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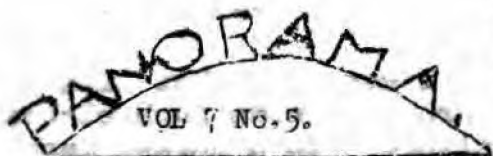
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BY F. STONE

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U.F.O.P.F.A.

Oct. Nov 1968.



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THE MAGAZINE WITH THE WIDE HORIZON.
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EDITORIAL.

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"LIFE IN SPACE"

Half a century ago such a possibility would not be admitted by scientists, but today many astronomical scientists and others have given their findings from the advanced techniques made available since then, that life could and does exist in many other solar systems in the vast universe of the millions of systems similar to our own.

We then are not out on a limb by believing that life does and can exist on planets and according to these same scientists many of them could be of a highly evolved nature far superseding our own in advancement of knowledge and techniques, which makes it at least easier to believe that somewhere out there in the vastness of God's Creation there are folk who may be interested in us.

The main difference of opinion appears to be that scientists cannot conceive that they could have reached our solar system, or want to, and that the immense distances involved of travel place such a possibility beyond possibility.

There have been a few, however, who have viewed the UFO visitations as a possibility of such a visit and that they have been keeping an eye on us for some time past. Probably the greatest proponent of this thesis is Professor Herman Ohorth of Rocket fame, who has outspokenly stated his belief in such.

Space in this Editorial does not permit me to go into all the possibilities of means of travel open to such an advanced civilization. Except that to say that probably the reason why people cannot conceive such a possibility is that they still pin the people from space down to Earth's standards of techniques and scientific knowledge, altogether forgetting that even our own strides in advanced knowledge have already cast aside many theories held as text book formula, and now scrapped for much newer and surprising ones because of some break-through in science.

The common use of Radio and T.V. alone prove to the man in the street that what was thought impossible even 100 years ago is now a factual accomplishment. Hence is it not possible that some break-through will prove that the barriers of what we call the speed of light travel and sound, etc., etc. may prove just a mere touch of a knob to control as does our own T.V. today. Teleportation is not altogether an unknown possibility; many records

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of the past hold irrefutable evidence that such things have been accomplished although not understood or explainable in that age or even now.

Every UFO believer in general concedes that life exists in space and that the UFO visitors are from some such places which hold life similar to our own, although in a marked much more highly developed state.

The main bone of contention with both those who hold a scientific view and many of those believing in Space visitors is the claim of many of the so-called Contactees and those who claim to receive messages from Space people per the medium of either telepathy or the more dubious channels of the many varieties of spiritualistic mediums.

The regrettable part is that the latter has proved to have had so many confusing "messages", some completely contradictory to the others that those who desire to earnestly be open minded enough to give an ear to these claims either become frustrated or in common sense decide it is better to have evidence which is more confirming to that of others received.

Too often the above has brought great ridicule and damage to the UFO cause, especially when such claims are made by travelling public speakers who claim to speak for those from Space. Giving dates, etc. as focal points of Earth calamities and upheavals. The experiences of your Editor and many of his associates has proved that many reliable points of evidence HAVE been relayed to earth people, but these have been of a telepathic nature and NOT under any Spiritualistic Mediumship as generally known.

These, however, have never defined themselves as coming from any of our local solar system planets.

This leads us then again to the point of those who claim they were contacted by such people from the planets of Venus, etc., etc. The many books in the libraries of Saucer Societies contain quite a few of these. To name a few of the most outstanding: Geo. Adamski, that enigmatical person who claimed to have met people from Venus and Saturn. Probably no greater mystery man of our time, for the more you try to pass him off as a fake, the more little bits crop up which indicate he was not. Allingham, who met a man from Mars and who disappeared mysteriously some years later, and to my present knowledge, whose body has never been found since.

The rest are all so well known I will not list them. The point is: "Were they fakes?" Are they a lot of Hoaxers? The characters of some may cause people to wonder, but others hold still the highest of credentials and in a lot of cases had nothing to gain by their claim. In fact many of them lost a lot monetarily, and in some cases their whole lives were affected so much they even expressed a wish they had never seen the Space folk.

The point is, they can hardly all be classed as liars and charlatans.

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What then are we to believe? Is it possible that there is life on at least a few of our sister planets? Could it be that our scientific knowledge is yet to find some great breakthrough, the same as electronics, etc. did with radio and T.V.?

The methods which scientists use to establish that life is not on these planets - are they entirely foolproof? Are the recording instruments able to probe through the yet unknown areas which exist between our Earth and the planets observed? Could it be possible that out there between there is certain factors unsuspected which alter the recording instruments registering? Remember not so far back when a satellite sent out to record things on Earth registered **THERE WAS NO OXYGEN HERE**. If that is so in reverse it could be so when registering Venus and Mars. **WHY** not let us be a little more cautiously honest and say **WE JUST DON'T KNOW ENOUGH YET**.

Your Editor is still inclined to side with the scientists who view the UFOs come from beyond our solar system much harder as it is to explain than from our own. Yet he is a cautious man and prefers to say. "There are more things in heaven and earth Horatio etc." The trouble appears to be we are not humble enough in our approach to these great problems and prefer to wallow in our own exalted ego of achievements. But these same scientific attainments when gauged by what we have displayed in our modern strides are not altogether what one could call a very high standard of exalted civilization. Most of that we have produced is that which has been to destroy. The Atomic bomb alone caused more devastation than any fragmentary cures which may have been made for man or aids to improve his lot. Germ warfare. Poisons by the thousands supposedly introduced into food to **PRESERVE IT**, but not actually helping to **PRESERVE MAN**. Quite a nice record, and they are only a few of the so-called modern scientific achievements.

No! If I was a Space man and was able to look at Earth, I'm darned if I would want to come here. Unless I had such highly developed powers, and was consumed with a passion for helping the species on a lower level to redeem themselves, that I would have the will to put it over and the power to put it into action.

To return. Are there people from Space?

I firmly believe that there are, and there are thousands who follow this belief.

We may not agree on all points of the pros and cons. We may even at times differ heatedly on some vital point, but the basic point of their existence and presence in our skies today is subscribed to by thousands in my own country and is re-echoed in many more in vaster numbers according to the population.

