

# FLYING SAUCERS

*The Magazine of Space Conquest*

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OCTOBER, 1959

*The*  
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ILLINOIS  
PHOTO**

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# FLYING SAUCERS

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Front Cover Photo by Dean Morgan

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

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# .....Editorial.....

**R**ecently we conducted an experiment: we went around asking people at random just one simple question: is the Moon round or square? You can imagine the reactions we got — and we'll go into them a little later on in this editorial; but first we'd like to have you imagine that you've never heard of a flying saucer, and picture your reaction to a stranger approaching you in the street and telling you about them. We're sure you can see that there is a similarity in reactions to both questions! Just what would you say to the second question, if asked whether flying saucers were shaped like pie plates placed together, with a dome on or were shaped like a top?

You would probably say the question was immaterial, because the first thing to do would be to prove that the saucers actually existed, and if you proved that, you'd have to say where they came from. In fact, that last question is the basic one today — where do they come from? Invariably we are challenged thusly: "If you're so smart, where do these saucers come from?"

Up to now we've carefully avoided giving a direct answer to the question, because anything else demands proof — and proof is difficult to secure. However, in a few issues (maybe next, who can tell) we'll tell you where they come from, and we'll prove it. We have said that they do not come from outer space. It is easy to say where they do not come from, because a negative statement does not require proof. We might be asked how we can be sure they do



**RAY PALMER**

not come from outer space, but there is a safe answer to that — what shred of evidence can the doubter himself offer that they **do**? None of course. Those proponents of the outer space origin actually do not possess any proof to support their opinion. They base their thinking on a process of elimination — since they are not U.S. projects, Soviet inventions, or any other local origination point which can be checked, the admission that they are real postulates a very distant and unprovable organization. Thus, the hue and cry for outer space. It is safe to say that is where they come from, faced with their reality. People like Major Keyhoe can write books about them, in which there can be no real challenge concerning the saucers themselves, because the doubter is

(Continued on page 56)



# *The* **RED BUD,**

EARLE WEITERSHAUSEN  
1441 E. 12th Street  
Pueblo, Colorado

## **ILLINOIS Photo**

(See Front Cover)

**By DEAN MORGAN**

**Although this photo was taken on April 23, 1950, it has not been publicized until this date because of the original ridicule to which the photographer was subjected by his friends. At FLYING SAUCERS' request, he has made a print available to us.**

**O**N April 23, 1950, I was walking through the woods in the hills near Red Bud, Illinois. I was a part-time photographer, hoping to get some wildlife shots. Of course, crashing through the brush in broad daylight was no way to get wildlife pictures; I really just wanted to hike through the woods. However, I took my camera along for appearances' sake. As I came down the south side of a hill, the woods broke away into a clearing on a gentle slope. Utility lines snaked their way across this clearing and on down the hillside on telephone poles. From here, I could see the green-and-brown hills about bathed in bright sunshine. It was then that I noticed that the clearing in which I stood was shaded, as though a small cloud were just overhead. I looked up.

I got the shock of my life. Suspended at what seemed a height of no more than twenty feet directly over me, with no visible means of support, the huge, round, shaded, metallic bottom of what proved to be a disc hung motionless in mid-air. I wouldn't dare to hazard a guess

at how big the thing was. It looked enormous.

Very slowly, then, the huge disc began moving away from me, southward. The bottom seemed convex and the upper surface likewise, but it seemed that the upper surface reached up to form a dome atop the middle of the circle formed by the disc's edge. This top semi-sphere was reddish in color, and the rest of the thing, below a distinct line where the dome started, seemed to be of clear metallic substance. The object stopped moving, and hovered, motionless, out over the hills. After a few seconds, it again started moving slowly, this time to my left, eastward. Once more it stopped and hung in mid-air out over the hills. Only now did enough shock wear off to permit me to move consciously. I shoved my camera up to my face, caught the object in the viewer, and snapped the shutter.

Immediately, the thing took off. There was no discernable sound or exhaust. It was just gone in a flash beyond the horizon. I wondered about the heat of the day, and my



exertion in walking, and imagined that perhaps I hadn't really seen anything at all. My arm was trembling violently as I looked at my watch. It read 3:58.

I did not then know what I am about to relate, but this is the story they tell in De Soto, Illinois, about fifty miles roughly southeast of where I'd made my sighting.

It was about four o'clock of the same day. A newsboy named Donald Gene was, as usual, peddling his bicycle down U.S. Route 51 to make some deliveries south of town. He stopped before the Greene residence, which was right next to the highway in the open countryside. Mrs. Greene was puttering with some plants in the yard beside the house. Mr. Greene was up on the roof, presumably fixing a leak. It was noticing Mr. Greene that caused the newsboy to look up. In the blue sky above, he saw what he later described as looking like the bottom of a silver saucer.

"Hey," he said, pointing at the object, "look at that!"

Puzzled, Mr. Greene from the roof and Mrs. Greene from the ground first looked at him, and then followed his indication. They caught sight of the thing in the sky. The three observers stared with one accord as the saucer remained set in the air. After a short while, it took off, to quote the newsboy, "faster than any jet, straight south for Carbondale."

Later (I was still ignorant of this incident), my photographic print proved that what I'd seen from the hillside had not been a bizarre hallucination, but a bizarre fact.

I was, of course, most enthusiastic about my flying saucer. The first person with whom I conversed after my experience was a portly friend, whom I shall not name here, who came over to my house in East St.

Louis for a visit one evening. He was seated on the couch, I on a chair across the room from it. After some small talk, which I determinedly kept to a minimum, we sat in silence for a few seconds while I collected my thoughts. How should I say what I had to say?

At length I blurted out: "Do you believe in . . . uh . . . flying saucers?"

"Of course," replied my stout associate in his booming voice, as though I'd asked him whether he believed in automobiles. I was stunned. This had been too much to hope for. I had certainly never believed in flying saucers myself before my unexpected revelation; and of all people I could not have visualized my friend as a "saucerer".

"Wait," I said, leaving the room in an excited rush. I returned with my photograph, handed it to him, sat on the couch beside him and rattled off my report with missionary zeal as he gazed soberly at the picture.

"You don't seem surprised," I said after the conclusion of my account.

"I'm not," he said softly. "I saw one of these once."

"You?" I was flabbergasted.

"Yes," he said. "It was purple, and orange. A ray gun shot out of its porthole and rayed me, and that's what made such a mess of me. You must believe me!" He stared at me with a wild look in his rounded eyes.

I felt my face flush as I realized what he was doing. "All right!" I said hotly. "Knock it off!"

His mouth suddenly split his fat face open as he shook with roaring laughter. He gave his watch a glance that was too quick, and said, "I'm sorry, Dean Morgan old boy. I'd better go now." He got up to leave, handing me the photo. "I'll see you around."

"Yeah," I said, sitting where I was. He left.



He's never "seen me around" socially again.

I'd never been so angry; nor so frustrated, for my anger was force without direction. I couldn't blame him; I would have behaved in a similar manner had our situations been reversed.

I showed my photo to two more friends after that, and the responses it evoked were enough to make me shove the picture into a drawer and will myself into forgetfulness. At least, I tried to forget.

In 1956, the Reverend Don Holt became pastor of Bunkum Road Baptist Mission, of which I was a member. Under his pastorage I became the mission's song leader. One day, after the morning services, I saw him talking with some of the members in the yard, as he was wont to do. When one of the members made a pointless joke about flying saucers and people who see them, I noticed that he did not laugh with the group, but assumed an unusually solemn expression. After those members had left him, I ambled over and casually asked why he hadn't laughed at the joke I'd overheard.

He was reluctant to answer, but finally said, "I wouldn't lie to you," and revealed the following:

He had lived in De Soto, Illinois, at the time of my sighting. It was now, from him, that I learned of the newsboy's sighting I have described. I was greatly edified to hear that this had occurred on the same day as my sighting; in fact, just a little afterward. But there was more to

his story than that. My pastor, a man of irreproachable character, had himself seen the object! He had been going south on U.S. Route 51. North of Carbondale city limit, he had seen the object hovering in the sky for an instant before streaking away before him in the same manner in which the newsboy and his husband-and-wife confirmants described it as streaking away from De Soto.

I managed to contact the erstwhile newsboy, whose story was as described.

My enthusiasm was revitalized, and I tried desperately to get my findings published. They were rejected by all popular magazines.

It was in August, 1957, that I discovered "Flying Saucers" magazine.

I realized that here was a publication that was open-minded, to say the very least. However, I was reluctant to write anything for it, because most of the things I found therein seemed so . . . . I hope the faithful will pardon my saying this . . . . crazy.

But I now feel duty-bound to tell my story, for I know the flying saucer legend is based on absolute fact, and if that hard truth is ever to be bared from beneath the layers of myth, those of us who have access to fact must disclose it.

The photograph was taken from a hillside, not far from Red Bud Illinois, facing south-southeast. The lines in the upper left foreground are utility wires, and the things in the lower right are the tops of bushy trees. The tops of two telephone poles can be seen as the lines wind down the hillside. The "saucer" is hovering, just prior to taking off.

I get a weird, creepy feeling every time I look at this picture. To paraphrase something Editor Ray Palmer once said, "What have I seen? An Unidentified Flying Object."

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# PROJECT ARGUS, AND THE "ANONYMOUS" SATELLITE

By Olavo Fontes, M.D.

(special Brazil representative—  
Aerial Phenomena Research Organization)  
Courtesy Coral Lorenzen

In the February, 1959 issue of **FLYING SAUCERS** we described a "mystery" satellite which held a southwest-northeast orbit, had a brilliance fluctuation rate about twice that of Sputnik III, and crossed from horizon to horizon in about 4½ minutes. The time of our sighting was early in July, 1958. We received many doubting letters, and quite a bit of ridicule. With this article, we are pleased to note that we were 100% correct in our observations and orbital calculations, and that there actually was an unidentified satellite in the heavens between July 7 and September 6 1958. Score one more scoop for **FLYING SAUCERS!**

One day last August, the U. S. Navy missile-test ship Norton Sound pulled away from her dock at Port Hueneme, California. Apparently she was off on another of her routine, one-day rocket-testing trips to the Navy's offshore test range. However, this time things were quite different. She was going to a secret rendezvous with a special U. S. Navy task force off the Falkland Islands, some 10,000 miles around Cape Horn and off in the South Atlantic. Her secret mission: to fire three nuclear-armed rockets into space, to detonate three nuclear devices at more than 300 miles above the earth. This scientific and military experiment was called Project Argus, had been proposed by the physicist Nicholas Christofilos in a paper written in late 1957 and was certainly the most ambitious nuclear-missile launching project in the history of the U. S. Navy. What Captain Arthur Gralla (this skipper)

and his crew had come to shoot were three 57-ft. X-17A solid-propellant rockets, each tipped with a 1.5 kiloton atomic warhead. **SINCE HE HAD NO TARGET TO HIT EXCEPT THE WIDE SKY**—as it was said when the world finally learned of his mission—Gralla's task apparently was simple, but in fact it was fantastically difficult. Why? Because the rockets had to go off at **PRECISELY THE TIMES WHEN A CERTAIN ARTIFICIAL SATELLITE ORBITING THE EARTH WAS IN THE PROPER POSITION**. According to the information released to the press, this satellite was the U. S.'s Explorer IV, sent aloft in July, which should be in position to monitor radiation from the explosions. Taking all difficulties into account, Navy experts had estimated Task Force 88's chances of fulfilling Project Argus requirements at one in 200. . .

On Aug. 27, Aug. 30 and Sept. 6, **WITHIN THE THREE-MINUTE**



**TIMING TOLERANCE** that orders prescribed, the rockets zoomed off in straight-up flight. Then, mission accomplished, Task Force 88 started its return trip. Admiral Mustin (the Commander - in - Chief) and Captain Gralla received the Legion of Merit.

The question is: Why explode nuclear warheads in the near-vacuum 300 miles above the earth's surface? The explanations given till now are obviously only a part of the whole answer. To test the theories on how charged particles such as electrons would behave in the vacuum of space near the earth — was the official answer. But other authorities suggested that strictly military lessons of Project Argus still kept secret may have already affected U. S. Planning for above-the-atmosphere warfare. Dr. Van Allen, for instance, has stated that neutrons from a nuclear charge exploding in a vacuum might detonate or deactivate an incoming enemy warhead, "if there were enough of them." On the other side, there are others who declare that "enough of them" is an improbably large figure, and that it would be easy to protect the warheads with a shield of Boron 10 or any other neutron-absorbing material. Presumably, Argus also had some global effect on radar and radio - communications. These effects, however, would disturb the defenders as well as the attackers—in the case of war—except if the hostile missiles and craft were remote-controlled from an artificial satellite placed outside the man-made shell of radiation. But, in such a case, the best thing to do would be to destroy the unfriendly satellite itself, or at least to put it out of operation for some time.

Adding to the mystery around the military objectives of Operation Argus, there is the report of Prof. Et-

tore Martin, from the Astronomy Observatory of Trieste, Italy, who disclosed the fact that an unidentified "satellite" was orbiting the earth. The information was released on August 22, 1958 and put on the wires by the U.P.I. The period indicated covers exactly the time of the Norton Sound's secret trip. Prof. Martin, who was the Observatory's director, released the following statement (transcribed verbatim):

"Since August the 16th, an 'ANONYMOUS SATELLITE' has been sighted in Italian skies EVERY NIGHT. It has been spotted from Trieste and other Italian towns the last seven nights. It always appears about 10-12 minutes before the time of the previous night's sighting. It can be seen with the naked eye and looks like a THIRD MAGNITUDE STAR, but the light emitted by such an unknown object is not steady, blinking on and off at regular intervals of about seven seconds. It moves on a Northwest-Southeast trajectory about 300 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH. AND APPARENTLY LOSING ALTITUDE DAY BY DAY. Its passage can be observed with the naked-eye, for just two minutes as it moves along its orbit around the earth at tremendous speed. Such an orbiting object DOES NOT EMIT RADIO SIGNALS. It is not the Sputnik III but could be, perhaps, the third stage of the rocket that launched it."

According to the information printed on Italian newspapers, the "anonymous" satellite was first spotted by Dr. Dino Di Colbertado a professor of Geology in the Universities of Milan and Padua. He lives near the town of Udine and Astronomy is his hobby. According to his report to the Udine's newspaper "Messaggero Veneto," he had sighted a luminous object crossing the skies, at night, in the middle of



July. A few weeks later, in August, at 10:00 P.M., he saw it again. Yet this time its trajectory appeared to be slower and its brightness more intense. It was blinking on-and-off at intervals of seven seconds, and it reappeared on successive nights always with an anticipation of about 10-12 minutes each time.

I have additional evidence that the "anonymous" satellite was orbiting the earth at least since last July. As a matter of fact, it was also seen in the Brazilian skies starting with July 13. That night at 6:30 P.M., an unknown object the size (apparent size) of No. 5 soccer ball, crossed the skies over the Northeast region of Brazil, following a NORTH-SOUTH TRAJECTORY. It was RED IN COLOR AND BLINKED ON AND OFF AT REGULAR INTERVALS. It was sighted for three successive nights — BUT ALWAYS AT THE SAME HOUR, and following the same trajectory. It did not leave any trail. It was sighted for two minutes, with the naked-eye. This unknown object was sighted simultaneously from the following towns and village across the state of Ceara: Santa Quitéria Igatu, Marco, Gadelha and Chaval. All the witnesses in each of the places listed above described an object with the same characteristics and the time of sighting was also the same.

A few days later, on July 17, an object with the same characteristics was spotted over Sobral, another town in the same area. About ten days later, on July 28, the same object apparently was sighted from Manaus, capital of the state of Amazonas. The time was 7:00 P.M. and the "unknown" was reported as round-shaped and red in color.

Next night on July 29, came the last observation of the "anonymous" satellite in my country — also the

most detailed one. The place was an artificial lake near the town of Fortaleza, capital of the state of Ceara. It was a starlit night with no moon, no haze and no winds. Mr. Ribeiro Ramos, a commentator from the newspaper "Correio do Ceara," was enjoying his vacation there with his family. Just after sunset, that day, the silence that surrounded the place was suddenly broken by the startled cry of Ramos' small daughter, Tereza Maria. She was calling, very excited: "Papa, Mama, come to see a star in the sky, moving and blinking its light on and off! Hurry up, please! . . ." They ran to the spot and saw a luminous object moving at a very high altitude across the cloudless sky, from horizon to horizon, slow and magnificent. It was small and looked like a third magnitude star. Its light was not steady, it pulsed at regular intervals increasing and diminishing in intensity. The witnesses counted just 26 increases in brightness before the object disappeared over the horizon. It was moving on a SOUTH-NORTH TRAJECTORY and crossed from horizon-to-horizon in about five minutes. DURING FOUR SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS, the phenomenon was again repeated with mathematical accuracy, ALWAYS AT THE SAME HOUR: 6:45 P.M. However, on the first night the unknown object appeared near the Southern Cross constellation; each subsequent night it followed the same direction, but gradually changing its position in the sky as compared to the fixed stars — in such a manner that on the fifth night, it was no more in sight.

It may be relevant to emphasize, at this point, that Sputnik III was observed by astronomers at the Observatory at Bologna, Italy, on the night of July 14. It was glowing like a first magnitude star and could



be seen with the naked eye. On the other side, the third stage of Sputnik III's rocket was observed in the night of Sept. 5 by Brazilian astronomers when it crossed over Sao Paulo City. It showed the brightness of a FIRST MAGNITUDE STAR — but with no pulsation in its luminous intensity....

The data listed above suggest the following conclusions: 1-that the "anonymous" satellite was real; 2 - that this unknown object was moving at least 300 miles above the earth's surface on a polar orbit (at least in July, 1958), possibly changing later to a NW-SE trajectory; 3 - that it did not emit radio signals; 4 - that its characteristics did not correspond with those of Sputnik III or its rocket; 5 - that it was probably a "spy satellite," possibly from another world; and 6 - that it was not sighted anymore after Sept 6, ie., after the explosion of the last Operation Argus' nuclear warhead in the near vacuum 300 miles above the earth.

By a curious "coincidence," the same day that the first information about Argus was released to the press (March 19, 1959), Dr. W. L. Whitson made a very important statement in a conference at the California Institute of Technology. Dr. Whitson is a scientist from the ARPA (Advanced Research Projects Agency). He said that "The U. S. has put in operation a network for the detection of satellites, which is complete in its basic aspects; in order to avoid a surprise attack launched from space by artificial satellites". He explained that "such a network included a series of detection posts across several countries to the south of the U.S. and would be used to localize satellites that do not emit radio signals, as would be the satellites with "UN-FRIENDLY" objectives."

