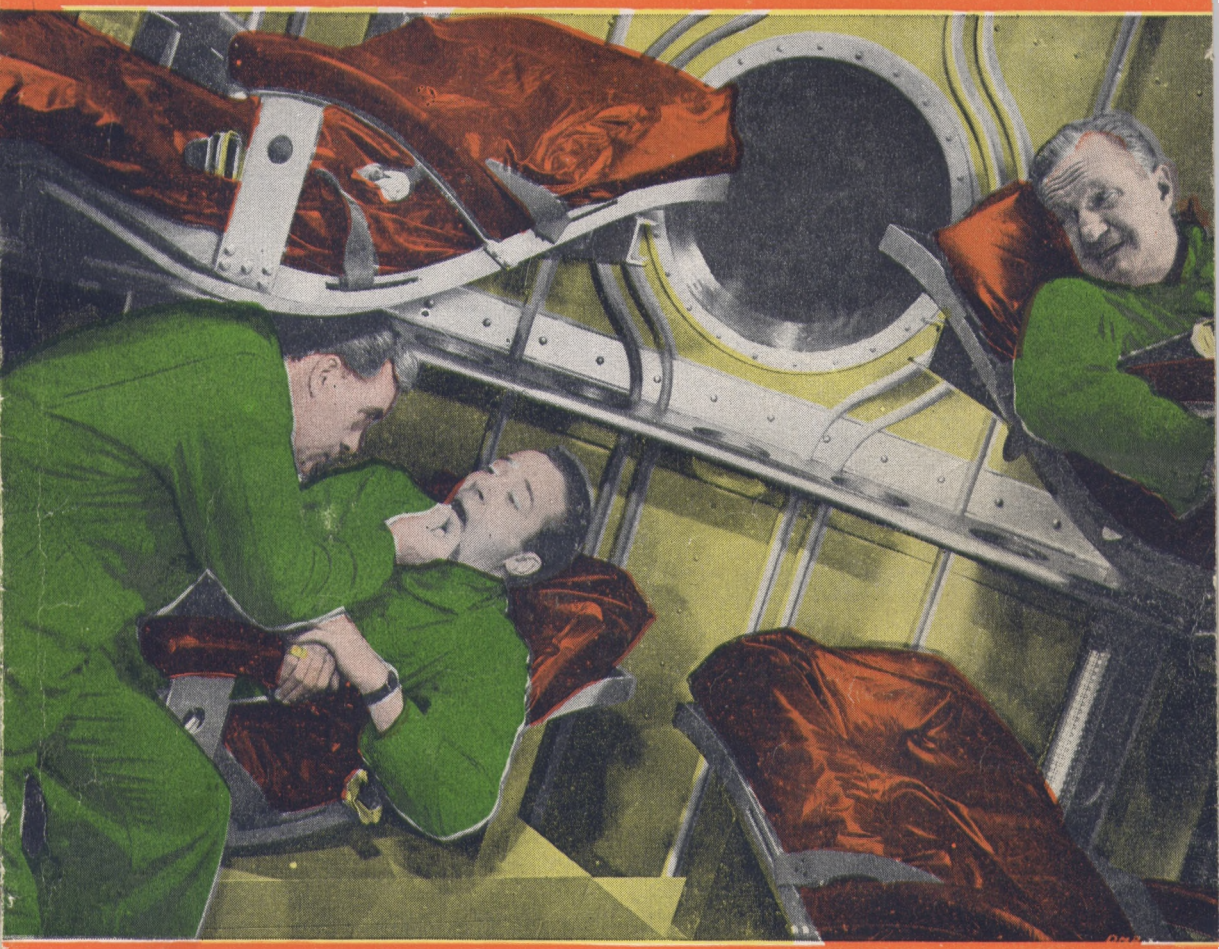
FLYING SAUCERS

The Magazine of Space Conquest

MAY, 1959

WISCO

35c



THERE'S INTELLIGENT LIFE ON THE MOON!

Here's The Real Reason We Want To Televise The Moon From An Orbiting Rocket—Astronomers Know Luna's Not Dead!

IS SIAM A SECRET BASE FOR SAUCERS?

By Ron Ormond

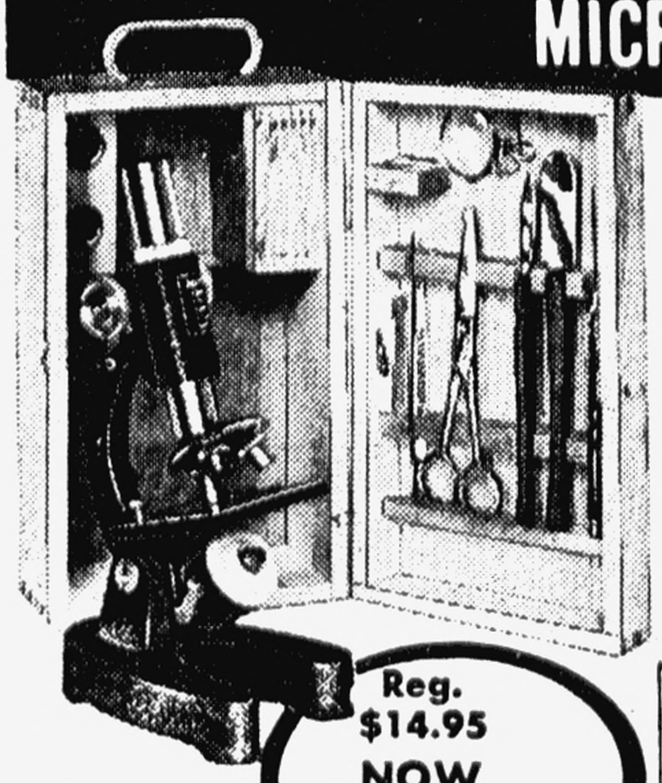
THE FITZGERALD INVESTIGATION

Fantastic Army Saucer Blunder

By Coral E. Lorenzen

A SAUCER, TWO MEN, AND "LITTLE CREATURES"

600 POWER SELF-ILLUMINATING MICROSCOPE



OPERATES ON
PEN-LITE BATTERIES
NOT INCLUDED
SIMPLIFIES FOCUSING

COMPLETE WITH
DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS
and CARRYING CASE

KIT INCLUDES

- MICROSCOPE
- 2 EYE-PIECES (10x, 15x)
- SIX SLIDES (4 plain 2 prepared)
- HAND MAGNIFIER
- 5 pc. DISSECTING SET (consisting of, tweezer, knife, spatula, scissors, and two inch needle with handle),
- HARDWOOD CARRYING CABINET WITH HANDLE

Reg. $14.95
NOW $12.88 ppd.

AMAZING LOW PRICE

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION

Precision built, revolving three turret microscope with achromatic lenses, sub-stage mirror and illumination. Interchangeable eye-piece powers of magnifications, as 100-150-200-300-400-600x.

Spot Objects at 24 miles

LIKE HAVING AN OBSERVATORY IN YOUR OWN HOME

This 152 power refractor type telescope enables you to explore the rings of Saturn, the craters of the moon, the canals of Mars. For the first time, the most sensational astronomical telescope ever to hit the market is available at this low, low price.



Reg. $149.95
NOW $138.88
FOB Miami

INCLUDES ALL OF THIS!

- 62.5 MM OBJECTIVE LENS
- 152x73x35x28x EYE PIECES
- HORIZONTAL, POLAR & DECLINATION MOVEMENTS
- RIGHT ANGLE PRISMS
- SUN RAY & HEAT FILTERS
- 6 POWER FINDER WITH CROSS HAIR
- SUN SCREEN & EQUIPMENT TRAY
- HANDSOME RUGGED WOOD CASE

FREE! Premium B with above

FREE! Premiums A and C with above

BIG 30 POWER TELESCOPE SALE



The perfect scope for the young astronomer, offering features usually associated with telescopes costing much more.

- Heavy chrome-plated.
- Three section tubes. 7 3/4" closed, 13 3/4" extended.
- Fluoride coated.
- Chrome adjustable swivel tripod.
- Brown leatherette casing.

Reg. $9.95
NOW $8.88 ppd.

IT'S A TASCO PRODUCT

FREE! Premium A with above

BINOCULAR SALE!

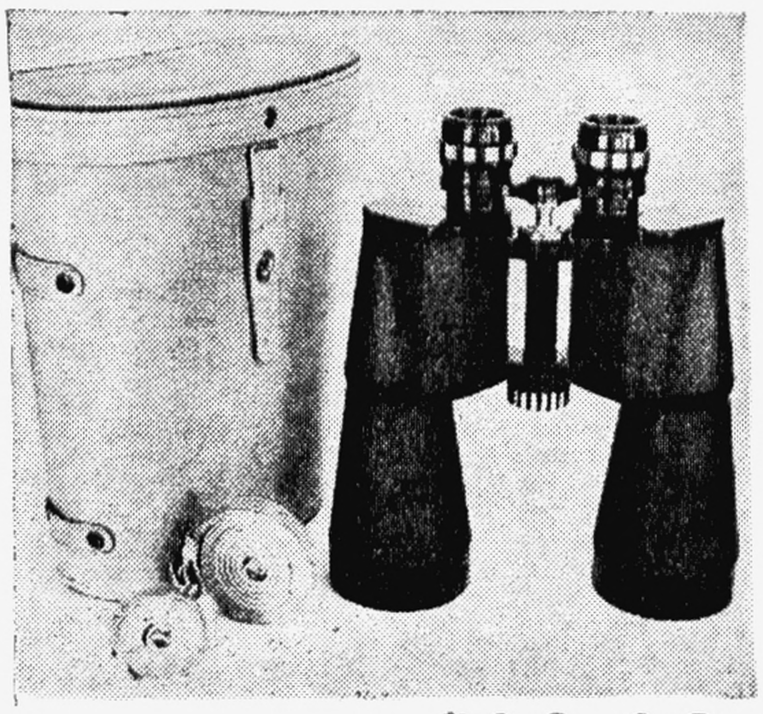
7x35	I.F.	$24.95	Plush-lined Leather Case & Straps Included
7x50	I.F.	$29.95	
8x30	I.F.	$24.95	
16x50	I.F.	$34.95	

(ppd) Plus FREE Premium D
For center focus, add $5.00
(10% F.E.T. on binoculars)

SPECIAL!
Most Powerful Binocular Made! GIANT 20x60 mm. New! Center of focus at point of balance.

Leather case and straps Included. (ppd.)

Plus! Premium C & D FREE!

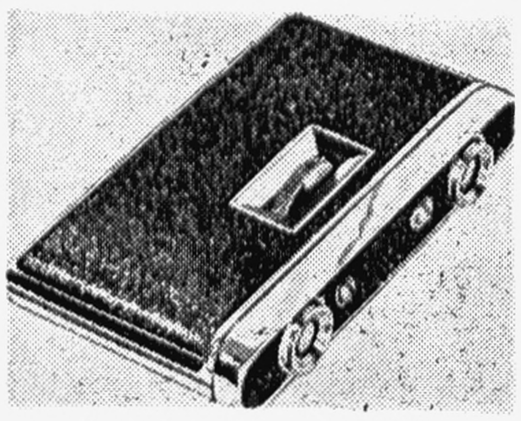


ONLY $68.88

FREE PREMIUMS!

A. "Beginner's Guide To Astronomy" Fascinating & practical guide to planets, moon, stars.

B. "Hunting With The Microscope" A guide to the exciting micro-world of animals and plants.



C. Wonderful 3-power folding sports glass. A guaranteed $5.95 value!



D. — U. S. N. Filtrol. Variable density filter. Esp. useful in bright sunlight, etc. Guaranteed $8.00 value.

Send cash, check or Money Order. Satisfaction or your money back!
California residents add 4% sales tax.

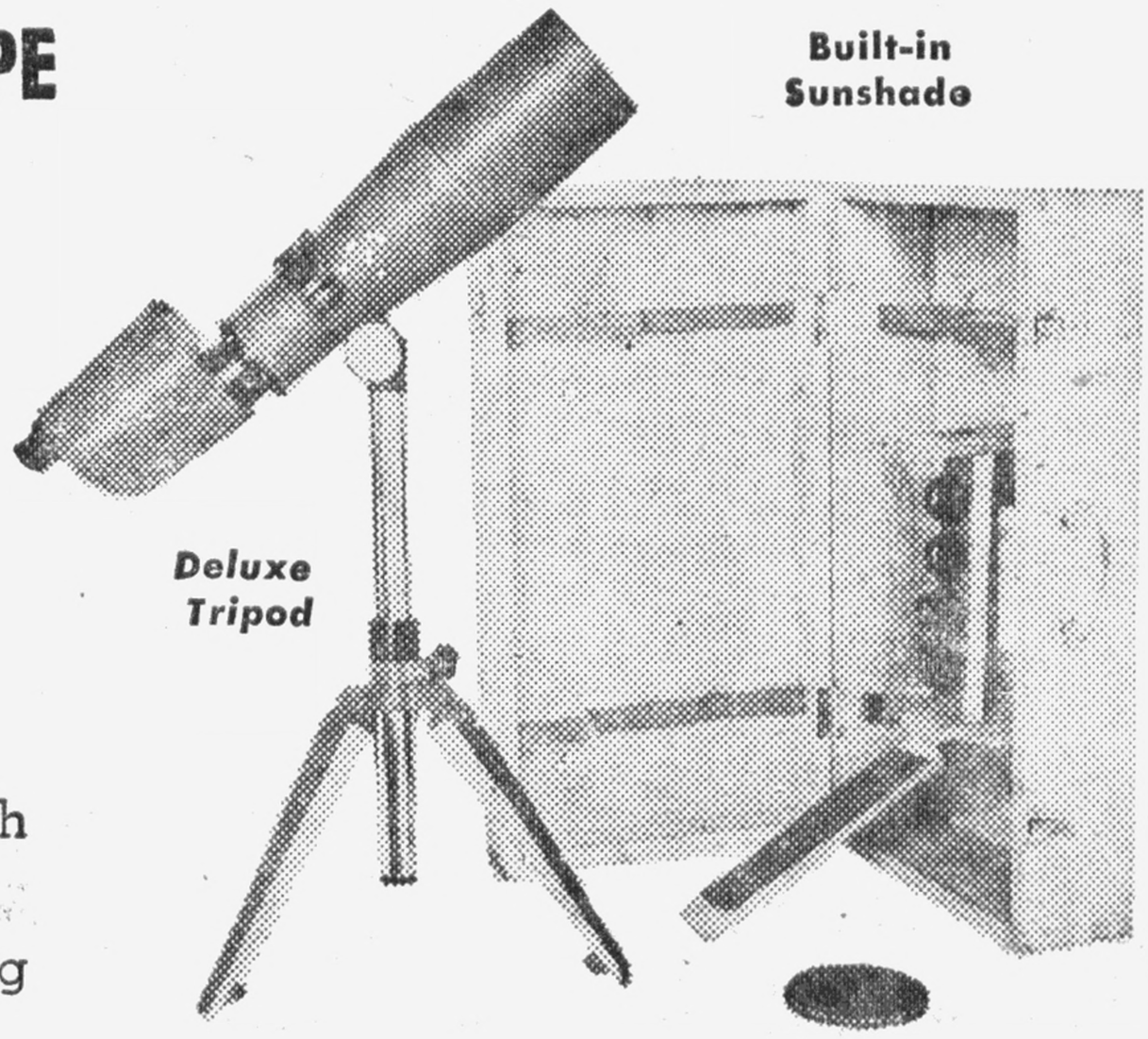
ADVENTURE SALES CO., **Dept. FS10, Box 2133, San Diego 12, Calif.**

TELESCOPE SALE!

BIG SAVINGS -- FREE PREMIUMS

60 POWER TELESCOPE

Prismatic Telespotter with 5 interchangeable eyepieces 15x 20x 30x 40x 60x Wide Field-Coated lens.

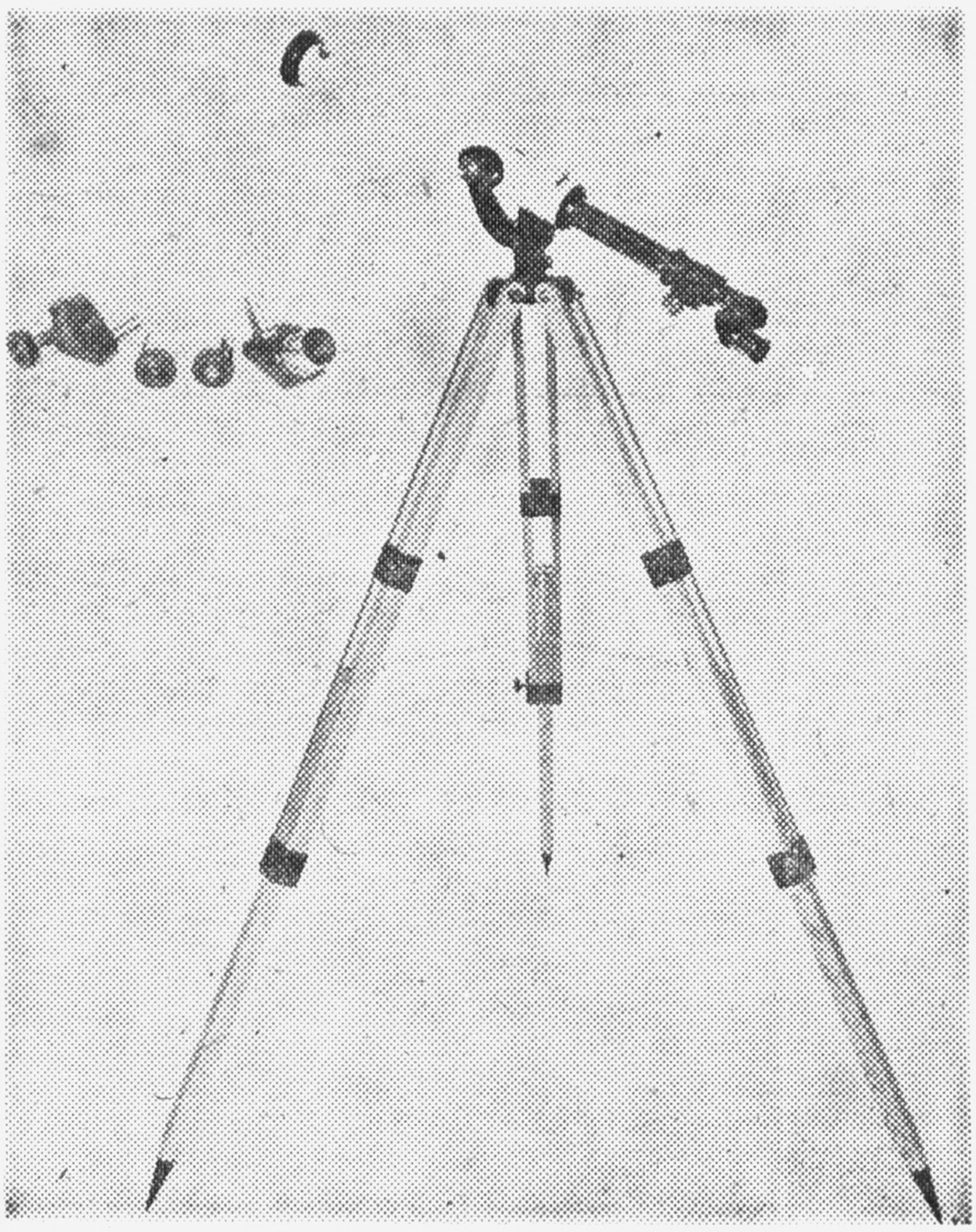


FREE!

Premiums A & C
(See Opposite Page)

Free premiums apply to both telescopes on this page.

Smart hardwood carrying case, etc, included.



Reg. $79.95

NOW ONLY

$68.88

(F.O.B. Miami)

100 POWER TERRASTRO SCOPE

Coated Lens. Includes two-fold tripod, extends 36" to 62". 20x 50x 100x eyepieces Erecting prism for terrestrial viewing. Right angle prism for astronomical. Special sun glass. Hardwood fitted case.

Reg. $69.95

NOW ONLY $58.88

ADVENTURE SALES CO.
Dept. S-1
Box 2133
San Diego 12, Calif.

EARLE WEITERSHAUSEN
1441 E. 12th Street
Pueblo, Colorado

ISSUE NO. 34
FS-10

Contents

MAY, 1959

Ray Palmer, Editor;

Gray Barker, Eastern Editor; August C. Roberts, Photo Editor

Col. Ron Ormond, Western Editor Gene Duplantier, Art Editor

EDITORIAL ..... Ray Palmer 5

I SAW A FLYING SAUCER ..... Reports From Our Readers 6

CHASING THE FLYING SAUCERS ..... Gray Barker 19

STRANGE NEW OBJECT SEEN IN HEAVENS 43

THE FITZGERALD INVESTIGATION ..... Coral E. Lorenzen 47

IS SIAM A SECRET BASE FOR FLYING SAUCERS?.....Ron Ormond 51

BARN DISAPPEARS IN A PUFF OF SMOKE 56

A SAUCER—TWO MEN—AND "LITTLE CREATURES"
.....Reprinted from A.P.R.O. 57

SAUCER KIDNAPPERS? 60

THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS (Part VI) ..... Kenneth Arnold 61

THERE'S INTELLIGENT LIFE ON THE MOON! 67

PERSONALS ..... From Our Readers 75

LETTERS ..... From Our Readers 79

Front cover: A scene from DESTINATION MOON, an Eagle Lion film, printed by permission of Eagle Lion films.

Buy your magazine at the same newsstand every month. Your dealer will appreciate it. Watch closely for the next issue of FLYING SAUCERS.

Address all correspondence to "Editorial Office, FLYING SAUCERS, Amherst, Wisconsin." FLYING SAUCERS is published every other month by Palmer Publications, Inc., C-137 Hickory, Mundelein, Illinois. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at Amherst Wisconsin. Additional entry at Sandusky, Ohio. Manuscripts, artwork, photographs invited, but no responsibility is undertaken for loss. No payment is made except by arrangement. Return envelope and postage necessary to insure return. Subscriptions, 12 issues $3.50; 24 issues $6.00. Some material in this magazine is copyrighted by others and may not be reproduced without permission. Printed in U.S.A. by Stephens Printing Corporation, Sandusky, Ohio.

....Editorial...



RAY PALMER

RECENTLY Kruschev made another of his long speeches (this one took 6½ hours), but to your editor, there was one short sentence in it that is positively fascinating in its implications. He said that Russia "is ready and willing to stop rocket and nuclear experiment **for all time**".

As for nuclear testing, we can understand why further experiment is unnecessary—the w e a p o n s already developed are fearsome beyond all possible necessity, and also are completely unusable without total destruction of civilization. But when rocket development is something that they are ready and willing to stop **for all time**, then we are alerted to the apparent confirmation of our announcement some time ago that the Russians had found something out about space that changes the space travel picture completely. We can, if we wish, read into this innocent sentence the admission by the Soviets that space travel is impossible, and that therefore they are ready and willing to abandon rocketry. In fact, so convinced are they of the **impossibility** that they specify "for all time".

There are those of our readers who will instantly take us up on this statement, and point to the Russian rocket which they placed "in orbit" around the sun. To forestall these readers, we'll go into our thinking on this subject, which is not new thinking at all, but dates (with us) back to 1945! We have held, and in fact wrote an article which was published in Nowadays, a national newspaper supplement magazine (now defunct), in 1947 or 1948, that postulated our belief, based on years of research, that space travel was actually impossible, because of something to do with electro-magnetic fields. At the time we wrote this, it was considered "heresy" by science readers, because we were then editor of several of the world's leading science fiction magazines, **A m a z i n g Stories** and **Fantastic Adventures.**

It all has to do with a theory of matter, and its formation. We held (and the theory has since been generally accepted in theory by many prominent physicists) that matter is formed by a sort of "vortex" process in which a "whirlpool" is set up in the ether, which takes the finely dispersed m a t t e r with which all space is filled (also confirmed now by both Russian and American rocket tests), and drives it to its center,

(*Continued on page* 44)

I SAW A FLYING SAUCER

This section of FLYING SAUCERS is devoted to factual reports by our readers. Here you will find the personal accounts of those who have actually seen flying saucers, and here, if you are one of those lucky ones, is the place for you to tell your own story! If you have had any sort of "saucer" experience, please send it in to us and we will print it.

I have only recently become acquainted with your publication, and, if you'll pardon a little frankness, I have a hard time believing most of the things in it. However, I know that the flying saucer legend no matter how much fabrication it may contain, has a hard core of truth. I have never disclosed this to anyone except a few scoffing friends and relatives, but I think that you might at least pay some attention to it.

Back in 1950, I was trying to pursue my hobby of wildlife photography in southwestern Illinois. I was not hunting U.F.O's. I didn't even believe in them. I heard nothing unusual, but I just happened to look up as I entered a large clearing in the woods; and, so help me, I saw a flying saucer. It looked like a round, shiny metallic disc. It was almost directly overhead, and very low, motionless against the sky. In the panic of the moment, I thought it was almost on top of me. It started moving slowly away from me toward the Southwest. I could now see that its body was like two round, slightly convex, congruent pieces of shiny metal, one atop the other, and that there was what looked like a red half-ball, rather small, on the middle of the upper platter. It stopped moving and hovered again in mid-air, still very close to me. I'd say that its volume was roughly equivalent to that of a passenger plane. Only then did I come to my senses, quickly find the big object in the viewer of my camera, and snap the shutter. Immediately after I did so, the thing took off along a beeline toward the Southeast. I'd say it was moving at about the speed of a jet plane, but it made no sound that I could hear. Then it was gone behind the treetops.

By sheer luck, I got a perfect photograph of the object, but I have long since stopped showing it to people. However, I think that you might have means by which to check the truthfulness of my picture.

That day, a shiny metallic disc was sighted in the sky as it hovered over a place about five miles south of De Soto, Illinois, about sixty miles southeast of where I was. Among the witnesses was a man, who was fixing his roof at the time, his wife, who was in the yard, and a Baptist preacher of impeccable character (he is now pastor of a large church in Miami, Florida), who was on U.S. Route 51, whereon he stopped to look at the phenomenon just in front of the aforementioned man's house. Reverend Holt told me that the silvery

disc hovered in the sky for quite a long time, and he got a very good look at it. His description is the same as the one I gave of what I saw above. After hovering, he said that it streaked off, "straight south for Carbondale, faster than any plane", and was gone in an instant, leaving no perceivable vapor trail or other evidence of its having been present.

I never did talk very much about the incident, even after Reverend Holt became my pastor and friend, and I learned of his sighting. I knew what I had used to think about people who saw flying saucers. The De Soto witnesses never reported their sighting to the authorities, presumably for the same reason. But after reading your magazine, I realize that we have been making a grave mistake by keeping this thing under wraps. What with so many crackpot stories going around, the truth will never be discerned if those of us who really have something to report do not fulfill what is really our obligation to mankind.

Therefore, I ask you if you might be willing to consider for publication my photograph, which is definitely bona fide, the names of the witnesses I mentioned, and/or my story.

Dean Morgan
2100 No. 19th St.
East St. Louis, Illinois

Flying Saucers will be only too happy to print your photo and your completely documented story. Be sure to send us a print of the photo.
—The Editor

★ ★ ★

December 27

This sighter worked on B-24's during the war. Between 11 and 12 this morning. Sighter was driving west, near KSOP when she saw a slim object with no discernible wings descending slowly, but steeply over the new addition area at about 800 feet It was moving East of South. It was greyish. Made no noise, left no exhaust. It was surrounded by a very fine slate-color mist. It was as long as a B-24.

On December 18, a huge object or objects were sighted north of Salt Lake City, possibly as far north as Hill Field and at least 70,000 feet high. A B-52 had just left an extremely brilliant vapor trail from horizon to horizon from the south to the north, when a huge lenticular object appeared approximately ½ mile east of it. The B-52 had already disappeared in the North, when object appeared. Object appeared slightly luminous on becoming visible. Very shortly after it turned white. First object showed its outline very clearly. Second identical object of same width moved out p a r t i a l l y from above it. Objects appeared to move slightly North and South, but no more so than a tethered balloon.

Objects must have been ½ mile across or more than 10 times the width of the vapor trail. We all know a B-52 is 185 feet wide and its vapor trail fans out until it is at least 200 feet wide. Estimated altitude of the B-52 was 35,000 feet which is a good working altitude for them. It looked about ¼ inch wide so we know it was way up there.

Sighter was w a l k i n g North on West Temple between South Temple and North Temple shortly after 4:10 P.M. Objects were in sight only 1½ minutes, they then receded upward at a terrific speed. Sighter was one of the first observers to spot Foo-fighters over E u r o p e. These were guided intelligent balls of light. They used to be sent up to help German night fighters to measure off wingspan of B-24's. He served with the XV Bomber Command in Italy, B-24's and B-17's.

December 27,

Last night I sighted two huge cigars East of the city. They appeared luminous at first. They were located half-way between Moon and bright star, directly below the Moon. Estimate they were 20 miles away. These cigars had a very sharp outline for a short time. These objects were probably a mile long. They were side by side about a mile apart at the same altitude. Anyone looking at the moon at about 9:25 P.M. could have seen them. They were in sight about 1½ minutes. I detected a very slight movement before they vanished receeding upward at terrific speed. I am familiar wih the case of the B-17 pilot who was followed from Klagenfort, Austria to the Adriatic during WWII. By the time it happened we were used to balls of light accompanying us. This is written up in a NICAP bulletin. I sighted my first UFO about 3 p.m. on June 26, 1947. I was working for Pacific Telephone and Telegraph, when I sighted this huge luminous disc over Hanford Atomic Works. It rotated through the color spectrum from the appearance of burning magnesium to cherry red iron and back again. This I reported to the authorities in 1952. Nothing has come of it. I sighted 36 separate objects one night in about 2½ hours over Helena, Montana on Sept. 28, 1956. I reported it. They said they were 1,200 MPH plovers. Most recent makes total of 22 sightings. I wouldn't report it if a disc landed in Temple Square. I've seen 66 unidentified flying objects. I can be reached at El. 9-1879 if anyone wants to tell me about their sighting. Ask for Eric.

E. A. Erickson
Box 1501
Salt Lake City 10, Utah

★ ★ ★

At last, after many hours of watching the skies, I have seen my first flying saucer. There were two of them, in fact, and they were behaving in a very odd manner. That is, I thought it was odd. Other people may have witnessed such things before.

On December 29th, 1958, my fiance, Ina Spann, and I were driving to St. Louis, coming back from Pleasant Hill, Illinois, on State Route 96, having just celebrated my birthday in the smaller town.

About midway between the towns of Pleasant Hill and Atlas, Ina cried, "Oh, Look!", and pointed to the sky. I looked and saw, above us and to the left, two U.F.O.'s, darting at great speeds above a barren field which contained a grove of trees on its far side.

I can't say how high they were nor how large. To me, they appeared the size of a silver dollar held at arms length. Their color was silver. This last may be wrong, however, because they also gave off a bright light. Too bright, in fact, to have been reflected on a day so heavily overcast as this was.

My wonder increased as I saw that the objects seemed to be carrying on some sort of battle, although there were no flashes of light and no sort of noise which would indicate that they were using some sort of weapons familiar to us. Also there was no noise of propulsion such as is heard when an airplane passes over.

Although it was cold we got out of the car, in order to better see as this silent battle was fought in the skies.

The objects remained in view for about fifteen minutes, during which time I did not see a single car pass.

As we watched, the saucers dodged and attacked one another, always at speeds which were faster than any

jet airplane I have ever seen. I think the turns they made would have killed a human being. During one sharp turn, in which the object was banked, I could see that it was definitely round and flat and with no markings of any kind. No markings, at least, that I or my fiance was able to discern.

Finally, near the end of the fifteen minutes, we watched one saucer speed north and on a collision course with the other saucer, which was not moving, and which made no visible effort to avoid the certain disaster.

Suddenly there was a sound like muffled thunder and the onrushing saucer belched a thick black smoke from its leading edge. It came to a dead stop then rushed away to the east, trailing a gray smoke. The other saucer gave chase and soon both were out of sight and beyond the grove of trees.

Ina and I stood looking at the spot where we had last seen them for perhaps a minute before getting back into the car and driving on. During that time the saucers did not return.

Later that night, when we were back in St. Louis, I called the Globe-Democrat and gave them my story. The reporter I talked to said he would look into it.

As you may have already guessed, I have heard no more about the incident though I thoroughly read every issue of the paper for a week after that.

But that is the story and I am glad I was a part of it. I now know, even though I have no proof, that the flying saucers are real, no matter what anyone says to the contrary.

Edward E. Bolling
2565 North Market St.
St. Louis, Missouri

★ ★ ★

I am the Librarian at Newaygo Carnegie Library, Newaygo, Mich. Miss McCann, a music teacher in Newaygo and I were driving to the city of Grand Rapids to a Bible lecture the night of Oct. 3rd, 1958. Grand Rapids is about 40 miles from here and takes about an hour to get there. That is, we allow about that time to make an appointment. We had gone about half way to Grand Rapids which is a town called Sparta when Miss McCann suddenly said to me, "Look at that light streaking across the sky." I wear thick lens as I am very near sighted. Also my eyes focus very slowly so by the time she had directed me where to look it was gone. The sky was pitch black; not a cloud anywhere. In going over all the facts later we recalled that neither of us had noted the moon.

