

Chapter 8

["Oh, oh! What's happening now?"]

It was on a Sunday near sunset when a Lear Jet 35A touched down smoothly on a Raleigh Durham International Airport runway. It taxied over to a secluded area where a white limousine was parked and waiting. George Kelly descended first, then his wife, Patricia, followed by Scotland Royce. Each carrying personals, they walked, and Kelly talked, up to the limo as the driver and pilot secured their baggage. They were driven to the Hilton Durham on Hillsborough Road, where two adjoining suites were reserved for their comfortable stay.

They dined downstairs at Tipton's Restaurant and discussed the agenda.

"Let's see now," Royce said looking at a PC print-out, "first thing Monday, 9 O'clock, I have my introductory with Dr. Roger Hafton."

"Want me to come along, Clyde? Protect you from those spooks?"

"No, Kelly. I want you and your lovely wife, Pat," he raised his glass to Patricia, "to have a romantic vacation while I get rudely interrogated. Keep your cellphone handy though, in case they exorcise me."

"Into who?"

"I wonder. Better yet, Kelly, if I don't call you by noon, come running."

"Don't call, use telepathy."

"Pat, how do you put up with Kelly's semi-humor?"

"I just giggle," Patricia said smiling, "whether I want to or not. Keep's him in good spirits. Spirits? Whoops, maybe I shouldn't have said that."

They all roared with laughter as the shish kabob was fired up.

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Dr. Roger Hafton was a tall, stylish fellow with blond hair and neatly trimmed goatee. He wore a vested, gray Brooks Brothers suit and black tasseled loafers. It was rather evident

that he preferred being different and conspicuous, as most of his colleagues wore whatever was clean and/or available.

Monday morning Durham was hit with a cloud-bursting storm. Roger was in his small office at the Rhine Research Center listening to the thunder and anxiously awaiting the arrival of Scotland Royce, when there came a knocking.

"Come in!" Roger shouted, and rose from his desk chair as the door opened: "Good morning, Mr. Royce, let me help you with that raincoat."

"Dr. Hafton, I presume?"

"Yes, call me Roger and, if you don't mind, may I call you Scott?"

"Call me Clyde, I like that name."

"Why yes, of course, uh, Clyde, and thank you for arriving on time. I cannot understand why so many people find pleasure in being late. At any rate, did you enjoy your trip?"

"Very nice, with exception to this crazy thunderstorm."

"God works in mysterious ways."

"She certainly does."

"Well now, sit down there and let's get down to business.... My brother-in-law, Dr. Hoffman, snailed me a large package the other day. It is all about you and I must say--it's quite interesting. You have certainly had some unique

encounters. How's ole Brent doing up there in Chicago? Haven't seen him since the...eh..."

"Roger, before you continue, I'd like to inform you that Dr. Hoffman told me about your horrific accident. May I express my sincere condolences?"

Roger grimaced and stared away: "Yes--thank you." He then looked straight at him. "Thank you, Clyde. It's baggage I'll carry with me forever." He fingered his eye and sighed. "That's why I'm here. I want to apply my knowledge to help others with peculiar mental stresses. Maybe that way, it will help with my own."

"Looks like we already have something in common."

"Surely--and thank you so much for your exceptional donation to the center. It is the largest we've ever received. It couldn't have come at a better time, I assure you."

"My pleasure." Clyde thumb-pointed, "Do you want me to go over and lay on that couch?"

Roger laughed, "No, not yet. We have a lot of preliminaries to go through."

He took a copy of a schedule from his desk and handed it to Royce.

As Clyde scanned it, Roger continued, "First, I'd like you to have a complete physical examination at the Duke Medical Center, including an EEG and an MRI."

"Doc, I've had several of those done a while back."

"Yes, I know, but we need to run a comparison. See if any physical changes have occurred since. I'm especially interested in that coagulate deep inside you brain, and those two holes in your skull."

"You and me both."

"Yes. Then we would like to put you through a series of tests, as listed on that schedule: Intelligence Quotient, Aptitude, Vocational."

"Vocational?"

"Yes, they are all important and the results will provide us with a much better understanding of your personality-- behavioral characteristics--mental acuity. These tests are standard requirements for most of our potential subjects."

"What if I fail?"

Roger smiled, "Don't you worry about that, Clyde, nobody fails.... Next, a Clinical Psychologist will conduct the final examinations. The best--me--of course. Along with such standards as word association, Rorschach, etcetera, I will employ the Luria-Nebraska and Halstead-Reitan test batteries. I know--big words. Simply stated, they are used to detect and localize brain impairment."

Clyde frowned: "About how long will all this take?"

"Generally about a week, if all goes smoothly. Then I recommend you go back home. It will take a couple weeks to compile, process, and analyze the results. We will notify you.... Clyde, I am also a computer nerd, so everything will be stored, specifically by me, into your own personal and highly secure database folder. I assure you that no one will have access to these information and data without my written authorization."

"I will want CD copies, Roger, and later, purge permission."

"That you shall have, Mr. Royce. I'll prepare a formal contract."

Clyde nodded and appeared quite satisfied as the telephone began ringing.

"Well then--that settles that," Hafton said reaching for the telephone.

Royce rose and walked to view the heavy downpour machine-gunning the window in swirling gusts.

Roger hung up with a frown: "Trouble! A computer crash. Got to go check it out. Very serious. Could lose our database. Likely caused by the storm. Sorry, Clyde, this could take a while."

"Understand," said Clyde. "We can get together some other time."