I would suggest we do not be too hasty in forming judgements either way, and await as always **TIME** to reveal the **TRUTH**.

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AN UNUSUAL CONTACT STORY.
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The following story is related in the "TOPSIDE" Magazine of Canada, a Journal of the Ottawa New Sciences Club. and related by its Editor.

This magazine is wary of most contact stories, but certainly not biased or foolish enough to refuse to hear the evidence presented. especially when given by one who, like the following author, holds the highest of credentials and respect in his own field and area of associates.

We claim to be open minded and it in this way we print the story as given in No. 29. Summer. 1968 of the above magazine. Knowing that many of our readers do not read this magazine or as yet have not come to know of it.

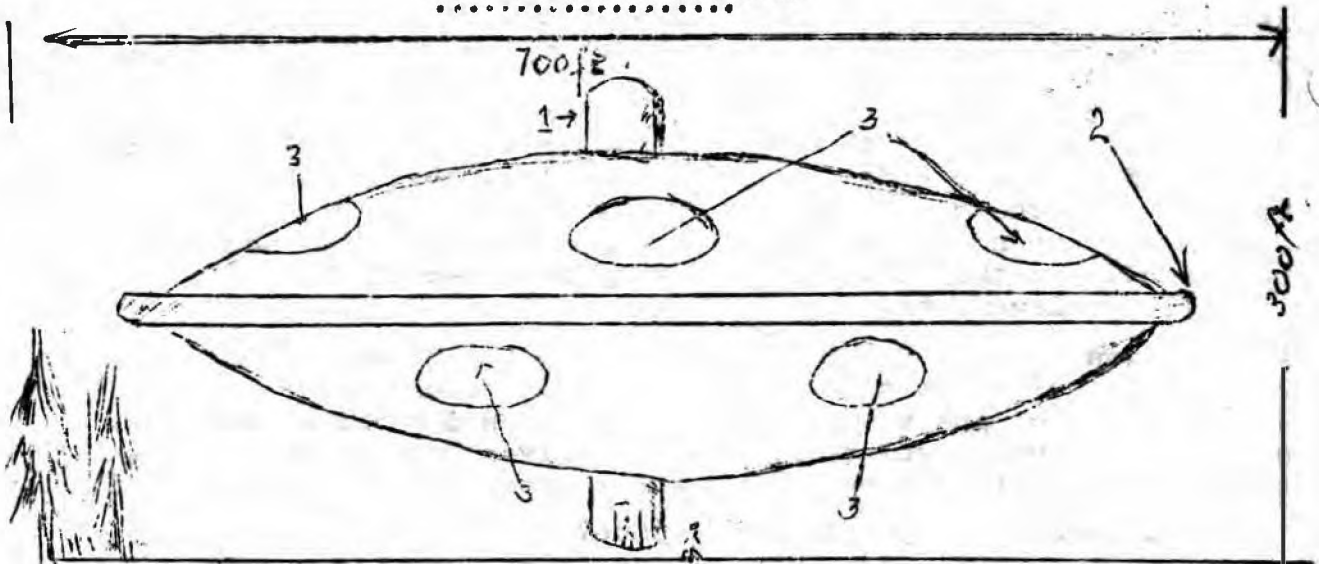
The address is O.N.S. C. 95 Centre St. Aylmer. Quebec Canada.

We leave it to our readers and members to evaluate for themselves the story as given. although as Editor I feel I would have given more credence to it had the space ship been from some other solar system. but who knows. we ALL have a lot to learn yet. and perhaps many surprises lay in wait for us yet regarding our own sister planets of our own system .

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THE LANDINGS OF THE VENUSIAN SPACESHIP X-12 AT IAC BEAUFORT, QUEBEC, CANADA.

BY. Arthur. H. Mathews.
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- (1) Central tubular Shaft. (50ft.dia.), free to move in relation to main body of ship and containing an elevator running from bottom entrance of ship to the 4 levels of main body and up to Control Centre at top of shaft.
- (2) Unsupported "Guide Ring" surrounding ship 20ft. away from the main body.
- (3) Hatches (125Ft. Dia.) for release and return of the 24 small spacecraft carried by this mother ship.

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In relating this account of the landings of a large spaceship on my property at Lac Beauport, of my strange experience in meeting with people who claimed they were from Venus and what I learned about life on their planet, I would like to emphasize that I consider myself of little importance in this story. If my name is known at all, it is due to my long friendship with Nikola Tesla and an intimate knowledge of his great work for mankind. Perhaps I may be excused if I say that it affords me a certain amount of amused satisfaction to realize that I am now probably the last living person who knew and loved Tesla, but in all humility, I am aware that it was only because Tesla left me some of his ideas to develop that I was thus able to meet these people from Venus who claimed Tesla as one of their own.

Due to the fact that my story covers several visits of the Venusian spaceship, I am, for space reasons, condensing its details into one account and will therefore leave out dates. Sufficient to say that the first visit was in Spring, 1941, with continued landings about every 2 years until 1961 which, to date, was the last landing. These landings took place on my 100-acre property in the hollow of a large meadow formed by the sloping mountainside at the back and the rise of ground at the front.

It was on a spring morning of 1941 that I was standing near my workshop with my son, Humphrey. We were discussing some matter relating to electrical waves when suddenly Humphrey looked up and exclaimed: "There's something wrong with the sun!" I looked to the East and gasped in astonishment. Exactly in the centre of the golden disc there was a round black spot about one-quarter the apparent diameter of the sun. It was too big to be a sunspot and besides, it was moving. As we watched, it crept slowly to the upper edge of the sun and in about 10 minutes had left the solar disc when it simply vanished from sight. We saw nothing more of it that day. I went to bed early that night but could not sleep. An oppressive sense of something strange impending descended on me like a pall. Finally, I arose and dressed. I went outside and looked up at the sky but all I could see were the stars sparkling in full brilliancy. I returned to the house and settled down to read - but not for long, for suddenly the alarm signal on the Tesla Scope rang shrilly. I ran outside and at first saw nothing except the sparkling stars. Then I noticed something queer towards the mountain. It appeared to be darker than usual. It was indeed, for some huge object seemed to cover most of the mountain! I began to walk towards it and as I came near to our barn, I was suddenly confronted by 2 persons. Both men were nearly 6' tall and in the brilliant starlight I could discern their bright blue eyes and golden hair, but what registered with me most was that these beings radiated an aura of perfect health and happiness. Immediately I sensed a feeling of goodwill emanating from them which took away any fear I might have had at this sudden meeting. They were wearing grey coveralls and somehow I knew then that they were space beings. I noted with interest that both were bare-headed, with no helmets or other apparatus and yet they seemed to have no difficulty in breathing Earth air. I have since been asked if there were any physical differences from Earthmen about these space people and I can only say that I saw none - and why should there be?

