

SAUCERIAN

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BULLETIN



EDITED BY GRAY BARKER

Above: Trevor James believes hostile saucer may have destroyed Captain Mantel's aircraft. Read review of James' new book, "They Live In The Sky," in this issue

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--By--
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"FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED"
(Co-Authored With D. Leslie)
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"THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS"
--By--
Gray Barker \$3.50

IT'S FALL AGAIN and once more we go back on some kind of regular schedule with THE BULLETIN. We hope you were pleasantly surprised when you received this large issue.

But before we go further, let me state that the next issue probably won't be this large -- the high cost of printing prohibits it. And we don't want to raise the subscription price, and won't unless we absolutely have to.

As you've probably guessed, the bulletin (or more properly a MAGAZINE) you hold in your hand cost more to print than you paid for it. And that we don't mind--as long as we're satisfied that the material is worthwhile. Of course we have a firm reality to face -- the printer's bill. There is only one answer to our problem of paying for such an expensive issue -- selling books to our subscribers. That is why you see "commercials" here and there. And we hope you won't mind.

For one thing, this is a sort of anniversary issue. Five years ago we got the idea of putting out a saucer publication, started cranking our ditto machine, and THE SAUCERIAN was born -- in a 200-copy issue. Then we had to depart from the many-paged format we started with. Some critics, chiefly among them James W. Moseley, crowed that we had deserted our original high ideals. Maybe we had to--partly. But, Mr. Moseley, when you read this issue, you will do something other than crow. It is time to look to your OWN paper, SAUCER NEWS, now waning in popularity, and try to improve it rather than try to strike down others -- as you have tried (probably successfully) to strike down NICAP -- but more about that a little later.

With this issue we've tried to eliminate the one criticism we received on our last issue, which began a new format. The type was just too small for many, particularly our older readers, to read. I believe we've corrected it

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to your satisfaction in this issue. If we haven't, write us and tell us what we should do.

Now back to Mr. Moseley and his strange drives. In a recent issue of his magazine he has bitterly attacked NICAP, the ONE organization which was apparently getting something done toward bringing out the Government's real stand on saucers. Moseley charged that the organization was ready to fold, would do so by the end of this year, and hinted they would not be able to refund members' money.

(Continued Page 20)

MORE ABOUT STRAITH: Mysterious R. E. Straith, who many believe wrote a letter from the U.S. State Dept. to George Adamski, endorsing his claims, was still the big topic of discussion in many saucer publications all over the world, including even Africa!

Since, if it is a hoax, as many claim, George Adamski, is mainly at the receiving end of it, we take this space for a recent letter from the author of "FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED" and "INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS."

Dear Mr. Barker:

I had intended answering your letter promptly, but you know how things are with both of us and so the time has passed much more rapidly than I realized.

Enclosed are the 2nd, 3rd and 4th booklets of Questions and Answers. These should have gone out to you as they were available, but your card was put away with your letter for a special answer and as a result you were unwittingly neglected. We are sorry about this.

Through these booklets you will get a running story of developments in regard to the Straith letter. Let me say here in view of certain recent publications, that to date I have received no communication from the State Department relative to this matter.

As I think I told you, shortly after this letter was made public a member of the State Department called on me, but our visit was most friendly. He told me, in the presence of my secretary, that the stationary carrying that particular letterhead was now being used by their office in the U.N. And he also acknowledged that the Seal was never, to his knowledge, impressed upon blank paper; but was im-

Editor's note: The Adamski series of "Questions and Answers" are booklets of about 32 pages which sell for \$1.00 each. As a reader service we are able to supply these to anyone who is interested. There are 5 booklets in all.

pressed only after a letter was written and signed.

He asked me if I had met Mr. R. E. Straith personally, and I told him I had not as yet, but was looking forward to such a meeting with pleasure. And I did show him a letter from a correspondent dated February 12th in which it was stated, Quote: "I have just gotten a small amount of information about R. E. Straith. I am told he is in the State Department and is on secret work. Probably this is why he was hard to track down." Unquote.

It is very possible that this is the reason the State Department can say they do not know a Mr. R. E. Straith, for it must be acknowledged that people in confidential work in the government are not public characters whose names appear on published lists throughout the world. I have been told since that time by this same correspondent that the original informer has now changed his story. Who do you suppose put on the pressure?

There are a couple of other matters which I would like to clear with you. One is a published statement to the effect that in 1943 I submitted a manuscript to a certain magazine, which was essentially the same as my report of my meeting with the Venusian on November 20th, 1952 as recorded in "FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED." This difference was, according to this recent report, that I used the name Jesus Christ instead of the Venusian. The writer of this article is not named, but admits that he is dependent upon his memory for his statement. Let me say here emphatically that his statement is totally false. I have never written such a manuscript.

In 1943 I was working on a ranch in Valley Center, raising chickens and caring for a fruit orchard. I had no secretary at the time, nor did I have time to do any writing whatever. But is it not strange that after fifteen years such a memory should suddenly become active rather than when "FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED" was first published in 1953? I can't understand such things, can you?

The next subject is a certain campaign titled Project Outer Space, soliciting funds to the amount of \$30,000.00 or more to make a proposed Saucer movie. It is stated in their literature that the talents of the outstanding contact people will be utilized. And it further states that these people have pledged themselves of their time and ability -- and my name was included among those listed! The promoter of this project did not contact me at any time, nor did he ever secure my permission to use my name. I have advised him to take the necessary legal steps

to enforce the withdrawal of my name.

I want it plainly understood that I will have nothing to do with the making of this movie. A movie of the character proposed by this project would only add to the present confusion, and would be of no value to anyone except those who receive financial gain from it.

If you desire to reproduce this letter in your "Saucerian Bulletin" you have my permission to do so.

(Signed) George Adamski

WE WERE GREATLY IMPRESSED by the investigation that Max B. Miller, publisher of SAUCERS,* and one of the earliest saucer investigators, made into the Straith mystery. An article published in the August, 1958, issue, outlines this investigation.

Miller began his investigation in the local (Los Angeles) office of the State Dept., where nobody knew anything about any "R. E. Straith," nor would the office admit there was any record of a "Cultural Exchange Committee," written under Straith's signature on the letter. There was a "Cultural Exchange Program," they told Miller.

Hearing that Straith had been transferred to a post in the U.N., Miller put in a person-to-person phone call to Straith on March 25th of this year. The name seemed to ring a bell with the U.N. information desk, but he couldn't be placed. When many other agencies had no definite knowledge of Straith, Miller's call was transferred to Washington.

At no time, said Miller, was the existence of the Cultural Exchange Committee denied, as his operator was transferred from one extension to another. One person, a Mrs. Belt, said the Cultural Exchange Committee was not an actual committee, but rather a nebulous title.

Finally Miller reached a department which admitted "I guess you could say that" when asked if this were the Cultural Exchange Committee. Feeling he was at last getting somewhere, he asked for Straith. Then the surprise. Miller was told that he was in Security and that his correspondence had been transferred to a Mr. Summers, to whom he was then referred.

When Miller's operator asked Mr. Summers for Straith, Summers demanded to know who had referred the call

*We highly recommend that you subscribe to SAUCERS, Max B. Miller's publication. \$2.00 for six issues. Single copies 35¢. Address Flying Saucers International, P.O. Box 35034, Los Angeles 35, Calif.

to him. Then Summers left the line for about four minutes and upon returning wanted to know what the caller's relationship was with "Mr. Straith" and just what his business was with him.

Miller said it was a personal matter. Then he was transferred to a man named Otto Otepka, who wouldn't say anything, and in turn transferred the call to Maurice Wright's office. Wright's secretary told Miller she had turned the entire matter over to George Ives, and that she couldn't discuss it further.

Not fazed by the colossal runaround, Miller stuck to his guns, insisted upon talking to Ives. But Ives was not in, or they said he wasn't when Miller placed the call. Several placements of the call drew the same reply until finally Miller said he was forgetting the matter -- whereupon it was found that "Mr. Ives just walked in the door." Miller believes they were trying to find out who was calling. Ives denied both the existence of Straith and the Cultural Exchange Committee.

Immediately following his discussion with Ives, Miller again telephoned the local office of the State Dept. He was told to leave his telephone number, and soon a special agent attached to the security division returned the call in about two minutes. At Miller's prompting, he explained the entire matter was "classified," but that he could write to the director of State Dept. Security -- following which Miller "would probably be paid a visit."

Miller ended the article by pointing out that a check with the Passport Bureau of the State Dept. disclosed that the general format of the Straith letter did not fit the rules laid down for such correspondence by the Dept.

