

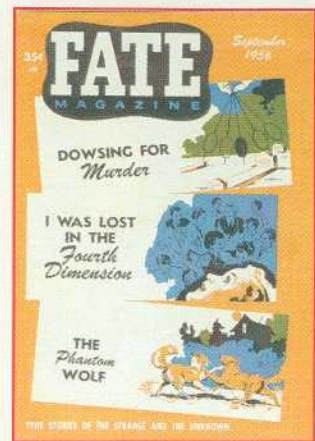
Fifty years ago

C

I stepped out of the elevator—into the depot to another plane of existence. How could I return to where I belonged?

## I Was Lost in the Fourth Dimension

by Miriam Golding



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The recollection of an experience I had in the fall of 1934 still fills me with chills of apprehension. Mentally, I always refer to this event as *the depot*, and I wonder what would have happened to me if, somehow, I had never come back.

I was a young girl. My husband was still my fiance and we lived in Chicago. We both were music students and had been to an afternoon concert. Finding we had ample time before keeping a dinner date with his family, we decided to browse around in a nearby music store. We took the elevator upwards and, once in the store, settled down on stools to study the latest scores and literature. I was paging through a mag-

azine when my fiance, Stan, nudged me, pointing to the clock.

As far as I can be sure we *both* returned to the elevator but in the crush on the way down we got separated in the crowd. On arriving at what I thought was the main floor I tried to push my way out but was shoved back. The door closed again and we started down. I thought I could hear my fiance calling my name as the elevator descended below street level. Finally there was that familiar thud which marked the end of the line for old-fashioned elevators and the door opened once more. I was going to stay on to ride back up, but an unfriendly operator insisted "Everybody off!"

Leaving the car I was astonished to find

myself in an immense place, a basement surely, but not of a downtown office building. There were boxes and crates stacked everywhere. Grimy, perspiring men were pushing cars or riding little trucks loaded with trunks and baggage. My eyes searched the place and I discovered, in one corner, a large iron staircase like a fire escape. Walking toward it I thought I could see daylight above so I hurried to climb upward. Reaching the top, which was indeed above ground and in broad daylight, I was completely bewildered. There was no sign of the store I had left. Nothing else that should have been there was visible. There was nothing unusual in my surroundings but the place was totally unknown to me. I was in a large railroad station!

Crowds of travelers were hurrying about. There was the usual signs, *To Trains, Waiting Rooms, Lunch Counter, Tickets*. I was so engrossed with my surroundings that I almost knocked down one poor woman. I apologized, but she hadn't even noticed me. I could see no signs of arrivals or departures of trains, no timetables, and was curious (an understatement) to know where I was. Just then an announcer's voice rose above the din to read off a long string of names. However, I have seldom been able to understand railroad announcers and of this I caught not one word. Wandering around confusedly, I finally sighted the Information Booth. There was a long line and I joined it. Standing there I felt decidedly foolish about having to ask where I was, but when I reached the girl and



voiced my question, she seemed completely unaware of my existence. This was the last straw and I hurried away.

I followed the wall until I saw a *To The Street* sign and went outside into the open air. I still had no idea where I was. It was a beautiful day, warm, with a cloudless, blue sky that would have seemed like mid-summer had not the leaves on the great trees along the avenue already turned gold, crimson and orange. There was a new red brick building going up across from the station. It looked like it might be a church. There were many people out on the street too, all looking healthy, pleasant and contented. I smiled at some of the passers-by but received only blank stares. I heard friendly voices but couldn't understand a word. The place seemed so normal that I scarcely was frightened but who in such a situation could be other than confused and perplexed?

Wandering aimlessly along the street, I noticed, ahead of me, a blond boy, probably in his teens, standing in the center of the walk staring in all directions. Nearing



him, I stepped to one side to pass but as I did so he smiled eagerly, reached out to touch my arm as if to see if I was real. I stopped and smiled back.

He said haltingly, "I guess they—let you off at the wrong stop too?"

I immediately understood that, however fantastic, the same thing had happened to both of us. Our mutual plight created a bond and for want of anything better to do, we continued together down the broad avenue.

"This is weird," he remarked. "I was playing tennis back home and went to the locker room to change my shoes. When I came out I was—in that depot."

"Where is 'home'?" I asked.

"Why, Lincoln—Lincoln, Nebraska, of course." He sounded puzzled.

"But I started this—trip—in Chicago!" I told him.

We walked on, discussing everything we had ever heard or read of time travel, teleportation, other space dimensions, but neither of us knew much of this sort of thing and we didn't get far.

