

FLATWOODS, W.VA. "MONSTER"

A Full Report of
Investigation
"SAUCERNEWS" -- What's
Doin' With the
Saucers

25¢



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The SAUCERIAN

"KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE STARS —
AND YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND."

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EDITORIAL

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with the airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape.....
(Hamlet, Act. I, Sc. 4)

The saucers are upon us, and the skies seethe with mystery.

Their shapes, indeed, are questionable. And after reading this and all the other literature published and to be published on our aerial protagonists, you are likely to know little more.

The saucers pose questions of such complexity we may never figure them out.

We don't expect our publication to stumble onto some world-shattering answer; there are smarter people than we in the same business. But we can hope.

There is so much garrulity in every man. And, when equipped with a press, he becomes particularly taxing upon his fellows. In initiating THE SAUCERIAN, we have found a medium by which to foist our ideas upon the unsuspecting world. Often they may not even be good ideas, but we shall nevertheless experience a serene enjoyment while expounding them.

We hope to publish THE SAUCERIAN every month, in time, but don't expect such frequency for some months to come. Don't expect all future issues to be as big as this one. If you enjoy reading it, let us know, for the editor, like many, must satisfy his ego. And if you write us letters that are genuinely insulting, then we'll know we have "arrived."

Primarily this saucerzine will be concerned with the aerial phenomena so puzzling to us all, and all of this, in compliance with the vernacular, we shall refer to as "saucers." We hope to publish factual articles, speculation, fiction, poetry, or anything interesting which may be available on this subject.

Secondly we shall be interested in any subject in the realm of the paranormal. We shall discuss science fiction, though this is not primarily a fanzine. Our co-editor has been working for months on a history and review of the Shaver Mystery, which promises a new slant on this famous matter.

The nature of our aims will be elaborated upon later. But now is the time to set you straight about our first interest -- the saucers.

(Editorial---Cont'd.)

The writer has definite beliefs and ideas about the saucers as follows:

- (1). The saucers are real, do exist, and have been seen by hundreds of reliable people (the editor has never seen one).
- (2). The saucers are alien to the known part of our world or to the Earth entirely.
- (3). The saucers are not secret government developments, Russian spies, or the planet Venus.
- (4). Although a great many saucers can be explained away as misinterpretation of natural phenomena, mass hysteria, mirages, etc., such cannot account for 100% of recorded sightings.

If we are correct in these premises, there is still left to us vast room for observation and speculation. We have not yet answered the important question -- "What are they?"

In this publication we may contribute to the answer, and this is the task we have set before us.

Since this is not a prozine, we have few taboos. We may even try to have some harmless fun now and then. But you will know when we are serious and when we are trying for a laugh.

For a guy of that ancient and respected age of 28, you may even think the editor downright juvenile now and then. We have never quite grown up, and may never do so -- at least we hope not. For heaven lies about us in our infancy. And space will be no place for old men.

But while our eyes may reach for the stars, we faithfully promise to keep our feet firmly implanted upon the ground. (END)

SAUCERNEWS

What's Doin' With The Saucers--With
Data Collected From Here and There.....

JETS CHASE JAPANESE LANTERNS-----STAR DANCES IN ARKANSAS

Saucers zinged through the skies during the past twelve months, as usual.

Although one officer accredited mysterious lights in Japan to "Japanese Lanterns," an Air Force intelligence report, prepared by Lt. Col. Russell Powell, describing simultaneous air and ground sightings, said "There are too many indications of the presence of something for the source's remarks to be considered an observation of nothing." He added that "Frequency of related sightings attest to some unconventional flying object active in this general area."

Jet fighters chased red, white and green lights, which flew in clusters, at unbelievable speeds, over Northern Japan. The objects were picked up on radar for two minutes, and one pilot, who saw them while he was flying at 27,000 feet, got permission to attempt interception. According to the report he seemed to be gaining on them for a while, for "he noted that the object obviously was increasing in size" (the pilot obviously was speaking of the lights as if they were connected with a single object).

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(SAUCERNEWS--Cont'd.)

He turned off his aircraft lights "to make certain he was not getting some reflection from his canopy surface," and they were still there, but he soon lost them. He turned southeast and after five minutes again saw the lights at 35,000 feet, flying in a course parallel to his, to his right. He watched them four minutes, after which they disappeared, to the west, in the direction of Siberia.

Col. George W. Pardy, commander of the unidentified air base issuing the report, said, "There was remarkable corroboration as to description of the cluster of lights by people widely separated who hadn't so much as talked to one another."

An AP release describing the sightings remarked "Authorities at this air base were especially impressed by the radar pickup of Conine's plane Jan. 9. They said the radar actually locked on the object, heading the plane toward it as though it were drawn by a magnet."

We're wondering if this is a figure of speech, or a leak. Heretofore we haven't known our planes are using radar-pilots, if such a use of radar would be so termed.

Dancing "Star"

A volunteer weather observer in Magnolia, Arkansas, swears there was a dancing star over that fair city.

E. E. Graham, a professor at Southern State College, who has been communing with the climate for the U.S. Weather Bureau for thirty years, said he saw the terpsichorian "star" moving "around in the sky" on two separate nights.

Little more detail has been learned, except that the Rev. H. J. Murry of the Assembly of God Church, stated he and his congregation also watched the "star" on one of the two nights.

Strange Doings in Dallas

It's "flying arrowheads" now, but one could expect Texan saucers to be prodigious. A bright, colorful object, "shaped like an arrow-head," was seen for two hours over Dallas, Texas.

Some people described the object as having a green nose and wings that gave off a white light and whirring noise.

Several residents saw the objects and gave police dispatcher, Lewis Passons, so much grief he called up Love Field, where it was also being watched from the tower, he learned. Wyle Moore, on duty in the tower, estimated the original altitude at 30,000 feet. In an hour it had risen to 100,000 feet, then went out of sight. A number of pilots estimated its speed at 2,000 miles an hour.

The object was seen as far as Paris, Texas, about 100 miles northeast of Dallas. W. B. Harris, fire department dispatcher, also watched the thing, was quite disturbed. "I wish I'd never seen it...it's too fantastic."

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(SAUCERNEWS--Cont'd.)

Four States See Sky Burst

A fireball disintegrated in a blaze of white light over four southeastern states. The object was seen in Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas and Colorado. It was described in numerous ways, including "bolt of sheet lightning" and a "red ball of flame."

Each observer seemed to think the "meteor" was right near his particular area, so go reports. Maybe there was more than one "meteor." A sound like thunder accompanied the display, several observers reported.

Doubtful Astronomer

Dr. Otto Struve, University of California astronomy professor, thinks it quite impossible that the saucers are coming from another planet in our solar system, giving the old rehash to the story of impossibility of life on our local planets.

As to planets from other solar systems which might have intelligent life, they likely are 50,000 light years (300,000,000,000,000 miles) away, states Dr. Struve.

Then he explains that creatures on such planets would get a strange picture of us if they had telescopes that could pick up light rays from the Earth. For they would see the Earth as it was 50,000 years ago, and would observe Neanderthal men clubbing each other over the head. He hardly thinks such saucerian observers would be interested in looking closer, or interested enough to make that long a trip to get a closer look.

Dr. Struve now can go to the head of the class.

Saucer In Every Garage

Alfred C. Loedding, director of jet research at Unexcelled Chemical Corp. in Cranbury, N. J., thinks he can build a practical flying saucer, which "would completely change ideas of air travel.....It could be made small and safe enough to be used by the average family."

The proposed saucer would not use rotor blades nor hot jets and wouldn't make much noise.

Loedding was civilian chief of the Jet Propulsion Lab at Wright Air Force Base for three years and claims he started the original Project Saucer there in 1947. He got his ideas from studying saucerstories, and there is "real need for a craft that could do seemingly impossible things," he believes.

His firm has developed a solid fuel for jet-assisted take-offs, guided missiles, and super-sonic flight launchings, and this is what you'll tank up on when you begin your saucerjourney. It's a mixture of explosive powders instead of liquids and thus will work at extreme temperature ranges, according to Loedding.

The proposed saucer "would take off and land vertically, fly in any direction, and land safely in the event of power failure."

Will the buyers please keep in line.

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(Saucernews---Cont'd)Guided Missiles Again

The Government took another whack at the saucers in January, when it disclosed that 1,500-m.p.h. guided missiles have been in production for quite some time by the Boeing Airplane Company. They are twenty feet long and 2½ feet in diameter, obviously controlled by radar homing devices.

The SANTE FE NEW MEXICAN, through which the story may have been dramatically and intentionally leaked out, said the missiles may explain, in part, reports of flying saucers and other related phenomena, although the Defense Department has "no comment" to make.

The newspaper thought these new missiles could maneuver in trajectories which conventional winged aircraft and human crews could not stand. Then it noted such maneuverability "often has played a part in reported sightings of glowing, skyborne things."

The NEW MEXICAN also said "there will be public demonstrations" soon at the White Sands, N. M., Proving Grounds to explain some of the mystery that has grown up around the recurring reports of weird "things" in the sky. Demonstrations have not taken place, in our knowledge.

