TV and radio. There were occasions at Chasens; the time he'd been introduced to Mitzi Gaynor and she had said, "why, how do you do, Mr. Huddleston." Times when a screenwriter actually employed by the movies had discussed the possibility of revamping "Guns of Gold" for a science thriller. And even if the hospital suite was nicking him fifty dollars a day, even if the nurses were incompetents who'd failed as Starlets, it somehow seemed all a part of the pattern. Ulcers were an occupational disease in the game: you could look back upon dozens of leather-bound periodicals on your own shelves in a Neutra house, and a few hard-covers, too. You could thumb back to "Charlie Crazyhorse's Famous Saddle" — the first story Huddleston had sold; to "The Drama of Grape-Ade" — fifteen bucks from *Western Bottler*. To the Inspirational-how-to-do-it for a leading writer's magazine. He'd titled it, "Editors can be fooled" and they had changed it to "Editors can't be fooled" in order to offend no one. Similarly, the piece he'd written in the hungry years, "I was 43 pounds underweight." It hadn't sold, but years later, with a few changes it was snapped up by *Better Life* and run under the title, "I was 43 pounds overweight." And, of course, the first time he'd really hit the big league when *Fact Digest* reprinted, "New Hope For Athlete's Foot Sufferers."

So it was ultimate you got ulcers and had to coast for a year, and take up some hobby like painting. "Why don't you paint a picture of your ulcer," the Doctor asked; the Doctor, a man who cleared a thousand a week in his game, and would laugh and say, "your ulcer. In primary colors. A really beautiful abstract, incidentally—"

The Doctor, who personally knew all the celebrities out here, Marylin Monroe and Jerry Lewis. And believed in psychology and half kidding said you could go to work with canvas and brushes and paint the ulcer right out of your system. Make Friends with it.

"Hell," he screamed to the nurse, who was able to look utterly beautiful and at the same time vacant, "Hell—I'm going to become the great american artist!" He sipped his milk while she arranged the bedding with the wise expression of deaf-mutes. "This may be the great turning-point — the odd stroke of prolonged destiny —" he told her, and his voice suddenly trailed off, for he saw the new Huddleston, critics pointing him out, cameras flashing while he autographed his new book; an inspirational, self-help job; an autobiography of W. W. Huddleston, American, a best-seller that would finally bring five thousand dollars from the *Reader's Digest* as a booklength reprint under the title, "My Ulcer Hangs In the Library Of Congress."

GOULD BARGAINS

While they last, we can supply Rupert T. Gould's books in several editions. Tireless book-hunters all over the world have dug up these, all printed in England:

ODDITIES	— first edition	— \$15.00
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same	— (soiled cover)	— 8.00
same	— 1945 revised	— 8.00

Orders will be filled promptly, and strictly in order of receipt.

NEW BOOK LIST

Book list #12 may or may not be ready by the time this issue is mailed, so attention is called to some new highlights you will wish to read.

S. Greiner's *CRISIS AND RESURRECTION* has been mentioned once, but YS has now finished one trip through it and started a second time. You should read it. So far we have not caught the author off his Fortean base in a single instance. It is both simpler and deeper than the same author's *Prelude to Sanity*. It searches for a way of knowing without words, and for other concepts of integrity you are not likely to have thought of. It criticizes human reliance upon the sense of eye-sight to the exclusion or debilitation of other senses, known and unknown. It tells how the human race is sick and suggests where its maladies will carry it. It offers no panacea, but envisions a resurrection along more basic lines than any we are generally aware of in word-written history. It is a tough book to describe, but the reading of it is high mental adventure—and could be profitable. READ it. 222 pp, cloth. *CRISIS AND RESURRECTION*, \$4.50.

A find for you who are fighting fluoridization of your local drinking water was suggested by MFS John Dalie, and we can't thank him enough. In ordering, just say, *FLUORINE*, and enclose \$1.50. What you get is a portfolio arrangement, handsomely done, reprints and articles compiled by the Lee Foundation for Nutritional Research. A wealth of material—22 items in one cover, handily arranged and indexed—presenting the anti-fluoridization story. Many of the items are pamphlets covering State and Federal examinations into this subject. It is a working kit for those who wish to stop this mass-doping of whole cities. Stiff paper covers. \$1.50.

DR HUGO FACK

Sadly we report the passing of one man who must some day be highly honored by posterity for the service he has done them, with very small reward in his lifetime. That is Hugo Fack, who has handed along the lamp of Silvio Gesell to the English speaking world.

Tribute also goes to his widow, Dr. Manuela Fack, who introduced her husband to Gesell's work, and is today active in keeping the work alive.

We asked Mrs. Fack for some details of Dr. Fack's life, and she responded with these few highlights.

That he was always an unusually brilliant student is evident to anyone who has read his books or followed his publications on the New Economic Order. His degrees were in Philosophy, Natural Science and Economics, from the Universities of Leipzig and Berlin.

During the first World War he was a lieutenant in the German Army, captured by the British at the battle of the Somme. "He organized the prison camp into a model camp, to the admiration of the British Staff, who enjoyed there the finest concerts, dramas, carving, cooking, ceramic classes, etc. I sent him literature of Gesell which I thought of paramount importance to the pitifully jeopardized welfare of humanity. He understood its significance to the fullest and started to write and soon became one of the leaders of the movement in Germany. After the war he wanted to bring the message to the English speaking world and translated book after book."

The struggle against inertia and apathy continued until the last. Even at the time of his death he was planning to revive a periodical on the Economy of Freedom, and to reprint again the Gesell books, *Natural Economic Order*.