We did however note stars as Miss McCann called my attention to the difference in the brightness of the stars and the Saucers. Later also we decided that if anyone knew the speed at which the human eye can move from one side of its socket to the other while holding the head still that would be the speed at which those Saucers traveled. That speed we two women do not know but would like to know because we were so fortunate as to have a thirty minute display that in all the experiences I have read of thus far no one has ever had. While my friend and I were discussing as to what it could have been and I especially felt bad to think I had not even seen what she was talking about, she suddenly said excitedly, "There it is again." That time I was all prepared as I had not taken my eyes from the sky. I have read more than she on the subject of Saucers so I immediately said, "That's a Flying Saucer, I bet." I had wished ever since I read my first book that I could see

one of them once, but believed it to be beyond any possibility that I ever would, because they always seemed to be sighted in desert or mountain regions where I certainly never expected to be. However, back in July '52 there were what I believe 5 Scout ships passed over Newaygo. It was the 12th, on a Sunday afternoon. A friend of mine living a few bloccks from me, here in Newaygo was out in her garden when a neighbor's children playing around suddenly called to their Grandma to look up in the sky. She did and called to my friend who also looked. They thought of saucers and ran to call me on the phone, but before they could get me and I got outdoors they had vanished. They were silvery discs flying in formation. They followed the Muskegon River that flows through the town. These two women are mature, reliable people and I could vouch for them that they did not have any hallucination. They described them to me saying they had a sort of tail. I felt sorry to think I had missed seeing them but I know of no one else that saw them that day besides the aforementioned children. There was no sound heard. It was about 2 P.M. All the details led me to believe that they were unmanned and were in all probability scout ships as I said. But to come back to the Oct. 3rd sighting we became so excited we failed to count how many times it flashed across the sky from west to east before we both shouted at once, "There's another one." Later we decided that they were circling the city of Grand Rapids. The car just in front of us slowed down so they evidently had also sighted it. Cars all along the line we presumed slowed down to watch. A daughter of mine that I was relating our experience to later said, "If that had been me I'd have let the meeting go and gotten out and watched the display till it ended." As it was, my friend did not want to be late to the meeting, so we finally pulled out around the car and went ahead but even so we had a continual display all the way into the city when they were lost to our vision because of all the neon signs of the city or they might have streaked off not to return as we think possible from what I heard later. As I said, one followed the other from west to east for several minutes, then somewhere in the blackness they turned and came from east to west for several turns. It was just breathtaking. I am amazed Miss McCann kept that car in the road. Once the one in the rear caught up with the one in front and appeared to latch on to it and they flew that way once across. Then another time they flew parallel to each other. Every breath we wondered what stunt they would do next, but then, another exciting thing happened. The search lights at the Grand Rapids Airport suddenly came on and criss-crossed the sky for the next 15 minutes. In fact, they were still sweeping the sky when we alighted from our car which was not far from the airport and we remarked that it seemed as though we could reach up and touch them. We did not know it that night, but a few days later in Newaygo as we were telling our experience, for we did nothing else for several days save tell everybody we knew that we had seen two Saucers, two of my Saucer fans exclaimed, "So, that's what it was." They had been in Grand Rapids that night on business unknown to us and suddenly noted that the search lights were operating. When the search lights were first installed at the airport they were on every night but later they

were discontinued on account of expense, I presume, and only went on when ordered on, by the top brass for some purpose. Our friends knowing this, naturally wondered what was up, but of course had no way of learning, but immediately upon hearing our story of that night said, "So they were seen by a good many others besides you folks." We watched every edition of the Grand Rapids papers but not a word ever appeared till the next Wednesday when an article which I clipped, but now have misplaced evidently, appeared, simply stating a brief resume of the number of Flying Saucers reported during the year to the Pentagon and that all investigations proved them to be birds, balloons, car lights, etc., etc., the same old line we've read so often, and that one percent were unidentified, but that even though they could not be identified they were not to be feared as secret weapons of some other nation etc. etc. Not a word about such a recent display as Grand Rapids had had just the Friday before. As the Saucers did not fly over Detroit I presume the Detroit Press felt more free to put in a write-up the next day about the Saucers that were sighted the night before buzzing Grand Rapids and Battle Creek. A son of mine lives in Madison Heights, a suburb of Detroit. He read the article about the Saucers, but thought no more about the fact until Oct. 18th when he and his family came up here to visit me and the first thing I had to tell him was that I had seen two Saucers. At first he thought I had a dream, but when I brought out all the facts in the case he decided that no planes ever went at that speed. He was First Lieut. and flew a Thunderbolt in Pacific Theatre during the war so he knows a little about planes and then he remembered reading an account of the Saucers in his paper and said to his wife and called to her attention their remarks to each other and said that was the very thing you saw, then. What did they look like? They were the exact size and shape as the picture you have on the cover of your Flying Saucer magazine for Oct. except for one thing. They were opaque brilliant blue-white, but at what we called the rear of the thing there was a blue haze the exact size and shape of a Bunny's tail. Once during the criss-crossing of the search lights the one beam appeared to get one of the saucers right on the point of the light and it seemed for a split second as though it held it there. Then the Saucer pulled away from it, but always the lights seemed to miss them except the one, that once. Whether it did get it in its range of course we don't know, but it sure looked like it to us. From the very first I have believed that flying saucers were real. The evidence to me was irrefutable.

Mrs. Evelyn Minot
Newaygo, Mich.

★ ★ ★

In regards to an incident which was recorded and printed in our local paper. An object sighted by a Mr. and Mrs. Gene Shaeffer of Lander, Wyoming.

May I quote the article in full. Dated Jan. 16, 1959 as follows:

CASPER (AP)—The Casper Air Filter Service has referred reports of the sighting and filming of an unidentified flying object to Malmstrom Air Force Base in Great Falls. Mont.

Casper Air Force personnel said Malmstrom officials may contact a resident who spotted the strange flying object near Dubois last week. The object was spotted by Mr. and Mrs. Gene Shaeffer of Lander as they were driving west of Dubois.

Shaeffer described it as a type of plane with a double fuselage, widely spaced apart, and large lights on the bottom. He took pictures of it with a movie camera.

I would like very much to know if any further information has been acknowledged by authorities or other sources. Or if this sighting was significant enough to be recognized by interested organizations such as a Flying Saucer magazine.

As I have been intently interested in the subject of U.F.O. and this sighting seems to carry an excellent source of confirmation.

Norval C. Williamson
3709-5th Ave. No.
Great Falls, Mont.

★ ★ ★

I first saw a flying saucer in March of 1945, although at that time I merely called it a space ship, for which I was duly ridiculed by friends. I have made no previous report to officials or any publication of this sighting. During the last 14 years I have merely been observing and weighing the evidence of books and reports of other sightings. But if the future is based on anything like past events in this business of weighing the evidence, then that is about all anyone will be able to do.

I say that my sighting was of a space ship because I am convinced that is exactly what it was. I was that close to it. At the time I was living at my home in Belfast, Maine, a little seacoast town on the Penobscot Bay. I was up in the back fields and woods hunting squirrels. I was looking up in the branches of some tall elms where the big gray squirrels hide out when to my amazement a tremendous elongated object came into view just above the trees. It was moving very slow and the front portion seemed to be tilted at a sharp angle toward the earth. I knew the trails of that portion of the forest well and followed the object at a dead run. I could see that it was coming c l o s e r to the earth and thought then it might be a huge dirigible about to crash. In the next few moments it became lost from view because of quite dense evergreen foliage in that section of the forest. But I ran in the general direction of the object's course. I kept thinking how really tremendous it had been. Then I came into a small open field just in time to see the tremendous object crash into the trees at the edge of the far end of the clearing. I stopped dead in my tracks. When it crashed, it split a huge pine tree almost straight down the center. One end was now tilting up precariously and sort of white wispy clouds were rising from somewhere under the great ship. There was an odor of burned rubber. The ship was still intact, and nowhere could I see any openings or the slightest signs of movement. I got scared then, but remained there at the edge of the clearing on the far side behind a tree, just staring. The object was truly of tremendous size, and to the best of my memory now I would guess that several B-36 aircraft could have been placed inside it. As I stood there too scared to move, the lowest end of the huge object began to rise, and at the same instant I could detect a humming noise that began to increase slowly in intensity. When the ship had risen to a horizontal position it began to spin slowly (like a football in flight). It began to spin faster and as it did so the humming sound increased to a low whine and I had to cover my ears to keep my eardrums from splitting. I was still looking at the object, spinning at a tremendous rate, when from one end there spewed a whole shower of

what appeared to be fine, silvery threads glinting in the sunlight. In the next instant the huge object seemed to glow from the dull black I had first seen to a white metallic color. Then it rose straight up at a fantastic speed and was out of sight in seconds.

I was a little dizzy from the humming effect. I turned and hurried back home. I told some of my friends about it, but they laughed it off. A few days later I returned to the spot and showed a couple of my friends the huge pine tree that had been split down the center (which to this day is still there for all to see). But they guessed the tree had been struck by lightning. When I showed them the other trees and vast tract of underbrush that had been disturbed by the huge object they were mystified but still didn't believe my story, although they went all over town that night telling everyone I had seen a space ship. My own view now is that the huge object was some sort of mother ship that had experienced a malfunction.

In the fall of 1946 I was living in the country in a heavily wooded section about ten miles inland from Belfast. I was helping my brother-in-law at his lumber camp for a few days. One night I came home late and my mother told me a strange story of something she had seen that night earlier. She had gone outside to draw a pail of water. Something caught her eye. Looking up, she saw low over the nearby trees a small orange ball that moved slowly in a horizontal path. Then, she said, it stopped briefly and began to move just as slowly in the opposite direction. After watching it for a few minutes, she went inside to get my sister, but when they returned the object had vanished. She told others about it, but of course they thought she had seen something quite natural. My mother was never interested in phenomena of that nature. In fact, she used to ridicule me for reading science fiction. After what she saw she didn't ridicule me any more. Of all people, she is the last person I would suspect of reporting anything like that if she hadn't really seen it.

In more than a majority of UFO reports a similar "orange" color has been observed. This gives me reason to believe that these reports are all authentic. This small bit of information may be of value to you.

I know you will keep my name confidential. If, however, you wish to use any of the above report, you may do so as long as my name is not revealed.

★ ★ ★

In 1936 I was residing in the Panama Canal Zone and was a member of the C.Z. Astronomical Society. One weekday night, just after one of these meetings, Professor P.C.D. (our instructor) and myself witnessed a most unexplainable sight. Prof. had driven several of us home after the meeting and I was the last one to be taken home. In front of my home we stood and took one last look at the heavens before saying goodnight. The vantage point for observing the southern sky was better by my home—near the Pacific—than it was at the Observatory where we had been.

The night was extremely still and clear and the stars so thick they almost buried the familiar constellations. "L o o k," Prof suddenly exclaimed, "that one's m o v i n g"! I looked in the direction of his extended arm and, u n b e l i e v a b l y enough, what appeared to be a red star was quietly making its way among the other golden stars. It was somewhat higher than 45 degrees in

the sky, as well as I remember—and travelling from south to north.

We seemed to know instinctively that it was not an airplane, although in that day and age there was no talk of UFO's either. Honestly, for a moment it seemed just like a red star was changing positions while no one was looking, so to speak. We stood, transfixed, watching the thing. An eerie feeling came over me and the words; "You're seeing something the rest of the world knows nothing of", came into my mind.

Suddenly, the "red star" came to a halt. We stood amazed, wondering what next. Then, to our complete consternation, it travelled in three small circles—as though someone were writing small e's, only from right to left. Prof and I figured out five or six reasons on the spot why it was not a plane, then we made a dash for the key to the observatory which was in possession of the President of the Society. By the time we awakened him, obtained the key and started on our way, we had lost sight of our object and this was the end of our strange sighting. Next day Prof checked with the Army to see if any weather balloons had been released in the surrounding area. None had. Oh, if we had just known about Flying Saucers in those days, we wouldn't have felt quite so "stumped" over what we saw.

Incidentally, the red color was rather an orange red, like the lighted end of a cigarette. In observing the object I did not feel that this was a light on some dark object, but rather that the entire object was that color. From the beginning I was impressed that the thing was very, very far away. Had it been a plane we should have heard the motor, with its running light appearing that large, on such a still night. Neither do planes suddenly stop and then proceed in tiny circles.

Concerning the green fireballs of a few years ago, friends and ourselves saw many of these around El Paso.

Mildred M. Higgins
Rt. 5
Fayetteville, Ark.

★ ★ ★

I would like to report a U.F.O. sighting made by a friend and coworker of mine, Mr. John Nelson of 630 S. Wheatland Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

The date was November 19th, 1958, the time, about 5:20 P.M. Mr. Nelson was about to enter his home when his attention was directed to what he thought was a jet plane directly above him, but when he looked up he did not spot a plane, so he scanned the sky and looking south just above the house tops he saw an object approaching him, (slightly to his right) and as the object came nearer the sound that first caught his attention, stopped abruptly and he heard it no more.

The sky was cloudless and visibility was unlimited as the U.F.O. moved closer he observed what looked like two discs, one above the other, or as he described it, two wings, one above the other. The sun shone red on the upper part of the object, while the lower part was silver in color.

Mr. Nelson said the object did not deviate from a straight course or change color, and at times the two discs looked like they were attached to each other and seemed to be rotating like a top.

No trails were observed, the object appeared to be at a high altitude and about half the size of a full moon.

Mr. Nelson watched this U.F.O. out of sight to the north. We figured he observed it through an arc of approximately one hundred and fifty

degrees for about two and one half minutes (estimated).

Richard I. Smith
436 Nashoba Ave.
Columbus 23, Ohio

★ ★ ★

As a subscriber to your magazine Flying Saucers, I have felt somewhat guilty for some time past in not sending you a copy of a letter which I wrote home from the British front in World War I.

I quote below exactly as this letter was written and which was received by my parents:—

"December 17, 1916

Thank you for your congratulations. No, I have no red tabs, I am only on the Staff—not the General Staff.

I saw this morning a most remarkable thing and I believed for the moment that I was suffering from an optical delusion, but as two Sergeant Majors saw it at the same time as myself, I suppose it was there. I shall tell you what I thought I saw:—

In the sky, far away, appeared what looked like a Zeppelin. This rose straight towards the clouds (in rear of our lines) not like a flying machine, but straight up as a helicopter. After running vertically, it suddenly darted forward at a pace which must have been 200 m.p.h. It then turned around and darted backwards and forwards and then suddenly rising, disappeared in the clouds (n.b. I had lemonade for lunch).

You can take this how you like, but it is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen, if it existed."

I don't know whether this would have any connection with the above "viewing", but it was in this area where the first gas attack was launched and the Germans first fired their 17" Big Berthas.

Maurice Philip Tuteur
3580 Arnold Avenue
San Diego 4, California

On the cloudless evening of August 22, 1958, at 8:50 P.M. a UFO was first sighted, just as Sputnik #3 was passing over Pittsburgh, by Mr. Angelo Esposito. It was headed in a North Westerly direction and had no sound. It was brighter than a first magnitude star and had a soft whitish glow. It was visible for approximately one minute.

Also on this very same night, a second sighting was made; this saucer shaped object being pursued by a jet plane. It appeared as if the jet had a radar lock on the UFO because of its close pursuit. It stayed approximately one degree to the rear of the disc. It was first seen by two visitors who were attending the Allegheny Observatory's Open House. They called my attention to two small points of light moving just below the quarter phased moon. They then moved onward past the moon, moving in an Easterly direction. I would estimate their speeds to be from 400 to 500 miles per hour. The estimated height would be about 10,000 to 11,000 feet. They then started a very large arc in the vicinity of the star Altair in Aquila. After completely turning about, they proceeded North West. At this point, I hurried over to a man who was showing visitors the moon through a 10 power Theodolite and very abruptly asked to see if I could locate these two lights. He did not have a chance to say yes or no before I had this fine instrument trained on the brighter light of the two, this I found to be a jet plane. I then quickly changed from the brighter light to the dull one in front and found it to be disc shaped and yellowish white in color. Just as they passed overhead the front light (UFO) dimmed and seemed to try and out-

climb the pursuing plane. This did not apparently succeed and on to the North West they flew. After getting quite far in the distance I then observed the front light (UFO) dim and completely black out. The jet then did some very odd turns and dives and finally gave up trying to find it again. This second sighting was observed for approximately four minutes. I asked for witnesses to bolster my story and found two very enthusiastic men who consented to give me their names and addresses. There were also some very skeptical people standing by who just would not believe us. One of the skeptics is the director of our moon watch station here in Pittsburgh. He told me later in the evening that they were both jet planes flying at high altitudes. He also mentioned to one of my friends, when I wasn't around, that I was nuts. Then, came the finale. At 10:42 P.M. of the same night, I was talking over the earlier observations when suddenly I noticed in our Northern skies the very same lights I had seen before. They were traveling close together with the brighter of the two exactly one degree behind the less brighter light just as it was in my first sighting. I again ran over to the 10 power Theodolite, which this time was very privately sitting alone in a corner of the roof, and trained it on the bright light and found it once again to be a jet plane. I then switched to the front light and found it to be a disc exactly like the first. It seemed to be approximately 25 feet in diameter and traveling at the same speeds as before. They both proceeded to the North until again the first light (UFO) dimmed and went out. On doing this, the jet made a quick turn to the North West and disappeared in the distance. This third sighting was observed for approximately 1½ minutes.

Two people besides myself observed this third showing of the night and they had no doubt whatsoever in believing this object was under some type of intelligent control. I am sorry to say I was the only one in both instances to observe this disc shaped object through the Theodolite. I did not see any exhaust or port holes on this craft. I also did not hear or notice this jet plane fire on the object in any way. All it seemed to me was a game of "catch" being played by our earthly visitor and our obviously befuddled pilot. With this third sighting I left for a very thought-filled night of no sleep.

Clark C. McClelland
533 Highland Place
Pittsburgh 2, Penna.

★ ★ ★

I have several UFO sightings to report. They range all the way from 1954 to last Wednesday.

Nov. 1954: (Exact date uncertain) Either 3 or 5 objects were seen by my wife and I. The sighting was at night about 8:30, and all we were able to see were lights; like ordinary electric lights in color and each object had three lights arranged in a vertical row, equi-distant and approximately 50 feet apart. (Distance may have been more than 50 feet but was certainly not less.) When first seen there were two of the objects at an altitude of about 500 feet, side by side and several hundred feet apart. Shortly after we sighted them the object on the right **flicked,** there is no other word for it, a mile or more to the right and quite a bit higher. Shortly afterward the one remaining where we had first sighted them was joined by a third in almost the same position as the one which had flicked to the right. Moments later all three disappeared and then, as we arrived at

about the point where all three were when first sighted, we saw one to the east and one to the west. Both travelling northward at an altitude of about 3,000 feet and at an estimated speed in excess of 800 miles per hour.

A few days later Mr. Frank Knechtel and I saw eight of the same type of objects travelling together in a westerly direction at an altitude of perhaps 10,000 feet. Jet aircraft at a nearby air base were scrambled immediately, but the UFO's disappeared before the Jets could arrive.

What sort of aircraft, or airborne construction exists on this planet which would answer the description: At least 100 feet in a vertical dimension, able to remain motionless or travel at extremely high speeds? I do not include their ability to apparently change position instantaneously as that effect could be produced by other means.

Dec. 1954 (Again no specific date) At about 8:00 P.M. I was travelling eastward from Riverside, Calif., when directly ahead I saw a green fire ball travelling on a nearly horizontal plane and headed north at a speed I would estimate at about 200 miles per hour. It was a beautiful, bright green and apparently about the size of the full moon. It suddenly fizzled out leaving a few sparks drifting toward the ground. There was no sound and certainly no explosion.

Wed., Oct. 28, 1958, a similar object sighted travelling east and much too slow for a meteor although its color was about that of a burning meteor. Just before it disappeared it was apparently about ½ the diameter of the moon. There was no noise and the object fizzled out in the same manner as the first one I mentioned. This sighting was at about 10:30 P.M. and the object was travelling almost directly toward me.

Nov. 4, 1957. 6:30 P.M. This is quite a story and I can't vouch for the first part of it. It seems that there was an article in one of the Los Angeles papers at least two weeks prior to election day, which stated that someone had received a communication from the Saucer People. They requested that all TV stations get off the air at 6:15 for 5 minutes during which time they, the Saucerians, would broadcast a message. Apparently nothing came of that. However, at 6:30 P.M. my wife and I were driving east from Riverside, which is about 50 miles east of L. A., when we saw 5 UFO's: conventional flying saucers flying in the conventional flip-flop fashion. They, too, were flying, I should say moving, in an easterly direction at about the same speed as we were driving (50 MPH). They were in a vertical echelon formation with the leading saucer in the lowest position. As they flipped leisurely along they showed red on the underside and blue on top. They were flying quite low. I should say not a thousand feet and after about a minute they passed behind a mountain and disappeared Aside from the upper blue light and the lower red light they appeared to be made of a polished metal such as aluminum and about 50 feet in diameter. No details were visible.

I believe I qualify as an observer. I was with the Air Force or on the same base from 1923 to 1950, at which time I retired and since have lived within ten miles of March Air Force Base. My work was chiefly aircraft crash and rescue the last ten years of it at March Air Force Base. During and after WW2.

Leslie M. Button
Box 175
Moreno, Calif

★ ★ ★

Dear Sirs,

I have just bought your October issue of 1958. I was very interested in the editorial with Ray Palmer. It seems that there is a bridge in the area of Mare Crisium. So all your readers that disbelieve in the bridge, they can take it from me that there is such a bridge. On the night of September 22, Monday, I observed the bridge through my 6-inch reflecting telescope at 250X. I also saw dark objects passing the face of the moon. They appeared to be far out in space, between the earth and moon, but closer to the moon. They were about ⅛" to ¼" in diameter, and traveling very fast. I adjusted the eyepiece on my telescope hoping to bring the objects in more clearly. More objects passed, some faster than others. They were in focus more clearly now. Some appeared disc-shaped while the larger ones were oval, or cigar-shaped. They traveled in different directions, two would go one way while one would go another etc. I watched for an hour and saw nine objects. On the night of the 25th Thursday, I observed the same thing. The moon before was in its second-quarter, now it was in the third. This time I saw 17 objects, some would slow down and speed up, and some would speed up, then slow down, before passing out of view.

One object seemed to appear, directly in front of the moon. Then sped off, as if it were invisible, then becoming a solid and speeding away

They must have been under control to perform such a feat like this. All of the seventeen objects traveled in one direction. These objects did not appear to be insects flying around or spots before my eyes, light reflections, illusions, etc. I have been observing strange objects in the sky for the past 6 years. I consider myself an amateur authority on flying saucers. And I believe that these were space ships observing the earth. Some time ago in early spring I watched the sun through my scope, using a special sun filter. I saw two objects pass in formation, one slightly ahead of the other. Seconds later, a larger object passed, being cigar-shaped, and going faster than the first two. They appeared dark upon crossing the sun. I hope to photograph them soon.

Robert P. Churilla
12348 S. Aberdeen St.
Chicago 43, Illinois

Sunday, Sept. 28, I was at a friend's house—Ronald Parmentier by name, who's a very good amateur astronomer. Though the sky was hazy we were able to view stars, star clusters, and planets, etc., through the clearings in the light overcast. Mr. Parmentier's telescope is a 12-inch reflector type, the largest in Green Bay at the present time.

Suddenly a large group of Flying Saucers went sailing over at about a 40° angle of elevation. I shouted to attract Ronald's attention to the objects but he didn't see them, not a single one! He was standing atop a wobbly ladder at the moment adjusting the eyepiece of the telescope, and by the time he steadied the ladder and put on his glasses the Saucers were gone.

I cannot estimate the altitude of the space craft nor the actual size but from the ground they looked about a half-foot in diameter. Their appearance was sort of a phosporescent yellow. They were in the southwest portion of the sky going from north to south and could be easily seen through the haze. The period of observation was about five seconds. All I can say about their speed is that it was terrific! They

(*Concluded on page* 78)





GRAY BARKER

Author of:

THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS

"As the finest optical work may have its abberations, so may the first grindings of the paradimensional mind; but we must remember that the optician may even prefer glass with bubbles, realizing that apparent defects may really indicate fine quality in the raw material." —D. C. Lucchesi in "KEYING THE PARADIMENSIONAL MIND"

I have often considered it might be fun riding in space ships, as have Adamski, Menger, Fry and the others. But frankly the novelty of such an occasion would, I am sure, frighten me so severely I would decline any such offer of transportation by saucerians. Perhaps that is why they have, to date, NOT offered me such a ride.

Anyhow, I remember talking with Don Leigh McCulty, a newspaper editor and motion picture theatre associate of mine, and remarking to him I would rather take a trip in most anything, even a Sputnik, than to tackle the Pennsylvania turnpike. That was mid-January, and I was desperately anxious to get into New York to take care of some social and business matters, mainly the printing of the Howard Menger book, "FROM OUTER SPACE TO YOU"—then in the middle stages of typesetting.

I would need my car, for I knew I must see a number of personalities, saucerenthusiastic and otherwise, all over the NYC-Jersey City area. I couldn't go by plane—or saucer, even if I wanted to.

The American Automobile Club was little more help than Don. They kept telling me I shouldn't start at all, for most of the turnpike was covered with ice, and the mountain roads leading from Clarksburg to the super highway were even worse. And Don, knowing of my cowardice on hazardous roads, only made matters worse by suggesting I take out more insurance.

Don and I sat down in Anderson's Restaurant as I studied the Triple-A Trip-Tik map fearfully. But that was not all that worried me.

"Along with the problems of the weather," I complained further, "I'll be out of town an entire week. And I have to get out the column for Ray Palmer. If I miss the deadline he might send a couple of his private Dero out after me."

Don sat there a long time, not saying anything, the way he often does when you ask him a question. But

he's always thinking and half an hour later he'll give you some kind of an answer.

During dessert he looked up from his copy of VARIETY (the show biz bible) and I knew he was about to make some pronouncement.

"Your 'Chasing the Saucers' article is always the same old thing—why don't you change it now and then?"

I sat there and burned under his critical appraisal.

"Leave all your clippings and sighting reports behind and borrow a typewriter while you're in Jersey. Write about the people you meet up there?"

I thought it was a terrible idea, since he brought it to light, but in the end Don would be right, as he usually was. I mulled over my plans. I hoped to meet a man who claimed to be the prince of a planet 8½ light years away; I planned to drive up to Bridgeport, Conn., and see Albert K. Bender who claimed to have been shut up by three men in black suits back in 1953. I would meet many other saucerers.

"Hm-m-m."

I slammed down the coffee cup and buried my head behind the large first issue of "The Outpost Reporter," a new saucer-occult publication put out by Tom O'Neil, of Southern Pines, N.C. If I let Dom know I liked the idea, he would be telling me how to do everything.



Albert K. Bender

night (knowing he would not have to be at the office the next day).

When I arrived at 443 Ogden Ave. NE, Roberts was in his favorite haunt, the darkroom.

"And how is the photo editor of FLYING SAUCERS?" I greeted him.

"Just ready to put these 8x10's in the wash, so that we can talk—but don't grab my hand. I've had it in the hypo."

I looked at the pictures swirling in the wash. "Who's that fellow with the odd-looking eyes?"

"Oh, that—(he said in a matter-of-fact tone) he's Prince Neosom of the Planet Tythian."

"He's the fellow I was tipped off about. Do you think he's on the level?"

"Who knows? I met him briefly at his press conference. That's where I got these shots. I have a tape I want you to hear, though, made by a fellow who's spent a lot of time with him.

Prince Neosom

The turnpike turned out to be clear of ice, although the precipitous mountain roads leading to it had indeed increased my piety. Once I had let out the car to 65 an hour I couldn't wait until I pulled into the New York area and could telephone some of my contacts. When I hit the New Jersey turnpike I rang up August C. Roberts long distance and told him I'd be dropping in about mid-

Roberts held up one of the prints thoughtfully. "I see I should have used No. 2 paper."

That was like Roberts. Here he was developing pictures of a man from outer space and he was interested mainly in some small points of photography. But I could sense he was also skeptical.

"The guy's only been killed three times, you know. Guess that leaves him six lives to go. And every time he's been knocked off by the Three Men in Black."

We chuckled. But I knew that although Augie joked about the Three Men, he still was convinced that at least one man had been involved with them. I had also suspected that many saucerers, hearing of Albert K. Bender's run-in with three men, had added the same inky-clad personages to their somewhat farfetched narratives.

"Well, how did the Three Men kill him," I wanted to know—"with some sort of occult power?"

"Once with a revolver, in the back, incidentally (and as he enumerated the crimes he would hold up a separate print and inspect it); once by crushing him to death, and I don't know just how, and finally with a machine gun."

"I hope his story doesn't have as many holes as are in him."

"It probably has. But I want you to hear the tape by Doug Hancock. Maybe you can make up your own mind. Hancock is an Army man—he's assigned to an Army band—who brought Prince Neosom to New York."

We ran through the first part of the tape on which Hancock described how he first became interested in saucer research and had been given some amazing demonstrations of space messages by Buck Nelson while posted in Missouri. Then it developed that it was through Nelson that he became acquainted with a woman in Clarkston, Michigan who invited him to her home to meet whom she described as "a man I'm sure you'll find it interesting to meet."

It so happened that Hancock's training ended at Fort Leonardwood and the Army gave him a new assignment in Brooklyn, with a seven-day period to make the trip. So Hancock decided to stop over at Clarkston and see what the invitation was all about. Mrs. Lowery met him at the airport, drove him to her home where she introduced him to her husband and to a house guest with whom Hancock would spend four amazing days.

Mrs. Lowery told him the guest was a space man!

"One of the first interesting things I noticed about this man, who was wearing a khaki uniform and patches on his shoulder was that he had quite a gift of gab. He told me he had been contacting saucers for several years, and that he had been out into space to visit a 2,000-mile wide artificial planet called a "Thejenon."

"I sat up and took more notice "Augie," I exclaimed, "I think I've met this Prince Neosom, only at the time I met him, he didn't have that name. I met him when I attended a dinner in my honor in Detroit shortly after my book came out. Oh, yes (I remembered), his name was Lee Childers. But he wasn't a spaceman then, and that I can't understand."

"'I think Doug will clear that up, at least to his satisfaction,'" Augie replied, flipping the recorder back on."

"He told me that a brother of his, named Marcus, was in command of the "Trejenon," and that several times, after he had been killed, he had been taken out to the artificial planet and brought back to life," the

tape continued. "A space person, the prince in fact, from the planet Tythian, took over his body on one of these occasions."

Hancock was also impressed by seemingly mystic powers possessed by the Prince. Once Neosom had properly diagnosed an appendical condition he already knew he had from a former visit to a doctor. Neosom also pointed to a small magnet hanging from the ceiling, placed there, he said, to detect the presence of saucers. As the Prince concentrated mental energy upon it the magnet suddenly moved! If this was not enough to impress Hancock, his saucerian friend's vocal parambulations about life on other planets was enough to convince him.

So the Army bandsman persuaded the Prince to come to New York for a lecture and enlisted the help of Harry Hoffman, of New York, and other enthusiasts to help with the project.

But Augie was dissatisfied with his pictures of Prince Neosom. "They wouldn't permit a flash and I had to take them in the available light on fast film. As a result they're pretty thin. Here, you can see the get-up he wore at the lecture."

The bushy-haired, alleged otherplanetarian wore what probably was an ordinary slack suit, and it probably was the strange patches which made it so saucery. On one shoulder he wore a patch bearing a cross, on the other a similar patch illustrating revolving planets. Over the heart was another cross.

Hancock Silenced

The telephone interrupted us and Augie wondered who would be calling that late of night.

"Oh, hello, Bill (Gray, it's Bill Woods)," and then Augie interjected a "What!"

I wondered what Bill Woods had



August C. Roberts

come up with. If anything was happening in the New York area concerning saucers, I knew that Woods, founder of the saucerzine, "FLYING SAUCERS AND MYSTICISM," would have found out about it. I impatiently waited for Augie to give up the phone so I could say hello to my old friend.

Augie turned to me. "Well, they got Hancock."

"How do you mean?"

"They shut him up. Put him in the loony bin."

"Let me talk to Bill," I begged.

"Just what happened to Doug anyhow?"

"Gray, all I know is that the Army put him into the St. Albans Naval Hospital—that's out on Long Island—for observation."

"Is he crazy, or is this another Reinhold Schmidt case, Bill?"

"He's no crazier than the rest of us, if that means anything. He did believe implicitly in the Prince Neo-

som thing, which frankly I'm a bit sorry I helped sponsor—but aside from that he simply believes in flying saucers, and, of course, the contact cases. Give me Augie back; I think Harry Hoffman and I are going out there."

I presumed he meant to the hospital to see Hancock. Augie took the phone and gave a long series of "Uh-huh's" and short comments. Finally they hung up.

"We're going out to see Hancock, but we can't make it until Saturday."

I knew Augie talked with Woods often, so I queried him about the skepticism he had shown about Neosom when I had spoken a few minutes previously.

"Oh yes," Augie remembered. "He did mention that if you wanted to find out more about Neosom you should see Mike Mann."

"Mike Mann. Oh yes, he's the fellow in the tent." I was thinking of the tent he and other members of the Parapsychology and Saucer Investigation had erected on Howard Menger's farm during the Spacecraft convention held there last September. The kid and two other members had formed a circle around me as soon as I stepped out of the car, tried to get me down to the tent to see some kind of a weird machine they were demonstrating there. I never did have the time to look at it, though.

"What kind of a machine does this fellow have?" I asked Augie.

Augie said something like, "A Hironomous machine," but something came up to change the subject right then. (See Shaver: "Heironomons Bosch"—Rap)

Bender Silenced Again

I had been holding back some news which I knew would be disappointing to Augie. He and Dominick Luchesi had probably dug more information out of Albert K. Bender, than anybody else, after the Bridgeport, Conn., saucer researcher had suddenly closed down the International Flying Saucer Bureau, when (he said) three men in black suits visited him.

Even b e f o r e my book, "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS" came out, Augie had wondered every day just what it was that Bender found out: the information which evidently brought the three men and their threatening ultimatum.

"I just remembered something important, Augie. Before last night I felt I couldn't tell even you or Dom."

Augie's eyes lit up. "I'll bet I can guess what it is."

"I don't think you can."

"Bender's going to write a book?" Augie questioned hopefully.

"I wish he were. That's just it. He AIN'T."

Then I explained what had happened. I had known that Bender had almost desperately WANTED to talk —even from the beginning. After I had become a publisher, and had Howard Menger's "F R O M OUTER SPACE TO YOU" on the press, I figured Bender to change his mind if I published a book he would write. I felt he would trust me with the manuscript, with the knowledge I would hold up its release of it as long as he wanted me to. Then I figured Bender might, after five years, have decided to tell the three men to go hang themselves.

So I ventured a letter to Bender (we still correspond occasionally, though not about s a u c e r s). My hunch was surprisingly right! Bender shot back an air mail saying that lately the situation had changed for him, mainly because he and his wife, Betty, would like very much to go to England to live. That was her ori-

ginal home and he had fallen in love with the country during a brief visit there. They would need money and the royalties would help. And, more important, I sensed another reason in his letter: perhaps once out of the country he might feel freer from repercussions?

"In fact, Augie, I was all set to drive up to Bridgeport and see Al and Betty this coming Thursday—and I suppose I still will—but last night something that came through the mail hit me like a ton of bricks!"

"I'll bet he backed out."

"You're right—all too right."

I told Augie how I sensed that something was wrong just as soon as I pulled the letter from the mail box. It was a brief note:

"Last night I started writing the first chapter and something happened. I have again decided that now is not the proper time to discuss anything about flying objects."

"And that was that," I told Augie. "I wondered just what happened. Did the three men, or whatever agency sponsored them, just **know**, somehow, the moment Bender had started writing—or did Bender simply start thinking of the probable consequences and just back out? Anyhow, I'm going to see them, because I want very much to meet Betty for the first time and visit with Al, without discussing saucers."

"Did you tell anybody about the plans for the book?"

"Absolutely nobody — excepting a business acquaintance with no interest in flying saucers, from whom I hoped to obtain some of the financing for the book—not even you and Dom. And you know if I would tell anybody it would be you boys."

"Why don't you take Dom up there with you. Maybe he can get something more out of Bender?"

"I've already asked Al by phone, before he backed out on the book,



Prince Neosom

and it's out. He will see NOBODY, not even you two, except me. Besides, I think it would be quite unmannerly to go on a personal visit and start asking him questions which might be upsetting."

"The reason I mentioned Dom is that I was thinking he might be able to pin down just what he did inadverently get from Al during one of our visits after his 'hush-up.' Do you remember Al's telling Dom that at one point in our conversation he had hit upon the secret Bender knew?"

I had heard Dom mention it, but hadn't been there at the time. Anyhow, as I recalled a conversation with Dom, he couldn't remember what it was he had hit upon, so was right from where he started.

"Maybe you're wrong," Augie said confidentially. "Sometimes I believe Dom KNOWS what he hit upon and doesn't want to reveal it for fear of getting Al into trouble."

"I can say one thing," I agreed with Augie; "if I had a secret the revelation of which would do me great harm, I would not hesitate to entrust it to Dominick. Who knows —maybe Al TOLD Dom what brought the three men to visit him!"

EARLE WEITERSHAUSEN
1441 E. 12th Street
Pueblo, Colorado

I told Augie I might know more when I returned from Bridgeport, and that we'd probably get together several times during my New York visit.