It is important to stress that Dr. W. L. Whitson was not talking about Russian satellites, but about objects not made by earth-man. In fact he also stated that "those 'UN-FRIENDLY' satellites will not reveal their position through radio signals and, therefore, we have to spot them by other means;" that "because of the possibility of the existence of hundreds of satellites orbiting the earth within the next 10 years it is VITAL that we have the means to 'identify' all of them and also detect the presence of new ones — to protect the nation against a possible attack originating in sidereal space;" that "Within 10 or 15 years space vehicles capable of any kind of maneuver shall be needed to cope with this menace from interstellar space;" and that "it will be also necessary to operate from natural and artificial space stations, and it will be equally important to establish strong defensive systems in space as well as VIGILANCE SYSTEMS ON THE MOON AND OTHER PLANETS."

The underlines are mine. Dr. Whitson's statements were put on the wires by the UPI on March 20 and published in most of Rio's newspapers the following day. They did not attract too much attention — fortunately for the censors — apparently because of the simultaneous release of the information about Argus. However, they are extremely important and explain many things that seemed obscure until now. There is no need to tell the reader what those things are. The information listed above is more than enough for him to reach his own conclusions about the whole matter...

Taking into consideration all of the facts and "coincidences" related with Project Argus, there is a very strong possibility that the



strictly military lessons of Argus—still kept secret — were connected with a courageous attempt to interfere with an “unfriendly” spy satellite. If that was the case, the orbit followed by the “unknown” should be the most important factor to be considered when the best place to fire the rockets was selected, i.e. a place near one of the Poles should be the best choice — for obvious reasons. Taking all difficulties in account the chances of hitting the target would be around one in 200, as estimated by U.S. Navy experts. A very strict timing tolerance would be needed and probably more than one attempt at different dates would be necessary. As it happened.

. . . . .

If the experiment was successful, as it seems, three things may have happened: 1 - the “anonymous” satellite was hit directly by one of the atomic warheads (probably on Sept. 6); possibly after being damaged by the near-exposion of the previous ones; 2 - it was not destroyed (no direct hit), but seriously damaged and put out of operation for some time; 3 - it was not destroyed or damaged, but forced to leave to a more distant and safe orbit.

We don't know yet what really happened. Anyway, it may be interesting to remember, at this point, that a “UFO-flap” was expected to begin last September. Most UFOlogists agreed on that point. What we know from past experience of the kind also suggested that a “satellite” of some kind would be needed to control the UFOs involved in the “flap”.

**YET THE SEPTEMBER, 1958, UFO “FLAP” DID NOT COME . . . . .**

(Editor's note: Several years ago, **FLYING SAUCERS** told of the first Russian atomic bomb tests in space, and advanced the theory that perhaps they were not merely testing,

but actually shooting at something, or practicing for future shooting at something they knew was to be a target. We scooped the world on this item, which was later proved to be true — that Russia actually had exploded atomic bombs in space, shot there with powerful rockets. Now that the United States, during its August-September 1958 triple atomic blasts at 300 miles off the Falkland Islands, has succeeded in duplicating the Russian feat, and in doing so in secrecy earned the ire of an uninformed Congress, we have further evidence of the truth that may lie behind our early theorizing. What Dr. Olavo Fontes and Coral Lorenzen cautiously advance as a very strong possibility, **FLYING SAUCERS** feels is quite certainly a fact—the U.S. atomic shots in outer space (300 miles) were not for the purpose of spreading a cloud of atomic radiation about the earth (because this result was a surprise to them — see *Scientific American*), but were deliberate shots at the mystery satellite first detected by your editor and so reported in this magazine, which proved 100% effective.

Naturally we can advance this only as our **opinion**. Calling it factual cannot really be done until we prove it to be true. But the editors of this magazine feel as confident as a man holding four aces in a poker game! Certainly we are entitled to our stand, whether or not we can produce corroboration from official sources. The fact is, that is all we're likely ever to get—because this is the kind of secret that can only be classified as top secret. Our comments on it can cut no ice, and we realize it.

So let's anticipate the mail we'll get from the doubters, and say “take it or leave it—judge for your-

(Concluded on page 46)



# MARS' MOONS ARTIFICIAL

by Ray  
Palmer

**What many astronomers have privately suspected has now been shown to be true—Phobos and Deimos, the two tiny moons of Mars (named Fear and Terror by the original discoverers because of the fact that their strange unnaturalness inspired these emotions), are intelligently made satellites! Here are the facts which have the scientific world in an uproar of conjecture, and the rocket men in a tizzy of anxiety to "go there and find out for sure."**

**W**HEN we speak of the two tiny moons of Mars, we embark almost immediately upon the fantastic. The story of Phobos and Deimos (meaning Fear and Terror) begins with Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels*. Long before astronomers suspected the existence of the two satellites, Swift described them with a frightening preciseness in his presumably fictional account. He was specific concerning their small size, their extremely low orbit, their fantastic orbital speed, and their artificial appearance.

It was an American, Hall, who discovered the two moons in 1877. His fellow astronomers did not believe him when he announced his discovery, but when they trained their telescopes on Mars, and sought to disprove his claim the two moons were clearly visible to all who looked.

The most striking feature of the tiny bodies was their high "albedo," or reflective power. They were much brighter than they should have been. If their composition was similar to Mars, or to our own satellite; if made of the same substances; they should have been less bright. Instead they possessed an albedo which could only be due to a highly polished or otherwise brilliantly reflective surface.

Phobos is less than ten miles in diameter, and Deimos is less than

five miles. Both of them revolve around Mars exactly in the plane of its equator, that is, precisely around its middle, unlike any of the satellites launched from Earth. The condition that exists there is not duplicated in any other satellite orbit anywhere in the solar system. It is almost beyond the realm of possibility through anything but deliberate plan.

Mars revolves on its axis in 24 hours and 37 minutes, only slightly longer than Earth. Yet, Phobos revolves, in its turn, around Mars in 7 hours and 39 minutes, so that it completely circles the planet approximately three times a day-and-night period. To an observer on Mars, Phobos would, on a particular night, be seen rising in the early evening, hurtle across the sky at visible speed, set, and rise once more before morning! There is no other satellite in the solar system which has a faster period of revolution than its parent body. That is, none but artificial satellites!

Lately, with interest in satellites heightened, astronomers have been paying more attention to the moons of Mars. In 1945, however, even before the satellite era, American astronomer Sharpless took very careful observations of Phobos and Deimos and when he had finished, compared his results with similar ob-



servations made fifty years before by Russian astronomer Struve. Phobos wasn't where it should have been! Its orbit had shifted  $2\frac{1}{2}$  degrees! As astronomers measure movement in space, this is a fantastic deviation. It is not at all natural, and not explained by any natural condition of the Martian system, atmospheric, gravitational, or what have you.

The change in Phobos' orbit was a slowing down. As it slows, it is getting closer to Mars' surface. This means that if the process continues one day (very far in the future) the satellite will crash to the surface.

What is slowing Phobos down? It cannot be atmospheric pressure, or friction, because Deimos would likewise be slowed by the same factor, and it is not being slowed! Tidal forces have been suggested, but English astronomer Jeffries has produced precise mathematics to show that Phobos is not slowed by Martian tides, either of water or solid matter. Russia's Skhlovsky has proved by his figures that it cannot be Mars' magnetic field, nor its gravitational field which is producing the slowing down process. Not even the pull of the sun or any other solar system body is responsible.

There is only one explanation, and for a normal, natural spatial body, this is impossible—Phobos, for its size, must be hollow, and of extreme lightness. It must be only a thin skin of metal, absolutely round and rigid. And if this is so, it cannot be anything but **man-made**! Man as he must have developed on Mars, eons ago!

Today, apparently, only the most primitive of plants exist on Mars. Any intelligent beings who may have lived there once are now extinct, or have left the planet. Millions of years ago, Mars had an oxygen-rich atmosphere, capable of

supporting a civilization. Gravity is much less than on Earth, and any race living on the planet would have had a much easier job of conquering space. The task of building Phobos and Deimos, although a tremendous engineering problem, would not be impossible. Today's Earth engineers working on Mars, could place such a satellite in orbit, building it by accretion in a slow, centuries-long process. If we could do it, so could intelligent Martians.

American satellites now being launched contain several units. One of them is a sort of aluminum-foil "balloon" which would be ejected from the mother-satellite and inflated in space. The purpose of this "balloon" satellite would be to provide a larger reflective surface from which to "bounce" radar radio and television waves so that signals could be relayed from it to any point on Earth from a single station. It would do away with the necessity of "networks" of radio and television and would provide a "radar" inspection device which would detect any object launched from anywhere on Earth with no possibility of secrecy. ICBMs bearing atomic warheads could be detected within seconds of their initial launching, and counter-rockets automatically launched and guided to intercept them.

There are so many practical uses to which such artificial satellites can be put that the necessity to the Martians for such engineering projects as Phobos and Deimos are quite understandable. If Martian civilization was highly advanced, such satellites as actually exist would be a must.

Today both Russia and the United States are feverishly preparing rocket probes to approach both Mars and Venus for the purpose of a closer investigation of these two



planets. The discovery that the Moons of Mars are artificial has made it mandatory. No longer can we believe that we are alone and unique as intelligent life in the Cosmos, and not even in the Solar System; if not now, at least in the past. If the moons of Mars are super-engineering constructions of a highly technical race, what marvels can we learn from them? What wonderful advances in our science can we attain by an inspection of the remaining relics of a dead race which achieved the heights of technical advancement? Here before us, in space, lies a mighty treasure house of actual scientific development, which when made accessible to our scientific minds, can advance our civilization many thousands of years in a few short lifetimes, or even in a few decades!

Have the Martians, either facing death on a dying planet, or migration to another world, or even another solar system, left "time capsules", giant "pyramids" containing records, museums of science, records of achievements, formulae, working models for us to explore once we reach the red sands of their once fertile soil?

Are the "sons of God" who came unto the "daughters of men" on this planet and produced "mighty men of old", the migrating Martians whose most likely goal would be the rich, new, youthful planet Earth? Are we the descendents of those mighty engineers who left their gigantic "satellite monuments" in the skies of Mars, migrated to Earth, amalgamated and absorbed into the original primitive race of "first men" of Earth and reduced to savagery, to struggle back through thousands of years toward the scientific eminence they once possessed? Are we now on the brink of "going back" to the world of our previous civiliza-

tion, to look with awe upon the relics and monuments of our incredibly ancient forebears? It is all very awesome to think about, and it is these thoughts, and the possibility that they may be true, which in part stimulates our present-day rocket scientists, astronomers, chemists and intellectuals to devote billions of dollars and lifetimes of energy toward the conquest of space, toward a personal voyage to the other planets of our system, toward the factual confirmation of the startling truth for which we have now more than suspicion to guide our thinking.

Whatever the relationship may be, at least one thing is certain—there once was an intelligent civilization on Mars, and it built two gigantic monuments to their greatness which are right there before our eyes as proof—and as a brilliant pair of beckoning lights that seem to flash a message across forty-million miles saying: "Come see what we did, ages ago. Come ponder over our graves. Come and claim the legacy we have left to you!"

### FOR THE SENSIBLE APPROACH

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# **SUPERMAN— DOES HE REALLY EXIST?**

**By C. M. Flanders**

**The very existence of UFO suggests what seems to many observers that Man on Earth is not the most intelligent being in the Universe. Here is one writer who postulates a "Federation" of super beings, cosmic men, who are keeping their eye on our first crude attempts to invade their domain.**

**A**fter more than ten years of intensive research, modern UFO investigators have been able to add little to what already was known - mainly that this solar system has for centuries been visited by cosmic travelers who operate magnetically-powered vehicles of various sizes and designs.

Much has been said and written to prove that the Earth has been visited in times past by intelligent extra-terrestrial beings, but on the possible motives of the cosmic men most are silent. I believe this is due to a limited perspective of the whole UFO affair and propose that we must envision activities which are of necessity extremely long range, extending as they do over vast gulfs of space and time.

Every sincere UFO researcher will perhaps agree that the most tantalizing question concerning the whole UFO problem is: Why have the UFO remained out of contact with the world at large? In an attempt to answer this question, I suggest the following proposition.

Throughout the universe there are billions of worlds which support intelligent life similar to ours. They

are all in various stages of development. Some have yet to achieve space travel, while others already have done so.

In the nearby universe, space-borne worlds have united to a large extent to form federations working together for many common causes, among which are exploration, colonization and evolutionary research. How long these worlds have been space-borne we cannot say. But certainly for many it has been for hundreds of centuries. The appearance of various UFO from our ancient times to the present is but a brief interval compared to this time scale.

The "Federations of Space" were formed for mutual purposes with vast projects in mind. Their aloofness rests on this basis, brought about by untimely associations among many races in the universe and resulting in policies which are now strictly adhered to. One such policy, derived from the rude shocks of experience, dictates non-interference with observation only for worlds not space-borne, being the desire of the Federations that each world shall achieve space travel within the limits of its own science and technology.



Thousands of years of experience with a few wars thrown in could do much to strengthen such a policy.

In regard to all policy and operational matters, the cosmic men are subject to the rigid control of their superiors. Although they represent advanced races, they could not, from an evolutionary standpoint, be free from error. Their leaders long ago foresaw the undesirable results of divided attentions, thereby instituting a form of basic control over their minds without detracting from the awareness of identity or interfering with personality. Such control, if correctly applied, is within our own capability, as those acquainted with the true facts of hypnosis could testify.

On the other hand, because of unknown elements, collectively the cosmic men cannot be entirely free from error. For example, consider substances and artifacts which we know they have dropped in the skies, perhaps unintentionally. It may well be on this inherent weakness that some agency on Earth will someday be able to capture a UFO and examine it.

But the cosmic men know the psychological problems involved with our knowledge of their existence. They know that, although we are dealing with phenomena lying outside our experience, there are certain government agencies on Earth waiting for just that one mistake.

Now let us suppose that our cosmic visitors suddenly decided to make contact with the world at large and that we were to come into possession of their science and technology.

Many of us seem to think we would benefit greatly by such contact. The truth is that such a contact would create more ill will on our part than we could cope with, giving rise among the Earth's peo-

ples, religious and scientific, of factions and counter-factions against each other and their governments. The political aspect alone would be formidable; the possibility that such knowledge would be used for destruction absolutely cannot be overlooked.

Again, before devices can be engineered or processes utilized, there must exist a technology to support them. We view proudly our scientific achievements of the last few years in modern America. The UFO, having been observed here at least since Biblical times, represent thousands of years of technology, while ours extends little more than fifty years.

After having observed much fantastic and unexplained phenomena of the UFO, is it logical to assume that we are prepared to handle such an advanced science? In so doing, could we bring it upon ourselves to forget our high school science and to throw away a considerable portion of our college text books? From a purely practical standpoint, it is as unthinkable as equipping the anthropoid apes with shotguns and typewriters.

UFO science includes many aspects of nuclear energy and forces with which we are as yet unfamiliar. Here would be the major obstacle for our scientists, for it is certain that our present laws of nuclear physics would be in for a serious shakedown and revamping.

Much has been said about anti-gravity devices in connection with UFO propulsion, and many seem to think if we possessed that knowledge we would have the secret of space flight and of the saucers. This is a grave error, indeed!

Admittedly, the control of gravity would represent a major advance in our science. But the gravity device is merely a part of UFO operation, for they employ many other forces.



In any event, we should be willing to admit that all UFO operation is inextricably involved with nuclear energy. Our own science, given enough time, may discover these forces. In so doing, one fact would be paramount to us - that we had acquired them within the practical limits of our own science and technology.

Government projects to study anti-gravitational forces have been reported. If successful, the force will then have to be harnessed, required new systems and concepts for which most of our present instruments of technology will be of no value. Much money, time, and labor will be required to perfect interior mechanisms to control flight and great banks of devices to control electromagnetic currents. Much difficulty can reasonably be expected when we view present failures to maintain flying safety.

The problems grow far more fantastic and complex when we speculate on the strange iridescences of the UFO. In fact, what are these iridescences? And what of space itself? We know practically nothing about the void around us. Certainly one of our greatest problems will be how to avoid being suddenly smashed to bits by the debris that eternally clutters up space. Even armed with the anti-gravity device alone, we would still be ill-prepared for space travel, and we might be ever so willing to trade that secret for the thousands of years of space flight logged by the UFO.

Our cosmic visitors are not likely to contact us in the near future, and they are less likely to if the Air Force keeps trying to shoot them down with 30 mm cannons. Although the saucers may have good reason to retaliate, those who believe the UFO are hostile must be seeing too many "monster" movies being forced

on the public and which are downright insulting to intelligent folks. Man on Earth has feared much because of the constant threat from others of his kind. It seems only natural to be suspicious of aliens.

This "fear" complex is just the type of thinking that prevents an understanding of the true motives of the watchful eye on us, they are concerned with studies of a universal nature. It is indeed difficult to expect that a majority of the Earth's population would understand such a motive. To make matters even worse, our scientists who realize the importance of some of these facts certainly cannot be clear on the main issues involved. In the area of living things, for example, they have devoted their studies mostly to the physical evolution of life forms, when there is now sufficient evidence that some essentially intelligent entity is responsible for every life form that ever burst through the doors of creation and is immediately involved with what we generally know as mind.

How could the cosmic men even begin to reconcile all the grave errors of our human reckoning with their own science and culture?

As to the actual "mission" of the UFO, their purpose certainly is a long range one extending over vast periods of time, during which we have periodically been under their surveillance. It might seem disheartening to know there is a race more advanced than we, but surely we are only one of many world's being observed who have not reached the space age.

One may be inclined to question the purpose of all this observation and at just what point in our development might the cosmic men be expected to associate with us.

It is not entirely without reason that the Earth has had increased



UFO activity in modern times, which has revealed an extreme interest on their part in our attempt to become space-borne. This was not made evident to them from our early research with rockets. Rather, it resulted from our atomic research, in which lie the secrets of anti-gravity and fast methods of interstellar flight.

The appearance of the UFO so suddenly in large numbers following the advent on Earth of the release of atomic energy leaves much to be explained as it relates to the time element. One might darkly suspect they were close at hand at the time. And this may be one of the most important aspects of the whole UFO affair where Earth is concerned.

It is not difficult for some to assume that there are emissaries from the UFO walking unnoticed among our population today. This sounds fantastic to most perhaps and an alarming thought, but so is the UFO.

Among other talents, the UFO have a habit of appearing somewhere at just the right time, as if they had been invited to attend the event. Consider, for example, the UFO sighting at White Sands Proving Ground in 1948 when two elliptical unidentified objects followed a V-2 rocket "immediately" after it was fired at over 1,000 mph. Their source of information is precise, indeed! In the same way, we can be sure the cosmic men know a great deal about us, our history and progress, and especially our technology.

All endeavors toward us on their part is aimed at eventually helping us make the transition from our present status to a mandatory membership in the Federation of Space.