Are we not all built the same, in the likeness of God? Then one of them spoke to me in very good English, saying "Good-morning, Arthur Matthews. May we go with you into your workshop?" If this was a surprise, there was a greater one to follow, as he continued: "We are from Venus and we have come to see what you are doing with Tesla's inventions." Completely taken back, I could only blurt out: "How am I supposed to believe you are from Venus?" The one who appeared to be the leader answered calmly: "When you see our ship, you will believe. But before we go, I will make a sketch of Tesla's Anti-War Machine. No one on earth but you knows its secret. Will that convince you?" I nodded and led them to my workshop. With a few deft strokes, he drew a sketch for me which I could only accept as the truth. A brief inspection and explanation of the work I was doing on the Tesla devices followed. No comments were made and I was left to assume they were satisfied with my efforts. Then the 2 Venusians said they would take me to their spaceship. We walked towards the mountain and soon I was staring wild-eyed at the gigantic proportions of the mother-ship X-12, hardly believing my senses, while my 2 companions gave amused chuckles at my bewilderment. The landed ship which appeared to be made of grey metal (?), looked like 2 gargantuan saucers put together rim to rim and circling these rims about 20' away from the main body of the craft was an unsupported band of material (later referred to as the "Guide Ring") which was not attached to the ship by any visible means and appeared to be held in place by some magnetic force. Penetrating the centre of the ship was a tubular shaft 50' in diameter and 300' in height, the top and bottom ends of which protruded from the ringed saucers which were 700' in diameter. The bottom end of this large tube rested on the ground and I could see an opened doorway in which stood 2 of the crew who greeted us with a hand salute. My 2 companions invited me in for an inspection tour of the great ship and we stepped into an elevator which I was told had no cables and was operated by will power! We stopped off at the 1st level which was devoted to the storage of some of the 24 small spacecraft this mother-ship carried, ground vehicles and other equipment. The 2nd level comprised the living quarters of the crew, gardens, recreation area, study rooms and a meeting hall. Living quarters were compartments for single persons or "married" couples (for the crew was made up of both sexes) and these units comprised a small hall way, a large living room, bedroom, bathroom with toilet and storage locker. All rooms were carpeted with some form of pliant plastic and the walls were hung with beautiful paintings. I discovered the outer wall of the living room was in fact "see through", giving a full view of space outside. The outer door of each compartment led out on to a small flower-bedded garden. At this point, I commented on the lack of a kitchen in these units and was informed that Venusians never spoil their food by cooking it. They grew their own produce aboard and ate it fresh. We then came to the recreation area which was covered with some form of simulated grass on which a number of the crew were playing a game somewhat like basketball. This gave me an opportunity to study these Venusians more closely and I noted that they ranged from 5' 6" to 6' in height, they were blue-eyed, skin colouring a bronze sun-tan and their hair covered shades from

golden blonde to a reddish brown. They all appeared in glowing health and their eyes sparkled with a natural joie de vivre.

Climbing to the 3rd level, I found this was the horticultural section where all their food produce was grown and there were attractive gardens where the crew relaxed and ate their food. The 4th level was divided between storage of more of the small scout ships, heavy material, water supply, etc., and a number of workshops. I had noted that throughout the entire ship all floors were completely covered with some form of plastic material and that all the outer walls were of the same "see through" type. On each wall there was a circular viewing screen, somewhat like television, showing a full view of outer space and the exact position of the X-12 in relation to other planets and its directional trajectory in space, this changing picture being projected from the Control Tower to all parts of the ship. I was also informed that built into these walls were 'accumulators' for storing solar energy which gave constant light and power to operate cooling and heating systems and air conditioning.

We then rose to the exposed top of the tubular shaft which I was told was the Control Room. My earthly mind had conjured up visions of all kinds of complex devices to operate this enormous spacecraft, but to my great surprise, there were no visible controls or equipment at all! In the centre of the room was a raised circular platform on which had been built a circular couch and seated with their backs to this and facing outwards to the North, South, East and West, were 4 persons - 2 women and 2 men. I was informed that these 4 operators, chosen specially for their great mental powers, controlled and directed this giant ship! It all seemed completely unbelievable until across my doubting mind there flashed the Biblical verse: "Faith can move mountains". My leader-companion then took me to a lower level and introduced me to a lovely woman whom he described as his "life companion". She was indeed a most beautiful creature, with sapphire-blue eyes, golden-blonde hair and her face glowed with an inner spirituality delightful to behold. He stood beside her and said simply: "You may call us Frank and Frances, for we stand for Truth." I noticed that the girl was seated before a large blank screen and a further wonder was in store for me, as she demonstrated her ability to project on to it thought-forms of whatever she was thinking, which appeared on the screen as living motion pictures. To my surprise, she showed me a picture of myself coming out of my house, followed by the scene in my workshop when I spoke with the 2 space visitors. There followed pictures of Venus, its people, homes and towns and I just stood there over-awed at its natural beauty. And then a strange phenomenon took place which I know will sound as incredible as it did to me at the time, although there is much we do not know about the power of mind over matter. For while I was fully aware that I, Arthur Matthews, was standing in the physical form in a landed spaceship at Lac Beauport, yet at the same time I suddenly became a living part of the projected scenes, mingling with the people of Venus millions of miles away! Here was a great mystery indeed, for I could not only see them but feel them just as if I was truly there in body as well as spirit. I appeared to

be standing at the edge of a vast, cup-like depression. On every side there towered tall pillars of basalt, smooth and perfect as if polished by the hand of man. On the farther side of this huge natural theatre, a mighty torrent of water descended from the brow of the ebony cliffs in a 1000-ft. leap, striking squarely on the edge of the great cup and turning it into a churning mass of foam. Then I saw it was only around the rocky margins of the pool that the water was beaten into foam. The entire centre was occupied by a mass of water perfectly smooth and strangely piled up like a dome of glass. It was not water such as we know for streamers of living light of every imaginable colour darted over the shining surface of the great dome, sometimes blending into masses of rose or green or violet and then mingling into a glittering confusion of rainbow hues. This whole scene of overwhelming grandeur was foiled by a broad band of emerald green turf which framed the central cup, and dotted here and there were graceful palmtrees whose fronds glistened with diamond drops of spray.