Finally, we don't know where he gets his information, but here is a quote from a letter we received from George C. Wilson, of Santa Barbara, Calif:

"Laugh if you want to, but R. E. Straith is a maximum security agent attached to the United Nations Division of the State Dept. R. E. Straith is one of the names he used. His purpose was to get people interested in reviewing ALL of Adamski's claims.

But as to whether R. E. Straith is real or a fraud, whether the letter was genuine or a hoax, we wonder if we'll ever know! Anyhow, it's probably time to drop it altogether, unless, of course, something new should be uncovered.



THEY LIVE IN THE SKY

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Where do They come from? Another planet?
Where have They been hiding? Clouds?
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Is this
What Bender
Found Out?

Book Review: "THEY LIVE IN THE SKY"

Two years ago I received a bound manuscript titled "Spacemen, Friends and Foes," by an author named T. James. The author said he was afraid to circulate it generally at that time. For one thing, research had not been completed; then he knew the saucer world was not yet ready to accept it. He wanted more proof before he put it in book form.

I was at once tremendously enthusiastic about the manuscript -- so much that I circulated a large number of them to readers of "THE SAUCERIAN BULLETIN." If you had the good fortune of reading this early part of James' work, you probably already know of some of the amazing tenents he expounds.

The manuscript was disturbing to a lot of people -- as the completed book will be. For the book states flying saucers aren't as simple as someone coming here from another planet (though a few physical beings may be doing so).

It states that there are good forces, in the form of etheric beings, piloting disks and trying to help earth people.

But they aren't so concerned about our atomic and hydrogen bombs as they are about another menace threatening us. And here James puts his foot into the stew with a lot of loyal saucer fans who want to believe saucers are all sweetness and light.

JAMES SAYS THERE ARE BAD SPACE PEOPLE TOO. Creatures coming from the center of the earth, so to speak. Hideous creatures -- things out to do us NO GOOD. Creatures which shoot down and even kidnap our pilots -- often planes and all!

In addition to this, James states, there are other saucer pilots, physical beings from Tibet and the South Pole.

How can James prove all this? Well he can't, actually, because he has received the information telepathically from a space personage named Ashtar.

My personal reaction after reading the book went something like this: I didn't necessarily trust the method by which he had received the information which he himself stated could be partly a product of his subconscious mind.

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Yet I was impressed by one very important thing: THE INFORMATION JAMES SAID CAME FROM THE SPACE PEOPLE SOUNDED LOGICAL. It would EXPLAIN MOST OF THE COMPLICATIONS OF THE SAUCER MYSTERY. I half suspected this was what Albert K. Bender had found out, and, as my own book ("They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers") pointed out, Bender shut up about saucers and hasn't discussed them since.

I was glad to learn James had finally decided it was time to bring out the completed book -- greatly expanded over the original manuscript. And I was glad to hear the reason he was ready to bring it out. HE FELT HE HAD PROOF!!!

The proof was a series of photographs that caught on film, he said, some of the amazing beings, forces and creatures he had learned about. The 30 pages of photographs were the result of two years of painstaking and often heartbreaking work with an exciting new photographic medium.

Using an adaptation of infra-red photography, he snapped images of things previously only dreamed about in the mind. He even hoped they could represent some quirk of the camera, or of the developing process -- though he knew they were REAL -- almost TOO real! They were enough to scare people half to death!

James PROVED that our atmosphere is the home of invisible creatures of various kinds -- things gigantic in size, and not always pleasant to look upon.

I am certain this will be the most controversial book since George Adamski introduced his account of meeting space people -- and exhibited his own photos to back up his contentions. You may not like the book -- but that will be because it makes you believe some mighty unpleasant things -- because it is too strong a medicine. The important thing is that it is LOGICAL -- BAR TOO LOGICAL FOR COMFORT.

James has been able to bring metaphysical concepts down to earth -- to a position almost within range of the big guns of present day scientific thought, however hidebound it may be. Maybe that is why the book is so disturbing. Whether you classify yourself as an "objective" saucerer or have been called "crackpot" by others -- or if you are neither -- "THEY LIVE IN THE SKY" will give you a few nightmares. Now just one further warning -- if you read this book, READ IT WITH THE LIGHTS ON!!!!!!



AND

THE

THIRD EYE

The
truth
about
the
Lama

Since the presentation of some material about Flying Saucers in our April 1, 1958, issue, the storms of controversy have raged about its author, T. Lobsang Rampa, the alleged Tibetan lama, whom some have denounced as a fake.

Since that issue much has been said and written about the author of "The Third Eye" and we attempt to present that material in the following pages.

Our first feature is another article on Flying Saucers in Tibet, written by Rampa and reprinted through courtesy of the British "Flying Saucer Review," one of the finest UFO publications in print today.

We herewith try to bring you both the pro and con sides of the argument and take no sides.



-9- "LOBSANG RAMPA"

FLYING INTO SPACE

by

Dr. T. LOBSANG RAMPA

author of "The Third Eye"

THE VIVID PURPLE of the afternoon sky was suddenly cut by a snow-white line as if a finger of a god had swept aside the dark to show the light beneath. The glittering sliver at the head of the growing line sped across the sky almost too fast for the eye to follow. A sudden flash of light, and the sliver was gone, heading for the blackness of space.

We lamas lay upon our backs upon the soft green sward of the hidden valley some twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Higher still towered the jagged peaks which surrounded this warm and pleasant land and protected it from the bitter cold beyond. Tibet, more than eight times larger than the British Isles, had many mysteries, but none so strange as this, a valley of tropical splendour amid the sub-arctic temperatures without. A valley with a hidden city dating back to the time of the Flood, and, stranger still, where the Gods of the Sky had a base.

For centuries past telepathic lamas of high degree had been in communication with these Gods, and had learnt much from them. Now we, highly favoured men, were meeting them.

We lay upon our backs, thinking of the wonders we had seen. To our right, in an immense clearing, stood strange machines, machines which would be strange even to the highly mechanised world beyond our land. Men of other worlds than Earth walked about, some moving with lithe grace, breathing the air we breathed, and others stumbling a little in cumbersome clothing which, transparent, covered even their heads, and allowed them to breathe a different atmosphere.

For some hours we had lain thus, watching, marvelling, and following by telepathy the purpose of these activities. Our close concentration was suddenly shattered by a deep humming which came from just above us. Turning our heads, we saw a spinning disc approaching. As it passed over us we were flattened to the earth as if by a very strong wind, as if our weight had surprisingly doubled on the instant. Then it was over, and we raised up, resting upon an elbow to watch the landing of the machine.

It resembled two very shallow Tibetan bowls placed edge to edge, one resting upon the other, and through the centre of both was a transparent dome, or perhaps translucent would be a better description, because, while it was obviously transparent, we could not see clearly into it. Now the whole machine was rotating about the dome, and making a "swish-swish-swish" noise, reminding us of Prayer Flags fluttering in a strong breeze. The deep humming had stopped as the machine hovered above what was quite obviously a landing ground. Gradually the machine sank, lower and lower, until it was obscured from our view by a much larger tubular vessel. From a nearby building a pear-shaped

vehicle sped to the newly-arrived machine. Some minutes later it came into view again, going in the opposite direction, and returning to the building.

Our intent watching was interrupted by a man who came towards us and said: "Come now, my brothers, for we have much to show you." We rose to our feet, and once again we felt ashamed of our lack of stature; the Lama Mingyar Dondup was six feet tall, and we were all within three inches of that, but this man was twice as tall as Mingyar Dondup! I felt as if I were a seven-year-old about to enter a lamasery for the first time. The Tall One had apparently guessed my thoughts, or read them telepathically, for he said: "It is not the size of the body which matters, my brother, but the size of the aura, and the soul within. Here we have people ranging from those smaller than you to taller than I."

He led us across the green, moss-covered earth to the stretch which we had seen before. This was as hard as rock, smooth, without mark or blemish, yet it did not jar our feet as we walked across it as rock did. I looked about me in fascination, wondering at all the strange alien activities going on around us. The Tall One was evidently a man of much importance; all those working nearby touched their heart to him as he passed—a greeting which we in our ignorance thought was our eastern method. We felt very self-conscious in our shabby robes, torn and threadbare through the hard journey from Lhasa.

As we walked, the Tall One amplified the remarks of the day before, telling us that Earth was a colony, a colony which was afflicted with a dread disease which made most of the inhabitants behave like mad dogs. For centuries the Earth had been observed so that at the right time people could be helped. That time was near. Certain of us, of Tibet, were more developed telepathically and esoterically, so we were being given special information and special experiences. "Now," he said, "we are going to show you your world from beyond its atmosphere. For this it will be better if you are in a craft manned by those of your own stature."