In the meantime, another main interest of the cosmic men rests on higher premises of investigation and analysis among the stars. It is a portion of their mission to study and

classify the evolution of life on many worlds. With a scope and purpose as far-reaching as theirs, it is of direct interest for them to know what forms and levels of intelligence these worlds possess. Although all-out contact with inhabitants of Earth is not yet on their agenda, it is certain they have procured specimens of every species of life on this planet for study.

Of immediate priority to the cosmic men is the study of solar activity and its attendant phenomena. This is where an anti-gravity device really comes in handy, in addition to the control of intense temperatures which the UFO demonstrate.

In addition to these studies, the cosmic men know that planets undergo drastic upheavals during their evolution and will eventually, if unattended, reach a condition where they will no longer be able to support life. With the advance of the next glaciers over the Earth, whole cities and cultures will be swept under the ice. Will our science and technology be able to control nature in that day to come?

The space-borne races catalog these occurrences and, working through the Federations, also keep an eye on possible places of habitation throughout the galaxy. The Federation codes, however, prohibit interference with worlds inhabited by self-conscious or reasoning beings.

In our own vast galaxy there exist many worlds whose evolutionary patterns have not created life forms with self-conscious minds (that is, beings who, like us, have a language and culture which can be transmitted to succeeding generations). Indeed, many of these worlds will never of their own develop to this state. Such planets, it is safe to say, can be considered for either temporary

(Concluded on page 45)





"One supposes that if extra-mundane vessels have sometimes come close to this earth, then sailing away, terrestrial aeronauts may have occasionally left this earth, or may have been seized and carried away from this earth." — Charles Fort in "NEW LANDS."

**I**N the heat of the summer the writer almost started wishing the flying saucers would go away—they and a dog, a shaggy one, had driven yours truly into a mental state wherein he was afraid to visit the nearby town of Weston: there they had a large mental institution and he felt he was almost ready for it.

Five minutes ago I said goodnight to Thelma, the office girl, who all day has been busy answering threatening letters from good folks who have ordered the Howard Menger book, "FROM OUTER SPACE TO YOU," and are wondering when they will receive it. Now that the printer definitely has given us a close delivery date, we simply send out form letters advising our customers, who have ordered it on a pre-publication basis, of that fact.

Today, however, she received an unusual complaining letter. The writer of the rather angry epistle stated she had already borrowed a copy of Howard Menger's book from a friend, had already read it and liked it fine—though she wondered

what happened to the copy she had ordered. To us this remains an enigma bigger than even the one Menger writes about—the flying saucers themselves—for as yet even WE haven't seen a copy of the book. At copy deadline it is not yet off the press! Other good customers have seen the book in lending libraries, and know people who have it already, while we, the publishers, still wish that WE had a copy!!

At Thelma's exit we picked up the large file of reports to put together for "Chasing the Flying Saucers," and the telephone rang. It was the Shaggy Dog after me again!

Most readers who have also read my book, "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS," know that in order to make a living and support my saucering, I have a regular job. That is running a theatrical film booking agency, which selects and contracts for movies playing in theatres, mainly the drive-in type, of this area. All of my exhibitor customers have been calling me daily, asking just when they are going to be able to show Walt



Disney's "Shaggy Dog," one of the biggest ticket-selling pictures of the year.

I picked up the phone and it was Mr. Lopez, of the local Park Drive-In, and I could sense he was already tearing at what little hair he had left.

"I met the plane and it isn't here!"

I knew he was referring to the air express shipment of the film, which must be at the theatre about 8:00 tonight.

When he calmed down a bit, I realized that the flight of the small two-engine plane had been cancelled, as it often is, due to the various difficulties the airline experiences in getting down on the small airstrip at Clarksburg.

"Charter a small plane and go after it," I advised him, for that was the only thing I knew to do under the circumstances. And he did. Now as I write this I am wondering apprehensively if the private plane will make the trip to Pittsburgh and back in time for the show.

This probably has little to do with saucers, unless one of them shoots the plane down, which it probably will do, if the pattern held true to the troubled one I have been experiencing with "Shaggy Dog."

Speaking of Mr. Lopez and his drive-in, however, does remind me of May 30th, when Roger Pierce, former publisher of "THE UFO HOTWIRE," was in town, partly on a visit, and partly to try out his new Plymouth "Fury" Convertible he had just purchased. We were sitting at my place talking to Don Leigh McCulty, a business associate of mine, when Don's girl friend, Alma, called up. He picked up the phone fearfully, for he had just made up some theatre advertising for me on a science fiction picture, "The Blob," and, finding no actress in the picture who was well known.

had devilishly inserted Alma's name in the ad as one of the players.

But apparently she hadn't seen the ad yet. Don turned from the phone.

"They've found the two women," he announced.

Even Roger, though he lived in Ohio, knew Don was referring to one of the most mysterious disappearance cases of the year. Two women returning home to Clarksburg by auto from a club meeting in Beckley, W. Va., had disappeared, almost into thin air, it seemed. Widespread searches had failed to turn up even a trace of the car or its occupants.

"They found them in a deep creek just the other side of the Park Drive-In Theatre."

It is always easy to blame flying saucers for any happening for which there seems to be no other explanation. But I told Roger, as we drove out to the site where the auto was being hauled from the creek, it DID seem more mysterious at the time because the last place the two women had been seen was at a small restaurant near Flatwoods, W. Va. almost within shouting distance of the hilltop where seven people had seen the famed "West Virginia Monster" back in 1952. A lot of my friends had even asked me if I thought the saucers had got the two women.

After all, there HAD been the case of Oliver Lerch, which Frank Edwards had once spent a great deal of time tracking down. On Christmas Eve, 1889, Oliver, an 11-year-old boy, had gone to a well for a bucket of water and never returned. The South Bend, Ind., family ran outside when they heard terrible cries, coming from overhead, repeating, "HELP! HELP!! THEY'VE GOT ME!"

Oliver's tracks in the deep snow stopped within a few feet of the



well. Something had snatched him right off the earth.

### **Did Saucers Kidnap Ship's Crew?**

Near the theatre we found traffic jammed on the road for a mile ahead, so we decided to turn back. Because our conversation had been concerned with disappearances I remembered a clipping I just received from Australia—a follow-up to the Joyita mystery of 1955. The ship had been reported overdue on Oct. 7, and the wreckage was found a month later. Since there had been no S.O.S. received, many saucerers had blamed UFO's for the tragedy.

The clipping told how an Australian wine bottle containing a note purporting to come from the ill-fated Joyita was picked up on Whirltoa Beach, eight miles north of Waihi, Australia, early in the year.

The three finders, two men and a woman, read this astounding message:

**"ABANDONING SHIP. STRANGE CIRCULAR METALLIC OBJECT FORCING US ABOARD IT. HELP US. STEWART. JOYITA."**

A small diagram of a saucer-shaped object was also included.

Fred Stone, head of the Australian Flying Saucer Research Society, believed the note was very likely a hoax, mainly because a check with steamship officials disclosed nobody on board the ship had the name "Stewart."

An analysis by A. W. Powell, conchologist at the Auckland War Memorial Museum, however, gave a bit more authenticity to the note. The bottle was encrusted with barnacles, the size of which indicated the bottle had been in the water for at least two years. Some of them were fully grown, Powell indicated.

"I'd like to see that note," Roger said, "for one reason."

"What is that?"

"I wonder if the name couldn't

have been 'Steward' instead of 'Stewart'. That would change the meaning greatly."

I saw what he was getting at: "Yes, it would. Or maybe the steward of the small ship wasn't very literate. Maybe he just didn't know how to spell 'steward' and was trying to write the title of his position on board ship instead of his name."

Roger would have been intrigued by the report just received from Washington concerning a World War II B-24 bomber discovered early this month in the Sahara desert. The plane, with nine crewmen aboard, was reported missing sixteen years ago when radio contact with it was lost as it returned to a Libyan base from a bombing raid on Naples, Italy. Families of the crewmen were first notified the men were missing in action, later that they had been killed.

But examination of the wreckage turned up a baffling mystery. The bomber had crash-landed on the desert wasteland, with little damage, except for the tail section, which had partly broken away. In such a crash, without a subsequent fire, surely some of the crew would have survived.

But survivors, if any, had apparently vanished into thin air! Nor were there any remains of bodies in the wreckage. Had the crew decided to walk to Civilization? Extremely unlikely, for water bottles, still filled, were found in the cabin of the plane—and surely nobody would have left the wreckage without taking all available water supplies. No written records, no clothing, no personal effects were found.

The Pentagon's explanation? The crew had bailed out. But how did the plane make an almost perfect landing all by itself?

### **Mysterious Crash Shushed Up**

In Seattle, Wash., the Air Force



had been almost completely silent, instead of double talking their way out of a mysterious crash of a C-118 last April. At the time, Richard Ogden wrote us excitedly about the disaster which had been preceded by a frantic radio report that "We have hit something—or something has hit us!" That was the last they heard from the pilot, and wreckage of the plane was found over a wide area.

Had the plane hit, or been hit by a UFO? One would never find out from the Air Force, and civilian witnesses to the crash who had at first been talkative, suddenly clammed up after the visit of some AF officers to the town of Orting, scene of the crash in the Seattle area.

Norbert Gariety, publisher of the monthly bulletin, "S. P. A. C. E.", quoted an unnamed civilian investigator as saying, "The citizens of the Sumner-Orting area are silent and scared. They know something is wrong, but they can't put their finger on it. What is the Air Force trying to hide? Did the radar see a UFO hit the C-118? Were there eye-witnesses to the contact which the pilot reported? Is there a crashed UFO involved? Is this the reason for the secrecy?"

The investigator may have been simply excited and over-imaginative, but Robert Gribble, calm and objective head of the Aerial Phenomena Research Group of Seattle, thought the incident was unusual enough to depart from his usual conservative approach to UFO happenings. Said Gribble:

"We of APRG have heard a lot of AF censorship regarding UFO's. Many members of APRG are reluctant to believe these stories. The Air Force actions in connection with the crash of the C-118 have shocked these members into a reality which they shall never forget. They have

experienced the censorship first hand. We were advised through a source at Orting to mind our own business, OR ELSE.

"We called their bluff and continued our investigation. AF officers have not been successful in their desperate attempts to silence all witnesses and sources of information that is being checked out. Much of this information is of a startling nature, and must be supported by additional data before being released."

Norb Gariety, who had amassed a great deal of data about the crash, was more interested in a weird chain of events preceding and following the crash, which happened about 8:30 p.m. on April 2:

1. At 7:00 and 7:30 preceding the crash, mysterious aerial explosions, or "skyquakes," occurred in the area, one of them causing ground damage.

2. At 7:45 two people saw a brilliant glow through trees in the direction of the crash scene. The glow died out, reappeared, then vanished again.

3. Mysterious lighted objects were seen over a wide area surrounding Seattle during the early hours of darkness;; however officials at McChord AF Base explained them away as "flares being dropped by parachute during a parachute jump exercise at Ft. Lewis."

4. Witnesses stated (before the AF investigators got there) that before the crash, none of the four engines of the C-118 were running, and that two parachute-like glowing objects were following the transport plane. Two other witnesses said they saw three or four parachute-like objects in the air as the plane passed near their home. None of the crew had bailed out, incidentally.

5. After the crash, at 10:00 p.m., more mysterious explosions of great intensity shook the Seattle area.



8. At 10:00 the following morning Gribble at APRG headquarters received an anonymous phone call stating that McCord AFB had picked up UFO's prior to the crash—though Gribble couldn't determine whether it had been a crank call or for real.

And although it might be considered fantastic to blame UFO's for this and other crashes, there had been some tremendous question marks, in Seattle, as there had been in other places. Before, the AF had often offered logical explanations. This time its closed-mouth attitude had done little to allay the suspicions of many UFO researchers, who, even though civilian, had dug up data over a number of years from under the watchful noses of officialdom. And the data spoke for itself. It said with almost certainty that the saucers had been involved in many air disasters. Some of them, such as the Mantell case, the Kinross AF Base incident of 1953, and the F-94 which crashed in 1954 after an intense heat had enveloped the plane left very little to doubt.

#### The Cosmic Ship

It is difficult to write of extramundane things while the immediate and the material constantly intrude. For instance, the telephone call which interrupted the fifth paragraph back, did not provide any medication to my frayed nerves. It is now 7:30 and still no Shaggy Dog. Evidently the chartered plane hasn't yet come in, and Mr. Lopez, waiting at the airport, can't call the theatre because the small terminal is locked up for the day and there is no telephone booth outside.

"You can't hold off the show any longer than 8:00," I told Mr. Lopez's son at the theatre. "Gather up all the cartoons and shorts you have around and start running them. We'll just hope that the film gets

there by the time all of them have been shown."

It is even more difficult at such a time to cast one's mind back to June 30, 1908, and to far-off Siberia, of all places.

But it is important. Not so important that a spaceship, carrying voyagers from an unknown world, may have crashed in the desolate marshes of Tunguska, on the brink of the Arctic circle—but that **THE RUSSIANS ARE ADVANCING A THEORY OUR OWN GOVERNMENT WOULD CALL "FANTASTIC" AND PROBABLY TRY TO SHUSH UP.**

Prof. B. Liapunov, of the Moscow Academy of Sciences, believed that what he termed a "cosmic ship" intended to land in Mongolia but crashed in Central Siberia because of mechanical difficulties. He made the statement after an analysis of a 1957 Russian expedition to the site of the huge explosion, heretofore thought caused by a huge meteor.

On June 30th, 1908, microbarographs and seismographs in London and Washington recorded a violent earthquake. Simultaneously the night sky in the south of England was brilliantly illuminated by a weird phenomenon for which there was no explanation. Little importance was given the data at the time, and it was soon forgotten.

At that early date Russia hadn't experienced the industrial revolution accomplished rapidly in the last few years, and communications were slow, even slower in Siberia. As a result, reports from near the scene of the event didn't trickle out of Russia until 1921.

These fragmentary reports told (1) The forest was now totally destroyed, 80 million trees throughout an area of nearly 2,000 square miles; and eyewitnesses, what few were left, told with frightened voices about a wall of fire 12 miles high



and 20 miles long!

Scientific expeditions had difficulty reaching the remote area because of the marshes and jungles of firs. When the locality was found, the vast scope of the devastation amazed the explorers. All life apparently had been destroyed within a radius of 20 miles.

Scientists still held to the meteor theory, probably because they couldn't find a better one. But two strange things puzzled them: (1) The forest was not totally destroyed, only in patches; the slant of the fallen trees did not radiate from a central point, which would have been true had a single blast flattened them. (2) More puzzling was their failure to find any crater left by a meteor of such huge size.

The 1957 Russian expedition turned up more evidence against the meteor theory. Particles of iron, which definitely could not be part of a meteorite, were found in the area!

Putting all the information together, Prof. Liapunov reviewed his space ship theory:

A French astronomer had sighted an unidentified aerial object in space on the day of the explosion. Prof. Liapunov believed that the object had orbited the earth, probably intending to land in Mongolia due to the flat character of the terrain, but had failed to reach that location because of mechanical difficulties. Flying at terrific velocity, the ship probably found itself over Central Siberia, 1,000 miles north, in a very short time.

Anticipating a crash, the navigators put the ship in a vertical position to halt its fall, the exhaust producing the strange patches in the forest. In a final attempt to accelerate the ship upward, the crew may have over-taxed their reactors, resulting in an atomic explosion of

great destruction.

Andrew Tomas, in his UFO BULLETIN (Box 1120, GPO, Sydney, Australia; \$1.00 per year), recalled earlier reports which had further corroborated the Russian's theory. Witnesses reported a huge mushroom-shaped cloud, which followed a fireball in the sky. The fireball was described as "brighter than the sun." Many people from the surrounding country, though escaping the blast, died of an unknown illness, symptoms of which resembled those of modern radiation sickness.

Meanwhile, a Prof. Sternfield, described as "a Soviet scientist behind the Sputniks," stated that the "cosmic ship" likely came from Venus, because of the favorable position of that planet relative to the earth at the time.

Readers of the October, '58, FS will recall that the Russians have been talking about visitors from Venus for some time. Again, thanks to Andrew Tomas, we reviewed how releases from Russia's Academy of Space Research said that saucers are not products of the imagination or mirages, but actual solid objects from Venus. The scientist said 90% of the saucers came from that planet, did not comment on the remaining percentage.

Would the Reds again steal the headlines from Uncle Sam, as they had with Sputnik No. 1? And in a much more sensational manner? If Russia officially endorsed saucers from other worlds as real, people would listen—all over the world.

Those had not been all the saucery pronouncements from Moscow. Soviet scientists I. Shklovski got into the act by declaring that the two satellites of Mars—Phobos and Deimos—which have long puzzled astronomers, are actually artificial.

The satellites are illogically small to be moons, and one of them or-



bits in the "wrong" direction. Some U.S. saucerers, among them Major Donald Keyhoe, have advanced the theory that they could be Martian-made.

Shklovski, however, gave the theory a new twist. He said they were constructed by Martians, but a former race of Martians, probably now extinct.

Mars expert E. C. Slipher, Lowell Observatory astronomer who was in the headlines for photographing Mars during recent oppositions, took verbal opposition with the Russian, however, stated that to heist such satellites into orbit would be like taking the entire mass of the San Francisco Peaks (huge mountains near Lowell Observatory) and shooting them into the sky—not taking into consideration, apparently, that US plans for artificial satellites involves shooting them into space piece-by-piece, and assembling them there. So if we plan to do it, why couldn't the Martians—if there were or are Martians!

#### **Saucer Test Delayed**

The July-August, '58, issue of FS had been memorable for a number of reasons, but chief among them a story about a man few saucerers had heard about at that time, but who since has become widely known.

The man was Otis T. Carr, subject of an article titled, "Has Man Conquered Gravity?"

Otis T. Carr claimed he had done just that. By the aid of a new principle he had discovered, which he called The Utron Power-Package and which operated by free energy present in the atmosphere, he had successfully constructed a model flying saucer which worked. He had written Uncle Sam a long letter, offering to construct one of his saucers full-size, big enough to carry a man, and deliver it to the Government for \$20,000,000. He promised

the machine could depart from any part of the continental U.S., orbit the earth once or twice, and land on the inner rotunda of the Pentagon Building. Although Carr stated the Government had investigated his claims, apparently Uncle Sam didn't take the deal and Carr printed lavish brochures offering the principle and patents to private investors.

On a Long John (WOR, N.Y.) "Party Line" show, Carr, along with an associate, again stated he had constructed a prototype which actually flew. In fact he had built more than one of them. One of the models, unfortunately, was not around any longer: in testing it had got away from the inventor and the last thing he saw of it, the thing was gaining altitude and disappearing from view!

Later Carr set up headquarters at Oklahoma City, Okla., after announcing that he, in the company of Mayor Wayne S. Aho (who became public relations director for OTC Enterprises, Inc.), would make a voyage to the Moon and back in the OTC-XL Electro-Gravitational Spacecraft, official name for the new craft.

