

# BURIED ALIVE

The Startling Truth about  
Neanderthal Man

Jack Cuozzo



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First printing: November 1998  
Seventh printing: February 2017

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Master Books®, Inc., P.O. Box 726, Green Forest, AR 72638  
Master Books® is a division of the New Leaf Publishing Group, Inc.

ISBN-13: 978-0-89051-238-8  
ISBN-13: 978-1-61458-035-5 (digital)  
Library of Congress Number: 98-66310

Cover Photos: John Reader/Science Photo Library  
Javier Trueba/MSF/Science Photo Library

All Scripture verses are from the New American Standard Bible unless otherwise noted.

Back cover photo and figure 13 are reprinted from Hundret Jahre Neanderthaler/ Neanderthal Centenary, G.H.R. Von Koenigswald, ed., Drukkerij en Uitgerversmaatschappij v/h Kernink en Zoon, N.V., Utrecht, Netherlands, 1958, by permission of the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, Inc., New York, NY.

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To my wife, Diane

## Acknowledgments

I would like to thank the following museums for the use of their ancient craniofacial remains and other artifacts in my research: Musée de l'Homme, Paris, France; Museum für Vor-und Frühgeschichte, Berlin, Germany; Institut de Paléontologie University of Liège, Liège, Belgium; British Museum, London, England; Israel Department of Antiquities and Museums, Jerusalem, Israel; Saint Germain-en-Laye Musée des Antiquités Nationales, Paris, France; Peabody Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA; Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC; The Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, DC.

I would also like to thank the following paleoanthropologists for the use of the precious remains entrusted to their care and/or for the addition of valuable information to my research: Dr. Yves Coppens, Dr. Chris Stringer, Dr. Robert Kruszynski, Dr. Theya Molleson, Dr. Ubaghs, Dr. Joseph Zias, Dr. W. Menghin, Dr. David Pilbeam, Dr. P. Sledzik, Dr. Alison Wilcox, the late Dr. J. Lawrence Angel, Dr. D.H. Ubelaker, and Dr. Alan Walker. I would like to thank Dr. Rolf Behrents for his valuable help in this project.

I would like to thank my wife, Diane, for her love and care for me and our family during this long and difficult project.

I would like to thank the following people for their support in various ways at different times throughout the years of our research. There has been hope but also some periods of discouragement in the past 20 years. It was the amazing grace of God provided so often through the assistance and sometimes the prayers of these mentioned below that buoyed us up. For that I am very grateful.

Theresa Cuozzo and the late Dr. P.J. Cuozzo, my mother and father; the late Margaret and Frank Dostalek, my wife's mother and father; Dr. John Cuozzo Jr. and Dr. Lilia Cuozzo; Dr. Brian and Margie Garner; Francis Cuozzo; Lt. Daniel and Alison Cuozzo; Joshua Cuozzo and the future Christine Cuozzo; Dr. Gary and Peggy Cuozzo; Dr. John and Patricia McCue; Frank Dostalek; John Dostalek; Joe Dostalek; Rose Cuozzo; Dr. Patrick Cuozzo; Dr. Michael Scagnelli; Dave and Peggy D'Amico; Roberta Fine; the late Rev. Robert Fine; the late Dr. Francis Schaeffer; the late Dr. Wilton M. Krogman; Dr. Wayne and Betty Frair; Dean Kevin Rhodes; Dr. Don and Betty Duffy; Dr. Henry Morris; Dr. John Morris;