Inside The Ship

We were standing before a vessel of tubular shape, some three hundred and fifty feet long by about sixty feet wide. A broad platform led from the ground to the interior. As we approached a man of medium height, but very broad, came down to meet us. He touched his heart to the Tall One, and for a long moment they looked at each other while a message passed between them. Then the Broad One turned to us and beckoned for us to follow him. We, following the example of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, turned first to the Tall One, touching our right hand to our heart before bowing and turning away to follow the Broad One.

The unknown is always fearsome. My own heartbeat increased in tempo as we walked up the sloping ramp, paused a moment, and entered that alien doorway. Inside was a long corridor, pale restful green in colour, and the walls appeared to be luminous. The light was uniform, and there were no shadows. The Broad One led us along the corridor for several yards, then, stopping, he raised his hands and a portion of the wall slid aside to reveal a pleasant room one side and the floor of which appeared to be so transparent that we were almost afraid to enter. "Have no fear," he said, "the floor is very solid and will bear you safely. What you actually see is a special screen which shows all outside. There are no windows here." We gaped, and entered hesitatingly; it was as if we were walking on nothing, and I certainly had the impression that I would fall through to the ground.

The Broad One faced a wall and seemed to become remote from us as if he were deep in thought for a time. I stood idly gazing through what I had thought was a transparent floor, but now knew to be a special screen. I watched other vessels nearby, and people working on them. Suddenly my knees felt weak with terror. Things were moving farther away; the ground was dropping beneath us, and I expected us to fall as well but there was no sign, no sensation of any motion.

The Broad One came out of his seeming reverie and spoke. "We are going to take you out of the earth," he said. "We are going to show you your earth from afar." I replied, "But we are not moving. If we were we would feel something. When I swung at the end of a rope, or when I flew in a kite I certainly felt. But here there is no sensation." The Broad One replied, "No, there is no sensation, but we manoeuvre at speeds beyond the ability of any flesh and blood to withstand, and we have special devices which automatically neutralise the effect of sudden turns or of too high-speed stops. You will feel nothing whatever in this ship, nor is there anything for you to worry about. We have long ago mastered the science of gravity. Later you shall see through this ship, but first—" He gestured with his hands towards the screens. We looked.

No Sensation of Motion

Far beneath us the rugged land that was Tibet was sinking. The mighty mountains, some towering higher than the much-vaunted Everest, were becoming flattened by the distance, becoming just pimples on a plain surface. We rose higher and higher until at last we could see our Happy River (as we Tibetans call it) swelling out into the mighty sacred river of India, out into the ocean which we had not seen before. We saw the outline of the coast and could easily distinguish the Bay of Bengal, and see far into China. We could even see the Great Wall of China as a thin crack across the ground.

The sun seemed to be below us, huge, swollen by the refraction of the air, glowing red like the open mouth of a lamasery furnace.

Still there was no motion, no impression of anything. We stood and watched, and thought how utterly remote was all this from our normal life upon the arid earth.

The Broad One gestured to a wall. He touched something and bench-like seats sprang from the previously smooth surface. "Sit down," he said. "We can see more comfortably sitting," we sat,



rather gingerly and rather embarrassed, because as we sat down we seemed to sink into something which gripped our shrinking forms through our thin robes. "Form-fitting seats," said the Broad One. "Very comfortable. They prevent you from slipping off yet they yield to every movement." Form-fitting, indeed, thought I. Certainly I am not used to being held in this manner. Still, I suppose I shall get used to it. Now safely seated, I gazed again at the screens and held my breath in sheer amazement. I had been taught that the earth was flat, now I knew better because I could see myself that the earth was a round globe like the ball with which I used to play. Here we were, far up above the earth, going higher and higher, until at last we were completely free of the atmosphere. The earth turned slowly beneath us, a huge globe largely covered by the grey-green of the oceans. The land masses appeared insignificant, with splotches of green and russet. Large areas of it were covered with white fleecy clouds obscuring much of the surface. Through gaps we could see the outline of Continents and islands. We could see inland lakes, but of cities there was no sign. From our height there was no indication whatever that there was life upon Earth.

View of the Universe

Surrounding the earth was a faint bluish haze, fairly dense close in, but fading out altogether after a few miles. The earth rolled on, turning lazily like a hawk wheeling slowly in the sky. The Broad One said, "You are intent upon Earth, yet the whole of your Universe is before you. Is it not worth a glance?" It brought us to life with a start, and we looked up. About us was utter blackness interrupted with startlingly vivid points of light. Distant planets appeared sharply round and of many different hues, while on those nearer we could distinguish features of their surface. So that we could gaze upon the sun the Broad One caused a dark shield to cover part of the screen. We saw the sun huge and clear, and the sight struck us with terror because we thought it was on fire. Vast tongues of flame leapt from its circumference, while its surface presented itself to us as a writhing mass, freely marked with dark blobs.

"We have a base on what you call the Moon," said the Broad One. "The Moon always presents one side to the earth. Our base is on the other side and we are going there now." The filter was swung aside and we were able to gaze upon the blindingly brilliant face of the Moon, that airless world which still contains life deep beneath its

surface. We approached it at a speed which was so fast as to be quite incomprehensible to us, but there was no sensation of speed.

"You have learned much about us," said the Broad One. "Yet upon earth people are taught that we do not exist. They have to be taught so because of the religious teaching that Man is made in the image of God, and the people of the earth think that Man is the earth human. To admit the possibility of Man on other planets would be to prove the various religions wrong. Again, those who hold the power of life and death over nations dare not let it be known that there is an even greater power, for to do so would be to lessen their hold upon their enslaved people."

Propulsion

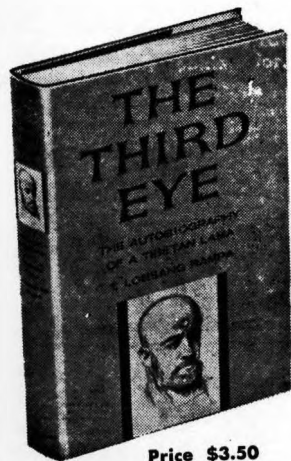
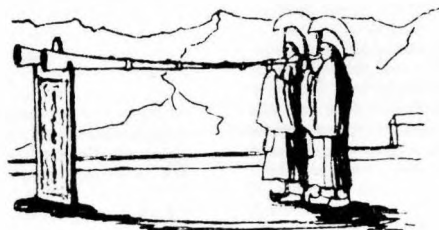
Later we were taken on a tour of the space ship and were introduced to the large crew. We felt very ignorant in their presence, but they did, everything possible to answer our questions and set us at ease. The problem of propulsion interested me greatly, and I was given an answer in much detail. There were a number of methods used, ships for different purposes had the appropriate method of propulsion. That on which we were travelling had a form of magnetism which was repelling to Earth's magnetism. The electricity used on Earth, we were told, was most

crude. That used elsewhere was a form of magnetism based on cosmic energy. The force was picked up from the cosmos by special collectors on the surface of the ship and conducted to the "engine room." Here it was fed through induction coils to the two halves of the ship. The half facing Earth was strongly repelling to Earth, and the half facing the planet of destination, in this case the Moon, was strongly attractive to that planet.

On a planet the repelling force could be adjusted so that the machine could hover, rise or sink. The whole interior of a ship was lined with a network of conductors so that no matter what attitude a ship adopted the force of gravity was at all times that most suitable for the occupants. We were shown the remarkably simple device which automatically adjusted the gravitic force.

But there is no more space to go into greater detail. It is indeed a tragedy that Western peoples are so sceptical, for there is such a lot to tell, and it is a waste of time to even start when one KNOWS that one will be disbelieved. Flying saucers are real. VERY real.

This article was written for FLYING SAUCER REVIEW, 1 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1, England (Subscription \$3.75 a year, six issues, obtainable through Mrs. Trudy Allen, Allen's Book Shelf, 11056 Sierra Avenue, Fontana, California).



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- How they learn to float in air and walk on water.
- How they learn to live naked in zero temperatures by generating a protective body heat similar to that produced by the bee.

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THE LAMA'S STORY

What does T. Lobsang Rampa himself have to say about his experiences, the book and its accusers? Here is an official statement from the good lama -- who is no doubt good but may not be a lama:

"The Third Eye" is absolutely true and all that I write in that book is fact. I, a Tibetan lama, now occupy what was originally the body of a Western man, and I occupy it to the permanent and total exclusion of the former occupant. He gave his willing consent, being glad to escape from life on this earth in view of my urgent need.