Then gazing upwards, I gasped in surprise for there, poised in the air above the rim of the waterfall, was a great crystal ball like a gigantic soap bubble, transparent but gleaming with rainbow hues. Around its centre was a broad band of gold metal. This girdle formed the equator and at either pole was a projecting boss of the same metal from which were suspended, by cables, inverted cups which hung some distance below the globe. As it drew nearer, I saw that the equatorial band was studded at intervals with circular windows of glass-like material from the centre of each projected a long needle which I assumed was for directing the course of the airship, a theory which later I found to be correct. Slowly the great ball sank until the cups touched the grass and the cables were withdrawn into the metal bosses. Here, the shining sphere hung about a foot above the ground, swaying gently. A moment later, a circular window swung open and several figures stepped out.

Then the scene changed and I beheld a rolling, park-like country clustered with groups of palms and other trees. In the distance I could discern the wall of black cliffs and beyond them rose range upon range of snow-capped peaks from which a wide river wound its way. In the central plateau about 50 miles in diameter, the river broadened into a shining lake and then continued its way until it plunged over the cliffs into the Pit of the Shining Pool. Returning my gaze to the immediate scene around me, I realized I was in the centre of a beautiful Venusian town. Innumerable buildings were spaciouly scattered among groves of trees. While of varied size, these structures were of the same general design, consisting of an ellipsoidal roof of prismatic crystal supported on a circular colonnade of marble pillars. Above them, hundreds of balloon-like airships darted through the air. Many of the houses were built on top of the basalt columns bordering the river and I could see groups of people standing on the verge of the cliffs. I then observed, standing on an elevation, a very large building of the same circular design which I was told was the community meeting place of these Venusians. I then found myself walking with the crew of the X-12, through a broad avenue of stately palms towards the white pillars of the great assembly hall. Soon we were climbing a noble stairway flanked by mighty columns until we stood in the centre of

a splendid amphitheatre surrounded by tiers of marble seats in which a large group of people reclined. As we entered, they all arose, their hands raised in the Venusian salute and I heard a unanimous cry of "Brothers! Goodwill unto you!" It was then that I realized that these Venusians wore no garments but stood as nature created them, but such was their noble build, I could feel no embarrassment, only admiration of their physical beauty. I was led by Frank to a seat at one side of the huge auditorium and he then addressed me: "Friend from across Space, Earthman Arthur Matthews, we welcome you. The people of Venus ask me to speak for them because I can talk your language freely. We have brought you here out of no idle curiosity, but because we believe it lies in our power to offer your world some help in its present troubled state. We have a priceless gift to offer you which is known to us as the Truth, but first we would ask you to tell us more of the world in which you live. Tell us something of its history, social conditions, science and what you call religion, and we will then judge if we are right in revealing to you the Secret of Truth. Speak in your own tongue, for all will understand your thoughts. Fear only to say that which is not true, for we shall know immediately the true from the false." Somewhat bewildered, I arose and after a pause, I spoke: "People of Venus, I thank you for your kind welcome and your offer. I do not know what this Gift of Truth may be, but if all the radiant health, happiness and beauty I see among you are due to this Truth, I greatly desire to know its secret and share it with the people of Earth. But before I tell you something of conditions on my planet, may I first ask a question?" There were nods of approval and I continued: "Why have you chosen me to speak for Earth instead of going to the leaders of my world? I am a humble person whose name is unknown and I have no power with which to convince few, if any, on Earth." "We understand your question." Frank replied. "We have chosen you because, as a friend of Tesla, we believe you will tell us the truth. As for your humble origin, did not the Supreme Creator in Whom we of Venus all believe - your God - choose One of lowly birth to spread the truth of your Christian Philosophy? In your Bible you will read "In the Beginning there was the Word" or the Truth as we call it, and of God's desire that His children should believe in the Word. If we decide to pass on this Truth to you, then God will surely see that channels are opened up to you to pass on His Word." In deep humility, I replied: "In the name of Jesus Christ, I thank you."

And then, to the best of my ability, I proceeded to tell the Venusians what I knew of Earth's history. I described the development of war from the days of the cross-bow and sword to its present stage of destructive sophistication. I dealt with what ancient history I knew and briefly brought it up to modern times. I talked on present day social conditions, our technological achievements, a little on medicine, psychology, philosophy and comparative religion, and then I turned to science. Up to this point, these god-like Venusians had listened to my poor talk with absorbed attention, but as I attempted to explain Earth's concept of Physics, there was a great commotion as members of the assembly leapt to their feet and I heard repeated cries clamouring for the Truth! I could only conclude from this that our scientists' present

knowledge of Physics left much to be desired! A few words from Frank, explaining that I was telling the truth only as I knew it, quietened the group and he apologized to me for the interruption. At the conclusion of my talk, I was invited by Frank and his beautiful companion Frances, to spend some time with them and to my great delight, they took me for a flight in their small airship where I sat back entranced at the glorious landscape unfolding beneath us. And then, as mysteriously as I had been "teleported" to Venus, by the thought projection process, I suddenly found myself back in the landed spaceship at Lac Beauport, facing an empty screen.