Experiments have been conducted for at least five years, reports state, which would approximate the period of intensified sightings of strange aerial phenomena. The reports could not attempt to coincide with similar occurrences that have been observed for hundreds of years, however, in this editor's opinion.

To explain away the saucers is a popular attitude, and anyone thus inclined can usually cash in on the publicity that surrounds the discs. Many many more "experts" will attempt to disprove the saucers, and, quite alarmingly, some day may be able to accomplish such to the public's satisfaction. Prof. Donald H. Menzel's book, FLYING SAUCERS, took quite a stride in that direction (it will be reviewed in a future issue). The story in this department about the "practical" flying saucer, although the source sounds screwy, may turn out to be true.

We have a standard set of predictions about future attitudes on saucers, which we hope to publish later, but permit us now to wager that in a few years we won't be able to tell "real" saucers from the so-called "imaginary" ones. We predict that saucerenthusiasts will find their going much rougher---but their mission more important than ever in the days ahead.

For with a saucer in every garage, you won't notice the slightly different one, slipping up behind you.

Saucers and Orange Soda

But even the past June the saucers were becoming bolder.

One landed twice near Brush Creek in Butte County, California, and, on both visits, a little man got out of the thing and dipped up a two-gallon bucket full of water, handing it up to some unseen colleague inside the saucer.

Two miners, John Q. Black and John J. Van Allen, who witnessed the visitation, asked Sheriff's captain Fred Preston if they could take a shot at the thing next time it lands, for they figured that since it landed on May 20 and June 20, both times at 6:30 p.m., there was a good

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(SAUCERNEWS--Cont'd)

possibility of another visit July 20. They were advised to be "very careful what you shoot at," since as far as the sheriff knew there wasn't any law that gave anyone the right to shoot at something of such nature.

Black and Allen operate the Big Springs Mine, where they mine for titanium, situated on Marble Creek, about eight miles northeast of Brush Creek. On both dates the metal contraption, about 12 feet wide and seven feet deep, and consisting of two large metal plates, landed on a nearby sandbar within 100 feet of them. The top of the saucer was curved and a plastic observation dome was on the front end. It was silver colored. Four metal legs were let down as the thing landed, and retracted when it took off.

The miners said a man four feet tall, whom they estimated would weigh about 110 pounds, climbed down a rope ladder dropped from the saucer's belly. The visitor was human in appearance, except for size, and had normal hair and broad shoulders. He (or "it") was wearing a long parka, or coat, which came below the knees, with the hood thrown back from the head. The coat was something like high altitude clothing worn by American airmen. They could see gabardine pants, below the coat, tied at the ankles.

After getting the water, in what appeared to be an aluminum bucket, the visitor handed it to some unseen person inside the craft and the contraption hurriedly took off, rising straight from the ground and disappearing above the trees at a sharp angle in the matter of seconds. The one who had got the water could be seen in the observation dome as they left. Newspaper accounts, which conflicted in minor details, said the saucer made no noise, yet one said it made a hissing sound, and another had it starting a small brush fire when it took off after its first visit. One account said the saucer left hurriedly after seeing the miners, but other stories were vague on that point.

According to residents, the miners have a reputation for honesty and truthfulness. After the usual gags about what kind of whiskey had been consumed, acquaintances assured reporters the two "were not drinking men." Mrs. Vi Belcher, operator of a nearby store where the miners buy provisions, said they were quite fond of orange pop, but drank nothing stronger as far as she knew.

The sheriff ran into the miners while making a burglary investigation in their area. Black asked him if his office had received any reports about flying saucers, and, hearing a negative reply, said, "Well I saw one." Then he related the account. When Preston asked him what kind of comic books he'd been reading lately, Black became angry, cursed, and was more emphatic than ever.

Others in the area were also seeing saucers. Mrs. Ethel G. Carson, of San Francisco, saw one going toward Cohasset.

It was shooting out sparks "like fireworks." A couple whom she was visiting also saw it and said it was "about a quarter as big as a full moon," and "seemed to be hanging right over the foothills."

The reader is cautioned that most of the material in this department is gleaned from newspaper clippings, and cannot be taken as full gospel. In investigating the Flatwoods Monster incident (see story this issue) we found newspapers had not obtained the full story and were often inaccurate.

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(SAUCERNEWS--Cont'd)

To the man on the street it was bunk, but to the Rev. Doyle D. Warner, of Bible Research in Dayton, Ohio, the little men were from "Satan's kingdom....Satan now dwells in the fifth heaven and has rule over kingdoms, principalities, and powers in the heaven.....There is also an underworld inside this earth's globe....." More about Kingdom Research in a future issue. Robert N. Webster, editor of FATE, tells us that publication has an investigator working on the story, so we should receive reliable information when that issue hits the stands.

Wild Men and Men of Science

And as the ditto rolled it looked as if it would be a busy month for THE SAUCERIAN. A chain of strange events engulfed the nation, events that the man on the street pondered briefly and called bunk. Maybe they were.

Mysterious fires broke out in California. In Grafton, W. Va., the water department was baffled by heavy, unaccounted-for losses during the night. Three times during the night the water supply takes a drop of several inches in the million-gallon reservoir, the equivalent of a fire hydrant being turned wide open -- only one isn't. Officials laughed and called it "gremlins," while the police worked on the case. Nothing more on this at this time.

At Rowlesburg, W. Va., a "wild man" frightened television construction workers and citizens of Preston County when they visited the antenna installation in the wild, unpopulated Hog Ridge section. Norman Mankins, one of the workers, wrote, "...Very slowly he began to stick his head from behind the tree, and believe me, it was enough to make your hair stand on end to see that hideous face." No room to get the complete story in this issue, being put to bed with this page.

And in Atlanta, Georgia, men of science said an outer space visitor was monkey business.

Edward Watters, Thomas Wilson and Arnold Payne said they ran over an unearthly creature with their automobile, but that similar space visitors, "running like men," scrambled into a red saucer-shaped object near the highway, which turned blue as it zoomed away.

Dr. Herman Jones heads Georgia's crime laboratory, and can be counted to apply the firmest scientific logic to all cases. "It is not from outer space," he said, after performing an autopsy on the creature.

He said it was a monkey. Someone had applied hair remover, then cut off its tail. It had not been run over, since he found no skinned places, only a fracture on the back of the head.

While THE SAUCERIAN ponders this strange event, it cannot hide its disappointment at this bad news from Dr. Jones. And it also ponders over the scientific reasoning the doctor must have used. You see, two of the men were barbers, the other was a butcher.

Charles Fort must be turning over in his grave.

(END--GB)

CLIPPINGS NEEDED

Won't you please send THE SAUCERIAN any clippings you may run across in the papers about events that are "not quite right." THE SAUCERIAN will thoroughly investigate wherever possible, or turn the information over to the proper authorities. Clippings returned if requested and your name credited. GB

W.V.A. "MONSTER" — A FULL REPORT

Author's Note:

The cover of this issue illustrates the "Monster" in quite an imaginative way, and is used only because it is the best art available at this time. Cover is based on a drawing made by artists for the "We The People" telecast on which two of the witnesses appeared. Actually they saw only the "head and shoulders" of the thing... they disagree on the "hands." Drawings by the witnesses appear later in the article. G.B.

It is a late summer evening.

Suddenly a meteorite flashes across the sky and falls on top of the hill. "Flying Saucer!" someone shouts and you all laugh. For a lark you band together, go up the hill and look ^{for} it.

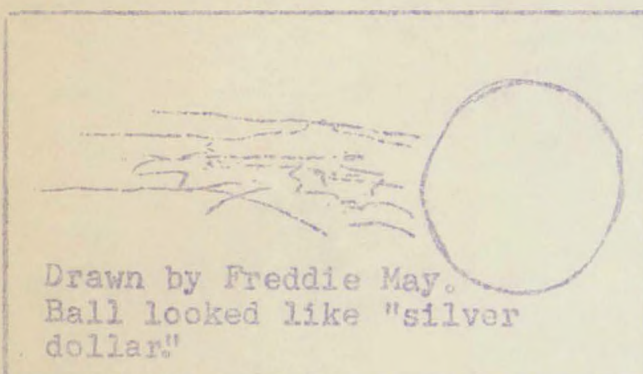
"I'll bet it didn't land up here at all," one remarks. Someone else says, "Watch out, it may be a flying saucer and a man from Mars will jump out and get you!"

As you approach the hill-top you have a feeling you later are unable to explain to the reporters who talk with you. One of them called it a "memory." You smell a funny odor, you are afraid, but the others are along, and then you take comfort in the dog, romping along beside you.