The actual change-over occurred on the 13th of June, 1949, but the way had to be prepared some time before that. I know that I have a special task to do, and I became aware that it would be necessary to come to England for various reasons connected with it. In the latter part of 1947 I was able by telepathy to send impressions to a suitable person. In February, 1948, he changed his name by legal Deed Poll and took the name of KuonSuo as directed by me.

To make the change-over easier he altered his address a number of times and lost contact with all friends and relations. On the 13th of June, 1949, he had a slight accident which resulted in concussion and which "knocked him out of himself." This enabled me to take over.

I tried very hard indeed to obtain employment in England, but for various reasons there was no assistance from the Employment Exchange. For years I visited Employment Exchanges and the Appointment Bureau in Tavistock Square, London. I was also registered with a number of private Employment Agencies and paid quite a considerable amount to them in fees, but none of them did anything for me.

For some time we lived on capital which had been saved and upon anything which I was able to earn from doing free-lance writing or advertising.

I have a special task to do because during my life in Tibet I had been to the Chang Tang Highlands where I had seen a device which enables people to see the human aura. I am clairvoyant and can see the aura as I have demonstrated to many people at many times, but -- I am aware that if doctors and surgeons could see the human aura then they could determine the illness afflicting a human body before it was at all serious. It was not possible for me to come to England in the body which I then had. I tried but to no avail.

The aura is merely a corona discharge of the body, of the life force. It is similar to the corona discharge from a high tension cable which can be seen by almost anyone on a misty night, and if money would be spent on research, medical science would have one of the most potent tools for the cure of disease. I had to have money in order to carry out my own research, but, I have never taken money for curing people's illnesses or for taking their troubles off their shoulders as has been misrepresented in a certain paper!

And how did "The Third Eye" come to be written? I

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certainly did not want to write it but I was desperate to get a job so that I could get on with my allotted task. I tried for job after job without avail, until eventually a friend offered to put me in touch with a gentleman who might be able to use my service. Mr. Brooks said that I should write a book. I insisted that I did not want to write a book and so we parted. Mr. Brooks wrote me again and once more suggested that I should write a book. In the interval between seeing him and receiving his letter I had been for other interviews and had been rejected. So with much reluctance I accepted Mr. Brooks' offer to write such a book, and here again I repeat that everything said in that book is true. Everything said in my second book, "Medical Lama,"* is true also. One should not place too much credence in "experts" or "Tibetan scholars" when it is seen how one "expert" contradicts the other, when they cannot agree on what is right and what is wrong, and after all how many of those "Tibetan scholars" have entered a lamasery at the age of seven, and worked all the way through the life as a Tibetan, and then taken over the body of a Westerner? I HAVE!

*We understand that Rampa's British publisher will not accept the new book, "Medical Lama," because of the "bad" publicity accorded "The Third Eye" by the debunkers. Although we understood that Doubleday, which brought out the American edition of the latter, was going ahead with "Medical Lama," a recent check with a representative of that publisher disclosed no knowledge of such planned publication.

Although we would like to see some large publisher do the book and give it maximum distribution, SAUCERIAN PUBLICATIONS promises to publish it if larger plans fall through. How about it, readers, would you buy it? And how about YOU, Lobsang, are you willing? -- G.B.

AND NOW A STATEMENT FROM THE WIFE OF the former Cyril Hoskin, now Lobsang Rampa:

"It's an ill wind...." As far as I can see it appears that the announcement regarding the author of "The Third Eye" has done nothing but enhance Lobsang Rampa's prestige, and resulted in bringing his best seller more than ever before the public eye. One lady, an authority on Eastern methods and religions, made the remark that if the facts were true then Lobsang Rampa was an even greater person than ever. Now she is certain that the facts ARE true.

Many people will wonder about the one who occupied that Western body before it was taken over by a Tibetan and I, as the Wife, would like to tell something of events leading to the change of personality.

At the first indication of something different I was more than a little startled. We were leading a quiet life in Surrey, my Husband being on the staff of a correspondence college, in an advisory capacity, and the war had been over for two years. Out of the blue came his remark toward the end of 1947 -- sitting quietly for some time, he startled me by suddenly saying, "I am going to change my name." I looked at him aghast for I failed to see any point in doing such a thing. We had nothing to hide, nothing from which to run away. It took me some time to recover after he continued, "Yes, we will change our name by Deed Poll. We will call ourself KuonSo."

By February, 1948, all the legal formalities had been completed, and we had no further right to our previous name.

My Husband's employer was not pleased, but there was little he could do about it, especially as at about that time one of the firm's directors had made an alteration to his own name.

Of course everyone thought that we had at last taken leave of our senses, but that never bothered me. I had lived with my Husband for eight years and knew that if he had a hunch to do anything at all there was always a very good reason for it. Soon, however, we noticed people were not saying our name when addressing us, and even after seeing it written they didn't seem able to spell it; for that reason we later contracted it to Ku'an. I want to clarify this point to show that we have at no time used an alias as has been mistakenly suggested.

At about this time my Husband talked a great deal about the East and on occasions he did in fact wear Eastern dress; he often seemed to be very preoccupied in his manner, and I have known him to fall into a trance state and speak in an unfamiliar tongue, which I now believe to be a language of the East. In July, 1948, he again made a sudden decision -- this time to give up his job! This he did to the consternation of his employer who had always found him to be a very useful and conscientious member of his staff.

The idea behind this was so that we could leave the district and lose all contact with the past, which we did. Within a year we had completely lost touch with previous acquaintances and with our former life. We managed to exist on what we had saved, together with what we could earn from various forms of writing.

The day I happened to look out the window and see my Husband lying at the foot of a tree in the garden is some-

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thing I shall never forget. I hurried out to find he was recovering, but to me, a trained nurse, he seemed to be stunned or something. When eventually he regained consciousness he seemed to act differently, and in a way I did not understand.

After getting him indoors and upstairs to our flat to rest, the main thought in my mind was to get a doctor as quickly as possible, but I was reckoning without him -- he seemed to sense my alarm and implored me not to do so, assuring me that he was quite all right. Certainly his speech seemed different, more halting -- as if he was unfamiliar with the language, and his voice appeared deeper than before.

For some time I was quite concerned, for something seemed to have happened to his memory. Before speaking or moving he appeared to be making calculations; much later I learned that he was "tuning in to my mind" to see what was expected of him. I do not mind admitting that in the early stages I was very worried, but now it seems quite natural. I have never ceased to wonder that such an ordinary individual as myself should be so closely associated with such a remarkable occurrence as the advent of a Tibetan lama to the Western world.

 THE OPPOSITION: John Pitt, while a legal consultant for Britain's Royal Automobile Club, and who formerly did occasional humorous drawings for our publications, is now devoting all of his time to serious, professional writing. Pitt did an article for PSYCHIC NEWS, world's largest spiritualist paper, from which we print the following in digest form:

FROM HIS SICKBED in Lowth near Dublin, Lobsang Rampa, author of the controversial best-seller, has dictated a 5000-word statement that is even more startling than his recently exposed "autobiography" as a Tibetan nobleman's son who became a clairvoyant Lama.

He describes how he came to be possessed by a Tibetan lama to such an extent that he can now no longer remember his former life as a Devon plumber's son.

This took place suddenly one morning, when seeing an owl stranded in a tree in his garden, in Thames Ditton, he decided to take a close-up photograph. Climbing the tree, he fell but he remembers that it took him an extraordinary long time to reach the ground. He further alleges that he found himself immediately afterwards, standing by his inert body, looking down on it and noting he was still connected to it by a wispy, silvery cord issuing from its head. Everything had stopped moving.

Then he saw the Lama -- gliding toward him, his feet several inches off the ground. The Lama, so it is alleged, performed some action to his head. From then on, continues the statement, this entity took over control of his body.

The statement, of which I obtained an abridged, duplicated and signed copy from the author's literary agent, states that Cyril Hoskin had changed his name in 1947, after an inner compulsion had driven him to adopt Eastern ways of life. But in the course of my investigation, I found that he had been telling people long before that event that he was a Tibetan and,

long, long before he changed his name, that he had claimed publically to have lived in China.

According to the Daily Mail Cyril Hoskin helped his father in his Plympton plumbing business until the latter's death in 1937, when he joined his mother in Nottinghamshire. A Mrs. Ablett, who still lives in Weybridge, Surrey, knew Cyril Hoskin before the war when he was a correspondence course student taking a course in sales and motion study. He joined the concern which ran this course in 1938 and was employed as a correspondence clerk. He was evacuated during the war to Weybridge with his firm.

