

SAUCER NEWS

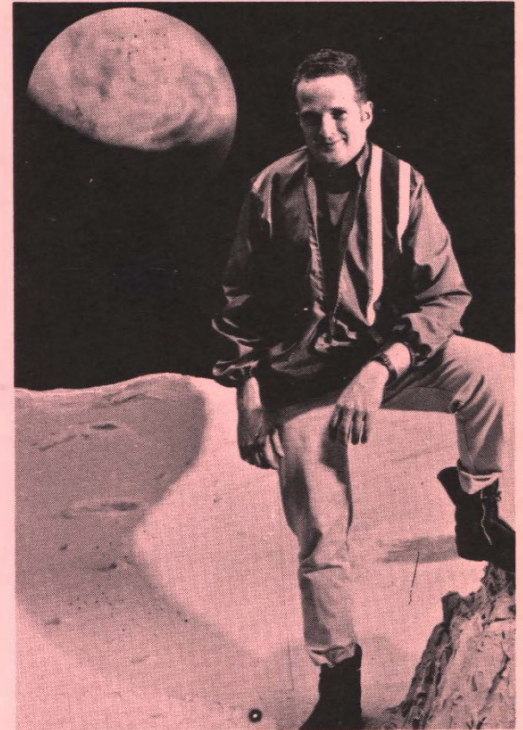
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A JOURNAL OF SCIENTIFIC UFOLOGY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE SAUCER AND UNEXPLAINED CELESTIAL EVENTS RESEARCH SOCIETY

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Astronaut or Spaceman? Neither! Photo Editor Michael G. Mann poses in mock-up of Ocean of Storms area on moon, scene of Apollo 12 landing. Mann is considering entering the space program when he completes graduate work. (Photo by Jules Borman)



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Editorial Notes

FAREWELL TO THE DEVIL

On December 17, 1969, Air Force Secretary Robert C. Seamans, Jr. announced the closing of Project Bluebook, the agency which had officially investigated saucers ever since Kenneth Arnold sighted "a chain of disk-like" objects over Mt. Rainer in June, 1947.

Neither scientific value nor national security, Seamans said, warranted continuation of the Project.

The Condon Investigation probably was the major force which brought about the final decision. Condon reiterated what the AF had been saying for years: Flying Saucers, or the major percentage of them, can be explained as various conventional objects and natural phenomena. Bluebook often stated that the small remaining percentage which it termed "unknowns" probably could be explained if the AF had ample data on the sightings. But Condon went even further: he stated that little or no scientific value would be gained by additional investigation.

Some saucerers probably have experienced misconceptions about Project Bluebook. It really never amounted to too much, consisting of a very small staff, often only three or four at one time, enjoyed little prestige within the service and was never headed by anybody above the rank of Lt. Colonel. Although it employed occasional consultants, such as Allen Hynek, there was little scientific investigation in depth, and those scientists who were retained were more or less obliged, we suspect, to parrot to the AF line.

Some researchers feel that the prime mission of Bluebook, when set up, was examining the saucer reports to determine if they might represent Russian missiles, particularly during the early Eisenhower years when our nation feared the "missile gap." And though many reports were classified at one time or another, these actions probably reflected only military red tape, rather than the sequestering of world-shattering secrets.

Therefore the closing of Bluebook, on the surface, seems to be no great

loss. And the AF has indicated it will continue to receive and investigate saucer reports at local air force base level.

Psychologically, however, the closing has been damaging. It may be some time before we can assess the real damage.

In my early days of UFO investigation the AF represented a convenient anthropomorphisation of my own paranoia, or fears. Later I transferred these to the more durable "Men In Black." To others, however, who have, over the years, traded on the Air Force Devil, the transition may not be easy. NICAP, which only recently mellowed its Air Force Devil policy, probably did so too late, and there are continuing rumors that the organization may close.

Devils have been necessary since the dawn of history. The Christians (not Christ) invented the one you and I are most familiar with. Since every man, slowly but not having yet humanized himself completely beyond the beast, must therefore sin, the Devil became a convenient scapegoat. He was the tempter who caused us to go wrong.

Those of us in UFO research may have thaumatized the Air Force Devil as an excuse for our not having made great progress in solving the UFO enigma. Regardless, Project Bluebook became an outlet for our anger, and probably our subconscious fears.

At the exit of this devil, what are we to do?

Aside from the psychological calamity the closing subjects us to, there is another sad fact we must face. With the Condon Report making headlines the Nation over, with the Apollo moon landings diverting attention—and now even more publicity with the Bluebook closing, the man on the street's interest in saucers has decreased. The newspapers will print fewer sightings, unless, of course, a large "flap" occurs sometime in the future.

And there is another danger, as Allen H. Greenfield points out in our "Letters" section. Air Force Files, which may be of invaluable value to the future researcher, may be

dispersed and "lost" in a jumble of military bureaucracy.

Those of us who believe in saucers find ourselves becoming once again, a relative small group, a distinct minority as opposed to recent years when Gallup Polls indicated a majority of the public also believed in them. To some of us, we enjoy exclusivity and don't mind being called "nuts," this may be even a bit gratifying.

Those of us who are convinced there is something behind the UFO mystery certainly will not give up. I never did expect too much from the AF Project anyhow, especially after I became convinced that the secret of the saucers would not respond to present-day scientific method. They probably represent a technology so far advanced as to be little understood, some entirely new concept of existence such as "4-D"—or far-out psychological or religious concepts perhaps not to be coped with by the present generation.

SAUCER NEWS does not seem to have been affected so far by the various forces militating against public acceptance of saucers. Our circulation is not great, but it has not fallen. Our commercial enterprise, Saucerian Books, continues to do well, and this year the usual post-Christmas sales slump did not even occur. Maybe it is because we never did depend upon scientists or Air Force investigators to back us up, nor did we depend greatly upon them as devils.

It is more of a personal, heartfelt sadness we experience at the demise of Project Bluebook. For more than 20 years it has been with us and a part of so many things we have done in UFO research, "The old order changes," said Wordsworth... "lest some good custom should corrupt the world." But the exit of Bluebook does represent, so now, to us, an end of an era. And it reminds us that we are no longer young.

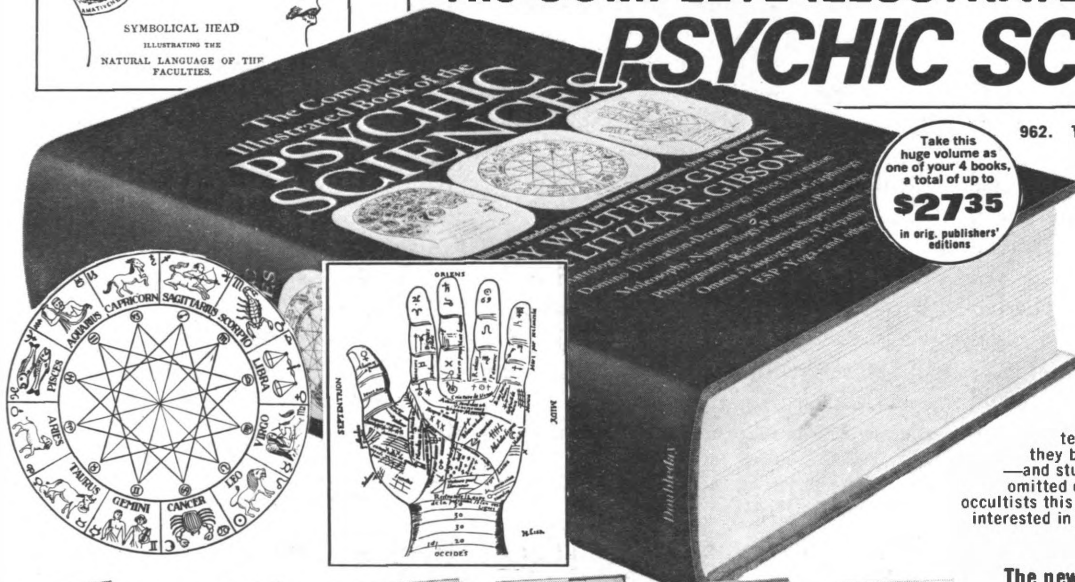
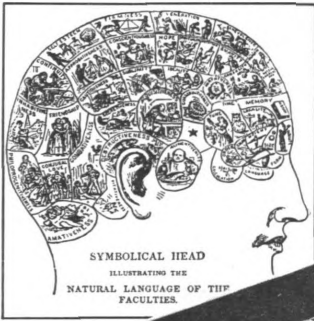
It is hoped that the exorcising of this devil should not be more serious than the death of a god. It might be. The Air Force Devil at sometimes

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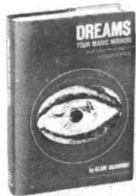
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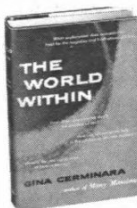
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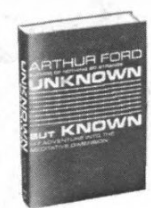
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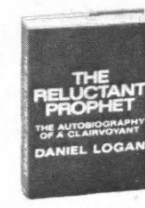
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approached, the benign. It was never a true villain of extraordinary power, for it responded in some measure to the needlings of the taxpayer. Its thaumaturgy was not terribly abstract—it was pretty much a physical thing in a physical location, and could be talked about openly.

Since all of us, particularly us Christians, must have our devils, let us hope that the inevitable transference be upon some idea which is no less benign. On the outside of our UFO world, others have done much worse than we. Their fears have been crystallized in assassination, war and murder. Even upon the fringes of UFO research have existed individuals and groups whose heraldry was hatred.

So it is with sadness and reluctance that we bid farewell to the devil. We shall miss you, Project Bluebook. Even though we cursed you and reviled you, we sort of "grew accustomed to your face." And we felt comfortable with you.

CHAIN LETTERS

The Editor has within the past week or two of this writing received a total of three "chain letters." Not the usual kind, containing a prayer or good luck message, and urging that the letter be copied and sent to several of one's friends. These recent letters urged that \$1.00 be sent to the person on the head of the list, and that similar letters be sent out to friends. Chain letters, of course, actually do not work, beyond benefitting their promoters who initiate them out with their own names on the top of the list. More important, such letters are ILLEGAL. The editor had no choice other than turn these over to local postal authorities. We urge readers to do two things if they receive such letters: (1) Don't send out similar letters; (2) Report such letters to your local postmaster.

CORRECTION

In our last issue we reported it costs one hundred million dollars to kill one Oriental in the Viet Nam war. This was a typo and of course was hyperbolic. In actuality it costs the taxpayer only one hundred thousand dollars to kill one Oriental.

1969 CONGRESS

The sixth annual Congress of Scientific Ufologists was held in Charleston, W.Va., June 20-21, 1969, upon the invitation and by sponsorship of UFO Investigators, Charleston organization headed by Ralph Jarrett. Thirty-Eight delegates representing civilian organizations across the country registered for the closed sessions, held in the Daniel Boone Hotel. An estimated 500 people turned out for the open sessions at the Charleston Civic Center June 21st.

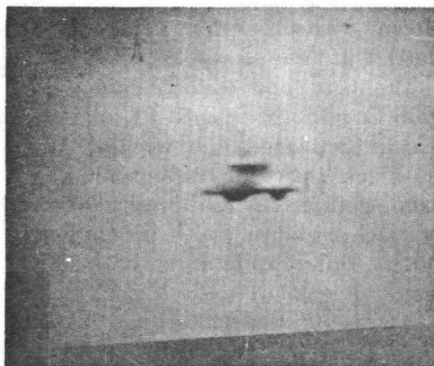
Among the speakers at the open sessions were Rick Hilberg, Edward Biebel, Timothy Green Beckley, Ralph Jarrett, Frank Basile, and James W. Moseley, the latter winning the special award for the best lecture. He received an elaborate saucer model

(see photos elsewhere in this issue).

Some of the accomplishments of the Congress:

Adopted by-laws proposed at the previous congress; presented the Robert Loftin Award to John J. Robinson; heard bids for hosting the 1970 Congress from Cleveland and Columbus (later Columbus was selected by mail vote); authorized Gray Barker to publish a Journal of the Congress of Scientific Ufologists (\$10.00 per year to members, \$25.00 to non-members); formed a committee on Projects headed by Ronald Brasdovich; created a Honor Roll of deceased members; adopted the "Sigma C" system of rating sightings which was created by Dr. J. Allen Hynek; heard a report on a visit to Brown Mountain by James W. Moseley.

SENSATIONAL UFO FILMS



8mm, Super-8mm and 16mm prints of these films are being made available for analysis and evaluation to determine if they are authentic. Here are the films available at this time:

1001: The Lost Creek Saucer: Saucer follows car as two men return from Little League game. They get some excellent photographs of Adamski-type saucer. Freeze-frame action and slow motion included.

1002: The Airport Saucer: Man, delayed at airport, is trying out new movie camera when saucer appears. This one, also of the Adamski-type, paces an airliner during the sequence.

1003: Life Form From Outer Space. Film by Howard Menger, author of "From Outer Space To You," shows life spore released from mother ship grow and change into beautiful shapes. "Freeze frame" of mother ship.

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(8mm and super 8mm)

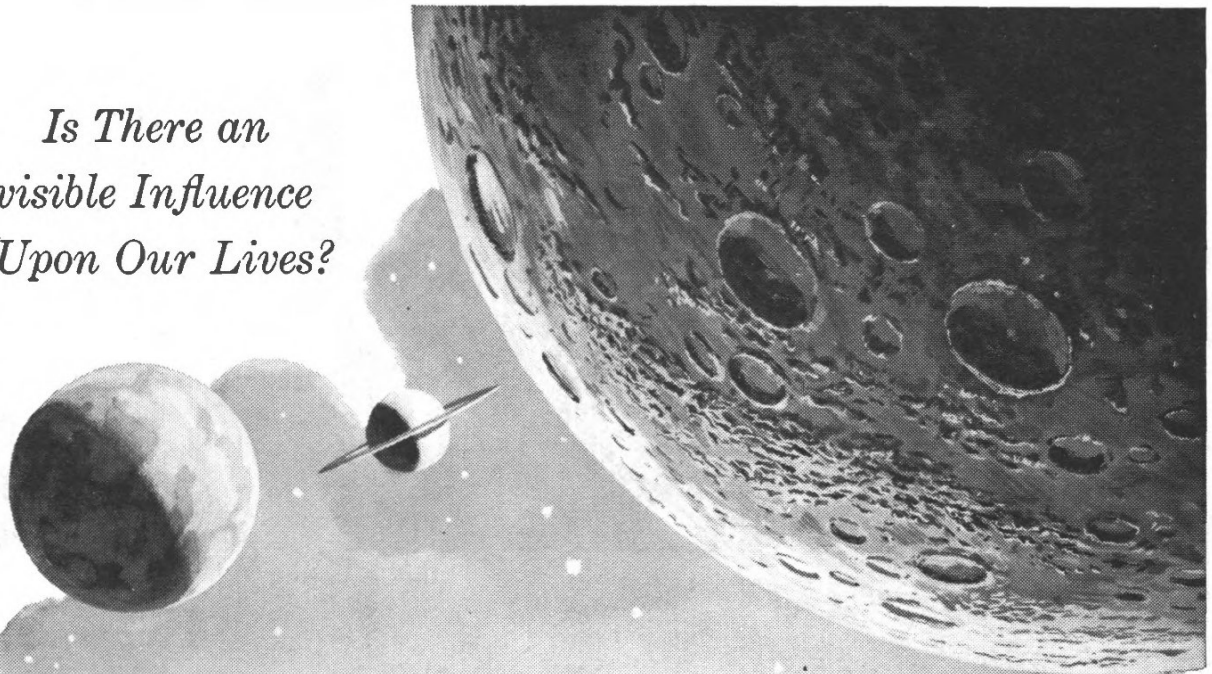
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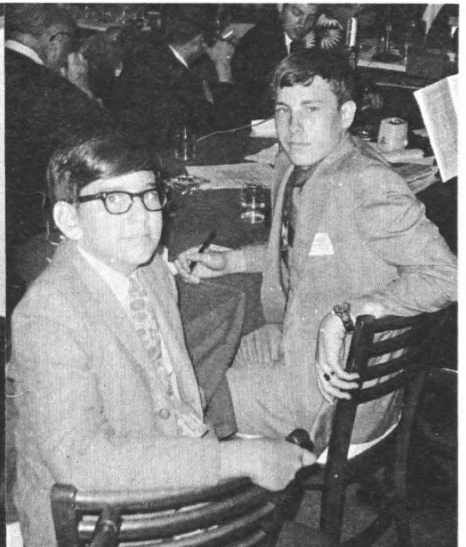
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Assistant Photo Editor, Michael G. Mann, took these candid photos at the Sixth annual Congress of Scientific Ufologists held in Charleston, W. Va. on June 20-21, 1969. From left to right, Top Row: James W. Moseley arrives early at Charleston Civic Center for the Open Sessions (erroneously listed on marquee as a "saucer show"); Chairman Allan Manak opens the Closed Sessions; Mike Walton, executive board member (left) and Kevin McCray, director of American Flying Saucer Investigating

Committee, Columbus, Ohio, shortly after they made a motion bidding that the Seventh Congress be held in their city. The permanent organizing committee later accepted their bid.

Center: John J. Robinson, Chairman of the Robinson Committee on Ethics, Correspondence and Membership, accepts the annual Robert Loftin Award from Gray Barker. The award was made to Robinson for outstanding service to the Congress. Members of the Permanent Organizing Committee

preside at closed sessions. L-R, Allen H. Greenfield, Edward Biebel, Rick Hilberg and Chairman Manak.

Bottom: Timothy Green Beckley, noted UFO author, reads a resolution into the record; and of course the Congress wouldn't have been a complete success without an appearance by THEM, caught here in a darkened corner of a lounge. Where the third member of the terrible trio was, nobody knew—he didn't show up.

Passed resolutions: condemning a New York writer for unethical practices; praising the sponsoring organization, UFO Investigators, and its president, Ralph Jarrett; complementing Charleston News Media for their fair and objective reporting of the Congress; commending Lynn E. Catoe, Library of Congress bibliographer, for her book, "UFO'S AND RELATED SUBJECTS, AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY," published by the Library of Congress, Science and Technology Division for the Air Force Office of Scientific Research.

Proposed, then withdrew a resolution commending scientists who appeared at the 1968 Congressional UFO hearings; heard a tape recorded by John Keel, who addressed the group by that method since he could not attend personally.

Photographs taken at the Congress appear on the opposite page and elsewhere in this issue.

Both the concept and the durability of the Congress has been unique in the field of UFOlogy. An extremely democratic organization, it accepts any organization willing to sign and abide by its code of ethics. It is a confederation of UFO groups organized in such a manner that such organizations can maintain their identities and independence and still function as a part of a larger group.

Organized in Cleveland by a small group of Cleveland people, and others from the East Coast, it quickly grew to a nationwide, then a world-wide organization.

Certainly the Congress is an organization that deserves the SAUCER NEWS reader's support. That support can be implemented by actually attending, or by publicizing the annual meeting and the continuing activities of the Congress.

Readers who may have wondered what happened to Kathy BRAMER will be happy to learn they are still hearing from the same person. She is now Mrs. Larry Lynn Bennett, and will be signing her letters, Cathy Bennett.

The couple was married in a ceremony performed at 7:30 p.m. November 21, 1969, at the Lost Creek



United Methodist Church, with the Rev. John D. Hardman officiating.

Cathy is a recent graduate of Fairmont State College where she received a degree in psychology.

HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO SAUCER NEWS EXPIRED?

Whether or not you received a renewal notice with this issue, your subscription may be up for renewal. Due to the high cost of mailing reminders with the advent of the new postal rates, it may not be economical to mail you additional notices. And since we are adjusting our print orders to take care of only those whom we feel are SERIOUS UFO students, the number of subscriptions is limited. By sending your renewal NOW you will be assured of a continuing reservation

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WE NEED CLIPPINGS and information on saucer-events. Our extensive clipping service to which we subscribe do not always include local news media. We may not be able to acknowledge this information, but your contribution will be used wisely in the solving of the Flying Saucer Enigma.

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Inquiries and comments about the current issue and other matters are welcomed. Please do not feel badly if we cannot make lengthy personal answers to your letters. You may be assured of a response, however, if you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your inquiry. Please send such an envelope, also, when you have any complaint.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

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(continued on page 47)

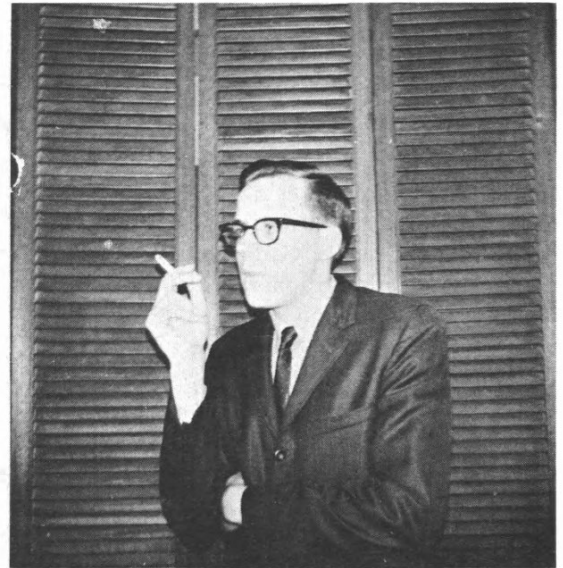


"Frankly, I don't recommend it. After reading it I couldn't sleep for three nights!"

THE ENIGMA

Rick R. Hilberg

Editor, UFO Magazine



Rick R. Hilberg

Robert S. Easley had just left the lecture he had given to a group of Boy Scouts and was walking to his car. The evening was cold on that February Sunday and he was in a hurry. When he got to the curb he noted a car running a red light at an intersection 500 feet away, a dark car with no lights on, with two men inside. One of them pointed a rifle at Easley. Easley hit the deck as a shot shattered the placid atmosphere of the quiet college town of Defiance, Ohio.

Horribly shaken, Easley drove his car along the quiet Sunday streets, not knowing if another attempt would be made on his life. After he arrived home he was greeted by a call on the phone, with a monotone voice advising him, "If you and your buddies from Cleveland are not out of the saucer field by next Sunday we will have to take other means of action!"

Easley and his buddies did not heed this threat, for other calls and observations by mysterious individuals had been going on for almost a year. This incident of Feb. 25, 1968 was not the only time UFO investigators had come in contact with mysterious individuals known as the "Men In Black." Since 1953 when pioneer saucer researcher Albert K. Bender was allegedly forced to close down his International Flying Saucer Bureau by three men who wore dark clothing, individuals all over the world have reported similar incidents where sinister and mysterious people told

them to keep quiet—or else! In some cases "government men" have taken photographs and other physical evidence of UFOs from witnesses.

On August 3, 1965 during the height of a wave of UFO reports from all parts of the United States, Rex Heflin was in his Los Angeles County Highway Commission truck on Myford Road near Santa Ana, California. While driving down the road he spotted a strange hat-shaped object approaching. He grabbed his Polaroid 101 camera which he used for accident reports and snapped four shots as the object moved quickly away. Immediately after the incident Heflin tried to call his office via The Citizens' Band radio in his truck but the channel was blocked by interference, which is often noted in UFO incidents.