After a while the street became less crowded. Ahead the road sloped downhill. Soon the town was behind us. We were in

open country and ahead we saw the deep blue water of a lake or ocean. It was a welcome distraction and we raced down the hill, out onto the sandy beach where we flopped down on some large rocks to catch our breath. It was really lovely there, warm and fresh. The sun was dipping toward the water on the horizon now, so we assumed west was out that way. As we watched the

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sun drop we noticed a large sandbar not too far out. I thought I heard voices coming from there. Suddenly, I heard someone calling my name and, as I grew accustomed to looking into the bright sunlight, I saw with great surprise that one of the girls on the sandbar was my fiancée's sister. There were others with her and they all waved and shouted again.

My new-found friend jumped up in excitement. "But this is wonderful!" he said. "Maybe they are some kind of—connection or—link." He searched for the right words and as he talked he scrambled out of all his clothes but his tennis shorts. "I'm going out there!" he exclaimed. "They see us! They *know* you! It's not far, I can make it in a few minutes!"

He dived into the waves and swam off. With an inner excitement I watched him



go. He shouted back occasionally and swam on. The figures remained on the bar and their voices still reached me. But as he swam a queer thing happened, try as he might he could get no nearer to the sandbar. Then gradually the bar seemed to grow more distant. Finally he turned and swam back to shore where he dropped onto the sand in total discouragement. There seemed nothing to say; when we looked out again the bar had disappeared. There was no fog, no obscuring mist, the sun was quite low in the sky but it was still very light. However, the sandbar had vanished.

I can't imagine what we would have done next but suddenly I was enveloped in darkness. I felt as if I floated in space and then I was back on the stool in the music store! The magazine was still spread out before me. A clock was striking and the clerks were tidying up the counters preparatory in closing. I looked around for my fiance fully expecting to see him there, too. However, he was not in sight. I decided the best thing to do was go straight to his home. This time I walked down the stairs!

When I got to my destination my fiance opened the door. He certainly looked relieved. He said he'd lost me on the elevator. After stepping out on the main floor he had been unable to locate me. Thinking I had gotten off on some other floor he had waited a while then finally decided to go on home.

The rest of the family already was in the

dining room and we followed them without further discussion. On entering I was more than a little surprised to see Stan's sister with the same friends I had seen on the sandbar.

She smiled as she said, "We saw you in town but you were so engrossed in each other you didn't even hear us!"

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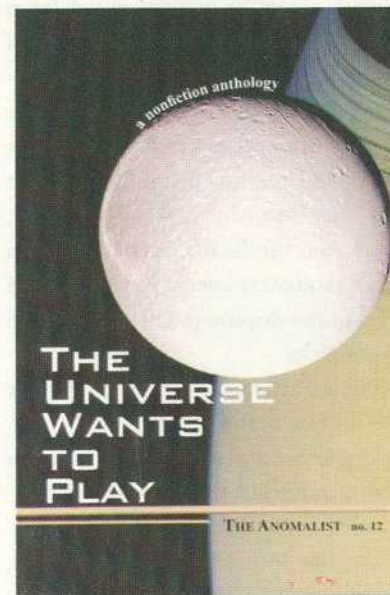
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frontier town of St. Louis, Missouri, to campaign for an expedition to the unconquered territories of the inner earth, which he believed could be reached through enormous openings at each pole. Symmes lectured on this topic widely and unsuccessfully until his death in 1829. Though Symmes never pulled together a real-world expedition, his theories inspired fictional explorations of the hollow earth by no lesser writers than Edgar Allan Poe (*The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*) and Jules Verne (*Journey to the Center of the Earth*).

The hollow earth theme was kept alive by a number of lesser writers in the late 19th century (Standish lists nearly three dozen "hollow earth novels" published between 1880 and 1915, and summarizes a few representative examples), and Edgar Rice Burroughs kept the genre going into the 1940s with his tales of Pellucidar. In the late 1940s, the hollow earth was linked to the emerging UFO mythos through the stories of Richard Shaver in the Ray Palmer-edited *Amazing Stories*.

Standish describes his book as an exploration of "the cultural history of an idea that was wrong and changed nothing—but which has nevertheless had an ongoing appeal." Indeed it does, as numerous hollow earth websites bear witness. Standish's review of contemporary, post-Shaver theories is a bit thin, but his rich presentation of the hollow earth background makes this essential reading for any fan of offbeat ideas.



### The Universe Wants to Play The Anomalist no. 12

edited by Patrick Huyghe and Dennis Stacy

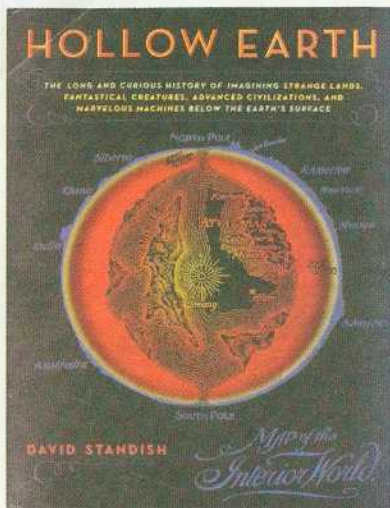
Anomalist Books (San Antonio, TX, and Jefferson Valley, NY), 2006, softcover, 202 pgs.