Mrs. Ablett told me over the telephone that he was full of strange stories about China, and she had been led to believe that he had been taken there as a child. She remembers that he was highly interested in occult matters and that he used to work out horoscopes. He was an interesting conversationalist, but appeared to tell contradictory stories about his past.

To interview the next person who had known Kuan before he wrote "The Third Eye," I had to travel to Southend and call on Mrs. Dorothy Voules, resident medium at the Victoria Hall Spiritualist Church. She had been the housekeeper where Kuan lived in 1953. When he called to look at the vacant room in the house, he brought along an imposing looking document stating that he had been a Japanese prisoner-of-war. It was beautifully written, she said, but she could not remember when it was dated. Her husband, Stephen Voules, was not impressed by this scroll, though he liked Kuan well enough during the eleven months he stayed in the house.

Remembering that Kuan had been possessed by the Lama by this time, I asked clairvoyant Mrs. Voules if she had ever detected an overshadowing entity or any other variety of phenomenon in his presence. She had not. She could give me no information to corroborate this allegation. She spoke, however, of his interest in occult matters, and said he had given her healing. Of all the people who met Kuan before he wrote the book, Mrs. Voules was the most sympathetic.

Returning to the duplicated statement given to me by his literary agent, Mrs. Cyrus Brooks, in it "Lobsang Rampa" states he knew where he could lay hands on documents which proved his true identity. It seems likely that these are the documents seen by Mr. and Mrs. Voules when they asked to see this multiple personality's credentials. Mr. Brooks says that he saw a similar if not the same scroll, stating that Kuan was entitled to call himself a doctor of medicine.

Brooks was surprised to see that the document was written in English and not in Chinese, for it purported to be a certificate of some sort from Chungking University. Kuan has claimed also that he is a doctor of science, and a master of arts.

But this is only a minor discrepancy compared to the two conflicting statements made within only five days by Madame Sanya Kuan (wife of Rampa). The first appeared in a Daily Mail news story on February 1, by Hugh Medicott; the second in their own joint statement dated February 5.

"The book is fiction. He had tried to get a number of jobs without success. We had to have money to live."

"Being unable to obtain employment there was no alternative to writing 'The Third Eye' which is absolutely true..."

And if that is not a startling about-face, how about the following quotation from the same news story in the Mail?

"Then they told me he adopted the name of Kuan to hide the identity of the real Dr. Kuan who wrote the book and lives in fear of Communism.

"Madame Kuan said: 'He will not tell anyone who the real Dr. Kuan is. He will sacrifice everything to protect him.'

"Mrs. Rouse (who figured in the stories as a friend of the Kuans), added, 'We were prepared for snoopers to come and pry out the facts. I have seen the real Dr. Kuan but I will not tell you where he is.'"

And the mystery deepens with the following statement made by the then presumably bogus Kuan to Mendicott:

"This story is true but for very special reasons the identity of the Tibetan author cannot be revealed. I have never bedraggled anyone in my life, no matter what the cost."

That, of course, is the exact opposite to the burden of the statement made four days later, wherein the so-called "Bogus Lama" wrote of his possession by the Tibetan Lama.

From the evidence I cannot find any more convincing version of this whole "Third Eye" mix-up than that it is a deliberate, calculated hoax or a classic essay in self-delusion.

Has he, for the past fifteen years at least, been living in a make-believe world which, presumably, he finds preferable to his real-life background? He seems to be a highly intelligent man and one who has studied mysticism and occultism. Is he now in a state of mind where his escapist fantasies have become reality? Is there to him a real "Dr. Kuan," a Tibetan who does literally possess him?

It is perhaps a long step from acting out one's dream life to writing as readable a book as "The Third Eye." This seems to be the major problem that faces Messrs. Brooks and Warburg. They are astonished that a 47-year-old man -- regardless of whether he is the Chinese they assumed him to be, the Tibetan he says he is, or the Devonian that we know he was -- could sit down and write such a book.

To assess the veracity of the factual background of the story, Secker and Warburg approached a number of authorities on Tibet. Tibetan scholars seemed to be divided in their opinions but others denied emphatically that the book had been written by anybody who had been to that country -- a Tibetan least of all.

When Tibetan governmental and Buddhist authorities were approached, nothing could be found relating to the three most important characters in the book next to the Dalai Lama himself. I refer of course to the Lama Mingyar Dondrup -- said to be the

highly esteemed in the Potala and as well known in political circles; "Lobsang Rampa's" father -- in the book a nobleman and statesman; and most significant of all -- the highly gifted clairvoyant, the author himself.

But I have nothing but the highest admiration for the ingenuity that has gone into the writing of this "autobiography" and, though I lay no particular claim to literary taste, I feel there are places where there is more than a reflection of brilliance in "The Third Eye."

So there you have John Pitt's criticism of Lobsang Rampa, third eye and all. Pitt's article brings up another interesting question: Was "Rampa" or Hoskins, not Dr. Kuan, and was there a real Dr. Kuan whom he was protecting because he feared Communist reprisal against his friend? Might Dr. Kuan have written the book and Hoskins assumed the authorship?

And the casual readers, skipping over contents quickly, may miss another important statement by Pitt: Tibetan scholars were not all in agreement that the book was fake; they were DIVIDED. And who could expect Tibetan governmental authorities to endorse this anti-Communist book -- when that government has been taken over by the Chinese Reds.

There appears to be more to "The Third Eye," than meets the eye -- pun certainly intended.

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PAGE 1 -- (Continued)

Moseley also bitterly criticized NICAP for becoming commercial and offering "contact" books for sale.

True, NICAP may be in difficulties, both financially and through lack of personnel, but they need SUPPORT instead of attacks. They are offering books of all authors for sale, but without endorsing the books. THE BULLETIN does the same thing, in order to be able to operate.

But if NICAP does fold, as Mr. Moseley predicts, we wonder if it will be entirely because of the reasons he states. There have no doubt been the OTHER pressures which militate against any organization which attains any national importance and hence a threat to the silence elements.

Coral E. Lorenzen in an article, "The Psychology of UFO Secrecy" in the October, 1958, issue of Ray Palmer's FLYING SAUCERS magazine, may be hitting at a great deal of the truth. She charges that the C.I.A., the super-secret organization which is almost a "secret government" in itself, "are the men who devised the war of ridicule, denial and disqualification," and have been responsible for much of the difficulty experienced by UFO investigators.

"Three methods have been used -- ridicule, slander, and denial. Frank Scully was the first victim of the ridicule receipt," she goes on to say.

We're not saying that James W. Moseley (pictured in South American news--paper clipping at left--he spends much of his time there) is a Government agent, but he certainly has utilized the methods described above by Mrs. Lorenzen.

Regardless of his motives, he is, in effect, a very important part of "The Silence Group," whatever that organization may be. We often think that "The Silence Group," ISN'T a formally organized group, and that is even more frightening than to believe otherwise. A group which is not organized is much more difficult to cope with.

And we wonder -- did Moseley's hoax letter activities have anything to do with the "shush-up" of Roger Pierce who is no longer publishing his UFO HOTWIRE. Of course Moseley's motives might be commercial. If he could drive others from the field he would have less competition. But who has made money investigating saucers and publishing papers about them? And Moseley doesn't seem to need the money anyhow.

Probably apropos to this discussion is a letter we have just received from a researcher in the Western part of the U.S. We can't publish his name, and probably shouldn't publish the letter -- but we believe readers have right to see it and make up their own minds.

Dear Mr. Barker:

You have often wondered where the three men came from that silenced Bender. I can now give you the answer because three men tried to silence George Adamski. Adamski tells me that the three men were from the FBI, Air Force Intelligence, and the

Central Intelligence Agency. It was the man from the CIA who made the threats that were designed to shut Adamski up. It is the CIA that is behind the whole conspiracy, not the Air Force (This backs up Mrs. Lorenzen's thoughts, though the two people have never met each other to our knowledge--G.B.). This is a fact that Adamski never reveals at his lectures, but told me privately. For details get in touch with my publisher, Mr. Robert J. Gribble, 5108 Findlay St., Seattle, Wash.).

I know the true identity of the mysterious "Dr. Gee" mentioned in Scully's book. He is a German geophysicist living in Denver, Colo., called Dr. Carl August Heiland. You will note that Scully mentions in his book that the scientists headed a group that developed the magnetic device for detection of Japanese submarines during World War II. The name of the device is called a magnetometer. Look in "American Men of Science" and you will see that Dr. Heiland was connected with the development of this device. Note also that in the book it said that Dr. Gee came from Denver when he went to examine the saucers that crashed in Arizona and New Mexico.

Mr. Gribble has agreed to publish my books that are coming out. The first is called "AIR FORCE EVIDENCE CONFIRMS ADAMSKI STORY." This book contains information supplied to me by ATIC.

