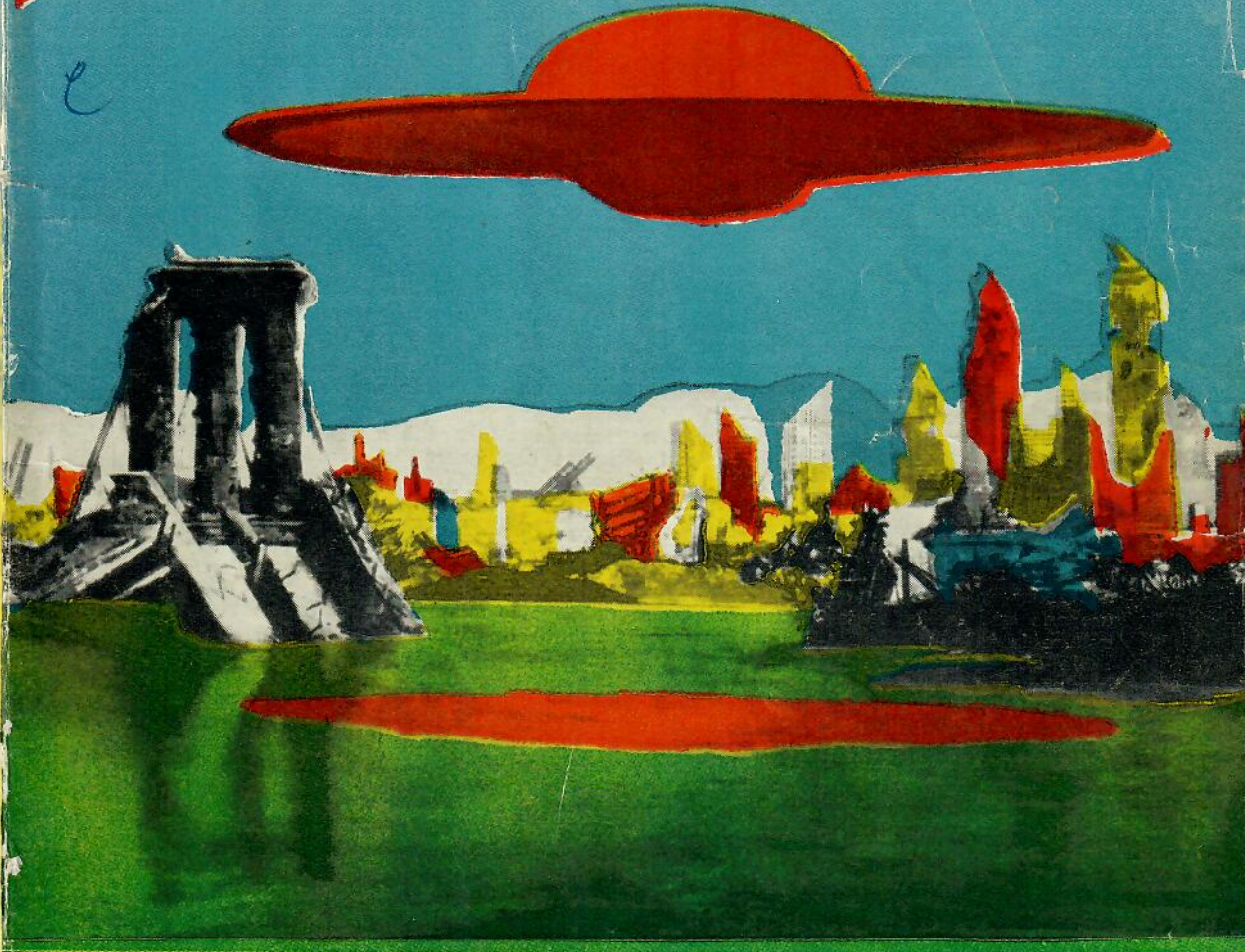


FLYING SAUCERS

FROM OTHER WORLDS

JUNE
35¢



FLYING SAUCER PILGRIMAGE

By Bryant & Helen Reeve

The True Story of a 23,000 Mile Pursuit of Flying Saucers
and the People Who Have Contacted Them.