After showing his photos to newsmen Heflin was contacted by men who claimed to be from NORAD (North American Air Defense Command). Heflin surrendered his original Polaroid prints to them. UFO investigators became suspicious at this story and asked NORAD about the incident. NORAD Chief of Staff, Major General M.M. Magee had this to say regarding Heflin's photographs: "For your information, NORAD does not have the responsibility for evaluation of UFOs and therefore would not knowingly be in the business of collecting UFO pictures

for evaluation. In addition the office of primary interest for UFO matters is the Department of the Air Force." Magee made it quite clear that NORAD did not take Rex Heflin's UFO photos, so WHO DID? Possibly the same group known as the Men In Black?

Actually, NORAD is not the only agency plagued by persons impersonating their representatives. The Air Force Assistant Vice Chief of Staff sent the following directive to all commands on March 1, 1967, titled, "Impersonations of Air Force Officers": "Information not verifiable, has reached Hq. USAF that persons claiming to represent the Air Force or other Defense establishments have contacted citizens who have sighted unidentified flying objects. In one reported case an individual in civilian clothes, who represented himself as a member of NORAD, demanded and received photos belonging to a private citizen. In another, a person in an Air Force uniform approached local police and other citizens who had sighted a UFO, assembled them in a school room and then told them that they did not see what they thought they saw and that they should not talk to anyone about the sighting. All military and civilian personnel and particularly Information Officers and UFO Investigating Officers who hear of such reports should immediately notify their local OSI offices."

(continued on page 48)

THE GREAT AIRSHIP SCARE

By DENNIS STAMEY (Illustrated by Charles Roller, Jr.)

In the quiet evening of November 18, 1896, hundreds of residents in Sacramento, Calif., gazed skyward at a metallic, cylindrical craft drifting through the heavens. The object cast down brilliant beams of light upon the city, and then slowly headed out on its predestined course to San Francisco.

The following evening, the bay communities of Oakland and San Francisco were plunged into panic when another flying vessel made a low level descent above the streets. Horses bolted, buggies overturned and pedestrians ran in terror. The strange airship maintained a straight-line flight out toward the coastline, and then disappeared.

"My entire family saw the machine when it came across the bay from Oakland," commented then Mayor Suro of San Francisco.

Frightened, bewildered, the newspapers and the people of Northern California were desperately trying to make some sense out of the mystery. Descriptions generally agreed that the flying monster was about 150 feet in length, equipped with powerful searchlights and four rotor-like arms. It seemed to be, at best, rather cumbersome and exhibited no spectacular outburst of speed. Yet the craft could easily outperform anything man could put up into the air, at that date.

A streetcar driver, Shelby Yost, and his eleven passengers told newsmen at Oakland that an illuminated object had passed over the downtown section on the evening of November 22. It sped silently across the horizon and then cast an intense, blinding glow over the entire community.

"I didn't want to admit I'd gone crazy," said Yost, "but for a minute, I thought my senses had deserted me."

The December 2, 1896, edition of the *Los Angeles Times* broke the strange story of electrician John A. Horen from San Jose, Calif., probably the first man ever to step inside one of these marvelous airships. It made headlines across the nation, and here

is some brief text from his account:

"We left California in the morning and headed westward. The ship travelled by means of two propellers. . . movement was noiseless and swift. The motive power was not steam or electricity. It was a wonderful machine and can be stopped and made to stand still anywhere in the air. . ."

Horen said the pilot was 45 years of age and completely human. The airship reportedly took him on a quick excursion to Honolulu which he described as brilliantly lighted with lamps.

The article in the *Times* concluded, "He sticks to his story and bears the name of a hard-working man."

About the same time, William Bull Meek of Comptonville, Calif., and his four companions encountered a normal looking fellow whose airship had just landed in a desolate valley. Meek, who was interviewed by reporters from *The Sacramento Bee*, said that the "man stepped from the ship and said he had come from the Montezuma Mountains. . . wherever they are."

By December the airships left the scene as mysteriously as they arrived. The sightings had been concentrated in a small area; but by March the following year, the aerial performers returned to becloud the skies throughout the country. It seemed as if a well-planned invasion was beginning.

Watchers in Omaha on the night of March 29 reported some sort of controlled aerial vehicle roaming the evening sky. The object, conceivably the same one, was again seen the next night over Denver, where witnesses described it as brightly illuminated, cruising at high altitude and moving northwest.

On April 1, *The New York Sun* gave sporadic running accounts of a strange craft reported around Kansas City, Mo., which paused from time to time to send down beams of light. Various communities in Texas also reported sightings, including Dallas,

Fort Worth, Marshall and Beaumont.

The New York Herald of April 11 reported that on the nights of April 9 and 10, Chicago was flooded with stories of eerie lights that were seen from 8 p.m. until 2 o'clock in the morning. "Thousands of persons declared the lights seen in the northwest were those of an airship. . ." said the *Herald*. Some declared that they could distinguish two cigar-shaped objects and great wings."

Adolph Winkle and John Hylle swore a craft landed in a field two miles north of Springfield, Ill., on April 15. Aboard the machine were two men and a woman. The farmhands excitedly blurted out their story: "They said the ship came from Quincy, flying 90 miles in thirty minutes. They plan on making a report to the government when Cuba is declared free."

Several people in Benton, Texas, watched a cigar-shaped vessel on the night of April 16 as it crossed between them and the moon.

A story from the *Daily Post* at Childress, Texas, reported the observation of a fast-moving aerial body about two thousand feet high and on a westerly course, on April 17.

That same date yielded a number of tantalizing incidents including the alleged crash of a spaceship near the tiny village of Aurora, Texas. A correspondent for the *Dallas Morning News*, S.E. Haydon, visited the crash-site and reported that the remains of the ship and its eerie looking pilot were being collected. The spaceman was also going to be buried, he said, with full ceremony in tribute to a brave voyager.

But just as bizzare is the chilling incident telegraphed from Williamston, Mich., and picked up in an edition of *The Lansing State Republican*:

"Williamston, Mich., April 17—This morning at a mile south and a half mile west of this village, a balloon or flying machine landed in a field. A dozen farmers watched the airship for



Roller

SISTERVILLE - SM

an hour before it landed. When it landed, they gathered around and suffered from the heat.

"A strange man, if man he might be called, was in charge of the ship. He had plenty of clothes but seemed to have no use for them. He was almost naked and suffered from the heat.

"He is judged to be 10 feet tall and his talk, while musical, seems to be a kind of bellowing. One of the braver farmers approached the bellowing being and got a kick that will last him for some time, as his hip was broken.

"Great excitement prevails here. Lots of people are flocking here from Okemos and Locke to view the strange being from a safe distance. No one cares to go near. He seems to be trying to talk to everyone. The people...who have not seen him refuse to believe, although six of the best people swear it is the truth. At 8:10 last evening the ship passed over the village and many people watched its flight. The being returned to the vessel and flew away."

At Sistersville, W. Va., a quiet little town on the Ohio river, a luminous red object sailed in from the northwest at about 9 p.m. on April 19. It flashed brilliant searchlights and immediately began throwing the village in havoc. The sawmill whistle was blowing frantically as hundreds clogged into the streets to glimpse at the fantastic aerial visitor. The craft was like an immense cigar with two protruding fins on either side. Observers estimated it to have been about 180 feet in length and about 50 feet in diameter. All of the witnesses were able to make out flashing red, white and green lights along the side and at the stern.

That same night in Atlanta, Texas, a farmer named Jim Nelson had his hair "stand out with fright" when an airship slowly descended and momentarily hovered above him.

But perhaps the most amazing account is the startling experience of Captain Jim Hooten, a well-known Iron Mountain railroad conductor whose story appeared in the April 22, 1897, issue of *The Arkansas Gazette*, Little Rock. Capt. Hooten had been out hunting near Homan when it became dark: "I started to make my way back to the railroad station. As I was tramping through the brush my

attention was attracted by a familiar sound, like the noise of a locomotive airpump."

Suddenly he came upon five men repairing an odd-looking machine. "There was a medium-sized man who wore smoked glasses," said Hooten. "I mentioned the noise sounded like a Westinghouse air brake. 'Perhaps it does my friend,' he replied. 'We are using condensed air...but you will know more later on.'"

Capt. Hooten said the front of the ship ended in an abrupt knife-like edge. He recalled, "The sides of the craft bulged gradually, then receded. There were three large wheels upon each side...arranged so that they became concave as they moved forward...The man said good-bye, the ship rose with a hissing sound...in less than the twinkle of an eye the ship disappeared from sight."

The April 23rd issue of *The Modern News*, Harrisburg, Ark., carried the report of an ex-Senator Harris who also encountered some airship pilots when the vessel landed near his home. The crew consisted of an old, bearded man, a woman, and two young men. Harris was told by his informants that someone long ago had learned how to overcome gravity. The elderly man said he was able to secure the plans and experimented with the airship. They were scheduled to visit the planet Mars before putting the ship on public tour.

Harris declined to take a ride aboard the craft, and seconds later it rose swiftly into the sky.

Daniel Gray, a farmer living near Flint, Mich., was working in his field on April 23 when he heard "a terrible rumbling and whizzing sound directly over his head." Gazing upward, Gray was astonished to see a dark object traversing the sky at a high rate of speed. He was puzzled and rather dazed, but suddenly noticed a newspaper dropping from out of the sky. Upon examining it, he saw the newspaper came from Toronto, Canada, dated Oct. 5, 1896. The paper was dry and very well preserved.

The Daily Texarkanian, Texarkana, Ark., published on the same date as the above happenings, gave the account of Judge Lawrence A. Bryne's face-to-face encounter with oriental-like beings aboard an object

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which was anchored near the McKinney Bayou. The three men spoke in a strange language and had distinctive features like that of someone from the Far East. They motioned for Bryne to join them, to his astonishment.

The machinery was made of aluminum and the gas to raise and lower the ship was pumped into an aluminum tank," recalled Bryne.

The Houston Daily Post of April 28, contained a most interesting account:

"Merkel, Texas, April 26—Some parties returning from church last night noticed a heavy object dragging along with a rope attached. They followed it until in crossing the railroad it caught on a rail. On looking up, they saw what they supposed was the airship. It was not near enough to get an idea of the dimensions. A light could be seen protruding from several windows, and there was a bright light in front like a headlight of a locomotive. After some 10 minutes, a man was seen descending the rope. He came near enough to be plainly seen. He wore a light blue sailor suit, and was small in size. He stopped when he discovered the parties at the anchor, and cut the rope below him and sailed off in a northeast direction. The anchor is now on exhibition at the blacksmith shop of Elliott and Miller, and is attracting the attention of hundreds of people."

(continued on inside back cover)

THE STRANGE B.I.C.R. AFFAIR

Dr. Richard H. Pratt

Science Consultant, SAUCER NEWS

I had no idea last spring that, after I wrote an article for *Saucer News* on the possibility of flying saucers being "time machines," I would stumble upon actual evidence for my claim. However, that is exactly what happened, and I am now so shaken by the implications that it may be difficult to relate the events as they occurred. But I shall try.

After the article appeared (Spring-Summer, 1969), Gray Barker relayed a letter to me from a Mrs. W.R. of a large Massachusetts city. Mrs. R., a UFO hobbyist, related that her husband—an avid investigator who is also an electrical engineer—answered an announcement about a new UFO club which had appeared in Ray Palmer's *Flying Saucers* magazine in early 1969.

Mrs. R., fearing I wasn't a subscriber (lucky, since I am not), typed the announcement as it appeared in that issue. But she didn't specify which month's copy it was, and I have since been unable to locate the actual item. However, as she said, it read in part:

"This year will be hailed in Ufological circles as that in which the disparaging elements of Ufology—the occult groups, contactees, psychotics, the money-hungry—began to vanish. It will also be the year in which a new institution was formed to study the Ufo problem in a scientific and precise

manner.

"If you're an intelligent individual, we need your help; but you must write us as soon as you can, as there will be a waiting list. You will complete a questionnaire and undergo a check of your background before you can be accepted."

This ended with an address for correspondence. Called the BICR (the full name was not given), the group was headed by three men, William A. Gautier, Thomas Harper and R. James Kipling.

After Mr. R. contacted the group he received a letter and questionnaire. He was struck by the letter's change of attitude. Unlike the announcement, this now stressed "the formation of a serious, scientific organization composed of intelligent, trained adults from all countries." The publicized attempt to get rid of occult groups, etc., was now labeled as the group's "secondary purpose."

Even so, Mr. R. was engrossed with the idea, and sent the requested dues with the completed questionnaire to the Michigan address. He had noticed that, on the questionnaire, the group displayed an unusual interest in education and scientific training. He received another letter congratulating him on his acceptance, and now the leaders wanted to have an interview with him.

Mr. R. was surprised by the request, since he thought the group was in

Michigan; however, he found his letters had been forwarded to the actual headquarters, miles away in Worcester, Massachusetts! He therefore reported to the new address in the second letter. Mrs. R. did not tell me this address.

When her husband returned home, Mrs. R. said he was "excited and exuberant" over something which he refused to discuss with her. He said she would be told everything when "it was all right."

All this happened in May. For two months, Mr. R's spare time was spent at work either away from home in Worcester, or shut up in his private study until early morning hours. Then, one Sunday afternoon he returned from Worcester in an irate mood. He said the group had disbanded, and the leaders had "stolen" their work.

At first he didn't want to say more, but after an argument with his wife he said he and twelve others had repaired a "temporal transmitter" under the direction of Gautier, Kipling and Harper. The three claimed they had built the device under a federal grant, but the first trial had damaged it. They had needed immediate help from scientifically trained personnel, and had brought them together in a variety of different ways, one of which was the announcement in *FLYING SAUCERS*.

However, as soon as the saucer-shaped machine was repaired, the men boarded it, took off, and vanished to the astonishment of all involved. Mr. R. said he witnessed this "theft."

Mrs. R. couldn't believe it at first, but remembered seeing an article in the then-current issue of *Saucer News*. Without her husband's knowledge, she wrote and explained his claims to me.

I, too, found the story incredible, but since she seemed to be of sound mind and her husband of fine character, I couldn't dismiss it entirely. I admit I first thought Mr. R. was involved in some kind of love triangle, which would explain his absences, but that appeared to be too far-fetched. No, I reasoned, there was something to it.

I wrote Mrs. R., asking for the Worcester address, and told her I was interested in investigating the case. Four days later the letter returned marked "Refused." I then tried to locate her phone number, but the long-distance operator reported their number as unlisted.

But I did have the Michigan address of the BICR. The town seemed unfamiliar until I recalled a young investigator and UFO author who lived there. Thinking he might help or know something of the matter, I located his number and called him long-distance.

Mr. J.S. is no longer active, but he was very helpful and friendly—at first. He said the BICR address was that of another researcher in the city, Mr. M.P. I obtained this person's phone number. Then Mr. S. asked why I wanted this information. I said Mr. P. had been a "liaison man" for a group in Massachusetts that was involved in some strange activity. He said to me, "Does this have anything to do with your article in *Saucer News*?"

I said it was possible, to which Mr. S. curtly replied, "I don't think you'll find out much from him. Besides, you may not want to get involved with him."

I asked Mr. S. why I shouldn't, but he wouldn't elaborate. I then recalled Mr. S. had once headed a group that dissolved under mysterious circumstances. I asked if this had any relation to the BICR. He said it did

not, but that his group had "ended up studying the same things." He then explained he had had little contact with his members for over a year, and didn't really know of their activities.

I thanked Mr. S. and then called Mr. P. The line was busy at first, but later the connection was made. I asked Mr. P. if he was involved with the BICR. He said, "Yes, but I'd rather not talk about it."

I realized I wasn't going to get much out of him over the phone, and suggested what first flashed in my mind: "Can I visit you there?"

"I don't know." He didn't offer to say more.

I decided to end the conversation, partly out of embarrassment. "I'll contact you when I arrive," I said, and hung up.

Since my duties as physics professor are limited in the summer, I was able to leave my little college town the next day. After a five-hour drive I entered the Michigan city late in the afternoon. I checked into a downtown hotel-restaurant, and the first thing I did was call Mr. P. He said he would meet me in the city's pretty park, where a memorial fountain is situated. A time was set, but I was there 20 minutes early.

I sat on the cold bench until it was almost dark. Obviously, Mr. P. was not going to come. I found a phone booth and got a busy signal at Mr. P.'s home. On a hunch, I asked the operator to check if the phone was actually busy, or off the hook. She said that it seemed to be out of order, and that she would report it.

By now I was angry. I got into my car and drove to Mr. P.'s house. When I knocked at the door, someone called from within, "Who is it?" I called out my name, and got a brusque, "Go away!" I would not. I knocked louder for several minutes, as the sky grew blacker.

Five minutes later, a police car pulled up behind mine, and an officer stepped out. He said he had received a complaint, and told me to move on and not to return. As I am a bit grey before my time, the officer was more lenient than he would have been to a "younger" disturber of the peace.

I left the scene, at once frightened and seething with anger. I was ashamed by this brush with the law,

and contemptuous of Mr. P. for arranging it. When I reached my hotel room, I called the other's home again, but received the same busy signal. I knew now that my time had been utterly wasted, and that my finances for the trip had gone down the drain.

I tried to make the most of it. That night, I called an associate of mine in Massachusetts who, in an earlier talk, said he would try to contact Mrs. R. and obtain the Worcester address of the BICR. He now had a great deal of news to report.

Gene, as I shall call him, went to the R. home and talked to Mrs. R. She showed him her husband's letter file, from which Gene extracted the letter containing the needed address, which he copied. It also turned out that she had never seen my unaccepted letter to her. Apparently Mr. R. had intercepted it and marked it "Refused."

Gene next drove to the Worcester address. He found what used to be a home, now transformed into a small office building presently occupied by a young dentist who had moved in only two weeks before. Gene talked to the new tenant, and asked if he had found anything unusual about the building when he first moved in. The dentist said they had found several papers strewn about inside, and the lot behind the building had numerous areas of scorched, blackened grass.

Gene asked the dentist if he had saved any of the discovered papers. The reply was negative, but the other had held onto a small card which contained numbers and a name of seeming importance. Gene asked to see this card, and got a copy of it. Gene promised to send this copy to me at home, since he felt it unwise to dictate it over the phone.

Gene also arranged to look at the lease on the building, and found that the previous tenant was one Thomas Harper. The owner of the place said one month's back rent was still due, and had notified the proper authorities after Harper's disappearance.

I now had positive proof that at least Harper had existed, and that some very odd things must have happened in Worcester. However, I was held up because the only two persons I knew to have associated

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Canada

with the mysterious men—Mr. R. and Mr. P.—were avoiding me.

The night's rest helped. I set out for home the next morning, a bit less disappointed than I was the night before. I recalled that as a youth on my parents' farm in Minnesota, my father often said that perseverance was the key to success. I resolved to persevere with whatever shred of evidence I could obtain.

Two days later that shred of evidence arrived in the mail from Gene. It was the copy of the little card, and it looked like this:

PAUL MCCUHRKE—NYCHQ

- A 0000000000001
- B 0000011010100
- C 0001011110001
- D 1011111010010

I puzzled over the card for quite a while. I now had a name, but the initials and numbers seemed meaningless. Then it dawned on me that the numbers might be binary code—in fact, it was now so obvious that I mentally kicked myself for being so slow.

Any physicist who has worked as much with computers as I have can translate binary code easily. I did so, and this was the result:

- A 1
- B 212
- C 753
- D 6098

I was still puzzled. Why print a name, followed by such numbers? It was several minutes before reason took hold and I saw the list was a telephone number! All direct-distance-dial numbers have the prefix "1" followed by a three-number area code, another three-number exchange, and a four-digit body. I immediately called the operator and asked what area of the country was under the "212" area code.

She said it was New York City, and everything fell into place. "NYCHQ" stood for New York City Headquarters! The number had been printed in binary code so that only the trained personnel of the BICR could translate it and contact this person.

I nervously dialed the number. It rang several times, and was answered by a man with a husky, but not unpleasant voice. I asked for "McCuhrke."

"He isn't here. Is this Stan?"

"Yes." I was obviously being mistaken for a colleague.

"You've been gone too long. Have you heard about Gautier and the others?"

"No." I played along. Gautier's existence had been verified.

"They skipped out on the transmitter. A month ago. We fixed it up, they got in it, set the dials, and took off. Next thing they were gone. I

saw it."

That was all I needed! I now had actual confirmation from two sources! I didn't quite know what to say, but responded with, "What should we do?"

"Sit tight and not blab. If we did, we'd be called every name in the book. All I can say is we've been taken for suckers, and we can cry ourselves to sleep from now on. You still want to get in touch with McCuhrke?"

"Yes, I'd like to talk with him."

"He's with P. . . . in, checking up some talk about a guy asking questions. He could probably tell you more about this anyway. By the way, I'm moving out of this place in a couple of days, so don't bother calling here later on. I guess it's all over anyway. Even the office in Worcester's been rented again."

There was an awkward silence. Finally I said, "Well, I'll call McCuhrke."

"Good. See you around, Stan."

I thanked him, and hung up. Yes, it was over. I thought for a moment that I should call Mr. P. again and ask for McCuhrke, but knew that I probably might be discovered for a false BICR member. No, I had discovered enough, and now I hope that I have not found out TOO much.

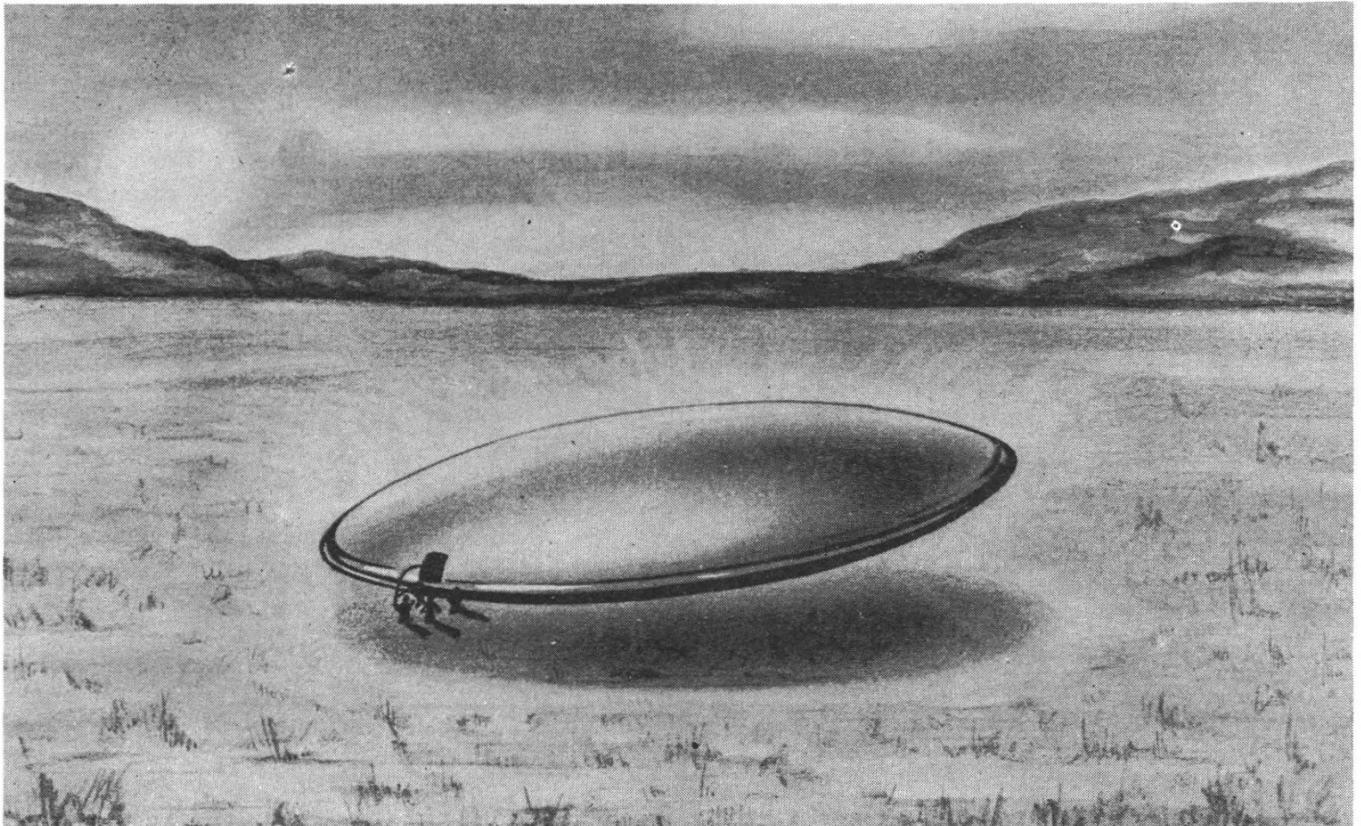
I am now convinced that three persons from a future era suddenly became trapped in our time. They assembled several men of technical skill by placing announcements in some publications. Why a UFO publication? Because they knew the appearances of their craft had been mistaken for "flying saucers" and that they would be able to locate men of parallel interests by publicizing in such a magazine.