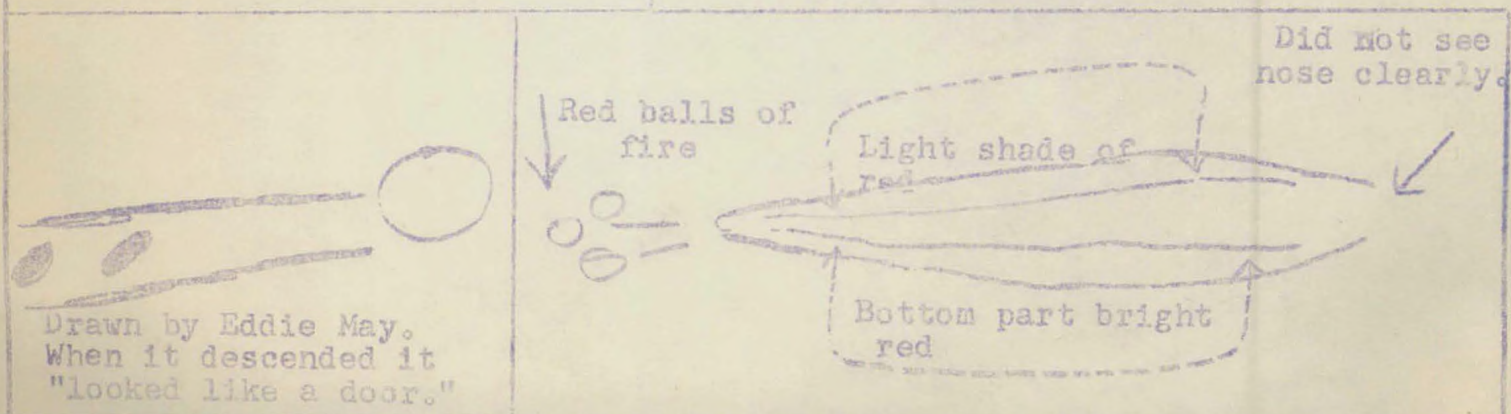
When you look over the top of the hill several things happen all at once. You see a fiery something totally outside your experience and as you puzzle for a moment, your eyes fixed upon the unknown, you do not see the horror approaching from your left.

It is in shadow, but someone sees its eyes and flashes the light on it. It lights up like a neon sign. To you this is not some phenomena to be pondered and examined rationally. You one time saw Hell in a fever dream or envisaged it in the choked rantings of a bleak-eyed evangelist. Here in a dread second is that same awful fear, though now all-consuming and elemental, grabbing your bones and tissues with cold convulsions.

(Continued next page)



Drawings by witnesses who saw aerial object cross the sky and apparently land on hilltop.



(Drawing traced on ditto masters from original sketches by witnesses)

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 ("W.Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report"--Cont'd.)

It is a monster that walks like a man, but a creature from the blackest memory of your fear. You do not remember when you started to run -- you do recall you cleared a gate by at least two feet, not bothering to open it.

Not until later do you discover you are almost overcome by what someone said was gas.

Maybe this reads like a horror story, but in this respect the West Virginia "Monster" is at its best. And only if you momentarily place yourself in the shoes of seven witnesses, who looked upon the unknown, can you begin to sift the imagined from the real; can you correlate the accounts and reach conclusions which have truth in them.

If you were 10 to 17 years old, or if you were a housewife in a community where the supernatural has not yet taken on scientific explanations, just how would you describe what you saw?

And, more important, how long did you look at it? Do you really know what you saw?

This is a question I would like to answer, but that now is impossible. Does momentary horror strike an involuntary urge for flight, or are you frozen in your tracks for seconds, until your body can react.

At the most, the "monster" was observed from one to five seconds.

How much can you see in that length of time?

FIRST WIRE REPORTS

On the morning of September 15th, 1952 the waitress set the orange juice down on top of the newspaper as usual, and, as usual, with a bang. Waitresses never understand people who stretch out newspapers all over the table.

But I was reading a U.P. story written at my old home town.

POLICE SAY BRAXTON MONSTER PRODUCT OF 'MASS HYSTERIA'

SUTTON, Sept. 14 -- (U.P.)--Seven Braxton County residents vowed today that a Frankenstein monster with B.O. drove them from a hill-top near here, but police figured the smelly boogie-man was the product of "mass hysteria."

The thing, described by witnesses as "half-man, half-dragon," had not been reported seen since Friday night but residents of the area said a foul odor still clung to the hill-top yesterday.

All of this started when Mrs. Kathleen May of Flatwoods, said she and six boys, one a 17-year-old national guardsman, climbed the hill to investigate her two small sons' report that a "flying saucer" landed there.

She said they found a "fire-breathing monster, 10 feet tall with a bright green body and a blood-red face," that waddled toward them with "a bouncing, floating" motion and sent them scurrying down the hillside.

.....She said the monster exuded an overpowering odor, "like metal," that so sickened them they vomited for hours afterward.

.....
("W.Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

"It looked worse than Frankenstein," said Mrs. May.

"It couldn't have been human."

No wonder, in a listing of the ten biggest feature stories of the year, as judged by ABC, this phenomena was described later as "The land-locked Loch Ness Monster." No wonder West Virginians, often accredited with going barefoot, were heartily laughed at once again around the Nation.

I didn't believe the story myself.

But a story as good as this has some basis in fact, I reasoned over breakfast. A story like this should be shut up or explained. If I could just find a logical excuse to go around questioning people, I'd go to Sutton, the county seat town near Flatwoods, and set things straight, if that were possible. Then it struck me that Robert N. Webster might be interested in a writeup, so I shot him a wire and a reply flashed back from FATE magazine as follows:

"STORY PROBABLY HOAX BUT INVESTIGATE RIGORIOUSLY. DON'T SPECULATE SIMPLY STATE FACTS. 3 OR 4 PICS UP TO 3000 WORDS MONDAY DEADLINE."

I quote this telegram to impress you with the attitude of carefulness FATE maintains about the facts it publishes. And the article you may have read in the January, 1953, issue, reflected the philosophy of this telegram.

It is the purpose here to report, in greater detail, what I found out for FATE.

Inertia and the problems of business would not allow my going to Sutton until Friday evening, exactly one week after the event had occurred. I knew the newspaper accounts read a little too much like a horror magazine, and somewhere someone had not dug up certain facts, while exaggerating others.

METEORITES AND SKEPTICS

Flatwoods is a small town of only 300, about six miles from Sutton, the county seat. I arrived late, but found an acquaintance's house still lighted. I went in and had some coffee. This acquaintance did not speak highly of Mrs. May, said she was "quite exciteable." He did not believe the story at all. He said one of the other witnesses had a police record. The skid marks that editor A. Lee Stewart later saw were made by a tractor operated by Brooks Fisher, of Sutton, and the same tractor also could have left the odd, gummy deposits described as oil.

At least I was getting my feet on the ground, and had one lead, that of the tractor, to check. I went to bed determined to get at the bottom of the thing the next day.

Here was a story which could be checked separately with seven witnesses. For your reference I list these people:

Mrs. Kathleen May, a beautician.

Gene Lemon, 17.

Mrs. May's two children:

Eddie May, 13.

Fred May, 12.

.....
("W.Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

Robert Carr, in Sutton, received a frantic telephone call. A piper cub plane, an excited hitchhiker was reporting, had crashed into a hillside near Frametown and was burning. He had seen it from a car in which he had received a "lift" and had been driven to the first available telephone to report the accident.

Sheriff Carr and a deputy rushed the seventeen miles to the scene, but could find no trace of the burning plane. No residents who had witnessed the supposed crash could be found. The Sheriff did not cross the river between the road and hillside to investigate, for he felt sure nothing had happened. By the time he had returned to Sutton the nearby excitement about the "monster" was the talk of the town and he drove on to answer the call received while he was at Frametown.

Anywhere from one to one and one-half hour after the occurrence he climbed the hill to investigate, but the Flatwoods Monster had evidently departed, for he could find no trace of it.

As far as events can be reconstructed, two people, Junior Edward (17 or 18), who lives near the hill, and Joey Martin (19 or 20), were the first eye-witnesses on the hill-top after the report, one half-hour later. They saw, heard or smelled nothing.

Max Lockhart, a Flatwoods appliance dealer, drove up the narrow road to the scene, about an hour later (before the Sheriff arrived) in a pickup truck. Neither he nor the persons with him could find any evidence of the elusive visitor.

These facts, rather than discrediting the mystery, deepen it, for as surely as the "monster" came on wings of fire, rapidly it flashed away. It had half an hour to make its exit.

THE EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNTS

But now let me report an eye-witness account of the enigma, told by Neil Nunley, which is so unemotional and devoid of "holes" I think you will believe every word of it, as did I.

Nunley is unspoiled by sophistication. He talks with the honest accent of West Virginia farm people, caught half-way between their staccato-voiced neighbors to the North, and the sleeper drawl of the South. He has read no science fiction, although in school the past year a teacher had read the class something (probably a saucer account) from a "True Magazine --- but if it was true, you couldn't hardly believe it."

He and some other youths were at a nearby playground, when they saw the strange object flash across the sky.

The children were unanimous in disagreeing with Mr. Jordan about the shape. They said it looked like "a silver dollar going through the sky," and it wasn't elongated. A trail of fire shot out behind, however. They made drawings, herein printed. The object was flying low, just above the hill-top over which it hovered, and "looked like a door falling down flatwise."