Over the years of the continued landings of the X-12 at Lac Beauport, I was able, by means of Frances' strange ability to project me into her living pictures, to continue my contacts with the Venusians whom I grew to love for their gentle, courteous ways, their radiant happiness and beauty of mind and body. Always, Frank and Frances acted as my host and hostess and I spent many happy hours with this gracious couple, sometimes wandering on pleasant walks through groves of cinnamon and nutmeg trees, breathing in the soft, perfumed air, sometimes going on fabulous flights of exploration in their airship, and at other times, we relaxed in their beautiful crystal dwelling, discussing many matters, exchanging information on our respective planets, and all the time, I learned more of the harmonious way of life of these happy Venusians. Frank talked freely on all aspects of the life of his people, with one exception - the nature and meaning of the Truth - from which I gathered that the time was not yet right for this revelation.

I was amazed at the perfection of the Venusian mode of one planetary government guided by a small council of wise leaders who appeared to be one large family bound together by love and understanding. At one time I asked Frank if Francis was his wife. "No, not in the sense your world interprets this word," he replied. "We have mutually elected to become life companions." "Then surely you have been united by some ceremony such as we call marriage?" "No, with this mutual desire in our hearts, we have no need for meaningless words." "So there is nothing to prevent you from separating at any time?" "Nothing at all." "Then what we call divorce must be common on Venus." I ventured. The Venusian couple laughed outright. "As common as the rose voluntarily cuts itself from the bush," remarked Frances with a gentle laugh. "Let me explain" said Frank. "When Venusian couples unite, because of their knowledge of the Truth, it is impossible for them to make a mistake, for they recognize each other as soul-mates and the union is forever. It is sad that your world lacks this knowledge, for it would appear that such legal ceremonies are necessary because your people are insecure and uncertain of each other."

During one of our aerial excursions over the wooded countryside, I remarked on the absence of any burial grounds and that the word "death" had never been mentioned in our talks. Frank countered with: "How old are you, Arthur?" "48 years." "What is the normal life-span on Earth?" "70 - 100 years." "Then you will probably be surprised to learn I have seen over 800 summers and Frances over 650." "You must be joking!" I exclaimed. "Sickness and old age sap the vitality of the body and within 100 years, it dies." Frank

shook his head. "Because we apply the knowledge of the Truth, we know nothing of sickness or old age. True, we finally leave our bodies, not because they are worn out but because our appointed time has come to transfer to another sphere of existence. But a few of us with special missions here, such as those with the required wisdom to govern our planet, may live on in perfect health for thousands of years!" I was left dumbfounded at these remarks which seemed more than my earthly mind could absorb.

And thus the periodic contacts with the Venusians continued, with information exchange and progress reports on my work on the Tesla devices passing between us until finally the great day arrived when Frank informed me that the Venusian Assembly had decided that the Gift of Truth should be extended to me and through me, to the people of Earth. You may well imagine my excitement on learning that this great mystery was at last to be revealed to me! It was to take place, Frank said, at the Venusians' most sacred shrine, the "Palace of Truth" and although he spoke of its great beauty, I was little prepared for the further wonders in store for a bewildered Earthling! First, I was taken to the edge of the cliffs where the river gathered for its final plunge and Frank led the way to a flight of spiralling steps carved out of the solid rock. We descended these steps which eventually entered the rock itself and we came out on to a small platform directly under the mighty waterfall which thundered down to the abyss. With a thrill of horror, I realized we were standing on top of one of the towering basalt columns and I admit I shook with fear. But Frank grasped my hand and led me to a further flight of spiralling steps. Down we went, sometimes passing close to the water whose roar grew louder as we descended, and sometimes passing through tunnels in the rock. Behind us there followed a seemingly endless line of figures. Finally we came to a great cave directly under the fall and the living rock trembled with the force of its tremendous impact. On we went until we passed through an arched opening and stood at last in the Palace of Truth! At the glory of the sight that met my eyes, I let out an involuntary cry of delight and amazement. We stood on a broad shelf of black basalt surrounding a great circular depression about 1000 ft. in diameter which was filled with a mass of coloured water which surged and rippled like a sea of rainbows. A closer inspection revealed that it was in fact a floor of living crystal (See Chap. 4, Revelations) and looking up, I saw it was reflecting the underside of the great dome of water in the centre of the pool below the waterfall. By some strange magic beyond my comprehension, the crystal lake held this mass of churning, multi-coloured water suspended in mid-air, its under-surface reflecting into the crystal like a mirror in which its darting, changing colours were intensified a thousandfold. It was the most breathtakingly beautiful sight I had ever seen.

While I had been absorbing the indescribable beauty of this natural kalsidoscope, the basalt shelf had been filling with the great company of people assembled for this meeting. Then Frank raised his hand in salute and spoke: "Friend from Earth, the glory you behold is our Palace of Truth and we have brought you here as a fitting place to reveal to you its Secret. You have told us truly of the world in which you live and we are grieved at your story.

Therefore we hope this revelation will in time lead to a great improvement in conditions on your planet. Make no mistake! We do not worship the Truth. We worship the One God Whom no man may know. As for the Truth, we know not from whence it comes - only that it fills all space and permeates all things. It is no great mystery confined to our planet alone - it is free for all to seek and use throughout the Universe. You yourself have revealed that you have known the Truth for many years, but you have not recognized it as such. Did you not tell us that your friend, Tesla, had discovered and used the Cosmic Ray? This, my friend, is the Truth which we also call the Power of Life. It is the essence which animates all living things - man, animal, vegetable and mineral. It is the vibration which responds to the mind and spirit of all life and once one has learned to use this great natural law wisely, one mind beholds another in all its truth, so that misunderstanding is impossible. Thus it is we are able to understand you when you speak your own language for we see not only the outer shell as you do, but the living mind within that shell. It is because of our understanding of the Truth that we enjoy long life in perfect health, happiness and harmony, that we are able to construct and operate by pure thought our spacecraft and other technological wonders you have seen, erect beautiful dwellings with every comfort and convenience, transmute our planet into beauty and agricultural productivity, effect climate control and avert natural disasters - in short, we have transformed our planet into an earthly paradise. And all these things, my friend, may be achieved by the people of Earth if they learn to recognize and use the Truth!"