I assume that many people saw the announcement in *Flying Saucers*, and that many wrote to the BICR requesting membership. I am now asking all those who have had ANY kind of contact—by mail or otherwise—with the BICR to come forward. Please, if you have any knowledge at all, contact me through this magazine.

The solution to the UFO controversy has been found. Now let us PROVE it. We need YOUR testimony.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PLANET CLARION

By the Editors



The "Admiral Scow"

"OUR HOMES ARE OUR CASTLES IN A FAR AWAY LAND," the neatly-uniformed little four-foot man told Truman Bethurum, as he led him by hand toward the saucer. This was the first moment Bethurum realized he was talking to a creature from out of this world, and he had blurted out the question, "Where do you call home?"

The people of the Planet Clarion had come to Mormon Mesa.

Bethurum had arrived a few hours earlier, as an asphalt plant operator on a road construction project. After a blazing day on the Mesa, a few miles from Las Vegas, Nevada, Bethurum decided to relax. His wife collected seashells, and he had been told that

the area had once been a vast ocean bed. So he drove off the road toward a small hill.

Finding no shells, he got back inside his truck. The sun had gone down and there was a comfortable breeze. Tired out, he leaned back and before he knew it, was asleep. When he awakened he found his truck surrounded by little men. They promptly took him to their leader.

The saucer (or "Admiral Scow" as the men, who spoke very good English, called it) was floating about four feet off the ground. A movable landing step transported Bethurum up the steps and through its door. Then he was led through a narrow passageway which turned into a

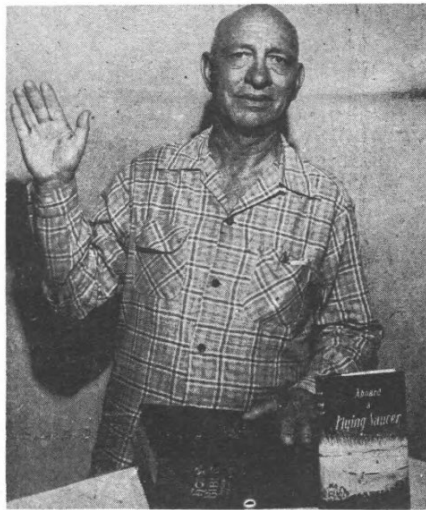
beautifully furnished captain's cabin.

"That is where my eyes bulged again," he said in his first book, *ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER*. "I stood before their captain, a beautiful woman."

And Bethurum just stood there, dumbfounded.

"Speak up, my friend," said the woman, "you're not hexed."

That was the beginning of a long friendship between Truman Bethurum and Aura Rhanes, which the lady captain called herself. She and her crew came from the Planet Clarion, a hidden planet in our own solar system, undetected by astronomers because it always stayed directly on the other side of the sun from the earth.



Truman Bethurum, shown here in a 1954 photograph published in the Santa Cruz, Calif., Sentinel-News, literally swears on the Bible that he had been on a flying saucer several times, and that his story was true.

Thus, on July 27, 1952, Truman Bethurum became one of the earliest "contactees," or people meeting people from other planets, presaging dozens of other such claims through the 50's and 60's. Such accounts are among the most puzzling records to be dealt with by present and future

Ufologists.

But Bethurum is no longer a witness. He died at his home in Landers, Calif., on May 21, 1969, at the age of 70.

Thousands who read his books, and met the genial man personally over the years, will mourn his passing.

Dr. Edward U. Condon, in his "SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS," declared, early last year, that astronomical studies had disclosed there really wasn't any planet Clarion—that according to careful calculations, such a hidden planet couldn't exist. But to those individuals, however, who read and re-read Bethurum's beautiful, if sometimes somewhat naive writings, the Planet Clarion is real indeed!

DR. MIRAN LINDTNER

Dr. Miran Lindtner, founder of the Australian UFO Research and Information Services, and President of the UFO Investigation Centre in Sydney, Australia, died August 30, 1969.

Dr. Lindtner was a noted veterinarian, and had gone to a

veterinarian congress in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, as a representative of the N.S.W. government. On the way to Frankfurt, Germany, after having spent an evening with Karl Veit, president of a German UFO society, he had only a few hours sleep and was apparently late at the station. He had just put three of his four bags in the train when the train was flagged away. He tried to board it, but the footplates closed automatically, and he was dragged about 100 yards along the platform. Then he fell, was run over and died instantly.

He was a leading world specialist in poultry diseases, a gifted composer and musician. He left a young widow and three children.

As a foreign representative of the International UFO Research and Analytic Network, of New York, Dr. Lindtner had paid a visit to that organization on August 16th, only two weeks before his death (see photo).

WILLY LEY

Willy Ley died on June 24, 1969. Although not a saucer "believer," he wrote articles on the subject and

(continued on page 48)



IFCUFON staff photo of Dr. Miran Lindtner's U.S. visit. Left to right: Timothy Green Beckley, James W. Moseley and his daughter, Betty, George Emmerson Fox, Mrs. Yolanda VonKeviczky, Colman VonKeviczky, Dr. Lindtner, Clarence W. Stackhouse, John J. and Mary Robinson, Harry Hoffman.

RECENT NEWS

THE THING AT THE WINDOW

In Charleston, W. Va. Patrick Mathna stared at the whirling tapes. Above him, taller than he, and silhouetted in the glaring neon sign outside the building, loomed his questioner. Tall and rather thin, talk radio personality Hugh McPherson merged almost into the unreal, his padded earphones bulging from his serious, questioning face, like the headgear of some otherworldly visitor. Before the recording session he had been jolly and affable, treating Pat to a sandwich and a soft drink—but now as the tapes whirled he had become a different thing, a part of the glowing paraphernalia of tubes and meters. Now he was solemn, prodding Pat's memory here and there, acting the Devil's advocate, he suspected, in order to bring out the best in his story.

Outside, the searing heat of the June day had momentarily passed; then the smog of the Kanawha Valley had trapped it and held it far into the tense, soggy and suffocating night. At midnight it would be Monday. McPherson taped his shows at odd hours, whenever he could snatch some interesting personality to distill in his laboratory of sounds.

"IT WILL BE THE GREATEST DESTRUCTION MANKIND HAS EVER KNOWN," the preacher shouted. "THE DEAD WON'T BE IN MILLIONS, BUT IN BILLIONS. THE BATTLE WILL COME WITH SUCH FORCE, FAR GREATER THAN NUCLEAR WEAPONS, THAT EVERYONE WILL KNOW IT'S FROM THE HAND OF JEHOVAH ALMIGHTY."

Pat, though he did not espouse any particular religious faith, always liked to go to church on Sunday, attending different ones. This morning, just having arrived in the strange city the previous night, he took a long early walk and heard a rousing sermon from inside the meeting place of Charleston's Jehovah's Witnesses. He had never attended such a service, walked quietly inside and was seated.

The speaker, as he told of the

battle of Armageddon, produced a complex chart showing that the early autumn of 1975 would mark exactly 6,000 years since God created Adam and Eve.

"Counting each 1,000 years as a 'day,'" the speaker asserted, "then the period from 1975 to 2975 would be the 'seventh day' when God rests—or the post-Armageddon millennium of peace and tranquility."

Considering the tensions in the world, and man's ability to completely destroy himself, the Jehovah's Witnesses' pronouncements were not so outlandish as they first sounded. Although 1975 was the proscribed "Doomsday," Pat felt such an event might reasonably occur any time.

Maybe that was what the strange men in black were trying to tell him. He couldn't be quite sure, because they had never openly contacted him. Ever since he was six years old, however, the strange fixation that he, himself, was not from Earth, had continued to haunt him. These thoughts had culminated in the appearances of these people, in groups of three, at various times. Unlike other UFO enthusiasts, who had cringed at the Men In Black, the idea had never really frightened him. He would like to meet them, and see what they were really up to. When he was sick recently, they had appeared often on the street below his hospital window. He would believe they were guarding him. Once, in a dream, only it was more real than a dream, they had whispered to him, "LITTLE BROTHER!"

Still, the words of the speaker disturbed him, and interrupted his chain of thought. He wished he had gone to a more comforting church service.

He continued the taped broadcast by telling Hugh about the most interesting "creature" case his UFO study group, the U.F.O.R.B.L., of Lorain, Ohio, recently uncovered. Their director, Norman C. Swinehart, Jr., and he had thoroughly investigated the matter and was certain that a Mr. and Mrs. Cataldo, of

2511 42nd St., in Lorain, were reliable witnesses.

It was in the early morning of Nov. 9, 1968, at 5:45 A.M., when the couple heard a loud bump on the roof of their house. Then they heard a noise at the bedroom window like something moving. Mrs. Cataldo looked out the window and screamed. A terrible face stared at her through the glass. It was a creature of some sort, about 6 ft. tall. The head and body were very large, and its two front paws—or hands—or whatever they were, rested on the window sill.

Pat read from Swinehart's official file report:

"I (Mr. Cataldo) had seen the same thing. I tried to get out of bed as fast as I could, but because of my bad back, my movements were somewhat slower. I tried to get my gun which was under the mattress, but by the time it took me to reach the gun the thing was gone. It took off running around the East side of the house with heavy movements from side to side, like an ape. It ran across two streets, then southeast toward a field and woods, also a large ravine and the Black River.

"The front of the creature was a light greyish brown. The head was huge. The rest of the body, from what we could see from the bedroom light, was a darker shade of grayish brown. The thing made no sound other than the noise it made when apparently pawing at the window."

As near as Swinehart could determine, the sighting of the creature lasted only one or two minutes. The witnesses further described the creature as looking like "a large lion" of around 600 lbs., standing on its hind legs. Swinehart and Mathna, both of whom belonged to a reserve city police force, and had crime detection experience, made a thorough investigation.

"We took palm prints from the window sill, which looked human, except that the prints were reversed from the normal fashion."

"That's quite a report," McPherson intoned into the



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microphone, "and I guess your group has investigated many of these so-called monster sightings, and like other investigators you connect them with the Unidentified Flying Objects. Now we have to break for Pepsi, the fresher refresher, and after the commercial I'd like you to tell me, Pat, what you think would be the greatest single consequence if the saucers should suddenly land and make themselves known to everybody..."

The 30-second break would give him time to think of the most logical answer. People nowadays probably wouldn't panic, as an Air Force spokesman had once suggested. Religion probably wouldn't be upset. The biggest danger always boiled

down to confrontation with a highly advanced culture and the psychic damage this might cause. And even greater was the certainty that such an advanced civilization would have possession of the secrets of almost freely abundant energy, a concept that would most likely destroy Earth's fossil fuel-oriented economy. Yes, that would be a good one to discuss with Hugh.

IGNITION AND LIGHTS FAIL

Jim Martini looked across his desk at me and grinned, and I couldn't help feel he was putting me on. He was trying to contain a smile, and wasn't listening at all to my spiel about the new screen I had to sell which was so highly reflective the schools in his county wouldn't have to buy "blackout" blinds to show educational films.

"You really believe this about the UFOs, don't you?"

I hedged, as I usually do, when talking with school executives, for even though I am fascinated by the entire UFO syndrome, I am careful about talking about it to customers who might think I was a kook of some kind. But I have always enjoyed discussing the subject with Jim. One of the most highly respected social studies curriculum experts in the state, his second field was in the physical sciences. After I had appeared on a program at his Rotary Club, he warmed up on the UFO subject and liked to argue with me about it, usually taking the side of the Air Force and Dr. Menzel. Now I was trying to get him off the subject of saucers and sell him some of the new screens, since I knew his county had never invested heavily in darkening shades.

"Now this new screen," I repeated...

"So you're on your way to New York," he interrupted. "Are you going to speak up there again? Will you be on the Long John Show?"

"Hey, you know what?" I told him (figuring how I could explain what I was going to do in New York), "Jim Moseley has promised me that I'm going to meet a REAL WITCH in New York!"

"Male or female," he joked.

"Both!" I replied. "A man and his

wife. Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Buckland, one of the few practicing witches willing to appear in public and tell about it. If I can learn how, when I get back, you're one of the first person's I'll put a hex on!"

Then I tried to explain how I had inadvertently gotten on the weird Halloween program. I had promised Jim Moseley to appear on one of his lecture programs during the fall, and one morning about 2:00 A.M. he called me up (as he has a bad habit of doing). Not being too perceptive or coherent at that strange hour, I told him that yes, surely, I would be glad to lecture for him on the evening of October 31. Only after I got the lecture notice two days later did I realize that I had been booked on what Jim had billed as an "All Ghouls Night," with several speakers, probably all of them just as weird or even weirder than myself. Among the other speakers was Jim Sutton, who espoused "Frozen Death," and the two witches I had just mentioned. Jim, tired of the poor attendance at his series of lectures by UFO personalities, had decided to "pull out all the stops" and "show jaded New Yorkers a thing or two!"

"It will be a lot of fun," I told the school executive, "and the real reason I'm being asked is that Long John Nebel has never turned me down when I asked to appear on his all-night talk show. Moseley needs the publicity for he has a small fortune stuck in this promotion, and plugs on the Long John Show always draws a huge crowd to his lectures."

I got up to go, knowing that Martini had a heavy schedule. "I can leave a sample of the screen if you want to try it out..."

But I could sense the educator didn't want me to go just then. He motioned for me to sit. He was interested in the new screen but didn't want to admit it. Next he would try to beat me down on the price and I would have to give him a discount. But that was dandy, for he represented a large school system which always got a discount anyhow...

"You'll be interested in this," he began, "and it's the God's truth. Now my wife and I didn't see anything, you understand, no saucer or anything

GIANT HALLOWE'EN SHOW at Willkie Memorial Bldg., 20 W. 40th St., at 8 p.m. Friday, Oct. 31, 1969

13 NOTED AUTHORITIES IN PERSON (COUNT THEM!) 13
SLIDES, FILMS, AND ^{plus} OTHER NAMELESS HORRORS

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Note: In the unlikely event of last-minute delays or changes, we cannot be responsible.

	<u>DOWNSTAIRS AUDITORIUM:</u>	<u>UPSTAIRS AUDITORIUM:</u>	
	Master of Ceremonies = JAMES (THE AMAZING) RANDI, star of radio & TV, master magician, and escape artist.	Master of Ceremonies = JAMES W. MOSELEY, UFO authority, Editor of SAUCER NEWS, and pro- moter of tonight's program.	
8:00			8:00
	Lecture on "frozen death" (cry- onics) by JIM SUTTON, a pioneer in this field of research.	Entertainment by RANDI and JOHN ZACHERLE, famed M.C. of horror shows, currently with WNEW-FM.	
8:15			8:15
	Entertainment by RANDI and JOHN ZACHERLE, famed M.C. of horror shows, currently with WNEW-FM.	BARBARA HUDSON, Fortean research- er, tells of swamp monsters, Voo- doo rites, and other assorted horrors she has investigated.	
8:30			
	THREE SHORT HORROR FILM CLASSICS from the 1930's: "Dracula"; "Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman"; and "The Mummy".	GRAY BARKER, UFO expert, shows film and tells of various mon- sters seen in West Virginia.	8:45
9:00			9:00
	I N T E R M I S S I O N		
9:15			9:15
	Lecture by SANFORD TELLER, co- author with Long John Nebel of "The Psychic World Around Us."	Lecture on "frozen death" (cry- onics) by JIM SUTTON, a pioneer in this field of research.	
9:30			
	Slide lecture on monsters, etc., by BOB COCHNER, who is an editor with the world's leading feature news service.	BROTHER THEODORE, TV star, in his bad, mad, sad shoe-string movie short entitled "Midnight Cafe."	9:45
10:00			10:00
	Astounding lecture by DR. CAROL HARPER, a 45-year-old man who had the brain of a 21-year-old girl transplanted into his body - the world's first successful brain transplant!	Slide lecture on ghosts, polter- geists, etc. by noted Fortean re- searcher MICHAEL G. MANN	
10:30			10:30
	I N T E R M I S S I O N		
10:45			10:45
	CALVIN BECK, editor and publisher of "Castle of Frankenstein," heads a panel of experts who will dis- cuss horror films and related topics. Questions from the audi- ence will be welcomed at this as well as tonight's other events.	TIMOTHY GREEN BECKLEY, author of five books on various "off-beat" topics, gives a slide lecture on monsters from Outer Space and other related horrors.	11:15
		DR. RAYMOND BUCKLAND, one of the very few practicing witches will- ing to appear in public, gives a slide lecture on witchcraft - in- cluding several slides showing reenactments of the actual secret rites of this little-understood pre-Christian religion.	
12:00			12:00

like that, but this gave me the weirdest feeling I've ever had, and I still can't explain it. . ."

My mouth flew open. I knew he was serious.

"I suppose this must have been the famous EM effect," and he laughed, though somewhat nervously.

"It was just last night. My wife and I were returning from a bridge party. We were just approaching the Sand Fork Bridge when, all of a sudden, a strange and weird feeling came over me. My wife said she felt it too. Just a second or two later my lights went out, and the motor coughed and died. Luckily there was a full moon, and we weren't going fast, but I was afraid we would wreck. I did like the samety commercials say, threw the automatic into low, applied my foot and hand brakes and eased the car onto the shoulder. After a few seconds and after giving thanks that I had stopped safely, THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY CAME BACK ON. I cranked the motor and it started.

"Now, I suppose if we'd seen a light in the sky, I'd have a perfect story for you involving the 'EM' effect which is supposed to stop cars when there's a saucer around. But still, I'm speaking seriously, I'm convinced there is SOMETHING, whatever it is, to these reports of car stallings we hear so much about."

Here was a good way to get back at Martini. Although I was sure that his weird premonition had convinced him there was something strange about the ignition and power failure, I gave him back some of his own medicine.

"I'm surprised at you, Jim! You should check your battery cable. I'll bet if you do you'll find its' corroded. The humidity or whatever condition at the time simply caused you to get a bad connection, and naturally your ignition and lights went out."

He made no further comment at that moment, then got back to business. "I don't know much about your screen," he said. "It might be all right. But for the moment I think we'll stick to the conventional type. Anyway, by this time, your office has probably already received our order which I sent out yesterday for 2,000 blackout blinds. So when you get to New York, live it up! I thought you

would like to know in advance about those nice commissions."

My eyes brightened. There is a long profit in classroom blackout blinds. He put his arm around me and walked me to the door. I punched at him and he dodged.

He paused again. "I didn't tell you ALL of what happened," he said. "Now I know all about auto ignitions. I worked my way through graduate schools in a Ford Service Department. You know, when this happened—you remember that little battery-operated cassette tape recorder you sold me? Well, I had recorded a speech on it, and my wife and I were listening to it when the car stopped. Do you know—the battery-operated recorder, completely independent of the automobile electrical circuits, also STOPPED AT THE SAME TIME, and IT CAME ON THE INSTANT THE LIGHTS CAME BACK ON!"

COUPLE CHASED BY SAUCER

I had called on Martini while doing sales work early in the week in the Eastern Panhandle of West Virginia. From there I would zip up Interstate 81 to the New Jersey Turnpike early Thursday, visit the Rissler Observatory in Philadelphia and be in New York in plenty of time for the Long John Show. I wanted to tell the Observatory director, Norman J. Schreiberstein, about my short interview with Col. Frank Borman and compare notes with him.

"I just got a good sighting in," Norman told me, "and it seems to pass most of the tests. I like this sighting because it is accompanied by maps, measurements and other data."

At 3:30 A.M. on July 13, Edgar Paquette of Petawawa, eastern Ontario, Canada, was driving along the Black Bay Road back to Petawawa with his fiance from Pembroke, 8 miles south of where he lived. His companion drew his attention to a bright light, which she contended was following them.

Paquette said the UFO lit up the Petawawa River "like day," and was convinced the thing was "aimed right at us." At first he wasn't frightened, slowed down and turned off the car lights momentarily to get a better look at it. As he did so, the oncoming light seemed to hesitate. He then

stopped the car and got out, over his Fiancee's protestations, grabbed his flashlight and started signalling with it.

"At that point, that rig seemed to come right after us," he said, describing how the light suddenly descended rapidly toward the car. He realized it was a solid object, about 8 feet in diameter and equipped with two legs.

Now terrified, he jumped into the car and drove to the nearest house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gerry Chartrand. His friend became hysterical, yelling, "Have you got a phone. My God, have you got a phone?"

Paquette finally got her into the car and drove her home. There, the light hovered over the house. He awakened his parents, and the four of them drove as far as the gate, whereupon the light came down at them again, then sped away.

A check with a Canadian Forces Station at Foymount, 32 miles south of Petawawa, drew a denial that anything had been picked up on radar.