They could still see the light at the hill-top. They hurriedly gathered a party and ran up the railroad track toward the foot of the hill. At Mrs. May's house, they decided to get a flashlight. The two

.....
("W.Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.")

May children, told their mother about it, and she didn't believe them until she saw the weird light, pulsing dim and bright, on the hill. She agreed to go with them, and Gene Lemon led the party.

Motivation for the investigation was not that which they found. There was little fear; it was mainly a lark. They thought surely it was a meteorite and they might see what it looked like.

Even when they encountered a strange mist near the hill-top, now smelling faintly like a gas, they were not greatly perturbed, and proceeded onward.

Just at the hill-top there is a fence, from which the gate has rotted away. This gateway is a vantage point from which can be seen the entire limits of the occurrence, none of which are more than 100 feet away.

It was here Lemon shrieked with terror, fell backward; then the entire party fled. They felt that at any moment terrible claws would enclose them and could imagine a hot breath on their necks.

---PART II---

I have carefully investigated the hilltop where seven people may have seen something out of space, and I have taken measurements. Whatever they saw was regarded from a close distance.

At the top of the hill is the gateway of an old fence. The gate is no longer there.

Neil Nunley, from whose tape recorded account I am taking part of the narrative, viewed the phenomena when he and Gene Lemon, leading the party, had just stepped through the gateway. Events described here must have taken place in a matter of seconds. Nunley, however, is able to relate the sequence with apparent accuracy.

They first saw a huge globular mass down over the hillside, to their right, about 50 ft. away. "It was just like a big ball of fire," Nunley reports, and it seemed to pulsate dim and bright. He didn't know how large it was; some of the others said it was "big as a house." It is not clear whether a complete sphere was seen, or a hemisphere, resting on the ground.

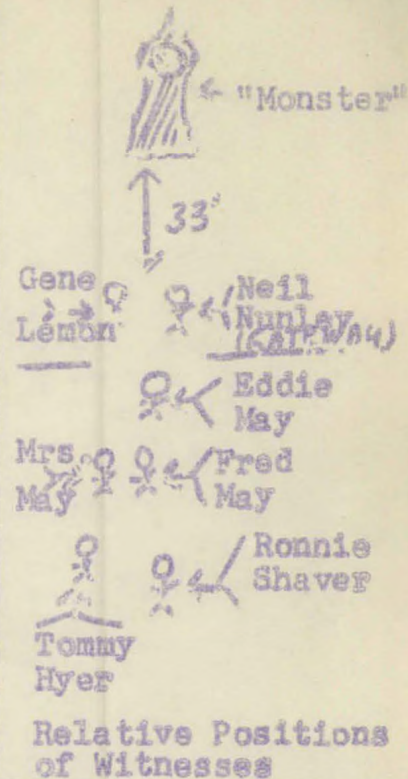
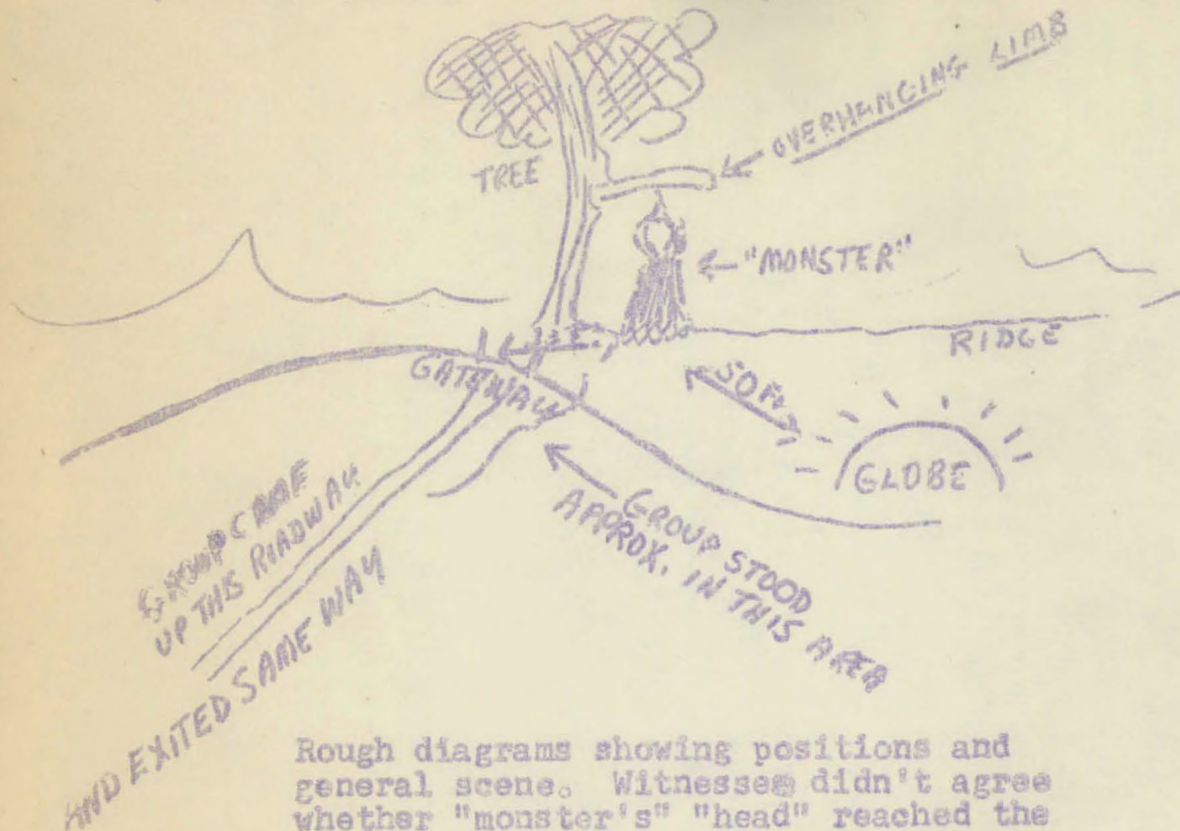
Nunley heard no noise. Others said it made a low thumping or beating sound, "like someone hitting on canvas," and there was another noise, half-way between a hiss or the squeal made by a jet plane.

The time you consume in reading these descriptions and the experience itself are quite different. You can see many things in one second which you might need an hour to describe. I make this comment so the reader will not assume a longer period of observation than the facts indicate.

Not everyone saw the globular shape. This might be understood when one considers the others were behind Nunley and Lemon, and the view might not have afforded seeing clearly down over the hill. And what they next saw might have been so terrifying it eradicated memory of the globe.

For with that distraction they did not see a huge figure standing to their left. Lemon said he thought he saw animal eyes in the tree,

.....
 ("W. Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)



Rough diagrams showing positions and general scene. Witnesses didn't agree whether "monster's" "head" reached the limb, but all agreed it was no taller. Limb is broken off at this writing, but was there when investigation was conducted.

and flashed his light on them.

THE MONSTER

Fifteen feet away, towering over their heads, was a vast shape something like a man. The face, everyone agreed, was round, and blood red. No one noticed a nose or mouth, only eyes, or eye-like openings, from which projected "greenish-orange" beams of light, apparently parallel with the base of the "monster." These beams pierced through the haze pervading the scene. In the excitement some of the group imagined the beams of light were focused on them, but Nunley is specific in claiming they didn't. "They went out over our heads."

Around the red "face" and reaching upward to a point (see cover) was a hood-like shape, dark in appearance. The body was seen only from the head down to the waist. It appeared dark and colorless to Nunley, though some said it was green, and one child drew a picture with an outline of fire. Mrs. May said it lighted up as if there were some source of illumination inside it when the flashlight beam touched the shape. She also saw clothing-like folds around the body, and terrible claws. No one is sure whether it rested on the ground.

The "monster" could not have been more than fifteen feet tall, for it was under the overhanging limb of a tree, of that height. Descriptions varied from ten feet to the height of the limb.

Originally the group had reported the strange, nauseous odor as resembling burning metal, or burning sulphur. Under questioning none could remember having encountered anything similar. It was finally

.....
 ("W. Va. "Monster" -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.")

described, basically, as sickening, and irritating to the throat and nasal passages. "It seemed to grip you in the throat and suffocate you."

Nunley was quite definite about the entity's movement, although other accounts conflicted. They all said it was moving toward them, but according to Nunley it was describing an arc, coming toward them, but circling at the same time toward the globular object.

I asked him to walk around the room, imitating the movement.

"I couldn't move as it did. It just moved. It didn't walk. It moved evenly; it didn't jump."

He was partly commenting on other reports which had the thing bobbing up and down and jumping toward the witnesses.

All these details were observed collectively

within one or a few more seconds. The party didn't know how long they looked. According to Nunley it was "a very short time. We just got a good look at it and left."

"Left" here is an understatement, for the retreat was swift and disordered. No one bothered to open the gate of another fence they encountered on their return to the house. And the dog with them displayed no greater bravery. At the same time it "let out a yelp and later we found it under the perch with its tail tucked between its legs."