I had listened in some surprise to learn that the Truth should be none other than the Cosmic Ray, which I knew something about, for Tesla had built his "Scope" and other wonderful inventions to utilize the power of this Ray. I knew too, that more than a purely physical force was involved because in harnessing the Cosmic Ray, Tesla had discovered that it responded to mental vibrations. But one big question burned in my mind and I asked Frank: "But how can the people of Earth recognize this Truth?" "We do not see the Truth with the physical eye" he replied. "We see it with an inner eye that lies in the metaphysical area of the mind and which is opened up by spiritual development." "You seem to forget" I returned. "That most of us on Earth lack this special 6th sense which enables Venusians to visualize mental images produced by the Truth. You can tell a blind man of the light, but you cannot make him see!" "Arthur, this special faculty is not the exclusive possession of the Venusians. It is common to all mankind - inherent in life itself. For countless generations, your race has lived and died like men who bandage their eyes that they might not see the light! Listen carefully." And then in words so simple that the humblest person could understand, Frank revealed the secret whereby people of Earth - if they choose to accept it - can learn to develop this marvellous 6th sense and the full consciousness of Truth. In essence, it was nothing more or less than to carry out the Philosophy of Love of God and all His creatures, as taught by Jesus Christ, which in turn, would open up that special spiritual area of the mind to see the Truth! Then in ringing

tones that sounded like the clear notes of a bugle, Frank addressed me: "Go back to your Earth, Arthur, and tell its people of the things you have seen and the knowledge you have acquired." "But Frank!" I cried in an anguished voice. "Although I shall speak the truth, few will believe me. Most will dismiss my words as, at best a Utopian fantasy! Many will label me "crackpot" or worse!" Frank grasped my shoulders and spoke firmly. "Heed not the words of the foolish. Speak for those with sufficient wisdom to learn. If you only reach a few, your efforts and all the ridicule, will not have been in vain. Go forth with the Word, Arthur - and God go with you."

With these words still ringing in my ears, I found myself back in full consciousness on the landed X-12. As I prepared to depart, the beautiful woman of countless years rose from her blank screen and with a lovely smile, she extended her hand in farewell. Later, from a distance, I watched the great X-12 rise silently and swiftly and take off into that summer's night of 1961 - since when it has not returned to Lao Beauport.

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HEARING BEFORE THE COMMITTEE OF SCIENCE AND ASTRONAUTICS
U.S.A. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
JULY 29th 1968.
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At this hearing some of the best known scientists in the country discussed at length their personal opinions and the extensive factual data which they have obtained on the subject of the U.F.O.

The results of the symposium, if they came fully to the attention of the public should correct, once and for all, the widely held but mistaken impression that men of science are not interested in the UFO phenomenon.

The group which presented the testimony, both in oral and written form, included J. Allen Hynek, head of the Dept. of Astronomy at North Western Uni. who also has been for many years the chief consultant to the U.S. Airforce on the subject of U.F.O.; Dr. James E McDonald, Senior. Physicist. Inst. of Atmospheric Physics and Prof. of Meteorology at the Uni. of Arizona. ; Dr. Carl Sagan, Dept, of Astronomy, Cornell Uni. ; Dr. Robert L. Hall, head of the Dept. of Sociology, Uni. of Illinois; Dr. James A Harder. Assoc. Prof. of Civil Engineering, whose subject was " The UFO Pro ulsion Problem " ; Dr. Robert.M.L. Baker Junior. Senior Scientist of the Computer Sciences Corp. ; Dr. Leo Sprinkle, Uni. of Wyoming; Dr. Garry C. Henderson, Sen. Research Scientist. Gen. Dynamic Corp. Dr Staunton Friedman, Westinghouse Atronicular Lab.; Dr. Roger N. Shepard of Stanford Uni. ; and Dr. Frank B. Salisbury of Utah State University .

Their testimony. together with a mass of documentary evidence which they presented, fill the entire 247 pages of fine print which averages about 450 words per page, or a total of more than 100,000 words, plus a large number of photographs charts and diagrams.

All this testimony pointed unmistakably to the reality of the UFO phenomenon, and all the scientists strongly recommended that serious and intensive study for the various phases of the UFO problem should be undertaken at once.

All of the quasi- scientific objections which have been made in the past to the reality of the UFO were considered and convincingly refuted. .

ROCKETS

Today, the Rocket is the only known engine that is usable for flights in the very upper layers of the atmosphere or in space, where air-breathing engines are useless. The Rocket carries with it the oxygen needed for the combustion of its fuel, and in addition develops the greatest thrust per unit of engine weight with the smallest frontal area per pound of thrust of all propulsion devices.

Although we take tremendously powerful rockets for granted, it is necessary to study a bit of rocket technology to understand how it is applied to satellite vehicles.

Also, it is important to stress that a vast number of instability factors and difficulties still are encountered in connection with launching and firing large liquid propellant rockets.

The first V2 was launched from Peenemunde in the spring of 1942. It rose slowly, gathered momentum and roared into the clouds. Then, suddenly, the motor stopped. The large rocket came tumbling out of the clouds and crashed into the sea with a tremendous explosion. Something had gone wrong, and something went wrong with all except one of the first eight V2's fired. Imagine the scene, the revenge weapon, the 46 foot V2 is erected on its launching stand with the usual layer of frost covering the skin around the liquid oxygen tank (temperature of LOX, liquid oxygen, is 297° F). The tense faces of all the scientists as the operator pulls the igniter switch and the first stage of the starting is in process. Liquid oxygen and alcohol flow by gravity into the motor and burn to produce seven tons of thrust, insufficient to lift the motor. When the operator was convinced that the burning was normal, and that the flames were licking around the rocket base and launching platform smoothly, he pushed the button for the second firing stage.

Inside the rocket, hydrogen peroxide and permanganate are mixed, forming a steam that drives the turbine pumps, which in turn force the fuels into the combustion chamber. The rocket rises slowly, uncertainly. Stands still for a moment, only a foot above the stand, it tilts over and its nine and a half tons of liquid fuel explodes with tremendous force. A huge ball of fire engulfs the launching site.

From this description I think you will all recall having seen at some time a film or films some on the T.V. of just such a launching.

The earlier Viking Rockets, similar to the V2's had only seven out of twelve firings which could have been said to be successful.

Viking number six executed violent manoeuvres in flight because of failure in the steering fins; number eight broke loose on a static firing test and destroyed itself; number ten did not leave the ground at all, the motor exploding on the first flight attempt.