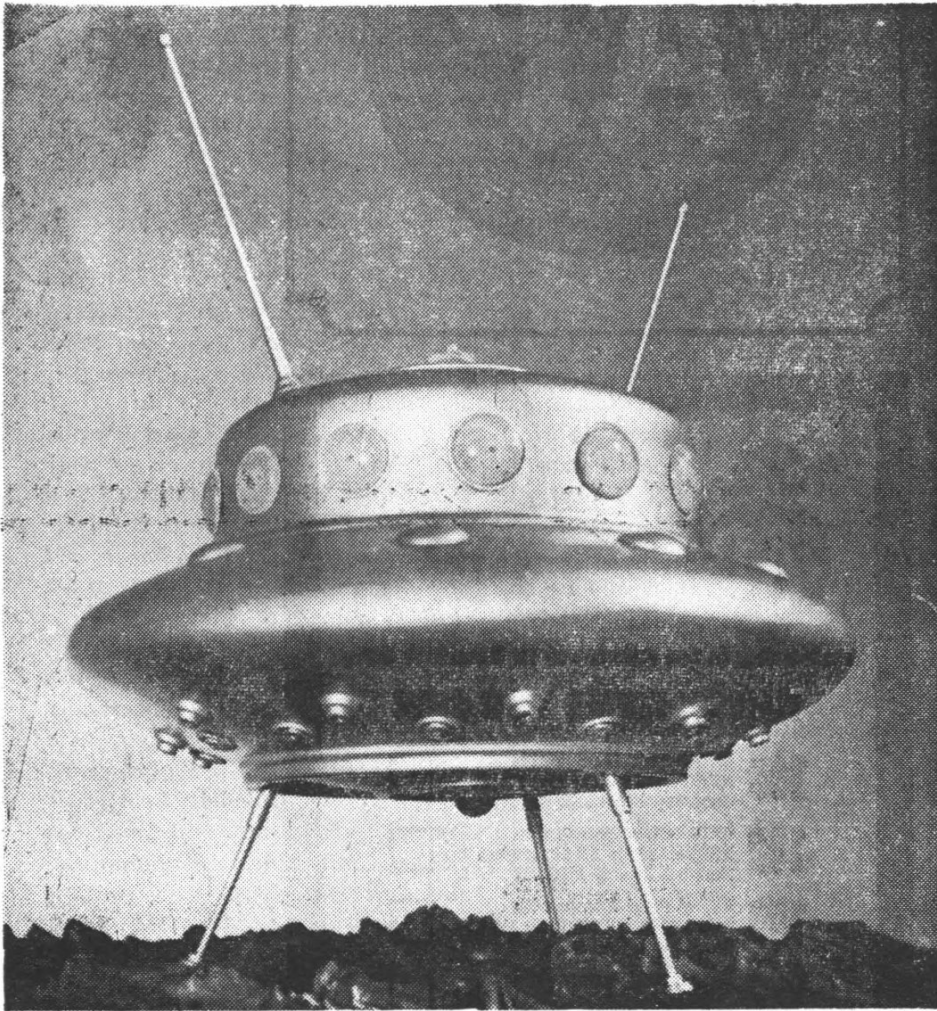
After I saw Schreiberstein's documentation agreed with him that the sighting appeared to be valid. "But you know," he suddenly blurted out, "I'm beginning to conclude that the study of the UFOs may have little place in an observatory such as this. In the future we plan to put more emphasis on the space program."

I knew that Schreiberstein was a friend of Dr. Donald Menzel, who wrote two books in an attempt to prove that saucers didn't exist, and that they constantly argued this subject in correspondence and personal encounters.

As if reading my mind, Norm explained, "No, Dr. Menzel hasn't convinced me. And I'm dead certain there's something real behind a small percentage of reported sightings. But any scientist will have to admit that the Condon Report is convincing in many aspects."

"But what about the small percentage you still believe in?"

"I'm beginning to think," he told me, "that even though some sightings are valid, somehow they do not respond to the usual scientific methods of investigations. It's like ESP. You can't seem to get a



INTERPLANETARY SAUCER?

Hardly, but the photo at left is of an elaborate model, produced by technicians at Union Carbide's Institute, W. Va. plant, illustrating the object seen on Feb. 19, 1969, by Mrs. Helen Scott of Greenbrier County, W. Va.

More realistic perspective is shown in the photo below, which illustrates its true size. Admiring the model left to right are: Mary Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jarrett (he was the sponsor of the sixth annual Congress of Scientific Ufologists held June 20-21, 1969 in Charleston, W. Va.), and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fanning. The model was exhibited on WCHS Television, prior to its being presented to James W. Moseley as an award to the best speaker at the Open Sessions of the Congress on June 21. (Photos by Frank Wilkin)



controlled scientific situation. You pretty well know it's there but you can't prove it."

The early evening sun, breaking through some cloud cover, shone through the window of Schreiberstein's study, falling directly on the autographed pictures of astronauts and space officials on the wall. I realized it was getting late and I had best get going if I met Jim Moseley in New Jersey in time for him to drive me over into Manhattan to Radio City and the Long John Show.

STRANGE PHONE CALL

Pat Mathna thanked Hugh McPherson for the lift, walked across the spacious lobby of the Daniel Boone Hotel and got his room key.

"Oh yes, there was a message, that just came in," the clerk said. "I was just putting it into your box."

Pat looked at the slip of paper. It contained a name and a New Orleans telephone number. He didn't know Gina Rando, but the name of the organization, CAPRI, was familiar. He wondered how she knew he was in Charleston.

As he rode up the elevator he remarked to himself, "Exciting things are already happening." He had arrived in Charleston a few days early, and would attend the sixth annual meeting of the Congress of Scientific Ufologists that coming weekend, June 20 and 21. His group had just recently become a member of the Congress, a highly-regarded confederation of civilian UFO investigative organizations. He looked forward to meeting some of the top investigators in the field including Jim Moseley, Allen H. Greenfield, Rick Hilberg and others.

Before returning the call he decided to check the name with his address book, was irritated to find that he had obviously misplaced it. Finally he found it in his suitcase. He was almost certain he had left it in the desk drawer. He couldn't find the name, and his curiosity was growing. He picked up the room phone and returned the call, after having trouble getting the switchboard due to a faulty connection and two people conversing in foreign language.

"Mr. Mathna, I would like to know what this is all about," an obviously

nervous voice confronted him from New Orleans. Then Miss Rando explained she had just received a most terrifying call from a man "with a German accent," who identified himself as "Heinrich."

"Did he threaten you," Mathna, with his police orientation, quickly asked.

"Not exactly. He said he could only 'ADVISE'. I don't quite understand what he was driving at. He 'advised' against my further investigation of what he termed 'free energy.' Now I don't know much if anything at all about 'free energy.' This didn't upset me so much as the tone of his voice. It had a strange mechanical, almost alien quality to it."

"But how did you know to call me here? And we've never even met or corresponded!"

"Mr. Heinrich told me to call you. He gave me the number of the hotel and your room number. He said you had experiences with the so-called men in black and that you could further advise me as to what to do."

For an hour after he hung up Mathna sat in the room and tried to explain the situation rationally. Nobody except members of his own group knew of his present whereabouts. Where had Heinrich found out? Perhaps through his own group. He telephoned Norman Swinehart and Robert DeLuca. Neither of them had received any strange calls nor given out his whereabouts.

We took a folder from his briefcase, labeled "MIB FILE," and thumbed through the material. Nowhere could he find the name of Heinrich. He did re-read, however, an excellent report on MIB (Men In Black) activities, just issued by Wayne Ruple, director of the International Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, Rt. 1, Box 254, Steele, Ala. It contained a great deal of evidence of sinister forces working within the UFO scene:

Sic:

THE EXPANDING CASE FOR ALIENS AMONG US

With recent events, and events occurring several years ago, we are now faced with another problem.

Silencings, hush-ups, warnings, threats and the like have begun to increase alarmingly.

Is it possible that aliens are amongst us? What is the evidence? What could be their purpose?

We hope to expound upon these questions in this brief report.

CASES

1. *After the 1967 Congress of Scientific UFologist Saucer News postage meter and material from files was stolen.*

2. *At recent UFO convention in New York several delegates felt they were being watched and followed. The strange personalities seemed to be using wire tapping equipment and operating out of a certain room of the Hotel Commodore.*

3. *Aug. 19, 1967, one of America's leading UFO researchers was hushed up. He felt UFO mystery involves a struggle between good and evil forces mentioned in the Bible.*

It seems Colonel George P. Freeman, Pentagon spokesman on UFOs admits the Air Force has checked on imposters bearing impressive credentials from government agencies. These imposters frighten people with complex and extensive actions along with threatening phone calls and letters, cars with meaningless license plates or none at all and being dressed in dark clothing, letters with no postmarks, phone bills with long distance bills.

4. *Robert Masley, Ohio director of the Interplanetary News Service, was followed to the scene of a supposedly UFO sighting by a black sedan with no license plates and a driver wearing dark clothing. Later received twelve strange phone calls, 15 sec. each, with a strange beeping sound. Followed twice by same person. Says investigators should be careful.*

5. *When an object came down on a road in South Hill, Va. and burned the road a group of visitors came the next day in a black Cadillac with Idaho license plates. Claimed to be Air Force colonel and wife with a sergeant. Air Force claims they were imposters.*

6. *George Smyth of Elizabeth, N.J., was visited by 3 men in black. Later received weird phone calls and one told him to drop interest in*

UFOs. Mail had been tampered with.

Saucer News editorial of Winter 67-68, voiced the opinion that these beings were either mysterious aliens or a highly organized group of hoaxsters. The theft could be for the purpose of framing and discrediting. It brings about many complex questions and maybe they are just trying to divert our minds away from the saucers. John Keel states that thousands already know the answer but keep their mouths shut. Many find it impossible to cope with and abandon the work in the interest of self-preservation. Only way to cope with it is use the methods of secret intelligence agencies. Once we revise our approach and discover the keys, we can uncover the secret in a matter of weeks. It seems the key is laid out in the Bible but few can cope with it.

It appears some researchers were framed for blackmail and murder.

In New York one of the men in black was killed in the streets while legal authorities caught another. Teams of men in black turtlenecks were in Washington claiming to be Civil Defense workers. On Long Island men in Air Force uniforms harassed UFO witnesses but AF says they knew nothing. Seems John Keel was followed by a Cadillac.

7. Albert K. Bender found the answer and was hushed up. Copies of his SPACE REVIEW were confiscated. He was visited by three men in black. He seemed to think it had something to do with the South Pole since Admiral Richard E. Byrd saw some mighty queer things in Antarctica.

8. In the Dahl and Crissom case there was a plane which was seemingly sabotaged after material was seen to come from an object and was later placed on the plane. Records seem to indicate a visitor came to Dahl's house with a black suit on and related everything as if he had been there. He stated they should not have seen what they did. Air Force claims sighting was hoax.

9. Edgar R. Jarrold of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau received a visitor expounding confidential information and suggested a name change to Interplanetary Ships Sighting Bureau. Jarrold received 4 visits and felt talks were not connected with government

and told not to close down his organization. He was questioned about extraterrestrial visitors and told they had horrifying destructive forces. Bender felt saucers were from Mars and wished to study their cause rather than origin.

It also appears the "men in black" use clever disguises and make unwanted visits. Seems one of these men broke into office of SAUCERIAN PUBLICATIONS and went through the files. A Mr. Watts of Wellington, Texas, sighted an object and claimed contact. Later silenced. Also stopped on the road and hit a blow on the head by men in dark business suits. Told by them not to pass a lie detector test. Watts feels CIA may be involved.

10. Saucer investigator Harold Fulton of New Zealand during 1953 became terrified by sound outside. One noise was followed by observation of orange-pink glow. An odor like burning plastic also accompanied noise. Also visited by men in car. One phone call stated, "I warn you to stop interfering in matters that do not concern you."

11. Newscaster Frank Edwards got his walking papers after his appeal to the public concerning UFOs. He is now dead. Wonder why?

12. Researcher Dr. M.K. Jessup was found dead also.

Adding the above to his own experiences, Pat Mathna concluded that something strange definitely was afoot, and vowed to keep a careful record. He started to make some notes, but he was very tired. It was now 1:30 A.M. He removed his shoes and jacket, lay down on the bed to think the matter out, but very soon was fast asleep.

THE THING IN THE SKY

Once here did Indians attack, and here did Pauline strive, each week, to escape the dire calamities plotted by her adversaries. But now they existed only in a dim, faded dream-world, of yellowed and pulverizing nitrate films, locked away here and there by museums, film buffs and collectors. Fort Lee, New Jersey looked little like it did in the movie history books which I collect. True, urbanity had caught up with later than in the

storied Babylon across the now dank and polluted Hudson; and only in recent years, since I began visiting it, had the high-rise apartments begun to dominate the ancient movie capital of the world. I searched the skyline for the highest and most modern of them all, for that was where James W. Moseley now lived.

"Come in!" shouted Jim, affably. "You'll have to make yourself at home alone for a moment or two," he continued nervously. "Gladys Fusaro's on the phone, and there's been a new wave of sightings on Long Island. And Princess Moon Owl has been appearing again out there in Huntington."

My excitement grew. I was overwhelmed by Jim's tremendous apartment, and I had only seen the living room. And I knew that when Gladys Fusaro, one of our SAUCER NEWS assistant editors, began reporting sightings on Long Island, there was really something going on. Jim's mention of the mysterious Moon Owl was also intriguing. Nobody knew who she was, a strange lady who wore weird Indian dress and who usually showed up on Long Island only when saucer sightings were at a peak.

I sank into one of the lush chairs. It combined a modern design with enough Early American look to give it character. The other furniture was of similar design. Although somewhat conservative and in thorough good taste, it had the looks of lots of money in it. Jim must have dropped a small fortune in furnishing his new apartment. The living room would contain about five of my own, and I felt almost lonesome for a moment, except that I could hear Jim's excited questions from the next room. I took off my shoes and dug my toes into the thick carpet. "Gosh!" I thought. "You could sleep right on the floor, it's so thick!"

Then my eyes moved to the huge painting—though it was more like a mural in size—which managed to dominate the entire living room. Jim had told me about it over the phone. Painted specially for his living room by Dominick Lucchesi, it seemed almost to physically undulate with swirling colors. Lucchesi, not heard much from in recent years in UFO

circles, had dropped most of his saucer research to devote his time to occult studies. Lately he had taken up his painting again, trying, he explained to Jim, to express in oils the transcendental feeling and cosmic awareness he had once felt in a vision, wherein a robed and bearded Adept had materialized into his room.

Here and there were *suggestions* of things and faces, but once I thought I could pick them out and identify them, they merged into something else. Throughout the work, Lucchesi had managed to maintain a hazy or smoky representation, as if one were looking through the exaltations of some vast witch's pot. My eyes surveyed the rest of the room. I was glad to know Jim liked the present I had given him, one of the experimental models of the "Cosmic Light Column," which I planned to market in the fall. I went over to the immense stereo player, raised the cover and pressed a button. It responded with some soft diatonic scales, which I believed to be some little-known work composed during the Renaissance. Though it was soft, the light column responded with subtle patterns of visible colors, red, green and yellow. I punched the reject button and almost jumped backward as a loud clatter of percussion instruments welled up and the Light Column went wild in a burst of colors.

"TURN THAT DAMN THING DOWN!" Jim emerged from his study. "Are you trying to wake the neighbors?"

"YOUR FATHER READS KEYHOE!" I rejoined, in an equally bantering voice. Jim almost broke up at the private joke. Then he added, "You didn't get that—wake the neighbors."

I frankly didn't, for it was not yet that late of night; but I switched the subject back to Long Island to find out what Gladys had uncovered.

Jim held a sheaf of notes. A vast, uncomprehensible thing had apparently passed across the troubled skies of Long Island. The reports, however, were centered around Huntington, where Gladys lived and had her many informants. Jim's notes termed the first report, "Rich Teenager Sighting," for it involved children from wealthy Long Island

families who staged a cookout night feast in a rural section.

"This may not be a saucer," Jim explained, "but it's even weirder. Two of these rich kids who were real brains had rigged up a miniature radio astronomy lab and taken it out there. The 'disk' or antenna measured only two feet in diameter, but they wanted to try it out in the rural area, shut off from radio interference to see if they could pick up anything. When they turned it on and listened through the earphones, Gladys says they heard a rushing sound when it was turned to the eastern horizon.

"The two boys tried to focus it to a finer point, but the source seemed to be a large one, covering several degrees of the night sky.

"Then suddenly they saw it, OR DIDN'T SEE IT—for Gladys asserts it was only an outline."

The two boys ran to the picnic area, and the other kids looked. A vast, wavering outline blotted out the stars. It couldn't have been cloud cover, for it moved too swiftly. Whatever it was, it had long appendages like an immense octopus. As it moved it obscured the bright stars as if some titanic creature were writhing in the sky. As it writhed, it progressed, across the sky. Its passing consumed eight or ten minutes.

A similar description came from a Mr. H.A. Sach, north of Huntington. He described the phenomenon, however, as "like a huge bird flying across the horizon."

South of Huntington, Patrick O. Trasco was skeptical when his wife, Emma, called his attention to a "flying saucer" outside their bedroom window. She had recently written in for some UFO books and had read them enthusiastically. Trasco kept trying to see what she was describing, and finally realized she had only spotted Venus, or some other bright planet. Smog, which only recently had been drifting in from New York City, was making it "play tricks." Finally, in order to convince her, he persuaded her to get up and go out onto the patio with him so he could show her a better view and identify the "saucer." She agreed, and soon he had her convinced, to her disappointment, that it was only a bright planet.

"My God! What was that!" he

interjected, as a bright glow illumined the back of the house. They picked their way around the house in their bedroom slippers, and as they did the glow subsided, though it was still evident.

As they turned the corner to the back of the small summer bungalow they witnessed an amazing scene. Although the glow had subsided, it was still much in evidence, and emanated from a ravine to the right of the old abandoned stable. His wife urged him to walk down there and investigate. But an unexplained fear seized him and he reneged.

"If that's a saucer, they won't harm us," his wife argued. She wanted to approach the ravine herself, but he wouldn't permit her.

Then the SOUND overwhelmed them. It was something like millions of spring frogs, though hoarser, and of greater volume, more like a croaking or a mad piping. The sound welled and diminished, and as it did so the glow grew brighter and dimmer.

"Gladys says they both moved out of there the next day, back to New York. Gladys says that what happened AFTERWARD, later that night, was the real clincher. But you know Gladys. She'll tell just so much, and if somebody has asked her confidence, well she'll tell a little of it, just enough to whet your appetite. She said she also had lots of 'conventional' saucer reports the same night, whatever she means by 'conventional.' I suppose when you get something really weird like those two incidents, an ordinary saucer is just something you throw in as an 'also ran.'"



ANNIVERSARY CAKE—The Florida UFO Study Group recently observed its first anniversary with a meeting in DeLand, Florida. New officers were elected at the meeting. Left to right are outgoing vice president Roger O. Sanders and new officers William LeFevre, president; George Fawcett, vice president; Richard Brunning, recording secretary, and Taver B. Cornett, director of public relations.

ROCKEFELLER CENTER

I looked for saucers, even just any old simple "Conventional," NOTHING saucer, as Jim drove me across the George Washington Bridge, into Manhattan; but I drew a blank—as usual.

"I don't think John will mind or say anything, because of my begging off being on the panel tonight. I told them that I had to attend the PTA of Betty's summer school, but that's not the real reason, which is, I am beat. I'll leave you off at the RCA building, drive back home and get some sleep until its time to pick you up."

Jim yawned heavily. I knew he had been going night and day, lining up the Hallowe'en show.

"You don't have to drive back down town. I can get a cab to the Port Authority building at the Bridge after the show. And that's a five minute drive for you across from Fort Lee. I would try to take a bus on over but..."

"Yes, you'd get screwed up. That's nice of you to meet me at the Bridge. But I'd better come and pick you up there, at the Port Authority. If you took a bus you'd probably wind up down in New Brunswick with Beckley*."

We progressed through the traffic of Times Square, to the massive RCA building.

Just go in that doorway," Jim explained, "and walk around until you see the elevator marked, "people with passes only."

"Then where do I go."

"Take that elevator."

"But I don't have any pass."

"Take it anyhow! NBC has the worst security in all broadcasting. Even your brother who runs that little CB set in his pantry has better."

I dutifully found the elevator marked "People With Passes Only." The operator smiled and motioned me inside. A man with a long beard and a heavy stoop also got in. The aged fellow seemed to regard me queerly and closely, though he didn't speak.

"Long John Show" I told the operator. The other man nodded, for the same floor.

"Oh yes, the Long John Show. Very good. Very good." Then after a pause, he added "Very good," again.



NOTED AUTHORITY

Frank Basile greets delegates at the Congress of Scientific Ufologists in Charleston, W.Va., before giving a lecture on ESP and religion to the open session. Accompanying him was his secretary, introduced as a "noted authority." (Photo by Michael G. Mann)

THE JANGLING PHONE

Pat Mathna was slowly awakened by the jangling room telephone.

He picked it up.

"Is this the person or persons who is known (Mathna later remembered the peculiar grammar) as PAT MATHNA (the caller stretched out the name, dwelling on every syllable, seeming to relish every last vowel, though also stressing the consonants)?"

"Who is this." Mathna, already made nervous by the odd accent, demanded.

"It does not matter. It is Heinrich. It is Gustaff Henrich, nor does that matter. We advise, ah, let us say, rather, we SERIOUSLY advise, you give up thoughts of what is that? (And then as if reading from a note.) Oh yes, FREE ENERGY!"

The "R" in "Free" sounded like a "W", and Heinrich also had some trouble with the word, "Energy."

"But what about free energy? I know nothing about free energy."

"But, oh yes, FREE ENERGY. What do any of us know of FREE ENERGY. What do ANY of us know

about ANYTHING. But oh yes (the caller punctuated his rigamarole with many "Oh yes's.) the tape my friend, the TAPE. Know not of FREE ENERGY. Yet the TAPE."

"You mean the tape I made tonight."

"Oh yes, the TAPE. Oh yes. The Tape. Must be CANCELLED."

"I can't cancel the tape. There is nothing wrong on it."

"Nothing wrong, of course. The Tape. Oh Yes. Advise Cancel, CANCEL."

Mathna, in his role as UFO investigator, was accustomed to many hoax calls. Usually, friends of his, knowing of his interest in the UFOs, would call up late at night, and breathe deeply into the phone. If he listened closely, he could usually hear music or giggling in the background. But tonight it was different. The man seemed to have no breath at all, almost as if he were mechanical. By now Mathna was fully awakened and collecting his wits. This must be the same person who called Gina Rando, the person who inexplicably knew where he was staying.

"Look Buster," Pat rejoined. "I don't know who you are, but people have to get their sleep, and I don't know who you are. Where are you from anyhow?"

"I am Heinrich, Gustaff Heinrich, and you can check my address, which is One Wall Street*."

Mathna scribbled down the address. Then once again he rejoined the caller for telephoning him so late.

"You will not be angry, you will not be cross. For tomorrow is another day. Again, advise tape, CANCEL, CANCEL."

Mathna thought back over the recorded interview with Hugh McPherson. He could think of nothing his mysterious caller might object to. He thought again about the phone call. The caller's final remark had affected him strangely, why he did not know. Before the phone went dead, Heinrich had said to him, "I will be seeing you, LITTLE BROTHER."

As he sat there, still pondering the call, suddenly he got a very strong

*Moseley referred to Timothy Green Beckley, our favorite author and editor at Saucerian Publications. Beckley lives in New Brunswick, N.J.

*"One Wall Street" is obviously a fake address. It is the address of the New York Stock Exchange.—Ed.