"I must run along now. As you may know I'm staying a night or two in very unusual surroundings, considering my various disagreements with James Moseley."

"Yes, I heard you were invited to Jim's place."

Jim Moseley had stopped at Clarksburg during a trip home from Peru, where he said he was doing archeological work. Although we had rather constantly feuded in print I decided to ask him to stay overnight at my apartment rather than have him go to a hotel. I thought I'd like to try and be as friendly as possible with him and that I might as a result get to know him better. After all, Moseley was still considered the most mysterious person publishing an amateur saucer magazine. When Moseley apparently saw that I wasn't going to shoot him, he warmed up and turned out to be a nice guy. But even after a few drinks he wouldn't tell me much about his activities in South America.

Maybe it was only courtesy, but Moseley invited me to repay the visit, and I hastily accepted. I wanted to see his apartment for one thing—the place in which Augie seriously believed he had seen psychic phenomena take place during a seance.

"At last I'm going to have a chance to see that apartment," I told Augie. "By the way, just what do YOU think of Jim?"

"Jim's all right," Augie said curtly.

Augie saw me to the door. I could sense he had something else on his mind.

"One thing more about Prince Neosom I didn't mention before. There's only one thing that makes me wonder if he JUST MIGHT be what he says he is."

A puzzled expression came on his face.

"It was over at Bill Wood's house. Neosom had a press interview there. We were sitting around talking and a television set was on in the next room. Suddenly he stood up and pointed his hand toward the set. You won't believe this, and he probably had us hypnotized or something —BUT THE SET WENT BLACK, EXCEPT FOR ONE STRANGE LITTLE SQUARE IN THE CORNER OF THE SCREEN, for two or three seconds—as long as he was making that weird gesture."

"Augie—get some sleep!" I laughed.

A Visit With Moseley

"Don't try to find my place. You'll get lost if you do. Drive to the Fort Lee Diner as soon as you reach the town and telephone me from there. I'll drive right down there and guide you to my apartment."

I imagined all sorts of things after I had read this paragraph from Moseley's letter which contained directions to Fort Lee. Did he not wish to give away his street address (he receives all correspondence at a box number)? That would be silly, for I could soon find out from the street signs after I got there. Or did Moseley simply want to appear to be mysterious? Or maybe he knew from experience in directing people to his place, that I would likely lose my way?

It was probably only that. For I had enough trouble finding Fort Lee and the diner. I rang up Jim.

"I'll be there before you know it," he said enthusiastically, and I detected in his voice what seemed to be honest pleasure that I was finally there. "Don't order anything. I've waited having a snack for I wanted to buy your dinner—however late it

is for dining."

I selected a booth in the diner, noisy with customers even at that late hour. From the looks of the dress of the customers, I figured a local plant of some sort had just changed shifts.

As if he lived only around the corner, Jim showed up in what seemed to be no time at all. He came in and shook hands, sat down. I had always wondered what people around Fort Lee knew or thought about Moseley, and that probably was the reason I noticed a peculiar hush come over the diner. Nobody seemed to be talking. Instead I had the impression they were straining their ears to hear what we were saying.

"I'm sorry I kept you so late," I apologized. Then more loudly, "I stopped in Philadelphia to blow up a munitions factory." That would give the eavesdroppers something to mull over, I laughed secretly. Jim didn't seem to appreciate the joke.

"Let's grab something quick," he suggested. "You're pretty tired."

I followed Jim's Buick away from the diner and onto a series of side streets, expecting to see him signal for a driveway any second. But he continued driving, led me out of Fort Lee. I thought he might have to stop somewhere before returning home, and that was responsible for the delay—for the time between the telephone call and his arrival had seemed so short. About ten minutes later, after several winding streets we turned back onto a main route and came to another little town. After more windings around we pulled up to a huge apartment building where I parked beside his car.

"Well, here we are. I'll help you with your things."

I wanted to ask him how he had arrived at the diner so quickly, but figured it was a simple matter of being in error about the time. Maybe I had nodded off into a cat nap while in the booth. I had been very tired.



James W. Moseley

I had heard rumors that Moseley was a wealthy man. The grapevine had it that he was worth half a million dollars. If he were that would explain why he never worked, at least so far as anyone knew. If he was indeed a monied person his apartment surely would show it. And knowing Jim was a bachelor I also wondered if his apartment would be unkempt as my own. I turned to walk toward the entrance of the huge building.

"No, I always go this way," he indicated, leading me around the back along a dark walk.

"I always go in through the basement," he explained; "It's much nearer."

We walked into a long hall and walked to a self-service elevator, al-

ready waiting at the basement level, I noticed. At the third floor we walked down a long pleasant-looking hallway to a door with a peephole over which was a nameplate, "James W. Moseley, Las Palmas Ventures, Inc."

Jim ushered me into a large living room and quickly my eyes surveyed the room. It was neatly furnished and orderly, though I assumed he would have tidied up before he received a guest. The new, modernly-designed furniture was of good quality, though certainly not overly expensive. And excepting the fact that the furniture matched too well, and, to me, needed a bit of unbalance to make the room more interesting, the apartment showed excellent taste.

"We'll just take this into your bedroom now," Jim, who was carrying my heavy suitcase, offered. The guest room was similarly furnished, in the same blond furniture, and looked quite comfortable. Some pictures on the wall would have given it more warmth, but I suppose Jim hadn't got round to completely furnishing it.

"Don't mind the window across the court. Nobody has been able to figure out what that woman does over there all night."

This sounded weird, but I was so tired I didn't take much notice of the cryptic remark. We walked back out the hallway to the living room

"Sit down and I'll fix drinks. Is Scotch OK? I didn't get to the store today to stock up."

"Anything, Jim. But I warn you. One drink and I'll be right off to sleep, right in the living room."

Then something caught my eye in the hallway. Jim had paused in the kitchen to take ice cubes from the refrigerator. Lining the wall was a series of portraits. Three of them were the most notable: Herbert Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower. The Hoover portrait was signed, "To Jimmy" and the others "To James W. Moseley."

As Jim emerged with the drinks, I walked on ahead and he didn't mention my obvious interest in the portraits. And I didn't question him about them.

"If you're not too tired, I'll show you some of my Peruvian items," he said, indicating a large cabinet, with what I assumed was Inca pottery, small figurines and miscellaneous items lining the shelves. "There's nothing really valuable here, but I enjoy my small collection."

My interest was drawn to a corner, to a table adorned with two large black figurines, an African man and woman. They were beautiful, but something about them repelled me—as near as I can explain it, a feeling of evil seemed to emanate from them.

"Well, tomorrow, you must tell me the individual story of each item," I remarked, dropping almost exhausted onto a couch. But suddenly I was wide awake. At my elbow was a glass bell jar, covering a small pedestal. Jim laughed, reached over and lifted the jar.

I was surprised that the decoration did not repel me more than it did. Instead it incited what must have been only a rather morbid interest.

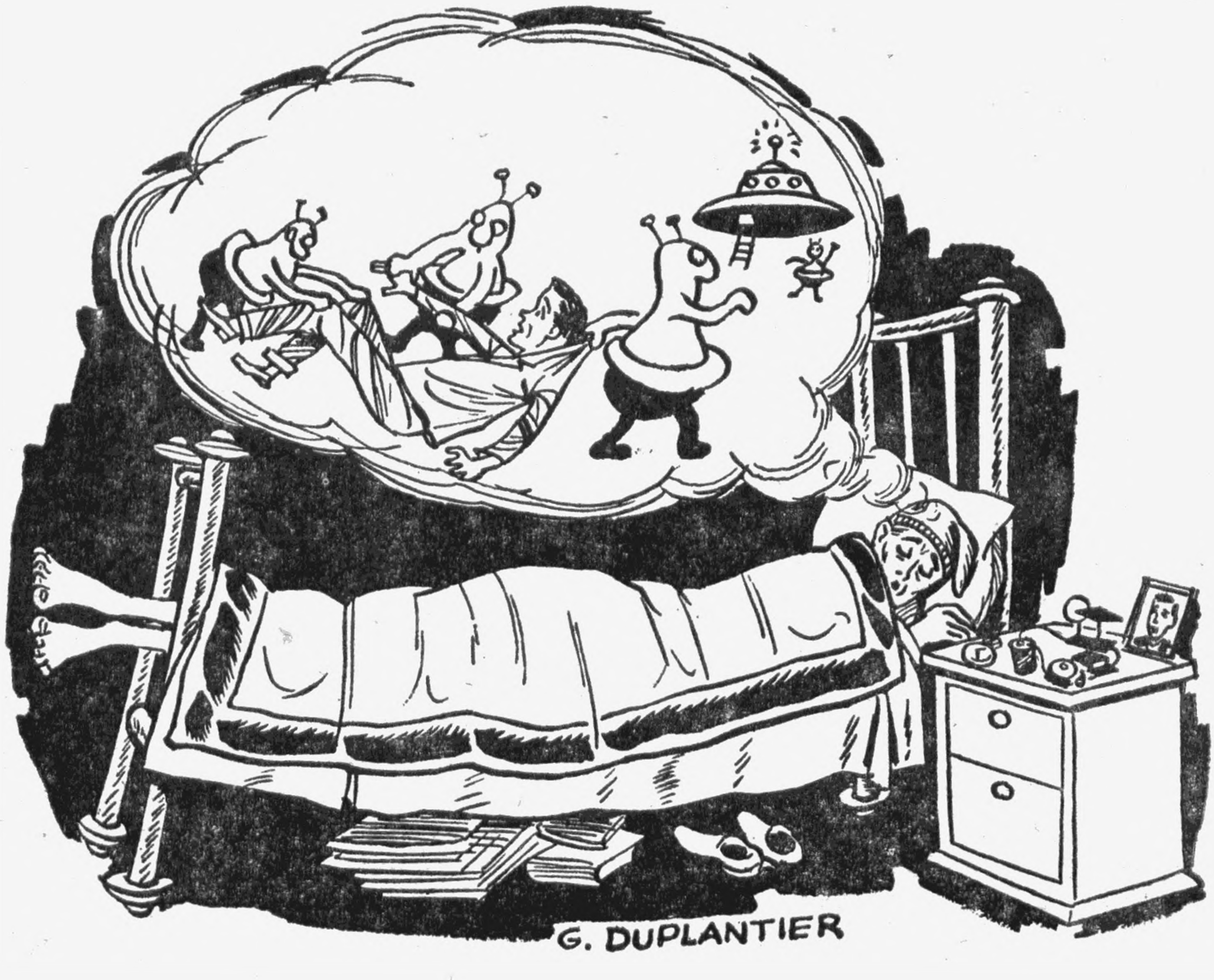
"Tell me the truth, Jim; is that a REAL AND GENUINE SHRUNKEN HUMAN HEAD!"

"I should hope so," he said in a matter-of-fact tone; "considering what I paid for it!"

I looked at my glass. It was empty That was unusual because I don't drink much. "Here, fix me another one, though make this one stronger. I petitioned.

I got into bed and lay there for a few minutes going over the day's happenings. I was too tired to worry

EARLE WEITERSHAUSEN
1441 E. 12th Street
Pueblo, Colorado



G. DUPLANTIER

about the psychic phenomena Augie swore he had seen in the apartment. As I gave one final stretch and decided to close my eyes, a funny light in a window across the court caught them. Then I thought of Jim's remark and the woman who was supposed to do something odd all night. I opened the Venetian blind fully, and there, surely enough, was a lighted window. Whoever had the apartment apparently didn't worry about privacy, for the blinds were pulled up; though some plants obscured what was going on in the room.

The odd thing was the color of the light, a very white light which reminded me of a television screen. Squinting my sleepy eyes into focus I could barely make out what DID look like a television screen, though certainly a giant one. Whatever it was, it had some sort of scene on it, but a still picture. Someone in the apartment moved in front of the picture quite often, as if watching or controlling it, but I couldn't make out what the party was doing.

Suddenly my knowledge that it was very bad form to peek overrode my curiosity and I lay down on the bed. I must have fallen instantly asleep.

I Meet "Dr. D."

Although I usually don't dream about flying saucers, that night, or rather the next morning, I DID. One of the things had captured me, and some terrible little men were carrying me inside, though I fought valiantly.

The little men turned into one large, husky individual shaking me.

"Wake up, wake up, you————!"

And the hearty, Brooklynesque voice made me realize who was so rudely rescuing me from the saucerians.

"Dom! You old son-of-a-gun!" When did you get here!"

Jim stood in the doorway, already shaven and dressed, enjoying the waking-up procedure.

"Better get up. Dr. D. is going to be here, you know."

Dominick Lucchesi said he had stopped over to have some breakfast with us before he went to work at Bendix on the noon shift. He wouldn't be able to see Dr. D., however, he explained disappointedly.

"What do you think of Jim's place?" he asked, in the latter's presence. I knew he was kidding Jim, and made some sort of answer.

"Did you notice the negative emanations — the weird psychic forces, as soon as you came?"

"Of course, as soon as I entered the living room," I joked back, and Jim smiled, as if he were enjoying the disparaging remark. Deciding I could shave when I returned, I threw on my suit and soon we were in the elevator. It halted on the basement level.

"Remember the story Palmer told —about the apartment house in Chicago?" Dom said solemnly. "When you got to the basement in the self-service elevator it would stop there. But if you pushed the button twice after it stopped, something else would happen."

"Yes," I remembered; "the elevator would go ON DOWN!"

"I'll push it twice," Dom said, "and we'll see what will happen HERE!"

Jim threw up his hand to catch Dom's arm.

"Knock it off! Knock it off! You and your deros!".

Dom and I made an appointment to meet at his house later in the week and he rushed off to work after our late breakfast. Meanwhile Jim said we should hurry back becaues Dr. D. was almost due to arrive.

I was curious to meet Dr. D. ever since I had read his article in FLYING SAUCERS, titled "Why I Believe Adamski," though I couldn't see Jim's reason in constantly referring to him as "Dr. D." Most everyone who had read Dr. Leon Davidson's articles in Jim's SAUCER NEW knew "Dr. D." and Davidson were the same person. At the outset Davidson apparently wanted nobody to know he was writing for a saucer magazine at the outset, for he did highly classified work in atomic physics, though lately he had dropped the pseudonym.

Someone rang Jim on the telephone. "That must be Dr. D.," he remarked; "Hello, Leon? Where are you?"

Suddenly Jim turned a strange shade of green, and let out an exclamation which wouldn't be polite to print. I wondered what Dr. Davidson had told him. He hung up and turned to me.

"Dr. D" has been visiting some friends in Jersey City and will be right up. But I've just done an awful thing. I forgot all about picking up Fortner!

Then I remember Jim's saying Yonah Fortner and I ought to get together. I was curious about meeting the chap who Jim said had become a rabbi at the age of twelve, but since had become quite irreligious. I had read some of his articles in Jim's SAUCER NEWS, and they were amazing—not so much for what they said as the evident scholarship which had gone into them. Maybe I was hardened to hearing amazing statements, but it probably had been the apparent careful research which went into the articles that led me to read his thesis stating Jehovah was a space man without gasping. Fort-

ner's articles, run under "Y. N. ibn A'haron, B.D., S.T.M." instead of his shortened, Americanized name, claimed the knowledge was gained from translating Chaldaic, Sanskrit, and Aramic documents.

Jim thought of a solution. As soon as Dr. Davidson arrived all of us would drive over to Yonah's apartment in Brooklyn. Dr. Davidson wanted to meet Fortner too.

Jim answered the door and ushered in a big, blond, bespectacled and cheerful man and an attractive Mrs. Davidson. I had expected to see a dour-looking little fellow who tossed scientific words around and so was pleasantly surprised.

Dr. Davidson and Moseley had met very early in the history of SAUCER NEWS, and found many of their theories about flying saucers had agreed. Both held the opinion that although some saucers might come here from outer space, most of them were built right here on Earth, mainly by Uncle Sam, and possibly by the Russians with the help of captured German scientists. Personally I had found the theory interesting, but felt both Davidson and Moseley went too far and often made data fit their theory when logical inferences couldn't otherwise be drawn. But I probably had done worse—in promoting the interplanetary theory.

I wasted no time getting "Dr. D." into a corner, for I was highly interested in one aspect of his saucers-made-on-Earth theory. I had just read his article, "Why I Believe Adamski," in the February FLYING SAUCERS. In essence he had stated George Adamski didn't meet space people at all; nor did he ride in flying saucers. But what was surprising, coming from Davidson, was that he believed Adamski was TELLING THE TRUTH—AS ADAMSKI KNEW IT.

Saucers and the CIA

George Adamski had been the dupe of someone who had played an elaborate hoax upon him. By someone schooled in psychological warfare: the super-secret Central Intelligence Agency, the international investigative and law enforcement agency most citizens didn't even know existed. AND AN AGENCY NOT DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE TO ANYONE EXCEPT THE PRESIDENT, NOT EVEN CONGRESS.

"Leon," I said, "I'm terribly afraid you may have something, though I find it difficult to believe CIA agents could have posed as spacemen and rigged up a Disneyland type of flying saucer for Adamski to imagine he was riding in."

He laughed jovially. I could see Davidson didn't mind being contradicted, but that he nevertheless believed in his theories 100%.

"As you've written me, Gray, you've suspected a long time that the flying saucer mystery is as you quoted Lucchesi, 'a masterpiece of organized confusion.' In your book, you wondered what agency might be responsible for the 'hushing up' of saucer investigators . . . ."

"Yes," I interrupted, "partly the 'hush-ups,' but mainly that odd feeling you get sometimes—like you are being watched, for example. The feeling that your activities are being monitored constantly and permitted only through some strange sort of toleration."

"If I'm right," Leon told me, "they probably are trying to ENCOURAGE you; for they WANT people to believe the saucers are from space!"

Jim said we should start for Brooklyn, for Yonah Fortner had already been waiting an hour. He explained to Dr. Davidson we would go to Fortner's place instead of picking up the latter, who didn't have a car,

and bringing him to Fort Lee.

"Gray and I will lead the way in my car, and you can follow."

"No need for that," Dr. Davidson laughed. "Wait till you see what I'm driving. We went to the parking lot where he led us to a German-built bus-like affair—I forget the make—and invited us to ride with him. He seemed very proud of his new purchase, and we agreed with him it was mighty handy for saucer gatherings. It contained three wide seats in addition to the two front ones. I sat down beside the driver so I could continue our conversation.

"It may surprise you," Leon told us; "this is no longer than an ordinary car. In fact it's shorter. The motor is underneath, to the rear. And it's very easy on gas."

"I don't get it, Leon," I renewed my arguments; "I have the sneaking suspicion the CIA has something to do with saucers or saucer research, but I can't see the motive. That is if they're trying to lead people to believe the saucers are interplanetary. That's exactly what the Air Force is telling us NOT to believe."

"If you knew how the CIA worked, you could conceive of their role clearly. Shortly after the war our U.S. held superiority in atomic weapons. The Russians tried to catch up but felt they couldn't. That led them to push their program for development of satellites and missiles. Well, the U.S. developed some new weapons, also, though nothing that will do all the things the saucers are said to do."

I assumed he referred to right-angle turns, other "impossible" maneuvers and the fantastic speeds sighters had reported.

"We wanted to confuse the Russians and give them something to fear so they would be wary about attacking us. If the Reds began hearing reports of strange, highly-maneuverable objects in U.S. skies they would likely believe Uncle Sam had developed a new type of aircraft to be greatly feared. You will note Russia threw all her energy into developing rockets, and managed to launch a satellite before we did."

"But even if you're right, the Russians never took the saucers very seriously. I have heard few reports of saucers behind the iron curtain—though I assumed the sightings didn't get out of the country because it was perhaps unpopular to see them."

"You're right," assured Dr. Davidson."There probably have been no sightings in Russia itself, unless the sightings have represented misinterpretation of natural phenomena as many of the saucers in this country consist of."

I remembered something I had printed in the January, 1955 SAUCERIAN, dug a copy from my briefcase, turned to an item quoting the newspaper **Contempranul**, published in Communist Romania. The Reds were pooh-poohing the 1954 European little men saucer-scare and said of the flying saucer: "With this primitive instrument which it has brought to Europe, the United States wants to impress those people who believe American propaganda, and wants to stir up against Moscow a flying saucer psychosis."

"You see what I mean," beamed Dr. Davidson. "The Russians are smarter than we give them credit for."

The CIA had other purposes beyond confusing the Reds, he also believed. They deliberately created sightings, even in airplane flight lanes; set the saucer rides for contactees such as Dan Fry, and imitated space people for Adamski's benefit.

"But why," I wanted to know, "confuse the American public?"

"For a number of reasons, some of them known only to the powers that be. I should think the primary reason is to 'sell' the idea of space-flight, since we are now beginning to spend huge sums for rockets, and will be spending more. Then there is the need for keeping our own new types of aircraft secret. And what better way to do that than to make people believe they're from space?"

I couldn't buy much of what Davidson was saying, but he advanced some very good arguments. Although I suspected that much of his elaborate theory was wrong, or at the best, incomplete, I knew that somewhere in his beliefs were some very exact truths, if one could isolate them.

As I mused over what he had been saying, Dr. Davidson tossed in another comment which was rather startling until I thought it over:

"NICAP insists it is not government-s p o n s o r e d. Yet I'd like to point out that one of the Board of Governors, Vice Adm. Roscoe H. Hilkenkoeter, was the first director of the CIA."

"That could mean nothing," I protested. "After all, they have other officers on their Board. Keyhoe himself is a retired Major."

I intended to ask him to explain the European sightings, which hardly could have been set up by the U.S., and I'm sure he would have had a ready explanation; but Jim yelled we should make a turn onto Yonah's street, and soon we pulled up in front of the apartment building.

In our rush to leave Jim Moseley's apartment we had forgotten to telephone Yonah in advance, and as a result we walked in before he was ready to receive company. He had books and papers spread out over a wide area.



Yonah Fortner

"I've been writing a book on correct translation of ancient sacred documents, though so far all the publishers want to jazz it up before printing it and I can't permit that."

"Y o n a h," Jim countered, "You must remember that the average individual couldn't u n d e r s t a n d all those big words, nor could they understand so many of your references to the ancient books, manuscripts, or whatever they are."

I could see Yonah was pleased, and sensed he enjoyed being somewhat pedantic. But not without a sense of humor, I discovered, when his favorite pet, a parrot, began squawking.

"Doesn't the parrot talk?" I asked, teasingly.

"She's talking now. But she speaks only in Aramic."

I listened closely, hoping to hear some intelligent utterances, until the others began laughing and I knew Yonah was pulling my leg. He handed me a copy of a small publication he edits, with the help of

John J. Robinson, a New York occultist and philosopher, titled THE JOURNAL OF CORRELATIVE PHILOSOPHY*. I turned to the first page, bearing an article titled "The Interrelationship of Energy." I scanned a couple of sentences; "The mechanism of logical contradiction is manifest upon the exhaustion of the potential for acquiescential energic interrelationship . . ." And I got lost in the maze of words which, I was certain, meant a great deal, had I been intelligent enough to know what they meant.

"Don't let that bother you," Yonah said almost condescendingly; "turn on over to where John Robinson blasts your good friend, Bill Woods, in the article, "I Go to See the Bura." Turning the pages I could see the publication ran the gamut from abstruse philosophical principles to terse, controversial articles. I could immediately see I was going to like the publication, for it was one which dared to be different and refreshing.

"We have 50 subscribers," Yonah explained, "and we don't want any more. If we get more, that will mean I'll have to ink the mimeograph twice on each run."

That to me sounded like a very logical explanation, knowing something of the work involved in operating a mimeograph.

But by that time Jim Moseley had drawn "Dr. D." out again on the CIA-Adamski article, Yonah joined with an opposite argument, and soon everybody was trying to talk at the same time. Fortner didn't believe Adamski at all, argued he had made up the entire story of contacting space men, while Dr. Davidson, who previously didn't believe Adamski, now stuck up for him all the more. Now and then Jim and I would get in a word, but the other two held the floor.

Before we knew it Mrs. Davidson looked at her watch and remembered it was time for the pair to fulfill another social obligation, so we got up to leave. Although reluctant to break up the gabfest, I was thinking ahead to that evening when I would be driving to Bridgeport, Conn., and meeting Al Bender again for the first time in five years. In fact, it would be time to leave Fort Lee when we arrived back at Jim's place.

As we walked into the hallway, we again heard the squawking from the parrot, which had been silent during the latter part of our visit. Then, apparently less shy because the company had departed, it suddenly became literate and began repeating rapidly, "Flying saucers, flying saucers, flying saucers." Fortner, standing in the doorway, broke into a wide grin and waved.

I Visit Bender

In all the mad merry-go-round of meeting other saucerers, I had somehow sandwiched in a telephone call to Bender, arranged a date to visit him and Betty. Bender seemed very happy because I finally was coming to Bridgeport.

John Marana probably was a spy, in the employ of James Moseley's real or imagined Government setup to kill the saucer mystery, but he turned out to be a nice guy. When I expressed fear that I would get lost trying to drive out of the New York area toward Bridgeport, Jim called up John, who was a close friend of his, and asked him to go along with me. He would go to a movie and so wouldn't interrupt my visit with Bender. I was grateful for the assistance, gave John the wheel

*Fortner's publication is $2.00 a year and well worth it. Address: 22 Rogers Ave., Apt. 2B, Brooklyn, N.Y.

and settled back in the seat.

I tried to draw John out about saucers. He didn't seem interested in the subject, though the mention of women suddenly brought on a verbosity of which I had previously supposed incapable. I tried to draw him out on Moseley, but got no more than a few sentences, such as "Jim's certainly a nice Joe," or "I don't know what Jim does in South America. We never talk about personal matters."

Bender's house was easier to find than anticipated, so we pulled up in front of it 15 minutes early. As we looked at the house number I thought I saw a familiar person walking up the street, but never guessed it was Bender. Somehow he looked so much younger than I had remembered him. But it WAS Al, who had run out to the store and planned to return before my arrival. I apologized for being early as John pulled away toward downtown where "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw" was playing. Bender led me upstairs to the apartment, over a business establishment.

When I had visited Bender previously he had been a single man and lived in a most unusual apartment, a huge room comprising the entire third story of his father's house. Al had decorated the huge room with drawings of saucers and weird scenes from horror stories. He laughingly called it his "Chamber of Horrors." To our surprise, Bender even slept there, among all the frightening pictures. Some researchers said the room had affected his mind, but those of us who knew Bender well understood it was only a hobby.

Five years later when I stepped into his and Betty's beautiful apartment I remembered what a contrast this was with Bender's former life. Although I had been flabbergasted by the charm of English people I met while in London two years previous, I was totally unprepared to meet Betty. Friendliness and good will exuded from her person. She was as hospitable without being officious; she showed emotional restraint without the stuffiness that Americans, who have not met English people, usually associate with them.

And having an appreciative eye for the more physical charms of his wife, I could also understand why giving up on saucers hadn't been too difficult. Although Al is a well-paid executive at Acme Shear in Bridgeport. Betty decided to find work in an office while they were establishing their home and planning to go to England to live eventually.

"Al usually comes home an hour before I do. Since one of his hobbies is cooking, he has agreed to be the cook if I do the housework."

I could see that Al held up his part of the bargain very well as we sat down to dinner. He had prepared Cornish hen as the main course, and it was cooked perfectly. For desert he treated us to peach melba, a recipe he picked up when they had visited her home in England.

While Betty did the dishes, Al found an opportunity to draw me into the living room where we could talk confidentially. I brought up the matter of the book. He was genuinely disappointed about abandoning the project—I could see it in his eyes. And somehow I got the feeling he was mainly pitying me, since I had set my heart on publishing it.

"I started a chapter and quit in the middle of it. I burned it."

"Why?"

"It's hard to explain, but basically it is like this. Since I have quit saucer research, been married and living here, I have never been bothered."

"By the three men?"

"That's right. I have too much to lose now. If I wrote the book harm might come to both me and Betty."

"Yes."

"Al, would this harm come from the Government?"

He said it wouldn't.

"Can you tell me, Al: were the three men from the Government?"

Then Bender retreated to the line of answering he had used when Augie, Dom and I had questioned him five years before.

"I'm sorry, but I just can't answer that."

"But how could anyone know you were working on that one chapter? You said, 'something happened.' Someone would have to use telepathy to know you were doing that."

Bender said nothing; he just looked at me. But there was a kind of knowing look on his face that told me somehow someone HAD been able to know what he was doing.

"It makes no matter about the book. People wouldn't believe it anyhow. After all, when certain events take place, and people will believe it, then there will be no need for the book."

Our conversation turned back to my own book, and Al made an interesting comment about the three shadowy figures pictured on the jacket.

"The three men on the jacket. They aren't the way it happened."

"Do you mean to say," I queried, "that the way their bodies end in jagged shadows made you think, when looking at the jacket, that they were some sort of occult phenomena?"

His answer was interrupted by the entrance of Betty, who, I suspected, had agreed to rescue him from the questioning, and I didn't blame her.

We spent the rest of the evening listening to his stereophonic record playing system, which he bought as components and expertly put together, and talking about our individual visits to England. And somehow, sitting there in his comfortable living room in the presence of his charming wife, I felt I wanted no part in dragging Al back into the seemingly empty quest for knowledge in the baffling saucer mystery.

Whatever Bender had found out had at one time resulted in a great deal of emotional strain and unhappiness. I was glad to see him out of it, for that reason.

When John Marana saw all the movies, he called up as arranged. I was surprised when Bender suggested that I ask him to come up for a while, since Bender previously had expressed the desire that I shouldn't bring **anyone** along. He and John talked lengthily about the stereo equipment.

And it didn't seem as if Bender thought the world was soon coming to an end, if we could believe one of his remarks to Marana was sincere. The latter said he planned to be married soon and asked Al's advice on stereo equipment for his future home.

"Don't buy the cheapest thing you can find; and many of the higher-priced commercial outfits aren't too good." Then he made some recommendations, adding that **"the right equipment will last you for years."**

John and I got into my car and I decided to drive. As we swung onto the parkway, I asked John what he thought about the three men.

He pointed to a policeman who had just stopped another driver at the roadside.

"If you don't hold this boat down to fifty you'll have more to worry about than the three men. You don't know these New England cops!"

The Mitchell Sisters

I was quite nervous about material for the Long John show. In my previous appearances I had hashed and rehashed the West Virginia monster and the Bender story, my chief stock in trade on radio or TV.

Since Jim Moseley had been on the show quite often and knew how to get in touch with Long John Nebel quickly, I had asked him to call him up, mention I was in town and hint I would like to appear on the show again. I also wanted Jim to come along, for our opposite views would certainly create an argument on the air and make for a better program. To talk for five and a half hours straight on the Long John show is no easy matter, even for three or four persons.

As Jim rang up the station I must confess I had a very uncomplimentary desire to snoop, so I lifted the extension receiver. I was surprised how quickly Jim got through to Long John as soon as the switchboard operator heard the name. Jim told him I was in town. Long John said the show was filled up for two weeks, but to wait until he got hold of his producer on another line. In about a minute he came back on.

"You don't know whom we're cancelling for him."

I figured Long John was up to his usual blarney, but listened raptly.

"We're cancelling Peter Ustinov, so tell him to have some good material!"

I was almost tempted to speak up and protest the cancellation of Ustinov, whom I greatly admire and tune in every time he is on radio or TV, but I figured that Long John might be just building up our egos so we'd work hard at getting material.

Long John had specifically asked that I have something on the Mitchell sisters, of Florissant, Mo., who recently had claimed c o n t a c t with space people and a ride in one of their craft. I wondered how to get them on the t e l e p h o n e, as Jim laughed and said I shouldn't worry about the show, and I was taking too much material as it was.

I had heard that Mrs. W. C. John, who publishes THE LITTLE LISTENING POST, in Washington, D.C. speak of the Mitchell sisters, during a phone conversation with her, so I gave her a ring in Washington. She gave me their address and telephone number.

Mrs. John was filled with saucer news as usual.

"I have another item here you'd better not print unless you state it is a rumor. I've never seen the book involved, but the Reeves have (she was referring to Helen and Bryant Reeve, authors of "FLYING SAUCER PILGRIMAGE.") Did you hear the latest thing about Jessup?"

I confessed I hadn't heard from saucerbook author M. K. Jessup in a long time.

"Well, it goes like this. Somebody took one of the pocket book editions of his "CASE FOR THE UFO" and underlined certain sections with red ink. This somebody then sent it to the Pentagon where it raised a great deal of excitement. The result was that the Government made up mimeographed copies of the entire book, with the underlining added, for distribution to certain officials and scientists."

I agreed it certainly was some story and promised I would check it (which I have had no opportunity to do so far).

We hung up and I rang Florissant, Mo., talked to both Helen and Betty Mitchell. The two sisters had encountered two young men in a coffee shop in St. Louis, who had started a

conversation with them about flying saucers. They thought the two men were only offering a modern version of an old wolfish line until they were impressed by the apparent knowledge the two possessed and the appearance of the duo, particularly one of them, who later revealed his name was Velas and that he was a Martian. The other man, named Elen, was from Venus.

After a number of meetings, Helen was invited to go with them and did. They drove her out of the city to a wooded area, hid the car in an old barn. In a clearing a few yards away rested their spacecraft, a bell-shaped affair, but without the familiar portholes illustrated in the Adamski photographs.

She got into the saucer with them and they traveled over a wide area, including a trip over the North Pole and a short distance into space. Since there were no portholes, she viewed the Earth through a large lens in the floor, which functioned as a kind of view screen. Finally they returned her to the takeoff spot and drove her home.

Betty had never taken a ride, I learned from her; but she had seen one of the craft land close by. The saucer she saw, however, DID have portholes, which, to me, lent more credence to the entire matter because she was not apparently copying her sister's story.

Helen described the mission of the space people in much the same manner as has Howard Menger, George Adamski and other contactees. But this time the spacemen added a fairly new twist. The earth and our entire universe, they told the sisters, is moving into a stepped-up vibrational plane, which will result in our being conscious of many things of which we previously have been unaware. Part of their mission is to acquaint Earth people with the new experiences ahead and to help them cope mentally and emotionally with these strange things to come.

The Long John Show

When Jim and I entered the WOR building we knew there would be little problem in adapting man to withstand the tremendous G-Forces to go into space, considering the speed of the elevator. We got off at the proper floor and found our way to the studio where the show was to be broadcast.

The atmosphere around the Long John show is as informal as it sounds on the air. Nobody seems to be worried about the outcome of the show, probably because it has consistently been so good. In the studio Jim and I ran into Doug Dean, musical comedy performer, a member of the New York Saucer Information Bureau, and often a participant on the show as a panel member.

Like many personalities who run popular interview shows, Long John seldom arrives in the studio until air time. Some of them have told me they are able to obtain a more spontaneous interview when they are not entirely familiar with guests' backgrounds and exactly what they are going to say. This practice also has its drawbacks, however, and people such as Long John maintain permanently crossed fingers—for they never know just what guests will come up with once in front of the mike. Nebel often has ended interviews prematurely, and actually thrown guests out of the studio when they have deliberately violated good taste.

Finally John entered, greeted us, indicated where we should sit around the be-microphoned table, and the theme music started. The show began as usual; then I detected that

John didn't sound up to his usual energetic self. When we had talked a half hour, someone passed John a note and he left us briefly, after scribbling a note for us to keep talking. Guests who have been on the show and know how easily even a shy and tongue-tied guest can loosen up and relax in John's presence may have some idea of the task Jim and I found ourselves confronting. But we valiantly gabbed away.