Dr. Duane Gish; Bob Walsh; Dr. Andrew Snelling; Gordon Franz; Coach Ron Brown; Udo Middleman; Ken Swain; Joseph Maffongelli Jr., Esq.; Dr. George Kuryllo; Dr. Maria Tammi; Dr. Edward Baker; Dr. Pearly Hayes; Dr. Steve and Dr. Leila Koepf; Dr. Austin Robbins; Dr. James Maguire; Dr. Brad and Marilyn Mellon; Dr. Norm and Dorothy Gunn; the late Dr. Curt Hester; the late Dr. J. Allister Weir; Dr. Thomas Kotch; Dr. Don Moeller; Mary Deatheridge; Frank DeMiro; Vito Locasio; Russ Bixler; Dr. Lloyd Zbar; Dr. Roger Nettune; Dr. Jack Altomonte; Dr. David Solomon; Dr. Ed Gold; Dr. Pier Mancusi-Ungaro; William Curtis; James Sundquist; Dr. Robert Foster; Rev. Gerald Cleffi; Mark Emma; Billy Nelson; Wight Martindale; Tom Basile; Bill Williams; Jamie Hutzler; Elaine Pasquale; Dominick and Marie D'Amico; Israel and Lilia Gonzalez; Will and Janean Garner; Robert Dilworth, Esq., and Faith Dilworth; Richard and Marie Amoroso; Otis Birdsong; Buck Williams; Mike O'Koren; Darryl Dawkins; Walt Singletary; Jeff Rogers; the late Rev. Douglas Gleeson; Diane Gleeson; Rev. Dewey Friedel; Rev. Bruce Koczman; Four Winds Fellowship; Jim Davies; Rev. Ed Banghart; Montclair Community Church; the Newall's prayer group; the "Called Aside" Women's Group; Gwen Robinson; Rev. Kyle Atkins; Rev. Jim Rose; Dr. Robert and Lynn Hultquist; George and Mary Van Dyke; the late Rev. J. O'Hara; the late Michael Meola; and Rod Dixon.

For their very special help with the multitude of reference articles so crucial to the book, I would like to thank the Mountainside Hospital librarians, Patricia Regenbergh and Valarie Manuel. They filled all my requests for information when I'm sure they had many other duties to accomplish.

I am grateful to Rocky Mountain Data Systems of Calabasas, California, for their analysis of my cephalometric radiographs. I appreciated the care of my x-ray machine donated by the General Electric Corporation, now Gendex, of Des Plaines, Illinois. Also, I am indebted to the Wehmer Corporation of Addison, Illinois, for the x-ray cassettes and x-ray film.

I would also like to thank Jim Fletcher, my editor, for the skill and care given this book. I would also like to thank Dianna Fletcher, Tim Smith, Judy Lewis, and Janell Robertson for their superior work on this project. A special thanks to my publisher, Tim Dudley, for having confidence in me and my research so that this material is no longer "Buried Alive."

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## INTRODUCTION

As a young man and a product of two university graduate educational programs and one on an undergraduate level, I was completely convinced that the Bible could not be taken as a scientific or historically accurate book. The early chapters of Genesis, therefore, were not to be taken seriously as the explanation for the true origin of mankind. As a matter of fact, in college I thought anyone who believed that Adam and Eve were real people who spoke to a snake were definitely not biology majors and probably belonged to a “flat earth society” or worse. This belief was common among most of my university friends.

As a result of this widespread attitude in our higher institutions of learning, we have raised a generation in America who do not believe the Bible speaks the truth about anything. Therefore, what may be beautiful writing, poetry, and exciting stories are just that — religious tales, myths, and allegory, but certainly not truth. The marginalization of the Bible is one of the tragic stories of our time.

If we want truth, we are told, we must look to science. Modern science has the answers and the great museums of the world hold the keys to our past. In those great temples of learning, all the prehistoric “relatives” of mankind have been assembled for our education and supposed edification. Large multi-national corporations have often sponsored expensive high-tech, multi-media exhibits to pursue these ends in a dramatic fashion. The effects of this collaboration have been enormous.

Millions of children visit these citadels each year on school field trips to view their animal relatives. They are immersed in a sea of naturalism while being indoctrinated in the official position of the establishment. But is this official position correct? Are there opposing points of view? And the sixty-four thousand dollar question is: Do the museums contain any fossils, artifacts, or information that would contradict the doctrine of evolution?