Then saucerenthusiasts buzzed with the news of another announcement by Carr. He promised to demonstrate publicly a small replica of the larger craft he would build later. Said Carr's news release:

"On April 19, 1959, at Space Frontiers, Oklahoma, near Oklahoma City, Mr. Otis T. Carr will publicly demonstrate and reveal to the world for the first time all of the hitherto secret workings of his novel invention of the OTC-XL Electro-Gravitational Spacecraft. The craft to be exhibited is a six-foot-diameter circular-foil model whose flight will be propelled solely by electricity produced and self-generated by the



unique and original Utron Electrical Accumulator Power-Package."

To celebrate the occasion, many famous writers and editors of flying saucer literature, along with those who had contacted space people, would be present to lecture and to meet the public.

The public was also invited to see a completed 5-foot animated model of the OTC-XL, at Frontier City, an amusement park. Visitors could actually enter the craft and ride in it, while a flight into outer space was simulated.

At the appointed time for the flight of the model saucer, however, the launching was postponed due to technical difficulties. Again and again throughout the day it was postponed, and then called off.

Maj. Aho told disappointed visitors that engineers had worked day and night for 24-hour stretches trying to get all the assembly complete.

"In this they succeeded and demonstration was planned. In preliminary pre-flight rotation tests (televised to the nation later) a leak developed in a seam of the accumulator, spraying mercury throughout the mechanism, making it necessary to disassemble and clean all parts. The accumulator failure is being corrected. All assemblies and circuits will be checked and tested for performance. We are not announcing a flight date and do not plan to announce it in advance. Pre-flight tests will be made, then validation and public demonstration will take place."

The launching had been further complicated by the sudden illness of Carr, who, Aho reported, had entered a hospital with a lung hemorrhage at a critical stage of the project. Doctors found a burst blood vessel in the upper right lung, prescribed rest; this resulted in Carr's absence during the launching.

A news release from Maj. Aho summed up the failure: "There is no deadline for the introduction of a new principle or discovery."

#### Carr Prosecuted

Like other inventors of devices evidently before their time—such as Keeley, Hendershot, and John C. Roberts (little-known inventor who claimed to take power out of the air)—Carr had not been able to make his invention function successfully under public surveillance. Keeley and Hendershot had been able to demonstrate their devices, in those earlier days usually termed "perpetual motion" machines, only to individuals or small groups. The reigning scientists scoffed, terming the inventors fakes and frauds. John C. Roberts died in a federal prison, serving a long sentence for mail fraud.

Carr was also to suffer legal involvements. Late in May, a month after the unsuccessful launching, county attorney James W. Bill Berry brought charges of violating state regulations on stock sales against the president of OTC Enterprises. Also charged were Richard Colton, vice-president of Carr's firm, Earl Kendrick, sales director, and Maj. Aho.

Carr was specifically charged with offering for sale to Guernsey C. Warnsberg, a Yukon, Okla., locomotive engineer, 100 shares of OTC stock at \$1.00 per share. The investor later purchased 300 more shares, according to the prosecutor.

At a preliminary hearing Carr testified his company had offered "options to buy stock" but had not been involved in any stock sales, admitted his company had not been registered with either the Federal Securities Commission or the Oklahoma Securities Commission. Maj. Aho and Kendrick pleaded "not guilty."



If convicted of the charges the defendants could receive a maximum penalty of three years imprisonment plus a fine. The case was continued until September.

Had Carr sold stock in an enterprise which he did not personally believe could be fulfilled successfully, or was he like other geniuses, such as Nikola Tesla, the father of alternating current, who were adept at inventing but poor business men? If he had been attempting to obtain money without plans to invest it profitably, it might have been comparatively easy to make the stock sale legal.

Or was this only a part of the persecution which always seems to arise when a method of providing cheap power is discovered, or allegedly discovered? Had Carr's promise of free energy disturbed the "powers that be," the shadowy "group" or "force" which some saucerers say exist to protect big money interests, such as the fuel and power industries?

Only recently the Government had unsuccessfully tried to remove an auto battery preservative which proved to be effective beyond a shadow of a doubt, and to prosecute its inventor—one bright spot in the many legendary and factual accounts of suppressed discoveries.

#### U.S. Announces Saucer

One suspicious note was reluctance of newspapers to carry advance publicity about the Carr demonstration, even though it would have provided excellent opportunity to produce the usual tongue-in-cheek and even ridiculing type of story common to saucer-reporting by the fourth estate. But little if no coverage, except around Oklahoma City. Then the papers failed to pick up Carr's failure to launch the device, another opportunity to pooh-pooh saucers. Again, they did not

give coverage to Carr's arraignment for the alleged illegal stock sales. Why? Were they afraid that Carr might actually have something.

But the agency to express the most confidence in Carr's demonstration, prior to its scheduled date, may have been none other than the U. S. Defense department. Instead of making some pronouncement ridiculing Carr, which the writer looked for most every day, the Government suddenly stole headlines all over the world with the official release of information about its own flying saucer, the machine long in development by Avro Aircraft, Ltd., of Canada.

John B. Macauley, assistant secretary of the Defense Dept., told a House subcommittee on science and astronautics: "I've never seen anything like it in all the years I've spent in aviation — and that's most of my life."

The AV Avro saucer, Macauley declared, would be test flown this summer, and the public would be "absolutely amazed" when it got its first glimpse of the machine.

About \$10,000,000 has been spent so far on the device which, though not supersonic, could perform incredible maneuvers near the ground. It could move sideways, hover or skim close to the ground, even dart among trees, under the range of enemy radar. It would provide the army with a modern airborne cavalry, he said. Troops and supplies could be rushed anywhere despite the terrain — whether it be mud, ice, water or mountains.

He reiterated, however, that it was not intended to be a space vehicle, since it depended on air for lift — though it would fly as high as most aircraft, he added.

Earlier the AF had said the saucer would employ jets, but informed sources in Canada reported to The



**Toronto Telegram** that the device would utilize propellers contained in pipes to give the circular "plane" its lift.

Two weeks later British papers announced England's version of a saucer, being secretly tested at Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. Officials said it had been taken off the secret list in August, 1958 (wonder why nobody had heard about it?) because it had "no military value."

The **London Daily Sketch** reported on June 1 that the saucer "is believed to have flown a few inches off the ground on Saturday. The roar of its 450 h.p. engine woke people in the area. But the saucer didn't fly far. It's tethered to the ground during tests."

Dimensions of the British saucer were said to be 24 x 30 ft., and the controls were reported to be simple. Although allegedly off the "secret list," tests were delayed and the craft rapidly hidden when a helicopter hovered near the test site.

(At presstime the British had successfully demonstrated their machine, a four-ton model 30 ft. long and 25 ft. wide. The machine hovered near the ground, powered by a 450-horsepower engine, and moved at speeds up to 40 miles an hour. Plans are laid for a 400-ton model, and the likelihood of a 10,000-ton liner capable of skimming the Atlantic at 100 knots.)

#### What Of The Future?

To most saucer enthusiasts the Avro Saucer was old hat. The AF had circulated an artist's sketch of a circular jet aircraft being developed by the A. V. Roe firm to news media to coincide with the release of the famed Project Bluebook report published in 1955. The report, also familiar with most readers, listed several unexplained sightings,

but presented complicated charts and graphs to prove that only a very small percentage of cases could not be explained away.

Did the Government think Carr MIGHT have something, or did they KNOW that he had something? The widespread release of information about the earth-saucer came suspiciously close to Carr's announced launching, in fact within less than a week.

Or did Uncle Sam fear the public would believe Carr, regardless of the authenticity of his claims?

Anyhow, the news release, whether or not a smokescreen, probably was the deciding factor that pushed publicity of Carr's demonstration out of papers across the nation.

And although the writer's mind was just now relieved of his immediate mundane worries (the plane just got in, "Shaggy Dog" and all), there were still more worries to plague it:

What would happen to serious UFO investigation, since in the near future, the explainers would have much easier jobs: they would need not depend on temperature inversions, weather balloons, "natural phenomena," or even hallucinations to convince the public that non-Avro saucers were the bunk?

Since only the AF would know where its own saucers were in flight at the time, how easy it would be to say that the witnesses simply saw a down-to-earth, made-in-Canada disk, built with the sighters' own tax money. Oh, surely, they would still send teams of investigators, spending thousands of tax dollars, to look into the sightings before explaining them away.

Soon the man on the street would forget Ken Arnold's saucers of 1947, the classical sighting which apparently heralded the most amazing phenomena of the century. He



would forget, or never ask to be informed about the thousands of sightings even earlier than that.

His newspaper would be crammed with dramatic information about our space projects: our first visit to the moon, and our probes toward Mars and Venus, perhaps landings on them, too.

And if they explored Mars and Venus, and found them devoid of intelligent life, the saucer stories might be completely forgotten.

The writer, in his doddering old age, would rave on senilely to a few half-interested followers about the "things" he still insisted were flying, though he would have difficulty in defining the type of saucer he was talking about. And Ray Palmer, retired on his Social Security Pension, would sit comfortably on the porch of his farmhouse, chatting with passers-by about the weather, and, if possible, saucers; occasionally whispering confidentially about his Fact, while now and then glancing fearfully at the ground.

And all over the nation, commuters riding the new saucerbuses would laugh amusedly at the following feature story in the morning paper

**WASHINGTON, Sept. 5, 1990 (IPU)**  
—A New England farmer found out the joke was at his expense yesterday, after recounting a fantastic tale of how three small green men landed in his back yard and abducted his wife.

A Space Force spokesman quickly quelled near panic in the area issuing a formal explanation of the incident which landed John A. Jones in the state mental institution. A check on Space Force flight plans disclosed that a circular-foil aircraft of advanced design actually

had been force-landed in Jones' back yard, due to technical difficulties.

"The landing did cause a great deal of consternation in Octagon security circles, because official release of information on the new craft was withheld until next week."

The recent adoption of a green uniform for Fall wear had caused the farmer to imagine that the "creatures" which got out of the machine had thick horny green skins, the official declared.

"The shock of seeing the forced landing led him to imagine the other details, including the 'elephant trunk-like proboscises' which were in reality hoses for oxygen equipment. The stature of the crew members was small, though not four-foot height as the farmer imagined, due to the selection of short pilots to man the small craft."

The tale of the wife's abduction was a complete hallucination, brought on by anxiety, the spokesman declared. Neighbors in the isolated area had not seen Mrs. Jones for some time, and it was rumored she had eloped recently with a traveling salesman to an unknown destination.

Asked about the roadblocks set up in the area and the armed guard established around the farm last night, the official explained that since the unfortunate occurrence had deranged Jones' mind, the SF had deemed it wise to protect the property from hordes of curiosity seekers expected to show up.

It would be impossible for newsmen to reach Jones for an interview, he added, because doctors had ordered a "no visitors" regulation due to the seriousness of his mental condition.

**THE END**



# *The* **KEARNEY INCIDENT**

**By**  
**Reinhold O. Schmidt**

**There has been so much controversy regarding the strange adventure of Richard O. Schmidt in contacting a flying saucer which eventually took him for a ride that we have asked him for his own story. Here it is . . .**

**M**y name is Reinhold O. Schmidt. I am a grain buyer from California. On October 25, 1957, I was transferred from Arizona to Kearney, Nebraska, by my employer, a firm of Brawley, California. At other times of the year I buy grain for another company of Los Angeles, California. In leaving Arizona, I left a foreman in charge of my corn picking and shelling operations at Willcox, Arizona. I was using three Minneapolis-Moline picker shellers there which I had purchased on contract.

The afternoon of November 5, a dark and misty day, I was inspecting some fields of milo and corn that I had bought, and some that I planned to buy. I was four miles south, and a mile east of Kearney, when I turned to the left on a river road to inspect a large field of milo. After looking it over, at about 2:30 P.M., I drove to an abandoned farm

home to turn around. Just as I was about to turn into the drive, I noticed a large bright flash about a quarter of a mile ahead of me. I figured somebody was blasting trees—although I heard no report—and instead of turning around I decided to drive ahead and see what was going on.

I drove toward the river bank and when I was within approximately 100 feet of it, my car stopped. I turned the switch off and on several times, and stepped on the starter, but it was completely dead. I wondered if the rough road had jiggled some of the wires loose. When I looked up I saw what appeared to me to be a large half-inflated balloon. I got out of the car and walked toward it; coming around a clump of willows and tall grass I got a better look at it, and I realized it wasn't a balloon, but a large silvery ship of some kind of metal that looked



like polished steel or aluminum.

When I was about 30 feet from the ship a pencil-like stream of light shot out from the ship and hit me across my upper chest. I don't know whether I was scared stiff or paralyzed by the ray of light, but anyway I couldn't walk or move my arms. Then a door slid open in the ship and two men came out toward me. They asked if I was armed; I said, "No," but they frisked me anyway. However, they didn't take anything from me. By this time I could move again. I asked them what they were doing there, what kind of ship this was, and where they were from. They said they couldn't tell me that at this time. I asked if I could come closer to see the ship. They said, "Yes," - for they couldn't leave for a few minutes anyway, and I was invited to come aboard. Inside, the leader said I could look around, but not to touch anything.

From the outside, this ship appeared to be a solid piece of metal without portholes or windows. The only opening I could see was the doorway we entered. Inside, it was entirely different; the walls looked more like glass, and I judged them to be a foot thick, but you could look right through them! You could look up and see the sky, look down and see the weeds and brush - look out and see the trees and the entire countryside!

There were four men and two ladies inside the ship. The men were dressed in street clothes, approximately 5'8" tall, weighing about 170 pounds; the two ladies appeared to be about the same height, weighing about 120 - 130 pounds, and I guessed their ages to be about forty. Their complexions were rather dark, about like a sun tan. The ladies were brunettes and wore light colored blouses and dark skirts, and medium heeled shoes.

The two ladies sat behind a large desk at one end of the ship all the while I was inside. On the center of their desk was a large instrument which looked like a TV set. Also at this end of the ship there were four columns of colored liquid - red, green, blue and orange. These tubes were approximately 4½ feet high and 6 inches in diameter. The liquid was slowly moving up and down like pistons in an automobile. The girls seemed to be watching these tubes very closely.

The other three men worked on the instrument panel. This panel covered one side of the large center room and seemed to be filled with clocks, dials, buttons and switches. In the center of the panel was another large screen of some sort. It, too, looked much like our TV screen, but it was not operating while I was there. I saw one of the men clip off some short wires. I looked over the panel for identification of the instruments. I thought I might be able to see where they had been manufactured. There was no lettering of any kind either on the inside or the outside of the ship, but I did see some regular and Roman numerals on the instrument panel.

Later, I estimated that this large room in the center of the ship must have been about 50 feet long and 30 feet wide and about 14 feet high. At each end of the ship were rooms approximately 25 feet long which I was not permitted to enter. But when I looked down at the ship from the river bank and up at it when it took off, I could see a large tube about 12 feet in diameter in each end of the ship. In each of these tubes was a large 8 to 10 bladed fan. What these fans were used for, I don't know; I didn't notice any breeze or dust caused by them on the takeoff.

Another thing about the ship that



fascinated me was the way the occupants would glide instead of walk across the floor when they stepped back from the instrument panels! Although it worked like an escalator, I couldn't see anything move, and when I tried it, it didn't work for me. I wondered if they had something special on their shoes.

All of the occupants of the ship greeted me and bid me farewell. In leaving, they said, "We will see you again." (Little did I realize that they meant what they said!) Other than that, the one man did all the talking. And by the way, this man looked and talked just like a man that was watching TV with me in the hotel lobby the night before. On the ship he said, "Tell your people we know that they have seen this ship before and they will see it again."

He also asked me if I knew anything about the U.S. satellite program. I said I did not. Then he said, "Yes, they're planning to send some up, but the first two will never leave the ground and the third one will go up, but won't send back much data."

This prophecy has since proved itself.

They all spoke to me in the English language with what seemed to me to be a German accent. Among themselves they talked high German which I could understand as I graduated from a school where they spoke and taught German as well as English, and I was able to speak, read and write German at that time. I can still understand it and speak it fairly well.

After being inside the ship about 30 minutes, one man said to the other, "Wir sind fertig." Translated, this means, "We are finished." So the leader told me, "You will have to leave now." I was glad to hear this, for I wondered if I would ever

get off that ship again.

When I stepped off the stairs onto the ground the motor started. It sounded like a large electrical motor to me, and the more momentum it picked up, the quieter it got. It ran for about twelve seconds and then the ship took off straight up into the air. Approximately twelve feet off the ground the entire ship turned a pitch black; when it was about one hundred feet in the air it turned to a bluish green. Then it headed southwest - there was a brilliant flash - and the ship disappeared before my very eyes! I estimated the ceiling of the clouds that day to be only about eight hundred feet, but the ship disappeared long before it hit the ceiling - I judged at about one hundred fifty feet from the ground. It was reported to me later by a county official that it had stalled a tractor, two cars and a large truck that were beneath its path.

While aboard the ship I was told not to start my car until they were out of sight as it wouldn't start anyway. This was the first time I knew that the ship had stopped my automobile. After the ship disappeared (about 3:15 P.M.) I went back to my car - now it started - I turned it around and started for Kearney.

Then the impact of the experience really hit me, and I was so shaken I had to stop the car and pull myself together.

I debated whether to report my experience or not. I was afraid if the report of the ship got out, people wouldn't believe it and I might lose my job. Then I remembered hearing over radio and TV that the government wanted skywatchers and that they were to report any unidentified objects in the skies. I realized then it was really my duty as a citizen to report the ship. In fact, my own idea at the time was that this was a Russian ship manned by German



scientists. I decided to go to the minister of my faith and tell him about it and ask him what to do.

He wasn't in. Then I drove over to the police station and asked them if they had seen the sheriff. The sheriff was out of town on a vacation, they said, but the deputy sheriff was at the courthouse. They called him and made an appointment for me to meet him there. I went to the courthouse and told the deputy what had happened that afternoon.

The deputy was the first person to hear of my experience. He said, "Let's get out there." We got into his car and started out. On the way he said, "This is quite a coincidence. Did you hear the siren blow at noon today?"

"Yes," I said, "I was in my room at the hotel at the time and I thought it was a fire."

"No," he said, "someone called and reported a strange object or ship in the sky moving toward Kearney."

When we got to the scene of the ship's landing we could see the imprint of the four hydraulic rams on the dry bed of the Platt River. Also, toward one end of the spot where the ship stood we found some oil on the sand and leaves. It was dark green in color, fine in texture and sweet smelling, but where it really came from, I do not know.

I suggested to the deputy that we rope off this area and get some guards out there. But he wanted to go back to town and get some of the other officials and see what they said. We went back to Kearney and reported to the chief of police about my experience and what we had seen. Then the chief wanted to go out there and he asked the city attorney to go along. We also picked up a reporter from the local newspaper. There were five of us then, on this second trip - and we drove

out in the police car with the siren going all the way.