ELIZABETH KLARER'S FLYING SAUCER

South African Woman Sees and Photographs the Famous Disks



SAUCER OVER PARIS

One of the Most Sensational
Sightings Recorded on Radar

SIGHTINGS BY SCIENTISTS



THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL

IS THERE A VEIL OF SECRECY AROUND THE FLYING SAUCERS?

By
Richard Hall

On February 15, 1954 Dorothy Kilgallen stated: "Flying saucers are regarded as of such vital importance that they will be the subject of a special hush-hush meeting of world military heads next summer."

Throughout the past nine or ten years various myths about "flying saucers" have accumulated in the public's mind. This article is an attempt to dispel some of these half-truths and to raise some important questions. Beginning in 1947 the government and the newswire services ridiculed "saucers," then pursued them actively, and ended by deliberately clouding the issue. The only conclusion I can reach is that "flying saucer" reports are now being censored by the order of some high government official. Nothing else can explain the annoying fact that, although people continue to see these objects, the press remains strangely silent and the Air Force goes on trying to convince us that it is all our imagination.

A conclusion of this sort must not be reached on the spur of the moment. After five or six years of following "flying saucer" reports with interest, I recently intensified my investigation. I ran an ad in the paper, wrote dozens of letters, extracted bits of information from books, probed through bound vol-

umes of magazines, collected clippings and pictures, discussed "saucers" (with anyone who would listen), and spent many a sleepless night pondering the overall situation. In order to make the hodge-podge of accumulated data workable, I set up a chronological file of all reported sightings. The sources of the reports were personal letters, interviews, newspapers, books, and magazines. I attempted to eliminate all incomplete accounts and to put the emphasis on well-documented cases. Several hundred good reports, showing definite patterns, resulted from this work. This file proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that so-called "flying saucers" **DO** exist!

Since it would take one or more books to present my case properly, I will confine my arguments to an attack on the popular misconceptions about "saucers." In approximate chronological order "saucers" have been called: illusions, balloons, temperature inversions, and secret U. S. or Russian weapons. Now we are told by the Air Force that nothing of the sort even exists.

hours on the morning of July 20th (1952) there were at least ten un-identifiable objects (!) moving above Washington. They were not ordinary aircraft . . . nor in my opinion could any natural phenomena account for these spots on our radar. Neither shooting stars, electrical disturbances, nor clouds could either." Keep in mind that the Air Force now denies the existence of any unidentified solid objects flying above the United States.

When all other explanations fail, people tend to fall back on the theory that the "saucers" are secret devices belonging to the U. S. or Russia. The government (including ex-President Truman) has repeatedly denied that "saucers" belong to the United States. Russia, on the other hand, has called "saucers" western warmongering propaganda. Recent aeronautic developments along the lines of saucer - shaped craft probably are poor copies of "flying saucers." The recent Air Force announcement of a saucer airplane states two things: 1. The services have vertical takeoff jet planes (a far cry from "saucers") 2. A saucer - shaped plane will be operational in the near future having **conventional performance**. Both, the Air Force says, are along natural lines of aircraft evolution; neither are revolutionary developments. I should point out here that good, clear reports of "saucers" in the modern era pre-date the first piloted supersonic jet flight in October, 1947.

Further arguments against the "secret device theory" are: 1. Such a revolutionary aeronautical development as "saucers" would have outmoded jets and rockets long ago. That such a discovery could remain secret for ten years is also highly

improbable. 2. Similar objects have been recorded in writing as long ago as several centuries B. C. 3. The U.S. certainly would not test devices in commercial air lanes; yet many of the best reports come from airline pilots. 4. If Russia had them, we would not be witnessing the present conciliatory attitude. 5. The objects are being seen all over the world violating all countries' air lanes and security zones, with marked disregard for artificial boundaries. 6.

The U. S., Canada, England, Australia, Germany and many other countries have been investigating the objects for several years and have been sending jets in an effort to intercept them. There are many other arguments against the "secret device theory."