I invite you to take a trip with me through the past by exploring the great museums of the world in the storage rooms and laboratories reserved only for access to scientists. I am not going to take you through the exhibit halls where all the tourists go, but into the dark recesses of the paleontological world where you would not be allowed. You are going to see things that you never thought existed, and look at skulls and jaws through the eyes of an orthodontist. All the bones you will see are the actual ones. This is original work done on the real fossils. You will also visit real caves that were frequented by ancient man.

There are scientific sections in this book necessary for those interested in the facts of the research, but everything is wrapped up in the story of our personal family adventure, because we did everything as a team. My research assistants were my children, all of whom are now adults.

Another facet of this book is the reaction of the scientific world to my findings. I think that you may be incredulous at first by the perceived breach of security and the threat that a questioning orthodontist and his family posed to such gigantic institutions. It was a shock to us all. I did not lie to anyone at any time. I merely stated that I was an orthodontist who was interested in the growth and development of early man, and particularly in the teeth and the jaws. Some of the scientists were open-minded and some were not. I am certainly not condemning all paleoanthropologists. To be perfectly candid, I did not expect to find what I did. However, I had no idea that the specimens I examined had not been allowed to display the truth within themselves.

The process of writing this book took close to five years. It is my hope that it will reach many people in all walks of life. I think perhaps that even parts of it could be used in academic settings. As the real-life story unfolds, it will become evident that the evolutionists were right about one thing, and that is “change.” All living forms are changing. Their only problem is that they had the direction wrong. The theme that flows throughout this entire book and shares the spotlight with that of burying the truth is “devolution.” It is a process by which all of life is degenerating — just as the Bible describes.

Therefore, what began as a curiosity about the past ends with a secure belief about the future. Come along with us as we explore the world of ancient men, the Neanderthals. Let us take a close look at our ancestors, whose real history has for so long, been buried alive.

# Part 1

## A Search for Truth

### Chapter 1

## The Chase

It was about 10 p.m. on August 18, a warm, dark Saturday night in 1979. We slammed the van doors behind us, running full speed to the entrance of the basement hallway in an apartment complex in Les Ulis, outside of Paris. This 30 to 40-foot hallway had energy-saver light switches on one end and a tiny elevator at the far end. We flew down the hallway like hunted foxes and squeezed into the tiny elevator meant only to carry a few people.

We were two adults and five children. The lights that I switched on as we came in blinked out a few seconds before the elevator door creaked shut. It seemed like forever before it finally closed. We were dripping with anxious sweat from the run. This was the culmination of about an hour-long high-speed car chase through the streets of Paris and out into the suburbs. As the elevator jerked and strained upward towards the floor of our borrowed apartment, I held our three year old in my arms. My wife and I just looked at each other, speechless for a moment, as the events of the last 48 hours gelled in our minds.

Never did it occur to us while we were making plans for this trip over the past six months that anything like this might happen. Who would have guessed that my research would produce such a violent reaction. We had been followed by at least one, and sometimes two, small sports cars. At first the pursuit was slow and secretive but as events escalated during the last five or six hours, they became more visible and threatening.

We had a slow, white Volkswagen van that obviously stood out from the rest of the traffic. Our adversaries had a couple of fast sport cars; one dark blue, one yellow. In the pursuit from the restaurant, the yellow one had sideswiped a parked car and failed to stop after the collision on a one-way street. That's when I realized they were dead serious about this chasing business. We were both going the wrong way. I had headed down that street in the wrong direction hoping to lose them at the next corner. My hope was that a car would come into that

street going in the proper direction after I exited and thereby get between us. It happened just that way and we gained a slight advantage. I made a dash for the Arc of Triumph, the memorial that the American troops marched through after liberating Paris from the Nazis. There was the usual traffic jam around the huge monument as cars and other vehicles swirled around the circle. We became enmeshed in the bunch and thought for a moment we had shaken them. The kids thought this was a great adventure and were hanging over the seats looking out the back window. John, our oldest, was 13. He had helped me conduct the research in the museum. Margie, our daughter and Mom's helper, was 11 and a bit tearful at this point. Frank, 10, and Daniel, 8, thought this was just like "the movies." Joshua, though only 3, still remembers this harrowing event. It made an indelible impression on all of us.