Everybody saw the imprints and the oil in the sand and they all agreed that there had been a large object of some kind setting there. The deputy and I stepped off the distance between the imprints in the sand and we estimated the ship to be 100 feet long and 30 feet wide; and I estimated it was about 14 feet high.

I again asked if they didn't think it a good idea to rope off this area and call someone in authority and report the ship. They said it wouldn't be necessary as there were five witnesses here and they were convinced that a large ship had landed here.

We gathered some of the greenish oil in a small mustard glass we found on the river bank. The chief of police said he would have it tested. We drove back to town and they left me off at the Fort Kearney Hotel where I was staying.

I felt I had done my citizen's duty in reporting the ship and now I was through. I sat down in the lobby and was watching TV when the local program was cut off for a special news flash—

**"SPACESHIPS LAND AT KEARNEY,  
NEBRASKA"**

This was put on the air without my knowledge or permission. In fact, I had not even called the object a spaceship as I did not know what it was.

About thirty minutes later the phone began to ring and everybody - reporters, photographers, citizens, etc. - wanted more information. The chief of police then called me and asked me if I would come over and help answer the telephones as he too was swamped with calls. I went over to the police station and the chief turned his office over to me with two phones. I answered those two phones and the chief took calls



in the outer office.

This went on for approximately sixteen hours with photographers and newsmen coming in from surrounding cities and even other states. At 9 P.M. the chief of police and I appeared on a local radio station. At 10 P.M. we appeared on a local TV station. These programs were released on national networks.

There was a school bond election that night in Kearney. Some folks said the excitement was started to spoil the election. Nevertheless, the bond issue carried.

So many reporters and other interested folks flocked to the city that there was a traffic jam for blocks around the police station. Within the police station there was standing room only. The last trip I made to the site of the landing that night was 3 A.M. Even at that time there were about thirty cars out there and a crowd of people milling around.

The activity continued all night long until between 5 and 6 A.M., when the officials changed their story and suggested that I change mine too. I told them they could change their story if they wished, but I wouldn't change my story unless it was for the security of the United States. This they couldn't prove, so I stayed with it. Then they asked me if I would take a lie-detector test.

"Not now," I said, "I've been talking for sixteen hours, but I will after I have had a few hours' rest."

By that time I was hoarse from talking; I had been under the photographers' lights for about fifteen or sixteen hours. I told the officials I was going back to my hotel room then and go to bed. But the chief of police said I couldn't do this for they were going to hold me.

"For what reason?" I asked.

They didn't know, they said, but

they were just going to hold me, and they did.

So I went to bed in jail. When I got up a few hours later I asked them if they wanted me to take the lie detector test. They said it wasn't necessary. Later I was advised that I was right in refusing to take the test when I was in a state of hunger, fatigue and strain. But I will still take the test if the officials of Kearney will take it with me.

About 10 A.M. that morning (November 6), the county attorney brought in two oil cans to me and he said they had found some evidence and I might just as well change my story. He said the empty can was found within a few feet of where the ship was supposed to have stood. The other partly filled can, he said, was of the same lot number and was found in the trunk of my car with the can opener beside it.

I told him he would have to think up a faster one than that. Either he couldn't see, or I couldn't see, or all the officials of Kearney couldn't see, or about five or six hundred other people who had walked up and down the river bed all afternoon and night couldn't see. For the oil can was supposed to have been found just that morning - within a few feet of where the ship had been standing. I suggested they take the fingerprints off the cans they found, but to my knowledge, they did not.

The cans they showed me had circular holes in them. The can opener I had in the car cut a triangular hole. The two cans of oil in question were of the Veedol brand. I still have the two cans of oil in my car that I had been carrying with me then - one is of the RPM brand and the other Skelly. A local radio announcer told me later on that the Veedol Co. had announced that they sold 5,000 or more cans of oil a day and they wanted the public to know



their oil did not smell! Later, I discovered some of the oil had been poured out in the trunk of my car and over my laundry. I ask you, what man would leave a half-full can of oil standing in the trunk of his car?

Although it was reported to me that the two Air Force officials from Colorado Springs, Colorado, arrived in Kearney during the night, they did not meet or talk to me until about 11 a.m. the following morning (November 6). Then they asked me to tell them of my experience and they recorded it on tape.

While in this session, one of the local officials from Kearney wondered out loud how the ship could go straight up. Forgetting himself, one of the Air Force officials said, "Oh, we know what makes it go straight up."

In the meantime, local officials went back on the air and TV and denounced my experience as a hoax.

Once I was confined to the jail I was cut off from all phone calls and contacts. My employer placed a person-to-person call to me for three days that was never completed.

The next day (November 7) there was talk about a mental hearing. I asked to get to a telephone: I wanted to call my brothers and have them bring one of their attorneys. The officials wouldn't permit me to use the phone.

"We have good attorneys here in Kearney," they said. And running through the list of attorneys in the 'phone book, "Here's a good fellow."

They called him and when he arrived I saw he was the assistant city attorney.

The first thing he said was, "We don't believe your story, and we want you to change it."

"Well, I have news for you," I said. "I don't want you for my attorney."

But the next day it was announced in the local paper that I had an attorney of my choice.

About 11 o'clock at night then (November 7), I was called to a meeting of a mental hearing board. Members of the board were:

The chief of police

The county attorney

The clerk of the district court

The deputy sheriff

A doctor

This meeting was held behind locked doors in an upstairs room above the fire department. A local radio announcer knew the meeting was to be held and was trying to locate it - he inquired all around town until he finally found out from a local cop, too late to attend the meeting.

When the doctor arrived he asked me just three questions:

1. "How do you feel about the people of Kearney, Nebraska?"

I said I had no hard feelings toward anyone.

2. "Do you still maintain that you saw that ship?"

"I certainly do."

3. "Are you willing to go to the mental hospital and have some mental tests?"

"No," and I further answered that I did not intend to go to the hospital, and if they insisted on taking me they would have to pay the bill.

In about fifteen minutes I was on the way to the hospital at Hastings, Nebraska, accompanied by the chief of police, the county attorney and the deputy sheriff. On the way up the fellows kidded me about having pretty nurses and a nice rest.

"Well, fellows," I said, "You can have your fun now. I'll have mine later on."

I was admitted to the hospital that night.

Before the hearing, however, one of the local officials called my broth-



er at Hastings, Nebraska, and another brother in Grand Island and told them I was a suicidal risk. (It was said they had taken my tie, belt and shoe strings out of my cell. The truth of the matter is I wore boots and had no shoe strings and nothing was removed from my room, not even my razor.) My brothers were told by the officials that they had no facilities for holding me and it was suggested they bring an attorney and a sheriff and take me to the mental hospital.

This my brothers refused to do. One of their attorneys put it this way:

"Don't do it," he said. "I have been following this case all along and it has gotten too big for them, and now they would like to wash their hands of Smitty. If you get him the responsibility will be yours. And if I know Smitty, he'll get out of this okay."

Then too, I had had dinner with my brothers and their families just the Sunday before and, as one of them said, "They didn't see how anything could happen to Smitty that fast." Although I have not been a permanent resident of Nebraska for years, I was born and grew up near Kenesaw, Nebraska, which is not far from Kearney. My four brothers and two sisters are still residents of Nebraska.

In addition to being a suicidal risk, it was publicized that I smoked marijuana. The truth is, I don't smoke, period.

The officials also contacted my wife to see if she would commit me to the mental institution.

The first morning of my stay at the hospital, at about 10 A.M., I appeared before a panel of approximately thirty doctors and nurses of the staff. I answered some general questions for about twenty minutes, and they also invited me to ask

questions. Then I was excused and I went to the recreation room to watch TV. A little while later the doctor assigned to my case came in and asked me why I was sent to the hospital.

"I don't know," I said. "It wasn't my idea in the first place."

Then he said they would have to give me some tests. And I said I thought that was the general idea of my being there. So they proceeded with a series of tests that continued for almost two weeks.

During the second week of my stay I had a test with the encephalogram (a machine that records brain waves). Four days later this test was repeated. Then I learned that the chart had been so regular they thought something was wrong with the machine.

About the twelfth or thirteenth day I appeared before the panel of the staff again. The superintendent of the hospital asked the staff if they had any questions to ask me. Only one had a question.

"What would you say if we kept you here for a year or two and gave you treatments?"

"I think you doctors are smarter than that," I replied. "You know I don't need any treatments."

That same day my employer from Brawley, California, came to the hospital to see me. He had been trying to reach me by phone for three days without success so he flew in to see what was going on. Unfortunately for my business activities, in the hospital, as in the jail, I was not permitted to make any phone calls.

Major Wayne Aho, Director of Washington Saucer Intelligence, reported trying to contact me by phone at the hospital and he was informed, "We have to protect Reinhold Schmidt from the public, and the public from him."



My boss vouched for my sanity and stability, and my other employer from Los Angeles sent a letter in the form of an affidavit to the hospital vouching for my business judgment and honesty. They stated I had bought thousands of dollars of grain for them and they never had any occasion to doubt my ability or character.

I was released from the hospital that day.

On the whole, my stay at the hospital was quite pleasant. I had a private room, and I got along swell with the doctors and nurses. Except for one psychiatrist.

"I'm going to ask you a series of questions," he said, "and I want you to answer with the first thing that comes to your mind, whether it answers the question or not."

The first question was, "Who was smarter, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?"

"I don't know," I replied "I wasn't even born then."

The next question: "If you weren't a human being, what would you rather be?"

"I'd rather be a psychiatrist!"

With that he slammed his book shut.

I asked if that was all the questions.

"Yes," he said. "In court our record doesn't stand up anyway."

Back in Kearney, I said to my boss, "Well, do I still have a job?"

"You certainly do," he said. "I made a little investigation here in Kearney myself for three days before I came to the hospital and all the people I talked to were behind you."

So he suggested we put an ad in the local paper stating I was back in Kearney buying grain again. The ad ran as follows:

#### **"ATTENTION**

#### **MILO AND CORN GROWERS**

**That crazy grain buyer from Cali-**

**fornia is still around and would like to bid on your grain. Will pick it up at your farm in twenty ton trucks.**

**Call me at the Fort Kearney Hotel. Reinhold O. Schmidt, Brawley, California."**

The paper came out that afternoon, and by evening I had a stream of phone calls from farmers offering to sell their grain to me. If I could have managed the transportation of it I could have bought thousands of tons of grain that night.

I bought grain around Kearney for three months after that and, on February 5, I was looking over a field about twenty miles west of Kearney near Elm Creek.

I was driving along a country road about fifty miles per hour when suddenly my car stopped with a braking effect. (I was driving the same car as before - a 1955 Buick Super.) The same ship hovered down beside me inside the fence of a meadow! I thought to myself, "Well, here it goes again!"

I got out of the car and was walking toward the fence when another car drove by with a man and a woman and a little child in it. I waved at them to stop, hoping to have some witnesses, but they hurried by even though they looked right at me. I don't know whether they saw the ship or not. By the time I climbed the fence, the door of the ship slid open and the same man who talked to me on the first contact asked me if I would do them a favor.

I told them I would be glad to if it was at all possible. Then they invited me into the ship and asked me if I would care to take a little ride as it would cause too much commotion for them to remain beside the road.

The ship rose straight up into the air, and when approximately 150 to 200 feet up, the man turned to me



and said, "If any of your friends are watching you now, they will not be able to see you."

But I could still see the entire countryside. I asked them while in flight what propelled their ship - what kind of gas did they use?

"We get our power from the sun and from the earth," I was told.

Inside the ship it was like sitting in your living room. As far as sensation was concerned, there simply wasn't any, either in flight or in the ascent or descent.

The ship landed on the dry river bed again among the leaves. Incidentally, both times the ship landed on what is called accretion land. That is land that cannot be sold or owned privately, only leased by the owner of the adjoining land. At one time this land was part of the river bottom covered with water. Then the river channel was deepened and narrowed by man, and this part of the river bed grew up in grass and brush and trees. I have since wondered if they purposely chose this land so that they would not be trespassing on private property. Also, it may be interesting to note that Kearney is located on Highway 30, in the middle of the United States from east to west. At a point just outside of Kearney it is 1733 miles to San Francisco and 1733 miles to Boston.

The favor they wanted of me was the answers to three questions:

1. What would the United States do if other planets were to set off atomic bombs and to start Sputniks and other satellites flying around which would affect the earth and interrupt its radio and TV operations and other devices?

2. What was the plane carrying that disintegrated over the Pacific on the way from San Francisco to Honolulu besides passengers?

3. How would your people react if a fleet of these ships would land on a

friendly mission? Would they accept us on friendly terms?

I promised to try to get the answers, and if they would give me their address, I said I would gladly forward this information to them.

The spokesman smiled and said, "We will contact you again."

Then I asked, "How did you know I was on this road, or do you pick up just anybody?"

"No," he answered, and then he said, "Your people have fingerprints for identification; we have your brain impulses and can pick you up at any time."

Then I suggested I might be in California by the time I got the answers for them.

"That doesn't make any difference," he said. "We can pick you up any place, any time."

And when I left the ship, they said, "Goodbye, we'll see you again."

Although they asked me no questions the first time we met, they seemed to know all about me, and this second time they greeted me by my first name, Reinhold. I told them about all the trouble I had for reporting their first visit.

"Yes, we knew about it," I was told, "and we were standing by. If they hadn't released you from the hospital by a certain time we would have put on a mass demonstration over Kearney and made ourselves known."

When we were back at my car and I was about to leave they said, "We have stopped your car twice now, and if we stop it a third time your battery will be dead."

Both times my battery boiled dry. I have a twelve-volt battery with a three-year guarantee. It is a little over a year old. The black top coating of this battery has holes blown in it from the excess pressure when they stopped the car. The second time one of the filler knobs of the



battery was blown off and lost.

This time I said nothing about my experience to anyone in Kearney. Instead, that night I tried to call Major Wayne Aho, of Washington Saucer Intelligence, in Washington, D. C. Major Aho and I had some telephone conversations and correspondence as a result of my first contact. He was out of town. I reached him a few days later, however, in Detroit. He was on a mid-west lecture tour at the time, and we arranged to meet in Davenport, Iowa, on February 17. I told of my experience at a public meeting for the first time the next night. I joined Major Aho then in his tour of the Middle West and East.

Two lectures were given in Kearney, Nebraska, on Wednesday and Thursday nights, March 5 and 6 - and I want to tell you what happened the evening of the first lecture in Kearney - the space ships put on a regular show for fifty minutes in the western sky!

Shortly before 6:30 P.M., the evening of March 5, a local radio commentator with whom we had visited that afternoon called our hotel room.

"Don't quote me," he said, "but there is something in the western sky above the sun."

We looked out of our west window, and there above the setting sun we could see what appeared to be a large white star. But that was neither the time nor place for such a star! Then, about six or seven minutes later, another object appeared to the left of the "star." It was round and dark, but soon an orange glow appeared at the bottom, which became brighter as we watched. Then this object moved and dipped and showed a dome-like structure. Later, the orange color faded and changed to red, which became quite brilliant before fading out until the entire object became invisible - as a light

fading out under rheostatic control.

A few minutes later the white object changed to an orange color - then blue - and then gradually faded from sight.

Needless to say, all four of us on the lecture team were excited and thrilled with this display and support of our activities there in Kearney.

Looking at the western sky again one of the group called, "Here comes a jet from the right." A moment or two later, however, there was neither an object nor vapor trail to be seen. And then another "jet" appeared on the left side of the western sky. This time, however, we watched, and we soon realized the gray object was not a jet. Looking more closely we could see it was cigar-shaped with a blinking red light in its nose, and instead of a vapor trail it had a bushy tail of scintillating light that moved along with it.

This object moved across the western sky from left to right and disappeared in the distance at 7:19 P.M. - just giving us time enough to get off for the lecture scheduled for 7:45.

A traveling salesman who came to the lecture that night later told us he had seen part of the display coming into the hotel that evening. In the dining room of the hotel he reported the "show" had been the main topic of conversation.

"Well, they're having a lecture on spaceships tonight," the man sharing his table remarked. "Wouldn't you know they would have some kind of a gimmick!"

"That would be a good trick," the salesman replied, "but how in the world did they get them so high?"

It was reported to us that the manager of the hotel where we were staying called the Lowry Air Force Base in Colorado and was informed, "It was a balloon."



The remark is often made, "How come there are no witnesses to a space ship landing?"

I don't know that I can answer that fully, but in the case of my experience of November 5, I understand there may be a number of witnesses for there were hunters and construction workers in the vicinity. In fact, a local radio announcer in Kearney allegedly has a tape recording of two business men in Kearney who testified that they heard a series of sounds while pheasant hunting the afternoon of my contact, that they believed came from the ship. This same announcer checked with the Lowry Air Force Base and learned that they had no aircraft aloft the afternoon of November 5 between 1:00 and 6:00 P.M. due to the low ceiling and hazardous flying conditions.

Also, many folks are wondering why the occupants of the ship spoke German. Again, I don't really know. But oddly enough, when my boss came to Kearney to see me after my release from the hospital he had with him a business associate from Mexico - a man who was very much interested in my experience. After I finished telling him about it he told me that he had encountered a similar ship in Mexico! It, too, was occupied by four men and two women - only they talked in Spanish! You will have to draw your own conclusions.

Another thing I am often asked is, "Did you ever read any books on flying saucers before your experience, or were you interested in the subject?"

I had heard something about flying saucers, as everyone has over the years, from reports in newspapers, etc. But I had never paid any particular attention to the subject. As I have often said, "I didn't believe, I didn't disbelieve but they

certainly made a believer out of me!" As to books, I hadn't read any on the subject before my experience, and I haven't read any since either.

Now I'm going to conclude my report, as of April 5, 1958, when I received some information from NICAP (National Investigations Committee for Aerial Phenomena) regarding one of the questions the Visitors asked me. (What was the plane carrying that went down, besides passengers?) NICAP sent me copies of two relevant newspaper articles which I am copying for your information. The first is a story from the **Des Moines Register**, dated November 9, 1957:

"A large Stratocruiser, enroute between San Francisco and Honolulu, is reported missing after having sighted mysterious blinking lights in the sky early this morning. The last position given by the plane was about 900-1000 miles northeast of Honolulu. A military transport flying near the area reported sighting similar mystery lights, blinking off and on, 120 miles north of the last reported position of the Stratocruiser after it had been reported missing. A full scale sea and air search is in operation with vain efforts to find the plane carrying a crew of 4 and 36 passengers in the event it might have plunged into the sea."

(Note: Later reports said 44 aboard.)

Was there a suggestion that spaceships (mysterious blinking lights) might have caused the accident, I wondered, and was that why my spaceship friends wanted me to find out what else that ship was carrying besides passengers?