Nevertheless, there is some doubt now what is going to happen since I now have as much as Bender. On August 26th the (here the writer names a Govt. agency--G.B.) phoned my home and my sister answered. It was about 2:30 p.m. and I was at work (I work for the Pinkerton Detective Agency). The call was from a Mr. _____. When he identified himself as being with the _____ my sister asked what was the trouble. She told me Mr. _____ said, "That boy is in trouble."

When I got home that night the agent called and asked if he could come over to my home and interview me about some letters I wrote to the State Department. I have merely written letters of inquiry to Mr. Rice, chief of Public Services Division, about Adamski's letter from Straith. The State Department receives hundreds of such inquiries and I have done nothing wrong or illegal. I stalled off this visit by saying I had to get in touch with my publisher, Mr. Gribble, because I wanted him to be present at the time of any interview. Because he was mentioned as my publisher, it got around to the fact that I told him Gribble was publishing my new book containing evidence supplied to me in 1956 by ATIC stating that the Air Force received a UFO report from one of its pilots on November 20, 1952, near Desert Center and thus bearing out what Adamski had claimed about the Air Force being a witness to his contact. This seemed to shock the agent, that this would be published, and he said he would investigate further and call me back. It seems that they are closing in on

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Mr. James Moseley, acudaldo estadounidense, quien después de una larga jira de investigaciones científicas por diversos países del Mundo, editará próximamente un libro de pólmica sobre los Platillos Voladores.

me because my next door neighbor tells me there was a man in the neighborhood asking questions about me and the family.

The trouble is I have done nothing wrong except trip up those in Washington who are trying to cover for the State Department denial of Straith and I have a letter from a Government official confirming Straith's existence. I don't have time for details about this, but Adamski has the details and he can tell you. Anyhow, the _____ knows I have traced this whole plot to hush up saucers to the Central Intelligence Agency. Consequently it looks as if I will be getting a call this week from government agents who will probably try to silence me.

The threat is very real when I finish my summer job with Pinkerton. Then I go back to the University of Washington, and I now have a draft deferral they may threaten to take away from me if I don't shut up and decide not to publish my books which summarize about five years of saucer research. I wanted to get this letter off to you because should speculation come true, I will no longer be able to talk after this visit I have been promised. This is the sort of thing that happens to those who know too much but at least you will know who was behind it all (along with all our readers too! -- G.B.).

If this isn't enough trouble, Mr. James W. Moseley is giving me a bad time by printing in the August-September issue of SAUCER NEWS a "Mr. X" thing he is claiming I wrote. This is a lie. I never wrote the letter, but Moseley knows that my book will contain a chapter exposing his "expose" of George Adamski-- and so Moseley is striking back in an attempt to discredit me.

In case you don't know it, he is planning to frame you by declaring you wrote the Straith letter. If you can get a copy of his confidential newsletter of August 20th, you'll see what I mean. When I told Moseley of what proof I had that Straith existed, he said it was just a laugh. It could be that he is the one who called the _____ on me and told of this and now there is trouble. No one seems to know what Moseley does for a living. Could it be that he is a secret agent?

I have received the following letter from Rose Hackett Campbell dated August 18th stating: "Please continue your fight for the truth, the Whole Truth. I am trying to do the same at this desk, but don't know how long I can stay on, for the pressure is very great here from the Silence Group cover-up experts."

According to the Moseley Confidential Newsletter of August 20th, NICAP will fold within the year. It will be said, of course that this was due to lack of money. This is not true, as the real truth is shown in the letter from Rose Hackett Campbell, one of the leading figures in NICAP.

BOOK BARGAINS: Saucerian Publications offers only NEW books for sale. Since we do not rent books, all our books are new unless otherwise advertised. We do, however, have the following shelf-worn or slightly used books which we can sell at bargain prices. These are offered on the usual money-back guarantee that you must be satisfied.

Here are the bargains: THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FS, \$2.00; FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, \$2.50; INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS, \$2.50; FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE, \$2.00; THE UFO ANNUAL, \$3.00; EXPANDING CASE FOR THE UFO, \$2.00; FLYING SAUCER FROM MARS, \$1.50; THERE IS LIFE ON MARS, \$2.00; FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK, \$2.50; FLYING SAUCERS AND COMMON SENSE, \$2.00; THE INEXPLICABLE SKY, \$2.50.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT

THIS REPORT is certainly not official -- and may not even be authentic. Its reliability had best be judged by the old axiom which holds that those things which are supposed to be the most secret are often those most widely broadcast. The information for this department reaches SAUCERIAN headquarters through a source we will identify as "G.D." Needless to say, the disappearance of this column in future issues -- or (Ashtar forbid!) FUTURE ISSUES ALTOGETHER, might serve to indicate that a great deal or all of this material WAS true.....

INTELLIGENCE REPORT: That Soviet scientists recently fired a man into space, housed in the nose cone of an intermediate range ballistic missile (1500 mile range). The volunteer "guinea pig" did not survive the trip, however, evidently dying from heat when the rocket effected re-entry into the atmosphere -- despite the fact that the volunteer was housed in a refrigerated capsule, which could not cope with the 3,000 degree temperature generated when the nose cone hit the atmosphere. All this according to who was identified as a "well-known Canadian scientist" who "does not want his name revealed."

INTELLIGENCE REPORT: That intelligence agents in Moscow have heard rumors that a spy system inside the U.S. has been set up to kidnap or execute almost every key radar scientist in the States if war should occur. All key radar men have been placed under 24-hour guard by the F.B.I. as a result of the report.

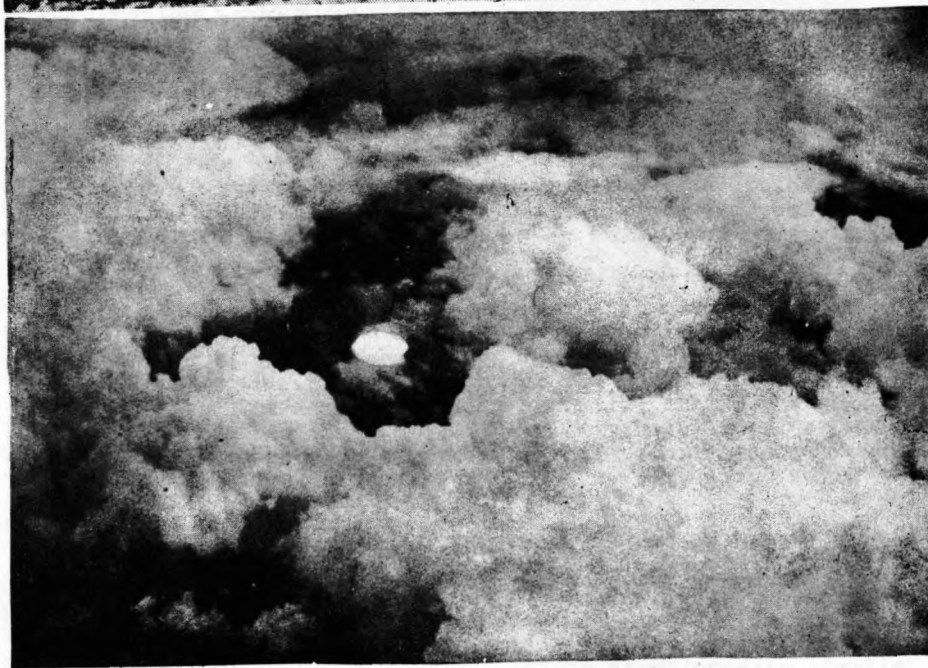
INTELLIGENCE REPORT: That the U.S. is working on the most revolutionary super secret project since the H-Bomb. A classified, top-secret affair, it will deal with outer space and may give the U.S. a new and startling advantage over Russia.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT: That the first space ship destined for the moon is being finished right now at Convair in Southern California.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT: That the U.S. Air Force has been filming the entire Soviet Union for the last six months, unknown to the Russians. The AF has been utilizing new, secret robot reconnaissance planes carrying precision cameras capable of taking motion pictures from altitudes of more than 100,000 feet.