MEDIA "DIGS" CONGRESS

WCHS, both TV and Radio, gave the Congress of Scientific Ufologists whooping news coverage in Charleston the past June. Top to bottom: Al Sahley, popular DJ who has seen many saucers himself, digs out an oldie, "The Flying Saucers," and then gets in some plugs after the platter; News film cameraman shoots live coverage of closed sessions by special permission; (L-R) Edward Biebel, Allen H. Greenfield and Rick Hilberg give Ufological answers on the phone show, "Ask the Expert". Hilberg, Biebel, and Ralph Jarrett star on "The Jackie Oblinger Show," parts of which were re-telecast later on news programs.

WSAZ-TV, Huntington, also gave massive coverage, and WOAY-TV, Oak Hill, scheduled a special program featuring the Congress. (Photos by Barbara Hudson)

impression somebody was standing outside the door. He grew frightened. It was as if somebody were standing outside the door, watching him, through the wall. He walked haltingly to the door, put his ear to it and listened. Silence. Then he gently grasped the door handle. He could feel a firm grip on it from the outside doorknob. Then, angered as much as frightened, he turned the night latch, grasped the doorknob hard, twisted it and flung the door open. He would confront Heinrich, whoever he was.

The long unwashed wall of the ancient hallway was all that greeted him. From down the hallway came laughter. A man led and partly supported a woman in an evening gown, with one of its straps broken, he trying to hold it up.

Then he spotted the thing on the floor, which had been stuck partially under his door. It was a fragment crudely torn from a promotional map similar to the one which Ralph Jarrett, head of Flying Saucer Investigators, sponsoring organization for the Congress, had sent each delegate.

Pat picked it up. The fragment comprised roughly the Parkersburg, W. Va., area, and counties south of it. Circled by a blue marking pen was an area north of Point Pleasant. That was all.

He stared at it, turned it over to see if there was anything on the other side, but there wasn't, except the usual printed tourist information. He looked again at the circled area. It was the spot associated with the "Mothman" sightings prior to the collapse of the Silver Bridge in December, 1967.

He believed the map was a message from Heinrich, who might be trying to tell him something. Perhaps if he went to Point Pleasant, Heinrich might meet him there. He would like to know who this strange man really was. And he had a few days to occupy before the Congress convened on Friday. Busses ran to Point Pleasant all through the day, and it was only a two-hour trip.

He picked up the phone, got Hugh McPherson's home number and woke him up. Over Hugh's protestations, he asked him to cancel the tape and to erase it immediately.

Then he got the map fragment and looked at it long and closely.

Yes, he would go to Point Pleasant the next day.

THE FRIGHTENED PILOT

Sgt. Michael G. Robinson checked and stored more file folders, checking each off the master list. The Air Force didn't pay overtime, and he wasn't an apple polisher. It was Christmas Eve and he planned his leave to include the holidays. We wanted the time off now, for his wife was expecting, and he wanted time to be with her. It would be their first. Since he held only a clerical position in Project Bluebook, once he got this particular job done he was all through and would be reassigned after his leave.

The announcement on December 17 by Air Force Secretary Robert C. Seamans, Jr. that the agency was being closed immediately took him with complete surprise, though he suspected his superiors had some advance wind of it. Personally the end of this job was not disappointing. Although the job had been relatively soft, he couldn't help sharing the general low morale of the others on the small staff, from the clerical on up to the director. From what he could learn, the Project had long been considered a kind of service Siberia from which all personnel were glad to be reassigned. Nobody, he considered, had distinguished himself personally in the project, unless it might have been Capt. Edward J. Ruppelt, who wrote a successful book about it.

As far as the UFOs or Saucers were concerned, he wasn't too greatly interested. He supposed the analyses the agency had come up with to explain the thousands of cases it dealt with were generally correct. He had been here only six months, and since getting involved with the subject he had often talked to his friends about it, but they hadn't responded with much interest. They felt the University of Colorado Project, headed by Dr. Edward U. Condon, had fully exploded saucer reality, and the two Apollo moon landings had further taken their interest away from UFO reports.

He didn't entirely go along with these opinions, believing "where there is smoke there is bound to be fire."



----- The Sunday Oklahoman

And he had reason to doubt an account related to him by a good buddy, a pilot a few years older than he, employed by an air freight firm.

On September 12th his buddy was on a run from Chicago to Cleveland in a relatively light two-engine plane. He entered a cloud bank where he encountered unusually severe turbulence. He cut air speed and decided to lose some altitude to avoid the severe buffeting. But his altimeter remained at its original reading—indeed he was slowly gaining height! No turbulence was predicted, though that was understandable; a pilot often encountered surprises. The condition suddenly eased to below-average turbulence and he relaxed momentarily, until he noted the altimeter again. He was still climbing! Then, as he emerged from the cloud bank, he was surprised and shaken. Above him about 500 ft., a few hundred yards ahead of him, and matching his own speed was a huge, silvery, circular object. It displayed no signs of wings, propellers, jets, exhausts or other configuration. Although he was beneath the craft and couldn't get a good idea of its shape, he surmised it was a flat, disk-shaped thing. He started to radio the nearest ground control station for information about other aircraft in the vicinity, then thought better of it, for he had heard of the red tape other pilots went through after reporting UFOs. And most any airline, passenger or freight, frowned upon such publicity.

The silvery disk was looming larger. As he watched it, he imagined it was descending, and he strained for a better look, hoping he could soon identify it as a conventional aircraft. Then his eye strayed to the altimeter again.

He was still gaining—even though he had cut his speed and lowered his flaps! Fright began to overtake him. He cut the throttle more, but still the strange craft drew closer. He had the distinct impression he was being sucked up toward a possible collision with it or capture by it. He flipped on the radio but couldn't raise the base. Whatever the thing was, it had cut out his radio! The temperature began to raise in the cabin. Now the thing was directly above him and he lost sight of it, but still he gained altitude. Suddenly a group of small spherical objects appeared circling and darting about his plane. They seemed to be no more than a few inches in diameter, or a foot at best. He tried to bank the plane into a turn, but even though his controls were operative, he was apparently held prisoner by the strange object which had captured him in some sort of force or gravity field he could not explain. Meanwhile the heat continued to grow. He tore off his jacket and loosened his shirt. He was perspiring freely. Suddenly he felt a great jolt, and his plane, suddenly coming alive, almost went into a stall. He pulled the throttle and the nose eased up. Then, for the first time since the weird encounter, he was losing altitude. He saw no more of

the object, and it was as if the thing, which had held him in its power, had given him some sort of inexplicable examination, then lost interest.

PHILIPPINES' LANDING

"HI, NEIGHBORS, THIS IS LONG JOHN. IN EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS MR. GRAY BARKER, ONE OF THE FOREMOST EXPERTS ON THE SUBJECT OF FLYING SAUCERS, WILL BRING YOU ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING, MOST SENSATIONAL REPORTS OF THE YEAR. HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT ACTUAL FLYING CREATURES IN UFO'S—THAT'S THE ABBREVIATION FOR UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS. AND SPEAKING OF CREATURES, SANFORD TELLER IS WITH US TONIGHT!"

Long John Nebel, no doubt today's greatest radio personality, seldom talks much with his guests before air time, except to greet them warmly. If you start to tell him, before air time, anything about the subject you are going to discuss, he'll caution you, "Save it for the air." John likes to avoid anything rehearsed, and he says that pre-interviewing takes much of the spontaneity out of guests on the air.

He waved at the control room and the first commercial went on the air. "What do you mean, John, 'sensational creatures in saucers,' I—!"

"Oh come now, Gray, you have thousands of those sensational sightings in your head. Just give us something real good to establish the mood for the show tonight."

The "On The Air" sign came on.

I had frantically dug through the small file I carried into the studio. By luck I found the Philippines landing report just in time.

"This didn't happen this year, John," I apologized, "but it's a report that's just come to light and has never been published."

Then I related how three Filipino farmers submitted eyewitness reports on what may have been the first saucer landing account to come out of the islands.

The sighting, which occurred on Nov. 1, 1968, had been thoroughly

investigated by Colonel Aderito de Leon (Air Force Rtd.) and Rufinio Santiago (Army Corps. Rtd.). Colonel de Leon had recently retired from his post as manager of the Philippines Communications Satellite (Philcomsat) ground station, which is located inside a valley in Rizel Prince, 32 air miles from Manilla. Three farmers had reported quite an unusual sighting in the vicinity of the ground station. Their accounts, taken separately, were practically identical. They reported seeing a white, low-slung, saucer-shaped vehicle landing and taking off near them. A large oval window, horizontally oriented, afforded a good view of the inside of the craft, and its two occupants, about six feet tall and wearing white flying suits without identification. Through the occupants' glass-like or plastic headgear the farmers could see that the men looked like Caucasians. In reality, they had experienced three different sightings of the same craft, at 4:00, 7:00 and 9:00 A.M.

Almost as interesting as the

sighting itself was the disclosure that a Colonel Patterson, of the United States Air Force, visited the station shortly after learning of the incident (he said) "from an embassy official." When asked by newsmen about his impressions of the account, Patterson told them, "As you know, we of the U.S. Air Force have an interest in this type of thing, apart from satisfying my own curiosity."

"This Air Force Colonel said he had no ready explanation about the detailed sightings," I told John, "and he added, 'we just don't have enough information to make a decision. . .'"

John interrupted:

"PLEASE. Now I haven't told you, but Sanford Teller knows this. I think we've discussed the Air Force enough here in our many UFO sessions. After all, we wouldn't want to reveal anything that we shouldn't."

I looked at Teller, a close friend of John's, a public relations expert, who often was a panel member. I thought John might be pulling my leg, for he has a wonderful sense of humor, and I sought out the answer in Teller's face.

But Sandy's visage betrayed no clue, either way, as he broke into the conversation:

"Now Gray, I've read your books, and I highly respect you as a UFO investigator of intelligence and high standing. But I have before me an announcement which tells me, and I have to believe this for Jim Moseley sent it to me, that you are appearing Friday night on a program along with witches, magicians and experts on 'frozen death.' Now how do you rationalize your appearance. . ."

To the average listener, here was a panel member about to give the guest the business. To me I recognized it as a device that would start an interesting air argument. . .and more important, Teller was giving me a chance to "plug" Moseley's big Hallowe'en show. If we were lucky, John would talk about the show at some length and promise he would personally attend the event. A few hundred persons would turn out just to see Long John, and Jim's coffers would wax even greater. . .

WHAT BIG TEETH YOU HAVE, GRANDMA!

When fisherman Hamburg Mario, of Eirdestadt, Germany, reported finding the above 60,000 lb. dead monster on his favorite beach, his nation's space administration told him

that it was no less than a beast from another planet, left on our globe by a UFO—all this according to the National Bulletin, that fine family publication whose veracity cannot be doubted. This clipping was forwarded

to us by a Mr. B. Manhausen. The editors were going to report this to Project Bluebook, but upon the closing of that agency, our only alternative was to tell it to the Marines.



POINT PLEASANT

Pat Mathna looked at the spectral monoliths on the horizon. They stretched almost endlessly, ghostly frameworks of rotting factories, eaten up by the encroaching underbrush. It was like a place removed from human reality. It had begun when they had swung past the old TNT plant powerhouse, its sad broken windows trying to stare at them, it seemed, with half-blinded eyes. This was the place where the two young couples had first sighted a tall, waddling, ungainly thing, a bird-creature which would terrorize Point Pleasant, and haunt the newlyweds long after the thing had left the area.

"This was quite a place once, during World War II," Jerry Heiskell, told Pat. "At that time this was a vast munitions complex. Explosives were manufactured here, and that is why the buildings are so widely dispersed. I was just a kid then, but my dad worked out here. It was all classified, but I remember my Dad driving me out through here. It was all neat, not all grown up with brush then. Of course, after the war the whole thing was shut down, and the machinery carted away or sold off as surplus. God, this is a real weird place. It's no wonder they see things out here."

City Police Officer Heiskell had first greeted Pat at the Station as just another tourist seeking to visit the "Mothman" area. Cold at first, Heiskell warmed up quickly when Mathna disclosed his police connections and greeted him as a Brother in the Fraternal Order of Police.

"How are you traveling?"

Pat told him he had come on the bus, and Jerry suggested that he jump into the cruiser and he would drive him out and give him a complete tour of the area. As they drove, Jerry reviewed the Mothman sightings.

"At first we didn't think much about it. We thought those kids were drinkin' it up. Then this investigator from New York, this Keel fellow, came down here, and we were all very much impressed with him. We worked very closely with him, and he uncovered some pretty convincing stuff."

Mathna thought about the weird call from Heinrich but decided not to

mention it. If Heinrich indeed planned to meet him here personally, that would be difficult, for he hadn't foreseen being driven around the area in a police cruiser.

Suddenly from behind one of the old acid storage shacks came a whirring noise. Heiskell glanced furtively in that direction, then gunned the car and sped away. Pat turned his head and peered out the window behind the car. A smoke-like mass shot up from the building, high into the air, whirling and swirling.

"What was that!" Pat gasped.

"Out here, you're liable to see ANYTHING," his companion

answered. "The wind picks up the dust here and causes some mighty unusual sights. HEY, LOOK AHEAD!"

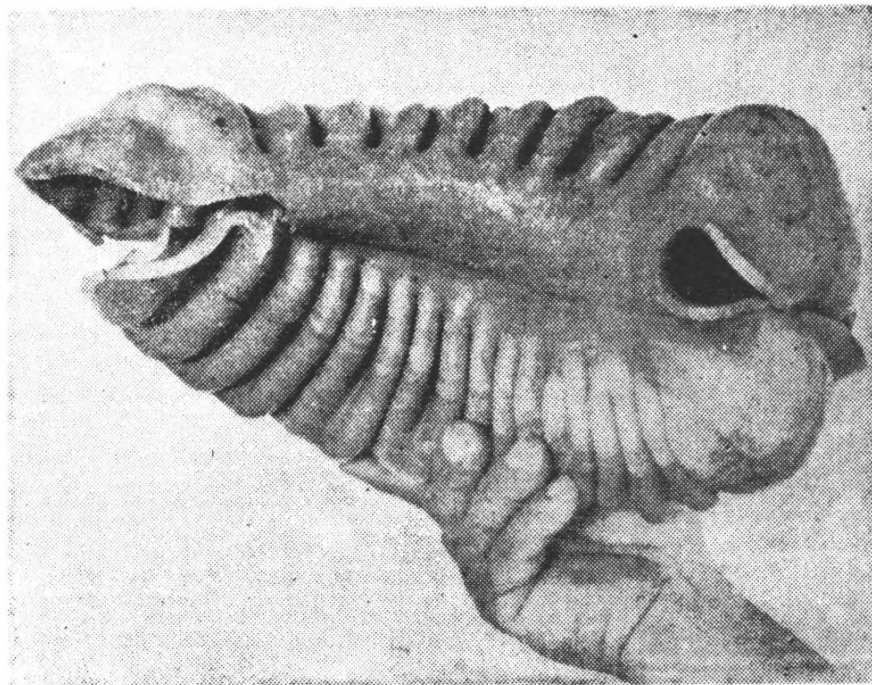
Heiskell swung off on a side road to avoid the black Cadillac parked ahead.

"I know who that is. That's one of the most prominent men in town, and I don't want to appear to see him."

"What's he doing out here?"

"You mean what are THEY doing. I don't care, they pay the taxes, and I wouldn't want to create a stink, rock the boat so to speak. And that man's wife, she doesn't have a clue as to what is going on."

STRANGE OBJECT FALLS FROM VENEZUELAN SKY



Saucer News is indebted to Mrs. Maria Desmedt, of Caracas, for sending us the above photo which appeared in her home town paper, El Mundo. She also translated the account accompanying it.

A strange object shaped like a human kidney fell from the sky on July 22, 1969, in the Los Llanos area, near Zaraza, Guarico State. Producing panic and excitement in the farm neighborhood, the object was composed of a very solid gray material. "It's interior is completely empty," the paper stated, "giving the

impression of being a protective harness or armor-plate of an unknown instrument."

Farmer Hilario Aponte carried the object to the nearest village, where it was turned over to government officials who indicated they would turn it over to the American Embassy. The paper added that the object showed little damage and could hardly have been a part of a satellite or other space shot.

Ironically, farmer Aponte died from unknown causes the day after he gave the story to the newspaper.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

After going off the air at 3:00 A.M. Long Jonn and his panel members scheduled a brief meeting to discuss future shows. I talked to the producer for a few minutes and found my way to the elevator, hoping I would be able to get a cab promptly.

Outside NBC the streets of Rockefeller Center were deserted, in bleak contrast to the brightly lit scene of near midnight. The same aged man, with the long beard and the heavy stoop had appeared at the elevator just as I did, and I assumed he must have something to do with the show since his movements, like mine, were synchronized with it. Once on the street, however, he stepped quickly away, walking in a kind of sidewise motion and disappearing into a dark street.

I walked to the nearest corner and waited. Now and then a cab pulled by, but either occupied or off duty. A man walked toward me from the left. "Sir," I said, where should I go to get a cab this time of night." Then I looked at him. He was taller than me, almost seven feet. He was jet black, well dressed, though with the necklace and cloak of African costuming.

"Baby, you're in for a long, long wait. Where you goin' this time of mornin', sport?"

As I told him, the Port Authority at the Bridge, another black man, though of normal size appeared as if from nowhere and stood on the other side of me. It looked like a hairy situation. I sized it up. I probably could take the medium sized one if I moved fast. The tall one, though somewhat thin, gave me the impression of great strength and fighting the two of them would be out of the question. As my fright grew, one of them suddenly stepped to the curb, and hailing an off-duty cab, gave some kind of elaborate hand signal. The cab screeched to a halt and the black driver spoke, "You sweethearts got some trouble here."

"This man needs a ride, brother," the tall one told him, then, turning to me, he explained, "you got yourself a cab, baby!" The driver motioned me to get in. Suddenly realizing that the situation was a friendly one instead of some dire robbery, I saw the humor of

the thing. I doubled my fist and delivered a mock blow to the tall man's shoulder. He reciprocated by doubling his own fist but holding it upright in a Black Power symbol.

"I don't know those guys," the driver told me through the bars separating our two seats, "but they gave me the sign, and I had to respond. They're probably actors. I've seen them around the theatrical district."

"I suppose driving a cab is pretty dangerous up here," I volunteered.

"I haven't got in it yet, but a buddy of mine got it just last Tuesday night. And he only had ten dollars on him. White guys did it, too. What those guys back there were signalling was that you were all right, and it was safe to give you a ride."

He stopped at the Port Authority Building. I tipped him generously, and thanked him for picking me up, though I surmised the "off duty" sign was an excuse to screen passengers.

At 4:00 A.M. the huge building was empty, and except for its neat interior, it almost reminded me of the old abandoned TNT Powerhouse which I had visited at Point Pleasant while investigating the Mothman sightings there in 1968. Though not old and rotting like the powerhouse, the empty bus station seemed almost as if it were out of proper sequence of time and space, that its teeming multitudes had vanished suddenly and unnaturally, probably in an atomic war. I dropped some coins and dialed Jim Moseley. He had reawakened an hour previous, he said, had heard the end of the show and was ready to come after me.

I walked to the street level, almost as deserted as the terminal. A decrepit derelict, sedated, I suspected, on drugs, leaned on the wall and slept. Now and then he would slowly slip out of the standing mode, momentarily reawaken and straighten himself into his standing-leaning position.

At the corner of the building, standing rigidly and almost with no movement, was a young man. He regarded nobody, staring toward the street and the great bridge. He had fairly long hair, though did not have the "hippie" look, for he was neatly, though somewhat eccentrically

dressed. In fact he looked a little like the painting of the Adamski "spaceman" that hangs in my apartment.

Exhausted from the unaccustomed late hour, and from the pressure of the three hour show, I caught myself passing the time by imagining that this fellow might indeed be a "Spaceman," waiting, as a kind of test, to see if a true UFO buff, such as myself, would recognize him.

It was ridiculous, of course, but I caught myself wondering just how one would walk up to a suspected "Spaceman" and introduce one's self. One just couldn't say, "Pardon me, but I just wondered if you might be from outer space."

If one were lucky, and there were such things as Spacemen walking among us and a person happened to recognize one, I wondered how such a spaceman would identify himself. I really didn't know, but began fantacizing that the otherplanetarian would suddenly take his hand from his pocket and disclose, perhaps, a large, weird ring, with pictures or symbols of planets on it.

"That was no Spaceman!" Jim Moseley told me. "That was a male hustler."

He circled the block and turned toward the bridge. Once again I felt at home and was rid of the anxiety of being alone in the strange city at 4:00 A.M.

"I feel sorry for a person like that," I continued.

"My advice is, DON'T!"

Jim headed the two-year-old Pontiac, which gave evidence of great mechanical neglect, toward the great bridge. The brake shoes, apparently devoid of lining, set up a rubbing and screeching. The fog-enshrouded structure of the George Washington Bridge exhibited an unreal look; I was reminded of the Silver Bridge, and once again imagined myself as one of its gurgling, strangling victims.

I tried joshing Jim to raise my spirits:

"I'm surprised at you, a wealthy man, driving a car like this. And I'm surprised you don't get your brakes fixed. If I were as well-to-do as you, I'd buy myself a really fine car—I know, a huge black Cadillac. I'd be right up there, not necessarily trying

to outdo the Jones'—but at least keeping up with the Men In Black!”

Jim pretended he took my remarks seriously.

“When we get home,” he changed the subject, I have many UFO sightings to go over with you. It will take only a couple of hours.”

I winced. At that hour I didn't want a serious discussion about anything—not even my favorite subject, UFOs.

Once inside his apartment, my tensions eased, and I felt sleepier than ever.

“You know what you can do with those saucer sightings,” I said. “And while you're doing that, just show me a bed!”

I closed the door to the small bedroom and lay there, going over the events of the day. It certainly was a nice feeling, staying at Jim's place again. It had been several years since I had done so. In fact I had written up my last visit for Ray Palmer's *Flying Saucers* magazine. I had told about the woman and the strange lights in her apartment across the court. I recalled our puzzlement as Jim and I had looked out the window and observed the woman, apparently standing in front of a very large screen of some sort, filling most of the wall. She made unexplained motions in front of the ghostly, phosphorescent panel. What she was manipulating or doing, we would never know. But I would always remember the mystery.

I fell asleep, and when I awoke the room was filled with light. And there, hovering at the foot of my bed, was an awful THING. It stood there rigid, as if propped up. It had a light, furry body, but my eyes quickly stared at its FACE, an emotionless, artificial visage! I cried out, then pulled the blanket over my eyes; then I could hear footsteps in the hallway and knew Jim was coming to help. Only after he was in the room, asking what was wrong, did I dare peep out.

I was chagrined to note Betty's human-sized stuffed rabbit, an image of Bugs Bunny, leaning against the wall. Jim's daughter was away with her mother that weekend and I had been given the child's room.



Pretty UFO researcher Barbara Hudson, of New York City, surveys the statuettes of the Flatwoods Monster, on sale during the Congress of Scientific Ufologists in Charleston, W. Va. She purchased one as a souvenir. (Photo by Michael G. Mann).

THE SCIENTISTS PONDER

Sgt. Robinson completed his UFO file storage about 8:00 P.M. then he had a cup of coffee and relaxed with one of the other staff members.

“Gee, Mike, you just filed away more insanity in a few hours than any other man has done in a lifetime—unless it might be some office worker on a nut ward.”

