

Is Amelia Earhart Still Alive?

by Dean S. Jennings

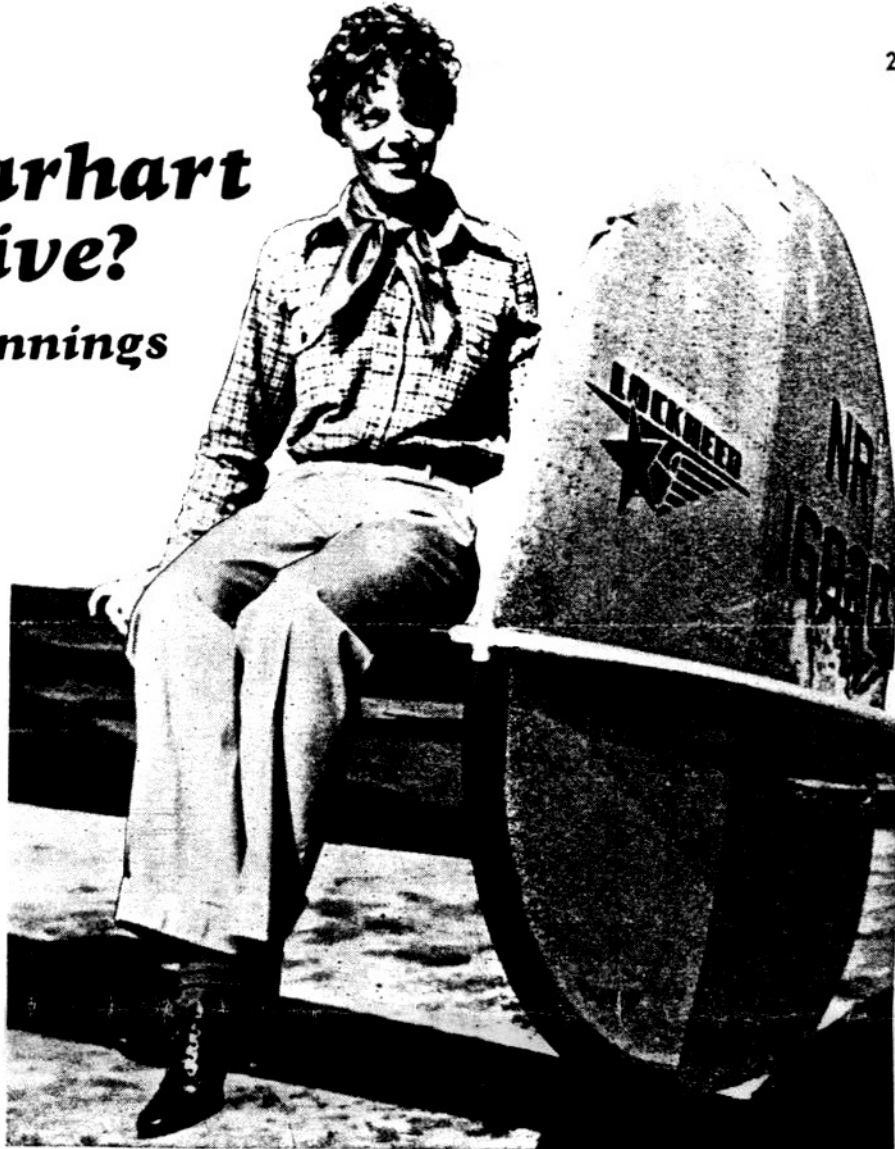
Editor's Note: This is the second and concluding part of Mr. Jennings' unusual article. Last month's installment described and pictured many of the weird letters and telegrams received by George Palmer Putnam, Miss Earhart's husband. Yet Mrs. Earhart, AE's mother, insists her daughter still lives.

GEORGE PUTNAM returned to California—and the stream of letters still flowed. But the edge of curiosity was dulled, he had not quite the same zest for searching the unknown. Yet there were some whose challenge he could not resist. And occasionally there were results which, though inexplicable, clearly showed how much the world has yet to learn about psychic phenomena, mental telepathy and related fields. One of these experiences concerned Mr. Ka, a Los Angeles crystal gazer. Accompanied by his son, David, and a stenographer, Mr. Putnam attended a demonstration in which Mr. Ka went into a trance over a huge crystal ball.

After a moment of silence, he began reciting letters rapidly in a hollow, muffled tone. He rattled them off for seven minutes and, when typed, they proved to be rambling sentences in *Latin*. Subsequently, when the message was translated, it contained an astonishing amount of little-known information about Amelia Earhart's flight and gave the location of the lost plane.

A search of the remote area described was out of the question. And later, when Mr. Putnam called on the clairvoyant again, he was given another message which said, simply: "You are too late."

George Putnam was convinced the whole performance was faked, until a confidential investigation disclosed that Mr. Ka was totally uneducated, spoke and wrote very poor English—and had never before given out a message in Latin.



Just before starting on her last flight, Miss Earhart posed on her ship's stabilizer.

Late in September Mr. Putnam received a telephone call from a man of unquestioned integrity, a writer long prominent in literary circles and a serious student of psychic phenomena.

"George," he said eagerly, "I have had the most baffling experience in all the years I've been doing psychic research!"

"Well . . ." Mr. Putnam said lightly, "what am I supposed to do?"

"Now, listen. This medium is a middle-aged woman of considerable intelligence. She has two voices—one her own, and another that comes from some place in her chest."

"Ventriloquism, perhaps?"

"No—I've already eliminated that pos-

sibility. The point is, George, she gave me a brief message from AE the other night."

"Oh . . ."

"And there may be more. I just thought you'd like to sit in for a demonstration."

"Of course."

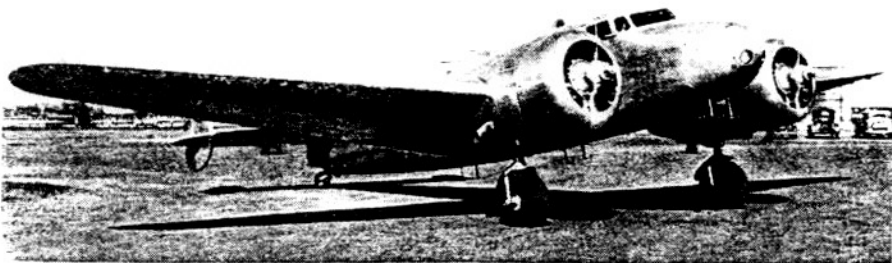
"All right. Make it tomorrow night, about 7:30?"

"Fine. I'll be there."

And so George Putnam, still skeptical, still rebuking himself for toying with fantasy, went to the author's Los Angeles home and witnessed a phenomenon that numerous observers have yet to solve. The woman medium was thoroughly examined before the demonstration began. He mouth was taped, Mr. Putnam and his friends stood very close to her and all the lights were on in the room.

Suddenly the voice was heard, an eerie whisper that rose and fell like the night wind. The woman's eyes were closed, her body was tense. There was not a ripple of motion in the muscles of her throat or chest. Mr. Putnam began asking questions, the voice answered. Sometimes softly, sometimes in a shrill whistle of startling volume. And here is a portion of the transcript, just as it was re-

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The Earhart plane was a Lockheed "Electra", bought and outfitted by Purdue University.