From the Arc, I floored the gas pedal down along a large tree-lined boulevard, hoping to be stopped by a police car. We went through all the red lights but still did not attract a single gendarme. At the edge of Paris we came to a large wooded park where I jumped a curb, making sure there were no pedestrians in sight, and drove headlong into the bushes and trees. I was hoping and praying that I wouldn't smack into a tree or put a large branch through the windshield. After driving into this camouflage for about 50 or 75 feet, I shut off the engine. We all sat in enforced silence for about 15 minutes breathing a temporary sigh of relief. We didn't think we could be seen from the road that twisted through the park. We were counting on them just whizzing by while we laid low in our hiding place. When we thought we were safe, I backed out of the woods with twigs and leaves stuck in various places. Leaving a trail of dirt, sticks and foliage in the road with some attached leaves still flapping in the wind, we made a beeline for the highway to Les Ulis. To my horror, as I glanced at the fuel gauge, I saw the needle on empty. How could we stop for gas now? There didn't seem to be any choice. Either get gas or get stuck, and then maybe a foot race along the highway with five children, and me carrying one of them.

There was no sign of them anywhere when we pulled into the highway gas station. In what seemed like the longest time in history it ever took to fill a quarter of a tank of gas, seven pairs of eyes scanned the terrain for any kind of sports car. The racing car teams at Indy had nothing on us. Still nothing in sight, as we sped away into the night with about ten more miles until home. After only a few miles, one of the boys said with a terrified voice that he spotted them and I floored it again. Only the Lord knows how we made it this time. I purposefully got off the highway a few exits early and zigzagged down streets until we found our way back to the apartment. Now we're at the place where you began to read about this adventure, as we jumped out of the van and ran into the hallway.

As the elevator door slid open with a cranking noise, we were only a few steps from the apartment. It had a double-door entrance. My hands shook as I opened the first door, which had a border of wood with a full-length glass pane in the center. I didn't think that this would be much of an obstacle for them, but there

also was another, stronger door. There was a small foyer between the two doors. In it we had stored our valuable research x-ray machine, before and after our work at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris. There was only one other x-ray machine in the world like it. This one had been loaned to me by a doctor from a midwestern university. We quickly passed through the foyer and slammed the second door behind us. The second door, thankfully, was made of solid wood.

After closing the second door behind us and making sure it was double-locked, we felt *somewhat* relieved, because we had no idea what their next move would be. “Quickly,” I said, “get every piece of furniture that can be moved and put it up against this door, in case they try to force their way in.” We placed everything we could up against that door. There was a big bureau, backed up by a couch and some large living room chairs and a few other things I can't quite remember. It was a formidable barricade. Years later, while seeing the Broadway production of “Les Misérables,” I was reminded of this humble barricade in our own French revolution of 1979.

What kind of revolt had I led that provoked this situation? I had been to France a number of times before I was married, serving aboard the USS *Enterprise* (CVAN) 65. I was a U.S. Navy dental officer on this huge aircraft carrier and had participated in two Mediterranean cruises in 18 months. Whenever our crew of 4,000-plus men would descend upon a coastal city there would be justifiable anxiety by the townspeople and no lack of trouble. However, our MPs usually took charge of each brawl or escapade by drunken sailors and eventually peace was restored. But this was different. We were being pursued by some sort of French authority, almost like a CIA or FBI type of operation. What were they after? What kind of a threat could an American family pose to the French national interests?

## Chapter 2

# The Catalyst

It all began when I started to question the evolutionary record of fossils in 1976.<sup>1</sup> However, in practical terms the catalyst for this first trip to France was my association with my good friend and mentor, the late Wilton M. Krogman, Ph.D. He was my anthropology professor at the University of Pennsylvania during the time I attended dental school in the early sixties. I met up with him again in the seventies in Amish country at the Lancaster Cleft Palate Clinic on Lime Street in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He and I developed a close relationship through correspondence and personal conversations over the years. I took several of his courses at the clinic, one of which was entitled “Forensic Medicine.” This course was concerned with identification of dead persons by means of teeth and bones and their legal aspects.