Then another news clipping, an AP article, published January 16, 1958, in the **Omaha World Herald**, gave the following information:

**"Radio-Active Cargo Fell—Mystery of Plane's Crash Unsolved**



"San Francisco, Cal. (AP)—The Pan American Strato-cruiser Romance of the Skies was carrying shipments of chemicals and 'radio-active' materials when it crashed in the Pacific, killing all 44 persons aboard, a Civil Aeronautic Board hearing was told Wednesday.

"The huge airliner, bound from San Francisco to Honolulu, mysteriously plunged into the ocean about midway between the two points last November 8. Only 19 bodies were recovered.

"The first witness before the seven-man hearing panel was David L. Thompson, Santa Monica, Cal., head of the team of CAB investigators who have spent the last two months seeking clues from the wreckage.

"Mr. Thompson said one thing certain was that the plane had burned after it struck water.

"Mr. Thompson said the plane carried a shipment of 'yellow label sodium sulfite restricted cargo packed in accordance with ICC regulations.'

"In addition, he said, there was 'White label radioactive material' aboard the plane.

"Mr. Thompson offered no solution to one of the prime mysteries of the tragedy - the riddle of why the crewmen were unable to send a distress message in the 23 minutes from the time it last gave a position to the time it struck water."

I cannot say that this information is the complete answer to their question. Nevertheless, it gives us something to think about, and I wonder if that wasn't the real purpose of their questions anyway. As to the other two questions, that is something for each of us to answer for ourselves too.

As a friend of mine says, "A good teacher asks the students questions to make them think."

During the latter part of April,

1958, I attended a meeting in Tulsa, Oklahoma. After the meeting a group of us were sitting in the hotel coffee shop when one of the space people came in and asked us outside the hotel, and we drove out toward the spot where the spacecraft had landed. We went approximately six miles down the highway, then turned off the pavement onto a country road. Almost immediately a beam of light shot out from the ship, which was sitting nearby, and the driver of the car then followed the beam, went up onto the ramp, and we were soon inside the ship.

I remained inside the craft with the space people for about two hours, during which they told me several things which I do not yet have permission to reveal to the public.

I spent a part of the month of June buying grain in Nebraska and Colorado. While in Denver I was again contacted. This time they asked me if I would like to go with them to the Arctic Circle some time in August. I answered that I would drop all my work in order to go with them. I then asked why they had chosen the Arctic Circle. They replied, "Let's just say for an educational purpose."

On August 14, 1958, while in my Hollywood apartment, one of the space men came again. He said they were ready to leave for the Arctic Circle and if I was ready they would take off that evening. I told them I would have to make a few telephone calls first, and asked where they wished to pick me up. They instructed me to drive down to my quarry (I have a rock quarry on Highway 6, about forty miles north of Mo-have).

The region around the quarry is rather desolate and I suggested that I would put my car in a garage as I did not wish to leave it there. They said, "No, take your car and drive



it up to the quarry and we will take the Buick along." I told them it really wasn't necessary because I could leave it at a garage, for the car weighs about two tons and it would be a lot of extra weight. Their reply was, "Weight doesn't mean anything."

I made my telephone calls and then drove out to the quarry. I saw that the ship was already there. It was a larger ship than I had seen before, being about two hundred feet long, forty feet wide, and fourteen feet in height. Other than size and the fact that it contained a few less instruments, this ship was almost identical in appearance and furnishings with the ship I saw near Kearney, Nebraska. The personnel was the same.

There is a large eighteen or twenty feet steel galvanized tank beside my quarry, fed by a spring, which was placed there by the Government for animals such as deer and cattle to drink from. The space people had drawn about half of the water from the tank - probably fourteen or fifteen barrels. The space people use water in the ship to keep it cool.

As soon as I arrived, they let the ramp down on the fore end of the ship and I drove the Buick up on it; they lifted the ramp - and we started for the North Pole!

We left the quarry at 4:15 in the afternoon. An hour and twenty minutes later we were over the Arctic Circle, having made three stops, one in Greenland for about thirty minutes, and two short stops in Alaska to check on some minerals. At one time during the flight I asked them how fast the ship could go. They answered that they would give me a fast ride. At that time we were approximately six or seven miles high, and for a few minutes, according to an instrument which I would call a speedometer, we went 40,000

miles an hour. They said the craft would go a lot faster but that we did not have enough distance to really turn it loose. There was no vibration, and the only way I could tell we had gone so high was the appearance of the earth below us. The earth was almost obscured by what appeared to be rings similar to those we see around the planet Saturn. The predominating color was blue-green showing through the silvery rings of haze. This same ship can be used as a plane in the air, a ship on the water, or a submarine beneath the water. While in the air the ship flew broadside.

As we were flying over the Arctic Circle they pointed out many interesting things. They showed me a place where once there were icecaps a thousand or so feet high. Today it is a lake. They told me this was caused by atomic bombs changing our atmosphere so that it is becoming warmer in some places and colder in others. The Arctic Circle has been cold for thousands of years, but today the ice is melting.

We settled down on the open water, then submerged beneath the icecap to a depth of approximately three or four hundred feet, where we remained for three or four hours. While underneath the surface of the water I saw something which has never yet been revealed to the public. I have written to Washington asking permission to give out this information but at the date of writing this report I have heard nothing from the Pentagon. Assuming there is no reason for further secrecy, I will give this information now:

We observed two Russian submarines which were mapping the floor of the ocean in order to build missile bases from which they could fire missiles to any part of the world, without sound and without warn-



ing. The space people told me our Government knows about this activity because three of our submarines are located there, and one of our blimps and some of our larger planes have flown over that area.

The space people told me they will not permit this to happen. They stated that if we can't stop the Russians from attacking the world from beneath the water, without sound and without warning, they themselves will stop them. I am sure they mean this. They also said they wouldn't permit an atomic war. They made it clear that they are impartial and are not "taking sides" with any country but that they will not stand by and see our planet destroyed by atomic bombs.

Our radiation problem was also discussed. The space people are now using a new device to rid our atmosphere of radiation from atomic and hydrogen bomb explosions. This device is dropped from a high altitude and acts as an umbrella to cover a large area and not only purifies our air but sometimes nullifies the action of the bomb itself.

We saw many icebergs floating over us which looked like large white clouds. These icebergs were completely submerged and appeared to be floating underneath the surface of the water. We heard many large crashes where ice was cracking up. It seemed that the ice was much heavier on one side of the North Pole than on the other. The ice bulged up in huge quantities, then broke open with loud crashes.

We rose to the surface of the water and landed on the ice cap. I saw animals which were thawing out that had been frozen in the ice for probably thousands of years. There were polar bears, walruses, and some prehistoric animals which I have never seen pictured. Eskimos had apparently been slicing off some of the

well preserved meat from the walruses and using it for dog food or some other purpose. I also saw what appeared to be a small city with houses and buildings for stores which were completely frozen in the ice.

While on the spacecraft, one of the ladies said, "We know you Americans like coffee, and we have come prepared to give you some." I thought perhaps they had a thermos bottle filled with coffee, so I told them I would enjoy a cup. She put some water and coffee in what I took to be a percolater. I noticed on the can that it was M-J-B coffee, which is an American brand.

She placed the percolater on a table. I expected her to either plug it in some place or put it on a hot plate, but she did neither. Soon I heard the coffee percolating and could smell it. I asked what made it percolate like that. She replied, "This is the same power and energy - free energy - which drives this ship. The power that drives this ship is cooking the coffee."

They told me I could hold the percolater in my hand. I lifted it up and it still percolated. They stated that I could even put it on a chunk of ice and it would continue. I asked if I might take it home to show my people what free energy could do. They answered that I couldn't have that percolater but that they would bring me one from their planet when they came back here again. The coffee was very good and tasted just like our coffee.

During the four days I was on the spaceship, from August 14 through August 19, I ate only a few small wafers which were about the size of an Alka Seltzer, only twice as thick. They were very pleasing to the taste. One day I ate three of them to see how much power was in them. I had no hunger pangs and never felt hungry. During recent lec-



tures, when I have described these wafers, the ladies have been very interested in them because it would solve their cooking and dishwashing problems. I do not know what the space people ate.

While we were sleeping the craft hovered in space about six or seven miles above the earth. I inquired whether this wasn't dangerous as another ship or a meteorite might strike us. They assured me that there was no danger for they use an automatic pilot during such times, and if another ship came within range it would avoid the ship we were on.

My bed was similar to the one to which I am accustomed, with a mattress and made up with sheets, pillows and blankets. The ship was always warm and remained at a constant temperature. I do not know where the heat and light came from, but it was light all of the time. Even when we were beneath the surface of the water the light glowed from the ship for a distance of three or four hundred feet or more.

Upon our return from the Arctic Circle, I drove my car out of the spacecraft, up Highway 6, and back to Hollywood. As I left, the space people told me they would see me again in the near future.

I had to get a new battery for my 1958 Buick, for the old one was completely dead the second day after my return. When it was tested at the garage they found nothing but pure water in it. I also found, during my earlier contacts, as described in Part I of this book, that each time I was stopped by the spacecraft, the battery in my 1955 Buick boiled dry. One time the top of the battery was completely blown off as if a great pressure had been exerted below it, and a black tar-like substance had spread over the top.

This concludes the report of my contacts with the people from the Planet Saturn up to the present time. However, I shall be watching for I am sure they will keep their promise to return again soon.

★ ★ ★

## SUPERMAN - DOES HE REALLY EXIST?

(Concluded from page 19)

or permanent habitation.

All these things are within the capabilities of the cosmic men who have a technology that parallels the forces of nature which they can control. With this knowledge, they can also synthesize food stuffs from the raw materials of the Earth and other planets.

Activities of this nature go far to explain many seeming mysteries of our ancient and modern times. For example, the falls of huge blocks of ice in our skies of recent date seem to demand such an explanation. The cosmic men probably obtained it at either of the Earth's poles for storage in their huge mother ships for

long, inter-stellar voyages. Towing the huge blocks through space near the Earth, a few break away now and then and come crashing down to us. Too, the strange rain of toads and frogs and other animal organisms could be the result of evolutionary analysis by the cosmic men, or it could be a well-balanced process of re-stocking the planets.

We here, even amid all this activity, should not think that the activities of the cosmic men are centered around us. Earth is also a way-station for interstellar voyages to other worlds.

It might be asked how such vast activities can be undertaken and then be related in particular points



of time. What of the inter-relations of the Federations and the awful gulfs of space between them? Do they, can they operate and communicate over such distances?

This seems impossible to our minds. Our scientists say that no vehicle could ever quite reach or exceed the speed of light. This observation may be valid to fit the facts as we have them established, but it is also made on the concept that light is a "constant" in its own right. It has not allowed for the application of "intelligence" to a naturally occurring force. Despite any evidence we may have to the contrary, it is certain that a powered vehicle can and has traveled many times the speed of light.

The cosmic men seem to be much interested in us and our first attempts to establish space travel, as their presence around our research centers indicate. The fact that they have been visiting this solar system for centuries without making contact indicates highly complex operations involving a powerful and exact science far beyond our scope of knowledge.

At present the men of Earth are not prepared for a meeting of the minds with the cosmic men. Nor will we be when we walk on the outermost planet of our solar system. But when our first inter-stellar ship heads for the stars, we can be certain they will be knocking on our cabin door.

## PROJECT ARGUS

(Concluded from page 12)

self." But this we believe: 1) there was a satellite aloft during the period mentioned; 2) it was a satellite, and not a U.F.O. (it cannot be said to be unclassified or unidentified, but a true satellite); 3) it was man-made (although not necessary either Russian or American); 4) if earth-made, it was more likely Russian than American (because of its strong polar inclination of orbit); 5) it incurred extreme effort on the part of our "tracking" agencies to identify it and determine its orbit and time schedule as outlined by our comments on air-borne radar fixes being made on it on both observed passages in July, 1958; 6) a thorough sky-watch in October-November 1958 failed to discover it, thus indicating it had not remained in its July orbit; 7) the reasoning behind keeping the triple atomic-bomb space tests from Congress was weak and illogical and suspicious; 8) the tests occurred (not accidental-

ly we feel) so remarkably coincident with the orbital schedule of the mystery satellite as to make most probable an attempt to destroy it; 9) two of OUR satellites, launched perfectly, mysteriously failed to maintain their polar orbits (did the Russians, or WE, shoot them down for more practice?); 10) how ELSE will we intercept ICBMs bearing atomic bombs toward us, if not at the comparatively easy distance of 300 or more miles in space where our "homing devices", already proven to be sensationally effective, mounted on "Argus project type" rockets, CAN do the job?

Question: Would shooting down each others' satellites constitute an act of war?

The BIG question: Is there actually an outer-space enemy against whom we are preparing to defend ourselves? Has the battle already been joined by initial skirmishes against spying satellites and various "U.F.O."?



# FLYING SAUCER CLUB NEWS

Each issue, this section of FLYING SAUCERS will be devoted to news of the various discussion clubs and research groups all over the world, which are devoted to flying saucers and related subjects. If you are interested in joining such a group in your neighborhood, you may find news of it here. If you wish to notify others of your group, here is the place to let them know about it. If you wish to form a local group, let us publish your request. Send us your reports and news items, concerning club doings, and we will be happy to allot space in this section of FLYING SAUCERS.

The Cosmic Circles of Fellowship, Inc. will hold their 4th Interplanetary Space Conference September 11, 12, and 13, 1959 in Chicago, Illinois, at the Lasalle Hotel in the Douglas Room. There will be two general sessions each of the 3 days at 4:00 P.M. and 8:00 P.M. The registration fee for the 6 general sessions will be \$5.00. The fee for a single session will be \$2.00.

The highlights of the Conference will be, "The Pageant of the Planets," entertainment giving characteristics of each of the planets; the Cosmic Dance, a beauteous portrayal of Cosmic Knowledge in sound, rhythm, and motion; William Ferguson will tell the story of his fantastic experience of being teleported to the center of the Cosmos; live Celestial Music will be presented, and other features of new vistas of perception in the new Space Age.

Also scheduled on the program are instruction periods in Cosmic Knowledge, and the Cosmic Technique and Revelation.

For details on registration and reservations write, The Cosmic Circle of Fellowship, Inc., 2144 N. Central Park Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois.

★ ★ ★

Anyone in the Cleveland, Ohio

area who wants to join or form a group may contact

Mr. Don Kroft  
10801 Vernon Ave.,  
Garfield Heights, Ohio

★ ★ ★

James Villard, editor of THE UFOLOGER, has finally resumed publication after a long delay by moving. With this comes many many new services international press clipping, etc. 35c a copy, \$2.00 for 6 issues.

James Villard  
United States Delegation  
Geneva, Switzerland

★ ★ ★

I would like to announce our new Flying Saucer Club of Miami Florida the name is, "Florida Space Society".

Your help or any way you could lend us a hand will be kindly appreciated.

Anybody who has an extra first 4, volumes of "Proceedings" by George W. Van Tassel, I'm willing to pay the price you offer that is if it isn't too much. This volume is needed bad for our new club.

John V. Nunez  
150 E. 20th Street  
Hialeah, Florida

★ ★ ★

Who and What: A.P.R.G. is a dedicated scientific research organiza-



tion. It was organized in 1954 for one purpose: "To investigate and determine the nature of unidentified flying objects and possible related phenomena and incidents." All officers of the group are patriotic American citizens who have volunteered their time and efforts in the name of scientific progress. A.P.R.G. is non-profit and is supported by donations and funds collected through public meetings and book sales.

Progress: Unfortunately, the progress of the group's purpose has been slowed by official propaganda against the subject. Also, religious fanatics, spiritualists, mystics, etc., have moved into the field with a grave danger of discrediting the entire subject and causing it to become lost under a smokescreen of nonsense and fakery.

Findings to date: The mass of evidence on file at A.P.R.G.'s National Headquarters has established the fact that "MATERIAL" unidentified flying objects termed "flying saucers" do exist. Some kind of "UNKNOWN" intelligently controlled objects—outside the range of present-day scientific knowledge—the being seen in the sky. If they cannot be identified as objects known to man ...What are they? If they are not man made... Who made them? If they are not from this planet... Where are they from? A.P.R.G. is endeavoring to answer these questions.

Officers: Mr. Robert J. Gribble, National Director. Associate Director—Mr. Orville Dawson; Mr. Dale Dungan; Mr. Henry Woo; Mr. Carroll Wood; Mr. Paul Philips; Miss Nataile Briggs; Miss Marie Woo; Mrs. June Vander Linden; Mrs. Mary Winguist; Mrs. Janet Pistili; Mr. Vern Frese; Mr. Ebert Donaldson; Mr. Larry Gattshall; Mrs. Ritchie.

District Representatives: Located in cities throughout the world.

Aerial Phenomena Research Group  
National Headquarters  
5108 Findlay Street  
Seattle 18, Washington  
Telephone: Parkway 3-0944

★ ★ ★

Aerial Phenomena Research Group, National Headquarters, Seattle, Washington, have requested that any individual interested in participating in their investigation of unidentified flying objects contact them immediately.

The Seattle group is making a serious, scientific study of unidentified flying objects reports throughout the country, in search of a sensible, acceptable answer to these heretofore inadequately explained phenomena. For this reason, they ask for interested persons in this area who will be willing to act as their District Representative to contact them without delay.

The District Representative need not be a scientist, astronomer or college graduate. The only basic requirements for their representatives is a sincere, scientific interest in the subject and a desire to further serious investigation.

Anyone interested should write to: A.P.R.G., Public Relations Coordinator, 11323 14th Avenue N.E., Seattle 55, Washington.

★ ★ ★

Be it known, that, the writer, as of May 8, 1959, resigns as Director of the NY Dhq office, ICARF; as member of HIOUFO; as member of NICAP; as member of SRA.

Correspondence should, pending further notice via ICARF HQ, be directed to:

Mrs. Gladys Fusaro  
Assoc., Dir.,  
NY DHQ ICARF  
Rte. 3 Box 223  
Huntington, L.I., N. Y.



The writer is no longer interested in the study of Unidentified Flying Objects, etc., nor shall he participate in said study either publicly or privately.

Neither can the writer consent to answer any future correspondence phone, or personal visits regarding UFO, et al.

Neither can the reason for this decision be given.

Douglas Mapes  
115 Brinkman St.  
Buffalo 11  
New York

★ ★ ★

The Baltimore Flying Club (Saucer group) has a membership of fifty. We are now accepting new members, who are interested in joining a group of People INTERESTED in learning facts. Data and etc.

This group was formed in 1947 has been a closed Membership. It is a Scientific group studying and experimenting in the PARA-Normal and related subjects. If you have an Open MIND. Tolerant and Live by

the Golden Rule. Seeking knowledge and Understanding. And Believes (That GOD Or The Creator In Divine Power) Which ever term you use, That WE Don't KNOW it All Nor are WE Capable of Understanding All Of His MYSTERIE.

If you are seeking and searching. You are Welcome to join.