For these reasons, we end this notice on a joyous note. Students and followers of Dr. Fack and Silvio Gesell are organized and functioning. The lamp still burns—and is assured continuance by the essential merit and soundness of its philosophy.

YS urges every member of the Society to find out what Gesell and Hugo Fack have to offer. Three publications are available. Order direct from the publishers. *Free Economy the True American Way of Life*, 25 cents. *Karl Marx in Error*, 25 cents. *The Science of Equity (Stabilization of the General Price Level from which emanates Balanced Economy and Justice)* \$1.50. Send \$2.00 for the three titles, to—Free Economy, 2618 East 54th St., Huntington Park, Calif.

FIRST PRIZE

First prize is a "Free Ticket" to Trinity Methodist Church, November 9th, 1953 (old style) 9:15 A.M., 12th and Flower Streets, Los Angeles.

"ROY ROGERS is bringing TRIGGER to Sunday School . . . He wants all his friends to be there."

Trigger's photograph is on the ticket instead of the old-fashioned Crown of Thorns.

Credit Tom McIntosh.

Number two position to MFS Millar, a Fortean pillar in Canada.

"J. R. Baldwin, deputy minister of transport, announced (Aug 30) that the flying saucer sighting station at Shirley's Bay . . . has been closed. 'We have decided that nothing so far has come out of the station's operations to merit further expenditures of government time on it,' he said." *Calgary (Alb) Albertan* 9-4-54 old style.

Third prize to Dr. Darling MFS, for our favorite person of the quarter. She is anonymous, but she lives in Whitefish Bay, a suburb of Milwaukee, Wis. They have parking meters there, and this gallant lady was walking past one, accto UP, just as a cop was whipping out his book to tag a car because the sign read: EXPIRE. The lady inserted a coin in the meter, and the cop asked, "Is that your car, lady?"

"No," she sweetly smiled, and went her way.

Newburyport *Daily News* 6-24-54

Personalities of such extraordinary interest were numerous in the current grist.

Khoda Partast, called a "noted Persian astrologer", of Teheran, was reported in the *Irish Press* of Dublin, 6-22-54, to have told his countrymen a week before the solar eclipse—"According to my calculations there will be no eclipse. The rumors have been started by unknown elements trying to keep Persians worried and upset." *Cr. F. McMahon*

On the subject of a lunar eclipse, night of 1-18-54, Dr. Dirk Brouwer, head of the Yale University observatory, said next day that he had not looked at it. "He explained that such things weren't particularly interesting to him." *Cr. Mitchell.*

We like Stanley Keller of Covington, Ky., too. He was granted a divorce, but had a clause written into the decree giving him access to his fishing-worm pit in the back yard. *Boston Post*, 7-4-54. *Cr. Goldstein*

Joseph Blattner, 81, poultry farmer of Norristown, Pa., has filed suit against the Feds, alleging that the Farm and Marketing Administration Acts controlling crops are not only unconstitutional but are putting him out of business. *Baltimore News-Post*, 8-12-54. *Cr. Gustine*

Gustine also sends in a precious snippet from the *Baltimore Sun*, 7-16-54, about Petras Baranauckas, who was given 15 days "for being drunk in a cemetery." Police said they found him asleep on the grave of Edgar Allan Poe in Westminster churchyard. Gustine comments, "I think this would have delighted Poe." YS submits that Poe would not have been delighted by the sentence.

Coroner H G Broadbridge of Ealing (London), had a bad time in May and June, when neither he nor examining pathologists could ascertain the cause of death in two cases brought before him. May 19, Augustus Flynn, *ae* 6, Drs. R. C. Fuller and T. Skene Keith testified. Fuller called it, "an overwhelming infection of a nature which I cannot identify. We were completely baffled." June 11, Margaret Lilian Mandy, *ae* 8, "the cause of death is unascertainable." Anybody ever hear an American medico talk like that?

Our Dr. Darling sends a piece from *Modern Medicine*, June 15, 1954 old style, apparently an editorial by Walter C. Alvarez. "Today physicians are coming to see ever more clearly that many suggestible patients can be miraculously helped by placebos . . . To me, it is becoming ever more clear, also, that there is another group of persons who react in just the opposite way from that which is expected: no matter what one prescribes they will report next day that the drug made them much worse. A sedative got them all excited: a little bismuth, designed to quiet an irritable bowel, produced vomiting and diarrhea; and even a capsule full of sugar made the person very ill! . . . Actually, today, I think that a contrary type of reaction to several drugs should brand the person . . ."

Sterilization and pre-frontal lobotomy aren't enough for this guy. Now he wants to BRAND us too!

" . . . should brand the person as one who inherited from some psychotic ancestor a jittery,

somewhat psychotic or hysterical type of nervous system. Years ago I reported a study which had led me to the conclusion that a wrong reaction to morphine or barbiturates always reveals a brain that is hypomaniac."

Dr. Darling's comment is: "When the medicine doesn't work it is the fault of the patient undoubtedly!"

This is an old gripe of Alvarez's. YS read a book on the intestinal tract, by him, some years ago, and that theme ran all the way through it. "Dear God, why did you ever make me a doctor in a world where the sick people are too stupid to tell the physician what is wrong with them!"

The same issue of the same paper reports the finding of Gilbert H. Glaser, M.D., Columbia U, that "psychotic reactions are induced in about 5% of patients treated by ACTH or cortisone."

Another lad we like was introduced by Hibbert and Elsender both. He's a Doc too — Dr. Edward Hogarth Hopkinson. Seems the electric company cut off his lights, for non-payment of a bill, but the lights went on showing the Doc the way about the house. In court the electric company asserted that he had spanned the meter with some wire of his own, and continued to use company juice. Not so, saith Dr. Hopkinson. He was using atomic power, obtained from a "nuclear fission egg" which had been lent to him, and since returned. This invention, he told the court, was still in an experimental stage, and he could not tell its secret or identify the lender of it—*because of his Hippocratic oath!*

ELSENDER'S BEST

Elsender was going around the course in 69 of 70 the entire quarter.