One other major argument against the existence of "flying saucers" is the current lack of published news reports on the subject, combined with the Air Force news release stating that they do not exist. "No evidence of the existence of the popularly - termed 'flying saucers' was found," says the Air Force. In the words of a New England minister who has seen a few "saucers" and is currently investigating, "When the Air Force tells you 'there are no such things,' they are either fantastically and dangerously ignorant, or they are lying." Reports from small - town papers and letters from around the country show that "saucer" sightings continue. I must conclude that censorship is preventing national coordination of these scattered reports by withholding the connecting links and by distorting the facts of key cases. The utter silence of the U. S. press on the wide - spread foreign "saucer" reports is also indicative of deliberate tampering with the facts.

CASE IV. For a more recent picture, here is a 1955 report. On August 21, 1955, Mrs. Randolph (pseudonym), who lives near New Orleans, Louisiana, saw an object shortly after midnight. I later contacted her and obtained a complete description of the object and the circumstances of the sighting. Chancing to look out her window, Mrs. Randolph had been startled to see a glowing-white object about 1½ blocks distant. Hovering very low, this object appeared "as clear as a full moon." It was discoidal, looking like two soup plates put together, except for a rounded top and bottom. It glowed brightly and evenly, with the edges sharply and clearly defined. While rotating slowly around its axis, it moved slowly south, then suddenly tilted up and shot away with a jet-like speed. Mrs. Randolph was obviously frightened by her experience, and was extremely hesitant to discuss it.

Would anyone be willing to place these cases in the categories mentioned previously? Were they illusions, temperature inversions, secret weapons? In the light of past Air Force contradictions and probable censorship, I would hesitate to doubt these people, and hundreds like them, without at least a further investigation.

Certain facts stand out quite clearly once "saucer" reports have been investigated objectively. These are:

1. Some sort of round and torpedo-shaped flying objects have been seen for centuries, but in large numbers during the past 10 years.

2. When the Air Force denies that these objects exist and news of them is hushed, something is drastically wrong.

3. The people of the world are be-

ing denied the true story of what has been found out about "saucers." (I can't believe the Air Force is ignorant).

4. It is high time that intelligent people banded together, encouraged reports of sightings, and investigated the whole situation thoroughly.

Why not make "saucer" investigation a respectable thing? Because of the popular acceptance of the Air Force statements, individuals today are literally afraid to tell others of their sightings for fear of censure by society. Those people who profess an interest in "saucers" are termed "fanatics" or "enthusiasts" and are subjected to much scoffing and ridicule. Because of this, much valuable information is being lost. In such an atmosphere, how can a fair and open investigation be made?

As a challenge to the conventional news outlets, I would ask: Why is there no news coverage of the many private citizen investigations of "saucers" around the world? Crackpots or sober citizens, these people are newsworthy — unless "saucer" news is forbidden. More likely, the "powers - that - be" do not want a fair and open investigation; we must accept their dogmatic statements.

What **ARE** they? The world has every right to know the answer to this question. To those people who still deny that "saucers" exist, I extend my pity and offer the following words from Montaigne's essay entitled "That it is Folly to measure Truth and Error by our own Capacity":

"How many things of little likelihood there are, testified by trustworthy people, which if we cannot persuade ourselves



IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!

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**THE SECRET
OF THE
SAUCERS**

THE COMPLETELY TRUE, COMPLETELY HONEST STORY OF
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HEARTILY RECOMMENDED BY THE EDITORS OF

FLYING SAUCERS

WORLD'S 1ST DOCUMENTARY

"Flying Saucers" believes "Unidentified Flying Objects" to be of such importance that it brings you two distinct reviews of the film by Max B. Miller, head of Flying Saucers International of Los Angeles, California, and Ted Bloacher, Director of Research at the Civilian Saucer Investigation of New York; both Prominent and serious-minded investigators.

LISTED in *Daily Variety* as the "biggest 'scoop' in the history of the film business . . ." and regarded as "Hollywood's best-kept secret," "Unidentified Flying Objects" is the world's first feature-length documentary motion picture on the flying - saucer phenomena.