Every rocket designer and manufacturer will confirm that any high thrust liquid rocket motor, even of the most advanced design, is likely to hold a few sinister surprises. In the early days of German rocketry, and more recently at testing facilities, all types of accidents have occurred and still occur during testing of engines.

OUT OF THIS WORLD - PART TWO CONT..

The rocket engineer keeps his fingers crossed before every firing, asking himself whether the thing will work - and hoping that it will. Before any rocket is launched from the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, the instrumentation, the fuel system and the rocket motor have been tested and pre-tested many times. And still the rocket engineers from the Naval Research Lab., which were responsible for this venture were always uncertain whether the rocket would take off and fly successfully.

Besides being the most efficient propulsion device, the rocket motor is usually considered the simplest of all combustion engines. An air craft gas turbine contains thousands of precision parts while a liquid rocket is essentially made up of a combustion chamber, two propellant tanks, and a turbine pump system for driving the fuels under pressure into the motor; other than the pumps, there are no moving parts involved. Why is it, then, that so many failures and incidents have been recorded?

When we examine the general characteristics of a rocket of the kind that might be used for putting up a satellite, we soon find that there are quite a few difficulties involved in designing the vehicle, as well as in launching it. Such a rocket represents a most intricate and expensive apparatus.

The perfect rocket flight depends on a great many factors, the two most important being successful operation of the rocket motor and the faultless functioning of the automatic stabilisation system. Growing out of these requirements are the specifications that electrical and other equipment must operate at pressures ranging from atmospheric to near vacuum.

Because the launching velocity of the large rocket is so slow starting from zero - initial guidance is difficult without the use of a launching tower, or either graphite steering veins in the exhaust stream or a gimbals motor. This type of power plant is mounted in a swivel structure that permits tilting of the motor in any direction.

Another problem is the fact that portions of the rocket's skin will heat up at supersonic speeds; also, even though a rocket is a one shot proposition, components must be designed with reliability approaching 100%. So much depends on each element in the chain of events that each must operate successfully.

Rocket flight is not particularly smooth. Equipment, therefore, must not only be self powered, self running, and self controlled, but also must be stable under conditions of high accelerations, vibration, heating and considerable tossing.

Gas temperatures in the rocket motor run from 5,000°F-6,000°F. (A jet aircraft turbine operates at about 1,800°F.) Therefore, the motor must be cooled. In a *regenerating cooling system* the motor parts are cooled by means of a built-in coil in which a propellant is used as a coolant fluid.

The heat absorbed by the coolant is therefore not wasted but rather arguments. the initial energy content of the propellant prior to injection, thereby increasing the exhaust velocity slightly. Without cooling, the wall in the rocket combustion chamber acts as a heat sponge, absorbing heat energy.

OUT OF THIS WORLD - PART TWO CONT.

When the wall temperature approaches the melting point of the wall material, it will be only a matter of seconds before the motor explodes.

An important factor in the stability of rocket combustion is the matter of continual flow of the propellant and oxidiser.

In a large missile, the fuel system involves a series of valves. Since the temperature of liquid oxygen is 297° F, it is quite possible that some of the valves will stick and shut off the flow. This may result in nothing but a motor cut-off, but if fuel alone is allowed to accumulate in the rocket the situation could easily lead to a catastrophe.

Control of instability in rocket burning is an art that rocket engineers have tried to master. It involves many problems connected with the combustion and flow of gases through the rocket nozzle, fuel pressure, shock waves and other phenomena. These are essential problems that rocket engineers must consider carefully in order to make the large vehicle fly.

Even though supersonic rocket motors are available, it is obvious that they are useless unless they can be used to perform an assigned mission with high accuracy, such as a satellite project requires.

In the area of rocket power plant installations are included such items as fuel systems, lubrication systems, lines, fittings, seals and cooling systems. The most aggravating factor in supersonic flight is the temperature that is encountered. The increase of rocket skin temperature with increasing velocity is considerable, and this increase can critically affect the various systems. At relatively moderate speeds, the usefulness of rubber materials, aluminium and titanium ends.

Our earnest hopes are with engineers who work on the development of new materials. These men are trying to solve many rocket problems through the use of super alloys, ceramics and sternats, PART METAL, PART NON-METAL.

Of paramount importance and a predominant source of concern for the engineer who must consider supersonic installations is the problem of effects of high speed flight upon fuel systems. It is estimated that a rocket flying at twice the speed of sound at an altitude of 50,000 ft will lose almost 20% of the propellant as result of vapourisation.

A big problem in stabilising a rocket arises because the rocket's entire centre of gravity changes as the propellants are burned.

Also, it is not easy to guide a rocket remotely, as certain exhaust gases absorb, reflect and diffuse radio waves.

This makes it difficult to send information from the missile and send guided signals to it. At high altitudes the problem is particularly onerous because the exhaust tends to grow bushy or blossom out as atmospheric pressure decreases.

If the rocket has no electronic equipment for guidance, it must rely solely upon its built-in equipment for steering.

One would imagine that a rocket aimed straight up would have no difficulty in following a vertical path. But tests have proved differently. We remember that number six Viking roared aloft out of control because the steering fins did not function.

OUT OF THIS WORL PART TWO CONT...

Many White Sands engineers recall with horror the time a V2 screamed into a hillside seminary at 3,000 m.p.h. outside Juarez, Mexico.

No international fuss developed, but the incident did point up the initiative of the Mexican townfolk. Concession stands were established at the site and small boys were peddling small pieces of the missile as souvenirs. Unwary tourists soon found that their purchases were distressingly similar to odd pieces of wrecked cars, easily procurable at any city rubbish dump.

It is the external sleekness of a missile that has lead to the tacit assumption that there seems to be nothing to the problem of designing and flying large rockets. This idea is understandable, especially in view of the apparent simplicity of the rocket concept. Upon analysing the stabilisation of a large rocket, however, we find that an intricate and expensive system is required.

This problem is made more complicated by the variation of missile dynamics during flight. At take-off, the forward velocity is so low that aerodynamic forces are negligible and the rocket behaves as a wingless body would.