Accto the *Daily Mail* Science Correspondent, 6-29-54, "The total eclipse of the sun tomorrow is to be used by scientists to make it more certain that new long-range rockets and guided missiles now being designed will hit their targets accurately . . . By timing the shadow as it sweeps from West to East, it will be possible to measure the breadth of the North Atlantic to an error of less than 100 yards."

From the same wyper, 6-26-54: "100 GUIDED MISSILE FIRMS IN BRITAIN—Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Supply, revealed at Wythenshawe, Manchester, (as) he was opening Ferranti's £1,000,000 hush-hush electronic research and development laboratories, for which the Government has paid . . . the guided missile industry had now expanded until it employed 130,000 and had a production figure of £125,000,000."



Out of Inverness, Aug 17, to the *London Times*, came a report on that great new invention, the windmill! "The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board are experimenting to study the possibility of harnessing the wind to produce electricity economically . . . Here the wind blows almost continuously . . . Mr. J. Venters is in charge . . . A large machine was built in America before the war, but was later abandoned as being uneconomic." Anybody want to bet?



Swimmer Florence Chadwick was in the water at Juan de Fuca Strait, between Victoria, B.C., and Port Angeles, Wash, with a pilot boat in attendance. Shrapnel fell around her, one piece into the boat. Said to have been "anti-aircraft" shells fired at a target flown overhead. *N. E. Chronicle*, 8-7-54

Three days later, "cannon shells whined over heads of holidaymakers at Bridlington, Yorks. Two houses were damaged. A man driving a tractor ducked as shells tore up the earth on a farm." Air Ministry officials ordered their aircraft chiefs to find out quickly if it had been done by an R.A.F. plane "The job means a slow process of elimination."

A shark, killed by a Yugoslav officer off Pola, south of Trieste, was found to have in its stomach, "a hand, three overcoats, a nylon raincoat, and a car license." *Ibid*, 6-24-54

Ibid, 6-1-54. Dr. Harold Weaver, Associate Professor of Astronomy at California U, is quoted on the subject of "a group of stars (which) are running wild. He said no one knows where they are going, but he intends to investigate their activities." Don't let them get away with anything, Harold.

Congressman James T. Patterson told a Reuter reporter that President Eisenhower "had ordered only limited development of two new nuclear devices because they were too dangerous to test." *Herald*, 6-8-54.

J. B. S. Haldane, "deplored in Calcutta the mass killing of insects through the use of insecticides. He suggested some other method for scaring away such insects, preferably by using their own language or signals understood by them." *Chronicle*, 8-28-54.

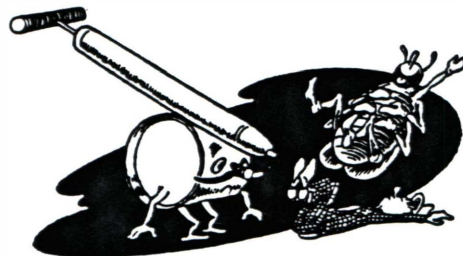
British UP can't keep its own data straight for one month, apparently. 7-19-54 it reported "the world's first underwater chapel"—at Falconera, on the Garraf coast of Spain. There a statue of the Virgin Mary "was erected yesterday" in 40 feet of water. Father Sayas and other divers went down to install it. It is equipped with a phosphorescent base enabling it to be seen clearly by passing ships.

On 8-17-54, same source reported "the first statue to be erected under the sea"—to be lowered into the bay of St. Fruttuoso, near Genoa, on Sunday (next), under 51 feet of water. This one is a statue of "Christ of the Abysses". It too will be visible from the surface.

French pills — a new drug called "Stalinon"—an antiseptic for boils and abscesses, are called the cause of at least 20 deaths from "inflammation of the brain". *Daily Mail*, 7-9-54.

Some of Alvarez's dumb-clucks stubbornly reporting "contrary" effects no doubt. Later, the dead numbered "between 50 and 60".

Elsender assisted Mitchell on one. The story in *Newsday* (Long Island) is long and wordy—at least 400 words. It tells how Illinois convicts are going to be used for guinea pigs in experiments with "common cold virus"—but in the entire article is not one word to indicate that the cons volunteered for this experiment. The *Chronicle*—in far off Newcastle—tells the story in 21 words, and begins, "One thousand convicts have volunteered . . ." etc.



In connection with poison sprays, and other lethal contamination of air, sea, earth and fowl, we are massing the data for a blast. Keep it coming in.

Hundreds of Malaysians—"every man, woman and child in an area of two square miles near Changi airfield"—began to cry after two low-flying planes had passed overhead. The R.A.F. denied responsibility, but the people said they were spraying insecticide, and "medical authorities" identified the cause as "radioactive dust." *Cr* also, *Gee*, London *Telegraph*, F. McMahon, *Irish Press*, 8-14 and 16-54.

The deepest hole ever drilled in Belgium is under Turnhout, a small town. Apparently they have hit hot water and steam enough to heat the place. *Chronicle*, 8-24-54.

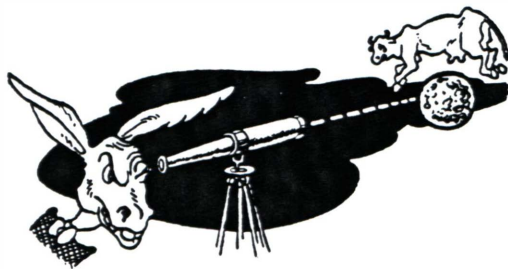


RUSSELL'S BEST

"The dirtiest deed of the century," Eric calls it, and asks, "How about the FS withdrawing recognition from the Australian government?"