The reader will think of many questions he would like to ask the participants. I, too, wanted to know many things. If Lemon dropped the flashlight, as he claimed, why did they get an apparent longer look at the "monster"? Nunley said light from the globe illuminated the figure, others say it was lighted of itself. Contradictions are minor. All agree on certain basic points I have reported, and I have noted where stories do not agree.

We next pick up the story when an owner of the Berry Funeral Home, of Sutton, arrived and administered first aid to some of the seven.

"Hood"
Coal
Black

"Face"
Blood
Red



Drawn by one of the May Children. Notations by the viewer. Both original drawings on this page are on file in Clarksburg, W. Va. for inspection.

"Hood" appeared
dark



Face was red. This part appeared dark and was not seen clearly. Only upper part of "body" shown here. Nunley did not see the shape any further down. (This drawing by Neil Nunley)

.....
("W. Va. 'Monster" -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

A FAITHFUL CHURCHGOER

Here, for my investigation, would be someone who could relate some of the first faltering descriptions these frightened people gave, before any opportunity for comparing experiences. As I waited for the owner's return, another man, who had stopped in the office, told me he had seen a meteorite, at seven on the same night, shoot across the sky in the direction of Flatwoods, but his story was interrupted by the appearance of the man who had treated the witnesses.

I asked him about it.

"I was in church that night," he told me, and dismissed me hastily.

I assume he attends other than Sunday services.

Throughout the investigation I found an incredulous attitude on the part of nearby residents. Many did not want their names mentioned in such a connection.

"The Democrats," one man joked, "stole the state capitol dome in Charleston, and were flying it through the air to Washington. Over Weston, Rush D. Holt took a pot shot at it and knocked off one of those 'things'." (Holt was a Republican candidate for Governor, was then trying to upset the democratic majority in the state government. He was unsuccessful)

A. Lee Stewart, Jr., co-editor of the Braxton Democrat, is the first outside witness, in order of appearance to the scene, to offer helpful information. He arrived about one half hour after the incident.

He found some of the seven receiving first aid. Most of them appeared too greatly terrified to talk coherently. Hearing the fragmentary story, he finally was able to persuade Lemon to accompany him to the hill. At that time Stewart felt the whole thing had been entirely imaginary.

Like other investigators he saw or heard nothing. Neither did he smell the gas which shortly before had been suffocating. But knowing that gas settles rapidly, he bent to the ground where he could smell the same pungent odor the others described. He too said it was irritating, constricted nasal and throat passages. Although a veteran of the Air Force, where he had encountered gases used in warfare, he had never smelled anything like it before.

The other investigators had not thought to smell near the ground.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKID MARKS

Returning at seven the following morning, before anyone else visited the hilltop, he was amazed to find evidence which backed up the story he was hesitating to report in The Democrat.

About ten feet apart, in the tall grass, were "skid marks." These proceeded from the tree where the "monster" was "standing" to the location of the alleged globe. It was as if some huge personage were on skis and had slid down the hill. But the summer skier had been light in weight, for the "skis" had not indented the ground; they had only ridden down the tall grass, and tossed a few small stones aside. Where the globe

("W. Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

had rested a huge area of grass appeared to have been trampled down.

Unbelieving residents of Flatwoods gave me explanations of these marks. Brooks Fisher, who owned the farm, had, they said, harvested hay at the location, and had used a tractor. Mr. Fisher had done just that, a telephone call disclosed, but no tractor nor other farming implement had been where the marks were seen. That part of the terrain, he said, was too steep for a tractor.

Max Lockhart, an old friend of mine from high school days, had been on the hill an hour later in a jeep, people said, looking into the mystery. I gave him a ring also.

He and some friends had driven up the road in a pickup truck, and had been by where the "monster" was seen, but they were not down over the hill, obviously too steep for a motor vehicle.

"Do you believe in all those tales they are telling?" he asked.

There is fox fire on the tree, or the witnesses had seen a buck deer under it, people said. I went over the location after dark. There was no fox fire. Stewart, who hunts deer with bow and arrow, is emphatic that deer would be extremely unlikely in the location.

THE GOVERNMENT

Without the interviews with the children, particularly Nunley, I would be far more incredulous of the affair than I am. When Mrs. May returned from New York, along with Lemon, I went to her house. By that time the story had taken on some additional dimensions. Her account was far more terrifying than I have reported here. She had been on the hill the next day and got grease on her beautician's uniform, a strange deposit which defied the washer. In New York she had talked to "scientists" who had convinced her the "monster" was a rocket ship.

But she was hesitant to give me her complete viewpoint of the experience. Someone from the government had asked her to give out no information to anybody, and a lawyer had told her the story might be worth considerable money if she found the right market. Her father warned me I shouldn't write up anything about it. As a result, Mrs. May does not here receive a complete, nor very favorable, press.

I had another opportunity to visit her home a few weeks later. She wasn't there, but her father told me Mrs. May had received a letter from the government, which explained what the whole thing actually had meant, and advising a report was to be released to the public that week, after which she could talk freely about it. Her father said that since the release date had passed, he could tell me that the "monster" was a government rocket ship, propelled by an amonia-like fuel, and which could travel at terrific speeds.

I could hardly wait to look up editor Stewart, who, I was told, could give me details on the government report. Stewart laughed as he pulled out an 8 x 10 photo, attached to a publicity release from COLLIERS. The issue of October 18th was to contain the story about a moon rocket, and the photo was the cover art. It was to be released that week, he explained. He had showed the picture to the May family, he said, because there was some resemblance between the rocket ship art work and their descriptions of the "monster."

.....
("W. Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

The release went on to explain how the ship could be propelled by amonia-like hydrazine, and nitric acid.

As far as I know, governmental investigations were limited to a visit or two by the local National Guard.

I worked three days running down all the leads the story involved. From a journalistic point of view the story would read better as an expose, and if it were some sort of hoax, this was the fate it deserved. But neither could I find holes, nor break down the stories of the participants.

I often puzzle over one account I drove fifty miles to obtain. It was said that Bailey Frame, of Birch River, had been on the scene, had witnessed a rocket ship take off from the hill. I encountered him in a tavern at Birch River, where he hastily denied most of the report, but did say he had seen a strange object in the sky after the "monster" incident.

It was a large orange ball, he said, flattened on top, from which jets or streams of fire shot out and down around the sides. It circled around in the sky, and was seen from a small valley at Flatwoods, near the hilltop, where he had driven half an hour after hearing about the matter. After circling for fifteen minutes it suddenly left, at great speed, toward the Sutton airport.

This, I thought, was most important. For it filled an important gap -- the exit of the "monster."

He said he'd be glad to meet me at a restaurant that evening, drive to Flatwoods with me, and take me to the exact spot where he had seen the thing. He did not show up. I was not greatly impressed by the report anyway.

WHAT DID MR. HOARD SEE?

In my investigation, but one "hole" presents any real concern.

On a nearby hill, in complete view of the fateful hilltop, lives G. D. Hoard, an elderly farmer. Reports had it that Hoard had told a wild story about seeing the entire incident, but editor Stewart said he shut up like a clam when he tried to interview him.

When I talk to many people, I lead off by telling them I grew up on a farm, which, incidentally, is true. That disarms them, and they lose some of their distrust for "city folks."

Mr. Hoard said he'd be glad to tell me everything he saw. At approximately 7 p.m. he had gone out into his front yard to feed his chickens. His attention had been drawn to a fiery object coming over the horizon, though in a slightly different direction than others reported. It had not landed, but went on across the sky.

"It went over the Bailey Fisher cistern and as it was about here (he pointed to a location in line with his house) a piece of fire broke off it." As it neared the other horizon, toward the Sutton airport, "it exploded and went out."

.....
("W. Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

Now if this were the same object, one would believe it didn't land at all. And if Hoard were in his yard at that time, why did he not see the amazing occurrences on the nearby hilltop, easily within his view?

One person, who also investigated, feels that Hoard is not relating everything he saw, in fear of publicity.

I would really like to know.

THE AIRPLANE

In completing the investigation, I went to Frametown with Ivan Sanderson, the New York naturalist, and his assistant. We slashed our way up the brushy hillside with machetes, hoping to find evidence of the mysterious "plane crash" the hitchhiker had reported.

We spent the entire afternoon canvassing the hills. Now and then we thought we saw tree limbs broken off unnaturally, but really we found nothing. If something crashed there, we found no real traces of it.

The hitchhiker did not get a clear view of the burning object. A piper cub was the first thing that came to his mind, he said, and he didn't know what it was. In interviewing other people who saw what most of them termed "meteorites" some of them thought they crashed on nearby hills.

"PAY YOUR MONEY"

Probably no one will ever know what seven people saw on a West Virginia hilltop really was. The following points, however, are definite.

- (1) Widespread aerial phenomena, generally interpreted as meteorites, were observed at approximately the same time over a wide area.
- (2) The seven witnesses did see something, rather similar to that they described.

In interpreting the facts of this article, the reader can pay his money and take his choice.