It was said that the engineers when designing the project Viking, initially proposed that the control forces be obtained by the deflection of vanes placed in the jet stream. The chief advantage of this system was based on the experiences obtained with the V2. However, the disadvantages of this system became apparent when an investigation of alternate control methods was conducted. When a gimbal motor system was compared with the jet-vane system, the latter system showed a considerable weight penalty, a difficulty connected with vane durability because of the heat, a reduction of propellant burning rate due to vane drag in the jet stream, and a high complexity.

The gimbal motor with its swivelling structure appeared to be the better unit.

Deflection of a rocket motor during flight is not a simple task. The complex steering system consists of electrical and hydraulic components, delicate valves and precision fittings.

The most important mechanical unit in a stabilisation system is the automatic pilot, who's main component is the gyroscope.

The gyroscope has the property, like the child's spinning hoop or top, of always pointing in the same direction. In a satellite carrying rocket the gyroscope - mounted in the nose section - points upward. If the rocket tends to depart from the desired line of flight, perhaps because of wind gusts or turbulent air, the gyroscope immediately sends a message to the gimbal motor, which tilts over slightly to bring the vehicle back on course. The gyroscope remains spinning in the original position of setting in this case, vertically.

It sounds rather uncomplicated when we say that the gyroscope "Sends a message to the gimbal motor". And it would not be fair to refrain from sketching what takes place during a corrective manoeuvre.



" WARNINGS FROM FLYING FRIENDS"

by.
ARTHUR SHUTTLEWOOD
.....

PORTWAY PRESS. WARMINSTER.
WILTS. ENGLAND.

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PRICE 28/- English.
.....

I have just finished my first reading of what I consider one of the greatest books I have ever read. As a U.F.O. book probably the greatest. for its ranks among the peers of the books which deal with this subject in its greatest and highest meaning .

Arthur Shuttlewood, in the most simple language and yet with a most sincere form and honest approach. deals with not only U.F.O further events around that now much visited area of Warminster, but goes to the heart of the trouble of helping us find the clues to the greater inner meaning of why they are here?

The truths he unfolds from his experiences and those of others, are not new to some of us. for they have been revealed to others like him around the world but, it has been his great privilege to as a very fine journalist, to put these revelations into print. that those who may desire to understand may know.

He knows like so many of us. that he has " stuck his neck out" in doing so. For it is inevitable that he will cry down upon himself the anathemas of those who so glibly call themselves " objective and scientific" and who despise anything which relates to religion and the UFO . We are deeply sorry for them. as we know Mr. Shuttlewood is too.

The reports of events around Warminster alone is well worth purchasing the book as an added record of UFO literature. but these fall into insignificance with the great TRUTHS he is trying to bring to the world, as relayed to him. The chapters dealing with such are literally so jammed packed with spiritual power and information, that it will undoubtedly make even some sincere searchers dizzy. but nevertheless if read and studied carefully and perhaps reread the great inner LIGHT will enable them to comprehend the great meanings of what this humble servant is trying to convey .

If you are one who hates religious approach to the UFO. then don't read this book IT IS NOT FOR YOU, unless you are humble enough to admit you may be wrong in your attitude. and this quality goes for many others too.

Read this book humbly and sincerely as it written remembering the author did not seek to be the one to write such an epistle. but his experiences and inner convictions compelled him that to fail to do so would be criminal.

To the author we feel a great warmth of understanding for we know he speaks the TRUTH , for we are in attune with him all along the way .

What makes the book most convincing is that the author, Mr. Shuttlewood, was not a man inclined to such forms of religious thought or inclinations. but a very hard headed journalist evaluating data for his papers and still is. thus wiping away any claims he may be expressing subconscious ideas of his own religious beliefs, further the Truths he expound are not what one would call all together orthodox, in fact he even predicts a emergence from the present set order of such , which we also heartily endorse.

Book Review " Warnings from Flying Friends " Cont.

True to his profession he was not easily convinced that such ideas he received were genuine , and one cannot but admire the tenacity in which he sticks to a genuine " objective " approach to such. It is quite an excellent lesson for some of those who so loudly claim themselves as such .

One or two points we may find ourselves wondering if he is on the right track but like him. experience has long ago taught us not to judge too quickly but be humbly " cautious men " and that time alone proves all things.

He is not afraid to admit he has had his encounters with the " weird " way out thinkers. , but even in one case amply quoted there is some great Truth amid the much harder stuff to swallow. viz. the case of Mathew...

This young man , confined at times to mental institutions. hits on a real pointer in his statement of us being out in our reckoning. Your Editor has dealt with this , as has others some time back .

The Matter of the bride of Jesus. Ursula. This we found hard to take, but we do not snap our minds closed to it. but await some further proof. Remembering there were a number of years of the Life of the Christ Man which we know so little about. and which like so many other things were deliberately taken from the records lest we knew too much and did not need the utter dependence on the priesthood. Thank God the chains have been gradually broken and more than ever we can find our WAY to the Eternal Creator. without such in between.

There is so much one could say about this book. but to close IT IS A MUST FOR ANY DEEP THINKING UFO STUDENT AND ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO BELIEVE THEIR BIBLE.

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SIGHTINGS

"Northern Argus" (Clare, S.A.) Nov. 27, 1968.

REPORTED U.F.O. LANDING AT HILL RIVER.

During last week many reports of strange lights in the sky, swishing noises, and the eerie barking of dogs during the middle of the night, and the reporting by two children at Hill River of seeing a "thing" land in a paddock, led to an investigation by the Unidentified Flying Objects Phenomena Investigation Committee of Australia (UFOPIA).

Following publishing of a report in a metropolitan daily, of the reported landing at Hill River, the State Secretary of UFOPIA? Mr. F. Stone of Kilburn, arranged to have photos of the suspected landing area, and a report sent to him on the occurrence.

The two children who sighted the object at Hill River were Deborah, aged 10 years, and Phillip, aged 8, children of Mr. and Mrs. Reg Garrard, who live on a property of Mr. M. J. Vandeleur, about 8 miles north-east of Clare.

It is reported that other children also saw the strange "light", and one Clare woman who does not wish to have her name published, said she saw a strange bright light in the sky near the Hospital at about 7 p.m. the same evening.

Reports have come from many people of the eerie barking and howling