John West was a psychology major before he flunked out and quickly enlisted before the draft got him. He came from a wealthy family, and was highly intelligent, if he'd used it, Mike thought. He no longer looked anything like the hippie type in the campus photograph John liked to exhibit. The service, Mike believed, was straightening him out. After his Air Force time was up John said he planned to go back to college. He liked to apply his knowledge of psychology to UFO sightings and (unofficially) often “explained” sightings to other staff members in that context.

“The great ones are all in there: Kenneth Arnold, Capt. Mantell, Capts. Chiles and Whitehead, and probably that guy who claimed to get laid in a

saucer—though come to think of it, he was from South America, and we wouldn't have it here.”

Mike rose, glanced again at the storage boxes and got his overcoat from a closet. Kenneth Arnold. He couldn't help feeling a twinge of nostalgia when he thought of that name. For he was born in 1947, on June 26, just two days after Arnold started the saucer publicity by telling about his amazing sighting over Mt. Rainer in the state of Washington.

He walked out of the Foreign Technology Building, probably for the last time, then hurried briskly to the parking lot, for it was very cold, and the snow had started falling again.

West's predilection with psychology reminded him of the two Harvard psychiatrists who told the American Association for the Advancement of Science that saucers were probably nothing but “cosmic sex symbols.”

The psychiatrists told the annual conference that unconscious mental processes, including little-known cases of broader neurotics, could be responsible for some of the UFO sights.

ARNOLD HAS LAST WORD ON AF CLOSING

The man who landed his plane in Pendleton, Oregon, on June 24, 1947, and reported the first widely published Flying Saucer sighting, had the last word re the AF closing of Project Bluebook.

"It's probably just as well that the military is out of the UFO investigation, Kenneth Arnold, now 54, told a S.A.U.C.E.R.S. member, who interviewed him at his home in Boise, Idaho.

And since that famous day in '47, he told our reporter, Robert Tigrett, he has experienced four other sightings and taken motion picture films of saucers.

He called the decision to drop Project Blue Book "typical of the Air Force."

"Not being able to answer the mystery, they simply drop it," he said.

Arnold said the Pentagon public relations department has "completely whitewashed" anything constructive that was turned up. "The Pentagon's handling of this is as big a mystery, to me, as the flying saucers," he said.

Dr. Lester Grinspoon, a clinical psychiatry professor at Harvard, told the AAAS conference that "the increasing anxious times in which we live" have produced a fast increase in delusions and illusions—some of them probably responsible for UFO reports.

UFO reports, Dr. Grinspoon, continued, "often involve two of the major symbols of both the conscious and the unconscious mind—the breast and the penis. The relevance of these observations... becomes clear when we look at the typical pictures of the UFOs. They are typically described as saucer-shaped or cigar-shaped objects—breast-like or phallic-like objects.

"Faced with high levels of environmental or intra-psychic stress... both healthy and ill may

revert to more primitive modes of thinking, often characterized by magical explanations and symbolic usage," Grinspoon added.

"Many borderline neurotics remain undiagnosed in today's society," he added, "and even a 'normal' person can experience visual impressions that recall early infantile impressions—such as the round image of a mother's breast at nursing."

Both the breast and phallic symbols, Dr. Grinspoon said, have been identified with gratification and power—and may thus be involved with the "great deal of emotionalism" that UFO discussions usually involve.

Mike had read the report carefully, and noted that although the newspaper in which he read it gave headlines to the psychiatric "explanations," the majority of scientists at the symposium had disagreed with the Air Force's discontinuance of Project Bluebook.

For example, Thornton Page, a NASA astronomer working at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, said the panel was organized "to educate both scientists and the public on the facts about UFOs—we feel that a lot of scientists haven't got the foggiest notion of what UFOs are all about."

Dr. Page added that polls indicated at least 40 per cent of adult Americans—including a fair number of scientists and even some astronomers—believe that UFOs are real and may represent visitors from another world.

Dr. Franklin Roach, one of the astronomy consultants to the Condon Investigation, said the common argument that "astronomers don't see UFOs" has no real validity.

He said his test did determine that a "UFO" turns up occasionally in scientific scannings—objects that could be meteors "or perhaps something more mysterious."

Most panelists agreed that even though the Air Force had given up Project Bluebook, much more scientific investigation still remains to be done before it is possible to say with authority whether UFOs do or do not exist as concrete objects.

Mike drove toward the entrance. Outside, on the street, he spotted the familiar character which often showed

up outside the base, a strange, bearded man, who gripped the handle of a large black suitcase. When anybody asked the man his business, he would just mutter, in a foreign language nobody could recognize and walk on by. He had never tried to enter the base, to Mike's knowledge. Mike liked to imagine that he was some mad inventor with priceless secrets locked up in the black suitcase—but he probably would never know who the man really was.

The guard moved from the guard house and motioned for him to stop. This was unusual, for the usual security involved only a check-in.

"You're Sgt. Robinson?"

"Yes."

"Well, (and the guard smiled warmly), congratulations!—almost that is. Your wife called, just as you left Technology. She's having labor pains. But take it easy, buddy. Those streets are getting real bad. I wouldn't want a nice looking young daddy like you smashed up somewhere in that Volkswagen!"

THE DARKENED ROOM

In the few hours after the gavel of Chairman Alan Manack had banged down to open the Sixth Annual Congress of Scientific Ufologists in Charleston, Pat Mathna was impressed by the amount of Ufological information being offered.

Half an hour earlier he had walked, with others—many of their faces ashen and afraid—out of the private conference room where a confidential tape, a private message to Congress members from John Keel, had been played. It has suggested that terrifying, world-shaking events were taking place, right under the noses of Ufologists, the secret kept by them, themselves, through their unwillingness to recognize and accept the obvious. He could understand why Keel had stipulated the tape could not be reproduced and made generally available.

Now, Bueford Ratliff, of an Ashland, Ky. group, had just finished addressing a Closed Session. He was the final speaker and members rose and rushed to the back of the room to examine what he termed "a UFO artifact"—the fossilized remains of the tiny saucer and its occupants, which,



Bueford Ratliff exhibits "UFO artifact" to members of Congress of Scientific Ufologists, Ratliff claims it is the fossilized remains of a tiny saucer and occupants which crashed 10,000 years ago. (Photo by Michael G. Mann).

Ratliff asserted, crashed to Earth more than 10,000 years ago.

After the others had gazed—some in wonderment, some in skepticism—at the weird stone, Pat at last had a chance to hold it. Yes, the little creatures were there, if one looked: bulbous-eyed, and funny, almost. Some delegates had laughed, but Pat thought, only because the "spacemen" were so small. Some scientist had said that creatures would evolve smaller in size, on a much larger and heavier planet, adapting to the greater gravity. If the visitors were real, Pat felt sorry for them. They must have crashed very long ago, in a time of great upheavals on the Earth, to be buried suddenly, and preserved in the sinking sediments of a primeval era.

Then he remembered. The time for his appointment was growing near. Heinrich had called again. He was sorry he had been unable to meet him in Point Pleasant. He gave Pat directions for meeting him in a remote and unused part of the hotel.

It probably was a false lead. The caller might have been a hoaxer, though he could not believe such a hoaxer could "fake" such an alien voice.

He would give it a good try, nevertheless. So far the careful directions, received on the phone, were correct: the unlocked window leading to the fire escape further confirmed their authenticity. Pat opened it and stepped outside. If the call were on the level, the window, to an unused storage area would also be unlocked.

Should he go through with it or flee? Heinrich said he had very important information for him, which he could impart only during a personal meeting. He tried to think it out. After all, there had been a commotion in the hotel the previous night. Two hundred Campfire Girls were at another convention in the building. Hotel detectives had run through the hall, past Pat's door, hoping to apprehend an exhibitionist, who wandered about, unclothed, frightening many of the children.

Maybe this Heinrich was a maniac of some kind. Maybe he had an axe and might chop him up, gloating over the blood. . .

Still Pat had the overpowering desire to test Heinrich out. He had to know. Was Heinrich a hoax? Or was he real?

He grabbed the railing and lifted

himself quickly over the two missing steps of the rusting fire escape. The window was open, as promised. He raised it, and entered the dark interior. He stood there for a moment, breathing deeply. For a few moments he could see nothing. Then his eyes, growing accustomed to the darkness, picked out the musty, out-of-date furniture and other junk, stored there when the hotel was remodeled. He could sense that Heinrich was somewhere in the room, though try as he might he could not hear a single sound, except for the street noises that crept in.

He sat on the dirty, ancient sofa, his senses alert, his eyes darting around the huge, dimly lit room. This was another false lead. Heinrich wasn't there. Heinrich didn't exist. Even the saucers—were they also falsehoods?

Then suddenly came the voice. He tensed when he heard it, then he relaxed with his recognition of it. Where did it come from? The old pile of paper boxes to his left? From a hole in the ceiling? From the door leading to still another darkened storeroom? It was the same voice! He could recognize it anywhere, though it pronounced only two words.

"LITTLE BROTHER. . ."

FROZEN DEATH

"After all, what have you got to lose? Without trying the science of cryonics, you KNOW you're not coming back after your normal life span here is completed—but if you're frozen, there's much more of a chance you will. . .!"

I had time to listen just a few minutes to Jim Sutton's lecture on "frozen death," for I was running back and forth between two auditoria in the Wilke Memorial Building, supervising the many audio-visuals being employed by various speakers.

I was fascinated by the lecture. Sutton, bearded and looking like a college professor or a doctor, showed slides and lectured on the science of cryonics. I knew that Long John Nebel had devoted several programs to this subject, and I had heard it debated many times.

Except for the technology it was remarkably simple in concept. Many people, dying today of a fatal disease,

might survive the same disease 10, 20 or even fifty years hence, because of advancements in medical science. If the body could be quickly frozen, shortly after clinical death, it logically could be un-frozen later and the disease cured. Although I had heard it debated, I didn't know the program had actually been implemented. Several people had already been frozen on the West Coast; three people, in their special containers, were being kept under carefully controlled conditions on Long Island by his local organization. He showed color slides of the containers and the people inside.

Jim's Hallowe'en "All Ghoul's Night" had been an instant success and all seats were filled. Somebody entered the darkened auditorium and handed me a note. "John Keel's here," it said.

I rushed down to the lobby, spotting the tall, bearded man instantly among the people still trying to get seats. Tonight he had abandoned the usual hunting jacket, and was neatly attired in a smartly tailored suit. As usual, Keel's neat beard lent authority to his handsome face.

I was not only impressed by Keel's UFO theories, but genuinely liked the man, especially his sardonic wit. When you could draw it out of him, this changed to a warm, friendly humor. Also, Keel had done me many favors during my investigation of the Point Pleasant, W. Va., "Mothman" cases in

1966-67, giving me much information he had uncovered.

We shook hands and immediately fell into "shop talk," or, more properly, "saucer talk"—especially about the latest events in Point Pleasant, where people were still seeing "things."

"This is real wild," he told me, "but I know these people and have no reason to doubt them. . ."

Then he related the strange circumstances. Recently three different persons, whom he had contacted in Point Pleasant by phone, had complained that their files of clippings about the "Mothman" sightings and other phenomena had mysteriously disappeared—in one case from a locked file cabinet.

"I really have a good one," I replied. "I doubt if you will 'buy' it, as Long John would say, but I think it fits into some of your theories."

It was one of the weirdest "Mothman" sightings I had run across, even during my earlier and extensive investigation. And the Fox boy vowed it was true.

Though I only heard the account recently, it happened during January, 1968, a couple of months after the first "Mothman" sighting. Russell Fox, 16, and two other teenagers, Richard Nutter and Mike Cain, went hunting in a wooded area at Leon, near Point Pleasant. They had their dogs with them, and were hunting for 'possum and skunk, creatures whose pelts would yield a dollar or two

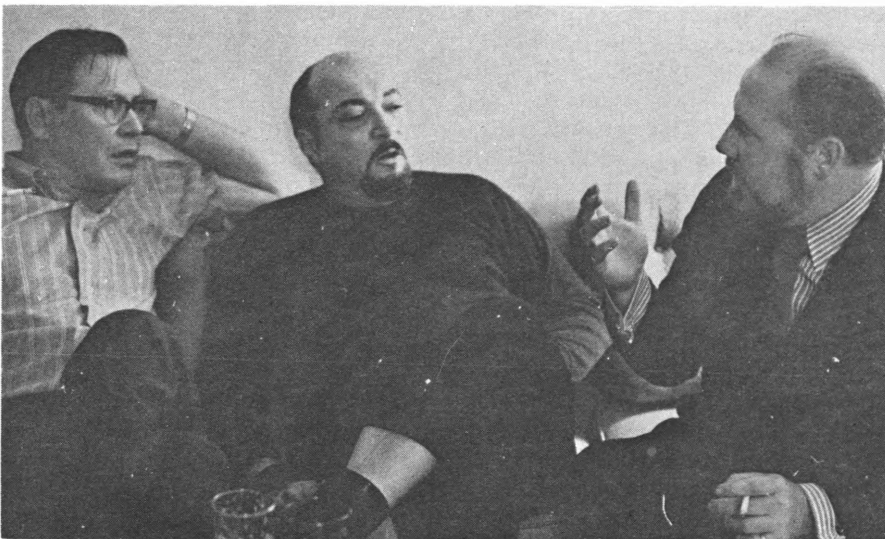
each—though their main motivation was sport. Russ wore a new hunting jacket. Although he had received nothing for Christmas from his father, estranged from the family and living in Florida, the jacket had arrived for his birthday, and it was so 'tough' it indeed made up for the lack of a Christmas present—though he would much rather see his dad than get something from him through the mail. It must have cost twenty-five or thirty dollars. Mike and Dickey were greatly impressed by the jacket, examined all the pockets, and Russ felt like a hero. "Trying out" the jacket was the main reason they had gone out, and they had stuffed it full of shells, flashlights and some sandwiches. To show his generosity, Russ let each of the two wear it for a short period.

They sighted the unusual creature at the old Perkins barn, part of an abandoned farm complex, now grown up in weeds and saplings. Immediately they thought of "Mothman," for it was a huge bird which walked and waddled in a kind of sidewise motion. The dogs took out after it, but upon close approach halted, bayed for a few moments, then ran back to the boys, whining. As they tried to "sic" the dogs on the creature again, it ran into the decrepit structure. They debated whether they should follow it inside. Russ loaded the shotgun, and they mutually decided they would sneak to the door and discharge the gun several times into the barn, hoping to kill the thing.

They crept to the building. A sagging door, open only by a crack and resting on rusting hinges, confronted them.

"We got a feeling of extreme fright. I have never felt anything like that before," Russ said. Mike backed him up and stood as close to the door as he, but Dickey, the youngest of the three, retreated a few yards.

Mike held the flashlight, and Russ inserted the barrel of his shotgun into the crack of the door and slowly drew it back, as the complaining hinges creaked. The nervous beam from Mike's hand disclosed a peculiar sight. Half squatting in a corner, with one large wing folded across the manger was a huge grayish bird-like creature. The light caught the eyes, which were large and glowing. Mike's hand was so



Gray Barker (left) and Dominick C. Lucchesi (center) discuss the subject of Cryonics, or "Frozen Death," with Jim Sutton, who was in New York to lecture on the subject. (Photo by Michael G. Mann).

AMAZING NEW BRAZILIAN SAUCER PHOTOS

unsteady it was hard to get a good sight of the thing.

"Hold her steady while I get a bead on it," Russ whispered loudly.

When the flashlight again picked out the creature, Russ got his first clear look at it over the bead of the barrel. It was not a monster. It definitely was a bird, though huge, almost as large as a man. Indeed, its torso reminded him somewhat of a man in circus garb, though he could make out large beautiful feathers covering the entire body. The thing made no move to counter-attack. Instead it crouched there, helpless, it seemed, waiting for whatever he was to do to it. He did not want to pull the trigger. Had it been running, or attacking one of the other boys he would have done so joyfully. But now—he just couldn't.

"Then something came over me, as if this thing hypnotized me," Russ told me. "I threw down the shotgun. At this moment Mike screamed and dropped the flashlight. The barn was in inky darkness, but I found myself walking, inch-by-inch, toward the creature. I took off my new jacket, I don't know why. I held the jacket out to it, or rather where I presumed it to be standing, or crouching, still I don't know why. Finally I just dropped the jacket, and stood there in the darkness, dead still.

"Suddenly a glow lit up in the barn. Instead of the bird, I suddenly saw another boy there, about my age. He was naked—almost. He had on a kind of jock strap, or loin cloth like in Tarzan comics. He looked like he was made out of gold. The glow around him got brighter. He was still crouching there, in the same place, and like the bird had done, only now the bird had gone. This golden boy straightened up and still looked at me. Then he looked at his feet where the jacket was. He picked it up, and held it up in front of him—not as if he was covering his nakedness, but more like he was cold, or that he was holding it close to him, as I did when I got it, in memory of my father.

"Before he vanished, and that's what he did, I swear to God, this boy started bawling and crying. I could definitely see the tears running down his face—only they looked like gold also, just like his body!"

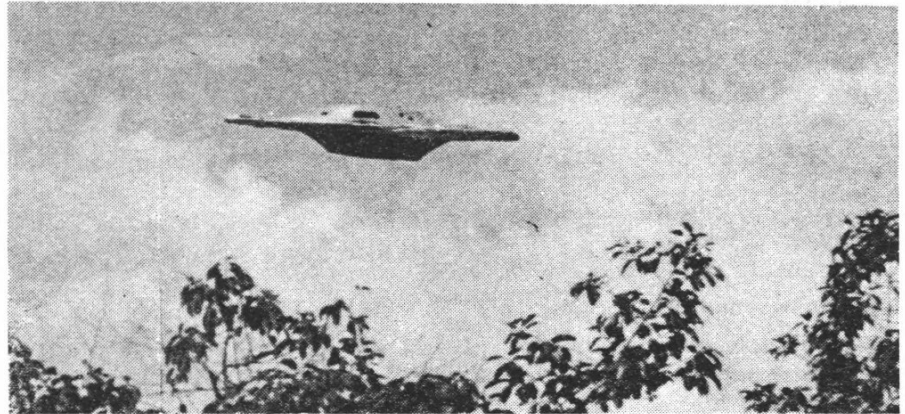
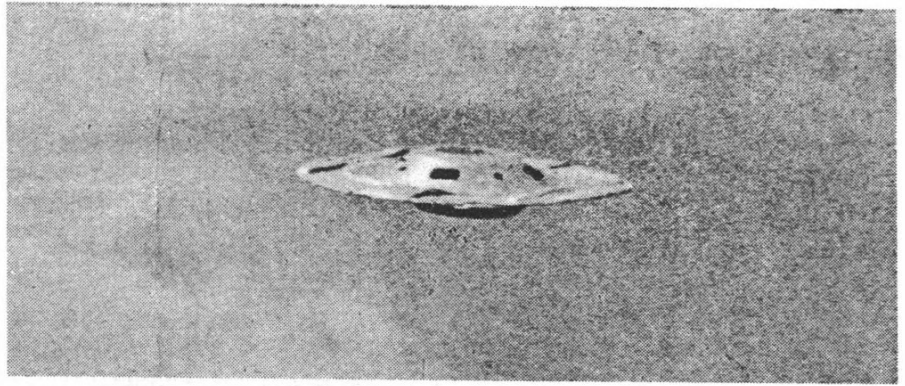


Photo shop owner Jose Martinez, of Goiania, Brazil, said he took these pictures of an unidentified flying object, after the object hovered over an unoccupied house and caused it to collapse. For the complete story, see *The National Enquirer*, July 27, 1969.

LONG JOHN'S ARRIVAL

Before Keel could comment on the weird account, I was startled as a fist came down on the book table I was standing against. A woman screamed, "IT'S JOHN!"

Long John Nebel actually had arrived. Although he often promised on the air to show up at Jim's lecture events, he seldom did, and I suspected his promises were a part of his subtle methods of helping Jim draw crowds. John moved quickly, flanked by his producer, a security officer, and some of his regular panel members. Shaking hands as he went, he moved into a corner where his people could protect him from being crushed by his admirers. John generally greeted them warmly, but sometimes he would talk back to them sternly, and they loved it.

Keel and I moved to the door to avoid the crowd, which, getting wind of John's arrival, was abandoning the regular programs and rushing into the lobby to get a glimpse of Nebel. We stopped outside for some fresh air.

Though it was late October, the weather was pleasant.

"You wouldn't be in on this, and I don't think it was a hoax, because of FCC regulations," Keel said. "And you'll swear I'm making this up, but I'm not. I was listening to the first hour of the show last night. Remember—when John asked you to quickly sum up the case of Al Bender and his visit by the Men in Black? I'll swear that as soon as you began answering his question a 'skip signal' came in and interrupted the powerful WNBC signal! It was some station in the South, for whoever was talking had a decided Southern accent."

Later, other listeners to the same program would report the same information.

I looked at Keel. There was a worried expression on his face, and his earlier humor had completely vanished.

"There's something going on. Something going on. And it's serious. I think I have some of the answers, enough of them to begin to realize

what a terrifying situation we are faced with. Gray, I think the UFO syndrome of the 50's and the 60's has been the 'beginning of the end.' I think they're ready for their next step. Who knows, maybe they've ALREADY taken us over!"

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1969

Mike Robinson completely disregarded the advice of the Sergeant at the guard house. He spun the wheels of the Volkswagon on the snowy streets. Ordinarily it was hard to control on ice, but tonight the little bug held true course. Aside from some frightened pedestrians and incredulous motorists whom he had zinged past, he arrived at his apartment without incident.

"Angela!" he yelled from downstairs.

His wife's suitcase already was packed and outside the door. She opened the door and kissed him.

"Old man! THIS IS IT!" she declared.

"Don't hurry," she added as he helped her down the stairs. It probably won't happen until after midnight. But the labor pains are coming at regular intervals, and I don't think we'll have a false alarm."

He opened the hood and threw in

the suitcase. To him it was like a dream—one of those frightening, yet somehow compelling and gratifying dreams.

"Honey, you're white as a sheet. Now don't drive fast, there's plenty of time. I've read up on this, and there's no hurry. Anyhow, the hospital is only five blocks."

Mike slowed the car. "I'm not scared," he declared, "not at all, and I don't want you to be frightened. It's just a natural event. Having a baby is just like that—NOTHING anymore. I'll have you to the hospital in no time."

Angela looked at Mike, and giggled, to herself. He would never know how a woman felt, at a time like this. And he, well he certainly was displaying the classic symptoms of an expectant father. He often told her he "went by the book" in the Air Force, and he certainly was going by it now! He was white as a sheet!

"Angela, those pains, are they very bad. Do they—HURT?"

"Sure they hurt. It's hard to explain. I suppose I'd have to say they hurt, but they HURT GOOD!"

Mike threw the car into a lower gear and eased it to lower speed, to avoid hitting the cars in front, going much slower than they. They were almost there, nearing the great expanse of the park, and the hospital

on the other side.

Suddenly a bright light rose in the east.

"Look! Look!" Angela cried. "That's a flying saucer!"

Mike peered through the steamed windshield, then rolled it down and stuck his head out the window for a better look.

Apparently it was an extraordinarily large meteor. It must be very near earth. It rose in a great arc and at the apex seemed almost to pause, though that could be an optical illusion. Then it plunged, on through the arc of the sky, toward the horizon, leaving a shimmering, luminiscent trail behind.