Write and give me Details. PAT WILLIAMS, 1502 Clipper Rd.

★ ★ ★

Our club has many reports on FLYING SAUCERS! This is our 7th year study on the saucers. We have been trying to make saucers detectors and trying to make a lot of sighting. We have seen saucers land, but we got a little SCARED. We have 4 members; we leave town to watch for saucers. The club thinks that the place we watch is a "belt" because of the saucers we have seen there. We all believe that saucers are from planets in deep space. NIGHT WATCHERSCLUB

716 SYLVAN AVENUE  
CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

## personals

I would like to correspond with person or persons who do NOT believe that spacemen (if any) are benevolent angels of light. It would be refreshing to hear from such people who have evidence or reason to think that so called space men (if any), are exactly opposite from benevolent angels of light. Would anyone be interested in starting a club to be called FLYING SAUCERS ANONYMOUS to be patterned after the ALCOHOLICS

ANONYMOUS, etc?

R. C. NETHERTON  
701 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

★ ★ ★

For Sale: All cloth bound books listed: They knew too much about F. S. Barker; The truth about Flying Saucers-Michel; Flying Saucers uncensored — Wilkins; Flying Saucers on ATTACK — Wilkins; Behind the Flying Saucers—Scully; Aboard a Flying Saucer—Bethurum; Stran-



gest of all—Edwards; Oahspe—A Kosman Bible; Flying Saucers from Outer Space—Keyhoe; Flying Saucers have landed—Adamski; The UFO Annual—Jessup; Entire selection above \$22.50 Postpaid.

CLOYD CHANDLER  
2615 WEST AVE. 33  
LOS ANGELES 65, CALIF.

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with anyone who is definitely interested in flying saucers. Someone who has actually seen a flying saucer or a UFO, if possible.

John Polermo  
907 Willis Avenue  
Syracuse 9, New York

★ ★ ★

Wanted: Any and all information on UFOs, such as pictures, magazine and newspaper articles, and UFO publications. Especially want the following: FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL, Keyhoe; MYSTERIES OF OTHER WORLDS REVEALED, Ley and Keyhoe; THE SAUCERIAN REVIEW, 1956, Barker; FLYING SAUCER REVIEW's WORLD ROUNDUP; AIR FORCE PROJECT BLUE BOOKS SPECIAL REPORT NO. 14, Davidson; THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT, Fort; THE WHITE SANDS INCIDENT Fry; IS ANOTHER WORLD WATCHING?, Heard. I will buy these, but prefer to borrow or rent them.

I would like to have a discussion with others near my age (16) who are interested in UFOs, especially those in Virginia. I have several pocketbook editions of science fiction that I will sell (or trade for the above books).

Larry P. Maccubbin  
331 E. Little Creek Rd.  
Norfolk 5, Virginia

★ ★ ★

I would like to have a serious, completely private and personal

exchange of ideas with anybody who likes to think about the nature and action of flying saucers. I want to approach the problem from all the possible viewpoints. For me, the reality of the flying saucers is beyond doubt. I want my future corresponders to understand that this appeal is not exclusively directed to scientists, but to any person with a clear mind, who may be interested in this matter. Answers may be written in English, Spanish or German.

Askold Ladonko, Ps.D., B.S.  
Apartado 9 1 1.  
Caracas VENEZUELA

★ ★ ★

Would anybody who has any photographs or clipping of saucers they don't want please send them to me. I would deeply appreciate this. Send to this address.

Robert Bartlett  
8512 Redfir Drive  
Berkeley 34, Mo.

★ ★ ★

I have noted several personal ads in Flying Saucers Magazine which people would like to obtain the fourth issue dated February 1958. I have five copies of this issue and can obtain more from a friend of mine who operates a book store.

KENT H. BITTEL  
11215 Snow Rd.  
Cleveland 30, O.

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with American readers who would be interested in exchanging U.F.O. information, Newspaper clippings, etc.

Please write to.

Peter W. Matthews,  
21 Lockyer Rd.  
Mannamead, Plymouth, Devon,  
England

★ ★ ★

I would like to start Lunar U.F.



O. research team. The team would observe the moon and report any strange objects on or near it.

Anyone interested and with a telescope is asked to write to Mr. James W. Balister. I would like to hear from astronomers who have seen U.F.O. on the moon.

Mr. James W. Balister  
4934 W. Eggert Pl.  
Milwaukee 18 Wisconsin

★ ★ ★

Any small active group who would like to correspond with us, borrow tapes or books, may contact me.

Joan Stevens  
Box 128  
Inverness, Calif.  
Marin County Sky Observers

★ ★ ★

Those interested in advanced study of flying saucers and our friends from other planets, may be interested in being put on the mailing list for the "Open Letters" by Laura Mundo Marker.

The Planetary Center  
24720 Carlyle St.  
Dearborn, Mich.

★ ★ ★

Teenagers interested in U.F.O. science fiction and ham radio, wanted to correspond with—

John Barnett  
467 Russell Ave.  
Santa Rosa, Calif.

★ ★ ★

All of those interested in UFOs and related subjects and in forming a UFO research group please write contact in person . . .

Donald G. Wiggins  
957 East Holt Blvd.  
Ontario, California

★ ★ ★

Wanted: July 1956 issue of Real Adventure Mag. October 1957 Fly-  
Saucer issue of Amazing Stor-  
Recent (1958) issue of Man's  
strated, containing UFO arti-

cle, "The Believers." Any Reader having these for sale, please write me and let me know the price desired for them.

Lucius Farish  
Route One  
Plumerville, Ark.

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with anybody around my age, that's interesting in Flying Saucers and various other subjects, pertaining to Flying Saucers.

I will try to answer all letters. I am 18 years old.

James Moss Jr.  
4301 Downman Rd.  
New Orleans 26, La.

★ ★ ★

FOR SALE: June '47 AMAZING STORIES (SHAYER MYSTERY ISSUE) in good condition...best offer; two BURROUGHS stories, INVISIBLE MEN OF MARS & BLACK PIRATES OF BARSOOM, appearing in 10-41 & 6-41 issues of AMAZING STORIES in back-coverless, but otherwise good condition...\$1 each, plus postage. Will someone please sell me FATE: vol. 1, no 2, 3, 4, & col 2, no 8?

Robert F. Weirauch  
1500 Arlington Blvd.  
Arlington 9, Va.

★ ★ ★

I would like to correspond with people interested in saucers from anywhere in the world. Anyone interested may write to me at this address.

Mr. Frank R. Farris  
1315 Fruitvale Blvd.  
Yakima, Washington

Effective with next issue, Personals will be dropped. Our new Classified Advertising section will carry extremely low rates of 10c per word for small personal messages such as these, without being unfair to paid advertisers. We invite you to use these bargain rates.



# 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.

**A**pril 25th, 1959, I was out in the back yard working on an old washing machine. The time was 6:30 P.M., and the sky was perfectly clear. The sun was setting in the west and a couple of jet planes were creating brilliant vapor trails which showed dramatically against the blue sky because of the setting sun.

I called my wife out of the kitchen to have a look at the pretty display which was so striking against the cloudless sky. Immediately her eyes lowered and centered on a bright object hanging motionless in the sky to the north. We are only about one mile away from the mountains to the north of us which average a height of around 5,000 feet. On the crest of the mountains are about five or six television broadcasting towers to cover the millions of population in the Los Angeles County. Pasadena and Glendale lie nearest to these mountains.

As soon as she exclaimed "Look, what's that over there?" I too lowered my vision from the vapor trails to the bright object hovering in the direction of the mountains. I saw it and was impressed by its metallic gleam. It was too early for any stars to be out. Furthermore, it was not as brilliant as a star or planet in a cloudless sky,

but it had a little larger diameter. I estimated it to be about a mile away and about 20,000 feet high. It could even have been lower. (If one would hold his arm out at length with his hand at the level of the top of the head this would be about the correct angle of ascent in which we viewed the object.) We watched it hovering motionless for about fifteen minutes, when I decided to get further witnesses in case this reached the newspapers. I called out the neighbors next door who were watching television, and when I asked them if they wanted to see a flying saucer, they thought I was cracked. They laughed it off as an early star and went back to their TV set. As they disappeared into their living room, I hollered at them "When the sun sets you won't see any star in that position!" I was right. At 6:45 the sun had set and the object had slowly disappeared from sight. My wife, with her keen eyesight said she could still faintly see it, but I could not. Before it had lost its brilliance, however, I ran into the house and brought out the only glasses we had which was a little 4-power field glass with no prisms. I trained it on the object and registered not a little surprise at what I saw. My first exclama-



tion to my wife who was standing nearby was ("It has a ring around it like Saturn!") Please remember that Saturn wouldn't disappear from a clear sky. Then as I brought it into as sharp a view as possible I could discern an upper part to it and faintly a lower part. The upper part was tilted slightly more toward the setting sun. It had a definite metallic gleam to it like the color of aluminum or magnesium. There was no light issuing forth from the object itself but only reflected sunlight. Thereafter, when it became dark we could no longer see it.

My wife and I discussed it somewhat further at the dinner table and with all the logic we could muster we believe it was some sort of unidentified flying object which was hovering over the mountainous boundary of Pasadena. We did not bother to report it to the police or any branch of the government because we are aware of the playing-down of this subject by the powers-that-be.

L. A. Rear,  
752 N. Wilson Ave.,  
Pasadena, Calif.

★ ★ ★

#### **Fargo, North Dakota Newspaper SMOKING SAUCERS**

Marysville, Calif. (AP) A brilliant light traveling slowly northeast past Marysville and emitting a smoke trail was reported by a dozen listeners to radio station KMYC Monday night (February 16, 1959). The object was sighted at 6:00 P.M. Viewers said it disappeared into a cloudbank after two minutes.

Believe the above is the same type plane seen by me June 10, 1958 at about 3:50 P.M. It seemed to rise near a clump of trees growing along side a stream, and just south of the

small mountain range called The Buttes. It was a clear day. I imagine it was not more than 10 or 15 feet in the air when I first spotted it. It was gaining altitude rapidly and headed in a southwesterly direction. It traveled close to the ceiling at an exceptionally high rate of speed. Shortly after I first saw it, it was between me and the sun and I could see the outline of a cigar-shaped object about 150 feet in length, enveloped in a cloud of smoke from nose to tail. It looked like a giant cocoon hurtling through the sky. Watched object from moving taxi for about 20 minutes. Phoned C.A.A. at its office at Yuba Co. (California) Airport. Cab driver saw it also.

E. G. Carkuff  
Route 2, Box 1819  
Grass Valley, California

★ ★ ★

Letter from friend in Houston contained the following report of an UFO:

Houston, Texas  
June 14, 1959  
c. 11:00 EST  
drive-in theater

(Wife called his attention to object)

"It was going at a little slower speed than a meteor altho not much 'cause it crossed almost from horizon to horizon in less than a minute." Flame (white-hot color) about size of half-dollar, and teardrop-shaped. Nil sound. Nil trail. Angled up just above far horizon and disappeared. In view for c. 50 seconds. Course: app. North 30 degrees East. Night was clear.

Observer is former Air Force man and familiar with conventional aircraft (including that of the USSR). Up to this time he had resisted all attempts (mine) at conversation re-UFOlogy in any form. It sounds to me like a meteor but for the latter portion of its flight. Time element



is against its having been a meteor, also.

Bob Iles  
P. O. Box 1084  
Knoxville 1, Tenn.

★ ★ ★

I saw a saucer on April 21, 1957; next day I sent the report to the Air Force in Washington and got no reply. I would have sent the sighting to you in your first issue but I did not know there was such a magazine at the time. The time was about 12:15 P.M. (EST), the sky was clear so I decided it would be a good night to look through my telescope. As I was about to lift my telescope to look, a saucer appeared right over me in the eastern sky. The object was pretty close to me as I could make it out very well. The saucer was lighted yellow, it had a circular disc with a dome on top. On the dome I could see a round window. I saw no one inside. I sighted it for about a half minute when it disappeared behind our house (I was standing at the side of it). As I could see it, it was the size of a kite. The object was heading southwest at a very fast speed. It did not make any sound.

Norman R. Ouellette  
Dwarsault Observatory Club  
441 Sherbourne Street,  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

★ ★ ★

I must write you of what happened to me in 1925, which I think solves most of these U.F.O. reports. I have never told this to anyone, but can get signed affidavit if needed. Four of us were flying old "Jennies" (OX 5 motors) over the Nevada desert. One plane was a two-seater, (the one I was in). We landed on Flat Mesa, near Battle Mountain, Nevada. The Mesa is about 5,000 sq. feet and the walls are too steep to climb, unless a lot of work is done.

We wanted to see what was on top of this flat place. We landed at 1 P.M. While walking about the top of this place we noticed something coming in for a landing. It was about 8 feet across and was round and flat like a saucer. The undersides were a reddish color. It skidded to a stop about 30 feet away. This next you won't believe and I don't care but it's the truth. We walked up to the thing and it was some animal like we never saw before. It was hurt and as it breathed the top would rise and fall making a half foot hole all around it like a clam opening and closing. Quite a hunk had been chewed out of one side of this rim and a sort of metal looking froth issued. When it saw us, it breathed frantically and rose up only a few inches, only to fall back to earth again. It was moist and glistened on the top side. We could see no eyes or legs. After a 20 minute rest, it started pulsating once more. (We stayed 10 feet away.) And so help me, the thing grew as bright as all get out, except where it was hurt. It had a mica like shell body. It tried to rise up again, but sank back again. Then we saw a large round shadow fall on us; we looked up and ran. Coming in was a much larger animal 30 feet across. It paid no attention to us, but settled itself over the small one four sucker-like tongues settled on the little one and the big one got so dazzling bright you couldn't look at it. Both rose straight up and were out of sight in a second. They must have been traveling a 1,000 miles an hour to get so high so fast. When we walked over there was an awful stench, and the frothy stuff the little one had bled, looked like fine aluminum wire. There was more frothy, wirery stuff in a 30 foot circle, where the big one had breathed. This stuff melted finally in the sun



and we took off. So help me, **this was an animal.** I have never told this before as we knew no one would believe us. I only write now because this animal would be one big 30 foot light if seen at night. I don't expect belief, but I simply had to write. Don't use my name, I am still flying. But write if you want more information.

★ ★ ★

I think I should tell you about the two sightings I had of unusual objects. When I was living near Salisbury, Md. The first was Nov. 1956 (election day). When I arrived home just before dark, I noticed two (2) large oblong ships which I thought were dirigibles, they seemed to be near a neighbor's house located on the highway which was about half of a mile away. They were side by side, just a little above the tree tops and moving very slowly. They seemed to be headed in the direction of our house, so decided to watch them come over, as I thought it unusual to see two so close together. But they suddenly stopped in mid air, then they seemed to keep moving around in such a way, that they looked like parachutes, and wobbled from side to side. Then a sort of dangling ladder was lowered, and it looked like a person was climbing down it. Then they moved a little further away, and looked like one big dark cloud.

I went into the house to make supper, but kept coming out again every few minutes to see if they were still there. The last time I looked it had gotten almost dark, but by this time there were three ships in a perfect line side by side. About 8:30 P.M. there were two very brilliant lightning flashes, but the sky was perfectly clear. Evidently that is when the ships were taking off. The flashes were seen for several miles around, and lots of reports

were made to the "Salisbury Times". But as far as I know, I was the only one to see the ships. I could have gotten snapshots of them, I still don't know why I didn't.

The second experience was Dec. 1956 about 7:30 P.M. I went out into the back yard, and was looking at the stars, when I noticed one (which I thought was a star) that was so much brighter than the others, and almost over our yard. It appeared to look lower than a star and pulsating. I kept looking at it and was wondering for a minute, when it lit up like an electric light bulb. Very bright first, then changed to orange, then to red, then rose straight up a little, then went away toward the South at a very fast speed. I heard no sound whatsoever.

Mrs. Mae Armstrong,  
Seminole Traller Park  
Box 488,  
Maitland, Fla

★ ★ ★

Last summer at about 11:30 P.M. I was driving home from my mother's house. We live in a large city and I had never hoped to be lucky enough to see something, but nevertheless, I did. As I passed a vacant lot, I happened to glance up and saw what I thought must be a huge searchlight announcing the opening of a new store. However, as I drove on, I realized that no store would be open at 11:30 at night. Also the light was over the city. In other words, I was driving along the road at the top of the hill and the light was over the low part of the city, but up high. The light was round and looked like the moon only silver. I turned the car around and parked. The light came closer and closer. I could see no form due to the brightness of the light. There was a large shade tree across the street and as the light

(Concluded on page 58)



# Editorial . . . . .

(Continued from page 4)

asked to look starward and be forced to admit that it is "possible". If Keyhoe does not point starward, he must finally deny the existence of saucers. He cannot take that stand, or he must be ignored. It is "safe" to point that way, because it indefinitely postpones a showdown on the entire question.

Let us point out the facts: a) saucers exists; the proof is in the observations made which cannot be explained away—that proportion of the whole which even the "experts" admit must fall into the category of the factual, but unexplainable; b) no one has thus far publicly produced an actual flying saucer. Do you know of any other facts?

In our experience we have heard many theories; ranging from Keyhoe's interplanetary origin, to red corpuscles in your eyeballs. Some say they are from another "dimension", whatever that is; others say they are from any one of the various governments, being secret inventions; spiritists say they are the spirits of the dead; some say they are living creatures, perhaps made visible to us through some effect on them or on us by atomic radiation; and there are a number of other explanations, some even quite mad. The only fact about them all is that none can be proved.

Proof, in itself, is a matter of definition: to some, only the placing before them for personal examination of an actual saucer is to be considered proof; to others there is a variability of credibility attached, i.e., an indisputable photo, an unimpeachable witness; a personal experience (such as being taken in a ride in one and then set down without anything to back up your own story). To many, a complete set of

rationalizations will constitute proof, lacking the machine itself. Into this latter classification falls such opinion as the interplanetary one. Faced with reputable witness' accounts, these people must cast about to find the "possible" or "logical" places of origination. Since a local search (the earth) reveals nothing, next in line is inner space, or our Solar System. Since astronomical science tells us that none of the planets possess the ability to maintain intelligent life, capable of constructing flying saucers, we are forced to look further out, into outer space. Naturally we select the nearest of these areas, and in the early days Wolf-359 was mentioned often. Here the matter stands. Many admit the saucers are real, and unable to go to the stars, they drop the matter there, leaving it to the doubter to make the actual trip to Wolf-359 and prove or disprove the theory. If he disproves it, it is a simple matter to move our origination point to other galaxies.