Long John came back to the microphone; then there were several other interruptions. Only two regular panel members were present, and one of them held a whispered conversation with John and departed. I thought I overheard him whisper that he hadn't known it would be a saucer show, but I might have been wrong.

We noted the coffee break period, when music is broadcast while guests have a rest and refreshments, came earlier than usual. Some of the regular staff came into the studio to get coffee and sandwiches and I thought I would listen as carefully as possible to try and find out why Long John was obviously upset. I was afraid to butt into a private conversation, but Jim was braver.

"John, it's none of my business, but I just have to ask. What is going on, anyhow? This is the first time I've seen you mad. And you haven't been quite yourself."

"It's a long story, Jim. All I can say is there is a lot of pressure coming from somewhere. You probably have a pretty good idea about the source."

From the conversation I gathered that John's anger was caused mainly by the absence of the two panelists. One had shown up, but begged off when he found out what the show was about. It seemed the other one had called up two nights before and



"Long John" Nebel

asked if he could beg off for the evening. John mentioned a threatening phone call, and I suspected the latter panelist had been the recipient, for I knew that the pilot of the Party Line would be totally undisturbed if he should receive such a call. Instead, whoever would make such a call would have his ears burned so badly he wouldn't be able to hear anything for a week!

I tried to put two and two together. The one panelist had chickened out two nights before. That would be right after John made an advance announcement about the forthcoming show. At the beginning of the show John had said "This is the first saucer program in three months," so it was not difficult to reach a conclusion that saucers had something to do with whatever trouble was brewing.

The studio staff, apparently in the know about what was occurring, seemed singularly downcast, though

John's reaction was that of controlled anger.

Then the coffee break ended and the show settled down to normal. The conversation turned back to Prince Neosom, about which all of us expressed skepticism — except John, of course, who always speaks up for the underdog. A staff member brought me a telegram which had just rolled off the teleprinter in the studio, the device most listeners employ to be heard on the show. It was from Mike Mann, the "fellow in the tent."

"HAVE INFORMATION WHICH STICKS PIN IN NEOSOM BUBBLE," it said, and added, "AM RUSHING TO STUDIO WITH SAME."

I handed this to John. "Let him in when he comes," he wrote on the telegram and handed it to a messenger.

Apparently Mike took an express subway car from Brooklyn, for he showed up within a few minutes, handed me a copy of a wire.

"I didn't send this telegram," he whispered to me in the corner, "but I think I know who did. Read it on the air."

The telegram was addressed to Douglas Hancock, the man now in the Naval hospital:

"CONGRATULATIONS. YOU SEARCH REALITY. NEOSOM NO LONGER PRINCE, BUT KING. HIS FATHER GONE HIGHER KARMA. WE CONTACT TYTHIAN VIA PRE-AUDIO ELECTROLYSIS. HAIL THE KING! WAIT FOR OUR N.Y. INVESTIGATOR. NEED REPORTS ON P.S.I., BURA, NYSIB. MUST LEARN COMPUNCTIONS OF LEADERS, PERSONALITIES, TRAITS, ETC. HAVE REPORT NEXT WEEK. CONTACT YOU WEDNESDAY. PHONE."

The telegram was signed, "MISSION FOR SPACE UNIFICATION."

"The telegram," Mike added, "was a deliberate hoax. The party sending it wanted to settle in his own mind whether or not Neosom was really a spaceman."

"Well, what did it prove?"

"When Hancock got the telegram he was most enthusiastic about it. We figured anyone would be, after receiving such a message. We figured he would get in touch with Neosom about it, and he did just that."

"What did the Prince think about his elevation to the Crown of Tythian?"

He fell for it hook line and sinker. He told Hancock on the phone he already knew he had been made King, since he had learned it direct from his home planet a few hours previously."

"That seems to be the clincher," I had to agree.

I wanted to go over other information Mike seemed to have, so I suggested he drop in at Dominick's house the next night, and I could talk to him there further. He left the studio and sat in the control room until John called him to the microphone near the end of the show.

I mentioned the telegram, and immediately others began pouring into the studio, most in favor of Prince Neosom. My friend Jack Robinson got into the act, mainly as a rib, and wired us he would see that Neosom heard about it. Long John engaged in a spirited answer to Jack and seemed to have regained his usual good humor. As soon as the second half of the show had really built up to a fast pace, the corker in the odd string of events around the studio occurred. A messenger with a strange expression on his face, which I took as apprehension, tiptoed in and gave John a small envelope. It looked like an envelope which

might contain a small announcement card, or maybe even a business card. I noticed it carried no address, and though I couldn't obviously peek, I kept my eyes rolled around to the left where John was sitting. John took the letter nonchalantly, talked for a while, and then, when evidently he felt attention was diverted from him, opened it. I couldn't see what was in it, for he didn't withdraw the contents: he merely cupped the envelope and peered down into it.

Long John turned pale. He picked up a stack of commercials and began thumbing through them, without really looking at them. After about two minutes he waved to excuse himself and again left the studio. He must have been gone 20 minutes, then returned.



Dominick Lucchesi

The Visitor

Mike left with Jim and me, and we decided to give him a lift.

I turned to Mike in the back seat, detected he was boiling over with some new information.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about John when he came out of the studio toward the end of the program?"

"No," Mike replied, "but I did overhear a peculiar thing, both from John and another fellow connected with the studio."

"What do you mean?"

He came out of the studio, and a staff member pointed down the hallway. I couldn't see who was there, since I was in the control room, but I did risk just one hurried glance out the door. John had met a visitor and they had turned away from me and were entering a room. The visitor wore either a policeman's or military uniform. I couldn't tell which, because they had just stepped through the door and were closing it. I did hear Long John shout out something, and he seemed angry and disturbed."

"What did he say?"

"I was able to make out only part of it, and the phrase was something like this: 'I told you—Bender is NOT on the show'!"

"Do you suppose," I mused, "the Government could have heard a rumor Bender would appear and didn't like it? That is, if the Government hushed up Bender? They could have heard Long John mention that Gray Barker would TALK about Bender, and somehow got it twisted around?"

Mike continued.

"I heard something else, too. I can't tell you who said it, for he's a personal friend of mine and doesn't want anyone to know he mentioned it."

"What did he tell you?"

"That Long John MAY NOT HAVE A SHOW VERY LONG."

Had whoever silences saucerers

finally got to Long John? Pressure from a doctor, and apparently organized medicine, had one time forced John to abandon the saucer subject for a while, and we even ran an item saying he was off saucers for good. Fortunately we were wrong. And we certainly hope we are wrong this time.

We like Long John, and his show. He has been responsible for exciting a saucer interest in millions of people, and bringing the subject into intelligent focus for them as well. But what we like most about Long John is that he has always very carefully heard both sides to every question. He has interviewed crackpots and statesmen and given them equal time (and it goes without saying which of the types gave the most intelligent discourses).

If any pressure HAS been brought upon Long John, we certainly hope that his fans will bring pressure too. His million listeners are more powerful than a single silence group. So, if by the time this magazine reaches you, you find that Long John HAS been silenced, or limited in what he can discuss, I personally hope you will raise some hell. You will be heard!

Farewell To Dominick

I usually spend the last night in the New York area with Dominick Lucchesi. That is always what makes me hate to leave. Dominick was in his usual fine shape for conversation, began lecturing me and the other guests about a book he was writing, to be titled "KEYING THE PARADIMENSIONAL MIND." His ideas made a lot of sense and I told him I would be interested in looking it over for possible publication once he was further along on it.

The doorbell interrupted Dom, and the furious barking of his large dog, which usually lets most visitors come and go ignored, told me it could sense that whoever was coming was excited. I was right. It was Augie, back from his interview with Doug Hancock.

He was still breathless from rushing up the stairs, and we expected an unusual report; but apparently Augie's excitement was caused by his opinion that Doug Hancock was perfectly sane.

He, Harry Hoffman and Bill Woods, had talked to Hancock at some length. The army bandsman had evidently got himself into trouble by discussing saucers with an Army psychiatrist, who immediately had him put into the hospital. Hancock didn't know how long he would be there. He had been told he was there for observation, and that the process might take days or weeks.

"They may be railroading him," Dom thought. "Not just for the reason of shutting him up, for he likely knows nothing important, but to discourage other service personnel from talking too much about saucers."

Harry Hoffman had gone a bit further into the case, Augie advised. He called one of the psychiatrists who had been observing or treating Hancock.

"Harry says the guy asked him what flying saucers were when he brought up the subject. He hadn't even heard of them. How could he treat someone for alleged insanity when the patient is talking about something real which the doctor wasn't familiar with?"

"The doctor surely had heard of them," Dom thought. "He probably was just playing it cool to find out what Harry thought of Doug."

"Well, if Doug is off his rocker because of saucers, he'll probably have the whole ward in bad shape,"

Augie continued. "He had the whole ward reading copies of Ray Palmer's FS, which he had passed around, and said they were 'eating it up.'"

Finally Augie had to leave, for he was getting up early the next morning, and I, too, knew that I must soon be heading for home. I had planned to leave around midnight, when the traffic thinned out. I had been up all night Saturday, and had slept all day. Aside from the loneliness, I wouldn't mind the trip, I thought.

I sat there until all the other guests had departed, for I wanted to make a tape recording with Dominick and Mike Mann for broadcast over WCHS in Charleston, W. Va., where my good friend, Hugh McPherson, airs a lot of saucer material. We finished the tape and I decided to spend a half hour more with Dom.

Suddenly a curious glint came to his eyes, and I knew he was ready to say something interesting—probably he would start off on some wild tale, told so c o n v i n c i n g l y one couldn't be sure it was just a tale.

"Kabarah K h o o m," he intoned deeply.

"Kabarah what?" asked Mike.

"Kabarah KHOOM. Say it, very slowly, and with feeling. Kabarah KHO-O-O-O-M-M-M!"

"What does it mean?"

"That doesn't matter. Doesn't it give you a feeling of deep peace—and drowsiness?"

I didn't know. For the hours had begun to take their toll on me. I was getting sleepy, and it probably didn't have anything to do with "Kabarah Khoom." I began to figure on driving only a part of the way that night and getting a motel room.

I think Dom started the discussion to keep me around a while longer, for I knew he hated to see me start out on the nine-hour drive.

He shifted in his seat and began an amazing narrative. Some odd-looking people had come to his house. They looked like middle-aged men until he had surveyed them closely. Their fine skin was cracking in deep wrinkles, and he then had the impression they were tremendously aged.

"This is not about flying saucers exactly, and certainly not about the Dero, although these men told me that Shaver was right in many respects. It's really about Kabarah Khoom. The place actually exists. You probably won't believe that."

And Mike and I didn't. But we listened raptly. For what Dom was saying sounded as if it JUST MIGHT be true.

Since I can almost visualize Ray Palmer sharpening his blue pencil, I realize I can't take any more space this issue. Suffice it to say that Dom's discussion was long, drawn out, and fascinating. A s l a p p i n g sound interrupted his lecture, and I realized that Mike had been taping the entire thing without our knowledge. Mike walked over to the machine, then hidden behind a sofa, and cut it off, for the tape had run out.

Maybe it was the lateness of the hour or the raptness with which I had been listening to Dom's excursion into the fantastic, but suddenly I knew I had a great idea.

"Mike, I've got it. I know now why we happened to meet."

Mike was curious.

"For a couple of years I've been trying to persuade Dom to write down some of his ideas. He writes a chapter or two, then quits, and can't seem to get down to the task. Then, when he writes, he tends to be ponderous, and readers like easily-written material. Can you see what I'm

driving at?"

"I believe I do. Remember where you quote Dom's tape in your book? The account of Bender's 'shush-up'? Forgive me for saying this to you, the author, but I thought that was the best part of the book!"

"You have it, Mike. If you can get Dom to talk into a recorder, it turns out to be the most fascinating writing you could hope to read. Mike, Dom is going to write a book, and you're going to help. You're going to come over here with your tape recorder every chance you get, and start Dom talking. Then you will type it up. We'll put it together into one of the best saucer or mystical books ever to come out."

"It's a deal," Mike smiled, "providing you put my name somewhere on the jacket—under Dommie's of course."

To me the problem seemed settled, and I arose and got my topcoat.

"Well, I'm ready to tackle the turnpike again."

And there I was, heading the hood ornament toward the hills of West Virginia and h o m e. As I passed through the ticket gate and onto the four-lane highway I wondered for the first time how my office had been running all week. Strange that I could forget all of my ordinary world when talking with the amazing saucerers in and around New York. But s o m e h o w I thought I wished all of them could get away from it as I was doing. Soon the sight of the r u g g e d Applachians, bare in winter, would bring everything back into focus. I would be concerned with paying the month's bills and catching up on my work. But I would return to New York as soon as I could possibly get away. And I hoped the next visit would be as interesting as the week I had just spent there.

Strange New Object Seen In Heavens

Astronomers are trying to figure out a new, strange object in the sky.

It was photographed by telescope from California's Palomar Observatory on Nov. 5, 1958.

All they can say for certain now is that it seems to be something star-like—of a new type.

A report on the object was sent to the Harvard College Observatory by Drs. W. J. Luyten of Minneapolis and G. Haro of Tonantzintla, Mexico, who discovered the photographic records of the object while guest investigators at Palomar.

In the report, Harvard said Tuesday, Dr. Luyten said, "It seems difficult to escape the conclusion that this represents a new type of stellar object."

The Palomar photograph recorded three images of the object—ultraviolet, yellow and blue, during a 63-minute period.

WHAT IS LIFE? WHAT IS DEATH? WHAT ARE YOU?

QUESTIONS, questions, questions . . . CAN WE FIND THE ANSWERS?

Why not join us in a strange and wonderful quest into the Unknown?

Every issue of SEARCH takes you on a great and thought-provoking journey. Thousands of people find life more worth while, more meaningful, since they began to read SEARCH regularly. And that is because SEARCH is pointing out new worlds more exciting than you ever dreamed of. What is really going on in the world around you, invisible, and behind the scenes? — **12 issues $3.50** **24 issues $6.00**

YOU CAN READ ARTICLES ONLY IN SEARCH

BECAUSE SEARCH IS THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD!

DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE — SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Address: SEARCH, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin.

Editorial . . .

(Continued from page 5)

where it "condenses" from its sub-atomic suspension in the ether to its atomic and molecular material form. It is thus that all spatial bodies are formed, we hold.

These vortices, called by Einstein "electro-magnetic fields", are larger than the worlds they create, and to define it more understandably by expressing a formula we have arrived at privately, extend one or more diameters, but not exceeding seven diameters, from the body contained therein. Thus, if we take the Earth as an example, we would find that the electro-magnetic field would have as its outer limits a range of from 8,000 miles to 56,000 miles from the center of the Earth. Likewise, with the Moon, the field would extend from 2,100 miles to 14,700 miles maximum distance from its center

Outside these limits we would have "outer space", where no electro-magnetic field exists, and where no atomic-molecular cohesion is possible. In the case of the Earth and the Moon, there is a distortion of the field due to proximity, so that between them there is a sort of "tide" which causes them to overlap. Thus, it is possible to remain inside the electro-magnetic field influence all the way to the Moon and past it for a distance of 14,000 miles. Actually the figures must be lower than the maximums given, because these bodies are not **perfect** magnets, not being wholly composed of iron or related magnetic-property substances. The vortice would, by its in-flowing currents, which are identical with the patterns we see around the poles of magnets when we allow them to influence iron filings, magnetize the Earth and the Moon, making rather inferior magnets out of them, but magnets nonetheless.

It is significant that the Russian solar-orbit rocket was lost from all detection, including visual as well as radar and radio detection, at a relatively short distance beyond the Moon. Although the Russians launched a giant rocket, perfectly capable of containing batteries sufficient to last for months of signaling capable of being received here on Earth, and in fact did so with their other Sputniks, here we have the radio going dead in a few days' time, and all contact lost with the rocket. Its "orbit" is one we are asked to accept on the basis of "mathematical calculations" alone, and not on any actual evidence. The truth of the matter is that the Russian "solar-orbit rocket" was lost from all ken of man **not far beyond the Moon.** This in spite of the statement by our own scientists that modern radar techniques can detect a body as large as a "spaceship" billions and billions of miles out into space, and specifically, out beyond the orbit of Pluto. We have "bounced" radar signals off the sun. Yet we cannot detect Russia's solar-orbit rocket a mere million miles away!

Why? Because it isn't there to detect any more? Because, once outside the formative (and maintaining) electro-magnetic influence, beyond its outer limit, the rocket reverted to the primal state of all matter in outer space, finely dispersed sub-atomic particles such as fill all space?

All this is theory, of course. Much of it, we are prepared to prove, is quite acceptable to many leading scientists. Just lately an attack (triggered by results of rocket tests) has been made on Einstein's theory of gravity, in which "six erroneous concepts" have been discovered. As some of you will remember, Einstein's last theory held that both his theories of gravity and magnetism

were not entities at all, but merely separate manifestations of still another entity, his electro-magnetic field theory which we have just utilized in our thinking about Kruschev's mysterious statement. It does not make sense that Kruschev would make a statement so far away from reality with such positive words. Why say "for all time" in connection with rockets? The words do not belong in the sentence by any vagary of connotation that can be reasonably substantiated by any other means than the one basis we have just advanced.

When your editor is strongly convinced of something, he likes to stick his neck out and make definite predictions based on his conviction. If the theory is correct, the predictions will turn out to be correct. And if the actual events predicted come true, they stand as evidence that we "told you so", and we can produce the published prediction to prove it. It is our method of "dating" our thinking so that we can demolish claims of "originality" by some latent "discoverer". We therefore make this prediction: All rocket probes aimed beyond the moon, at Mars, Venus, Sun or elsewhere in the reaches of outer space will bring essentially the same result as the Russian solar-orbit rocket. In short, once sufficiently past the moon, it will be impossible to prove that the rocket even exists, that it is in any orbit whatsoever, and that it is returning signals, radar echoes, or Eisenhower's greetings.

One last point we wish to make in our remarks stimulated by Kruschev's speech is this: How much of the truth are we being told about tumbling castles of scientific knowledge (astronomy and physics in particular), which is coming to us as a result of our rocket probes into space?

Let's go back to the Russians for another "killer". As we all know (the astronomers keep telling us!), life on Mars and Venus and other planets is impossible, except for lichens because of the lack of atmosphere, and particularly of oxygen. They know this because they have an instrument called a spectroscope which analyzes the light coming from the body in question, and the lines of the elements in the atmosphere show up on the spectrograph. They use the same method to determine the elements present in any particular sample of material, by heating it until it gives off light, and then analyzing with the spectroscope Well, the Russians decided to include a spectrographic mechanism in one of their rockets, and aimed it back at the Earth. What do you think it told them? Yes, you're right—**no oxygen!** Life on Earth is impossible except perhaps for a few lichens. As far as human beings are concerned, there is no oxygen to support such life!

Here again we have one of your editor's pet theories, which has occupied his mind for more than twenty years. Once we felt sure that space was not empty, but rather filled with subliminal substance, we postulated that these substances must be universal, that is, cover the entire elemental range. Thus, since they are not reasonably equally distributed there must be some sort of separation, and that in certain areas certain elements would predominate. Now, if we observe Venus with a spectroscope, and the element methane is the major constituent of the area of space in which our solar system presently floats (which may well be large enough to cover a period of hundreds of years, necessitating observations made hundreds of years apart) we will find that Venus has an atmosphere largely methane, and

lacking oxygen. We will conclude that Venus cannot support human life. We have always felt that such spectroscopic evidence was subject to too many unknown factors, and could not possibly give us a correct analysis of atmospheric conditions on another planet. According to our theory, no atmosphere would be detectable on the Moon, because all such atmosphere would be propelled out of the intervening space by the electro-magnetic field, thus leaving it comparatively empty of (for example) oxygen. We felt that the Moon **could** have an atmosphere, and our instruments would not show it. Today we know that the Moon does indeed have an atmosphere, however "thin" it may be.

Now the Russians have proved our theory correct. We can say, and say it with complete reason on our side, that for all we know, ALL the planets, including the Moon, are inhabited by human beings or some similar form of life. There is no longer any demonstrable evidence that the atmosphere of Mars and Venus and other planets is not quite like ours, and perfectly capable of supporting life such as ours.

Intrigued by this new evidence provided us by the Russians, and intrigued also by the complete lack of news about the moon from astronomers in the big observatories in the last ten years, we decided to find out what we could about the Moon, and present it in FLYING SAUCERS. What we found was completely astounding! We are presenting it to you this issue just as we found it. It is all true. It is flabbergasting. And it relegates the whole science of astronomy and its practitioners today to the status of astrologers, and makes of them just dabbling theorists just like the rest of us! During the past fifty years, they have been completely undone in their textbook theorizing by facts which they choose now to ignore.

Let's ask that they throw out their old books, and write new ones, giving us all the embarrassing contrary facts they've accumulated since. We're quite eager to publish a "new astronomy" book, and will guarantee to do it, under the by-line of any astronomer with enough fortitude to admit the fictional nature of his "science". All this learned stuff about space is proving to be poppycock. Particularly the stuff about life on other worlds. True, there is a great body of astronomy which is quite important, and quite accurate, as it consists of observations, of photos, of calculations, of centuries of painstaking work, all properly put down in books and records, **without drawing any fixed conclusions**, and this vast array of research we freely state is true science. With all this work behind them, it seems that they can honestly face the loss of luster to their "popular astronomy" theories, and "take it back" without being laughed at.

The way things stand now, we are almost inclined to believe that John Carter was an actual Virginian, and that he did make that strange flight, stark naked, across the void to the red planet Mars, and find himself on the dead sea bottoms of Barsoom, amidst the fearsome Tharks, the four-armed green men, their eight-legged Thoats, and their bloody broadswords! It is more **likely** to be true than what the astronomers have been telling us with their silly "spectroscopic analyses"!

Kruschev is willing to give up rocket experiment "for all time". Is it because he knows something that is not yet common knowledge? The progress of rocket science bids fair to be an intensely interesting subject to follow. FLYING SAUCERS is

(Continued on page 50)

The FITZGERALD INVESTIGATION
-- What It Means

By CORAL E. LORENZEN

AT APPROXIMATELY 3 a.m. on the morning of 21 September, 1958, Mrs. William Fitzgerald of 934 East Drive, Sheffield Lake, Ohio, was preparing for bed after watching the late show on television. Suddenly her bedroom was flooded with light. When she went to the window to investigate the light source, she saw a small (approximately 22 feet in diameter) object outside her window.

When the first newspaper report arrived at APRO headquarters, I felt sure it would be either inferred or labelled as an hallucination. The consequent publication of an excellent report and analysis of the incident by the UFO Research Committee of Akron, Ohio, and forwarded to APRO by Member Fred Kirsch, bore this theory out. The manner in which this incident was investigated by Air Force investigators and eventually misconstrued, is to me the most important and intriguing part of the Fitzgerald story. But first, here are the facts.

The thing Mrs. Fitzgerald saw was disc-shaped with a hump on the upper part. It was of a dull aluminum color with no light source, no seams, rivets or markings. Mrs. Fitzgerald's line of sight was approximately 6 feet 10 inches from the ground. The object was directly in front of her, above her driveway and moving north. It continued to move, losing altitude, until it was 50 feet from where she stood, and one foot above the ground in a neighbor's yard. It hovered motionless for a few seconds, then started billowing smoke from two apertures at the rim. These apertures appeared to contain several small "jets" or pipes, but the pinkish-gray luminescent smoke seemed to issue from the aperture around the nozzles, not the nozzles themselves. Further description: Clearly defined edges and no apparent external light until the smoke illuminated the object.

After hovering over the neighbor's yard, the object moved back to Mrs. Fitzgerald's yard, elevated itself to about 5 feet above the ground and 25 feet from the observer, made two fast clockwise turns and shot up out of sight.

Mrs. Fitzgerald attempted to wake her husband to tell him about it, but with no success; but the next day she found out that her 10-year-old son had also seen it. Subsequent investigation by the UFORC showed that an unidentified light had been seen at approximately the same time by others in the vicinity. The information, evidence and logical analysis supplied by the UFORC and APRO members, including George Popowitch, indicate that Mrs. Fitzgerald saw an apparently intelligently controlled metallic object about 22 feet in diameter by 6 feet thick.

The UFORC report furnished other information, however, which was actually more informative than the detailed physical characteristics of the object itself. A UFORC committee member was present when two

Air Force investigators of NCO rank questioned Mrs. Fitzgerald and her son. They asked five questions. One pertained to the weather, one to the possible fluorescent nature of the object's smoke, one as to whether the light dimmed out or blinked out quickly, one about how fast the object left the vicinity, and the last question asked if Mrs. Fitzgerald had been under medical care recently. They asked the boy one question: whether or not it (the object) appeared to be aluminum.

Despite the brevity of this interview, the sergeants did thoroughly check local train schedules and boat activity on the nearby lake. The results of this phase of the investigation became apparent in the text of an Air Force letter to the Honorable A. D. Baumhart, Jr., of the House of Representatives, in answer to his inquiry into the Air Force results. The letter, signed by Major General W. P. Fisher of the Legislative Liaison Office, inferred that Mrs. Fitzgerald experienced an illusion brought about by the rotating light of a train (which, the letter said, passed on a track at "approximately the same hour" of the sighting) and/or the spotlight of a boat on the lake.

The purpose of the letter is obvious—to disqualify Mrs. Fitzgerald's observation. The questions asked by the Air Force investigators were meaningless. Their efforts were concentrated on the possible **conventional** explanation — thus exhaustive attempts to find a light source to account for the sighting were necessary.

The UFORC showed, through their own investigations, that neither the boats nor the train's lights would be visible to Mrs. Fitzgerald where she had stood.

These facts are not, in themselves, too important. But — taken in a group, along with the fact that a diagram of an object in Air Force Special Report No. 14, labelled Case No. 8, is almost an exact duplicate of what Mrs. Fitzgerald and her son saw, including dimensions, they are almost ominous.

The UFORC, in their analysis, called the investigation by the Air Force sloppy and/or incompetent. To me it was both and more. I believe there was no necessity for a careful investigation of this incident which, to the Air Force was a sighting of an object about which they already knew much. So much publicity had been given the incident locally that they felt a token investigation had to be made so that they could devise a way to disqualify an apparently capable observer, and explain away the incident in conventional terms. They were not concerned primarily with public opinion, but they were very concerned with inquiries made by a duly qualified legislative representative. Their efforts, therefore, were directed primarily toward Mr. Baumhart.

The question about Mrs. Fitzgerald's medical status was probably calculated to frighten Mrs. Fitzgerald at the possibility of having her observation blamed on a physical defect if any existed. The lack of queries about the object itself indicates a lack of interest in this particular type of object—probably because it is no longer one of concern —obviously one of the small observer units seen so often in the past and no doubt well documented in Air Force UFO files.

This apparent lack of interest by Air Force investigators reminded me of the "wringing out" and subsequent attempted brain-washing of observers a year ago when the huge, luminous traffic-stopping flying eggs came upon the scene. These were a new innovation in UFO annals—and a thorough investigation

(one might even say a strenuous one) was undertaken.

When the "flying eggs" came to public attention in November, 1957, researchers looked for a common denominator. This they had in descriptions of the objects and their effect on ground traffic. There were no orthotenic lines—no correlation of sighting locations indicating a pattern. It was this lack of a pattern that concerned me until I found an **uncommon** denominator which is as important as a common one and which actually indicates a pattern of sorts.

In the late evening hours of 2 November and the early morning hours of 3 November 1957, a glowing egg-shaped object squatted on roads near Levelland, Texas, and stopped traffic Most sightings were within an approximate 4 mile radius of the town; once the object was seen in a cotton field. About an hour later the last sighting at Levelland, an object of the same description visited the A-Bomb site on the White Sands Proving Ground-Holloman Air Force Missile Development Range in New Mexico. That night at about 8 p.m. it was again in the same vicinity. Whether or not automotive electrical systems were affected we do not know of a certainty—the full reports are in Air Force files. The most complete public record of these two visitations at the A-Bomb site was contained in the pages of the Alamogordo Daily News, wherein the official release stated that the jeep patrols reported no engine difficulty as other reports from elsewhere stated.

On the 4th of November (Monday) the famous (or infamous) Stokes case took place—this time in broad daylight on a public highway between the White Sands Proving Ground-Fort Bliss Range and the McGregor test range. Stokes was extensively questioned (see my article, "The Psychology of UFO Secrecy in "Flying Saucers" for October, 1958) and his sighting was labelled a hoax.

As these sightings were aired over national TV and radio news programs and duly logged in front-page newspaper articles, other U.S. reports of similar sightings prior to the launching of Sputnik II were coming to light. Mrs. Robert Moudy of Covington, Indiana revealed that on 15 October an object, looking like a "fried egg—sunny side down"—came down over a field and that the engine of her husband's combine stopped. This at 7 p.m.—and Moudy also noticed two autos stopped on a nearby road.

On the 4th of November at 3:12 a.m., just a few hours before Stokes' experience, police and firemen watched a glowing object which hovered over a cemetery in Elmwood Park, Illinois. The spotlight on the patrol car dimmed as the police approached the object.

A carload of women and students were startled to see a lighted object pacing their automobile at 7:20 p.m., 9 November, while travelling on a lonely mountain road near White Oaks, New Mexico. Their lights flickered and went out and their engine missed. They stopped the car to watch and the object headed into the north and disappeared.

On the 14th, at Tamaroa, Illinois, a moon-shaped object accompanied by 5 or 6 loud booms and three brilliant flashes of light, was sighted above the trees bordering U.S. Highway 51, by the wife of the local Justice of the Peace. After the flashes and the booms, her house lights went out. Power failure was reported between Tamaroa and nearby Dubois —and H. D. Heath, District Manager of the Illinois Power Company said that he could find nothing technically wrong.

This is a sampling of reports. Glowing objects in the daytime and at night; objects on much-traveled highways and on lonely roads; in populated areas—in a town—on a missile range — in a field — where there were ground vehicles operating. Objects which interferred with the electrical systems of trucks, cars and a grain combine. There are too many to list all of them, but similar incidents took place outside the U.S. —especially in South America in the months preceding the U.S. "flap" and for a few days afterward. What were they and what were they doing? No common denominator—but an uncommon one which draws a picture. A weapon being tested on various types of ground vehicles at different times of the day, under various weather conditions. The indications are, because of time elements involved, that only one object was seen by all. A new type—and thus the great interest exhibited by official investigative agencies.

In preceding years there had been no indication that the objects interfered with electrical systems—thus ruling out the possibility that this interference was an accidental by-product of the UAO propulsion systems. The traffic-stopping incidents in the U.S. came on the heels of the launching of Sputnik I and II. Incidentally, reports of UAO interest in dogs came to light after Sputnik II's launching (it contained the famous Russian space dog Laika).

This weapon hypothesis was hinted by Dr. Olavo Fontes, APROs Brazilian representative. Mr. Lorenzen had hestitatingly suggested it shortly after the November "flap" but it wasn't a popular theory—for obvious reasons. Fontes backed it up with well-documented sightings both in the U.S. and his own country. Although a comparative newcomer in UAO research, Dr. Fontes has proven himself to be the most valuable single researcher today. His efforts have been unceasing and thorough despite a heavy medical schedule. He has thoroughly investigated hundreds of sightings—military and civilian. His latest, made by a Rio de Janeiro engineer in 1956, includes a color slide of a UAO over Guanabara Bay. The full account of the picture and the sighting was contained in the January 1959 issue of the APRO Bulletin.

In January of this year, APRO entered its 8th year of activity in the UAO research field. We expect that the near future may bring more glowing eggs — possibly capable of knocking out electrical power at its source — the power plants themselves. These sightings will be fully investigated by the Air Force Aerial Phenomena Research Division, but it is not likely that the public will hear much if anything about the sightings or the results of the investigations. Researchers will have to be more alert than ever if the facts are to be made known.

Editorial . . .

(Concluded from page 46)

quite excited about the prospect, and its editors freely predict that the adventure of reporting it will be positively fascinating. Already the "rockets red glare" has been exceeded by the glowing necks and faces of the astronomers who, before rockets, were safe in their comfortable rocking chairs of theory. As teachers they had no critics, because there was no "devil's advocate". The rocket men can now say to the astronomers: "Vas you dere, Sharlie?"

IS SIAM A SECRET BASE FOR FLYING SAUCERS

By

RON ORMOND

OUR HOUSE guest was a young Siamese girl, whose interest seemed more terrestrial than extra-terrestrial. Suppunica Snitswongs had come to America from Siam to continue her voice lessons and in that I was planning a trip to the Orient to do "THE GREAT RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES OF THE FAR EAST," I plied her with questions.

"What about flying saucers," I asked her, "have any been reported in your country?"

Suppunica's reply was not immediate, rather she seemed to ponder her answer.

"I do not know what you call flying saucers, Mr. Ron, but there are rumors of other things."

"Other things?" I inquired.

"Yes—**other things** that come from Heaven."

Now I had reason to ponder. After all Kenneth Arnold's report of sighting nine "saucer-like" objects flying at approximately 1200 miles per hour in 1947 was not really the beginning. One only had to check other records compiled by Charles Fort, or for that matter, refer to the Old Testament in Ezekiel, Verse 4: "And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of fire."

Perhaps, I thought to myself, our Siamese guest had reference to the very same kind of phenomena referred to in Ezekiel.

"What do you mean by **things** that come from **Heaven**?" I pressed further.

Then the story of an aboriginal tribe that lived in the northern sector of Siam was told.

"They're called Lahus," she furnished, "and have told many stories of big **fiery wheels** that come out of the sky and land near their village."

"Hasn't anyone gone up there to investigate?" I almost exploded hardly able to contain myself.

"I don't know about that, but most Siamese let them alone because the Lahus are magicians and have great powers."

She broke off for a long moment, as though to select her words more carefully; "Perhaps they manifest the fiery wheels."

"Or perhaps," I finished speculatively, "others unbeknown to the Siamese, are using Siam for a secret base."

That's where we left it, that is, as far as Suppunica was concerned—but as for me, I was bound and determined to investigate the possibilities.

At the time my friend and companion in adventure, Ormond McGill

and I were planning a tour of the Far East to film a rather unusual series for television. Cameras, sound equipment, power supplies, film and tape had already been purchased and checked, and while the greater portion of our film would be dealing w..h mysteries behind certain primitive beliefs, my enthusiasm never diminished for information regarding the subject of **ufology.**

"If I ever get to Siam," I told myself, "the Lahus and I have a date together."

Siam is located in the southeast corner of Asia, between Burma on the west and Laos, Cambodia and Viet-Nam on the east. Before arriving we had spent time in Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Macau, Taiwan (Formosa) Viet-Nam and Cambodia. Our film and tape packs by now were literally bulging with interesting subjects and sound effects

Our flight to Bangkok had been uneventful and as soon as we had gone through the usual formalities of arriving passengers, i.e., customs, immigration, quarantine, etc., we headed for the unique city itself, which provided a vista of interesting sights, imposing and colorful temples and beautiful palaces. But despite these unusual wonders my anxiety to get to Northern Siam and the investigation consumed my very being. Our film taking was confined to the Bangkok area but even so, I kept probing, asking questions.

Had we held the line of questioning to **fiery wheels,** it might have proved fruitful sooner, however it was because of some unusual Buddhistic rituals we were photographing, our first lead was uncovered.