Because of the widespread talk of flying saucers, one is inclined to connect this incident with that vast mystery. The appearance of the thing before it presumably landed is similar to many saucer sightings, although it presented different aspects to different viewers. The aerial object seen by Mr. Jordan and the children did not behave like a meteorite.

If saucerian in nature, why did it land? Was it in mechanical difficulty? Or did its pilot wish to make observations.

The strange figure evidently was connected with the globular object. The point where it was viewed was a vantage point, from which the surrounding countryside could be observed if some interplanetary or intergalactic visitor were interested in sightseeing.

Why and how did it leave so suddenly?

.....
 ("W. Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

Did it notice the seven people, and if it did, would it have harmed them had they lingered? Or was it as frightened of them as they were of it?

Was it a robot, controlled mechanically? Its movements and the skid marks might indicate such. Or was it a man, or "thing," in a space suit? There have been other accounts of man-like entities landing in strange craft, and in later issues we will review and compare these incidents. Certain parallels can be seen.

In reading such accounts in the past, I have often wondered if they were true, because they were so hard to believe, and there are many who would create hoaxes. The reader likely has felt the same way.

The facts in this article, and in that published by FATE, will, I believe, hold up under any investigation. Anyone wishing to further my efforts in that regard can be assured of my full cooperation. People mentioned herein can be reached by mail without street addresses, at the places given. If not, perhaps I can put you in touch with them.

If you do not believe what you have read here, I can't say I blame you. It is utterly fantastic, and disconnected with ordinary experience. I have tried to report all facts as reliably as possible, and if here and there the story sounds pulpy it's where I got under the spell of my own rhetoric.

Almost a year has now passed since some people were scared out of their wits in Flatwoods. Passing there recently I ran across the Nunley boy walking along the road and picked him up. He didn't seem interested in talking further about the "monster" but was greatly interested in a plane crash that had occurred nearby. We went out to the airport, looked at the wrecked plane, while I tried to get back on the subject.

"You weren't pulling my leg, were you," I asked him, and, again, he assured me he was not.

"I just don't know what it was, but I saw it."

The excitement has about died down, but West Virginians in the reach of W.P.D.X. still love to hear the inevitable ballad composed by announcer Don Lamb for folk singer Cindy Coy.

To the lonesome chords of the steel guitar Cindy sings, over and over, for enthusiastic listeners,

"THE PHANTOM OF FLATWOODS"
 (Sing to tune of "Sweet Betsy
 From Pike")

One evenin' in Flatwoods, a mother and her boys
 Saw a great light and heard a great noise.
 They ran to the hilltop, didn't know what they feared,
 It was there in the dark that the phantom appeared.

CHORUS:

Oh, Phantom of Flatwoods from Moon or from Mars
 Maybe from God and not from the stars,
 Please tell us why you fly o'er our trees
 The end of the world or an omen of peace

.....
 ("W. Va. 'Monster' -- A Full Report" -- Cont'd.)

The size of the phantom was a sight to behold,
 Green eyes and red face, so the story was told.
 It floated in air with fingers of flame,
 It was gone with a hiss just as quick as it came.

(CHORUS)

The people were frightened and started to pray.
 They were living in hopes for another new day.
 There's no end to this story, except just to say
 This world will go on for it's written that way.

(CHORUS)

(END--G.B.)

YES, WE NEED MATERIAL!

All material herein, unless credited otherwise, is by the editor. We don't expect to be able to spiel off enough to keep a publication of this size going, however. Besides, you'll get tired of hearing my stuff all the time. We can't pay for material at the present time, but if you have something we can use we'll give you full credit, and, if it's really good, make a fuss about you. When you send material, tell us if we can rewrite if necessary. We can't take just anything -- it has to be at least rather good. We want the following kind of material:

(1) Saucer sighting reports. If we feel it should be done, we'll be glad to turn over such reports to reliable investigation agencies if you give permission. Articles on saucers. Speculation on what they might really be and where they might come from. Articles of speculative nature on almost any paranormal subject you'd expect to see discussed in a publication of this type. We are also interested in the Shaver Mystery, and lost civilizations.

(2) Fiction. Saucer-slanted preferred. Concepts emphasized rather than spatial operatics. One single-spaced page in length or slightly longer. Short stories with punch endings. Stories can have humorous angle. Send us your stories which you know the prozines won't handle because they're offbeat.

(3) Poetry. Saucer or weird slant.

(4) What have you?

We want no hoax reports. We can borrow entire books of fairy tales at the public library.

THE SAUCERIAN is not copyrighted. We'd appreciate your asking us before you use material in any way for reprinting. Permission usually will be quickly and enthusiastically granted.

We know this book looks sloppy. We need art work. I just can't draw, no matter how hard I try. We need someone to help us out in that department. As you have noted, we use ditto, and can use three-color line work, purple, green and red. We would appreciate covers. If anyone is so charitably inclined, we'll be glad to send ditto master sheets for complete preparation by the artist. Or we can trace the drawings ourselves, provided we have originals.

We have many plans for THE SAUCERIAN, and a lot of good material lying around for future issues. Hope to have you with us. (END--G.B.)

FICTION

The QUESTION

By Mary Judith Hyde

(Ed. Note: Mary Judith Hyde, of Alexandria, Va., can turn herself loose on a typewriter "whenever I want except for the million other things I have to do. Have a wonderful husband, a black cocker, a home in some trees, and like to live." We think this little story will be read over and over by those of us who sometimes find the world too much with us, and consciously or unconsciously hope someone will come down out of space to straighten us out. To those who have not asked the QUESTION, all this, naturally, may be meaningless. We hope everyone will see his saucer but (although we're convinced Shirley's saucer was real), don't try to bring back a piece of it for a souvenir--did you ever clutch the bedspread in a dream? But who is so stupid to say there are no dreams?)

Many girls Shirley's age wanted only a fur coat, a new job, a fling at a millionaire or the movies.

But Shirley wanted only the answer to her QUESTION.

Some way she felt the QUESTION was hers alone. She was too young to know that others may have asked it, though in different ways. She knew of no one on earth who could answer it for her.

So it was that day after day she longed for SOMEONE. A space man maybe.

Someone who had understanding and was kind and wise.

Shirley had seen the movie, "The Day The Earth Stood Still." Suppose a man like that actually did come to Earth. And suppose that he would find her and talk to her! Then and then only, she had decided, would she find someone to answer her question.

And now she was about to meet him! She trembled as she brought the old Ford to a sudden stop, for she had seen the silver saucer hovering a short distance away. She gazed raptly as it slowly settled to the ground.

The saucer was not more than half a mile away. Was it round, or was it oblong? The outer part was spinning, while the center seemed very still. It was like a huge doughnut, with a hump where the hold would be.

The Arizona sun was hot but she didn't feel it. Some way all along she had known that flying saucers were very real. Something inside her seemed to tell her so. And now, without knowing it, she was to meet another world, face to face.

What a picture she made: slim and blonde with her simple green dress clinging closely to her body. With eyes popping and scarcely breathing she saw a door open and a tall figure -- a man -- emerge from the craft.

He walked toward her.

.....
("THE QUESTION" (Fiction) Cont'd.)

Slamming the door of the Ford, hatless she sped to meet him. A small lizard watched her go and saw the meeting. It was the only observer, her only witness. It alone saw the meeting between the flaxen haired one and the man from space.

He was standing still, looking intently at her. Her eyes on his, she first asked permission wordlessly, and as wordlessly it was granted.

Then in full confidence she asked the QUESTION.

She knew at once the man understood her and her reason for asking. It was not until long afterward Shirley realized she didn't remember just what words had been used, or what really had been said -- unless, was it --: "I am all things to all people, and both the QUESTION and the ANSWER is within you and the earth....."

Her question, she was to learn as she grew older, was both ageless and universal. It had been asked again and again by other souls who had gone a-seeking. She felt an inner glow, and was enveloped in a sense of deep content.

For now she knew there are always horizons. The finite cannot ever encompass the infinite, yet there must always be the eternal goal, and the constant striving. Knowing this she felt now a desire to work with the immediate task at hand. She knew a wise person does not try or even pray to skip a sequence.

It had been like a dream, but she was sure it was not. She had simply touched another world. She knew she would never be the same again. But she knew that in spite of her thoughts which had always soared aloft, she must continue to live in the world of men and things.

Satisfied, though somewhat stupified by the experience, she started back toward the hastily parked car, and the world as she had known it. Her step was firm. She did not turn or look back at the ship.

The setting, the expanse of sky and desert, the stillness, the sense of boundless freedom -- all this was a part of the meeting, now a part of her forever.

Suddenly she thought of Joe. She said his name over softly, "Joe-- Joe." How she loved this man who did not even attempt to understand her; she loved him now with an understanding she did not even dream she possessed. Oh yes, she would marry him. She smiled gently as she thought of him and their life together.

The same lizard which had witnessed the meeting was still there. It blinked slowly, and perhaps knowingly, as she got into the Ford and drove away.

Questions and answers. Men and women. Time and even space itself. But then, what do lizards know of questions?

(END--MJH)

A story for our younger readers

FICTION

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

--By Gray Barker--

Little Red Riding Hood shouted and danced around with glee.