The long-running *Anomalist* journal returns to print for issue number 12. (Issue 11 is available as a free PDF download at [www.anomalist.com/print](http://www.anomalist.com/print).) As in past issues, the latest *Anomalist* compiles thought-provoking articles that treat a wide variety of mysteries in a serious, well-researched manner.

Among the highlights of *The Universe Wants to Play* is "London's Monster



Andrew Honigman



**Hollow Earth**  
**The Long and Curious History of Imagining Strange Lands, Fantastical Creatures, Advanced Civilizations, and Marvelous Machines below the Earth's Surface**

by David Standish

Da Capo Press (Cambridge, MA), 2006, hardcover, 303 pgs.

Last month, FATE featured a reprinted article on the Koreskans of Estero, Florida, an early-20th-century cult distinguished mainly by their belief that the Earth was a hollow sphere upon whose inner concave surface we all live. An odd cosmology, to be sure, but these followers of the former

Cyrus Teed were hardly the first believers in a hollow earth. Journalist David Standish presents a history of the subterranean theme in science, pseudoscience, and literature in his new book *Hollow Earth*.

Standish's survey begins with the noted astronomer Sir Edmond Halley, who theorized before the London Royal Society in 1691 that the interior of the Earth was formed by a series of concentric spheres, with open space in between. Navigators of Halley's time were much perplexed by the inconsistency of compass readings across different areas of the globe. If the Earth was a giant, solid magnet, why were there local magnetic variations, and why did the poles seem to move over time? Halley's model answered this scientific puzzle by noting that each of the inner-earth spheres he proposed would have its own polarity. The interactions of these different poles created the observed variations on surface-level compasses.

Given the theology of the time, it was unthinkable that potentially habitable places such as the inner spheres could be devoid of life. In light of God's "Abundant Providence," Halley argued that each of the inner globes, if they existed at all, had to be illuminated and occupied by all manner of living creatures.

In 1818, Halley's theories and others inspired John Cleves Symmes, a trader and former army captain living in the then-

Scares" by Hilary Evans and Robert E. Bartholomew, which traces the history of urban terrors in the British capital, from the early 18th-century street gangs of "Scowerers" and "Mohocks" through the Whitechapel (Jack the Ripper) murders of 1888. Springheel Jack makes an appearance, as do such forgotten boogeymen as the "London Monster" of 1788-90. Anyone who thinks that senseless urban violence (and overblown legends of same) is a recent development will be surprised by this article.

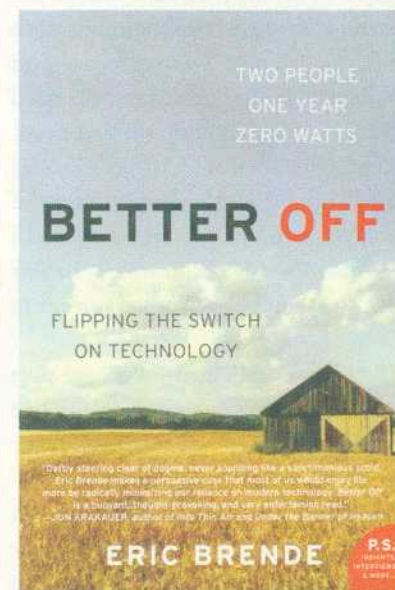
Michael Schmicker hits on a similar theme in "Sex, Serial Killers, and ESP," examining anecdotal accounts of women whose intuition saved them from encounters with deranged murderers.

"The Bio-Philes" by David Hricenak makes the case for expanding the purview of the field now known as cryptozoology to include the study of unknown plant life and such beings as Trevor Constable's "Sky Critters." Hricenak also comments on the possibility that some earthly lifeforms may have originated in outer space, a topic developed in greater detail by Roger A. Hart in "Microbe Sailors of the Starlight."

Albert Rosales presents the most bizarre UFO/ET encounters from his files in the aptly titled "The Strangest of the Strange," a collection way beyond the typical laundry list of lights in the sky and Grey encounters.

Additional contributions include a profile of renegade scientist Rupert Sheldrake, an investigation of psychic medium Rudi

Schneider, a report on the Flores Hobbits, and an article by Nick Redfern on ESP research by the FBI. The high standards of *The Anomalist* are maintained throughout.



**Better Off**  
**Flipping the Switch on Technology**

by Eric Brende

Harper Perennial (New York), 2005, softcover, 234 pgs.

Arthur C. Clarke's oft-quoted Third Law states: "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic." *Better Off* by Eric Brende suggests that magic of a different sort may be found in removing oneself as much as possible from technology.