The story is in the Manchester *Guardian*, 6-17-54. The Australian Government is sending planes full of civilizers into those hitherto unknown fertile and landlocked valleys of New Guinea, where 100,000 farmers have been living peacefully without us—who knows how long? The discovery of the tribe was reported at length in the *N. Y. Times* 6-12-54. Cr Mitchell

No institution or individual is named by the *London Times*, 5-23-54, in the observations upon "recent discoveries" that make celestial distances twice as great as they were before. It just says, "Dust of Milky Way Misled Astronomers"—and tells how a "72-inch yardstick" was formerly used for measuring the universe. "It has been known for some time that the flickering period of a variable star is a true index of its real brightness . . . the variable stars are still good yardsticks . . . but it is now found that because of miscalculations of the obscuring power of the galactic (?galactic?) dust in the region of some variable stars their real brightness has been underestimated . . . This eliminates the incongruity in which the earth—whose age is calculated at about 3,500,000,000 years—formerly seemed to be older than the universe of which it is part." Eric heads it, A FURTHER REFINEMENT.



J. W. F. Juritz, lecturer in physics at U of Cape Town, explained how photos 17 miles up are used in his studies. "The plates were processed by a special method. Tracks made by fragments of shattered atomic nuclei could be clearly seen on them under a microscope. The tracks were measured and it could then be *deduced* (Eric's emphasis) what type of particle was responsible for the track. Its energy and mass could also be *calculated*. (Eric's emphasis). *Echo* 7-5-54.

In Manchester College of Technology "there will be no science taught when the present science masters retire . . . an appalling shortage of masters . . . particularly acute in the Liverpool area . . . Dr. B. V. Bowden, principal, said that when a vacancy for a science master was advertised recently, three people applied Two of them had not attained degrees and the third had D. T.s." *Daily Post*, 7-10-54

David Warner, 16, of Auckland, New Zealand, in his third year at physics, made an improvement in the text book, "accepted by two New Zealand physics professors." *Echo*, 5-19-54.



In Tortosa, Spain, a rat jumped from a lorry loaded with rice. A sparrow attacked it; killed it, and flew away, apparently unharmed. *Echo*, 6-15-54.

Fifteen eagles attacked a Greek plane in flight between Agrinion and Corfu. Two dashed themselves against the windows of the pilot's cockpit, smashing them. The pilot tried to out-manuever the rest of the flock but gave up eventually and returned to Agrinion. *Echo*, 4-29-54.

The light from an atomic explosion can cause the fluid in the eye to turn to steam—and "explode". "At night in exceptionally clear air, rabbit's eyes which were adapted to night vision were injured as far away as 49 miles." Accto "doctors from the US School of Aviation Medicine in Texas". *Echo*, 6-24-54.

If the men who do these things had souls as big as a rabbit's they wouldn't have to go 49 miles away to blind them. They would walk right up close and stick their finger in the bunny's eye—if they had the guts.

Four little pieces on germ-warfare, two from Russell:

Feb 7, N.Y. *Times*. "The Chemical Corps' (US Army) research program is devoted largely to defense against enemy use of germ warfare, including development of detection devices and preventives against devastating epidemics. As part of the program, the Army also is developing biological agents, both to determine necessary counter-measures and to be ready for a counterblow in case an enemy uses germ warfare."

Sweet violets! Sweeter than the morning dew!

Apr. 8. Kingston, W. I. "A converted tank landing ship, HMS Ben Lomond, will leave here on Sunday for secret germ-warfare defense trials off the Bahamas . . . the laboratory ship is staffed by specialists from the germ-warfare station at Porton, near Salisbury. The main object of the tests is to study the precautions which would be needed should bacteriological warfare ever be used against Britain. It is believed that animals will be used."

Any lions?

May 2. Washington. "The State Department has been asked to urge Britain to cancel her plans for germ warfare tests . . . In a letter to Mr. Dulles, Senator Smathers of Florida said that "residents of the Florida coast were concerned that prevailing winds might blow some of the germs their way. He urged that Britain be invited to transfer the tests to the bomb testing grounds in the Pacific . . . The British announcement of the tests on March 12 emphasized that no real germs would be used. The germ weapons would be simulated."

Russel asks, "ERSATZOCOCCI?"



The man who is blamed for virtually exterminating the rabbits in France is 80-year-old Prof. Paul Armand Delille, called a "sorcerer's apprentice". He is said to have injected myxomatosis virus into a pair of wild ones and turned them loose. *Manchester Guardian*, 6-19-54

A Swindon (England) magistrate's court ordered 65 books destroyed as "obscene". One was the *Decameron*. In defending, the attorney said that the book had been regarded for 500 years as a classic and that the police would be held up to the ridicule of the whole country. (Add the USA.) *Manchester Guardian*, 7-30-54 *Cr* also Hibbert.

Dr. J. D. Kershaw, of Colchester, Essex, said that some concepts put forward by psychiatrists were "positively dangerous". There were too many forces trying to turn us into sheep. "It is maladjustment that makes the world go round. It is the cranks, the people who do not quite fit and the people who are individuals, who get things done and make for progress." *Ibid*, 7-8-54.

MITCHELL'S BEST

The N.Y. *Times*, 7-14-54, printed a photo of a TV tower which had crashed to the ground in Mobile, Ala. Mitchell heads it, "One down; how many to go?"