"Yes," an old Buddhist monk offered at Wat Pak Nam, "fiery wheels are occasionally seen in Ayudya."

Having arrived from Cambodia, where we had done rather exhaustive research and photography at Angkor Wat and Angkor Thom, our interest in ancient ruins had included Ayudhya, provided time permitted. Now all that was changed, since meeting the Buddhist monk, Ayudhya was a must.

Our research showed signs of some advanced civilization that had lived hundreds of years before in Cambodia. Evidence had been found in the ancient Khymer monuments of Cambodia that established the Aryan tribes about 1000 B.C. Later when they built the two Angkors, they brought with them advanced religious conceptions, ancient secrets and wise men of the East. It was also said they brought a series of beings who ruled the world of psychical phenomena. Man could by profound concentration discover in himself what is divinely his from the eternal fount.

Our minds naturally went back to Plato's Atlantis and to Lemuria. These were highly advanced civilizations capable of levitating huge carved blocks of granites. By the same token, the very same kind of phenomena was evident in constructing the great pyramid of Gizeh. What methods did they use? Did they know the secret of nullifing gravity—or did they use some ancient secret to make tons of granite apparently weightless? Not that we wanted to link Angkor Wat or Angkor Thom with Lemuria, or with the great pyramid of Gizeh, but it did occur to us that the same principle of levitation could have been used. Unlike the pyramid of Gizeh the Angkor architecture is vastly different as various materials and numerous themes were used. Huge carved balusters, between them the surface engraved with square patterns in rosettes. From this background, stand out groups of graceful apsaras or celestial dancers with their rich conventional costumes

and splendid head-dress.

The point was and is, one that many flying saucer enthusiasts put their credence in. Did these advanced civilizations have help from another source? And why were these strange crafts still seen in the area of Ayudhya? Perhaps the answers would unfold when we arrived at the ancient city itself.

Because of the rains we had to delay our trip to Ayudhya for about two weeks but when we finally did arrive it proved just as interesting as Angkors Wat and Thom. While there was no similiarity in architecture, it had its own distinct style with glittering tapering pagodas and exquisite carpet-like roofs of blue, yellow, red and green lacquered elegancies that had stood the ravishes of age. Like Angkors Wat and Thom, why was this ancient city also destroyed? Did it mean that they too had progressed to the point where their talents were used to the end of evil, instead of good? Or did they disappear into another dimension? Historical record doesn't give the facts that way but it's always been worthy of consideration.

The ruins of Ayudhya fascinated us, and as we photographed we probed into the mystery of the ancient capitol. Our break came in an unexpected manner. The ruins are overrun as a grazing ground for water buffaloes from the nearby rice fields. I thought some of this might make an interesting group of shots and in inquiring into the matter of whether I might get such pictures from one of the local tenders, I thought I might as well ask questions about saucers. The tender's reply was gratifying, even though his knowledge of the English language was limited.

"They are seen on occasions," we were told.

"Do they make any sound at all?"

"Sometimes, they are strangely quiet—other times, there is a slight humming noise."

"Where do they come from?"

"From the mountains, there," he pointed expressively in the direction of the mountain range in the north.

My mind went back to Suppunica Snitswongs and her statement of **things that come from Heaven.** I knew now we had to go to Chiengmai and get more information, first hand.

I shot a parting question at the tender: "Tell me, have you ever seen any of the people from inside the fiery objects?"

"I have not," I was told honestly, "but others here have seen them."

"Can we meet one of the people who have talked to them?"

"That would be impossible, they would never talk of their experience with an outsider—"

The tender never quite finished and for a moment we relived the age old 'east-west' problem. Suddenly he bowed slightly and walked away slowly in the direction of the grazing water buffaloes. My partner had been listening silently as he generally did in matters of UFOs. I turned to him and shrugged helplessly.

"Well what do we do now, Mac?"

"You'd better come along with me to Chiengmai, I suppose—that is unless you have other suggestions."

"Chiengmai suits me fine," I smiled, "just fine."

Chiengmai is the second largest city in Siam and we immediately enjoyed the change of scenery. While the surroundings of Bangkok are flat and extend into seemingly endless rice paddies, Chiengmai in comparison has a mountainous countryside and is known for its famous teak forests.

We had hardly settled down after

checking into a local hotel when we began hearing things that made us hold our breath in avid anticipation. The Lahus had been feted again by the great fire gods, although not recently.

"How long ago?" I inquired anxiously.

"About two weeks ago," the hotel bearer informed us.

"Probably a forest fire," Mac snorted.

"Not forest fire," the bearer came back, "Chiengmai is in monsoon season."

I thought I understood rains and weather comparatively well; I was supposed to, being a pilot, but the monsoons were a weather all their own. Fifty inches of rainfall is a scant year there, and it has been known to go upward to a hundred inches. With that kind of rain, it could hardly have been a forest fire, especially during the monsoon season.

Ormond McGill had made a previous committment with Harold Young, an American naturalist who operated the local zoo and could not make the trek into the mountains above Chiengmai with me. Nonetheless it was through this connection I was able to acquire the services of a first-rate guide who was to take me deep into the teak forests.

We hired a driver who owned an English Landrover (somewhat like our American Jeeps) and two days later we started out to what I passionately hoped would be a real contribution to the field of UFOs. For five hours the driver painstakingly picked his way through mud puddles and boggy paths that seemed impassable. Finally he brought the Landrover to a halt.

"Can go no further," he said, "roads too bad."

Even though his words had to be translated, I had an idea of their meaning before the guide informed me. By now I knew my guide's name to be Loto and as I set about getting camera and equipment unloaded, Loto was making arrangements for our return trip to Chiengmai.

"Driver will wait here until we return," Loto informed, which gave me a feeling of security; that is, a temporary feeling of security.

"—But if monsoon brings much rain, he will have to leave . . . Otherwise Landrover get stuck in mud and cannot return to Chiengmai."

I had a momentary glimpse of us walking back. It was a horrible thought, but if I thought I would have to await our rendezvous before plodding through the sticky ground, I was wrong. A few minutes later Loto and I were up to our ankles in it. Fortunately for us, Siam abounds in areca palms and tropical plants which gave us plenty access to solid ground, even though wet and steamy. My one concern was my camera and film, which I tried desperately to keep dry.

Two hours of steady plodding under the broiling sun one minute and intermittent rains the next, brought us to the first of the hills, and another half-hour of scrambling saw us on a rather flat summit.

There was a distinct difference in the formation of the terrain, and the hills seemed to go on and on without hint of human habitation.

We walked about another hour on the summit, but because dark comes rather suddenly in the Orient, Loto picked a dry campsite and made excellent provisions for our needs. Forming a lean-to out of palm and banana leaves, he then set about gathering bread fruit, mongo and pineapples which tasted delicious with the boiled rice he also prepared.

When I awoke the next morning it was raining slightly. For a time

my eyes wandered about taking in the jungle wonders. I looked over to where Loto had slept and he was gone.

"Loto," I yelled.

I heard a rustle of bushes directly behind me, turning with a start I discovered my guide slithering back on his belly, drenched and muddy from the rain.

"Where have you been?" I inquired half angrily.

Loto motioned me to be quiet: "Somebody down there — behind rocks. . . . Me try to see who."

Among some of the wild animals in that area are the elephant, tiger, leopard-cat and while seen but rarely, the two-horned rhinoceros. Even though I am inclined toward an improvident nature, I had no desire to come face to face with that product. Furthermore, we were hardly prepared for such an encounter.

I noticed Loto's eyes straining in the direction of the rocks. I followed his gaze. Suddenly our perplexity was erased as we noticed a rather strange figure climbing up the hillside, his arm, with hand open, was raised in what was apparently a sign of reassurance.

"Lahu," Loto volunteered.

As the Lahu got nearer we judged him to be well advanced in years, but yet, different from the typical Siamese although there were the unmistakable characteristics of that race. The national costume is the **panumg,** a piece of cloth about a yard wide and about two and one half yards long. The middle of it is passed around the body, covering it from waist to the knees, and is hitched in front so that the two ends of equal length hang down evenly; these being twisted together and are passed back between the legs. Yet, comparatively few Siamese wear the panumg, however the Lahu probably knew nothing else.

"What brings the Lahu to our camp?" Loto greeted in local dialect. "Certainly he cannot be lost."

"Nay," came his reply, "it is to see my white brother," indicating me.

"Is this the first time you look upon a white man?"

"I have seen them before."

"Ask him," I shot to Loto, "what it is he wants of us."

I waited as my guide asked my question. Apparently Loto also decided to tell the Lahu of my interest in the fiery wheels. As they talked I examined the aboriginal's face. It seemed furrowed with a million tiny wrinkles. His eyes were almost coal black, inclined to the oblique, but they seemed to sparkle with a kind of perplexity when, I presume, Loto broached the question about flying saucers, or whatever they are called in the native Lahu dialect.

"He says it is true about the fiery wheels," Loto translated," but it is many days walk from here."

"Ask him if he will take us there." I inquired—then waited as Loto put the question to the aboriginal. His reply was a great disappointment.

"It would be a mission for nothing—they are not there now."

"Is the weather the reason they are no longer present?" I pushed.

The old Lahu smiled after my words had been translated.

"Your friend knows better," was all he would say.

I decided on a different approach.

"Tell him I have heard of the Lahu's great magic—perhaps the fiery wheels are objects of their own magic."

"Our magic is of a different nature."

I pondered for a brief moment,

then; "Perhaps he will take us to his village so that we can question his friends also."

As I talked the old native watched me speculatively, a queer flicker coming into his eyes. I could have sworn he understood what I said, as I said it. Nonetheless he listened attentively as Loto asked him my question.

"Even I," he said, "cannot return now because of the raging streams and muddy slopes—perhaps when the rains have gone."

It didn't take a meteorologist to know that once the monsoon season arrived, it was simply a matter of considerable time before the wet weather subsided, and while I secretly hoped that I might be able to locate the village of the Lahu, or better still, take pictures of a 'secret base' I still considered myself very lucky to get, what one might call, first hand information. I decided to take advantage of the contact and ply him with more questions.

I've since wondered whether some of the replies were figments of the Lahu's imagination, or whether they had some basis of facts. If they were facts, time could prove them revolutionary.

Loto asked him to draw a picture for me on the wet ground. He complied gladly. In a way it resembled a fire ball, with a kind of ray or tail, behind it. I immediately thought of an illustration, depicted on the Bayeaux Tapestry in the year 1066. It too, resembled the drawing the old Lahu designed. My mind raced back through bits of other information: From the Tibetan, Phylos and his accounts; of Chinese Taoist records relative to Chen Jen who was "born on the wings of the wind and traveled from planet to planet." From Ezekiel: 16 "—and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel."

I concluded one thing. Either the Lahu knew more than was being revealed at that moment, or else, their imagination had instigated rumors of an unprecedented nature and certainly gave the impression of flying saucers. On the other hand, how could anyone explain away the strange lights so often seen hovering near their villages?

My last recollection of the Lahu was as he stood waving a friendly goodbye. Time did not permit my remaining through the monsoon season, but of one thing I was certain: one day I would return to Siam and do a little more exploring into the subject of fiery wheels. When I do, I certainly hope it's stopped raining.

THE END

Barn Disappears In Puff Of Smoke

LUMBERTON, N. C., April 14.—Puzzled police and firemen called in an explosives expert today to try to solve the mystery of the vanishing barn.

Firemen said the 20-foot square tobacco barn, located just inside the city limits, "simply disappeared in a sort of explosion" last night, but an investigation indicated there had been no explosion.

There was some speculation that the barn might have been the victim of a freak tornado which hit the earth in only one place, but the Weather Bureau at Raleigh said no severe storms had been reported in the state and that atmospheric conditions in the Lumberton area were not right for a tornado.

A SAUCER – TWO MEN – and "LITTLE CREATURES"

(Reprinted from A.P.R.O. BULLETIN)

The following report is derived from news items appearing in Halsingborg, Dagblad, Svenks Dagbladet, Stockholms Tidningen, Dagen Nybeter and the Swedish magazine Se. The material was collected and translated by our special representative for Sweden—Mr. K. Gosta Rehn

Sighters: Merchant Hans Gustavsson, 25, and student Stig Rydberg, 30, both buddies and living together at Rydberg's mother's house, Langvinkelgatan, 26, Halsingborg, where the mother is engaged in a laundry business, Gustavsson helping as a driver. Photos show them as rather good-looking, well-groomed chaps.

Place of Sighting: Domsten near Halsingborg and near the straits of Cresund, dividing Denmark from Sweden.

Story: "We had been at a dance and drove home from Hoganas. Near Domsten in an opening in the pine woods, we suddenly saw a peculiar sight. We thought it came from some practice of the fire department. This was 2:55 a.m. on December 20th, 1958. Our curiosity aroused, we climbed out of the car to take a look walking some 10 meters toward the light, we both stopped aghast at the sight of what we both assumed was a "flying saucer," for we had seen some fancy drawings of them in the papers. The object's diameter was about 5 meters (about 16 feet), its height was about close to 1 meter (about 3 feet, 3 inches). It rested on three sort of legs. The craft was self-illuminating, but the glare was neither blinding nor warming. In the center of the light we thought we could distinguish a darker core.

"All of a sudden we were attacked by four lead-gray creatures, about 1.3 meters tall (a little over 4 feet) and about 40 centimeters broad (13 and ¾ inches). They seemed to lack extremities, looking sort of like scones or skittles, but when they attacked us we felt that they had a respectable grasping ability. They clutched firmly on to us and wanted to drag us towards the craft and we had to mobilize every resource to free ourselves. It was difficult to defend oneself, because one got no real hold on the jellylike creatures. "My right arm," says Rydberg, "sank as far as to the elbow deep into one of them, when I tried to box myself loose. When the creatures got near to you, they smelled like stale marsh."

Gustavsson continues: "At a time all four were on me. It is difficult to explain now in plain words, but I got the impression that the creatures read my thoughts. The second before I had time to get a coupling on them they parried the holds I was planning. Their raw strength was not particularly great, but they were tremendously technical. Luckily enough there was a pole with a camping sign on it just near where I was standing and I clutched my arms around the pole. This was my rescue."

Rydberg continues: "We have estimated that the struggle lasted 4-7 minutes. The creatures concentrated their efforts on Hans and suddenly I found myself free. They just ignored me. I took the oppor-

tunity and ran to the car in order to alarm people with the signal horn. Having my hand on the horn, I watched through the wind shield how Hans clutched firmly to the pole and how the lead-gray loaf-men teared at him so that he was spread horizontally in the air. But as soon as the blow of the horn sounded through the night, they released him so that he fell plump to the ground. I rushed to him. When I approached him the saucer rose. The light got more intense at its start and a smell that reminded us of ether and of burned sausages filled the air. But the most remarkable of all the things was the sound. It was a thin, high, intensive sound that you rather felt than heard. When the craft took off we were shaken by powerful extremely rapid vibrations that quite paralyzed us. The craft disappeared from our sight. It seemed to me that it rose straight up in the sky, but Hans claims that it disappeared out in an arch over the waters.

"Then we reeled back to the car. We felt thoroughly dazed. Our reasoning powers felt paralyzed and our tears were just streaming down. We just sat there in the car. About 15 minutes later we were clear enough in our heads that we could drive into Halsingborg City. Not until we came into the inner part of the city did we dare to talk to each other. The first thing we said was: "This we won't tell to anybody; they will laugh us down."

They kept this promise at first but when their relatives reacted to their strange looks, they got the explanation. When the neighbors were told and laughed also, the men thought it wise to contact the Defense and the papers to show that this was a serious adventure.

Gustavsson and Rydberg at first had a tendency to tell the story rather sketchily feeling that the details would make it seem all the more ridiculous. The above account is the final complete form. The observers stated that they had previously laughed at the idea of flying saucers but; now they say, "Now that we have experienced it, we look at it in another way, of course. No one could wish more ferevently than we for a natural explanation of the happenings. Therefore, we place ourselves at the disposal of any kind of investigation that is suggested, no matter if this concerns ourselves as individuals or as participants in the strange adventure."

A physician named Ingeborg Kjellin (MD) examined the men on January 8th. He signed a sanity testimonial for them. (The explanation that the men had seen a herring boat and its crew which had run aground at Domsten was at first widely accepted. When it was discovered that the boat had freed itself and left on 18 December, this explanation was necessarily abandoned.)

The excitement around the occurrence rose. January 10th papers reported a new testing of the men by Lars Erick Essen and Kilhelm Hellsten, both M.D.s of Halsingborg. They applied a so-called hypnoanalysis on the men. The physicians state: "At times it was a cross-examination that certainly was as sharp as any conducted by the military or by the police—but both of them responded quite softly to the test, which fact also is characteristic of the method. Dr. Essen tested them particularly as to eventual hallucinations but the test disclosed that they had gotten their experience directly **from the outside** and that they could also coordinate quite clearly as to other experiences outside those in issue.

It also developed with all the dis-

tinctness desirable that they have been right in the occurrence described. The only wrong impression they might have gotten concerned those shapes of little men; however, that is quite understandable. Thus, any clues as to contact with these odd specimens failed. On the other hand it is beyond doubt that the men happened to encounter a field of force of enormous strength, which accounts for their impression of little men who pulled them in.

The account that was given on this occasion was largely the same as the previous one and to which they had stuck. Just in a few detailed perceptions it deviated. This fact strengthens the view that the experiences related during this later test was more true and credible. The reason for this is that their earlier accounts contained small ex post facto constructions, done not only subconsciously during the innumerable times of recounting their stories for interview or examination purposes—thus influencing each other. Now was left the pure and real experience which in all essentials was the same for both of them.

Dr. Essen says, "It may be added that the boys' attitude was of a very sober kind. They do not want to put any frills on any feature, stuff it out, or to interpret their experiences; they want only to communicate them." He also said, "They were both very receptive to this form of analysis and I hold as a matter of result that it was one of the most successful analyses I ever made."

By this time the Swedish Defense organization had rallied. They arranged a police and military examination of the young men. On January 18th, Svenska Dagbladet revealed that the military psychologist Dr. Michael Wachter conducted most of the hearings which lasted 12 hours. The following is summary of the findings of this hearing:

"It developed that Rydberg was freed from military service because of agoraphobia (a morbid fear of being in an open space) in 1948. Both men have not got any real training for any trade. Rydberg appeared to be the leader. He is more talkative than Gustavsson. Rydberg makes a nervous impression. He shifts his position according to what he deems to be most favorable to support his trustworthiness. He seems somewhat afraid and tries to guard himself. When he gets pressed, his constant resort is to refer to his experience and state that he cannot help that he has experienced it.

"That the scuffle or fight was kept secret for some time the investigators find peculiar (sic). His statements lack stringency, they are diffuse, sometimes directly unreasonable or also proven incorrect. He exploits to a certain extent his situation, aiming at the fact that he has voluntarily put himself at the disposal of the cross-examiners and he seems also to utilize the delicate position of the examiners with regard to the interest of the press and other circles in the matter.

"Gustavsson is not so talkative," says Dr. Wachter. "He often replies as if he rattles off a lesson. He refers to what he has said earlier and does not intend to say anything else. Somebody might have told Gustavsson to stick to his story and not to deviate a bit from it. Gustavsson is a fit victim for suggestive influence. As to Rydberg, it is not unreasonable to hold that the spiritualistic interests of his mother might have given him considerable impulses toward his world of conceptions.

"Summing up: The credibility of both men ought to be strongly put in question. They are to be deemed as possessing a lesser reliability. Both seem to be convinced of the truth of

their experiences. The possibility that the issue here is of a direct invention cannot be excluded. Most probably is that Rydberg is a victim of autosuggestion and that he in his turn has influenced Gustavsson. Irrespective of their subjective conviction there are weighty reasons present to seriously question the trustworthiness of both men as witnesses in this matter." (End of hearing summation.)

Here we have a good indication that the ridicule technique is being understudied in Sweden now. Gustavsson and Rydberg, however, are not through. Concerning the Defense staff report (above) they had this to say: (1) The representatives of the defense staff were very skeptical and the investigation done by them was hum-drum, routine and nonchalant. (2) The psychologist was German-born and they could only partially understand him. (3) No earth specimens were taken for examination at Domsten although defense staff men ran around the area with a tape measure (?!) for a couple of hours—the only other equipment they brought with them was a tape recorder which was out of order.

(Editor's note: This is not the first instance to come to our attention involving a supposed "force field" which held a binding attraction for the men involved. CSI Los Angeles (now out of business since 1954) a group made up primarily of qualified technical people, carried an article by an anonymous individual in their Winter, 1954 magazine (Vol. 1, No. 4). It described the close sighting of an object which caused the observer to feel "a growing desire to join himself to the thing." He said it was somewhat like hypnosis from what he had observed—although he had never been a successful subject for hypnosis. This individual consulted a competent physicist for an answer to this specific mystery. The Doctor said that "it had long been recognized that sudden and great exposure to gamma rays had an effect such as he had tried to describe.")

Family Of Seven Disappears

(KIDNAPPED BY SAUCERS?)

SILVER LAKE, Minn. — Dec. 29, 1958 the seven members of the Earl Zurst family vanished without trace. And to the 600 residents of this central Minnesota village the mystery of their whereabouts is as deep as the day they disappeared.

The young building contractor, his wife and five children were last seen Dec. 29. Their ranch style home, built by Zurst on the north edge of town, was found unlocked a day or two later.

The Christmas tree was still standing and all the household furnishings remained. Utilities were not shut off. Only their car, some heavy clothing and possibly some bath linens were found to be missing.

The family's disappearance resembles two similar cases, still unsolved, involving complete families that vanished in Oregon and Virginia.

"They're good people, and we're all concerned," Mayor Joe W. Gehlen said of Zurst, 30, his wife Caroline, 28, and the children, Sandra, 10, Susan, 8, Terry, 5, Douglas, 3, and Russell, 2.

Zurst was a member of the Village Council for the last five years and a lifelong resident here.

Sheriff Leon Odegaard said he has questioned the many relatives and friends of the family and hasn't turned up a clue to their whereabouts.

The sheriff said Zurst had been to the courthouse in Glencoe a day or so before he disappeared. He obtained copies of birth certificates for the entire family, but gave no hint of why he wanted them.

Deputy Sheriff Frank Lipke said there were no unusual withdrawals from Zurst's bank account and that his balance is about normal.

The COMING *of the* SAUCERS

By KENNETH ARNOLD

The Best Saucer Book Of Them All!

PART VI

By popular request, FLYING SAUCERS reproduces this sensational book, which has been out of print for more than five years. Here you will read the true story that Mr. Arnold found impossible to tell over the air on CBS' "Armstrong Circle Theatre" teleshow. This is the sixth installment. Copies of PARTS 1 thru V are still available.

Chapter IX The Strange Foo Fighters

ONE OF the most baffling mysteries of the second World War were strange aerial apparitions in the shape of blazing balls which were encountered over Truk Lagoon, in the skies of Japan, the West Rhine area of Alsace-Lorraine and over the Bavarian Palatinate. They were met by U.S. night fighter pilots at night, by U.S. day bomber squadrons and by some British air pilots.

These weird balls of fantastic and variable speeds, glowed from orange to red and white and back to orange, and appear to have been sighted first at 10 p.m. on November 23, 1944, by a U.S. pilot in the area north of Strasbourg in Alsace-Lorraine. Three nights later they were again seen by a U. S. pilot flying in the same area. They were seen for a third time on the night of December 22-23, 1994, by a U.S. pilot flying a mission over the same area.

Just before the Allies overran and captured the secret German experimental stations east of the Rhine these balls vanished. But in no such station was the slightest clue discovered even hinting that the Nazi technicians had invented and flown these mysterious blazing balls.

Over Japan, Nipponese air pilots met the blazing balls and took them to be secret and mysterious aerial devices of the Americans or the Russians. On the other hand, equally mystified U.S. pilots supposed that the balls were a curious device thought up by Japan as a last-ditch expedient to stave off mass-bombing raids.

One pilot chatting in the mess with others who had met the balls

on night flights—and had been "ribbed" by intelligence officers who heard their reports—had a brain wave. "Let's call the so and so's **foo fighters,**" he said. The name stuck. It seems to have been suggested by a comic strip in which one "Smokey Stover" said: "Yeah, if there's **foo,** there's fire." Probably the slang word **foo** is a corruption of the French word **feu,** or fire.

A foo fighter was seen from the ground by Harold **T.** Wilkins on November 2, 1950:

"At 6:20 p.m. I went into the garden of this house at Bexleyheath, Kent, which stands on a low hill and has a commanding view of a region of Kent just twelve miles from Charing Cross in central London. I merely sought a breath of fresh air and was looking for nothing. Glancing up casually into the starry sky, I suddenly saw a yellow luminous ball appear in the southern quadrant of the sky. It flew silently, with no gas or spark-emission, on a level trajectory and at no great velocity. It vanished into a belt of cumulus cloud near the zenith. It did not reappear. Was no sort of balloon, weather or cosmic. Was no meteor, and no sort of pyrotechnic. Its altitude was about 2,500 feet up and it shone with lunar brilliancy."

Next morning the **London Daily Telegraph** reported that on the same night but one hour and forty minutes later people on the Herts-Bucks border, some twenty-five miles west, were mystified by a strange orange light flashing across the sky and visible for some seconds. Some thirty miles west of the Herts-Bucks border is the British Ministry of Supply's atomic station of Harwell, Berks.

Exactly three weeks earlier—October 12, 1950—a woman cycling from Gloucester City, England, reached the Barnwood suburb of the town when, as she told the local newspaper:

"I was startled at 11:15 p.m. that night to see four lights, like huge stars, stationary over Barnwood. After a few moments their lights began to wink in and out . . . Two friends tell me they saw these lights that same night and that two of them moved over a hill about two miles away. I refuse to believe they were airplanes."

It was at 10 p.m. on November 23, 1944, when Lieutenant Edward Schluter, U.S. pilot of the 415th Night Fighter squadron, stationed at Dijon, in south central France, took off from Dijon, on a routine patrol to intercept German planes west of the Rhine between Strasbourg and Mannheim. As the crow flies he had to fly 150 miles on a patrol that would take him east over the Vosges mountains, a very lonely, grim and isolated range buttressing the westward approaches to the Rhine.

Schluter is a finely built man, the last word in aeronautical efficiency, and a very experienced night fighter of the second World War. He is a native of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. With him, in the darkened cockpit of the plane, were the radar observer, Lieutenant Donald J. Meiers, and an intelligence officer, Lieutenant F. Ringwald. Nothing happened till their plane had crossed the Vosges and they had sighted the shining waters of the Rhine, rolling rapidly toward Mainz.

The sky that night was clear, with light clouds. Visibility was good and the moon was in the first quarter. U.S. radar stations, covering all U.S. pilots in that area, had not notified the crew of any other plane in the sky. Some way to the east, Schluter could see the white steam jetted from the smokestack of a

German freight locomotive, running in black-out conditions, with fire-box door clamped up and blinded.

At this time, in 1944, Germany stood at bay and the Allies were closing in on her. Some 20 miles north of Strasbourg, Lieutenant Ringwald, the U.S. intelligence officer, glanced to the west and noticed eight or ten balls of red fire moving at an amazing velocity. They seemed to be in formation and could be seen clearly from the darkened cockpit of the U.S. night fighter.

"Say," said Ringwald to Schluter, "look over there at the bright lights on those hills yonder. What are they?"

Schluter: "Hell, buddy, there are no hills over there! I should say they were stars. You don't need me to tell you that it is not easy to guess at the nature of lights on night flights. . . . Not when they are distant, as these are."

Ringwald: "Stars, d'ye say? I don't reckon they are stars. Why, their speed is terrific!"

Schluter: "Maybe they are just reflections from our own 'plane. We are going pretty fast."

Ringwald: "I am certain, absolutely sure, that those lights are not reflected from us."

Schluter gazed hard at the lights. They were now off his port wing. He got into radio telephone with one of the ground radar stations.

"There are about ten Heinie night fighters around here in the sky. Looks as if they are chasing us and their speed is high. I'll say it is!"

U.S. radar station: "You guys must be nuts! Nobody is up there but your own plane. Ain't seein' things, are you?"

Meiers in the plane glanced at the radarscope. No enemy planes showed up on the screen! Schluter now maneuvered the fighter for action and headed toward the lights. They were blazing red. Suddenly they seemed to vanish into thin air! Two minutes later they reappeared but now a long way off. It looked as if they were aware of being chased. Six minutes later the balls did a glide, levelled out, and vanished.

None of the occupants of the U.S. night fighter could make out what the red balls were. Schluter guessed they might be some German experimental devices like the red, green, blue and white and yellow rockets that flashed up amid the flak of antiaircraft batteries when a big enemy raid was on.

But the bewildered night fighter pilots did not let this mystery spoil their mission. Lieutenant Schluter that night bombed hell out of eight fast German freight trains on the Rhine railroads. Back at the base at Dijon, knowing they would not be believed by intelligence higher-ups and might be charged with hallucinations and war neurosis, Schluter and his two companions said nothing. They made no report to base at Dijon.

On November 27, 1944, another act in the **foo fighter** drama was staged. Lieutenant Henry Giblin, native of Santa Rosa, California, was flying a U.S. night fighter in the Alsace-Lorraine region, south of Mannheim-am-Rhein. He had with him Lieutenant Walter Cleary of Worcester, Mass., as radar-observer. As they were approaching the German town of Speyer on the Rhine south of Mannheim, they got a shock. Some 1,500 feet above their own plane a "hell of a huge fiery orange light" shot across the night sky at an estimated speed of 250 miles per hour. Again U.S. ground radar stations reported when called: "No enemy machines in the vicinity. Only your own plane in the sky over there."

Giblin and Cleary decided to say

nothing to intelligence, fearing ridicule from higher quarters. It is not wise for a war-time flyer to take such a risk. Let some one else do the reporting!

No other observations of queer things in the sky came the way of the U.S. 415th Night Fighter squadron until three days before Christmas, 1944. On December 22, 1944, Lieutenant David McFalls, of Cliffside, N. C., and Lieutenant Edward Baker, radar observer, of Hemat, Calif., were flying 10,000 feet just south of Hagenau in the old German Rieichsland. Hagenau is 20 miles north of Strasbourg and 16 miles west of the Rhine.

Here is the report of U.S. pilot Giblin:

"At 0600 (six p.m.), near Hagenau, at 10,000 feet altitude, two very bright lights climbed toward us from the ground. They leveled off and stayed on the tail of our plane. They were huge bright orange lights. They stayed there for two minutes. On my tail all the time. They **were under perfect control.** Then they turned away from us, and the fire seemed to go out."

On the night of December 24, 1944, McFalls and Baker had another amazing experience. Here is their report:

"A glowing red ball shot straight up to us. It suddenly changed into an airplane which did a wing over! Then it dived and disappeared."

In 1947, Kenneth Ehlers, of the Landing Aids Experimental Station at Arcata, California, directed a C-47 pilot to fly to a certian location, because of the appearance on his radarscope of what are technically called "discontinuities." There appeared to be three signals, denoting that three aircraft were passing over the airfield at Arcata. Yet, when the pilot reached the spot in the air, he saw nothing nor did his instruments record any electrical reactions.

So far in 1944 the pilots of the 415th squadron had seen these weird balls at night and despite the ridicule of higher-ups and the medical and psychiatric skeptism, other reports began to be made. In the Pacific theater pilots began to be warned before starting out on missions that if they met strange phenomena in the sky they need not conclude that they were suffering from hysteria, war-induced neurosis, or hallucinations. Pilots talking war "shop" in the messes called the balls **krauts,** or **kraut balls.** British night fighter pilots thought the **foo fighters** were secret German experimental devices, perhaps intended to strike fear in a war of nerves. Some U.S. intelligence officers supposed they were radio-controlled objects sent up to baffle radar, in the same way of the foil "window" that was dropped to confuse the radar watchers.

There is the case of a U.S. bomber pilot of the 8th U.S. Air Force. He reported that he saw 15 **foo fighters** following his plane at a distance, with their lights winking on and off. A U.S. P-47 pilot saw 15 **foo fighters** by day at or near Neustadt in the same Rhenish area, some 40 miles west of the Rhine and 55 miles northwest of Strasbourg.

Here is his report:

"We were flying west of Neustadt when a golden sphere, which shone with a metallic glitter, appeared, slowly moving through the sky. The sun was not far above the sky line, which made it difficult to say whether or not the sun's rays were reflected from it or whether the glow came from within the ball itself."

A second P-47 (Thunderbolt) pilot also saw the same or another "golden, or phosphorescent, ball which appeared to be about four or five

feet in diameter flying 2,000 feet up."

By this time the higher-ups in the U.S. Air Force had been forced to take notice of the increasing reports of level-headed pilot-observers. It was no longer enough to wave these reports away with a smile and half-serious reference to hallucination and combat-neuroses. Nor were the men satisfied at the explanation that they were flares. Whoever saw a flare that behaved as did the **foo fighters?** Flares are not maneuverable!

The final attempt at a brush-off came from New York, in January, 1945, when "scientists" insulted the intelligence of the men of 415th. The New York scientific wallahs said the men of the 415th and the 8th Air Force had been seeing St. Elmo's lights! It may be noted that St. Elmo's lights are seen on sea and land in times of electrical meteorological conditions. They have been seen at the top of Pike's Peak, from ships' mast-heads, and from the tops of towers and spires. In the days of Julius Caesar there was one occasion when these lights flashed from the tops of the spears of his legionaries. In our own time the White Star Liner **Germanic** in mid-Atlantic, ran into a heavy thunderstorm at 1 a.m. Electrical flames one and a half inches long jetted from the foremast truck and **small balls,** one-half inch to two and one-half inches in diameter, ran up and down the mast but were "tied" to it.

But what possible resemblance could there have been between these weird **foo fighters,** under intelligent control, and St. Elmo's lights?

In 1945 the **foo fighters** made their appearance in the seas of the Far East—the other side of the globe from the German Rhine—over Japan, and over Truk Lagoon. Crews of U.S. B-29 bombers reported to intelligence that balls of fire of mysterious types came up from below their cockpits over Japan, hovered over the tails of their bombers, winked their lights from red to orange, then back from red to white. It was the same thing that had happened a few months before on the other side of the globe over the Rhine! Here too the weird balls were inoffensive—just nosey and exploratory, albeit unnerving.

One night a B-29 pilot rose into a cloud in order to shake one of these balls of fire. When his plane emerged from the cloud-bank the ball was still following behind him! He said it looked to be about three and one-half feet wide and glowed with a strange red phosphorescence. It was spherical, with not one sign of any mechanical appendage such as wings, fins, or fuselage. It followed his bomber for five or six miles and he lost sight of it as the dawn light rose over Mount Fujiyama, some 60 miles southerly of Tokyo. Here it seemed to vanish into thin air!

The B-29's found that even at top speed they could not outdistance these balls of fire. Some 12,000 feet up over Truk Lagoon in the Caroline archipelago, a pilot of a B-24 **Liberator** was startled by the sudden appearance of two glowing red lights that shot up from below and for 75 minutes followed on his tail. One flaming ball turned back while the other still dogged his bomber. It maneuvered in such a way as to suggest intelligent direction from some remote control. It came abreast of the **Liberator,** then it shot ahead, and for 1,500 yards held the lead. After that it fell behind. Its speed was immensely variable.