Dr. Krogman had identified the remains of Adolf Hitler and his consort, Eva Braun, in their bunker in Berlin, where they were entombed in rubble by the allied bombardment at the end of WWII. All that was left were bones and teeth. The bodies had been burned either intentionally or by explosive fire. He showed us the lantern slides that he had made of the dental remains and radiographs of the fuhrer.<sup>2</sup> Our soldiers had found the radiographs.

Lantern slides were made of glass and were much larger than modern day Kodachrome slides. The film was sandwiched between two glass pieces and glued together somehow. The old projectors used to project these images had a sliding carriage which would only take one slide on either side of the projector at a time.

Most of the dictator’s vital data were recorded by Dr. Krogman using this type of visual record. After a forensic identification had been made from photographs and the dental records, and it had been verified that this was the fuhrer, Dr. Krogman then left for the evening, as he recalled to me. When he returned the next morning, he found that Adolf Hitler’s remains were gone. American soldiers who stood watch over the burnt bodies that night told him of a high-ranking

Russian officer who barged in with some Russian soldiers and just picked up Hitler's skeletal parts and departed. Apparently it was well-marked and probably in some sort of a container. He told me over lunch one day in a Lancaster restaurant that he believed the remains were sent to Russia, probably to prove to the Soviet strongman Stalin that Hitler was really dead. He said that he had tried to protest this thievery but the American authorities took no action.

Dr. Krogman and I had numerous discussions about human fossils, which had become a growing interest of mine. I saw him in May of 1979 at a children's growth course. He encouraged me to seek out the real fossils in the countries of origin and do firsthand research on these bones. He explained that most of the ancient human fossils in the USA are merely copies of the originals.<sup>3</sup> When I asked him how this seemingly impossible task could be accomplished, he volunteered to write a letter of introduction to a fellow anthropologist, a human paleontologist, in France. He wrote that letter on June 18, 1979, and sent a copy to me. It was addressed to Professor Doctor Denise Ferembach at the Centre Nationale de la Recherche Scientifique, Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes, Paris, France. The following are excerpts from that letter:

“In August a good friend of mine will visit Paris and would like to study the original Neanderthal skeletal material housed in several Museums of Paris. His name and address follow:” Then he gave Dr. Ferembach my address. He followed by saying, “ Since my retirement from the University of Pennsylvania in 1971, I have, as it were, been removed from the mainstream of Physical Anthropology, and especially Human Paleontology. You are, in very truth, the one person I may turn to in this matter.” Then he made this appeal on my behalf: “I think it would be a good idea for you and Dr. Cuozzo to correspond prior to his coming to Paris, so that his aims in coming may be made more explicit. I shall write for him a letter of introduction which he can present to you upon his arrival in Paris. (Please write him the specific address where he might contact you.)” He signed it:

Cordially yours,  
Wilton Marion Krogman, Ph.D.

Weeks passed and I never heard one word from Professor Doctor Ferembach. There was total silence from France. As far as I can remember, she never wrote back to Dr. Krogman, either.

## Chapter 3

# Valuable Equipment and the Apartment

Every winter in the month of February, the annual meeting of the Chicago Dental Society takes place in downtown Chicago. My wife was raised in Countryside, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago, and her parents were still living there in the 1970s. We found it convenient to visit Grandma and Grandpa while I did some catching up on the latest developments in dentistry at the meeting.

It was in February of 1979 that I first met Dr. Brown<sup>1</sup> while wandering down an aisle of commercial exhibits at the Chicago Mid-Winter meeting. Dr. Brown was displaying portable dental equipment that could be used to treat patients in rural and inaccessible areas. My interest was heightened when I saw a small portable x-ray machine. I immediately thought of the possibility of obtaining a large x-ray machine similar to the one I had in my office for use in fossil research overseas. Dr. Brown told me that he had created just such a machine with the General Electric Corporation. In 1978 he had taken it into the jungles of South America to x-ray the heads of the natives.