Ibid, 7-10-54. "The people of Karimganj, Assam, who prayed two months ago for the end of a drought, prayed again today for the end of a down-pour that has lasted fifty-two days."

Ibid, 6-5-54. Washington. Arthur S. Fleming, Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, or his spokesman, "denied published reports that defense officials were pressing President Eisenhower to print a stockpile of consumer ration books."

Have you children noticed this technic of modern boondoggle propaganda? The "denial" comes before the "charge" is made, that starts the "debate", and is almost invariably followed by the "act" which was originally denied. You can predict with wonderful accuracy what is going to happen just by keeping track of the "denials" of any such intention.

Leslie G. Ritner of the Brookhaven National Atomic Lab, described as "brilliant", committed suicide June 17. Said "to have suffered from fits of depression for a few years before he took his own life." It's an occupational disease that makes its heaviest toll among the "brilliant". *Newsday*, 7-6-54.

All the sheep who attended seven masses in St. Patrick's 6-13-54 were urged by Aux. Bishop Joseph F. Flannelly, to obey strictly air-raid drill warnings and instructions for taking shelter. *Times*, 6-14-54

Three days later, Washington said that all those big highway signs—"This Highway Will Be Closed" etc—should be taken down. *Cr* also McIntosh.

Three days later, N. Y. State Civil Defense Commission took issue with the Feds on the advisability of the change. Anything to keep the nonsense boiling.

In Caracas, Venezuela, they used live ammunition in an air raid drill, killed two, injured four, Friday before 7-4. "People were warned beforehand, however, to stay indoors during the practice blackout." If they don't play peek-a-boo with their idiot masters, shoot 'em.

In Bremerton, Wash, 6-25, the Civil Defense tried to evacuate the entire city of 35,000. They crabbed later because only 16,200 moved, but the total seems rather shameful to YS.

On the Lake of Ozarks, Eldon, Mo, a loaded excursion boat—no estimate of number of passengers—was picked up and turned over in the air by a twister. Three drowned, three missing. "After the boat capsized (said the pilot) they were able to get the body of one woman on top of it. 'But while we held it there, the winds came along again and for a second time pulled it out of the water. This time when it hit the water it sank.'" N. Y. *Times*, 5-30-54.

Recent wavering of ships' compass needles, more than in the past, is now attributed to sailors' nylon underwear by the Marine Department, Wellington, New Zealand. *Cr* also Gee.



FLUORINE WARNINGS

The following areas are specially warned of the menace to their drinking water. In some, the effort to dope it with rat poison has been defeated, but the boys who sell the stuff will be back.

Province of Ontario, Canada
 State of New York
 State of California
 Cleveland, Ohio
 State of Illinois
 Connecticut
 Pennsylvania
 Texas
 Minnesota
 Alberta, Canada
 Florida
 Virginia
 Ohio

In fact 45 States are threatened.

England — the entire Isle, but especially:

Anglesey
 Darlington
 Kilmarnock
 Watford, Norwich

Credit Hibbert, Russell, Martin, Mitchell, Fields,
 Millar, Mealy, Pollard, Oltcher, Giles, Turvey
 Other credits, this quarter, Eaton, Barker.

YOU CAN'T BE RIGHT

No matter who you are, or where you live, or what you see or hear—Authority knows better.

A Chinese girl in Malaya, Wong Yee-Moi, described a "Horrible Hairy" with fangs. It touched her, she said.

William Fagg, secretary of the Royal Anthropological Institute: "The bit about the fangs does not sound very plausible to me."

Prof. Osmund Hill: "There are primitive tribes in that part of the world but they are quite small people and far from hairy." *Cr* Greene

"A number" of people phoned police in New York City complaining that airplanes were flying too damned low over their homes.

Nothing of the kind, said the cops, "the haze over the city magnified the sound of their engines." *N.Y. Times*, 6-12-54. *Cr* Mitchell

"A dozen" residents of Glendale, California, heard "air raid sirens" about 8 o'clock, night of 6-12. They phoned to ask.

Carroll M. White, Civil Defense director, "checked for two hours, all sirens were locked and there was no evidence that any had been sounded."

PILSNER LINING

Besides the first prize, these daisies came in from McIntosh, who sits on his data too long.

Life, 11-24-52. "Last summer's thirsty GIs have provided some enterprising South Korean civilians with solid comfort for the winter. Flattened beer cans, Koreans have found, are just the thing for weatherproofing war-torn houses."

McIntosh adds: "Oh, just look for the Pilsner lining . . . whenever bombs appear in the blue!"

Naga Sadhus, called "the holiest of India's holy men", suggests that Eisenhower, Churchill, Malenkov and Mae Tse-tung assemble nude on the heights of the Himalayas and let Nehru, also nude, umpire their "seeking" of peace. *L.A. Times*, 1-17-54

COINCIDENCE BY AP

On June 17, under a Paris dateline, a Paris court awarded a man \$2285 damages from a surgeon who had left "a piece of his knife" in him after an operation performed in the year 20 FS.

Same date, under a Baltimore dateline, Mrs. Mae Allgood Jones was suing Johns Hopkins Hospital for \$100,000 because she alleges they sewed up a pair of forceps inside her in 1952.

Whoever sent these in did not put his name nor the name of the publishing paper on the clips. Please do that.



RAINS ETCETERA

The L. A. *Examiner* asks, "Has it ever rained hot water?" and then answers itself. "During a hurricane in the Lesser Antilles, a United States weatherman saw the countryside drenched with hot water . . . Attributed to the terrific temperatures built up at the vortex of the hurricane." No names or dates.

In Victoria Grove, Kensington, something hit a roof, sent a slate to the ground. Mrs. Eugene de Hinterhoff called the police. "They told her that a large piece of ice had probably fallen from an airplane."