Her mother said she could go to Grandmaw's house again!

She knew how Grandmaw would cuss when she saw another bunch of messy apple turnovers, but then usually she just cussed Grandmaw right back and the old girl seemed to get a kick out of it.

So she started along the road, humming and swinging her basket.

By and by she came to a wood, and as she stopped to pick some flowers a wolf popped out from behind a tree.

"Oh, ho, little girl! Picking flowers, I see. Now I'd like to show a nice little girl a short cut through the woods. If you'll come with me...."

"Why you dirty old wolf!" exclaimed Little Red Riding Hood. "I've heard what happens to innocent little girls. Now, scram, before I report you to the psycho squad!"

"Smart alec, eh?" replied the wolf, with a snarl. "Just for that I'm going to eat you up!"

"Like hell you are," said Little Red Riding Hood, as she pulled out a .45 revolver. She winged the wolf once or twice as it took off in twenty-foot leaps.

By and by she arrived at Grandmaw's house.

Grandmaw always could be counted on to act peculiar. Take the crystal ball episode, for example. They had her in the nut house two months over that.

Today Grandmaw had a large round silver thing in the yard. That would make good conversation.

Grandmaw was nowhere to be seen outside, and the door was closed. She'd better knock, she decided, and not barge in suddenly.

After she rapped on the door there was quite a commotion inside. After a few seconds everything was quiet, and she knocked again.

"Hrumph!Er.....Come in, little fe...little girl."

Strange talk for Grandmaw.

Grandmaw was in bed, the covers pulled up under her chin. Her copious nightcap obscured most of her face. Little Red Riding Hood wondered why she didn't suffocate, as hot as it was.

.....
("LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD" (Fiction) Cont'd.)

"I am ill, child. I am so happied you are present. Please recline on that chair."

Grandmaw indeed sounded strange. Uncle Elmer said he'd bet his right arm she was on dope!

She sat down. There was an embarrassing silence while she waited for Grandmaw to initiate the conversation. All the bunk about how mother was, and, oh how glad she was you have come to visit.

Grandmaw must be bad off, not to be talking. She decided to make some small talk.

"How your ears have swollen, Grandmaw. And I do think you're turning a trifle green."

"The better to evaluate your well-modulated voice, child-being."

That was a mouthful! Maybe she was just drunk.

Silence. Grandmaw's eyes were glassy. And she noticed another strange thing about Grandmaw -- why hadn't she seen it before? When she blink'd her eyes, the lids opened and closed horizontally, instead of up and down.

"What big eyes you have, Grandmaw!"

"Harumph! Er...The better to observe your perambulations -- the better to SEE you with, graceful child. Come closer, and allow me to see you from both sides of the face."

She went to the head of the bed, even though something strange about Grandmaw told her she'd better keep a sharp eye on the old bird.

Then she noticed how badly Grandmaw's new false teeth fitted. Someone had really fouled up on that deal.

"What big teeth they made for you, Grandmaw!"

Grandmaw apparently had been pulling her leg all the time. For she leaped out of the bed, sprang to the door and put her back to it. The joke must be good, in Grandmaw's way of thinking, for she let out peals of maniacal laughter as she pulled a queer-looking ear trumpet from under her robe.

"Oh, what a find! What a find! An old-one and a young-one! I shall get a medal! I shall get a medal!"

"No you don't! Not while the U. S. Air Force is on the job!" And a handsome, uniformed man crawled from under the bed. He caught Grandmaw in a flying leap, and soon had her tied up.

He carried her out to the large shiny thing. All the time she was screaming her head off.

"Now, let's see what you did with Grandmaw!"

.....
 ("LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD" (Fiction) Cont'd.)

He opened the door of the thing and inside was Grandmaw, walking around as if in a trance. He led her out into the air, fanned her with his cap. This was indeed quite confusing, although the U. S. Airman kept saying to them, "Now, don't worry about a thing. Just don't tell anyone about it, because it is all your imagination."

So it wasn't Grandmaw at all whom she had found in bed! Not that she thought about it, she should have known all along it was someone imitating Grandmaw!

Things were even more confusing in the next few seconds, for the large silver thing began to hum and something reached out and snatched at the U. S. Airman. The last thing she saw of him, he was being drawn into a little hole in the side of the thing, being squeezed into a red pulp. Then the silver thing and the person who'd been playing like Grandmaw just disappeared -- with a big "Phoo!"

Grandmaw was days coming out of the funny funk she was in. By that time some handsome soldiers came and carted her off to a government bug house.

"There's something damned fishy going on around here," Little Red Riding Hood told the Captain, as they were taking Grandmaw away.

"Now, now little girl. Grandmaw will be very happy where we're taking her. You see all this is an experiment of the U. S. Air Force. And I don't think you'd better tell anyone else about what you saw at Grandmaw's house."

The local papers ran a big story about the government experiments and the next day a truck ran over Little Red Riding Hood, though many folks said it was a good thing because she had always been such a precocious, spoiled brat.

(END--G.B.)

BURIAL ALIVE

(Segment from the play, "Creak Not, Black Angel," by Gray Barker)

EVERGREEN: Why, do they bury people alive?

UNDERTAKER: Yes. Several cases have been reported. The viceroy of Cambodia, for example, was buried shortly after death. You probably heard of his expensive funeral. When the grave was opened because of a court order obtained by suspicious relatives, they found he had been suffocated. His body was twisted in a hundred contortions. The poor man had been drugged, then buried, after which he came back to life and (looks toward Angelia, the corpse) you can just picture his gasping for the air that remained with huge pants, trying to reach with his hands for air! (In whisper) It must have been a horrible experience!

ANGELIA: (While undertaker is describing the hands, the corpse reaches her hands upward out of the coffin momentarily. then settles back. They do not see her.)

.....

THE INTERNATIONAL FLYING SAUCER BUREAU

With the coming of the saucers it was inevitable that groups would band together, pool their knowledge and abilities, in an effort to understand just what the saucers were up to.

Several organizations of such nature have sprung up, but perhaps the most publicity and popular acceptance have been granted to the International Flying Saucer Bureau, founded by Albert K. Bender of Bridgeport., Conn., in April, 1952.

According to a prospectus received here, the Bureau wishes to contact all saucer-minded people who are seriously interested in trying to solve the problem of the saucers. Any person so interested is invited by the Bureau to join the increasing ranks of membership. According to Bender, membership fee is now only \$1.00 per year, but he stated in a letter to THE SAUCERIAN that it would soon be necessary to increase the fee to \$1.50 because of ever-increasing costs.

Official attitude of the Bureau is that the saucerians are space visitors, and that a friendly attitude toward them should be fostered in the public mind. It is felt that communication may be quite easy, since the saucerians may very likely be telepathic.

One of the chief activities is publishing a quarterly magazine, SPACE REVIEW. The January and April, 1953 issues, of the zine have a printed, two-column format, and contain considerable news and information on flying disk sightings, theories, reviews, and accounts of the Bureau's activities. Membership fee includes a subscription to the publication, and single copies are available to non-members at 35¢ each.

The Bureau is a non-profit organization, according to Bender. When the last word was received, he said a few states and foreign countries are still with out official representatives, who are appointed to contact persons interested in joining and to be official contacts for any information on saucers developing in their respective territories. He will consider applications from persons desiring these positions, in the event territories are still open.

Among noted people serving on the International Council of the Bureau are Robert N. Webster, editor FATE Magazine; N. Meade Layne, Borderland Science Research Associates; and Robert A. Arthur, creator of the "Mysterious Traveler."

Most recent addition to the growing list of activities is a department of investigation, made up of known authorities in scientific and cultural fields. The department will handle all saucer reports coming to the Bureau, in an effort to establish authenticity or explode hoax reports.

From the information available to THE SAUCERIAN, it is felt that the Bureau is quite on the level and a valuable organization to any person who is seriously interested in solving the saucer mystery.

Inquiries and membership fees should be sent to THE INTERNATIONAL FLYING SAUCER BUREAU, P.O. Box 241, Bridgeport 2, Conn. We'd appreciate your mentioning THE SAUCERIAN in such correspondence. Or you can write direct to THE SAUCERIAN, if you desire.

(END--G.B.)

CAUSE FOR REJOICING

MAGAZINE REVIEW

FANTASY FICTION, Published bi-monthly by Future Publications, Inc., 80 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y. 35¢ per Copy, Sub. \$2.00 yr. U.S.A., \$2.50 Canada, \$3.00 Elsewhere. Lester Del Rey, Editor. June Issue Reviewed.

---By Roger N. Parris---

The possibilities of reincarnation may be disputed for centuries to come, but we are convinced, after viewing the June issue (Vol. I, No. 2) of Lester Del Rey's new FANTASY FICTION, that the guardian angel ---or demon---of UNKNOWN WORLDS has received special dispensation to walk or stalk among mortals once again.