Another thing we do not know is WHAT flying saucers are. In order to begin a search, we should first determine what they are—it would aid us in deciding where to look. For instance, if living creatures, then we can search unknown areas (such as the sea depths), or the atmosphere in which the "creatures" are usually observed. This gives us an area of anywhere from the surface of the earth itself to the outer limits of the "breathable" atmosphere. It may be that a living thing can exist on a remarkably tenuous atmospheric vapor, perhaps even something approaching a "vacuum" as we have attained it with our laboratory equipment. Maybe a living creature can live at an altitude of 100 miles, or 300 miles. Who knows until we search that area thoroughly?

There seems to be some evidence



that there ARE mysterious living forms on our earth and in its atmosphere; even in the depths of ocean and soil. But observations of "flying saucers" have more often possessed the characteristics of a machine than an animal. It may be that both exist. We can discount the animal, because if he does exist, he still leaves us with the machine.

Is there any evidence that the machine COULD originate on Earth? The editors of **FLYING SAUCERS** say flatly that there is. And we say it now because we are going to present it in these pages just as soon as it is completely prepared for presentation. It is a fact that once we have printed our information, it will be subject to attack. We do not intend that that attack shall prove successful by virtue of leaving the burden of proof on our shoulders, but rather that any denial will necessitate factual proof on the part of the attacker. In short, we will present only **provable** facts complete with the proof. In order to deny them, they will have to be proved false. In short, if we say the saucers are parked in Ebbetts Field (now vacated by the Brooklyn Dodgers), anyone who denies it will have to go to Ebbetts Field and demonstrate that the statement is false. We will not, however, make a statement that **cannot** be proved by such definite action.

Before we decided to offer this proof, we decided, as we mentioned at the beginning of this article, to conduct an experiment. We wanted to know how far we would get with a challenge. Will we actually be attacked, our proof subjected to scrutiny, or will we be faced with a sort of "prejudice" which will force our critics to refuse to make a scientific rebuttal, but merely resort to vituperation, ignore us, or punch us in

the nose. So, we went about asking if the moon was round or square.

You might ask how we can conceivably claim to have any proof that there could be even the possibility that it was square? You might say the question is irrational, since there is no alternative—that the moon is round, and it is completely proved to be so.

Is it?

Many educated people have a tendency to accept things on previous acceptance. From childhood they have been taught (along with reproduction of proof) that the moon is round. Besides, they can prove it easily to their own satisfaction. They need merely go outside and observe it. They can look at it with naked eye or telescope. They can observe that the earth also is round, by watching its round shadow cross the face of the moon during an eclipse.

Here is where we can get back, with a vengeance, at those people who claimed that what we see and call flying saucers are merely illusions, visual fantasies induced by our eye structure itself, or mental defects causing misinterpretation of those observations. For it is just plain truth that our concept of the roundness of the moon is based on illusion—the illusion created by the mechanics of our organs of sight, basically a crystalline lens imbedded in a fleshy structure, which activates certain cells to cause them to flash an electrical (?) message to the brain, there to be interpreted as a particular form and shape.

But, you protest, the eye does not register an illusion. Not a healthy eye, flashing messages to a healthy brain. Says you!

How many of you have flown over a city in an airplane? Those of you who have, have you ever looked down and made a factual count of



the number of houses which have square chimneys and those which have round ones? We could tell you the answer, but we don't need to. That is one of the things you can do yourself! Next, how many of you have ridden on the back platform of a train which goes through a long tunnel? Specifically, a tunnel with a square opening? Do you know what happens as you watch this square opening recede behind you? Again, we have no need to tell you—the answer is up to you.

What does distance do to the shape of an object as seen by the human eye; i.e., by a round lens? The lens of a telescope is identical to the lens of the human eye. The lens of a camera is identical to the human eye. In order to restore the observed object to its local appearance, the conditions of locality must be restored. Either you must draw closer, or greatly enlarge. But the main point here is that we ask you to determine by actual experiment what actually happens to observed objects by reason of distance?

The moon is a great distance away. Further than anything on earth. It is distance enough to appear to be something it isn't, when observed by means of a lens (and that is the ONLY way we can observe anything). Nature has placed

a barrier to our seeing things as they really are, but instead only as seen through a lens. A lens distorts. How? Again, do your own investigating! Don't take our word for it.

And when you've investigated all these things properly and scientifically and as completely as today's science will allow you to, come back to us and say the moon is round—positively!

It might be square, just like the chimneys on most houses!

We sincerely hope that somebody will be able to come up with proof that the moon isn't square, but it will have to be proof, not opinion, or general acceptance, because frankly the idea of a square moon appalls us.

Whatever shape the moon is, the earth is likely to be much the same shape—and if it's square, it will be a fearful prospect; there are enough squares in this flying saucer business already!

P. S. We couldn't get anybody to consider the question seriously, which worries us worse. Won't anybody think for himself these days. And come to think of it, it's only comparatively recently that we thought of the earth as round—for thousands of years everybody believed it to be unquestionably flat! Wouldn't it be funny if we finally wound up with it square?—Rap.

# I SAW A FLYING SAUCER

(Concluded from page 55)

came lower and closer the powerful beam shone on the leaves. It stopped completely still practically over the car and as low as the tree. There was no noise. It remained there for about three minutes. Suddenly the light was snapped off as you would a flashlight. Having read about the

saucers, I thought that maybe I'd see a force field or something, but it seemed to have disappeared. As I was looking around, I saw a dark form slowly moving away with blinking red lights.

Mrs. R. F. Bilz  
385 Summit Ave.  
Hackensack, N. J.



Dear Mr. Palmer:

I have just finished reading the May, '59 issue of *Flying Saucers* and feel it's my duty to answer your statement about my last letter. First of all, I don't believe what was printed about the spectrograph because it's been proven and used too long and besides, scientists have used it to discover planets in other solar systems and galaxies with oxygen, capable of retaining life. By the way, in what rocket did the Russians include a spectroscope and make an analysis of the earth's atmosphere? In analyses of Venus' atmosphere, traces of oxygen have been found and on Mars, larger traces of oxygen have been found. These statements have been published in leading magazines, and by leading astronomers and scientists. The spectrograph was also used to prove that the moon has an atmosphere (argon and some other gas), but a very thin one at that. By the way, in Khrushchev's speech, he said that Russia was ready and willing to stop *missile* and nuclear experiment for all time not the entire field of rocketry. You say that once past the electro-magnetic influence of the moon and earth the Russian "Solar-Orbit Rocket" changed into sub-atomic particles. If so, why don't asteroids, meteoroids, comets, etc. do the same? Is it because this whole thing is a hoax? Are you little by little trying to prove every scientific thing, that has been proven right, wrong? You say that the electro-magnetic fields of the moon extend about 15,000 miles past the moon and outside of that everything changes back to sub-atomic particles. The Russian's solar-rocket was tracked by the Russians to a point almost 142,000 miles past the moon (and the U.S. scientists also tracked the rocket past the moon also.) Pioneer IV was tracked to a point almost 182,000 miles past the moon. I think that quick bit of information disposes quite properly of your article. And this bit about the deros and the shaver mystery really makes me laugh. So they give us bad dreams and bring us rain when we want it? I think I can quite safely say that that is impossible. That is like saying that there are such things as witches and demons. Mr. Palmer, such childish and foolish ideas of centuries ago, have long since been disposed of. And when you say that the deros bring rain, you're going against

the Bible, and buddy, God is not someone to tamper with, because you know where you can end up. You have an article in your book stating the moon is only 120,000 miles away. It is known by all astronomers that the moon is slowly moving away from the earth. Also the radar signals bounced off the moon took  $2\frac{1}{2}$  seconds to make a round trip. Electromagnetic waves travel at 186,000 mph., so that would put the moon a little over 232,000 miles away from the earth, much farther than the 120,000 miles. It is also known that the moon doesn't have enough gravity (because of its small size) to hold an atmosphere like the earth does. Therefore it could hold no life as we know it. These are proven things Mr. Palmer. You can't cancel out every scientific fact that has been proven just to satisfy your own feelings. About the controversial Russian sentry satellite. You said that it could be put into an orbit 22,000 miles high and at such a speed that it wouldn't stay at the same place over the earth. This is entirely untrue. I was reading an article, by a Navy satellite scientist at Cape Canaveral, Florida, in a scientific magazine recently. It explained that with a satellite in orbit at 22,000 miles out, it would be automatically locked into orbit by the earth at such a speed as would keep it stationary over one place on the earth. What I mean is that the earth's gravity and magnetic fields would slow it down if it were going too fast (unless it were going 25,000 mph which would then release it from the earth's gravity) or speed it up if it were going too slow. In other words, just like when the sun-satellite, Lunik and Pioneer IV, were drawn into orbit by the sun. The scientists at Cape Canaveral did not say that a new Russian or any other kind of sentry satellite was in orbit definitely. They said that it was possible and that was all they said. You can't read your own articles, can you? They just said they picked up a signal and that it was possible a new satellite was in orbit. By the way, you said that the satellites don't broadcast continuously. Satellites, rockets, etc. are my study and hobby and I tell you that all but 2 of the satellites broadcasted continuously. That comes from Cape Canaveral and other tracking bases around the world. I think that covers everything and I really dare you to print this, this time, because I



think that it will perhaps expose a few hoaxes and bring out the truth where it was not brought out before.

Sincerely yours,  
Mr. Charles W. Rosekrans  
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 213  
Portsmouth 3, Virginia

P.S. Please answer this one also. What ever happened to our sentry satellites that were going up (especially the one on Dec. 15, '58)? Do you think you can print this and still stay in business? Please answer each individual question, because I'm quite sure you can't.

Since your letter is so long, I'll have to answer it sentence for sentence as I come to it, which will make my reply to you quite disconnected. I hope you and our other readers can follow the hodge-podge to the end and still retain clarity!

First, you say you don't believe what was printed about the spectroscope because it's been proven and used too long and besides, scientists have used it to discover planets in other solar systems and galaxies with oxygen, capable of sustaining life. For many thousands of years it was believed by the majority of the world's people that the world was flat, and borne on the back of a turtle (or an elephant). Your basis of argument thus forces you (as one of those people, hypothetically) to disbelieve any other theory simply on the grounds of "long use." Okay, you can believe what you want about the spectroscope—but the fact is, you can't name ONE planet discovered by its use, nor one galaxy with oxygen. Where you get this information is entirely beyond me. The spectroscope just isn't used for discovering planets in (this) or other solar systems, nor is it used to find oxygen in distant galaxies.

What rocket did the Russians install their spectroscope? They didn't say. My guess would be Sputnik III, but more likely Sputnik IV, which seems to be much argued about, as to its actual existence.

You say in analysis of Venus' atmosphere traces of oxygen have been found. You believe it because this information is published in "leading" magazines, by "leading" astronomers and scientists. In your book, nobody but a "leader" tells the truth, and when they speak, it **MUST** be the truth. Why? May we politely request you to read **TRUE**, no doubt a leading magazine, which claims that the Russian Lunik was a hoax, and did not exist

at all! Congress is at this writing investigating Mr. Mallan's claim. So far, from what we've read in the papers, nobody has been able to find a tracking station that actually tracked the Lunik, as was originally claimed. By your own criteria, you **MUST** believe that there was no Lunik! Trouble with you is there are **TWO** leading magazines publishing contrary stories on Lunik, and you are forced to believe the "leadingest"! Must put you in a pretty tough spot sometimes! Might help you to decide if you'd add your **OWN** thinking to the problem. Not let the "leaders" do it all for you.

Next you ask why meteorites, comets, etc. do not dissolve in outer space. First, a comet is not a meteorite. It is actually a mysterious thing, but more closely related to a planet than a meteorite. It possesses the same quality possessed by a planet, which holds it in shape—namely an electro-magnetic field (we presume). But when you come to meteorites, you are barking up the wrong tree. In answer to your query, I'll just say that meteorites **DON'T COME FROM SPACE**. So naturally your question has no point. Meteorites are simply bits of matter formed within the earth's own magnetic field by minor "eddies" on the major whirlpool which is itself responsible for the formation of the earth from primal matter. Asteroids? All pieces of a shattered planet, which, just because it shattered, did not lose its electromagnetic qualities, and which each portion seems to have retained its fair share to keep it from dissolving. Maybe my idea of meteorites is all wet, but can't you see that when you say they exist in outer space, you are simply stating an opinion, and nobody has ever proved that a meteorite came from anywhere higher than approximately 75 miles (which is where they burn up so that we can see them flash), and need not come from higher than 50,000 miles to attain sufficient speed to burn up as they descend into denser atmosphere. You keep on assuming things. That isn't factual knowledge. Just because you aren't alone, and lots of "leading" astronomers assume the same thing, doesn't make it impossible for a counter theory to exist.

Next, by what reasoning do you charge me with a deliberate "hoax" designed to prove every scientific thing that has been proved right is actually wrong?

Isn't that a rather fruitless path for



me to embark upon? What would I gain by it? How could I hope to achieve it? Am I that stupid in your mind?

Just recently a radar "bounce" gave back a wrong answer! You'll read about it in another article I am going to present. In short, even our best methods give varying distance in space. So these claims that Lunik and Pioneer IV were tracked to such and such a distance are open to some doubt.

Next you get into the "dero" subject. It makes you laugh. It does NOT make me laugh! However, just for the "hell" of it, I'm going to ask right here that the "dero", if they will so kindly oblige, treat you to a few bad dreams. I'll be fascinated to have your report a couple of months from now. You say it is impossible. The only report you can give that will be of any value will be to report a complete absence of bad dreams, and even that will prove nothing except that the "dero" didn't happen to read this issue of *FLYING SAUCERS*. (Our distribution isn't as good as it could be,

sometimes. We used to have reprints made of *AMAZING STORIES* down in the caves. At least so I hear.) Maybe I'm kidding you, eh? You are SURE I am, aren't you? You don't believe in witches or demons either. Too bad Cotton Mather didn't share your disbelief — it would have saved many innocent women from torture, and death by burning at the stake. You see, belief is a dangerous thing. To "believe" a thing is to bind yourself to a course of action which can lead you to doing the wrong thing. Disastrous to others, and also to yourself. It is better to disbelieve than to believe. If you disbelieve you'll float if you jump from a window, you will be in no danger of jumping and killing yourself. Shaver, aside from his "dero", drew attention and respect by accurately describing the saucers, and their performance, and their appearance, before the event. This is "proving the pudding", and I don't care at all HOW he knew. Accurate forecasting is valuable, no matter how performed. Forewarned is forearmed.

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You say I am going against the bible, and God is no one to tamper with "because you know where you can end up!" Aha! So you believe in hell too! And no doubt in devils and imps and hellfire. As long as it's in the bible, (another "leading" publication) you'll believe it. Aw come on now, Charlie! Really? Do you actually believe "I know where I'll end up"? But Charlie, I DON'T. That is, I don't know I'll end up in hell, because I don't know it exists. In fact, the only hell I suspect, is the one that is created by its believers, and I won't argue with the possibility that they will wind up there. It would serve them right for even giving it credence. Lots of people believe that believing in a thing can make it so. In that event, it would be silly to believe in such a horrible place. Me, I have spent a lifetime gathering evidence that there is more to existence than life on earth, death, and either punishment or reward in a hell or a heaven.

Charlie, you are entitled to your concept of the bible, God, hell, or anything you like. But as you say, that is "foolish ideas of centuries ago, long since disposed of." Not that I don't conceive of a God. I conceive of Him as the Creator of everything. And entirely incomprehensible. Not a man on a throne dishing out punishment and reward based on my fumbling mistakes, concepts, beliefs, prejudices, adventures, crimes, and good deeds.

You go on to quote a lot of other things as "proven". They all fall into your personal classification of belief because of acquisition from some "authority", which to you cannot be questioned.

Next you misquote me. You say: "You said that it (a satellite) could be put into an orbit 22,000 miles high and at such a speed that it wouldn't stay in the same place over the earth." Okay, I'll repeat TWO quotes from the last issue which go as follows: (page 80) "What is true is that a satellite could 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 a distance of 22,000 miles." (page 96) "Actually, a 22,000 mile orbiting satellite would not circle the Earth at all, but remain above the same surface point."

Apparently we do agree on some things, eh?

There is no satellite in orbit which broadcasts continuously. Those that did are

either silent now, or fallen from orbit. Future satellites are planned to broadcast "speeded up" messages at planned intervals, to save battery strength.

Frankly, I don't know what happened to the scheduled satellites for Dec. 15, 1958. Why do you ask if I can "print this and still stay in business"? Are you suggesting that I couldn't print this information, if I knew it, without someone putting me out of business? Do you really think that there is a power in this country that can put a magazine out of business for printing news? Charlie, Mr. Khrushchev hasn't taken up his residence in the White House yet!

However, I heard (rumor) that some satellites launched at Cape Canaveral were "snatched out of the air", "disappeared mysteriously", were "captured by flying saucers", "blew up on the ramp." I can prove only the last one! But let us assume that I could prove any of the other three: would I be put out of business if I told you so?

Charlie, you're a nice guy, but you don't like to think! Not for yourself! You've got a bad habit of "acceptance" in the case of "authority", and "rejection" in the case of "exception to the rule". Don't be so inflexible. At the very least, suspect me of "ribbing you."

If you have any dreams, I hope they are the "papa" of them all! It would be a shame to treat you to anything but the "leading" variety, the real BIG BAD ones! You sure deserve the best!—Rap.

Dear Sir,

In your U.F.O. book reviews in the "July, 1959" issue of Flying Saucers on page 75 — the review of "U.F.O. And Bible" by Jessup—can you please tell me where Mr. Jessup finds a book in the Bible called Nicodemus? There is no such book in either old or new Testament in the Apocrypha.

In my Bible Dictionary there is a paragraph on Nicodemus but please tell me where there is a book of Nicodemus with a Chap. 20 and verses 3 and 4.

I will appreciate an answer to this question soon.

Miss Rio Cecilia Burke  
5226 Woodlawn Avenue  
Chicago 37, Illinois

Now that Mr. Jessup is dead, we hope one of our readers can answer your question. How about it, you experts? Can you answer Miss Burke?—Rap.



# CENSORED

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Dear Mr. Palmer:

I trust that you by now have had your answer from STROLLING ASTRONOMER and have the facts you desire.

In so far as you were writing to Mr. Haas and also checking on Mr. Hess, I could see no reason that I should duplicate your effort, although I am interested to know the facts and will ask Mr. Haas next time I have occasion to write to him.

I suspect it was a typist's error because of the similarity of the two names—perhaps giving one name the credit that should have been divided between the two names.

I feel no responsibility to supply you with any facts. I feel that I did all required of me when I called your attention to an error in your leaflet, and that only in defense of Mr. Haas

who has worked very hard in STROLLING ASTRONOMER and deserves the credit for a good job. I'm not sure I have ever heard of Mr. Hess previously, although the name is vaguely familiar. I've read the STROLLING ASTRONOMER many years.

I also know people who have seen flying saucers—but I'm not the type to attract them into my sphere of visibility unless and until I need one.

Mrs. W. Henry Kobs  
5215 N. E. 30 Avenue  
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