Looking out the window, Hafton said, "It's too stormy out there to leave now.... "Uh, Mr. Royce--I need to introduce you to Sally Himes. She will be your testing escort. I'll have her drop by.... Say, I know what. Sally can give you a tour of the center. Then later, we'll have lunch." He headed for the exit saying. "Now, you wait right here for Sally. Be back as soon as I can--I promise."

Moments later, Sally Himes entered Dr. Hafton's office. She was tall and slender with short salt-pepper hair and a smile that was truly delightful. "Good morning, Mr. Scotland Royce. Dr. Hafton has told me all about you. Now you just call me Sally and we'll get along fine.

"Good--then you can call me Clyde."

"Okay, Clyde it is. I guess you'll be stuck with me for a while. Roger is a real computer nut. Seems like he's the only one that knows how to fix it when it goes berserk.... So--in the meantime--I've been elected to give you a tour of the Rhine Research Center. Come with me...let's get out of this stuffy office."

As they walked down the hallway, Clyde said, "I know very little about this center. Please give me you best spiel."

"All right. Let me began with our founder.... Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine is unquestionably recognized worldwide as the 'Father of Parapsychology.' For over thirty years, Dr. Rhine

directed laboratory experiments in parapsychology at Duke University. I'm sure you are aware the he coined the term ESP, Extra-Sensory Perception. Experiments were conducted on such psychic phenomena as telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition with the now famous 'Zener Cards.'

"Zener Cards? What are they?"

"Hmm, maybe they are not that famous. Clyde, let's sit here on these lounge chairs and I'll tell you about them."

When settled, Sally continued. "Zener Cards are about the size of regular playing cards, and are composed of twenty-five cards, each having one of five symbols: Cross, Star, Wavy Lines, Circle, and Square. They are used as the means to measure various extra-sensory perception abilities. In summary, a subject is asked to identify cards observed by another isolated tester, before a card is turned over, that's clairvoyance; after, that's telepathy; and prior to shuffling the deck, that's precognition."

"Oh, I get it--and the higher the correct responses, the better the ESP ability."

"Clyde, that's it in a nutshell. Dr. Rhine's work is summarized in the book *Extra-Sensory Perception After Sixty Years*. Using exact binomial probability calculations, involving over a million trials, the assessment of data has rendered statistically significant results."

"Very interesting."

"The evidence of ESP, supported by firm mathematical analyses, became worthy of continued experimentation by respected colleagues. The Rhine Research Center is now the successor to Dr. Rhine's Duke University Parapsychology Laboratory and carries forward its famed research mission and educational programs."

"I'd like to witness some of these experiments."

"That definitely is included on my tour.... I might also add that the RRC has expanded its experimentation to include such controversial phenomena as: Out-Of-Body Experiences (OBEs), Demon Possession, Near-Death Experiences (NDEs), Reincarnation, Apparitions, Poltergeists, and Mediumship. It's a non-profit organization that functions as an independent international center, coordinating efforts on the common objective of understanding human potential."

"Sally, you mentioned Demon Possession. Have you ever dealt with patients who were possessed, not necessarily by demons?"

"Lots of them. Just recently we had one who thought he was Jesus Christ. Problem was--he couldn't perform any miracles." She grinned. "Yes, Clyde, I've worked with many people who claimed possession of multiple personalities. It's is a rather common mental, sometimes psychotic, disorder. Generally it's

brought on because they simply don't like, or fear, their real self, so they invent another."

* * *

After the tour, Sally and Clyde met Roger in the cafeteria for lunch. The storm had finally subsided.

Roger approached their table with lunch tray in hand and sat across from them, saying, "Well, the system is up and running again. We had a power outage and the auxiliary backup failed. Lost a lot of valuable data, but no surge damage.... Clyde, I'm sure you were in good hands with Sally. Did you enjoy the tour?"

"Absolutely. Sally here gave me a demonstration test using those, uh, Zener Cards." Sally nodded. "Did very well with telepathy, but flunked clairvoyance and precognition."

Roger smiled: "That means you're quite normal--rather than paranormal."

Sally sipped her coffee and said, "We had a marvelous time."

Clyde scratched his gray beard and said, "Roger, I need to talk about something."

"Shoot."

"Back when I was in the hospital, I read a book called *Cassadaga* by Virgil Allen Wulff. The author bio, on the back cover, indicated he was from Kankakee, Illinois. I found it to

be a small town just south of Chicago. That name--Kankakee--it stays with me."

"Why?"

"Listen--earlier, Sally and I talked about bodily possession. You know--by God, I feel I am only occupying the body you are looking at. The body of Scottland Royce. Roger! Sally! I am not Scottland Royce. I was born and raised in a small town--not Chicago, as I was told over and over and over again. I feel certain that Kankakee is the name of that town. Yes, Kankakee. Who could forget a name like that?"

"Clyde, strange as it may seem, both Sally and I are inclined to agree with you."

"Yes," said Sally. "And you surely don't react like an elderly man of seventy."

Roger stopped eating: "I have a suggestion for you, Clyde. After you finish here with our testing program and you return to Chicago, why don't you go to this place, uh, Kankakee, for a visit."

"Yes, yes, I've been wanting to do just that, but thought it would cause more trauma in me."

"It shouldn't and I heartily agree with Roger," said Sally. "Go to Kankakee--take lots of notes--then, when you come back for your evaluation process, we'll listen to and discuss

what you have uncovered. Mr. Royce, always be aware of this--we both want so very much to help you."

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