Not one hint of the epochal film appeared in the gossip columns, not one line in the trade papers, not one word leaked in any of the u.f.o. journals of the world; not, that is, until it was previewed to the Press on April 23, 1956.

I had the fortunate opportunity to see the motion picture twice. First, at Projection Room "A" at the Goldwyn studios, and then just one week later at the film's first public matinee showing at the Fox Wilshire Theater.

"UFO" — as it is unofficially designated — is a Greene - Rouse production, nationally released in the United States in May - June through United Artists Corporation. It was produced by Clarence Greene, directed by Winston Jones (his first time at it), written by Francis Martin and photographed by Howard A. Anderson, Ed Fitzgerald and Bert Spielvogel.

My reactions were decidedly mixed after viewing this film for the first time. Briefly, "U.F.O." is a 91-

minute almost completely black - and - white documentary on the u.f.o., from 1947 to 1952, featuring two "actual" movies of u.f.o.s in flight, these being reproduced in full color.

What probably amounts to the three top ex-Air Force authorities on the u.f.o. were all acquired as technical directors for the three - years - in - the - making "U.F.O." — namely, Albert M. Chop, former chief, press section, Air Materiel Command; Major Dewey Fournet, Jr., U.S.A.F. intelligence officer and liaison between the Pentagon and Project Blue Book; and Edward J. Ruppelt (author, *The Report On Unidentified Flying Objects*), former director, Project Blue Book (Air Technical Intelligence Center, Dayton, Ohio). And a rather impressive lot they were!

The film opens where most saucer books do: the Kenneth Arnold sighting of June 24, 1947, and ends with the dramatic details of the so-called "Washington Crisis" of July, 1952.

The Arnold, Mantell, Gorman and a number of the other better - known incidents are thoroughly re-enacted. Outside of the Washington, D.C., affair, the Mantell story, leading up to the time of his crash, is the most spell - binding. Obvious

MOVIE ON FLYING SAUCERS

Reviewed By

Max B. Miller and Ted Bloacher



A scene from the movie "Unidentified Flying Objects", showing the degree of "realism" used

theatrics were employed here and there.

Now to the *piece de resistance*. The two aforementioned clips of actual u.f.o.s in flight are the now very famous Delbert C. Newhouse (Tremonton, Utah) and Nicholas Mariana (Montana) color films. Probably most of us recall these shots as they were related in the last two of Major Donald E. Keyhoe's and Edward J. Ruppelt's *Report On The Unidentified Flying Objects*.

Yet they proved to be somewhat disappointing. Obviously, they are not the answer. But they are another cog which make the u.f.o.s go round. Both groups (two u.f.o.s in the Mariana sequence and over a dozen on the Newhouse film) were photographed on 16-mm. film, at 16 frames - per - second, and through 75 - mm. (3X) telephoto lenses.

"Flying Saucers" believes "Unidentified Flying Objects" to be of such importance that it brings you two dis-

tinct reviews of the film by Max B. Miller, head of Flying Saucers International of Los Angeles, California, and Ted Bloacher, Director of Research at the Civilian Saucer Investigation of New York; both prominent and serious-minded investigators.

"Unidentified Flying Objects" most certainly does not follow official lines and policy; nor does it portray an unbiased (from the skeptics' viewpoint) history of the u.f.o. It is — for a pleasant change — decidedly **pro-saucer**. The customary preface to such films — i.e., "We gratefully acknowledge the co-operation of the United States Air Force . . ." — was conspicuously absent.

Reaction to date has been essentially good. In fact, "U.F.O." received surprisingly lengthy and thorough reviews and news dispatches via the various news media, including the major wire services.

On the whole, Press reaction was about as varied as it was interesting. For example. . . .

United Press: "The movie scoop of the year. . ."; Los Angeles Examiner: ". . . first-rate journalistic beat. . . careful documentary. . . extremely engrossing. . ."; Los Angeles Times: ". . . the incidents depicted and the words quoted . . . just don't make for very interesting drama, even documentary drama"; Louella Parsons: ("U.F.O.") ". . . is attracting front-page and editorial attention although what the saucers are is still a mystery. . ."