Bad date — looks like June 8 — "piece of ice as big as a bucket" crashed through the roof of a bungalow at Heath Walk, Downend, Cr Gee.

"General Electric Co. scientists" have put an end to frog-rains for all time. They do not occur, say these anonymous. The rain floods the frogs out of their holes. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* printed it 5-19-54, cr Barker. The *N.Y. Times* printed the identical story 6-16-54, cr Mitchell. Probably the Times was checking the facts interim, eh?

Not seen to fall, but "it made a splash crater" in the earth: "a cylindrical metal object about 2 ft 6 in long and 12 in diameter, pointed at one end and blunt at the other, and weighing about 500 pounds." A captain of the Royal Engineers bomb-disposal unit said, "I have never seen such a thing before." Not a bomb, appears to be solid iron. The bomb boys are taking pictures of it. Found on Pond Farm, Bunkers Hill, Baxley, "ploughed up" by Albert Billing. *Star*, 5-24-54.

Black rain in Tokyo, 6-2-54. People in panic but "assured that it was not dangerous although it was radioactive". *Mail*, 6-3-54

On Route 16 near Dover, N.H. — fish. People called highway officials. "A truck driver was flagged down and told that his vehicle was spewing fish on every grade." *N. Y. Times*, 6-9-54, does not say whether the truck was spewing fish or not. Simply says the driver was told that it was. Cr Mitchell.

Yellow rain at Amuntai, South Borneo, set off alarm that it was radioactive. "The local meteorological bureau had no explanation for the rain, which caused stains on clothing." *Liverpool Echo* 6-12-54, cr Russell.

In Merrick, Nassau, Long Island, the tap water runs brown, "ruins laundry, spoils food and stains porcelain fixtures." Authorities are holding a "hearing". *News* 6-13-54.

When a sawmill cut into a huge rotted log out poured about 1500 live fish from 1 to 8 inches long. "Probably trapped inside log while it floated in the mill pond." *L. A. Times* 6-20-54, cr Powers, who should stop using scotch-tape and rubber cement. Those adhesives stick to other data and make life very difficult for YS.

Light grey rain, "milky in texture" fell in Leicester, 6-21-54. Clear rain fell later but stains of the other remained on shop windows. *Mail*, 6-22-54, cr Elsander.

Capt. J. Ben Jones of Pwilheli was fishing in his motorboat. A live rat fell into the boat. He chased it, killed it, and threw it in the water. A gull swooped down and picked it up. Capt Jones "suggests" that the rat belonged to the gull in the first place. *Echo*, 7-6-54, cr Russell.

Tit-Bits—that sheet — for 7-17-54, lists without dates the following falls:

(recent) black, radioactive rain in Calcutta

Soot, sand, ashes — "in the past"

Sprats

frogs in India, reported by "naturalist" Thomas Cooper

fish — "frequently"

1828, at Fodderty, Scotland, herrings 3 to 4 inches long in a hailstorm

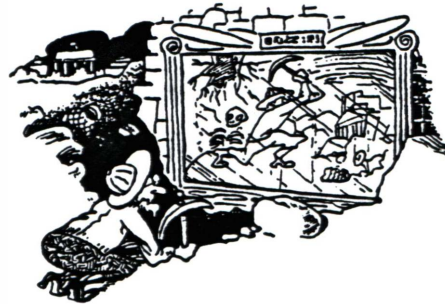
"Rains of fish" mentioned "by a Greek writer" nearly 2000 years ago

1923, Pontix, Sask, millions of grasshoppers in a cloud an eighth of a mile wide and three miles long

cr non-member Graham

Water from taps in Whatstandwell, Derbyshire, "looks like beer" — cows will not drink it. At Crewe school the water runs blue. *Herald*, 8-12-54, cr Elsander

White-hot metal pellets showered upon California near Woodside late in the afternoon of 8-27-54 old style, setting fire to a section of road and brush 70 by 270 feet. The pellets ranged in size from a dime to a 50 cent piece. Some 50 were found, too hot to touch. "The scraps had regular markings and appeared to have come from a cylindrical object." Exhaust pipe of a jet was suggested but no jets admitted to have been in air. *San Jose Mercury-News*, *Pasadena Independent*, 8-29-54. Cr Forster, Powers and others.



FOUND ON BEACHES

James Polansky found a clay object "curiously resembling a lamp" on a beach at Winthrop, Mass. Dr. Hazel Palmer, Boston Museum of Fine Arts says it "has every appearance" of being a genuine terra cotta lamp from the First Century B.C.

On Bradley Beach (?N.J.?) an unnamed woman picked up a "shell-like object" about 6 by 4 by 1 1/2 inches, kept it around the house a year. Now a geologist at Newark Museum says it's a fossil female crab, between 1,000,000, and 50,000,000 years old. They are getting their guesses down pretty fine, what? Cr Gustine and Russell.

MORE *NOTES* of CHARLES FORT

The material on this page and those following comes from the MSS notes of Charles Fort. The notes begin with the year 1800 AD, and we are printing them chronologically, transcribed to the best of our ability. As you have observed from the several we have reproduced in facsimile — life size — the handwriting is difficult, to say the least; many are written in symbols and code, a personal shorthand. Each date is on a separate scrap of paper. They fill 32 boxes. The boxes are in two series, one numbered, one identified by letters of the alphabet. The numbered boxes contain records of non-human phenomena, the others, records of persons. It is our device to alternate the two series so that the printed record is chronologically consecutive.

The letters BA refer to Reports of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which many US libraries have. The numerals, such as '11 or '64 etc., in connection with BA sometimes refer to volume number, sometimes to year. In applying for this material at your public library, mention that to the attendant and you should have no difficulty.