Ted Owens beckons skies to pour rain on Miami. . . he claims record of success at this sort of thing.

Readers following the career of Ted Owens may know that "The Philadelphia Prophet" moved from Philadelphia to Miami in 1969. Recently he moved to Virginia Beach, Va., where he is living at the present time. He claims to have successfully predicted 1969's destructive hurricane, the earthquake centered in Southern West Virginia, and Apollo 12 being struck by lightning. Meanwhile his book, "HOW TO CONTACT SPACE PEOPLE," (Saucerian Books, \$5.00), continues to sell at a brisk pace.



"I know, I know. You two finally caught up with your mystery light!"



By GENE DUPLANTIER

(Editor of SAUCERS, SPACE & SCIENCE, 17 Shetland St., Willowdale, Ontario, Canada)

"Have you got a phone? My God, have you got a phone?" was the hysterical yell from a woman, who along with Edgar Paquette was chased by a brilliant light while riding in a car early Sunday, July 13th near Petawawa, Ont. The woman was yelling at the occupants of the nearest house where they drove for protection. Paquette was driving along the Black Bay Road to Petawawa with his female companion when her attention was drawn to a bright light. "It was no falling star and it started to follow us," Mr. Paquette said. The UFO lit up the Petawawa River which paralleled the road. Convinced the light "was aimed right at us," Paquette turned off the car lights. The oncoming light appeared to hesitate. He opened the car door, forgetting the inside light in the car would come on. This was a mistake. The UFO descended to within 60 feet of the ground.

Paquette got out his flashlight and started signalling and then the UFO made a start for them. It was about 8 feet in diameter and 2 legs protruded

from it. Terrified, they jumped into the car and drove to the nearest house.

After a brief respite at the house, Paquette drove his friend home. At home, the light hovered above the house. He awakened his son and daughter who also witnessed the phenomenon. They drove as far as the gate and the light came down at them again. After that, the UFO gave up scaring the people and took off.

Not too far away from Petawawa is the town of Chapeau, Quebec. An 18-year-old waitress at the Chez Charles, a mile south of Chapeau was terrified by a UFO and spent 2 hours alone in an upstairs corridor waiting for daylight. "I was afraid to go back to my bedroom," Pauline Oulette told local reporters.

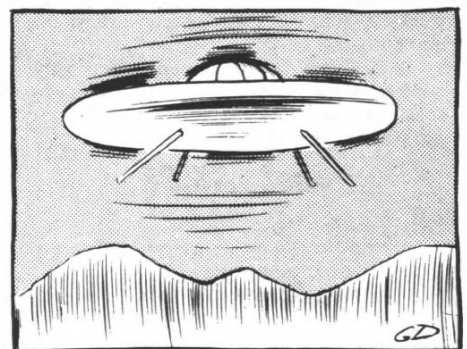
For half an hour, Pauline and two men watched the UFO from the parking lot of the hotel. White and red, the light was "flashing quite a bit, then stopped flashing and stayed white."

Miss Oulette went to her room about 4:30 a.m. and saw it again from the windows. Sept. 3, 1969 would be a day Miss Oulette wouldn't forget! Ten minutes later, a small craft left the large one, came into the yard and went from one window to the other. Miss Oulette was so frightened she could not move at first but recovered sufficiently to leave the bedroom. She went back at 7 a.m. and it was gone. She saw the object not more than 6 feet away from her and it was real. The UFO was also witnessed by Bob

McLaughlin of Pembroke and John Stott of Ottawa. Stott said the small light made a whirring noise, was silver and green colored, and a three-foot-long antenna stuck out from its side.

And another odd report comes from the village of Kazabazua, Quebec, which is north of Ottawa, Ont. and east of Pembroke. A local bushworker said he saw a UFO flying past the village sporting the "Skull and Crossbones". Ivan McConnell, 57, was driving on Aylwin Road at 7 p.m. when he saw an object over his car. He stopped the car and got out. He said the UFO was about 8 feet in diameter, cone-shaped and flying about 200 feet off the ground. McConnell added, "It was mostly white in color," and had a sort of skeleton figure on the side and I could make out some sort of skull and crossbones." He said it was flying easterly at a "terrific speed." It made no noise and was not seen by anyone else.

And last August 21, Bruce McAvella of Hamilton, Ont., said what



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he saw "looked like a giant bat, but as it came over top it was horseshoe-shaped—round at the front and tapering round at the back." Was it a giant bat, a plane, or what?

"When it was coming at me it looked like a giant upside-down soup bowl with a peak on top," he said. There was no sound and there were no lights. "It came to within 200 or 300 feet of the house and then accelerated with great speed and took off toward the lake. (Ontario,—GD)

Do UFOs plant aquatic things in our coastal waters to see if they'll survive? Well, one Bloomfield, Ont. woman is positive a monster is in the Bay of Quinte near Picton. Mrs. G. Turpin was severely bitten on her left thigh while swimming in three feet of water near the Glenora ferry on the afternoon of August 31st, 1969. One deep wound, about 2 inches across and two bruises, necessitated a rush to the emergency ward of the hospital where stitches closed the wound.



Many explanations were given, all unsatisfactory. And even more mysterious, the nature of the bite marks rule out the possibility of an attack by a turtle, muskrat or beaver, said Mr. Christie, a biologist at Glenora fisheries, or for that matter—any other animal.

Over in Merritt, B.C. a bite in the night can give you a fright, right? Terry Thomas awakened suddenly by a stabbing pain in his finger. He turned on his flashlight, wiped the blood away from his finger which had two neat puncture marks in it. A member of the geological crew he was working with slit the finger and sucked out the venom, if any. Nobody saw any snake or whatever-it-was, leaving this story a mystery.

Back in Cobden, Ontario, something has three eyes, three ears, one big fin half way down its back,

two legs, one big tooth in front, is silvery-green and is 24-feet long. Cobden, which is 60 miles northwest of Ottawa is the owner of the monster which residents have called "Hapyxelor." It resides in Muskrat Lake. It eats fish and is friendly. Consulting engineers who are working on a development plan for the Muskrat River report seeing it a number of times saying that it is a "reptile or monster somewhat larger than a canoe" and has never been identified. Previous reference was made by the Indians during the 16th Century in stories told about the "strange thing" which roamed the waters of Muskrat Lake.

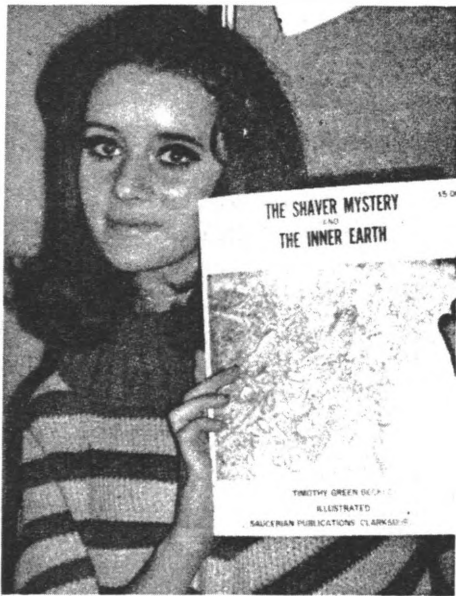
And more easterly, over at St. John's, Newfoundland, fishermen were keeping a hopeful lookout for some sign of creatures that often have been described as demons from hell. The demons are giant squids which can measure up to 70 feet. They seem to appear every 30 years and the next

time will be 1990.

In Northumberland Strait which is situated between New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, (two provinces of Canada) hundreds of persons have seen a ghost ship which appears in flames at certain times of the year. People believe it was a French warship that burned in the 1700's at sea.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, a pet cat of a retired navy engineer, John Pearson of nearby Grand Lake, had a litter of five kittens. One of the offspring had two faces.

Last June 5, 1969 another flying saucer or some weird object plunged into the St. Lawrence River, off Nun's Island. Three weeks previously a similar incident occurred in the same general area. And before you say we're all wet, we'll dry up and get another collection of goodies together for the next issue!



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Letters

Dear Sir:

I've always believed in people from other planets. In fact as a Mystic in my church, I have constant contact with the spirit world, and I know what is going on with the space people. Please by all means put my name on the space scroll, and bless these great, and wonderful people who have come to help us. I am willing to do anything for them that can be done. I understand all things, since I am a Mystic of THE HOLY CHURCH OF THE SUPREME ONE: GOGA, and I have great powers, given to me through the priesthood of our holy church. A great many of the planets were settled by people of our own planet, in ancient times, from Lemuria, Lu, Atlantis, Aarg, Botrek, Amogia, Meegotia, and Jorgo, so of course I believe in these people. To think otherwise, would be of course stupid on my part.

I will send for the book also, in ten days that you have described in *Fate*, as I want to know much more. I will back anything Ted Owens has to say, for I believe, and understand.

Sincerely,

Dr. Zhur Feroalkhan Hottotia

Dear Mike Liccor:

About "men in black," they are taken much more seriously than they deserve. I have had this sort of thing for 30 years or more, and I know. They are usually people quite ignorant, who listen to voices and do what they are told. The voices are from caverns, and they come from idiots. . .hereditary mongoloids. . .the sort of creature we regard as a freak up here. . .and it has no genuine reason, no mind, but it can seem to have. when it is equipped with a telaug. . .because it READS minds and inverts the thought it hears. . .giving out with negative pronouncements.

There is a lot of this going on, and stupid people take these idiot voices seriously, and proclaim that they are "space people" . . .etc.

The dero and the idiot voices are almost the same thing. One is just *less* virulent than the other.

That they wear black is significant.

So did the Aztec priests, black with blood from their slaughters on the altars. . .stinking horrors who yet held the Aztec nation in a grip of fear. . .and who disappeared into the cavern world when the Spaniards took over.

So did most of the repressors of history wear black. And the black clothes of nuns and priests stem from an ancient prostration before the same "miraculous voices" and are a remnant of ancient repressive horror still with us today.

To *understand* all this you have to KNOW them from long experience and it's very difficult to TELL someone about it, especially in a letter, who doesn't have experience with it.

The reason that buried space ships and such things don't come to light is MENTAL CONTROL of explorers and similar groups. . .they simply aren't allowed to FIND anything by mental control from telaugs.

This whole thing revolves around the TELAUG, which is a simple device very like radio. . .and once the telaug is generally used and widely built, like amateur radios were at first, the horror will disappear.

Telaug means "telepathic augmentive device," and it works on short waves just the same as those used by the mind itself.

Men in black are often quite capable of violence and of criminal acts. It is much the same phenomena as the people who staffed Hitler's extermination camps and TOOK ORDERS over the PHONE from "Hitler", when such voices often were telaug voices superimposed on the phone wires. They were too ignorant and too afraid of Hitler to disregard such orders, *as was Hitler himself* (and many another in our own United States today) who take orders over a phone. The phone can be a deadly instrument, with a cavern fiend on one end and a gullible "follower" on the upper end. . .so never take a phone seriously. Suppose Hitler's orders to start the gas chambers were *not* taken seriously and Hitler realized that that kind of order would *not* be

taken seriously. . .there *would have been no more such orders.*

Actually, Hitler's Germany *was run by false voices over the phone* and Hitler himself was *afraid to admit it!* The same can happen today in any other country, with the same deadly results.

This is the real danger in the "men in black". They are a modern recurrence of an ancient phenomena, and *can in time become the ruling idiots of a murderous group* like Hitler's SS.

They are a deadly threat to everyone. . .the SAME KIND OF THREAT HITLER WAS.

But to take them seriously as thinking members of a thinking organization is *not exactly true.* They are no less dangerous for that reason, though! They are ignorant people listening to what they are told by *mysterious voices* and to mysterious phone calls. I do *not* believe you will find *that they get any pay* if you investigate them.

Fiends like Heirens, who sawed up a half dozen young girls, *listen to the same sort of voices. This is a matter of police record.*

Your phone can be rung by a ray from the caves and often the most important phone calls *are found to be spurious in origin.*

Richard S. Shaver

The Honorable Richard B. Russell
United States Senator
Winder, Georgia

Dear Senator Russell:

I gather from information I have recently come in contact with that the United States Air Force is no longer going to continue operation of Project Blue Book, the operation dealing with so-called "unidentified flying objects".

While it is perhaps quite true that a great deal of discussion on the problem of unidentified flying objects "pro" and "con" has taken place without clear result, and while the value of further discussion may be questionable to many, I think it would be of some potential value to

take whatever measures necessary to insure that the files of Project Blue Book remain intact, perhaps in the Library of Congress, in a restricted section if necessary.

Regardless of current opinions held by some, the fact remains that this information—and I would imagine that there is a considerable volume of it—may be of value to scientists and/or others doing research work in this area. This would, in my opinion, apply whether there is any objective actuality to the UFO phenomenon or not. An example of the latter might be in the area of sociological research.

I am not presently aware of the Air Force's policy on this, or even if any clear policy exists. I do hope that the files will be kept intact, rather than destroyed or disbursed, and will be available, at the least, to qualified scientific personnel.

I request that you look into this matter, and if necessary bring your influence to bear in favor of keeping the files intact, as per the above.

Sincerely,
Allen H. Greenfield

Editor's Note: Mr. Greenfield received a prompt acknowledgment from Senator Russell. Later, Senator Russell sent Greenfield a copy of a letter he received from the Air Force, dated January 9, 1970, regarding the matter. This letter follows:

Dear Senator Russell:

This is in reply to your inquiry in behalf of Mr. Allen H. Greenfield regarding Air Force disposition of Blue Book Unidentified Flying Objects (UFO) records.

The Air Force regards the documents accumulated during the past 21 years of investigating UFOs to be of definite historical value. As such, they will be stored intact at the Air Force Archives, Maxwell AFB, Alabama. Bona fide researchers and news media representatives will be granted access to them upon application to Headquarters USAF (SAFOI), The Pentagon, Washington, D.C. 20330.

We are glad to be of service in furnishing you this report.

Sincerely
Kenneth Dill, Colonel USAF
Congressional Inquiry Division
Office of Legislative Liaison

Further Note: Mr. Barker's Congressman, Rep. Robert H. Mollohan, contacted the Air Force at the same time and received a similar reply.

Dear Gray:

Since my "time machine" article in the Spring-Summer 1969 issue, I have come across some interesting events which may filter through as evidence for my ideas. If something comes of it, I'll let you know.

In the meantime, I would like to comment on John Keel's article in the same issue, concerning the so-called "men in black." Keel stated that the UFO mystery has had "science...stalemated for twenty years," and that "This situation is beyond the reach of science." I do not see why this should be so. Science is all-encompassing and if such-and-such an event is true, it is provable by scientific methods.

Obviously there is some truth to the MIB stories, or else the tales we hear about them would not have become so wide-spread and detailed. You yourself know this, Gray, having had direct dealings with several persons with MIB claims. Whoever the MIB are, I believe that the current belief that they—and the saucers—are from outer space is too trite an explanation, however, and we must look elsewhere for the solution.

I think that Keel is correct in saying that the UFO mystery is "most complicated," and that "A simple and brief explanation is not possible." He rightly remarks that "Man's past and his future are directly involved," but in a context which he did not intend. It is my suggestion that my "time-travel" theory can just as well account for the MIB cases as the popular spatial idea.

After all, most MIB-contact claimants say that the solution has been right under our noses for years, but has remained ignored. Furthermore, as a scientist, I recognize that those things remaining which are not disproven may still hold the one thing that CAN be proven. If he doesn't recognize this as a distinct possibility, he may miss the boat altogether.

Yours,
Dr. Richard H. Pratt

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visiting professor—a friend of _____ who happened to be on hand; he said he had not seen _____ there, and doubted he was attending any seminars because none were scheduled that were of interest to _____.

Yesterday I confronted the person who told me of _____ transfer. When I told him what I knew, he shrugged and said maybe he had made a mistake. I went to Dr. _____ home and found a real estate dealer's sign on the lawn—the house was vacant.

Do you know where I can get in touch with him? Please do not print my name if you print the letter (I don't see why you should anyway).

Dear Mr. Barker:

I read Dr. Pratt's article, "Flying Saucers: Time Machines?" with great interest. It is an idea that I myself have pondered occasionally, but never given serious thought until now.

I have no idea, though, what Dr. Pratt speaks of when he discusses "temporal calculus" as some kind of secret research on time travel. As I understand it, this branch of mathematics was based on a number of calculatory mistakes made by Dr. Ernest Volvesti in the late 1950's. They were later cleared up and this, indeed, is why we no longer hear about "temporal calculus."

However, I feel Dr. Pratt is onto something. He may be very truthful when saying the properties of quarks may yet give rise to undiscovered aspects of relativity. In my own musings I have arrived to the conclusion that, eventually, men will be able to move as freely in what some call the "fourth" dimension, as we do now in three.

But then, what if the past and the future can be altered? My concern is that, if Pratt's hypothesis is true, the pilots of the saucers are returning to our time to change certain events to produce different results in their own time periods. Pratt says he can show that this is impossible. I'd like to see him do it in print, and soon.

In closing, I'd like to commend your publication for finally recognizing the fact that scientists, too, are most interested in this phenomenon, and will ultimately help find the solution. However, I believe your choice in Dr. Pratt as Science

Dear Sirs:

I am greatly concerned over an article you printed recently about time machines, which was written by one "Dr. Richard H. Pratt." I happen to know this gentleman, and am now wondering if something underhanded has happened to him.

Perhaps you know this already, but "Dr. Pratt" is actually Dr. _____ of _____ College. During my sophomore year there, I spent a great deal of time with Dr. _____, not only as a physics student but as a fellow researcher of flying saucers. He had often expressed his belief to me that the saucers are actually time machines, and he told me—in confidence—that he had written an article about the subject

for your magazine, under an assumed name for the protection of himself and the college.

I don't know what has happened since then, but when I returned to college this week to help the administration move equipment into our new physics building, I inquired about _____. I was told that he was no longer with the college, and was attending seminars at _____ University in _____. Having had no contact with him during the entire summer, and since I had some money to spend, I called the administration office at _____ and asked how to get in touch with _____. Everyone there drew a blank, for they had no idea he was there. I finally spoke with another

Consultant is poor, for he obviously holds one opinion and is not as open-minded as such a consultant should be. At least, it's a step forward.

Truly yours,
William V. Olemena, B.Sc.

Editor's Note: In regard to Dr. Pratt, frankly we thought his discussion of "quarks" in our last issue might be a bit far out, not having the scientific qualifications to check out his theory. We were pleased, however, to run across an article by Walter Sullivan, New York Times science editor, which confirms Pratt's article to a great degree. We quote from this article which appeared on September 22, 1969:

NEW YORK—Australian physicists who earlier this month reported tentatively that they had seen the long-sought sub-units of matter known as quarks, now say their finding has been "greatly strengthened" by a new observation.

This was of a cosmic ray "shower" in August which, they believe, clearly generated a particle with an electric charge two-thirds that of the electron. Such fractional charges, not otherwise seen in nature, were predicted for the quark.

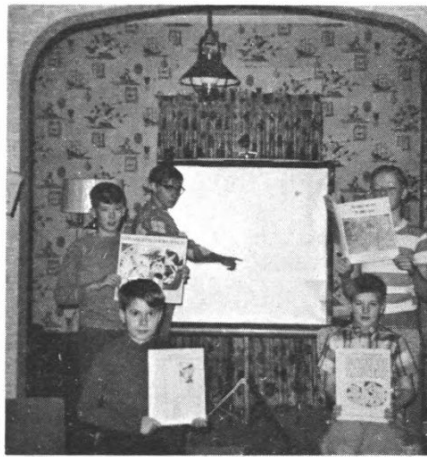
A proton would contain two quarks with an electric charge of plus two-thirds and one quark of minus one-third charge. This would account for the proton's observed net charge of plus one.

The existence of these subunits would help account for various aspects of particle behavior, but the failure to find them in nature despite many ingenious efforts has convinced a number of physicists that they probably do not exist.

It was generally agreed that if the Australian finding is correct, it will be a milestone in the effort to determine the basic nature of matter.

Dear Mr. Barker:

Enclosed is a picture of a new UFO group. In the rear, inspecting the freeze frame of the Lost Creek Saucer Film, is the Chairman, Gary Elvers. On his right is Kevin Walters, looking over the "Strangers From Space" record album. To Mr. Elvers' left is Rodney Berkshire, reading "The Shaver Mystery and the Inner Earth."



Directly in front of Keven Walters is Greg Elvers who has seen a UFO at very close range, and who is holding up the latest issue of *Saucer News*. On his left is Mark Walters who has seen two UFOs. He is holding a copy of "Gray Barker's Book of Saucers."

Would it be possible for you to run this picture in *Saucer News*?

Greg Elvers

You twisted our arm!—Ed.

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Dear Saucer News Readers:

For several years my husband, Gene, has edited Canada's best known UFO research magazine, *Saucers Space & Science*. It has gained world-wide recognition and is read not only by lay people, but by top-ranking scientists, educators and government people. This has been brought about, I am sure, because Gene believes in printing ALL THE FACTS in his exciting articles.

Throughout the years and 1969 in particular, I have been going through the files and note a wealth of the most exciting material imaginable which has never been printed. You see, Gene, despite his exciting editing, is still a conservative when it comes to printing CERTAIN TYPES OF ARTICLES. These are FAR-OUT saucer cases,

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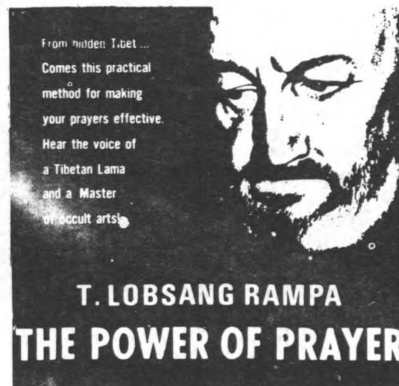
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theories and ideas. Gene has been afraid to print these for fear they would alienate some of his more conservative readers, and, in particular, the scientific community.

I felt this material should be made available to readers, not in the pages of SS & S, but in a separate book, which could be issued with the warning that "this is strong medicine." It would be circulated

only to those who knew what they were ordering, and would not be shocked by the contents.

Gene has reacted favorably to this idea, and I am happy to report that this publication is now in the final stages of printing. Gene has titled this exciting book, "OUTERMOST."

"OUTERMOST" will contain new and amazing material by Richard S. Shaver on the Deros and Teros;

unprecedented material by Otto Binder; and disturbing revelations by Hans Lauritzen. Saucer News editor, Gray Barker, has released one full chapter of his forthcoming hardcover book, "The Silver Bridge" to appear in "OUTERMOST". This is one of the most thrilling pieces of writing I have ever read, and I think Gray outdoes his "They Knew Too Much" book in this material. Warning: you may not sleep after reading this chapter. Names of other important UFO authors have been withheld from prior announcement by their requests. And one leading UFO researcher, a household word for you has written an article under a pseudonym, as he puts it, "for his own protection."

Only 2,000 copies of "OUTERMOST" will be printed. I would like readers of *Saucer News* to have the opportunity to get copies before the supply is exhausted. If you will send the \$1.50 purchase price in ADVANCE of publication, I will see that you get an issue of *Gene's Saucers, Space & Science* FREE as a bonus. Make out your cheque or money order for \$1.50 to Gene Duplantier, not to me. Send your order, however, to me, so that I can personally see that you get the Free Issue. Only people sending orders to my attention will receive the free magazine.