Greatest of the myriad causes for rejoicing is the return of the Harold Shea stories, with a promise of greater things to come. Those unfortunates who are not acquainted with this much-harassed hero are instructed to teleport to the nearest magazine stand. Meanwhile let us all offer fervent prayers that Mr. De Camp, having regained his rightful niche in this space time continuum, will hereafter refrain from tinkering with archeological themes on which he can scarcely produce two consecutive and coherent paragraphs in accuracy.

If there still exists such a breed that insists fantasy lacks literary value or that it died with UNKNOWN, we can refer them to Paul Anderson's haunting and tenderly sardonic tale of a lady demon who fell in love with the victim she was sent to ensnare. We predict (without much faith in view of the deplorable taste shown by some readers) that "Rachaela" shall receive devoted attention after 99 per cent of the produce in this field of writing has been consigned to limbo. Merritt could have written it, that's how good it is; but this will not surprise anyone who remembers "The Double-dyed Villains," "The Interloper," or above all, "Odyssey in Time."

Jane Rice would have liked these humorously revolting tales by John Wydenham and Algis Budrys. Especially the former's "More Spinned Against," about Arachne the spider girl. Does any reader know what became of Miss Rice, the brightest star in UNKNOWN'S constellation?

Then there is the most original treatment we have ever seen of the ghosties-beasties-and-things-that-go-bump-in-the-night themes in "Samsi" and "Emissary" -- and -- but why go on? Let it suffice to say that if (and it is a big "if") Mr. Del Rey can maintain his present quality with the remembrance that fantasy need not necessarily contain horror to contain merit, we fantasy fans can turn our lamentations into bright rejoicing. (END R.N.P.)

EVEN THOUGH A MAN IS GOOD AND TRUE,
AND SAYS HIS PRAYERS AT NIGHT,
MAY BECOME A WOLF WHEN THE WOLFbane BLOOMS
AND THE AUTUMN MOON IS BRIGHT!

Traditional

TRICKERY IN TACOMA

BOOK REVIEW

"THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS" by Kenneth Arnold and Ray Palmer. Privately printed. Pre-publication price \$4.00 -- Reg. price \$5.00. Order from Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisconsin.

We have just gone over a rather odd book -- for the third time. Since this one invites controversy, we would like to point out its errors or its gospel, but must admit as much confusion as the authors seem to enjoy.

Order this book. It is well worth your four bucks. It may well contain important clues to government and other secrecy surrounding the saucer mystery. And of course the others. It contains ample reports on sightings (though this is not the important feature of the book) to make its acquisition worth while. Although literarily put together badly, it nevertheless provides great interest for the saucer-minded reader, includes a fine gallery of saucerphotos which appear to be, in most cases, authentic.

Arnold is the flying salesman for a fire-fighting equipment firm, the first person to gain wide publicity sighting saucers, and credited, by Project Saucer, with setting off a wave of saucermania. He got hooked up with Palmer when the latter, owner of the Clark Publishing Company (publisher of FATE and OTHER WORLDS), sent him to investigate a saucer report in Tacoma, Washington.

Most of the book is narrated by Arnold in the first person, begins with his seeing nine saucers near Mt. Ranier on June 21, 1947, and extends through what is termed "The Tacoma Affair."

Palmer wires Arnold \$200 expense money, asking him to fly to Tacoma and interview Harold A. Dahl and Fred L. Crisman, two harbor patrolmen, who have advised Palmer about a peculiar saucer sighting on Maury Island. Five huge doughnut-shaped objects have been seen circling slowly around a sixth, apparently in some mechanical difficulty, which descended to within 500 ft. of the ground, before discharging some mysterious white metal and lava rock fragments, accompanied by an explosion.

Arnold goes into great detail to convince the reader no person knew of his plans to fly to Tacoma. However upon arrival, he finds a double room, with bath, reserved for him in Tacoma's finest hotel, no one knowing who made the reservation. The plot thickens as Dahl arrives, tells of the sighting, along with a story about the bad luck he has had since the incident. A mysterious caller has warned him to lay off the whole thing, and hinted he has seen something he shouldn't.

Crissman corroborates the story. Although he wasn't with Dahl at the time, he has seen a similar "doughnut" circling around overhead on a trip to the island to check Dahl's story, and is in possession of saucer fragments and a photograph Dahl took. The mysterious photo, said to contain specks such as are on film exposed to X-rays, is always somewhere else, however, when Arnold wants to take a look at it.

Meanwhile Capt. E. J. Smith, a pilot for United Airlines, joins Palmer in the investigation, and Ted Morella, head U.P. man in Tacoma, calls the hotel room repeatedly, relaying information a mysterious telephone informant has given him. The informant is able to relate everything that has been happening in the room, although no wire job can be found.

(Continued next page)

.....
("Trickery In Tacoma--Cont'd.)

Crisman and Dahl show them the two kinds of fragments, one a lava rock-like substance, smooth on one side and appearing to have been subjected to terrific heat on the other. Fitting fragments together they discover they could have formed a tube about six feet in diameter. The white metal obviously is aluminum, from a plane junkyard, although one section discloses mysterious square rivets.

Lt. Frank M. Brown and Capt. William Davidson, from A-3 Military Intelligence, arrive, and after a long interview suddenly appear to lose interest. But saucer fragments are forced upon them by Crisman. They take off and crash under strange circumstances. Arnold and Capt. Smith are discouraged from visiting Maury Island by Crisman, who insists the boat motor is damaged. A Major Sanders, of S-2 Military Intelligence, advises them the whole thing is a hoax and tries to convince them the fragments are slag from a nearby smelting plant, though he carefully collects all the samples they have on hand. By this time the plot is so thick even a saucer couldn't penetrate it, with Morello advising the investigators to go home "for your own good," and a joint disappearing act pulled by Crisman and Dahl.

Crisman, according to the telephone informant, has taken off for Alaska on an Army bomber. Arnold and Smith drive to the home of Dahl's secretary, where Arnold had visited Dahl, but find the place deserted, overgrown with cobwebs in the period of one week. Later a long distance operator tells Arnold that Dahl isn't even in the directory. Arnold has remembered consulting the directory in Tacoma and finding the name listed.

Analyzing this mystery perhaps is more within the province of an armchair murder mystery addict than in this department. It seems Palmer himself, who obviously wrote most of the book, or at least edited it, hardly knows which side to take, although he does take issue with the Project Saucer Report, partly reprinted in the book, particularly when it states Dahl and Crisman later broke down and admitted the whole thing was a hoax.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and this might well be truth. But if the editors expect to inspire credibility, they might have taken more care in tracking down questions obvious to a reader.

For example, telephone numbers can hardly just disappear from phone books; a little checking might clear this up. The writers never know, or at least they never report, the home addresses of Crisman and Dahl, surely an easy thing to find out, and which would provide leads for tracing them if they had indeed disappeared. Arnold was at the secretary's home, and a check with the real estate agent should provide needed information about the former resident; or at least he could provide an address some other sleuth could check.

Surely Arnold would have had little difficulty learning about how and by whom the mysterious hotel reservation was made.

If all this is on the level, someone was indeed playing a trick on someone. Was it the government, who wanted the entire matter shushed up? Did Crisman and Dahl wish to throw Arnold off the track so they alone could sell the story to Palmer? Was Palmer hoaxing Arnold, cashing in on his name to blow up the story? And the UP man sounds as if he had something up his sleeve. Or was it those strange Influences which can melt down typewriter keys?

(Continued next page)

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 ("Trickery In Tacoma--Cont'd")

The hotel reservation was made most conveniently, with twin beds. So that Capt. Smith could pop up on the scene later? Was he pulling someone's leg?

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The rest of the book is fine, in general. There is a good chapter on saucer sightings recorded over a thousand years. The picture section is interesting, although some of the reproductions from newspaper pages don't come out clearly. Two pages are devoted to photos made by Prof. George Adamski, who Palmer himself at one time said was "full of hot air."

Mr. Palmer, we have always been a loyal fan, and we love you. You may not have excited us greatly with your saucerbook, but you have entertained us. And somehow we cannot believe you would cram something down our gullets you didn't believe in. And in this book you may have cried "wolf" and the wolf is indeed at the door. We must also consider that even the most authenticated saucer incidents are not generally believed. Saucertruth is so much stranger than fiction, most people think it is fiction. Far be it from us to judge absolutely that there is bunk in your book.

The book poses an interesting theory, related from an anonymous letter Dahl allegedly received (he couldn't find it for Arnold to inspect). According to that communique, the flying disks are "actually manned by beings such as we, only less dense, so to speak, than we are. Due to the atomic explosions, the radiations now released in the atmosphere had caused these things to become visible to us on earth. These flying disks, which were all shapes and sizes, were the vehicles which the gods of this earth used to protect this earth from outside dark influences or enemies. Actually flying disks were and had been for thousands of years the protectors of this earth...were under a severe attack by other beings who were enemies of the people and life on this planet." (END--G.B.)

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They Didn't Come Back

Latest reports reaching here have it that the saucerian waterboy did not return to Brush Creek, Calif. on July 20th. Crowds supposed to be on hand to greet the visitor. We'll give you the rest of the story in the next issue.

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To

PRINTED MATTER