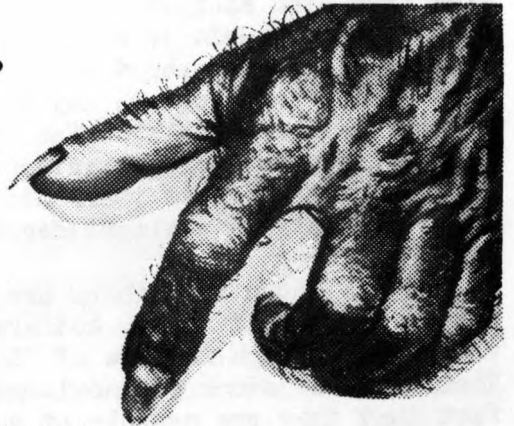
INTELLIGENCE REPORT: That a Russian rocket went off course and wiped out a populated area completely. Since there were no survivors it is said there were no complaints. Earlier the Reds had goofed again -- when they exploded the dirtiest bomb of all time, contaminating thousands of citizens with the fallout, causing their deaths.

INTELLIGENCE REPORT: That a recent photo supposedly planted with wire services by a civilian saucer group was actually planted by Uncle A.F.



SAUCER PHOTOS: Above, UFO photographed by a government employee who said it hovered over Holloman Air Development Center at Alamogordo, N.M. for a full 15 minutes on October 16, 1957. The photographed estimated it was 4000 feet in diameter! (Courtesy A.P.R.). Bottom, photo of saucer snapped by jet pilot R. J. Childerhose in Canada (Courtesy FLYING SAUCERS).

DEROS AND TEROS



EVER SINCE RICHARD S. SHAVER wrote that there were degenerate people living under the surface of the earth and aroused nation-wide interest, Shaverbelievers and disbelievers have tried to picture these weird creatures in their minds.

Now, thanks to UFO JOURNAL (2107 Bancroft St., Saginaw, Mich. -- \$3.00 for 12 issues) we can bring you such information in reprinting an article titled "What Does a Tero Look Like?"

The author, Charles Marcoux, who is either supposed to be out West fleeing the dero or looking for their caves -- just which we can't quite settle -- tells us about the Tero, good people who also live in the caverns. We give the Saucerian floor to Marcoux:

What does a Tero look like??? Well, what does your next door neighbor look like? Fat and dumpy, short or tall, is he slim and his kids fat, or was he born a cripple, blind, or deformed in some manner?

The Teros are no different than we are. Each is different just as we are different from our neighbors.

The difference between a 'SURFACE' being-man or woman compared to the being, man or woman, of the SUBSURFACE KINGDOM, lies in the factor of "MENTAL KNOWLEDGE." THEY KNOW, and WE DON'T KNOW. By their knowing, it has given them a "hereditary" environment which we can never even guess at, unless you know them. Your minds cannot even begin to conceive what they are like.

Physically, they are no different than we are, although I believe that their atomic structure is different than ours due to the fact that they are a more direct descendant of the ancient Elder Titan and Atlan races, and also down through the course of centuries, they have intermingled with other space roaming races, and from time to

time have also mingled with various surface men and women whom they were able to entice into the caverns. From this intermingling came about a form of being whose direct lineage cannot be traced to any one source. The fact that gravity on the earth's surface is greater than below its surface, due to the constant drag on EXD as it passes through matter, makes their atomic structure different than ours, but only in a slight degree if examined by our scientists.

It is known that there are beings there that have no sex as we know it to be, but are able to reproduce their variforms through the use of "Stim" and "Ben" ray mechs. Their immense store of knowledge can be accredited to the fact that they are capable of sustaining long life and have been known even in this day to live as long as 500 years. In the past their life spans were much longer and they also were much larger. Today the normal subsurface being ranges around six to seven feet and women are no exception. They are usually slimmer than we and more delicately and gracefully built with a singular stature about them which is quite outstanding.

Their complexion is light, almost a pale white due to their hiding from the sun and the loss of the exposure of their skin to the actinic rays of the sun. Their skin is soft and smooth and their eyes are deep dark color, usually black orbs like jewels with a penetrating effect when focused on a person.

Their extensive use of the Telaug* has given them a knowledge of the mind of human nature and of nature. The wonder mechs have taught them some of the wisdom and knowledge of Elder Races, and the fact that they have constantly mingled with space roamers and pirates has given them a deep insight of what the "tree of good and evil" consists of. Knowing these things gives them a view of life which we could begin to surmise exists but never be sure does.

They are alien to us and our ways and our mental outlook of what good and evil consists of, and they poke jokes and fun at the "dope" on the surface who insists that they don't exist, and that there are no "voices" in his head.

The ones that attempt to help us are so disgusted with the ignorance and display of gullibility of the surface races that they have come to the conclusion that only the "few" who will listen to them will they help to survive the

*The Telaug machine, according to Shaver, involves a ray which can penetrate minds of surface or subsurface people and record what they are thinking. -- G.B.

self destruction of man.

For thousands of years, missionaries have been sent out on the surface world to teach and preach but their followers, who call themselves "missionaries" have let the world go to the dogs (Note the use of Mantong* on the word DOG. Dog is the reverse of the word GOD and has an opposite meaning). These so-called "soul savers" are continuing to let the world collapse in the "DE" sources of the generating sun.

The beings in the sub-world know as the "bosses" are the ones to be feared for they are the ones that do all they can to keep the secret of the "hidden empire."

While the Deros are in the minority, their power lies in their total evil intents upon any and all lives, both in the caverns and on the surface. Therefore, both sides of the caverns, the Teros and the cavern bosses, do away with these beasts whenever annoyed by them. It is not a custom to hunt them out, but if chanced upon, they will get them out of the way. In some instances it is known that the bosses, or entrance watchers, will enlist them in their wars because they, the Deros, have an uncanny nature with the use of various types of Mechs.

Keeping the secret of the caverns is an accepted thing, a mutual feeling which all sides share, not only for their safety, but because surface man is a warlike creature. Man would turn the ancient secrets to warring and killing those who exist in the caverns. They don't trust us and the reasons are logical. The fact that they can read our minds with the Telaug and know our inner-most secrets and desires is enough reason not to trust us. Very few surface beings ever get into their world unless they are stooges of the "bosses" who control the surface powers. Any form of energy which is monopolized is directly controlled by the cavern bosses.



Artist's (Virgil Finlay's) impression of Dero. The author believes the Tero look like ordinary human beings.

*Mantong was the ancient language of the Elder Races, according to Shaver. He published an alphabet which works, according to many Shaverian exponents, in modern English and other languages -- G.B.

Today, big business has come to the fore in our country because there is a struggle for power in the cavern world which will decide who is "king of the world" on the surface and below it.

Atom power is becoming a big issue both in the caverns and the surface. Unless we wake up soon, there will be nothing left but a world of idiots and imbeciles deformed and mutated by the continuous effects of atomic radiations and fallout, not to mention the "mutation" of air particles which will create a new form of cancerous irritation. The very air will explode and the so-called "sonic explosions" that have been plaguing the country are not "sonic explosions" from jet planes, but the effects of radiation upon the air causing the minute life particles to mutate. Since air contains a certain amount of water, the water contains micro life. This life is being mutilated and being formed into degenerate creations and cancerous infection is polluting us and all life.

SO THERE YOU HAVE ONE MAN'S OPINION about the Shaver Mystery. We'd like to print some of our old correspondence from Marcoux, but space does not permit in this issue. We had lost track of Marcoux, until catching up with him by way of the UFO JOURNAL article. We figured he had either got out of Shaver research or that the dero had got him -- for the last communication from him (Nov. 12 '56) read like this:

"Must make this short -- it is time to get OUT, and time's a wasing. Where to is questionable -- as long as you operate. Will send data to you (which he didn't) under name of _____. The reverse is danger. If coast is clear, will sign name _____. Will be here until Nov. 19th, but should be out by the 15th -- will chance it. Have destroyed all files and records, except some sent to various parts of U.S.A. -- but I haven't given up. I will write the whole works up, and send copies to various people who will expose it. Good luck, buddy, you'll sure need it.

(Signed) Charles A. Marcoux

THE BULLETIN has on hand a great deal of information about the Shaver Mystery, and can print some of this in some of the larger issues we plan if readers are interested. Are you? Meanwhile those who would like to read a very good summary of the Mystery can still obtain copies of the July, 1958, FANTASTIC Magazine, wholly devoted to Shaver and containing an article by him, by sending 35¢ plus 15¢ mailing and handling to SAUCERIAN PUBLICATIONS.

IT IS OUR EXPERIENCE that BULLETIN readers in general do not confine themselves narrowly to pondering only the flying saucer field, and that they are also interested in other inexplicable occurrences popularly lumped into the field termed "the occult." Citadel Press has brought out three books which we will therefore mention briefly and which probably will be of great interest to many readers. All three are well-written, well-edited and authoritative volumes. And if you would like to order any or all of them from SAUCERIAN PUBLICATIONS the small profit derived will certainly help us finance research and a better BULLETIN:

"ON THE TRAIL OF THE POLTERGEIST" by Dr. Nandor Fodor, well-known psychoanalyst who was at one time Director of Research for the International Institute for Psychological Research. The book is a study -- and an objective and scientific one -- of one of the most famous and notorious poltergeist hauntings. The case investigated in great detail is that of Mrs. L. Forbes, of London, in 1938. Price, \$3.95.