I must close now, to cook Gene's supper. It is 30 degrees below zero here in Toronto as I write this, and I know Gene will be starved when he gets home.

Sincerely,
Eileen Duplantier
17 Shetland Street
Willowdale, Ontario
Canada

Dear Gray:

This summer I met up with two space men who have been living in Buffalo for about 3 years. They left about two weeks ago, and said they would return with a large group of people from their home planet in a far off galaxy in about 18 years. Nine years going and nine years back, that's traveling at top speed.

They looked exactly like our people, and full of pep and vim. One was a blonde and the other had jet black hair and dark eyes plus a short

clipped beard, very classic. The blondie didn't have any whiskers.

At the present-time I work as a waitress in downtown Buffalo next door to a large hotel. People come in our place from all over the world, due to the fact Niagara Falls is only 23 miles distance so both cities are included on all tours. One day I said, "Let's invite the Space People," and about a week later things began to happen.

Well to get back to my story, Robert, that was the Blondie spaceman, was a very loveable chap (as I found out) and the other one wasn't far behind either. Blondie called on the phone almost every night if he didn't come in. He said on his home planet when a woman became pregnant she prepared to give birth to three babies and that's the way it went there. I thought to myself, "You're good guys to keep away from!"

As their babies were born three in a crack, very rarely two babies were born, and never a single birth.

He said the people just lived and lived. Nobody died and their planet was so overcrowded they decided to go out and found colonies on other planets.

He told us to fry our beef steak three seconds on each side and eat. Wow that's raw, but he said it would give us a lot of strength we haven't got. They wouldn't eat any food in our restaurant or any other one because they said, "You people cook everything too much."

After I arrived home from work at night sometimes, I would walk into my house and feel a beautiful aura around me (then I knew they were for real). We had visits through mental telepathy and at times it seemed as though they were sitting right in my living room.

They invited us to their apartment for dinner, and cocktails. I don't know what it was they served to eat and everyone got one drink, and that was it. And no smoking. They were in trouble wherever they went, as people were blowing smoke all around them, and they said it was absolutely nauseating. I do love my cigarettes regardless.

They told us one thing to remember—our world as it is—is not

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for long and later on he and his people will help to build a new world here.

They asked questions concerning what we thought of our government and etc. and tried to get recruits to make the trip back with them and only one young lad left with them.

I hope I didn't take up too much of your time, and have some other news about space visitors here in Buffalo if you are interested. Please let me know.

Sincerely yours,
Bernie Raymond

(By all means, let us know!—Ed.)

Dear Mr. Barker:

Just as a matter of fleeting interest I have enclosed a photo of my automobile license plates.

Most people who stop me are not so much interested in UFOs as they are in finding out what the "96" means.

Sincerely,
• Paul Braczyk

By the way, what does the "96" mean?—Ed.



Dear Mr. Barker:

I was at your recent New York City lecture at the Hotel Diplomat. What I could hear, above all the noise, was very interesting. I was surprised to see so many skeptics at the lecture. Instead of debating, all they could do was shout harassing remarks. Some of which were: Louder please! Fake! and not to mention the man that was sitting next to me going to sleep.

My attention was caught by the film you showed about a UFO over an airport. It did not look like a "phony" unless it was cleverly done by an expert creator. I'm sorry that I could not hear your lecture because of the shouts and the seat that I occupied was located near an Air Conditioner which made a little noise.

I will expect to be at your next lecture.

Thank you,
Fred Mohr

(I am very sorry, and Mr. Moseley apologizes for the bad acoustics and noisy air conditioner. I have a great talent for putting people to sleep. You're asking for more punishment if you attend my next lecture—but thank you sincerely. Your letter is one I shall always treasure.—G.B.)

Dear Gray:

As I have never seen a UFO, I cannot claim to be an expert, but I do have a few ideas beginning to form, and here are some of them:

1. A strong possibility exists that unknown entities have entered our plane of existence through a magnetic rift, or warp if you prefer. Perhaps first by accident, but now expertly

controlled in such a manner that the rift can be opened at will at any point.

2. Someone has perfected time travel in the sense that time is a dimension.

3. According to the Unified Field Theory, vibrations in the molecular structures are controlled in such a manner that a normally visible substance in our plane of reference can be rendered invisible and moved about while in that state. Reverse the procedure and everything is back to normal. We all know that severe vibrations occur quite frequently in sightings.

I am an ex Air Force crew chief (WWII) and am at present a Chief Boatswains Mate in the U.S. Coast

Guard Reserve. I am NOT a nut, and I am sincerely interested in this subject. Feel free to use this material in any manner you wish.

Sincerely,
Robert L. Morris
Member, Operations Committee
Sixth Annual Congress of
Scientific Ufologists


Dear Gray:

Mr. Gary R. Leslie (page 42 Issue No. 74) is to be congratulated. He has devoted four hours per day, seven days per week, for the past 500 days to his "MIB study". Such dedication is most commendable, even though he neglects to mention exactly what it was that he was studying. My three

articles on the MIB in national media inspired hundreds of letters from non-UFO-oriented citizens all over the country relating their own experiences with this interesting aspect. I have also uncovered many historical references to MIB-types, and have even found a book on the "International Bankers Conspiracy" published in 1933 which relates various MIB stories. Nevertheless, I would find it most difficult to spend "a probable 2000 hours" to studying this enormous wealth of material. It would be even more difficult for me to share Mr. Leslie's conclusion that the victims of this phenomenon are publicity nuts.

Almost none of the people I have met in my investigations into MIB events are willing to allow their names to be published. The UFO buffs have been effectively cut off from most


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WAS DR. JESSUP MURDERED BY THE 'SILENCE GROUP'?

STRANGE CASE OF DR. M. K. JESSUP

The mystery of Dr. M.K. Jessup is one of the strangest in the history of Ufology. His death, officially labeled "suicide", has been widely questioned by researchers who knew the noted astronomer and UFO Investigator well.

There was, for example, the case of the strange annotated books, and the secret edition of one of Dr. Jessup's books titled "The Varo Edition".

These annotations, together with letters from a mysterious Carlos Allende, told of an alleged secret Naval experiment and of disappearing ships and men.

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ufological information and so they only hear about the things that happen to other buffs. They are almost completely unaware of what is happening to the general public. The dreary fact that almost no field investigations are being carried out in this country contributes to the confusion.

Mr. Leslie should spend less time on his "MIB study" and more time checking his other facts. He claims that "Al Bender made a small fortune" from a book which was privately published and distributed only to the very small UFO hardcore. He asserts that "the UFO field has tens of thousands of followers". Actually, after 15 years, FSR has built up a total worldwide circulation of

3500. Palmer's magazine, after 12 years, has 4,000 subscribers. The average UFO fanzine has a circulation of less than 200. Where are these "tens of thousands", Mr. Leslie? The "softcore" failed to support the Dell UFO magazine. Bantam printed 200,000 copies of the Condon Report and sold fewer than 75,000 copies. (The average paperback book, no matter what the subject, usually sells from 75,000 to 200,000 copies.) Professional writers such as Young, Greenfield and Stanton, all took a financial beating with their carefully researched UFO books. In 1966-67, the "trend followers" (people who buy "trend" books habitually) grabbed up the works of Edwards and Fuller, but they have now moved on

UFO Warning

By JOHN STUART

First published in 1963, the first edition of "UFO WARNING" sold out quickly. Because of its shocking and terrifying nature, the publisher did not reprint this book. Things have changed, however, and students of the UFO Mystery are more knowledgeable and mature. Also, a wave of strange happenings, similar to those described in "UFO WARNING", has recently developed, and sincere saucer students should and must have this information.

So the publisher has decided to make a limited re-printing of what is probably THE MOST FRIGHTENING AND HORRIFYING BOOK ever published on the subject of UFOs. It tells the strange story of John Stuart, head of the Australian group, "Flying Saucer Investigators". He and his pretty co-director, Barbara, discovered what they felt was the secret of the discs, after which they were beset by strange occult forces and terrible warnings. Their failure to stop their work resulted in the appearance of a vile, lecherous monster. "UFO WARNING" will tell you what NOT to do in UFO research and what subjects to avoid, lest you too, be given the WARNING.

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to the new "trends" and New York publishers are keenly aware that, despite all the publicity and controversy, no UFO hardcore market has emerged.

Mr. Leslie's knowledge of human psychology is pathetic. It has been well-established that the average person dislikes mysteries and is prone to rationalize his way out of unusual experiences. Thus, most UFO witnesses eventually convince themselves that they actually saw a "secret weapon" or a "meteor" or "satellite". People prefer to grasp upon any halfway acceptable explanation: a fact which the Air

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Force has exploited for many years. Mr. Leslie's statement, "It is common for a human being to become engrossed in a mystery which continually becomes more difficult to explain", is patently false. If he had made even a superficial study of psychology he would have realized this. On the other hand, the people who gravitate toward Ufology are abnormal in that they are obsessed with attaining personal publicity and they do love mysteries. They project these unfortunate personality traits upon the innocent UFO witnesses.

Our real problem is that the UFO phenomena has never been properly investigated and the full details surrounding UFO events rarely, if ever, reach print where they can be "studied" by the UFO buffs. The MIB events are much more common than the poorly informed buffery realizes, and both the Air Force and the F.B.I. have taken a serious interest in these

SONG OF SATURN

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Some of the chapters: "A Spiritual Teacher," "The Group," "Daughter of Venus," "The Saturnian Music," "Pre-Inca Woman," "I Awake to the Inner World," and others, including "Life Form From Outer Space," wherein, for the first time, you can read the inside story of Howard Menger's famous Film.

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cases. Those UFO buffs who actually get caught up in the real events usually recoil in horror, destroy their files and drop all ufological activities, much to the bewilderment and confusion of their friends. Then people like Mr. Leslie try to speculate on the reasons for their behavior. Since he apparently has no knowledge of psychology or of ufology, it is understandable that he should arrive at a confused conclusion.

Let's be quite frank: Leslie's letter was apparently written by an ego-centric personality keenly interested in self-promotion. If he did not spend four hours a day for the past 500 days in his MIB study, then this statement brands him a pathological liar. Such personalities usually assume that their own psychological problems are shared by others with similar interests. Since he knows that *he* is a liar, he assumes that all the "UFO buffs" claiming

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MIB experiences are also similar liars acting from motivations similar to his own. He accuses these others of withholding information to enhance the mystery, then he states that he has completed "an organized hypothesis" ten pages long but is withholding it.

While Mr. Leslie has been pouring over the pages of *Saucer News* for 2000 hours I have been conducting nationwide polls of the telephone problems and emotional aberrations experienced by UFO percipients. While he has been debating the true identity of Heflin's "man from NORAD", I have been chasing similar characters all over the countryside. Contrary to one of his other statements, the average UFO witness and MIB witness has *absolutely no prior knowledge* of UFOs. *SAGA* magazine reaches .01% of the population. *Fate* reaches half that number. This means that the mail I have received represents only a tiny fraction of the overall MIB activity. I suggest you read the FSR special "BEYOND CONDON" for a summary

of my methods and findings.

The real secret of the "flying saucers" is paradoxical. None of the UFO buffs want to believe it so they go on beating dead horses and debating completely false issues. If they could abandon their "tunnel vision" and gain an objective perspective of the overall data this "secret" would eventually become very clear to them. I have published the "secret" openly in many articles and will continue to do so. Gradually more and more researchers have been discovering it for themselves and admitting that I'm right. I hope that Mr. Leslie will spend the next 2000 hours studying "BEYOND CONDON".

Best...
John A. Keel

EDITORIAL NOTES (continued from page 5)

KEEL'S BOOK

John Keel's major book, "OPERATION TROJAN HORSE", is now definitely set for publication in June, this year. Much speculation has revolved around this forthcoming book for the past two or three years, ever since Keel announced he was writing it. Even now both the publisher (Putnam's) and Keel are keeping a tight lid on its contents until its publication date. Putnam plans a major promotional campaign, and Keel will probably make many television appearances.

Through the "devious" means of our organization, S.A.U.C.E.R.S., your editor has read the complete uncorrected proofs of "HORSE."

Journalistic ethics prohibit our running a review prior to publication, and there is probably good reasons for the tight security on release of the contents (Our Non-Scheduled Confidential Newsletter is carrying a thumbnail review, however, since this goes to only a few people).

I think it would be within the bounds of propriety, however, to make just a statement or two about the book here. Like a few U.F.O. books in the 'fifties, "OPERATION TROJAN HORSE" is a landmark book in the Saucer field. It definitely

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will have a major effect upon future research and literature in the field. It is a tremendously interesting volume, difficult to put down once you start reading it. It will run more than 300 pages, from estimate of the proof sheets.

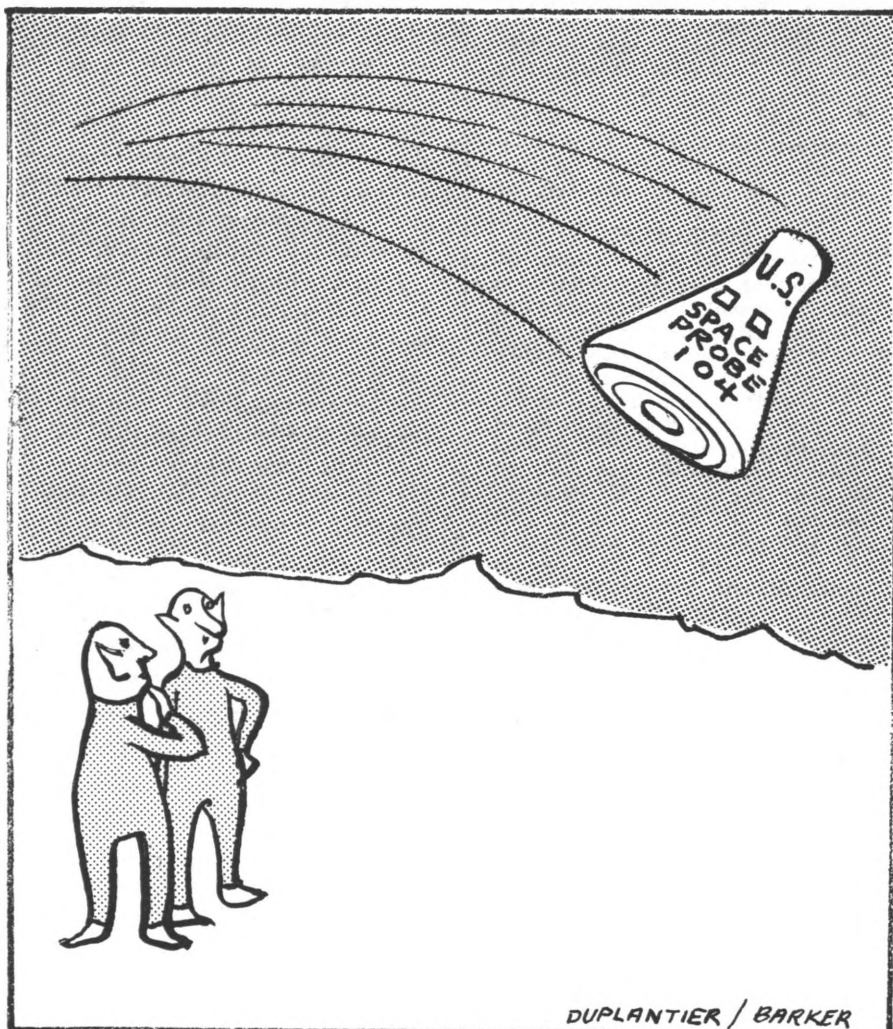
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SEVENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS OF SCIENTIFIC UFOLOGISTS SCHEDULED IN COLUMBUS, OHIO JUNE 26-27-28, 1970

Will UFO Press please copy and run this information in first available issue? (The Congress is a non-profit organization and has no budget for advertising.)

The Seventh Annual Congress of Scientific Ufologists will be held in Columbus, Ohio, Friday-Saturday-Sunday, June 26-28, 1970.

SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: American Flying Saucer Investigations Committee, 1773 Lattimer Drive, Columbus, Ohio. Kevin McCray, Director. Telephone (614) 861-2302.

PREFERRED DELEGATE HOUSING: The Christopher Inn, 300 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Telephone (614) 228-3541. This location is next door to meeting place for Closed Sessions, and convenient to Hotel Sheraton where Open Sessions will be held.

Room Rates: Start at \$17.00 double.

Reservations: To be made by individual delegates. Congress will not have a housing committee service to make reservations.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP: Congress Membership, write to John J. Robinson, The Robinson Committee on Ethics, Correspondence and Membership (Local sponsoring organization may set its own rules for admission on non-members).

SCHEDULE

FRIDAY, June 26: Center of Sciences and Industries Building (one block from Inn), Transparent Talking Woman Auditorium (!) Registration and Closed Sessions. Exact schedule for Friday to be announced.

SATURDAY, June 27: Represents a departure from past scheduling, to place less emphasis on Open Sessions (Schedule for Sunday afternoon), and to allow time for valuable committee meetings. In other words, NO DEFINITE SCHEDULE is set for this day. Scheduling may be made in closed sessions. This will be a good time for delegates to get acquainted and for fraternization. The Battelle Planetarium will schedule a FLYING SAUCER SHOW at some hour on Saturday, in honor of the Congress.

SUNDAY, June 28: OPEN SESSIONS, Venus Room (!) Sheraton Hotel (Two blocks away from Inn). Admission \$2.00. Important speakers being scheduled. Sunday Afternoon 1:00 P.M.

REGISTRATION FEE of \$5.00 per delegate may be paid at the registration desk.

(This announcement prepared by Gray Barker, Chairman, Interim Coordination Committee, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va. 26301.)

THE ENIGMA (continued from p. 5)

I myself became involved with this sort of cloak and dagger mystery during the summer of 1965 when two men dressed as Cleveland police detectives visited my home to ask me questions about my saucer activities, allegedly on request of a potential UFO MAGAZINE subscriber in Florida. They stayed about a half-hour and asked questions which only an "insider" to the saucer mystery would know. They also had a substantial knowledge of local as well as national UFO personalities.

We evidently have a group of individuals so interested in the UFO mystery as to harass and even shoot at UFO investigators. Do they think that we know something that the Air Force doesn't? Possibly the Air Force and other branches of the service have their own "Men In Black" problems too. How many times have Air Force investigators been shot at? Possibly all this speculation is hogwash; maybe there is no real MIB threat after all—the whole thing might just be our imaginations. Many have suggested this, but I don't believe that so many persons in widely separated areas could have had the same delusions for so long. After all, it is rather hard for one to hallucinate a rifle bullet lodged in the earth after being shot at you.

All this "Men In Black" business in itself has nothing to do with solving the UFO mystery. It is merely a sub-phenomena more associated with the behavioral, rather than physical sciences. I don't believe that we can solve the mystery by chasing the "MIB" as some in the field suggest. The MIB prove that we have a real enigma on our hands that we must get to the bottom of—BECAUSE SOMEONE OR SOMETHING DOESN'T WANT US TO KNOW!

NECROLOGY (continued from p. 14)

recently a definitive book, MARINER IV TO MARS. He was considered one of the Nation's top science writers.

JOHN AVERY

John Avery, a *Saucer News* subscriber since the first issue (then called NEXUS), died Nov. 8, 1969, under sadly ironic circumstances. Avery was moving some of his huge

library cases, overloaded with his large collection of UFO, occult and other books. One of the cases toppled and struck him on the back, causing a spinal injury. He was 82.

WILBUR J. POWELL

Wilbur J. Powell, publisher of *The Christian Faith*, a small journal devoted to spiritual writings and hymns, died August 22, at the age of 86. He was interested in UFOs and had exchanged his publications with *The Saucerian* and later *Saucer News* over the years.

FALSE RUMOR

A rumor that Al K. Bender, author of *Flying Saucers And The Three Men*, had died suddenly, happily proved to be untrue. Nobody knows exactly how the false rumor got started. "I am alive and well, and have a new book just going to the publishers," Bender recently wrote us.

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SALE! SAUCER PHOTOS! 10% off on all saucer photos. The Assistant Photo Editor of SAUCER NEWS is having an end of the season clearance sale and all photos are reduced by 10%. MICHAEL G. MANN, Box 233 Church St. Station, New York, N.Y. 10003 (75)

THE GREAT AIRSHIP SCARE

(continued from page 9)

We must also recall the testimonies of Deputy Sheriff John McLemore and Constable John J. Sumpter of Hot Springs, Arkansas who met the occupants of a flying ship on May 13, 1897. An affidavit followed and here is some of that statement:

"While riding northwest from Hot Springs on the night of May 6, 1897, we noticed a bright light high in the heavens. About a hundred yards ahead we saw two persons moving around with lights. Drawing our Winchesters, we demanded: 'Who is that, and what are you doing here?'"

"A man with a dark beard stepped forward and said he and the young woman were traveling through the country in an airship. We could see the outlines of the ship, which was around sixty feet long and cigar-shaped. It was dark and raining and a young man was filling a big sack with water. The woman was careful to keep back in the dark."

The two laymen were offered a free ride in order to get out of the rain, but they declined. The bearded man said he was going to Nashville, Tenn., after seeing the country. Unfortunately, the witnesses left before the ship ascended into the air since they were hurrying to get home.

The airships finally vanished after May, although there were a few reported sightings in 1898 and some activity continuing into 1905. Were they new-fangled contraptions built by some ingenious party of inventors? It seems unlikely. Did the pilots want us to believe this in order to conceal their real identity and purpose? The angry, bellowing giant in Williamston, Mich.; the strange, oriental men near the McKinney Bayou in Arkansas; and the "little man" seen in Merkel, Texas, all seem to tally with modern-day reports of UFO occupants.

These reports were well documented; they are representative of a large amount of datum, and were published in both the lay and scientific presses.

Through a close scrutiny of the sightings in this period, perhaps we can arrive at some conclusive answers which still awaits us in the mystery of the UFO.

Saucer News Book List

The following books are available from SAUCER NEWS as a reader service.

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BARKER, Gray: GRAY BARKER'S BOOK OF SAUCERS, \$3.95 (p), \$4.95 (c); THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, \$1.25 (p); THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. M.K. JESSUP, \$3.95 (c)

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THE THREE MEN in BLACK

By Donny Barker

He was working on his project
On a dark and lonely night;
How the lightning flashed and
Thunder roared outside.
His name was Al K. Bender
And he was to have a fright
From some visitors who
In the dark did hide.

CHORUS:

Oh the Three Men In Black
They are always watching you
They are waiting in the shadows,
Their Evil Deeds to do.
You had better read your Bible
And reject your evil lore
Or the Three Men In Black
Will be knocking at your door!

Bender thought he had the answer
To the secret of the ships
That Air Force spokesmen call the UFO's.
But he dived in hidden secrets
And refused to seal his lips,
So the Men In Black
His Saucer Club did close.

(CHORUS)

Those who deal with occult forces,
Always live to rue the day
For these evil powers
Grow and grow on you.
So renounce the evil angels,
Or the devil you must pay
And the Men In Black
Will take their Awful due.

(CHORUS)