Back numbers of DOUBT contain all the notes to the point where we begin below. Subsequent issues will continue them until the 32 boxes are printed.

1867 Box 3 (Continued)

Nov.

18-19 (A newspaper clipping on which Fort has pencilled, "Reprint in Port of Spain Gazette, Sept 21, 1925" TT)

TERRIFIC EARTHQUAKE AT ST THOMAS / Captain Bosque of the brigantine "Victor" reports that St. Thomas was visited by a series of terrific earthquakes on the 18th and 19th instant, which continued at intervals until he left, destroying nearly the whole town, and harbour most precipitately, leaving all his papers behind him. The sea rose suddenly and rushed backwards from the shore, and then returned with terrific force, swamping all the stores to a depth of five fathoms, and destroying many vessels. Many of the inhabitants escaped by having fled to the mountains at the first alarm . . . (30th Nov. 1867)

By the schooner "Atlanta" from Dominica we learnt this morning that St. Thomas had been destroyed by an earthquake.

Since then, Captain Qharro Wharton of the schooner "Goldhunter" has furnished us with the following particulars: On Monday the 18th instant my vessel was moored alongside the R.M.S. "Conway" to which I was transferring some cargo. About ten minutes to three I felt a violent shaking of my boat. Later on I went ashore to clear, and I found every public office and store deserted by the inhabitants on account of a terrific shock of earth quake just experienced; shortly after a second shock came. Then as I looked to sea there was a tremendous eruption in the sea at the mouth of the harbour, and a tremendous sea arose outside that seemed to threaten destruction to all the vessels there, and to the town itself. Its main force however burst on the outer fort point, and rolled into the inner harbour inundating the entire town. I left on Wednesday, and the English consul would not venture into his office, so I left without clearance papers. During the entire night of Monday a succession of shocks of earthquake were felt; 31 being recorded between 12 and 2 a.m. . . . A small steamer on her way into the harbour was sunk by the eruption in the sea; the RMS "La Plata" outside the harbour was thrown on her beams and went down also from the same eruption. (11th December, 1867)

18 Dry fog and quake / Island St Thomas / La Sci Pour Tous 14/58 / See Oct 29

18 St Thomas, Danish W.I. 2:45 p.m. Rumbling sound and violent quake. The sun obscured as in an eclipse / continuing rumbling all day and all next day more or less

18 Ab. 3 p.m. the quake at St Thomas and rise of the sea / Said was a volc eruption on Saba Island near St Thomas. Guardian, Kingston, St Vincent, Dec 14

- 18 bet 4 & 5 p.m. the Grenadine group, W. Indies / sea calm. Suddenly it rose and rushed upon the land — wave fully 10 feet high / The Guardian (Kingston, St Vincent) Nov 23
- 18 Quake St Thomas 3 p.m. details A.J.Sci 2/45/134 / less severe from 21st
- 18 BO (1) Quake / where been hurricane unroofed house & streets still filled with trees / in the harbor wrecks of 80 ships, some in a heap, their yarmarks locked and funnels out of water
(2) (indecipherable word) marks in the harbor thrown on the ruins on land
- 18 LT Jan 1, p. 10 / 3 p.m. shock & water wall 30 feet high cast a steamship ashore at St Croix, West Indies, carried over a street of warehouses in the town
- 23 Morning Post of — quoting the Leeds Mercury — that at Douglas, Isle of Man, upon night of Tuesday — 19th or 12th — the heavens had "opened" with an illumination like the full moon. In this space appeared a figure like a man waving his arms. Then the "opening" closed.
- 25 Destruction of Tortola, West Indies / BA 1911-55
- 30-Dec 1 Great gale England
Dec All month Vesuvius great / See LT Index and 1868 Jan
- Dec 2 Volc Nicaragua / CR 66-481 / See Feb 23, 1868
- 2-3 LT Index / Gales

BOX A (Resumed)

- 4 LT p. 12 Queer death / woman covered with little wounds

BOX 3 (Resumed)

- 11 Hankow, China / explosion of 100 tons of gunpowder / whole streets in ruins / Standard, Jan 27, 1868
- 13 Vesuvius covered with snow — lava flows stripping it / LT of the 21st, p. 6 (BO)
- 18 Quake Montreal and Vermont / 3 a.m. also N.Y. state / Am J Sci 2/45-135 / NY Times of the 19th p. 1
- 18 Great quake Formosa / (BA) '11

BOX A (Resumed)

- 20 A disap in New York. Harper's 38/505

BOX 3 (Resumed)

- 23 Quake Tortola, W. Indies / BA 1911-55 / also see Waves
- 26 Morning / sun spots / E Mec 6/363 (Fort has a small pencil sketch of the location of the spots, but it hardly seems worth the

expense to reproduce it. He must have copied it from the source noted, so anyone can find it there. On the other hand, if you wish a stat of it, send \$1. TT)

- 31 Quake Iceland (middling severe) BA '11

1868

- 1868 All quakes of — in Nouvelles Meteorologiques, vols 2 & 3 / See Soc Met de France
- 1868 About sun / minimum time (?Does he mean for spots? TT)
- Jan 1 Met train 7:30 a.m. (1:30 ? — Fort's question) ½ hour / BA 68-358 and see Appendix
- Jan Vesuvius from Nov / Gentleman's Mag. N.S. 5/229
- Jan 1 7:30 a.m. Southampton / Met train visible 40 minutes / from N.E. to S.W. / LT of the 2nd, p. 4

BOX A (Resumed)