It was an interesting experience since he had to give away a lot of glass bead necklaces and wrist bands to obtain their cooperation. He received some feather head pieces, darts, and a blow-gun in return. He explained this was a rough bunch. One false move and he could have had a blow dart in his back. Happily, he made it through that project to be able to be present at this dental convention in 1979, the year I wanted to go to France.

The beauty of this portable machine was that it would not only produce a powerful x-ray beam but an accurate image as well. There are two important points to consider when x-raying a living person's head or a fossil skull. The first is that a powerful beam is needed. The second is that you can't make any measurements

from a radiograph if the head or skull is tilted or rotated in any way. Then the image would be distorted because of its position, and therefore not measurable. The mid-plane of the subject's head has to be at a right angle to the central beam of the x-ray to achieve this objective. He convinced me that his apparatus would hold any head or skull in this uniform fixed position and that it could be done any time, any place, as long as all the various parts were locked together in the proper manner. The big job was to be able to assemble the parts exactly in the proper position each time. This maneuver took quite a bit of practice. A large transformer was also needed to convert the powerful European 220 volt current to 110 volts for usage by the machine if taken to France. Two hundred and twenty volts would blow the guts right out of this beautiful apparatus. He explained that all the parts of the machine, except the transformer, could be safely stored in two large metal containers that had a combined weight of about 350 pounds. These could then be subjected to rigorous jolting and jostling around on any freight handler's dock and still be unharmed. The only other portable cephalometric unit that existed in the world at that time was created by Arne Bjork in the 1940s and it was in Sweden. Dr. Brown had this one, which was more modern. But would I be able to use it?<sup>2</sup>

After our long conversation in the aisle of the commercial exhibits, he seemed partially convinced about my purpose and asked that I send him a letter outlining my plans and goals. I did this as soon as I returned home. In his response to my request, he gave me permission to take the machine to France.

I flew to Chicago with my two oldest boys on July 17, 1979. We picked up the x-ray machine after a complete briefing on its use, shipped it back home via air freight, and flew back to Newark Airport the next day. A big piece of the research trip puzzle had fallen into place.

There was a slight problem that arose after we had left Dr. Brown that wouldn't leave my conscience. One of the things he showed us on the day of the demonstration was a number of big Red Cross emblems pasted on the sides of both boxes. He had told me that he put these large red and white seals on the boxes. I had asked him if he was associated with the Red Cross or whether it was really official Red Cross equipment. He said that he wasn't associated with the Red Cross, but this ploy helped to get the boxes across international borders easily. This labeling was used to facilitate the customs inspection in each country. If the boxes weren't labeled as such, one would need a document called an "ATA carnet." This document obviated the necessity of paying duty on the machine when entering or leaving a country. I didn't want to continue with this Red Cross charade because it seemed to be illegal.

Therefore, I purchased an ATA carnet from the U.S. Council of International Chamber of Commerce Inc. in New York City before we embarked for France. It involved a lot of procedures, red tape, and the purchase of a large bond equivalent to the machine cost. The carnet covered taxes if the equipment was sold in that particular foreign country. But it was all legal and the Red Cross stickers would have caused untold problems if we were caught.

With the equipment problem solved, we still didn't have a place to stay. Hotels were out of the question. Three weeks in France could be an astronomical expense. We were seven people and needed at least two hotel rooms. Most of all, if we couldn't cook for ourselves, eating out every day and night would literally "eat up" our budget.

In 1978 another amazing thing happened which some would call coincidence and some, like us, would call God's provision. One day, a lovely French family walked into my office.<sup>3</sup> They were seeking orthodontic treatment for their daughter. They were living temporarily in New Jersey and had been referred to me by a friend. During the course of treatment for this little girl, the family mentioned that they were only in the USA for a year or so on business and that they actually lived outside of Paris. Wheels started turning in my mind when I heard that, and especially when we started to make plans for our trip in 1979. It wasn't until May that I approached them on this subject. They believed that the best way to find an apartment for us was to have one of their relatives in Paris do some searching around. However, when July of 1979 arrived, not only had no word come from Dr. Ferembach but no apartment could be found for us either.