As dawn came, the strange ball climbed some 16,000 feet above him

into the sunshine. In the night hours the pilot noticed changes in the colors of the ball, which were precisely what had been seen over the Rhine, in 1944. It was just a sphere with no appendages.

The pilot radioed to base and had the reply: "No; no enemy planes are near you. Your own bomber is the only one up there, as the radar-scope shows."

Now while the **foo fighters** were making their appearance in the Far Eastern theater, they were, at about the same time in January, 1945, again sighted by pilots of the U.S. 415th Night Fighter squadron. These pilots reported to U.S. intelligence at the Dijon base, that over Western Germany they had met the blazing balls alone, in pairs, and in formations. One pilot said that three formations of these lights, red and white in color, followed his plane. He suddenly reduced speed and apparently took them off guard. They came on with undiminished speed and then, to avoid any collision, also reduced speed and fell back, though still dogging him.

From ground radar came the usual reply: "Nothing up there but your own plane!"

On another occasion, when the queer formation of **foo fighters** got on the tail of a U.S. night fighter of 415th squadron, the perplexed and exasperated pilot swung his craft around and headed for them at top speed! As he came, the lights vanished into thin air. They simply were no longer there.

Note what this pilot reported:

"As I passed where they had been I'll swear I felt the propeller backwash of invisible planes!"

Came the reply from a derisive ground radar station:

"Are you fellows all loco? You must be crazy! You're up there all alone!"

The puzzled pilot flew on and, glancing back, was now startled to see that the balls had reappeared about half a mile astern of his plane. He thought to himself: "I'll show these spook planes a trick!" The night was starry but, near the zenith, was a bank of cumulus cloud. He headed his plane at top speed right into the mass of cloud. Then he throttled back and glided down for about 1,800 feet. He turned the machine around and headed back from the cloud the way he had entered it, but on a much lower level. Sure enough, the balls had been caught napping! They emerged from the cloud ahead but now on a course opposite to his own!

It is true that, when the Allies overran Germany, no more **foo fighters** were seen. On the other hand, when secret German experimental stations were seized and their secrets examined by intelligence men, nothing was found blueprinting plans for blazing balls that can be made visible or invisible in the wink of an eyelid! Such a discovery would have been the most tremendous accomplishment of mid-twentieth-century science! It could not have been kept secret!

WE WILL CONCLUDE THE REPUBLICATION OF THIS OUT-OF-PRINT SAUCER BOOK IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

GET YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND ON MAY 15th.

There's INTELLIGENT LIFE *On the* MOON!

Even as this is being written, another American Moon Shot is scheduled. As you read this, it may have proven successful--but what will be the information gleaned from it? Will you be told anything sensational about the Moon? Or will you be told the same nothing that has been released in the past ten years about the strange things astronomers have been seeing on our mysterious satellite? They won't talk about it; perhaps because the subject has become painfully embarrassing. But the truth of the matter is that we've seen enough to make it imperative that we find out for sure! What is it the Russians learned on their close pass at the Moon that makes Kruschev offer the most fantastic proposal of all time--to quit rocket experiment FOREVER! Here, in this sensational article (all quite firmly documented,) are facts that will stun you, as they have us. If you can't stand to have your preconceived notions shattered, stop reading right now. If you read on, prepare to tear the chapter on The Moon out of your astronomy textbook.

What about the moon? Isn't it a fact that it is a "dead" world; that it is completely airless; that it has no water, no vegetation, no life; that its face bears the scars of the impact of giant meteors which have left gaping craters; that its "days" are periods of intense heat, above the boiling point of water at Earth sea level; that its "nights" are periods of terrible cold almost at the point of absolute zero; that its plains are expanses of cosmic dust that no wind ever disturbs; that its "seas" are not seas at all, but arid plains or stretches of solidified lava from great prehistoric eruptions; that its volcanoes are long dead? If you took a course in astronomy in school, you know that these are facts that nobody questions; or if you read up on the subject in a manual of astronomy, you are familiar with their voice of authority on the subject. If you've ever looked through a moderately large telescope, you have seen for yourself the bleak expanse of a dead world.

Don't fool yourself—not a word of it is true! Oh yes, the "craters" are there, and the immensely high mountains (much higher than mountains of Earth, which is considerably larger). And it is possible that the craters are the result of long-ago meteoric impacts; or of equally long-ago volcanic eruptions; or both. Actually, no one knows precisely how these strange markings came about. But beyond these salient features of the Moon, all the rest is sheer theory and mistaken observation and conclusion!

There are two ways we can observe the moon: We can look at it through a telescope, either visually or by photography. Usually we get best results from photography; and also, eye-viewing is tiresome and a strain, so much so that sometimes the eyes play strange tricks (or so say the astronomers whose eyes have played strange tricks on them while viewing the moon). We can also

"view" the moon by means of a varied assortment of gadgets, such as the spectroscope, which breaks down the moonlight and analyzes it to determine the elements present; or the infra-red thermocouple, which measures temperature.

When the Big Eye, as the 200-inch telescope is called, was trained on the moon, great expectations were shattered. Actually, less was to be seen than with the smaller telescopes. The magnification was almost too great—because not only was the surface of the moon magnified, but the disturbances in Earth's atmosphere also, which greatly hindered detailed examination. The best instrument for viewing the moon is a telescope in the 24" to 30" classification, such as the Schmidt.

Examining the moon with the spectroscope is singularly unproductive, and the results obtained are largely negative ones. For instance, examination for atmosphere shows 100% "lack" of everything, including oxygen. Without oxygen, of course, life is impossible. If there is an atmosphere, say astronomers, it is frozen solid at "night" and when melting in the "daytime" is almost impossible to detect, although some astronomers have reported a suspicion of an atmosphere detectable just after sunrise on the moon.

No air? Then what is it that causes meteors to become incandescent before they strike the surface? Oh yes, these plunging, flaming "shooting stars" have been observed repeatedly. They pass through something that provides sufficient friction to heat them to the point of giving off visible light. Not oxygen, perhaps, but some kind of gas.

No air? Then what are those "clouds" that are sometimes visible? And what strange medium is it that "refracts" light? If not air or water, then what?

But let's not dally any longer—let's get right down to cases and quotes. Let's begin by taking up the subject of those meteors that are constantly plunking down on the unprotected moon-surface. Here's what astronomer Nininger had to say about them: Some 70,000 meteors per hour should fly at Luna. With no atmospheric blanket, they must smash into the surface at speeds of 40 to 70 miles per second. As a result, the surface of the moon should be blasted and churned and pulverized into a blanket of dust many feet deep. The U.S. Army agreed with him. They said that even the tiniest solid object meeting another solid object at speeds much less than 40 miles per second (as little as one tenth that speed) would explode like a shell from a cannon. A meteorite weighing upwards of 10 pounds hitting the moon at 70 miles per second would stir up a ruckus as big as an atom bomb, and all the dust to go with it. Most astronomers went along with this view.

Astronomer Walter Haas, of Ohio State University estimated a 10-pound meteorite would make a big enough explosion to show in a telescope. In 1941 he organized a team of observers to watch for flashes due to meteorites hitting the moon, and on the night of July 10, 1941, Haas himself saw two flashes within the space of five minutes. Flashes, but no evidence of giant dust clouds. In a total observation time of 170 hours, his team of observers saw 12 fireballs flash across the dark disk of the moon. He attached no significance to this, or if he did, chose to ignore any implications except the desired one; that what was seen was the flash of impact.

In 1946 the U.S. Signal Corps, which had begun to be very inter-

ested in radar soundings of space, decided to turn their instrument on the moon. Peculiarly and coincidentally enough, astronomer Z. Bay of Hungary also began to take radar soundings of the moon. Try as they might, they could not find an area of the moon where the dust blanket was more than average of 1/25th of an inch!

This was something the astronomical experts couldn't swallow, so they began a study of lunar dust by means of the new science of polarization. There was no doubt about it—volcanic dust strewed the moon. Elated at their victory, they went too far—they turned their attention to Mars, Venus and every other body they could reach—only to find out that the same volcanic dust strewed them all with e q u a l impartiality. Mercury, Vesta, tiny asteroids incapable of having volcanoes, all showed volcanic dust. Back to the moon, and more detailed study—this time of the sheer walls of crater cliffs. The same amazing layer of volcanic dust, defying gravity, hanging to perpendicular walls as if glued there.

Both the volcanic theory and the meteor theory were blasted into fictional category. But unfortunately the books had already been printed, so there the two theories remain, buried in non-existent dust. Both you and the books will become dust one day, but it won't be moon dust!

The next "fact" to face attack was the moon's lack of atmosphere. Mathematically, it is easy to prove that it is scientifically impossible for the moon to have an atmosphere because lunar gravity, one-sixth that of Earth, is too weak to hold the fast-moving molecules of atmospheric gases, even at ordinary temperatures. But under the impetus of "daytime" 212° (Fahrenheit) readings, it is wholly apparent that all the molecules have escaped into space. Proof of this was easy to obtain. Atmosphere produces clouds—no clouds had ever been seen on the moon. Atmosphere refracts (bends) light, and when the moon passed in front of a star, its light was not bent so that it "jumped" out of place at the last moment. But some persistent observers kept watching, and before long, reports of refraction began to come in. Came also reports of clouds: red, gray, white—some so dense they cast shadows. On some occasions, the crater Plato, which is 3,000 square miles in area, is seen to cloud over almost entirely. Some of the craters near the poles are observed to whiten at the rims as though frost or snow has been deposited on them. The fireballs seen by Haas and his crew, leaving long fiery trails behinds them as they crossed the dark area of the moon transversely, could only have been ignited to incandescence by friction with some sort of atmosphere.

But how could the spectroscope, for instance, be so wrong? Recently this worried the Russians, and they put one in a Sputnik. In a spasm of ill-mannered humor, they directed the spectroscope back toward the Earth, and thereby gained the bitter hatred of many astronomer authors of books on interplanetary spectroscopy—because the faithful instrument reported blithely that Earth's atmosphere showed a complete lack of oxygen, thereby making it incapable of supporting human life. You and I (and the astronomers) were spectroscoped right out of existence. If the Martians look at us t h r o u g h their spectroscopes, they are complacently aware that we do not exist. Those few lichens that cling to our bleak surface can never pose a threat to their existence.

Some inquiring persons, thus find-

ing questionable features in spectroscopy, began also to question polarization. Could it be that the studies showed universal volcanic dust on all interplanetary bodies because what was being studied was merely volcanic dust in Earth's own atmosphere, which intervened, and which is always present to a greater or lesser degree? It could be, and it was! None of the polarizers could prove otherwise.

Back to their telescopes went the observers, and back came the eye-strain. Once more things began to be seen that were not explainable except as eye-strain. To go back and list some of the older cases of eye-strain, let's begin with Gruithuisen. 130 years ago he noted some weird markings just north of crater Schroeter. They were curious formations of criss-cross lines and squares that bore a startling resemblance to today's long-range aerial photos of city blocks and streets. Gruitheisen was branded a crackpot for calling his discovery a city, but the non-crackpots could not offer a better explanation, although when they looked where he pointed, they saw the markings precisely as he had.

This wasn't the first "city" to be discovered. There are large ones in the craters named Plato and Gassendi. Later, Gruithuisen's "city" seemed to be growing. Several new "blocks" and "streets" were added, and the streets lengthened. If this was a city, there was new construction going on. Nininger found what appeared to be a glassed-lined tunnel 20 miles long connecting craters Pickering and Messier. He theorized this was caused by a glancing meteorite, although the debris that should be scattered about is not observable. As we have previously seen, even if the debris was pulverized into dust, it still is not there.

In December, 1915, crater Aristarchus suddenly developed a long black wall that ran from its center to one rim. In 1922 three long "mounds" showed up on the floor of crater Archimedes. Three more, arranged in the form of a triangle, appeared shortly after, and were seen to be connected by low walls. The French reported a long curving wall, and another with arches that resembled those of a viaduct.

Near crater Birt is a queer upthrust formation that looks like a sword—or the spire of a cathedral. But the oddest of all formations, a crater named Linne, got its reputation for oddity about 80 years ago. Up to then, it had been a small black crater on the vast expanse of Mare Serenitatis. But one night, astronomer Schmidt, in Athens, happened to be looking at it when it changed from a black cone to a white pyramid edged with black. Then it disappeared completely. A few nights later that area was as empty of a crater cone as if it had never existed. Astronomers the world over were amazed. They were even more amazed when Linne suddenly reappeared. Finally it disappeared, and remained away so long that lunar maps were changed, leaving it off. To drive the map-makers crazy, it reappeared after the maps were printed. Then, during an eclipse, it blazed out like a lighthouse. Another time, when its area was in the dark portion of the moon, a white spot was seen slowly climbing up its slope. The last antic of Linne has been to turn into a large gray spot that changes shape and size. What it will be when you read this is anybody's guess.

But Linne wasn't the only disappearing crater. Early in the nineteenth century, Schroeter was studying the moon's wobble by the ad-

vance and retreat of the sunlit rim. For a reference point from which to measure, he used the 23-mile crater Alhazen in Mare Crisium because it was near the northeast rim and stood out prominently.

About six years ago British astronomer H. P. Wilkins was hard at work on his magnificent eight-foot map of the lunar surface. Checking on Alhazen, he discovered to his amazement that it wasn't there any more. Where it had been was just vacant space. Wilkins, decided that Alhazen had followed the example of Linne and changed its color, but this time a color that merged exactly with its surroundings. It was still there, reasoned Wilkins, just not visible. But search as he might, he could not find any evidence of its shadow, which could not have changed its color.

In May, 1877, Klein saw a large and conspicuous object in the crater Hyginus. It hadn't been seen by anybody before, but it could not be missed now. It was named Hyginus N, and shortly thereafter it disappeared as though it had never been. A year later it popped up again. It vanished, came back again, vanished a final time. In its place is a big black gash.

Proclus changes from dusky gray to pure white with brilliant streaks. In Eratosthenes, large spots change size and shape from one night to the next. Other spots appear near the center of Ptolemy. Spots in Plato, Aristarchus, Schickard, Hyginus and others go through a regular schedul of changes. A large dark patch east of Aristarchus can be seen with the naked eye. Photographed in blue, infra-red or ultra-violet light it becomes coal black. Photographed by yellow light it disappears completely.

Astronomer Walter Haas thinks the patches are radioactivity areas. To prove his point, he set another team of observers to work during the eclipse of August 26, 1942. During the eclipse, two dark patches popped up in Atlas and remained for four hours after the eclipse. A cloud on Conon got smaller; and not to be outdone, Linne shrank in size while brightening considerably. Firmicus and Webb darkened, but spots in Grimaldi got into the act by one of them darkening while the other brightened. Pico and Ricciolo sported their own parade of changing features. During the eclipse of 1949, Aristarchus went crazy with moving spots, glowing lights, and assorted antics. Haas turned a thermocouple on craters Grimaldi and Eratosthenes during the 1949 eclipse and found that whereas the darkness temperature has been measured at 250° below zero, the patches in these two craters were very much warmer. Radioactivity, said he. Volcanoes said others. But when Dicke and Beringer took lunar temperatures with a radio device, they didn't agree with thermocouple readings at all. Now nobody knows what is hotter or colder or why. The argument seems destined to go on until one of our rockets reaches the moon to take on-the-spot readings.

Black blotches on the moon seem to flit about with no rhyme or reason. Shadows are supposed to be cast by objects, yet in Plinius and Copernicus (on the same night) a whole group of black blotches appeared. A few weeks later a huge blot perched atop the rampart of Gassendi, above one of the "city" formations, stayed for a few nights, then went away. A similar black blot, but this one surrounded with a halo of brilliant white, appeared in Plinius. In October, 1916, a red-tinted shadow swept across Plato. Similar red shadows

hovered over Hercules and Gassendi on different occasions. Two British astronomers on an expedition in New Zealand saw "a large part of the moon covered with a dark shadow equalling the shadow of the Earth during an eclipse," but there was no eclipse. Something huge had to cast that shadow, but what could it have been? Certainly not that of any known body. Dr. F. B. Harris, on January 27, 1912, saw "an intensely black object about 50 miles by 250 miles in size, which resembled a crow poised, as near as anything".

Lights keep winking at us from the moon. Such as the extremely bright triangles that appeared on the moon's lower limb, then vanished, only to be replaced three minutes later by two vast black triangles obscuring almost a fourth of the lunar surface. They looked like slices of pie notched out of the edge of Mother's Best by impatient little boys. The triangles crept toward each other, and finally merged. Then they vanished. Professor John Haywood has seen the whole dark disk of the moon glowing with a weird misty light. Reverend Rankin and Professor Chevalier saw a dizzy kaleidoscope of lights swirling amid the shadows.

Almost 200 years ago Sir John Herschel reported a dozen or so very bright lights on the moon during eclipses. He was puzzled, however, because some of them were above the surface. For more than 100 years a bright light has been seen in Aristarchus and at the eastern base of the lunar Alps. One 4th of July the whole plain of Mare Crisium celebrated with a spectacle of dots and streaks of light. Messier sports two bright lines separated by a very dark band dotted with luminous points. Long lines of light like luminous cable is seen in Eudoxus and Aristarchus, together with moving lights.

Plato is a great show-off with strings of moving lights, occasionally varied with a triangle of light. In 1869 thirty bright lights broke out on its floor all at once and went into a routine. They sorted themselves into groups. One group would blaze up brightly, while another darkened. It was as if someone were operating a signal keyboard of some kind. The Royal Society observed the phenomenon until April, 1871, and recorded 1600 observations and drew 37 graphs of the light fluctuations in the hope of establishing some sort of pattern. They talked of "intelligent attempts to signal Earth".

During eclipses shafts and horns of light are seen shining out from the moon. Squadrons of light and dark bodies seem to maneuver in the lunar sky. On November 16, 1910, during an eclipse, a bright light shone on the moon, and two widely separated observatories saw a ball of light shoot out from the moon.

C. Stanley Ogilvy of Trinity College admits these lights exist, but attributes them to tiny uncharted asteroids passing in front of the moon. Astronomer Walter Haas has stated that noted astronomers have seen things on the moon which they refuse to report, or even to discuss.

More lately, Mount Piton, in northern Mare Imbrium, has begun to light up, and even send up beacon-like beams.

March 19, 1848 was to have been a night for a lunar eclipse. It never came off. Instead, the moon turned blood red, then it got three times as bright as normal. Astronomer Walkey didn't know what to make of it. He offered no apology, however. Not to be outdone, Scott's Antarctic Expedition kept a scientific rendezvous with a lunar eclipse in 1903.

Nothing whatever happened. On April 28, 1930, the moon was due to eclipse the sun. The astronomers had predicted a band of shadow one-half mile wide. Instead, it was five miles wide. Dr. Jeffers of Lick Observatory, betraying a note of hysteria, issued a public statement that this did not necessarily mean the moon was closer to Earth than it was supposed to be.

In the line of intelligent communications, about ten years ago a group of white spots appeared on the floor of crater Littrow in the form of the Greek letter **Gamma.** Eratosthenes followed this up with a gigantic structure in the shape of an X. Not to be outdone, Plinius evolved a completely baffling figure not remotely related to any letter or script. As if to rebuff these crude literary attempts, the Royal Astronomical Society failed even to list the Moon in its index of subjects in its **Monthly Notices.** Most of the other long-hair magazines have ignored the Moon in much the same manner in recent years.

Just a few years ago, a giant bridge in Mare Crisium was reported. It looked "artificial"; but whether it was or not, it hadn't been there previously. Major Keyhoe used it in his broadcast over the Armstrong Circle Theatre, where he was victimized by an Army-rigged attempt to discredit flying saucers. One of the Army stooges, Donald Menzel, who professes to be an astronomer, flatly stated the bridge report was a falsehood, and produced pictures of Mare Crisium to prove it. But Dr. Percy H. Wilkins, one of Britain's top astronomers, has this to say: "The bridge is there, and it appears almost like an engineering job." Dr. James C. Bartlett, American astronomer, and Patrick Moore have also seen it and so stated.

While speaking of this bridge, Dr. Wilkins revealed that there is a new phenomenon on the moon which is popularly termed "the bowler hat". No such objects were visible on the Moon 200 years ago, while a dozen or so were observed between 1860 and 1879. Now, however, there are more than two hundred. Wilkins is supported in this by Tulane University. These domes, most of them, are older than the bridge, which appeared in 1953.

Peculiarly enough, Lunar-probing scientists today are planning plastic "shelters" to erect when they finally reach the moon, and although they exist only on paper as yet, if one were to be erected on the moon, and some astronomer had his telescope trained upon that area, he might add another "bowler hat" to the number already reported.

Back in 1946 or thereabouts, the Army made a frightful mistake in issuing a graph of a radar signal bounced off the Moon which showed the moon to be only 120,000 miles away. It was retracted and replaced by a corrected graph in the afternoon papers, but one cannot help wondering how such an erroneous graph came to be drawn up in the first place. The whole radar "bounce off the Moon" had been so meticulously carried out, as is the Army's wont. But back in the last century, there were astronomers who calculated that the Moon might not be where we think it is at all. Some even said 70,000 miles away.

The whole question of the distance of the Moon is another of those instrumental calculations those mathematical - geometrical estimations which give us the value of "x". Geometrically speaking, if we know two angles of a triangle and one side, we can calculate the other two sides. So, measuring a dis-

tance on the Earth, sighting at the Moon from a point on each end of this distance, two known angles are determined. Presto, you have the distance to the moon, as represented by the two unmeasured sides, which can now be calculated by any high school student. It comes out approximately 240,000 miles away. The ancient Greeks figured it as 235,000 miles away, using the same system, so it hasn't changed in 4000 years. But those astronomers who so avidly seized upon refraction to prove the absence of atmosphere on the Moon, refused to take it into consideration when measuring the Moon's distance from Earth. They chose to ignore the very significant refraction index of the Earth's atmosphere, and blithely assumed that the light rays coming from the Moon traveled in a perfectly straight line all the way from Moon to Earth. Actually they must be bent severely upon striking the atmosphere and swerve sharply inward, thus giving very incorrect values for the angles we use in finding our "x" distances. Either atmosphere does not refract light (and astronomers insist it does) or the Moon is nowhere near as far away as they have calculated it to be.

The world today is agog over the tremendous achievement in rocket power the Russians have developed. In order to shoot an entire rocket past the moon and into orbit around the sun, they must have motors of tremendous power, in the million pound thrust range. That is, if the Moon actually is 240,000 miles away. But if it's only 120,000, then their rockets are the same as ours. And if the Russians know that they are the same as ours, then the Russians must also know, perforce, that the Moon is nearer than Americans think. Knowing would make hitting the target as closely as they have possible. Not knowing it would make our rockets miss as far as they have.

On November 12, 1958, Russian astronomer Nikolai Kozyrev announced that he had seen a volcanic eruption on the Moon on November 3. He made his observation from the Crimea with a 50" telescope (mirror). He noted a reddish outline around the Alfons crater, and obtained an unusual photograph of the center peak of this crater. The process started with ejection of volcanic ash, causing a reddish outline around the volcano, followed by the normal eruption of gases. About 20 pictures were taken over a three-week period.

On November 19, British astronomer Wilkins got a look at the eruption through a 15¼" telescope and confirmed the existence of the reddish patch, which he said was about 1½ miles across, slightly south of the central peak of Alphonsus crater. "It's revolutionary," said Wilkins.

And there you have it. The Moon is not the dead world we've been taught to believe it is. It's very much alive, and if we can believe our eyes, it is inhabited. The very next Moon rocket may confirm what many astronomers already privately believe. If you are lucky enough to have a moderate sized telescope available, you can become convinced yourself after a period of concentrated observation.

There's SOMEBODY on the Moon!

THE END

WATCH FOR THE NEW MAGAZINE

HIDDEN WORLDS

personals

If you have a personal message of any kind, we will print it here, entirely free of charge. To facilitate its insertion, please follow these simple suggestions: 1) type, print, or write your message, just as you wish it to appear, on a single sheet of paper, ending with your name and address; 2) do not include as a portion of a letter; 3) write on one side of the paper only; 4) mail it to PERSONALS, Flying Saucers, Amherst Wisconsin. (Below are good examples of how to prepare your message.)

HAVE YOU seen a Flying Saucer? The Skyview Astronomy and Rocketry Research Society is interested in hearing from anyone who has seen a UFO or Flying Saucer. The Society is trying to gather information so we can start active research on the subject.

Any persons who are interested in Flying Saucers are invited to join the Society. Correspondent members are wanted through the United States, Mexico and Canada. Send all reports to:

SKYVIEW ASTRONOMY AND
ROCKET RESEARCH SOCIETY
1227 North Formosa Avenue
Los Angeles 46, California

★ ★ ★

For Sale: Fate Magazines, 1948 through 1959. All or part. Also some **Mystic**, some **Search** and **Flying Saucer** Magazines.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Messina
31-29 89th Street
Jackson Heights 69, N. Y.

On Feb. 10th between three and four p.m. three horizontal bars, red and evenly spaced, appeared on the inside of my left forearm and at the same time a red vertical line approximately an inch wide appeared on the inside of my right forearm, extending from the wrist and halfway to the elbow. These markings disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared, leaving no trace. I would like to hear from anyone who has had a similar experience. Have a Feb. '58 issue of Flying Saucers, free.

(Mrs.) Mae Stumb
General Delivery
Lakeside, Calif.

★ ★ ★

Will pay 75 cents for a copy of "Flying Saucers," February, 1958 (4th issue). Want copy with no pages missing, please. Mail card first.

Madeline Bowman
634 Plaza Ave
Arcata, Calif

★ ★ ★

I would like to hear from anyone interested in Flying Saucers. I am also interested in hearing from people from New England area who would be interested in possibly meeting each other on the subject of flying saucers.

Would like to hear from anyone born May 29th, 1928 for private comparisons of interests and happenings of life.

William Carver
RFD #1 Box 243
Brooklyn, Conn.

★ ★ ★

I would like any reports or pictures on UFO's. Also I would like to corres-

pond with anyone interested in flying Saucers.

Howard Burdick, Jr.
227 Bockius St.
Watsonville, Calif.

★ ★ ★

Vampire Trader, the science-fiction collector's magazine, is now going on its 13th successful monthly issue. It is composed of advertisements pertaining to books, magazines, and other objects of the unusual. The perfect place for saucer spotters to get together. Ad rates are very low and subscriptions run 6 (six) issues for 50 cents. You owe it to yourself to send for the latest issue today. 10 cents a sample copy From:

Stony Brook Barnes
Route 1, Box 1102
Grants Pass, Oregon

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with boys who are approximately my same age, that are interested in UFO's and who have various other common interests. I will try to answer all letters. I am 16 years old.

Mike Riley
Box 185
Shinston, W. Va.

★ ★ ★

Wanted: Photos, pictures, newspaper clippings having to do with flying saucers. They are needed for a science project. Contact:

Joel Gordes
116 East Robbins Ave.
Newington 11, Connecticut

★ ★ ★

I would like to receive any pictures, newspaper or magazine articles connected with flying saucers.

Laverne Barrett
c/o Dredge Harding
P.O. Box 308
Sausalito, Calif.

★ ★ ★

I would like information about obtaining pictures and charts of flying saucers. I would also like to get the names of publications, periodicals, so I can subscribe to them, if they are factual, precise, and without excessive wordiness. Theories pertaining to life on other planets would also be greatly appreciated.

Dale L. Van Wagoner, Jr.
32 D Street
Salt Lake City 3, Utah

★ ★ ★

For Sale: One copy each of the following: The Best Science-Fiction Stories And Novels, edited by T. E. Dikty, and The Mind Cage by A. E. Van Vogt. Very good condition. $1.00 each.

Lucius Farish
Route One
Plumerville, Ark.

★ ★ ★

I would like to hear from people who have seen flying saucers, had any un-natural or fantastic experiences, or have met Richard Shaver. Also I would like to hear from Richard Shaver. I would like to record these experiences as I have never had any such adventures.

H. R. Frye
12 W. Franklin St.,
Richmond 20, Va.
After June 1959:
408 Alleghany Rd.,
Hampton, Va.

★ ★ ★

Will some kind soul please loan me one or more of the following books by George Hunt Williamson: "Other Tongues—Other Flesh" "The Saucers Speak", "Secret Places Of The Lion"? I promise faithfully to return every book loaned to me just as soon as I have finished reading it. The loan of one or more of these books will be deeply appreciated.

Violette C. Wixom,
704 Ashbury St.
San Francisco 17, Calif.

★ ★ ★

Wanted: Photographs of UFO's and February (Fourth) issue of Flying Saucers magazine. Will pay 50 cents for that issue. I would appreciate it if any publisher or reader will send subscription rates on factual UFO magazines published at regular intervals.

John Palka
5558 W. Harrison
Chicago 44, Illinois

★ ★ ★

I wish to contact anyone in my area who is sincerely interested in Saucers, UFO's and related subjects, in the interests of starting a club or organization.

Russell Gulley
254 Marquette
Park Forest, Illinois
Phone: PI-86499

★ ★ ★

Wanted: Information in regard to UFO club in Sacramento, California. I'd like to join.

Miss Jody Morgan,
501 Michigan Ave.
Apt 25,
West Sacramento, Calif.

★ ★ ★

I would like to receive photos, magazines of flying saucers. Will pay $1.00 for February 1958 issue of Flying Saucers.

Thomas Bevan
29 Downing Rd.
Trenton 8, N.J.

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with gentlemen who would not ordinarily answer an advertisement of this type. Especially those interested in U.F.O.

Being a forty-two-year-old gay divorcee in a city with an abundance of young females can be rough, even though, I'm not exactly ugly. So I am taking this means of making new friends.

Jerrie Watson
604 Bellevue Ave.
Syracuse 4, N.Y.

★ ★ ★

For sale: Slick, S-F and Fantasy mags at 20 cents apiece. Galaxy, 82 issues; Astounding, 63; Mag. of F& SF, 65; Fantastic Universe, 46; Galaxy Novel, 21; IF, 15; Infinity, 11; Beyond, 10; Imagination, 10; Super, 11; SF Adventures, Old Slick, 9; SF Adventure, new, 7; Venture, 10; Infinity, 11; Satellite, 8; Fantastic, 18; Amazing, 1; Imaginative Tales, 5; Future, 5; Fate, 6; Space Travel, 3; Vortex, 2; Saturn, 2; Orbit, 2; Rocket Stories, 1; Vanguard, 1; Star, SF, 1; Dream World, 1; Space, 1; Pulp Mags, 15 cents apiece. Only 7 left. Future, 2; SF Quarterly, 2; Fantastic Story Mag. 2; Fantastic Story Quarterly, 1; 75 Pocket Books, 20 cents apiece. List wants.

Leon Novich
1897 McCarter Highway,
Newark 4, N.J.—Apt. 5E

★ ★ ★

Plenty of reading matter just for postage. I will exchange an equal number of my magazines for an equal number of yours, ANY KIND Will exchange one to six copies at a time. I have magazines like Coronet, Confidential; Man's Adventure; Lowdown; Man's Conquest; True; Strange; Strange Medical Facts; Your Life; etc.

Louie A. Mohrman
Route 2
Wellington, Ohio

★ ★ ★

I have just taken 2 pictures of flying saucers. Some of my friends wanted copies of the pictures, and a reader of this mag thought I should list this in the personal section.

I am getting copies of the 2 UFO made and will send the 2 pictures upon request for $1.00 each to cover the photo and mailing cost. Send to:

William Whitaker

31 N. Broadway
Akron 8, Ohio

★ ★ ★

Would like to contact club or individuals in Los Angeles or Burbank which is non-sectarian, which understands something of the universe and who could communicate with me on the philosophy of life. I am quite lonely, and particularly would like to meet some girl who is interested in these things, and willing to discuss them with me. I am 29 years old, brown hair, very serious character, and wish to get married. I am French-Canadian, but speak and write English also.

Pierre Besner,
733 N. Hollywood Way,
Burbank, Calif.

★ ★ ★

I will pay 50 cents for the Nov. '57 issue and 75 cents for the Feb. '58 issue of Flying Saucers.

L. A. Isenberg,
R.R. 1,
Dorsey, Ill.

★ ★ ★

Would anybody who is interested in U.F.O. research in the area of Fremont, Nebr., please contact me.

Jim Birkel,
135 N. Platte,
Fremont, Nebr.

I SAW A FLYING SAUCER

(*Concluded from page* 18)

were seen with the naked eye, and the time of the observation was 7:50 p.m.

The next time I saw Ronald was five days later, Friday, Oct. 3. The seeing was pretty good that night and we noticed a number of jets scattered about in the sky . . . as usual!

"Hey! Look Ronald! Look!" I yelled.

He looked and saw the objects—five of them—flying along in close formation. "Well I'll be darned" he exclaimed. "They DO exist!"

The description of this sighting tallies with the first sighting (Sept. 28) in regard to color and direction of flight but they were fewer in number, sighted at a 30° angle of elevation, and were only about an inch in diameter (undoubtedly due to the fact that they were further away and higher up). And the time of the sighting was precisely at 7:50 p.m., the same time as listed with the previous Saucer sighting.

Friday, Oct. 17, in the afternoon, the skies were loaded with jets.

First, one jet circled overhead. Then it was joined by another, and another, until there were four planes in all. Then they cut straight across the sky in an eastward direction and proceeded in that direction until they were out of sight.

From then on I was out in the backyard, on and off till 9:30. I had just stepped out the back door for another look at the skies when something bright flashed over in the northwest section of the sky, at a 45° angle of elevation, and disappeared swiftly from view beyond some towering elms nearby. The sighting was so brief (only 1½ seconds), that there's no need in trying to describe it further except to say that it was bright yellow and rather large. A football game was in progress at the time at the high school stadium across the street but whether anyone there saw the object or not, I don't know. It would seem very unlikely, though, what with the glare of the floodlights and the distraction of the game.