"GHOSTS VIVISECTED" is another fine Citadel volume which attempts to analyze carefully spiritual manifestation. The new book by A.M.W. Stirling essays to give an impartial inquiry into ghosts' manners, habits, mentality, motives and physical construction. Perhaps the very best part of the book is given to relating the amazing account of the continuous hauntings at Beaver Lodge, recorded by the late Sir William Richmond, and confirmed by many of his family. Price, \$3.95.

NEW BLACK MAGIC BOOK: With the hope that readers will give it a scholarly perusal and NOT try out any of the spells and rituals it contains (particularly summoning up devils--we don't want to lose subscribers), we recommend "THE SECRET LORE OF MAGIC," by Idries Shah. You've heard many references to such ancient magical books as "The Key of Solomon," "Secrets of Albertus Magnus," "The Book of the Spirits," "The Almadel," "The Book of Power," "The Clavicle and the Testament," "The Grimoire of Honorius the Great," "Processes of the Black Pact," etc. The volume contains not one but all of the major source-books of the magical arts, in most cases translated from French, Latin and other tongues. Nothing even approaching such a survey of the fundamental magical literature has ever before been made in any language. BUY IT, but DON'T TRY IT! Price, \$5.00.

WHEN, IN NOVEMBER, 1956, we published part of an article by George H. Williamson, titled "The Silence

Group," great interest was displayed on the part of many readers, who will be glad to know that Williamson has written (in conjunction with John McCoy) a book titled "UFOS CONFIDENTIAL," in which he delves deeper into the subject of "The International Bankers," and connects them with the Albert K. Bender "hush-up" in your editor's own book, "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS." Williamson also reveals that the mysterious "Mr. R." of his former book, "THE SAUCERS SPEAK" was in reality Lyman H. Streeter, radio operator for the Sante Fe Railroad. Streeter was the radio operator who received the alleged messages from space quoted in the earlier book now out of print. Williamson also connects Streeter's untimely death with his knowledge of saucers and tells how authorities shut him up as soon as he announced he was communicating with space people. We can supply this privately-printed book at \$3.00 per copy.

By the time you read this, Williamson will also have his long-awaited new book, "THE SECRET PLACES OF THE LIONS" on the market. If we are not able to ship it immediately upon receipt of your order, it will be sent out just as soon as our first shipment arrives from the publisher. Price of this sequel to "OTHER TONGUES, OTHER FLESH" is \$4.00.

REPORT FROM MAJOR WAYNE S. AHO: Maj. Aho is now lecturing widely on the same platform with Rheinhold O. Schmidt, Kearney, Nebr., grain buyer who claimed to meet German speaking people on a giant spaceship last November (Actually Schmidt has not, to our knowledge, claimed they were space people--which to us makes the report even more interesting).

Aho, in the company of John Otto, an investigator for Max Miller's Flying Saucers International, and Ann Keppy went to Kearney to interview people there and check with the State Mental Institution there which had incarcerated Schmidt after his experience.

Witnesses, Aho said, were found, who reported sighting the same craft claimed by Schmidt to have landed -- before and after the time it was reported to have been on the ground.

According to THE UFOLOGER, a Washington saucer paper, two prominent businessmen were found to have made a tape recording which verified portions of Schmidt's story. The information was released to the officials at Kearney after Schmidt had been taken to the hospital for mental tests, but the information was not released to the public, nor was Schmidt released until he had passed a long series

of mental tests which lasted about 13 days. Many of the tests were taken at his own request; in fact he could have been released after the fourth day as all tests proved negative as far as mental ill health was concerned.

Aho's check with the hospital verified that there was no indication of mental ill health. He said that local officials had strangely changed their stories and support of Schmidt after they had publicly and openly (over TV and radio) supported Schmidt's story. Local investigation did not reveal why the officials changed their story.

Aho also clarified the circumstances of Schmidt's alleged criminal record. The real story, according to THE UFOLOGER is that Schmidt "had the authority to write checks for a certain company. However when this company unfortunately went bankrupt, Schmidt had six checks out with his signature on them. He was able to clear four of these, but was unable to clear the remaining two. Because of this he served six months as a trusty on a State Farm. Since then he has handled thousands of dollars buying grain for his company, which says they have complete faith and confidence in him."

According to the saucerpaper, Schmidt's boss flew to Kearney from California and warned the hospital to release Schmidt -- else he would fly up "an army of the best lawyers in the country and they would have a suit on their hands such as they had never seen before." Schmidt was released the next day. A law suit, brought against state officials by Schmidt, was, at press time, still pending in Lincoln, Nebr.

FLASH: CARR SETS DATE OF AHO MOON FLIGHT! Maj. Aho will take off for Luna, come December 7th, 1959, according to an information sheet sent out with the latest issue of Mrs. W. C. John's LITTLE LISTENING POST. The release has it that Otis T. Carr, who claims he has invented a flying saucer, will personally pilot and navigate the free-energy craft -- with the help of his one crewman, Maj. Aho!

Another report has it that Dan Fry, who himself rode in a saucer, is building instruments for Carr's device.

And one correspondent has this to ask us: "Who is putting up the money for Otis T. Carr? If he is on the level, why isn't he under security raps? Why doesn't Carr have anything tangible to show that will fly. What is Carr's purpose in employing several public relations people? When Mr. Ben Hunter asked Carr where he was getting his money, Carr answered he 'was doing alright.' This outfit at 2502 N Calvert has an air of a security agency more than anything else."

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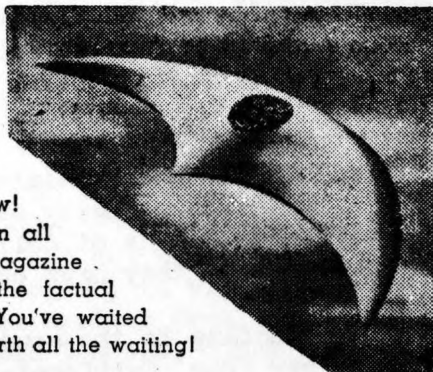
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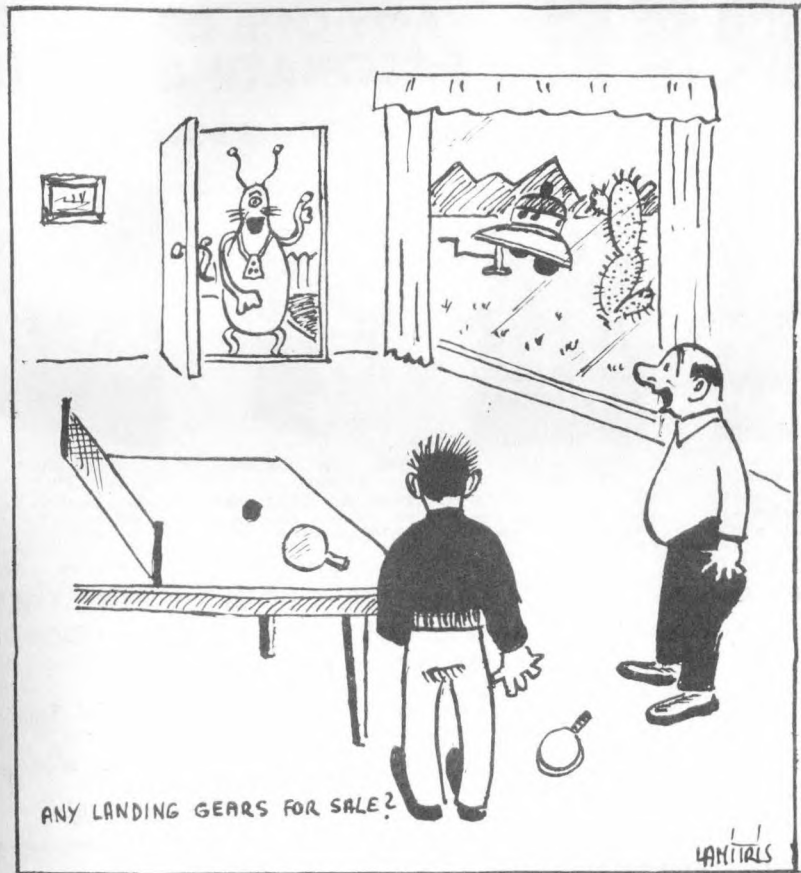
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