We went over to the French family's house one night near the end of July to discuss the distressing situation. We were going to depart on the 29th, which was getting close. After describing their fruitless search, we were shocked when they said that we could use their own empty apartment at no cost for three weeks and handed us the keys. Needless to say, we drove home that night very grateful for God's provision.

## Chapter 4

# The Vietnamese Connection to the Unholy of Unholies

**M**y father had been a practicing dentist in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, for 47 years when he died in 1978. He had been a great influence on my life for which I am very grateful. He also had a big heart for people in trouble and turmoil. It was during the exodus of masses of boat people from Vietnam that he took on a whole family of refugees as patients and charged them no fee. They had found their way to New Jersey from the west coast and were struggling to make ends meet. Dad asked me to treat one of the little children who needed braces also for no fee, as a charity case. I agreed and in the years of 1977-79, we made a special acquaintance with the Bach Nguyen family. They invited our whole family to dinner at their apartment in June of 1979. We brought all the kids and were treated to a special Vietnamese meal. During dinner our conversation turned to the subject of our trip to France, whereupon Bach related a story about how he was separated from his aged mother and his sister in their escape from Vietnam. He told us that he and his wife and children were allowed to immigrate to the USA while his mother and sister could only go to France. He thought it would be a great thing for us to give them a call when we were in Paris since they lived nearby. He would write to them and let them know of our travel plans. We promised to do that and he gave me their telephone number. Later I gave him the telephone number of the apartment that we would be borrowing in Les Ulis to send to his sister.

Once in Paris and embarked upon this project, I found this was a hard promise to keep because of our tight schedule. We had a big problem with the machine the first time we tried to start it up, which will be described a bit later. However, one day while working in the laboratory my conscience started to bother me about my pledge to Bach. Also, I was more than a little concerned that my French wouldn't

be good enough to converse with his relatives. Diane had no French in nursing school and only one of the children had touched this subject in school. I knew that the secretary in the lab office spoke English. So, I asked her to call Bach's sister for me and explain how busy we were, and that I would call her later in the week when things calmed down. She said that no one answered the first time she called, so I left the telephone number with her and went back to work.

Giving away this number to her, and eventually the museum people, was to prove to be a disastrous mistake. The secretary copied this number down for future reference and gave it back to me. To this day, I have no idea what I did with that piece of paper. It's not written in my little daily reminder book or in any of my folders. The significance of this telephone number is vital to an understanding of the events that led up to us barricading ourselves in the borrowed apartment.

I had been very careful not to reveal our place of residence to any of the museum people because of a general ominous feeling that I had when first setting foot in the museum. It seemed like we were entering a great temple of Baal worship similar to those described in the Old Testament. All these creatures from which we were supposed to have evolved were set up in display cases almost like idols to worship. If, in truth, they were our ancestors, then a certain amount of reverence appeared due them. Ancestor worship is not uncommon in many parts of the world today. Departed spirits and such as are treated like gods.

It's not that I hadn't been in museums like this before in the USA. I had, but this was very different. It was a foreign country, there were real Neanderthal fossils, and we were about to penetrate the "inner sanctum" or "the unholy of unholies." The high priests of Baal worship, in this case, were the paleontologists. They were responsible for placing the animals on these pedestals. It was a temple of naturalism.

Somehow, Dr. Krogman seemed different to me. I had been able to share my faith with him on numerous occasions and he was open and responsive. He gave his heart to the Lord.<sup>1</sup> He sympathized with the goals of my research.

In the Musée de l'Homme, I was beginning to have very uneasy feelings about my present condition, especially when I found out that some of the actual Neanderthal fossils did not look like they did in the textbooks. I was continually seeking God's wisdom each step of the way. Some days we were really walking on eggs. My agreement with the museum authorities was to hand in one copy of each of my radiographs upon completion of my project. What if the radiographs clashed with the textbook descriptions of these fossils? I saw that some of them would and I was genuinely scared. All they had to identify and track us in France was Bach's sister's telephone number.