Bernard Chartier
23 Oxford Avenue
Green Bay, Wisconsin

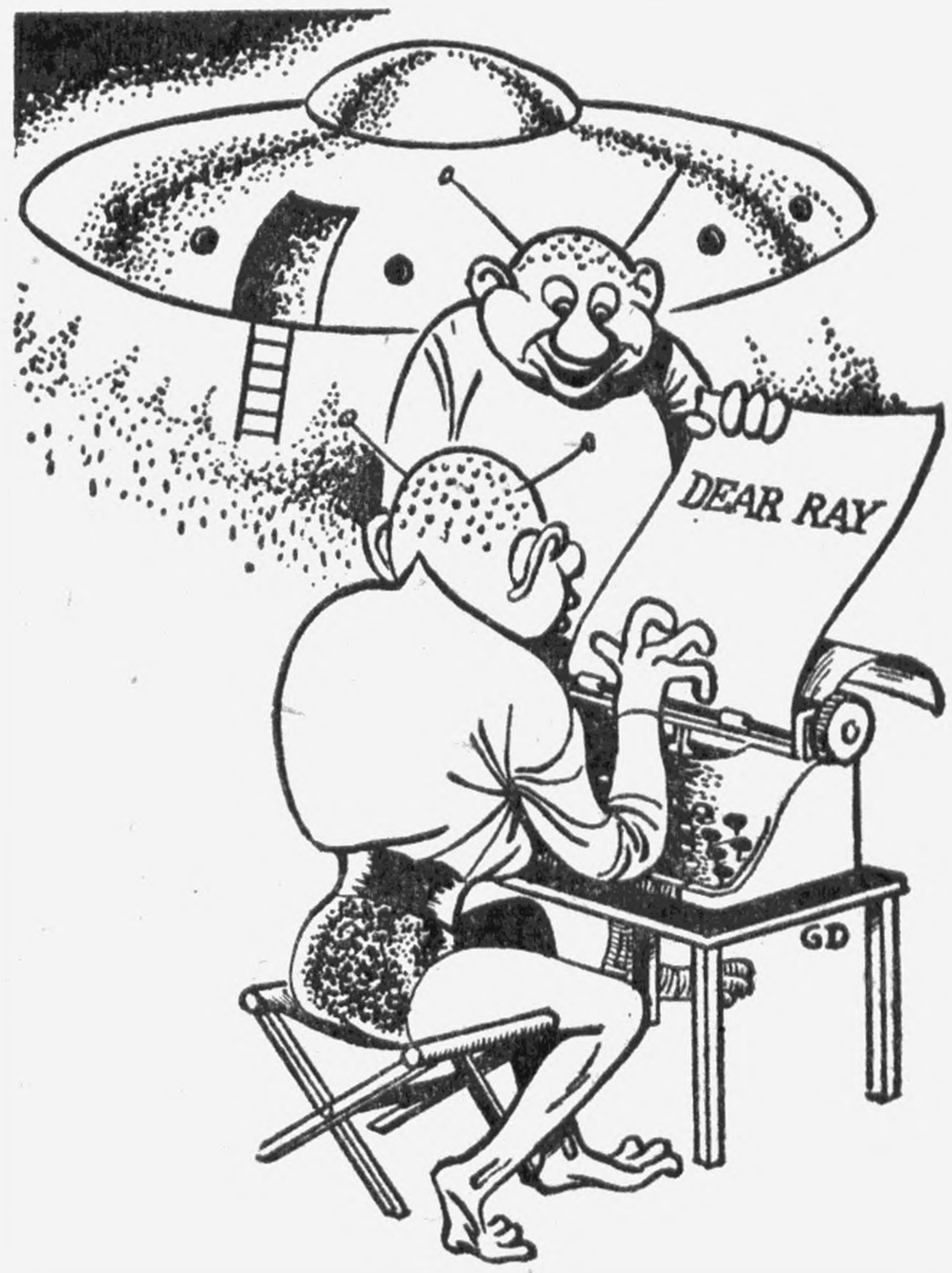
LETTERS

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I am sure you would want the readers of America's best saucer magazine to hear the answer to Dr. Leon Davidson's article on Adamski in the February 1959 issue.

Up to now Adamski's critics have accused him of hoaxing people and now Dr. Davidson gives his expose a new twist. This time it is Adamski who has been hoaxed. As a private investigator, who has spent nearly five years investigating the claims of Mr. Adamski, I can tell you that there is no truth whatsoever in what Dr. Davidson said in his article. I intend to prove this in my forthcoming book to be published in England, how people like Dr. Davidson, James Moseley, Lonzo Dove, and others speak in ignorance when they try so very hard to deceive and confuse the people.

What Dr. Davidson and most people do not know is that the fact that the Adamski story is the only "contact" story supported by the records of Air Force Intelligence. Project Bluebook, ATIC, has given me exclusively information that confirms Mr. Adamski's claims. You recall that in his book Mr. Adamski said that Air Force pilots were witnesses to his contact on November 20, 1952 near Desert Center, California. I have confirmation from ATIC that they received a UFO report supporting what Mr. Adamski has claimed. This and much more will go into my book, AIR FORCE EVIDENCE CONFIRMS ADAMSKI STORY. This supplied to me by the FBI, high-ranking officers at the Pentagon, such world-famous scientists as Dr. Robert S. Richardson and his testimony in support of Adamski and Dr. Harlow Shapley, Frank Scully, Major Donald E. Keyhoe, Frank Edwards, and many others who have given me information exclusively. In Seattle I have met and interviewed Mr. Adamski and Major Keyhoe. I might say the reason I got my exclusive information from ATIC was that the information was given to me for a report for the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Later the editor got cold feet and decided the information was too controversial and that the public wasn't ready for such amazing information yet. However, I still have my report on Adamski from the Air Force that will go into my book.



Dr. Davidson's idea that the CIA may have been behind the hoax to convince Adamski that he had gone for a ride in a space ship and met people from other worlds is completely ridiculous. Back in 1953 the CIA tried to silence Mr. Adamski and Mr. Albert K. Bender. Bender was not the only one who was paid a visit by the three men, on December 17, 1953 three government agents went to Mr. Adamski's home and warned him to quiet down and threatened to send him to prison. He was told that a warrant for his arrest had been signed by the Attorney-General of the United States and was on the way to California. The three men who visited him were from the FBI, Air Force Intelligence, and the Central Intelligence Agency. It was the CIA man who made the threats according to what Mr. Adamski told me in my exclusive interview with him here in Seattle on August 22, 1958. The plot against Adamski didn't work because unlike Bender he went to his attorney for advice and he was advised to go ahead and continue to fight to get the truth to the people on saucers despite threats from the government about being arrested and going to prison. Thus, this

should prove to you that the fact the CIA tried to silence him that the claims of Dr. Davidson have no truth behind them whatsoever. It is even possible that Dr. Davidson is a secret agent of the CIA himself whose sole purpose is to confuse people so they won't learn the truth.

As for Captain Edward J. Ruppelt, you are correct in calling him a liar. I also have evidence on file to prove this. I wrote Captain Ruppelt and asked why he failed to put in his book the information confirmed to me by ATIC supporting Adamski. Captain Ruppelt wrote back and said he disagreed with the Air Force and that there was no such report as confirmed to me by ATIC. Another place in the book where Ruppelt lied was his claim that the Navy XF5U was never flown. I have a letter from the Naval Air Test Center at Patuxent River, Maryland confirming to me that the plane was flown.

Keep up the good work with your magazine. I have recommended it in my book as America's best saucer magazine. I have the complete set except for issue of February, 1958. I do wish you would consider reprinting this magazine issue, for I am sure there are many like myself who would like to get this back issue which has become so scarce.

Richard Ogden
1233 Ninth Ave. West
Seattle 99, Wash.

You certainly have had many sources of information, and you hardly leave us anything to say. So we'll present your letter and let it go at that. This should prove that there are many sides to the flying saucer argument.

Dear Ray:

I refer you to the February, 1959 issue of FLYING SAUCERS. Use of my letter to FATE magazine to back up your ridiculous claim of a "gigantic Russian sputnik, orbiting secretly at 22,000 miles altitude." The object I saw appeared to be clearly within the atmosphere of earth. I am not so incompetent as to not be able to distinguish between something at 22,000 miles and 5,000 feet.

As for the jets getting "radar fixes" on the "object", that is so much balderdash. The only radar equipment even theoretically capable of tracking an object at such an altitude is at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is, I understand, an extremely large unit. If similar units could be made airborne, the only plane capable of carrying it would be one of the huge Navy Super-Constellation type. The so-called (ironically) "flying saucer". It certainly would not be capable of being mounted in a small jet fighter.

Again mentioning my sighting, please note that the object I saw was red, a brilliant red. It was not quite as red, nor as bright, as Mars during the close opposition of 6 September 1956.

For your information, a satellite in orbit at 20,000 miles altitude would make one orbit at the same speed as the earth revolves. Hence, no movement. Did you ever consider that perhaps you saw a UFO, not a non-existant sputnik. If it is a sputnik, why don't the Reds announce it. It would make our "SCORE" Atlas job look sick.

James Maney
1007 North West 14th Street
Oklahoma City 6, Oklahoma

It was Cape Canaveral said there was a satellite orbiting at 22,000 miles, not ME! As to the orbit producing the same speed as the Earth's revolution (at that height), you're wrong. It COULD go faster. What is true is that a satellite could to remain in a fixed position relative to the Earth's surface, that is, rotate about the Earth at the same speed as the Earth's rotating speed, only at distances of 22,000 miles. What I referred to in my article as having observed, was perhaps the second or third stage of the rocket which launched the 22,000 mile satellite, which would be much lower and much swifter than the relative motion of the Earth.

You have a point, however, that it might have been a UFO that I (and you say you) saw. However, if so, it was on some sort of a schedule, and it was not at 5000 feet. I would say, based on your letter, that you actually saw a UFO if you can determine the height as 5000 feet. What I saw was so similar to Sputnik II's rocket as to be indistinguishable, except for direction and frequency of pulsation.

As a matter of fact, our SCORE Atlas job DOES look sick. The PAYLOAD of the Russian moon rocket was ten times the weight of the Atlas PAYLOAD. When we refer to eight tons, we mean the whole rocket. The rocket of Sputnik II weighed more than 100 tons. Sputnik III, or Lunik, was larger. All the foregoing is approximate, and I'll take it upon myself to determine the exact figures, and present them next issue. But in spite of this present "round figure" mention of mine, be as-

sured that Atlas was small punkins beside the Russian rockets.

Don't get the idea that I am trying to belittle the American Atlas. Everybody who has any concern for the lead the Russians have on us in rocketry is familiar with the facts, not the published propaganda and not clearly defined facts about Russian and American rocket weights, etc.

It has always been a fact that the Russians do not tell all they know. Would you tell so much that the American People were stung into all-out action? Most American's aren't worried about the Russian lead. They like it that way, and won't announce anything they are not actually caught flat-footed at. And we can't prove anything, nor would we, if it put us in a bad light. Our soldier rocketeers are quite human, and don't go around bragging about how far they are behind—instead they attempt to appear to be catching up and about to forge ahead. Nothing is further from the truth.

It's facts you want, and facts we'll give you. Watch next issue for the details on Russian rocket, insofar as we can secure them.

About radar fixes. We tracked the Lunik at 450,000 miles out. No mean achievement. Jet pilots can lock-on to other aircraft at amazing distances. I believe the actual capabilities are a military secret. But lock-ons have been effected even on UFO. In fact, the "radar story" in flying saucer evidence is the most astounding yet, and as soon as we can get enough definite information, we'll do an article on it.

I don't know how big the jets were that tracked that object those two nights. Maybe they were the huge Navy type you mention?—Rap.

Dear Ray:

Addressing Ervin Bobo of 2538 University St. St. Louis 7, Mo. February issue 1959. I wish to explode. "You're a real lathered-up-cake-of-soap aren't you?" Why in heaven's name should Ray tell which side of the fence he is on? Don't you understand his magazine is written for both sides of the question? Pro and Con—If they find out which side he is on many of those opposing his stand would not like it! He is putting out the magazine and trying hard to keep himself out of it as much as he can, yet give you all the answers you need. I am ashamed of your hot-headed-self! You are the child you mentioned!

The FACT Ray speaks of is readily understood by me! You just keep reading and searching and you will know without having it handed to you on a silver platter my lad! Ray hasn't lied to you. You want facts without an effort, and things don't always come as we want them to come. It took several years for me to understand what was meant by the FACTS. And the catalyst. Ray did not lean on the Shaver mystery for his answers, he is full of answers. When you know as many things as Ray Palmer does you can stick out your chest and strut. What you had better do is find FACT and soak your brain in it. It will do you good my dear friend. If you were printing this magazine you would not allow any one to know which side of the fence you were on, so don't be foolish any more. Quit reading *Flying Saucer* magazine if you like, and miss out on all the FACTS being printed from time to time. Go on, you sore head, let the rest of us get far ahead of you!

Why not study the skies yourself, look for the space craft, learn something on your own? I have seen many different space craft, why don't you look for them? The skies are filled with them these days! These ships do not all come from outer space. They come from within our atmosphere, from some worlds you cannot see with the naked eye or even with the aid of the telescope. Some of them come from the ground peoples, others come from the Inner-earth people. Now do you see why Ray did not wish to speak openly. See how stupid it all sounds to you, who never knew about these things? Or I am supposed to be the idiot for speaking aloud? When something new is sprung on a person or a people, they either laugh it off, lose their temper and kill or sneer and claim the person speaking is crazy.

What we think we know and what we actually do know may be very little or next to naught! The more I learn, the more I realize there is to learn and just little knowledge I possess, compared to the WHOLE. None of earth-beings have a brain big enough to hold the WHOLE of knowledge. It is too much for me, I struggle, gasp and stumble under the burden. But I'll get up and keep going to the end, I love it!

Ray as to the three men in black—not exactly fiction—but a means of describing three groups all linked together. Black stands for darkness; darkness always means ignorance and untruths. They are not fiction at all, one might call them an

— — — — — THESE BOOKS FOR SALE OR RENT — — — — —

NEW AGE BOOK STORE

U.S. 41 NORTH — P.O. BOX 13 — PALMETTO, FLORIDA

Flying Saucer Books - - non-fiction

All Books Listed Here Are FOR RENT OR FOR SALE

TO RENT BOOKS ALL YOU DO IS: Use the rental schedule below to determine rental cost. Include 1.00 extra with first order for library card. The 1.00 will be returned to you when you wish to discontinue library service. Select as many titles as you can read in 6 week period. Smallest order accepted for rental is 2.00 besides deposit. Rental price can be deducted from purchase price if you wish to buy a book after renting it.

RENTAL SCHEDULE:
ON INDIVIDUAL BOOKS (NOT GROUP TOTALS) SELLING FOR:

50c or less	rental is 20c	3.01 to 4.00	rental is 75c
51c to 1.00	rental is 25c	4.01 to 5.00	rental is 85c
1.01 to 2.00	rental is 35c	5.01 to 6.00	rental is 1.00
2.01 to 3.00	rental is 50c	6.01 to 10.00	rental is 1.25

RETURN OF THE DOVE, Margaret Storm	5.00
THEY LIVE IN THE SKY, Trevor James	4.50
FROM OUTER SPACE TO YOU, Howard Menger	3.50
MY SATURNIAN LOVER, Marla Baxter	2.50
SPACE CRAFT FROM BEYOND THREE DIMENSIONS, W. B. Allen	3.50
EIGHTEEN VISITS TO MARS, W. A. Rember	5.00
THE SACRED MUSHROOM, Andrija Puharich	4.50
MEN FROM THE MOON IN AMERICA, W. V. Grant	.50
THE KEARNEY INCIDENT, R. O. Schmidt	1.00
TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE IN A SPACECRAFT, R. O. Schmidt	1.35
FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, Geo. Adamski	3.50
INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS, Geo. Adamski	3.50
THE FIFTH DIMENSION, V. S. Alder	2.75
FLYING SAUCERS FROM MARS, Cedric Allingham	2.75
TRANSVAAL EPISODE, Anchor	1.50
TWO NIGHTS TO REMEMBER, Carl Anderson	1.50
THE SECRET OF THE SAUCERS, Orfeo Angelucci	3.00
IN DAYS TO COME, Ashtar	2.00
THE INNER CIRCLE (Mediumship and Flying Saucers), A. Baille	2.75
THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, Gray Barker	3.50
THE SAUCERIAN REVIEW—1956, Gray Barker	1.50
ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER, Truman Bethurum	3.00
VOICE OF THE PLANET CLARION, Truman Bethurum	1.25
CANADIAN FLYING SAUCERS Vol. 1, Brotherhood of Faithists	1.00
FLYING SAUCER REVIEWS WORLD ROUNDUP OF U.F.O. SIGHTINGS AND EVENTS, Citadel Press	3.75
THE INEXPLICIBLE SKY, Arthur Constance	3.95
SPACE, GRAVITY AND THE FLYING SAUCERS, Leonard Cramp	3.50
THE VENUSIANS, Lee Crandall	2.00
AIR FORCE PROJECT BLUE BOOK SPECIAL REPORT No. 14, L. Davidson	1.25
VISITORS FROM SPACE, Eugene H. Drake	1.00
LIFE ON THE PLANETS, Eugene H. Drake	1.00
STRANGEST OF ALL, Frank Edwards	3.50
MY FIRST 10,000,000 SPONSORS, Frank Edwards	2.00
OAHSPE, Essenes of Kosmon	10.00
A MESSAGE FROM OUTER SPACE, William Ferguson	1.00
MY TRIP TO MARS, William Ferguson	1.00
WHEN PHOPHECY FAILS, Festinger	4.00
THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT, Fortean Society	6.50
THE WHITE SANDS INCIDENT, Daniel W Fry	1.50
STEPS TO THE STARS, Dan Fry	2.50
ALLAN'S MESSAGE TO MEN OF EARTH, Daniel W. Fry	1.00
THEY RODE IN SPACE SHIPS, Gavin Gibbons	2.50
THE COMING OF THE SPACESHIPS, Gavin Gibbons	2.50
FLYING SAUCERS AND COMMON SENSE, Waveny Girvan	3.50
A VITAL MESSAGE TO ALL PEOPLE FROM SPACE PEOPLE THEMSELVES	.50

— — — — — THESE BOOKS FOR SALE OR RENT — — — — —

MEN IN FLYING SAUCERS IDENTIFIED, Grant	.50
FLYING SAUCERS COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD, Jimmy Guieu	3.00
FLYING SAUCERS, Franklin Hall	.25
SIGNS IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH, Franklin Hall	.25
THE WAVES ROARING—RECENT EARTH CHANGES, Franklin Hall	.25
THE HELL BOMB — MAN'S NEW TOWER OF BABEL, Franklin Hall	.25
IS ANOTHER WORLD WATCHING, Gerald Heard	2.75
MEN OF OTHER PLANETS, Kenneth Heuer	3.00
SEVEN YEARS—1958-65 THAT CHANGE THE WORLD, G. Holloway	.50
PROPHECIES FOR 1958, Gilbert Holloway and R. Ramsey	1.00
FLYING SAUCERS—VANGUARD OF THE NEW AGE, G. Holloway	1.00
OVER THE THRESHOLD, Dan Howard	3.00
MY FLIGHT TO VENUS, Dana Howard	1.00
DIANNE, SHE CAME FROM VENUS, Dana Howard	2.00
SPACEMEN—FRIENDS AND FOES, T. James	2.00
THE CASE FOR THE UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS, M. K. Jessup	3.50
THE EXPANDING CASE FOR THE UFO, Jessup	3.50
U. F. O. ANNUAL 1955, M. K. Jessup	4.95
FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE, Major Donald E. Kehoe	3.00
THE FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY, Major Donald E. Keyhoe	3.50
FLYING SAUCERS AND SPACE SHIPS, Dr. H. B. MacDonald	.50
THEY SHALL BE GATHERED TOGETHER, J. McCoy	1.95
WORLD OF TOMORROW, John Scott Marshall	1.00
FLYING SAUCERS, Dr. D. H. Menzel	4.75
ROUND TRIP TO HELL IN A FLYING SAUCER, Cecil Michael	2.50
THE SAUCER PEOPLE ON EARTH, Michael	1.00
DISCS, DESTINY AND YOU. Michael	1.00
SECRETS OF THE SAUCER PEOPLE, Michael	1.00
FLYING SAUCERS AT GIANT ROCK, Michael	1.00
THE MAGIC OF ETHER SHIPS, Michael	1.00
VENUSIAN SECRET SIENCE (A study course, complete), X. Michael	6.95
THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, Aime Michel	3.95
FLYING SAUCERS AND THE STRAIGHT LINE MYSTERY, Aime Michel	4.50
FLYING SAUCERS—FACT OR FICTION, Max B. Miller	1.00
YOU DO TAKE IT WITH YOU, R. D. Miller	3.50
MAN AMONG THE STARS, Wolfgang Muller	4.95
THE WORLDS AROUND US, Patrick Moore	2.50
JESUS AND THE FLYING SAUCERS, Pauline Moore	1.00
MY TRIP TO MARS, THE MOON AND VENUS, Buck Nelson	1.00
THERE IS LIFE ON MARS, Earl Nelson	3.00
SAUCER DIARY, Israel Norkin	3.00
THE VOICE OF VENUS, Ernest L. Norman	2.95
THE TRUTH ABOUT MARS, Ernest L. Norman	1.50
A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS, Phylos	7.50
THE THIRD EYE, T. Lobsang Rampa	3.50
FLYING SAUCER PILGRIMAGE, H. and B. Reeves	3.50
THE REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS Edw. J. Ruppelt	2.95
"LOOK UP", Ray and Rex Stanford	2.00
ATLANTIS TO THE LATTER DAYS, H. R. Stevens	3.50
INSIDE SAUCER POST, Leonard H. Stringfield	2.50
THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW AGE, F. W. Summer	.50
COMING GOLDEN AGE, Dr. F. W. Sumner	3.50
THE EARTHS IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM WHICH ARE CALLED PLANETS, E. Swedenborg	.50
WHO ARE THE CHOSEN ONES, Dorothy Thomas	1.00
THE COMING OF THE GREAT WHITE CHIEF, Dorothy Thomas	1.60
LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS, Dorothy Thomas	.50
LIFE ON MARS, Dorothy Thomas	.50
LIFE ON VENUS, Dorothy Thomas	.50
MYSTERIES OF THE SUN AND MOON, Dorothy Thomas	.50
WE COME IN PEACE, Franklin Thomas	1.00
WISDOM OF THE UNIVERSE, H. Troxell	3.25
THE PLANET MARS AND ITS INHABITANTS, Eros Urides	1.00
RACE TO THE MOON, A Scientist from Venus	1.75
FLYING SAUCERS, Evelyn Whitell	.75
FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK. Harold Wilkins	3.50
OTHER TONGUES — OTHER FLESH, G. H. Williamson	4.00
SECRET PLACES OF THE LION, Geo. H. Williamson	4.00
U.F.O.'s CONFIDENTIAL, Geo. H. Williamson	3.00

— — — — — THESE BOOKS FOR SALE OR RENT — — — — —

"COME YE OUT . . ."



"COME YE OUT . . .", the newest book by Roy Eugene Davis, is taking the metaphysical book world by storm! Read it for yourself and learn why it has gone into 3 editions in less than eight months, and is now being translated into several foreign languages. This book deals with all phases of radiant living; healing, regeneration, prayer, cosmic consciousness, creative imagination — packed with techniques that show-you-how-to-do-it. Hard covers. Attractive dust jacket. Just $3.00 per copy.

"MEDITATE WITH ROY DAVIS" A special long play record. (33/3)-40 minutes. Side I — Power of Awareness, Conscious Immortality, Side 1— Art of Meditation; last three minutes concludes with Sanskrit chanting. Full 12 inch, unbreakable record — $3.98.

SPECIAL: Readers of this magazine may order both items for just $6.00 and save.

TRANSFORMATION PRESS
Box 391, Radio City Stn. $_____enclosed
New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me ( ) "Come Ye Out . . ." ( ) "Meditate With Roy Davis" ( ) Special: Book & Record.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Mail now for fast delivery.

allegory or a symbol of the yoke of tyranny. These three men in black have ruled this earth for centuries and have made of it what it is today! Only those who are brave enough to cast off their yokes, have a chance of progression.

Flying Saucers or space craft should be of great interest to you, Ervin Bobo and just because you did not like one letter is no reason to go haywire; use some common sense, go right on and enjoy the *Flying Saucers*, believe me I do! Nothing can give as big a thrill as seeing them soaring across the skies, silently, swiftly, surely! How I wish I could ride in one! Remember there are positive and negative in all things, so it is with the flying saucers. Best wishes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reams
P. O. Box 167
North Platte, Neb.

Thanks for defending me, Elizabeth. I believe it was Winston Churchill who said something that defended you, so it seems a lot of us have facts we use in our searching for the truth.

Perhaps Mr. Bobo would question Senator Wiley of Wisconsin, along with Winston Churchill, on those worlds within our atmosphere which are not visible to the naked eye? If Mr. Bobo doesn't want to look at the sky, at least he should read the newspapers. Sometimes they say the darndest things! The censors are not always intelligent enough to sift out the FACT when somebody gives it away, because they are handicapped by not knowing what it is.—Rap.

Dear Miss Best:

I wonder if you are hooked up right by publicizing Dan Fry's "Understanding". I think that he is after the money (the almighty dollar). If he had such an experience as he states in his book why should the public, who usually is unsuspecting send him any money?

After reading his book, I wrote him. He answered by selling me the idea that I should join "Understanding". I sent him $2.00 and received no receipt or acknowledge; but after a year, and after writing to him, I received a card which I am enclosing. It is no good to me. I have never received anything else and doubt that a magazine is published under the title of "Understanding". If you want to work for him for nothing, I do not, but Ray Palmer was very kind to publish your appeal.

Ralph L. Harris
Onancock, Va.

FOR THE

SENSIBLE APPROACH

UFOdom looks to the

Aerial Phenomena Research Organization

The Oldest Extant UFO Research Organization

now entering its 8th productive year

★ **Administrated entirely by civilians — its policies and endeavors are directed by experts in the guided missile research field — men thoroughly familiar with conventional things that fly in the sky.**

★ **Its findings and correlations result from application of a true scientific method.**

★ **Its reporter coverage is worldwide.**

★ ★

"UFO REPORT" — a 16 mm, 24 frames per second film suitable for private or TV showing is available on a limited basis. For details write: UFO Report c/o APRO 1712 Van Court, Alamogordo, New Mexico, U.S.A.

★ ★

The APRO Bulletin, a symposium of APRO's findings with latest reports of sightings and incidents, is issued bi-monthly to members only (dues $3.50 per annum).

Correspondent memberships are available to individuals interested in becoming part of this non-profit quest for honest answers to a perplexing problem.

For sample bulletin sheet and further information address your inquiry to:

A.P.R.O. MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

1712 VAN COURT

ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO, U.S.A.

We are rather surprised that Mr. Fry would treat you this way. Perhaps it is a mistake, and he will rectify it. Naturally we are unable to deny anybody our pages on personal opinion, so we grant all reasonable requests for publicity. As for our granting of such publicity being taken to indicate we endorse Mr. Fry's experience, it does not. We only present Mr. Fry's experience and his statements about it, as evidence that is available. What it means is something we can't yet decide.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

The December, 1948 issue of Flying Saucers has just been thoroughly digested by this usually reticent individual, including the club news section, which indicated to my amazement how many new discussion and research groups are springing up as a result of mysterious flying objects.

The impression it has made on my trend of thought leaves me no longer able to resist the temptation of speaking my little piece.

It is my asumption that as these various clubs are formed, no stone will be left unturned in their efforts to gather research material from all available records of unidentified flying objects and mysterious phenomena dating back to include, at the least, the Kenneth Arnold narration of his encounter on June 24, 1947 near Washington's Mt. Rainier, which initiated such a flurry of similar reports and many editorial and professional comments.

But how will they account for the fact that on the same day, a motor caravan of approximately 200 cars, trucks and semi-trailer transport units, all painted a uniform color and bearing the organization insignia of a nationally known corporation, entered Washington from the south enroute to a conclave at Vancouver, B.C. and that the progress of their journey and routes of travel, both going and returning, as well as their sojourn at Vancouver, can be traced by the time and place elements of the reports on mysterious flying objects from that section of the country during their pilgrimage?

How will they account for the fact that eye-witnesses to that pilgrimage, if they only pause for a moment to recall the incident, can be remembered by the thousands?

How will the study clubs account for the fact that the members of the organization on tour at that time passed out printed hand-bills on the streets and cried out over their public address systems inviting all to observe the principle of their "design of balance" which in their own words had been "adopted to a revolutionary movement" featuring a "2 phase cycle of operation capable of being projected to the highest plane we are capable of visualizing"?

How will the research clubs account for the fact that those members referred to their caravan as "the unit of control", stating that they carried with them the "personnel and equipment" to "conduct impressive demonstrations throughout their journey" for the purpose of "bringing a scientific scheme of balance to the attention of the Pacific Northwest" while seven other of their caravans were on similar missions in various sections of the United States?

How will the clubs account for the fact that such a revolutionary concept of operation, which is frankly admitted as a formula to replace the present industrial, political and monetary systems of this country, cannot prudently be given publicity by the very government it opposes, so strongly that membership in their fraternity is denied to all "polititians," without the very "grave" possibility of contributing to the efforts of the opposition membership committees in view of the free and lavish build up they have been given by the American news facilities which in many instances have credited the sponsors of the scheme with representing a higher intellectual species and possessing a more advanced wealth of scientific and technological accomplishment than is prevalent in America today? Yes I ask, How?

And to what conclusions will those research groups come, if any?

And to what conclusions, Mr. Palmer, will you come? Do you *really* want to get at the truth of the matter? Or in the event you have already arrived at it, are you as reluctant as our government to take the risk of exposing the truth for fear of the consequences? Would it bring the progress of a remunerative publishing business to a skidding halt? Do you feel that the best method of distracting attention from a threat to the American way of life is to point in the opposite direction?

Would you be *willing* to publish a revelation of the facts? Do you think the public would be "too fazed" by a "logical cycle of reasoning" to depart from their horror of a "psychological reasoning"

ELIMINATE DANDRUFF

DARKEN FADED HAIR

USE

"TURN-ER'S"

The Editor Himself Recommends It!

Ray Palmer, Editor of:
FLYING SAUCERS
SEARCH

says

"TURN-ER'S beats any other hair preparation I've ever used. Satisfied? I'll say I am!"

Want to hear from more satisfied customers? People you can ask for yourselves?

"I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another," Lionel O. Brandberg, Sharon Springs, Kansas.

"Enclosed find $10.00 for two more bottles of TURN-ER'S as soon as possible. You sure found a good product!" R. E. Van Gordon, 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"I am certainly thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention. S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

Enough? Well, then take it from Ray Palmer, try a bottle of

"TURN-ER'S"

hair and dandruff preparation. Darkens faded hair, removes excess dandruff. If you aren't entirely pleased with it, we'll refund your money. Positively!

Send $5.00 to Guy L. Turner
Box 145-P Boise, Idaho

PSYCHIC GEMS

Lapis Lingua ® and Telolith ®

We are headquarters for two of the most sensational gems in the occult world today. EDGAR CAYCE, America's foremost medium, recommended the Lapis Lingua as an aid to psychic development.

Special Lapis Lingua Handpiece	$2.00
Lapis Lingua Pendulum	$3.00
Book of directions for using Pendulum	$1.00

MICHAEL X., seer of the New Age, recommends the Telolith for thought projection

Select Telolith Handpiece	$5.00
Small Telolith Handpiece	$3.00
Book of directions for using Telolith and Lapis Lingua	$6.95

Prices Include Postage and Tax.

Write today for free circulars giving information relative to all gems we offer in many styles and settings.

The GEM EXCHANGE
GEM VILLAGE (U)
BAYFIELD, COLORADO

NEW EDITION OF FLYING SAUCER CHART

A graphic green, black & white chart 22x34"

160 drawings of different saucer shapes

31 drawings of different saucer formations

17 drawings of different saucer maneuvers

10 drawings of Spacepeople. 1 radar scope

OVER 1300 ITEMS

Also includes: altitudes, Bible References Books, Chronology, Colors, Direct Con tacts, Domestic Pub., Explanations, Foreign Pub. Gen. Features, Misc., Mission Theories, Origins, U.F.O. Photo Sources, Propulsion, Related Movements, Related Organiz. Sizes, Sky Falls, Sounds, Space Terminology, Spacepeople Names, Speeds, Synonyms, UFO Terminology, Wild Rumors, and many others. PRICE $1.00 Order: KEZIAH.

916 So. 21st Street, Arlington, Va.
(Reincarnation chart also available at $1.00)

COMING!
HIDDEN WORLDS

A Brand New Magazine

long enough to grasp the significance of what has been "over their heads"? Would the revelation be too risky if it debunked the crackpot concept at the same time it was debunking the Flying Saucer?

I believe I have just what the doctor ordered. Approx. 2600 words of fluent pathic humor which carries the reader from the construction and test periods through the campaign by caravans to the present, with only symbolical names being used for individuals and organization, but its vivid descriptions are a challenge to all who can add up 2 and 2 in resolving a relationship between the historical and the hysterical.

Are you interested?

There are strings attached to this manuscript, however, as I am preparing a book of similar narrations, but of unrelated subjects, (and I especially want this one included,) which I plan on having published with protected copyrights and I would insist on this one being so protected at time of first publication. Would publication in a magazine satisfy the copyright requirements? You are probably more familiar with that than I, or you might have some alternate suggestion. I am a mercenary miser in regard to my material, but if something can be worked out to insure my rights, I am willing to let you scoop the others on what I firmly believe to be an excellent bit of interesting and educational literature.

My tendencies, otherwise, are somewhat similar to those of a flying saucer. No one knows when or where they will contact me next, so they have to be on their toes when I'm in sight. I'm not a permanent resident anywhere, and I move quickly to unknown destinations at the slightest pretext.

For the coming week or two I will be perched on the threshhold of the hotel named below. After that I couldn't tell you myself.

Of course there is the personal section of *Flying Saucers* to fall back on as a last resort.

George V. Clark
Pioneer Hotel
King City, Calif.

We think ALL of our readers would be interested in hearing more! This is the first we've heard of those mysterious caravans. By all means, tell us! I wrote you at the hotel, but have not yet had an answer. If I missed you, I trust this will persuade you to present us with some facts concerning the amazing things you have said.—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

While reading through some magazines loaned to me by a friend (also interested in UFO) I came across your fine magazine, *Flying Saucers.*

For the past several years I have been interested in unusual phenomena and I have purchased a great many science fact and fiction magazines. Your magazine is not sold in any of the local stores (Boonville and Evansville) that I know of. I would also be interested in the contents of your other magazine SEARCH. As of yet I have not seen one.

In the letters section of the October, 1958 issue of F. S. in answer to a Mr. Leon Davidson you repeatedly mention a FACT you know. You also mention the Shaver mystery, and your opinion that UFO's are neither from space nor U.S. gov't. Would I be correct in assuming that your FACT is in reality a form of ESP? Until recently I myself took stories of ESP to be someone's imagination. Due mainly to the FATE magazine I have become aware of the possible great knowledge waiting to be learned in ESP. I do not have ESP myself at the moment but I would like to try to develop some. Any good books you could suggest on this subject would be greatly appreciated.

I have begun to experiment with hypnosis although I have not yet tried to make any subjects Extra Sensory. As soon as I receive some information I have ordered I shall look into the possibilities of self hypnosis also. Any details you could give me in this line I would be glad to try in effort to learn more of the unseen world about us.

I would prefer you did not print this letter in your magazine although you may if you think it would be of any value. Thank you very much.

(Name Withheld)

I print your letter because I wish to answer it publically. However, I delete your name since it might embarrass you if I used it considering your reluctance to be quoted. Which is perfectly all right, and within your rights and our requirements.

First, my FACT is not ESP, I possess no extraordinary powers. This FACT is not something I do, just something I know. I found it out the hard way, and now it acts as a catalyst in judging information that comes my way. If I tell what it is, then it would be possible for hoaxers to "fix up" their story so that I couldn't judge its untruth. It's like the secret handclasp by which one lodge

FIRST EDITION SOLD OUT IN JUST TWO MONTHS!

"FLYING SAUCER PILGRIMAGE"

By Bryant & Helen Reeve

They went on a 23,000-mile pilgrimage to meet the people who claimed to have seen flying saucers, even ridden on them! They wanted to know these people for themselves, so they could judge their stories! Here, now, is their factual account of that pilgrimage. Meet them all for yourself: Adamski, Fry, Bethurum, Williamson, Angelucci, Van Tassel, Desmond Leslie, many others. And then they saw a saucer themselves! Read their exciting conclusions, their singular message to you!

304 pages **$3.50** **16 pages of illustrations**

SECOND EDITION NOW READY

The Greatest "New Age" Book Of Them All!