- 1868 Welsh fasting girl / see Dec 1869
- 1868 Body of Mrs. W. I. Petus, Frankfort, Ind. See Dec 22, 1888
- 1868 South Bend, Ind / Body of Anna Rees / See Aug 11, 1872
- 1868 Young man — a convulsionary / "possessed by devil" / name — Seige. Watertown, Wis. See Dec 11, 1869
- 1868 Sleeper. Susan C. Godsey / near Hickman, Ky. See Jul 14, 1869
- 1868 H. H. Gardner, Kansas / See March 7, 1874

BOX 3 (Resumed)

- Jan 2 LT p. 4 and issue of the 3rd, p. 9 Meteors
- 2 Devastating storm Teneriffe / La Sci Pour Tous, 13-72
- 3 Vesuvius more alarming / LT of the 6th, p. 7
- 6 LT, p. 7 and issue of the 10th, p. 4 / quakes Somersetshire

BOX A (Resumed)

- 8 Strike (?TT) Disap. See LT April 18, p. 7 / He returns to his duties

BOX 3 (Resumed)

- 9-10 Flashes of electricity so impossible to work telegraph instruments (indecipherable) & Rochester / Tr. Amer. Inst. 1867-8/942 / electricity not seen
- 12 Venus-Met / 4:45 p.m. Selkirk, Scotland / large met ended course exactly at apparent place of Venus

- 22 Quake Algeria 12:43 p.m. Details / La Sci Pour Tous 13-94
- 23 Great increase Vesuvius / LT of Feb 4, p. 8
- 28 (It) 4:30 a.m. to daybreak 130 mets / Bergamo / BA 68-360
- 28-29 Night / After 2 months of eruption, sides of Vesuvius collapsed / LT of the 30th, p. 9
- 28 Bergamo is ab 110 miles N of Spezia (Jan 30)
- 29 Bergamo, Italy / 134 meteors counted / Astr. Reg 6-117
- 30 Spezia 90 miles SE of Casale
- 30 Pullusk, Poland, Russia & Lerici, Spezia, Italy / Sulphur (fell, is probably to be understood. TT) BD (F)
- 30 Metite / Pultusk / details La Sci Pour Tous 13-112
- Feb-Mar Vesuvius / Gendeman's Mag April, 1868
- 24 In Toronto Globe 26th considerable upon "the great storm" — no phe mentioned
- (The next seven notes were clipped together with a metal clip by Fort. TT)
- 25-26 Midnight / quake at Montreal acto Quebec Daily Mercury like concussion from explosion in story / "loud rumbling and dashing sound" — "entire absence of vibratory motion"
- 29 evening / "quite an earthquake" Augusta, Maine / Toronto Globe, Mar 3, p. 2
- 25-26 Midnight / another severe shock and rumbling sound at Montreal. Toronto Globe, 27th p. 2
- B. Snow / Toronto Globe, Mar. 3, p. 2 / "The color of the snow which fell at Sarnia was strangely impregnated with smoke; and so much was this the case that when melted the water had an inky hue, which it retained even though allowed to settle. In other localities the snow was impregnated with a fine sifting sand. Sarnia is Port Sarnia.

BOX A (Resumed)

- Feb In the Spiritual Magazine, April, 1868, copying from the Reading Mercury, phe at old house at Pi?hill Bank, between Henley and Watlington, occupied by J. Bersley, his housekeeper a girl aged ab 14. Alarming rapping upon outside and inside doors. Acto investigations not by human beings

BOX 3 (Resumed)

- Feb 8 Morning / On Tyne / highest tide in 30 years / LT of the 11th, p. 4 / great damage overflow
- 11 Began quakes in Salvador / Eruption of volc Couchagua on 23rd / La Sci Pour Tous 13-200
- 11 Ab 7 p.m. Panama violent shocks up to 23rd, ab 150. NY Herald of Mar 3, p. 4
- 12-15 Vesuvius renewed activity / YB '69-231
- 14 Beziers / Mets (indecipherable) of Venus from Leo / Nouvelles Meterologique 1/98 (reverse) Aphasia & Amnesia
- 15 Severe hurricane Honduras / NY Herald of Mar 17, p. 4
- 16 9:30 p.m. Red Sea det met / BA 68-362
- 23 etc at least to March 21 / eruption Nicaragua / had been shocks since 11th / see 1867, Dec 2, and Nov 14 or 15
- 23 Tremendous gale W coast of England and Wales
- 24 LT, p. 6 Meteors
- Mar 2 black snow reported in Quebec Daily Mercury, says the snow as if smoked but this could not be because it fell over a wide region, between Kingston and Sarnia / This seems to be the phe of the B D (Book of the Damned TT) but in the 2 newspapers spoken of as the "late storm" and there was a great storm both on Feb 24 and March 2
- Mar 2 Change this to Feb 24 / the fall at Sarnia
- Mar 2 Nothing in NY Trib.
(That is the end of the grouping. TT)
- Feb 24 Grain / Canada / D-65 / Eng Mec 7-166 / in hail — not snow
- 25 Quake Armenia / BA '11
- 29 Metites Casale / 3rd fall in about cinquante years / details / La Sci Pour Tous, 13-159
- 29 bet 10:30 & 10:45 a.m. Casale metite / CR 67-323
- 28 Montreal series / see Mar 21, 1871
- 29 Casale metite ab noon between Alexandria and Casale. Acto astronomer (?) 3 a.m. Cosmos 16-481 / at 11:45 p.m. at Alexandria, another phe which he said he could not permit to pass in silence — a meteor with a train of fire, which spread rapidly.
- 29 About midnight / Piedmont / fall at Casale / seems that near Casale at 11:45 p.m. met or falling object as seen below clouds See Feb 16, 1883 / see Sept 5 / Les Mondes 16/481

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