Other Tongues -- Other Flesh

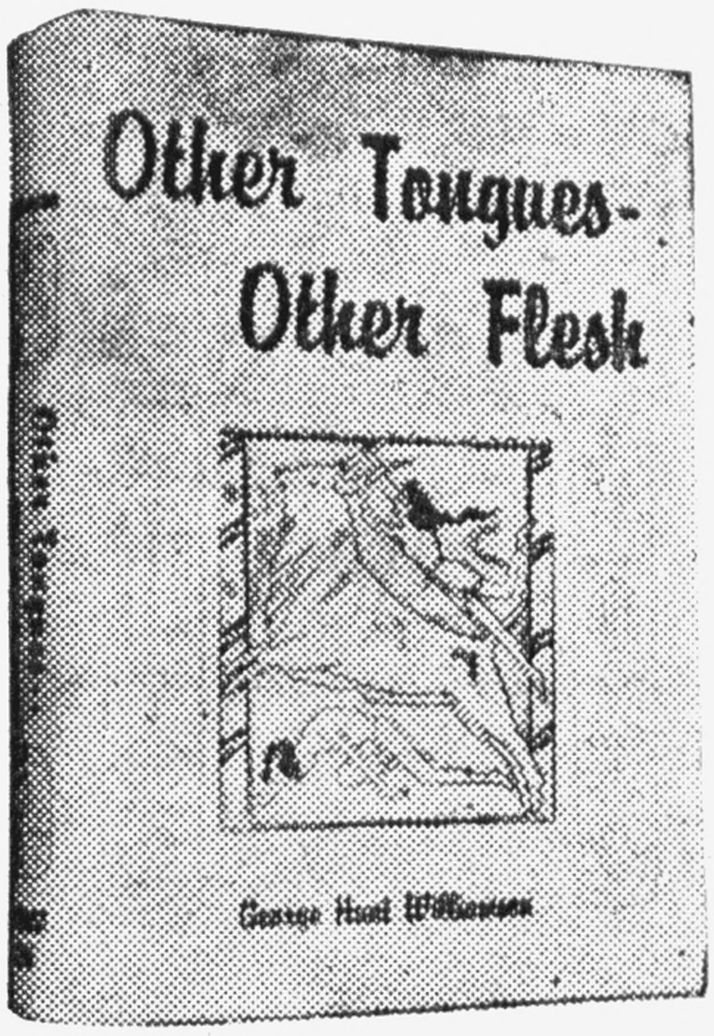
By George Hunt Williamson

In more recent times, there has been a growing realization that on other worlds than ours, even in other universes, there are other living beings. The idea that earthbound man may someday journey into the heavens to discover other men and women, like or unlike himself, grows by leaps and bounds. Within man's soul lies the truth — mortals exist on other spheres!

In this book, many references and quotations are given from the latest authentic reports on Saucer phenomena. Because many believe there are contradictions in some of the reported happenings, it has been necessary to show that there is a great story and purpose behind all these experiences.

Here, in this book, is the history of OTHER TONGUES, and of OTHER FLESH; calm, scientific evidence that there are brothers of ours in the skies overhead.

We are not alone in the Universe!



WRITTEN BY A SCIENTIST AND A SCHOLAR

George Hunt Williamson served with the Army Air Corps during World War II as Radio Director for the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command. He received the Army Commendation Award from Brig. Gen. C. W. Lawrence for his outstanding record of service. He served as an instructor in Anthropology for the United States Armed Forces Institute.

He attended Cornell College, Eastern New Mexico University, the University of Arizona, and took a special course at the University of Denver. He majored in anthropology with many courses in sociology, biology, philosophy and geology.

In 1948 he was awarded the coveted Gold Key for outstanding scientific research by the Illinois State Archaeological Society. He has spent a great deal of time doing field-work in Social Anthropology in the northern part of the United States, Mexico and Canada. He is an authority on Indian dances, music and ceremonial costuming.

448 Pages $4.00 More than 100 illustrations

Order these two great books now from

AMHERST PRESS Amherst, Wisconsin

member recognizes another. Give away the secret, and you can no longer recognize the other members. That's why I can't even consider revealing my fact. Mentioning it has resulted in some fantastic things, some of them very humorous. A few things have been very valuable to me. It has led to me learning a few more facts I didn't know before, through people thinking they also knew my fact, and trying to prove it by telling what THEY knew. In a way, it was rather a shabby trick. It gained confidences which I'd rather not return in kind.

The day Kenneth Arnold saw his flying saucers, I KNEW he was telling the truth. I knew, because he COULD NOT HAVE BEEN LYING. My FACT backed him up. Even Ken has accused me of having ESP since then, but believe me, it isn't.—Rap.

Dear Sir:

I have a proposed convention that has been set for July 6th thru the 9th of 1959. There is a lot of planning for such an event, so I am starting now. I would like to advertise this through your magazine and several other leading magazines throughout the nation.

If you could spare the time, I would like to have you as one of the speakers at this convention.

When I get ready to advertise I will send you a copy of the ad for your magazine. Would also like a list of names and addresses of outstanding people who are qualified to speak on this subject.

M. Allen Hawes
6329 47th Ave., No.
Minneapolis 27, Minn.

We'll be glad to advertise your proposed convention. As for being a speaker, perhaps the lateness of this very issue of FLYING SAUCERS will be evidence enough that we find it difficult to spare the time, as you say. And as for recommending speakers, we'll just print your letter, and suggest that any flying saucer speakers who are interested should write you. We have no doubt this will get you some answers. We don't know any offhand who would be available, although sometimes we get schedules which we pass on to our readers, after tours have been arranged. Best of luck in your convention. —Rap.

Dear Ray:

First I would like an explanation about how you refer to issue No. 33 to issue number NINE? Or No. 32 to issue number Eight? And so on.

And what about Search magazine. . . . I've heard about it but never really saw a copy of it. Is it still published?

In issue number nine, "Mysterious Broadcast From Space Ship?" It says the mysterious voice spoke in English, German, Norwegian, and a musical jibberish he said was the language of his home planet. Now does it seem likely that he would broadcast in these languages and not in Russian which is one of the leading and biggest nations?

And in his own language, who would understand him? Unless, that is, he has agents on earth, why would be broadcast this message to his own agents? Which anyway seems very unlikely that he had agents from his own planets there as he also stated, "it was getting too hot and he would have to take his space ship back.'"

Therefore the only reason he could have broadcasted in his own language, is if he had human contacts on Earth! But how would he contact those certain persons in the first place? And why in *his* language—surely his contacts understood one of these languages—code? Of course that is rather silly. But now the whole broadcast is beginning to sound ridiculous. As to your idea of Russian origin, perhaps that *is* the answer.

I want to congratulate you on your marvelous magazine and the way you courageously defend your statements.

And in "The Truth About the Phoenix Photo." A man that could speak that way is either a great American or a Commie covering up. And you're certainly not a Commie. (Are you?) You have faults, but most of your writing qualities are to be admired.

Gary Irwing
54 King Ave.
Weehawhen, N.J.

Originally FLYING SAUCERS was a science fiction magazine called OTHER WORLDS. It was numbered each issue. When we changed the title (and of course the contents), we had to retain the numbering system, because it is a postal regulation. In order to distinguish between the old OTHER WORLDS issues and the new FLYING SAUCER issues, we decided finally, after a lot of confusion on the part of our subscribers, to add the number "FS-9" and so on to indicate the number of FLYING SAUCERS issues published. This issue, of course, is FS-10, the tenth flying saucers magazine we have published.

Search is still being published, every

The SECRET'S OUT at LAST!

Who built the Great Pyramid? — Did Lemuria and Atlantis really exist? — Were some of the "gods" of antiquity really space visitors? — Where was the Last Supper Celebrated? — Are there fantastic historical treasures which constitute a legacy for mankind hidden under some of the wonders of the world? — Was Akhnaton of Egypt later Simon Peter? — Are there hidden pyramids in North America? — What is the real meaning of the Aztec Calendar Stone? — Is there a secret temple under the Sphinx? — Is there an ancient space ship buried under the Great Pyramid? — Was there a curse on Tutankhamun s tomb? — Where is the Holy Grail? — Did Joseph of Arimathea go to Glastonbury in Britain? Was he buried there? — Did the American Indians guard ancient Lemurian records in Time Capsules? — Is the Holy Shroud or Mantle of Turin really the burial shroud of Jesus? — Where is the lost treasure of the Incas and the fabulous Disc of the Sun? — What and where are the

SECRET PLACES OF THE LION?

George Hunt Williamson, author of this great new book, second of a series (see OTHER TONGUES—OTHER FLESH described on page 89), is a recognized anthropologist, holding the coveted Gold Key for outstanding scientific research by the Illinois State Archaeological Society. He is listed in "Who's Who In America" and "American Men Of Science". He is noted for his field-work in Social Anthropology.

ORDER FORM

To: Ray Palmer, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin

Please send me, postpaid, my personal copy of George Hunt Williamson's SECRET PLACES OF THE LION.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

for which I enclose my remittance of $4.00.

other month, and we'll be glad to send a sample copy to anybody who'd like to see what it is. It's really quite fascinating, and if you like FLYING SAUCERS, you'll like SEARCH.

No. I'm not a Commie. I'm not a joiner at all, except the local Lions Club, which is suffering particularly this year, because it's my year to be president. I'm supposed to be out selling light bulbs tonight, but this letter department's got to be whipped into shape!—Rap.

Dear Ray:

Regarding the February FS cover and the lead story, when I sent the photo of the model space port to be built at Giant Rock, I assumed this display had been seen by Van Tassel and that he knew about it.

I now learn that the model was conceived and constructed by Robert Riekert, 133-115th St., Ozone Park 20, L.I., N.Y.

It might do well to give him credit if possible.

Gray Barker
Box 2228
Clarksburg, W. Va.

Thanks, Gray. Van Tassell will be happy to know that he is no longer being given credit for something that might prove to be very embarrassing to him. We offer our mutual apologies to Mr. Van Tassell for building a spaceport on his property without permission, and to Mr. Riekert for ignoring him c[illegible]etely. We hope everybody is happy [illegible] that our readers are squared around.—Rap.

Dear Ray:

Just how serious is the stuff you write I'll never know, but you turn out an interesting mag. Your editorial policy seems so logical and outspoken that I feel "Flying Saucers" deserves my support, at least its "temporary acceptance".

Gray Barker is an out and out sensationalist but I like his style; I like his "They Knew Too Much etc—"

I like the credit given Charles Fort for his contribution to saucer science. I feel that numerous quotes are frequently in order.

What is the Shaver Mystery? I gather Shaver invented Deros and that you invented the 'Mystery'? Trying to tie Shaver in with the cause of saucers impress me as tho you're beginning to believe your own stories.

You're probably the dean of science fiction writers or editors that is, so I reckon you can't help speaking in riddles and mystifying things up a bit. Allowing that mystery and sensationalism are necessary to sell a saucer magazine, you still manage to present the news of developments in the saucer field.

It would seem apparent that many strange and inexplicable phenomena have occurred for a very long time, it seems hardly likely that we should learn the secret now, especially since "science" denies anything out of the ordinary ever existing. Still there are a lot of people doing a lot of thinking these days, and just like the names contribution to radio they may come up with something for which the egg head scientists will of course take the credit.

I pride myself on having a true scientific attitude, best described "seek the truth and the truth will set you free". Yes, I know many people talk up a good job but fall short on delivery. Many of us try sincerely but being human we fail to see the errors in our own ways. Egg-headism is merely the tendency of an intellectual to rationalize that the birds of his feather are best suited to think for all the other birds. Maybe it would be better said that in spite of his superior intellect the egghead is still a human being, his thinking only a superior rationalization to his glandular control. The output of any thinking machine is a function of the input regardless of the quality or quantity of the thinking. Our schools turn out millions of people yearly with better educations than had Lincoln, Newton, or Christ, but how many compare with these?

Among our great thinkers of today there are few who are not specialists in their thinking, few of whom it can be said have a clear perspective of man's many facets.

There seems to be no thinking on man's future. How long can mankind go on doubling its population every seventy years? What kind of people will look back on a million years of written history? Present man is less fitted to survive 6000 years successfully as was Cro-magnon — the stone age man. Taboo and tradition have their places in a society designed to endure indefinitely, yet both are ignored by our present civilization. As a people we show all the irresponsibility of children, all the good sense of a culture of bacteria, all the self control of a mental patient.

We need people like Ray Palmer, Dr. Ivy, A. H. Mallery, Bertrand Russel, Charles Fort, Henry Glass, Frank Ed-

FREE

6 Issue Gift Subscription to the

"SAUCERIAN BULLETIN"

EDITED BY GRAY BARKER

Author of

"THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS"

This Fully-illustrated $2.00 Value Given FREE with the Purchase of Any Three Books Listed Below.

THE COMING OF THE SPACESHIPS, by Gavin Gibbons, ... **$2.50**

FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK, by H. T. Wilkins, ... **$3.50**

FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED, by H. T. Wilkins, ... **$3.50**

MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT SOUTH AMERICA, by H. T. Wilkins, ... **$3.50**

SPACE, GRAVITY AND THE FLYING SAUCER, by Leonard G. Cramp, ... **$3.00**

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS, by George Adamski, ... **$3.50**

FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, by Desmond Leslie and George Adamski, ... **$3.50**

THE CASE FOR THE UFO, by M. K. Jessup, ... **$3.50**

THE EXPANDING CASE FOR THE UFO (Newest book by M. K. Jessup), ... **$3.50**

THE UFO ANNUAL, by M. K. Jessup, ... **$4.95**

THE UFO AND THE BIBLE, by M. K. Jessup, ... **$2.50**

THE REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING S, by Edward J. Ruppelt, ... **$2.95**

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE, by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, ... **$3.00**

SAUCER DIARY, by Israel Norkin, ... **$3.00**

OVER THE THRESHOLD, by Dana Howard, ... **$3.00**

FLYING SAUCER REVIEW ROUNDUP (a review of 1957 sightings) **$3.75**

THE FLYING SAUCER CONSPIRACY, by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, ... **$3.50**

FLYING SAUCERS AND COMMON SENSE, by Waveny Girvan, ... **$3.50**

THEY RODE IN SPACESHIPS, by Gavin Gibbons **$3.50**

THE INEXPLICABLE SKY, by Arthur Constance **$3.95**

THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT, (All four books in one 1125-page volume), ... **$6.50**

THE THIRD EYE, by T. Lobsang Rampa **$3.50**

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, by Aime Michel, ... **$3.95**

FLYING SAUCERS & STRAIGHT-LINE MYSTERY, by Aime Michel, ... **$4.50**

STRANGEST OF ALL, by Frank Edwards, ... **$3.50**

OTHER TONGUES — OTHER FLESH, by George H. Williamson, ... **$4.00**

THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, by Gray Barker **$3.50**

THE SECRET OF THE SAUCERS, by Orfeo Angelucci **$3.00**

THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF YOGA by Harvey Day **$3.75**

A DWELLER ON TWO PLANETS, by Phylos (A Martian), ... **$7.50**

ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER, by Truman Bethurum **$3.00**

COMPLETE PROPHECIES OF NOSTRADAMUS, Translated by Henry C. Roberts **$5.00**

Clip coupon, or if you do not wish to cut magazine, mark your letter "Free Subscription Offer'

SAUCERIAN PUBLICATIONS, Dept. FS, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Please send me the following books: (You may order one or two books without free offer if desired.) _____

_____

and send FREE. The gift subscription to THE SAUCERIAN BULLETIN

☐ I enclose remittance ship postpaid ☐ Please ship C.O.D.

Name (Please print) _____

Address _____

wards and others who aren't afraid to fraternize with the lunatic fringe if a truth may be gleaned therefrom.

Cecil P. Roberts
232 N. Cherry St.
Lancaster, Ohio

All those other people you mention are way out of my class, but thanks for linking my name with theirs! It's nice to be flattered once in awhile.

It seems to me that this life is quite sensational, without going to sensationalism. "Talking a thing down" seems to me to be apologetic. I prefer enthusiasm, and I'd rather say that Gray Barker, and myself, are enthusiastic.

No, Shaver didn't "invent" the dero. Nor did I "invent" the Mystery. Nor am I beginning to believe my own stories. We both continue to insist that the dero are real, and the Mystery is real. As for what it is, we're about to publish a book called "The Shaver Mystery". It will cover the subject thoroughly. It's a book that has long been necessary, but it's a tremendous job. It's not a thing that can be explained in a few words. It would take ten books just to put down the bare outline. But if you want it in a few words, there are secret underground areas inhabited by (mostly) degenerate people who possess the ancient and wonderful machines of a long-gone super-scientific race, which they use today to bedevil you and I (when they bother with us at all). That nightmare you had—they did it. That rainfall you prayed for—they sent it. All done by machines.

Riddles? Is there anything else?—Rap.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have just finished reading the February, 59 issue of *Flying Saucers*, in which you answered my letter of the December, '58 issue, and I was not satisfied with some of the answers. First, what's wrong with reasoning the way I did? At least it brings out the truth. There have been literally hundreds of different stories of contact, many of which were in your magazine, with space people from other planets and they can't all be right, it's not reasonable and hardly possible. Someone has got to be lying. With my reasoning I proved that either one or both are hoaxes. I don't think that Mr. Adamski is, because of the evidences which lead to the probability of life on other planets. In the universe there is said by astronomers to be at least 200 million planets (more developing) capable of supporting life ranging far below to far above ours. In my letter I was referring to the astronomical observatory atop Mt. Palomar. If it weren't possible to take spectrographic analysis on a body in space, then how come the astronomers use the spectrograph in learning about the atmospheres of Mars, Venus, Jupiter, etc? How do you explain that? Second, there WERE other observers of canals on Mars with Lowell at the same time. His entire staff was with him and observed them also. Third, I don't blame you for being mad for what you were called, but you certainly don't have to call his book a hoax because of it. Mr. Palmer, two wrongs don't make a right. Fourth, a while ago you talked about me comparing the two books or persons in my letter, but you yourself have done exactly the same thing at the end of your answer to my letter. You've compared Ruppelts and Keyhoe's books and called them both hoaxes. So if I'm really guilty, so are you. Another thing about February's F.S., in Giant Russian Reconnaisance Satellite Aloft you say that the satellite weighing 12,000 pounds and carrying a telescopic camera (how you found out those things I don't and will never know) is in orbit at 22,000 miles from the earth. If this were so then the satellite would take longer *not shorter* to cross from horizon to horizon because it is *much, much farther* out than most other satellites, besides Lunik (or Mechta). You read that the signal was picked up at Cape Canaveral for 3½ hours. If it were passing for only 4½ minutes the signal couldn't be picked up at Cape Canaveral for ¾ of an hour, let alone 3½ hours. The government officially denied that these signals were coming from a satellite or moon rocket, later. And by the way, what happened to our 400-450 pound sentry satellite that was to go up on Dec. 15, 1958? In another article titled, Why I Believe Adamski by Dr. Leon Davidson, he says many things about Adamski's trips etc. being movies. How can the flying saucers take off right in front of him (Adamski) and him take pictures of them if they're movies and why would anyone go to such extreme cost, etc. to do such a hoax? Try this letter on for size, because I'm QUITE sure that answers it, and even then fully.

Sincerely,
R. F. D. No. 1 Box 213
Mr. Charles W. Rosekrans
Portsmouth 3, Virginia

P.S. In spite of everything said and done, I enjoy your magazine immensely and will always continue to buy it.

A DOCTOR IS BORN

By Dr. W. D. Chesney, M.D.

Here it is at last: a book by a doctor who dares to tell the truth about medical trade unions, malpractice, kick-backs. fee-splitting, unnecessary surgery, ghost surgery, food poisons, poison sprays, drug monopoly, medical rackets and a host of other crimes against the traditions of the Hippocratic Oath.

These are the lifetime notes of a General Practitioner, now too old to practice, but determined to reveal the evils that medical monopoly bottled up for a half-century. Here is a fearless indictment, backed up by documentary proof, of the terrible menace to public health of power-mad and money-mad medical associations, to say nothing of the all-too-many doctors to whom their Hippocratic Oath is meaningless.

It is not an attack upon doctors in general, nor on the practice of medicine in toto; it is directed only against those knaves whose nefarious practices must be exposed to save the lives and health of thousands who will suffer or die needlessly because of greed, carelessnss and ignorance. Many good doctors know the truth, but cannot speak, because to do so would mean personal financial disaster, and ousting from practice.

Dr. Chesney pulls no punches, and can prove every word he says. Don't let him stand alone in his courage. Don't remain a medical monopoly guinea pig. Order his sensational book today!

ORDER FORM

To: Ray Palmer, Rt. 2, Box 36, Amherst, Wisconsin.

Please send me, postpaid, my personal copy of Dr. Chesney's A DOCTOR IS BORN.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **Zone** ..... **State** .....

for which I enclose $3.50.

95

EARLE WEITERSHAUSEN
1441 E. 12th Street
Pueblo, Colorado

I believe this issue of FLYING SAUCERS adequately covers the subject of spectroscopy, and how it is impossible by such means to determine what's on another planetary body.

As for the canals of Mars, they certainly exist, but whether or not they are canals with water in them, nobody knows.

I didn't say Keyhoe's book was a hoax. I said I suspected all books written by military men. Ruppelt's was completely worthless as evidence because it cannot be believed. The portions I have experience with are known to be false by me, and thus there is no alternative but to ignore the rest of it as probably of the same calibre. Keyhoe's book is largely a postulate. He wants saucers to be interplanetary, so he makes them come out that way.

Keyhoe, however, has been despicably treated by the military so I'm for him for that reason at least.

I find out things about Russian advances because I do something real simple, which apparently does not occur to our own government—I subscribe to Russian magazines. They are full of propaganda, of course, but it doesn't take much intelligence to detect the propaganda. It is the straight news they report that is interesting. What do the Russians tell their own people? That should be interesting to us too. So, when I say a Russian rocket is so and so, I read it in a Russian magazine. But when I said the orbit was 22,000 miles, I was quoting our own newspapers, who were quoting Cape Canaveral. I printed the clipping! Didn't you understand it was a clipping? What I saw I consider to be the second or third stage of the rocket that launched the satellite Cape Canaveral says is in orbit at 22,000 miles. Now you say they have retracted their statement. If so, it means nothing. They always retract statements made unwisely.

Actually, a 22,000 mile orbiting satellite would not circle the Earth at all, but remain above the same surface point (as far as we on the surface looking up are concerned.) Thus Cape Canaveral could pick it up continuously, but probably picked it up during its active period of broadcast. They don't broadcast continuously, you know.

If the government denied that these signals were coming from a satellite or moon rocket, then what in heaven's name were they coming from? Do they leave us dangling like that? Such a denial may quiet your questioning mind, but they only spur mine. I get curiouser and curiouser.

Just because we gave Dr. Davidson his say in FLYING SAUCERS, why do you jump on ME? I didn't say this elaborate hoax was played on Mr. Adamski. Davidson did. Besides, Adamski had his first experience back in 1942 or earlier! Thus the CIA couldn't have been in the picture. Adamski's experience is a very simple one, and can be duplicated by thousands of less vociferous people. It has nothing to do with flying saucers, except in a minor phase such as transportation. And in that respect, almost any vehicle that traverses the air or space can be called a flying saucer, even a 50 calibre machine gun bullet. I first met Adamski's Venusian pilot in 1943, and at that time he called himself Jesus Christ. To which I have no objection.—Rap.

Mr. Ray Palmer:

Some time ago you published an article written by James E. Mellodew about his motion pictures he took of a "Flying Saucer".

I was with him at the time, also the first person to see the film with him, when it came back, developed from Eastman Kodak.

Knowing this to be positive proof that Flying Saucers, are around, at least on sunny afternoons often wondered why you did not let your readers have the wonderful privilege of seeing the same film, or rather photo on your cover?

The blue sky against the glow of the Flying Saucer and white clouds, with those planes going the opposite way would have been to me, a picture to treasure, even if I had to cut it out of your magazine.

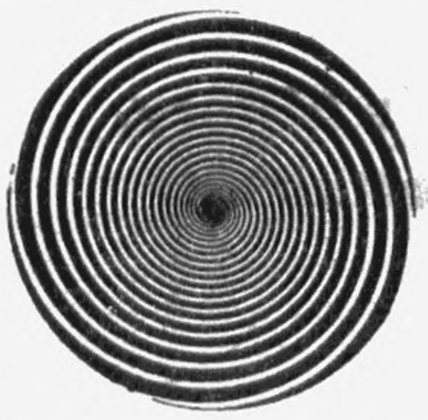
Miss Rosetta Ryan
A-1X Wissakickon Apts.
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

It was mechanically impossible for us to reproduce so small an image on our cover. If we had tried, we would have lost all detail, and might even have come up with a blank sky with some small blurs in it which would have negated Mr. Mellodew's whole article.

We can say, however, that we saw the UFO on the film, and also the planes. It was there, but only as a white dot. Less charitable people could express their doubts as to what it was, and it would be hard to talk their doubts away.

What is needed is a much bigger, clearer, closer picture. We'll get it someday. —Rap.

THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK



Have your subject gaze fixedly at this spiral and then READ TO HIM the hypnotizing techniques given WORD FOR WORD in Chapter Two of this "Handbook of Hypnosis for Therapy."

As soon as he is hypnotized, READ TO HIM the particular WORD FOR WORD therapy which applies to his particular problem. Many such therapies are given, always in the exact WORD FOR WORD form, which is essential in any scientific or professional use of hypnosis. There has never been a book like this. A few years ago an article in **Western Family** said about its principal author: "Along the west coast, the 'hypnotism man' whose students you'll most likely run into, is Charles Edward Cooke."

Cooke has taught doctors of medicine, dentists, psychiatrists, psychologists, ministers of the gospel, nurses, and many others, from San Diego, California, to Spokane, Washington Cooke has mass hypnotized as many as 400 people at once by READING the WORD FOR WORD hypnotizing technique in this work.

Although written for the professional man, this book will have a wide appeal among laymen who seek precise methods rather than the vague directions that have hitherto been available. THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK was written by Mr. Cooke in collaboration with science-fiction novelist and short story writer A. E. Van Vogt.

Some Chapters from

THE HYPNOTISM HAND-BOOK

CHAPTER 1: A dialogue example of a new skeptical patient on whom mild hypnosis is applied to gain the patient's confidence and at the same time tell a good deal about hypnosis.
CHAPTER 2: This is the Basic Word for Word Technique for Inducing Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 3: What You Should Know for Your 1st Hypnosis.
CHAPTER 4: The Mechanics of Hypnotizing.
CHAPTER 6: Variation of Speed of Response.
CHAPTER 7: Disguised Hypnosis — Its Use in Therapy
CHAPTER 8: Relaxing the Patient.
CHAPTER 10: Conditioning in Auto-Hypnosis — Monologue Method Word for Word.
CHAPTER 12: Hypnotic Re-education.
CHAPTER 13: Insomnia.
CHAPTER 14: Headache.
CHAPTER 15: Constipation.
CHAPTER 16: Over-weight: Reducing, Dr. and Patient.
CHAPTER 17: Breaking the Habit of Smoking.
CHAPTER 20: Hypnotic Anaesthesia.
CHAPTER 21: Painless Childbirth.
CHAPTER 22: Hypnosis in Dentistry.
CHAPTER 23: Working with children.
CHAPTER 25: Confidence — for Doctor and Patient.
CHAPTER 26: Concentration and Retentive Memory.

LIMITED EDITION • PRICE $4.50

AMHERST PRESS

Route 2, Box 36,

AMHERST, WISCONSIN

The Most Delicious
Chili You've Ever Tasted!
EASY TO MAKE, NEVER FAILS!

DO YOU LIKE GOOD CHILI?

LET ME TELL YOU HOW TO GET IT

And along with it, I'll send you my personal recipe, entirely free! (It also makes meat balls & spaghetti sauce; tamale pie, enchiladas; burger sauce; pizza pie)

It comes in several forms—either in individual aluminum foil envelopes (it'll never deteriorate!) containing just enough to make one batch, enough for eight people, or in 1-lb. bags, or in 5-lb. cans (in case you run a restaurant, and you want to have people lined up for blocks waiting for that WONDERFUL CHILI they can get only at YOUR place). Send for any amount you want, from one small envelope to a ton. Your money back, if your palate doesn't tingle with delight.

Here's What Our Customers Say:

Need more chili seasoning, as I have been eating it until it almost comes out of my ears! Just can't seem to get enough of it. Enclosed find my check for $3.50 for which please send me five cartons of five 8-person servings, and I will be able to continue my orgy of chili. Have several friends who are anxious to try it out also. C. A. Andrew, 905 E. Isaacs Ave., Walla Walla, Washington.

Not too long after getting my small order of your chili seasoning, I made up a pot of chili and forgot your seasoning. After eating a small dish of it, I remembered the two envelopes of "Williams" I had, so I dumped in one package and forgot it until dinner. Well, the whole thing in a nut shell is I'll never be without Williams Chili Seasoning again! It's wonderful! I've always prided myself on real good chili, but not any more! Enclosed find $1.00 for five more envelopes of seasoning, so I can have some more REAL chili! Virginia Walters, Rear 1165 Harrison Ave., Columbus, Ohio

WILLIAMS CHILI SEASONING

Individual 8-person serving 25c
Five 8-person servings $1.00
Twenty-five 8-person servings.... $3.50

Order From:

RAY PALMER

Rt. 2, Box 36,
Amherst, Wisc.

FOR 2500 YEARS . . . . .

Man has sought the state of "CLEAR"
This state is now attainable for the first time in Man's history.
The goal of all Mystic and Occult Science has been attained.

It can be done for you.

Write:

HASI - fs. 1812 19th Street, N.W. Washington 9, D.C.

HAVING TROUBLE FINDING "FLYING SAUCERS" AT YOUR NEWSSTAND?

SOLD OUT? NOT DISTRIBUTED? CENSORED?
A SUBSCRIPTION WILL SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM
Mail Coupon to FLYING SAUCERS, Amherst, Wisc.

10

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

I wish to subscribe to FLYING SAUCERS for (check square)

(Published every other month)

☐ 12 issues $3.50

☐ 24 issues $6.00

Enclosed is ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order for $____

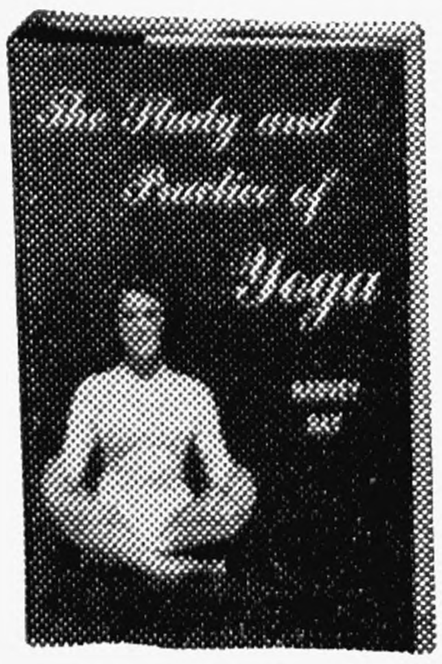
THESE BACK ISSUES ARE STILL AVAILABLE

JUNE, 1957 (First Issue) 35c
AUGUST, 1957 (Second Issue) 35c
MAY, 1958 (Fifth Issue) 35c
JULY-AUGUST, 1958 (Sixth Issue) 35c
OCTOBER, 1958 (Seventh Issue) 35c
DECEMBER, 1958 (Eighth Issue) 35c
FEBRUARY, 1959 (Ninth Issue) 35c

FREE

ANY ONE OF THESE FASCINATING BOOKS

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE SAUCERIAN BOOK CLUB



"The Study & Practice of Yoga"

Harvey Day's practical illustrated manual of Home Exercises for Men and Women.

Published at $3.75



"There IS Life On Mars"

The Earl Nelson's scientific proof of life on Mars and discussion of Saucers.

Published at $3.00



"My First 10,000,000 Sponsors"

Frank Edwards tells how he was fired after discussing saucers over the air.

Published at $2.00



"Flying Saucer From Mars"

Cedric Allingham's amazing account of his face-to-face meeting with a man from another world.

Published at $2.75

RECEIVE ADVANCE NOTICE OF THE BEST BOOKS BEFORE THEY REACH BOOK STORES — AND RECEIVE FREE BOOK DIVIDENDS

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: You enroll in either the Saucer Section for Saucer books, or the Mystic Section for the best in new books about the Occult, Spiritualism, Yoga, Reincarnation, etc. You receive advance description of two books, one Saucer, one Mystic, often at less than retail prices. If you wish the particular book for your section do nothing and it will be shipped automatically, or you can substitute a book from the opposite section. If you do not want to buy any book, notify us and no book will be shipped. For every three books you purchase (after enrollment selection) you receive a Free Book Dividend of your selection from our Dividend List.

ENROLL WITH EITHER CURRENT SELECTION BELOW

"THEY LIVE IN THE SKY"

SENSATIONAL NEW SAUCER BOOK
By TREVOR JAMES

A startling volume you won't want to read after dark!

30 PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

PRICE $4.50

"Magic and Mystery in Tibet"

Exciting True Adventures of world's only Woman Lama!

PRICE $6.00



★ Enroll in Either or Both Sections **★ Cancel Membership Anytime**

★ You Are Not Obligated To Buy A Specified Number of Books

(***Clip coupon below or write***)

SAUCERIAN BOOK CLUB, Dept. FS-32, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va.

☐ Please enroll me in the SAUCER Section with "THEY LIVE IN THE SKY" at $4.50.

☐ Please enroll me in the MYSTIC Section with "MAGIC & MYSTERY IN TIBET" at $6.00.

And ship FREE the following book (if you have enrolled in both sections, list two books):

☐ I ENCLOSE REMITTANCE. ☐ PLEASE SHIP C.O.D.

Name (Please print) _____

Address _____



. . . but the Egyptians knew it ages ago!

POWERS to overcome sickness! Means to escape poverty! Knowledge to bring happiness and peace of mind! Skill and genius to create a civilization which we still copy today! These are only some of the accomplishments of the ancient Egyptians.

Above and beyond these physical achievements was the secret wisdom possessed by the Egyptian mystery schools. In these centers of learning men and women were taught the laws of life and how to master them. With this mastery they were able to shape their destinies as they wished them to be. It takes no greater mental effort to *achieve results* when you know how. Successful living is the oldest art in the world. It consists of developing *initiative, foresight* and the ability to combine experiences into new and workable ideas.

These laws operate as unfailingly as the laws which govern the sun, moon and planets. They were discovered centuries ago by certain wise men of Egypt, and preserved down through the ages by the Rosicrucians.

Time has since crumbled Egypt's walls, but it couldn't destroy this formula for the control of life. In your hands, this knowledge could alter the entire course of your affairs.

The Rosicrucians offer to you—if you have the courage to break away from limited forms of thinking—these same simply expressed truths of life which have led thousands to a joyous method of better living.

Let This FREE Book Help You

Learn how you may share the private instructions of The Rosicrucians, a non-profit fraternity of men and women whose influence extends into every land. Let this be the turning point in *your* life! For your copy of *"The Mastery of Life"* use the coupon below or write to Scribe B.W.B.

The Rosicrucians
[AMORC]
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Scribe B.W.B.
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)
San Jose, California, U.S.A.

Please send me, without obligation, my copy of *"The Mastery of Life"* which explains how I may receive and use your intelligent and age-old method for attaining mastership of life.

Name.....

Address.....