In a review titled "Film Proves Saucers Exist!" Beverley Hills Press reviewer Hazel Flynn pointedly asks: "And as long as we are on the subject WHY HAVE WE HAD VISITORS FROM SPACE SINCE MR. EISENHOWER TOOK THE PRESI-

DENTIAL CHAIR? Could it be that the residents of other planets like the men now engaged in smashing the Stalin-worshipping cult in Russia are more friendly to Ike and the Republicans than their predecessors?"

And Mirror-News columnist Paul Coates added a touch of intrigue when he quoted the conclusion of the Press showing telegram announcement he received: ". . . Urgently request contents of this wire be kept confidential until showing and conference at Academy Award Theater."

"Feeling like a refugee from a cloak-and-dagger plot," added Coates, "I presented my credentials at the theater. . . . The man at the door handed me a large envelope and ushered me to a seat."

He concluded: "I doubt that very many people who see the film will fail to be convinced that we have been receiving periodic visitations from outer space."

"Unidentified Flying Objects" was premiered to the public on May 9 at the Fox Wilshire Theatre, Los Angeles. When I saw this film the second time at that showing the objective was not to see the picture again, but rather to check attendance and audience reaction. This was probably for the best, too. For while I was thoroughly enthusiastic after viewing "U.F.O." the first time, I found the second time round quite a let-down. However, the Utah and Montana clips were well worth examining again.

The approximate attendance at the first matinee showing was 400 — and at \$1.00 per head! An enthusiastic doorman told me, in effect, that that was a "fantastic" number for such an early hour (1:45 p.m.). The Fox Wilshire Theater, it was



Tense drama in Radar Control Center in Washington, D. C., as flying saucers disport over capital.

later reported, set an opening day attendance record for the house, grossing about \$2,500 on May 9. I later learned that the first week's attendance figure was about or a little above "average."

But even "average" for the Fox Wilshire is fantastic for such an off-beat film. The "Fox" is one of the top first-run, exclusive-engagement theatres in the country. "U.F.O." followed the world premier of the multi-million-dollar, "Alexander The Great," and preceded the equally expensive and touted "Trapeze." Not bad in any language for the underdog u.f.o.

Audience reaction at the Press preview was good, sprinkled here and there with applause. Not so enthused were the crowd at "Fox," probably because they — and under-

standably — expected something better. "U.F.O." was greatly played-up in Press notices and advertising, and likewise on local television.

Quarter-page Los Angeles newspaper ads, for example, screamed—

"It appears to be a metallic object of tremendous size . . . I'm trying to close in on it!" (Mantell, obviously — Au.) — **AND THEN HE CRASHED! . . . THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS! . . . YOU WILL SEE THEM WITH YOUR OWN EYES: Actual color films of the Unidentified Flying Objects that have been kept 'top secret' until now! . . . EVERY SHOCKING WORD, EVERY FANTASTIC SCENE, EVERY FRIGHTENING MOMENT IS TRUE! . . .**

To sum up I can do nothing but at least recommend "Unidentified

Flying Objects" to all so-called "saucer - fans" — but if for no other reason than to see the famed, and hitherto purportedly "secret," U. F. O. films. The movie isn't, on the whole, particularly interesting. The pace is slow, the action stiff. It is largely what is so disparagingly referred to as "re - hash." But it might be a good idea to remind ourselves again of the composite history of the u.f.o. and to be led back to the objective path. To those who are dogmatically skeptical of the u.f.o., this film will prove of little value. But for the open - minded and undecideds, it should be a tremendous wedging block for greater interest . . . and truthful searching.

Max B. Miller



ON May 9, together with about thirty members of Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York, I attended a special preview of a film that could very well change the public relations aspect of the u.f.o. overnight. Messrs. Greene and Rouse have handled their controversial subject matter in an altogether factual and down - to - earth manner. They have been careful to use only material that can be fully substantiated by official documents from the Air Force files.

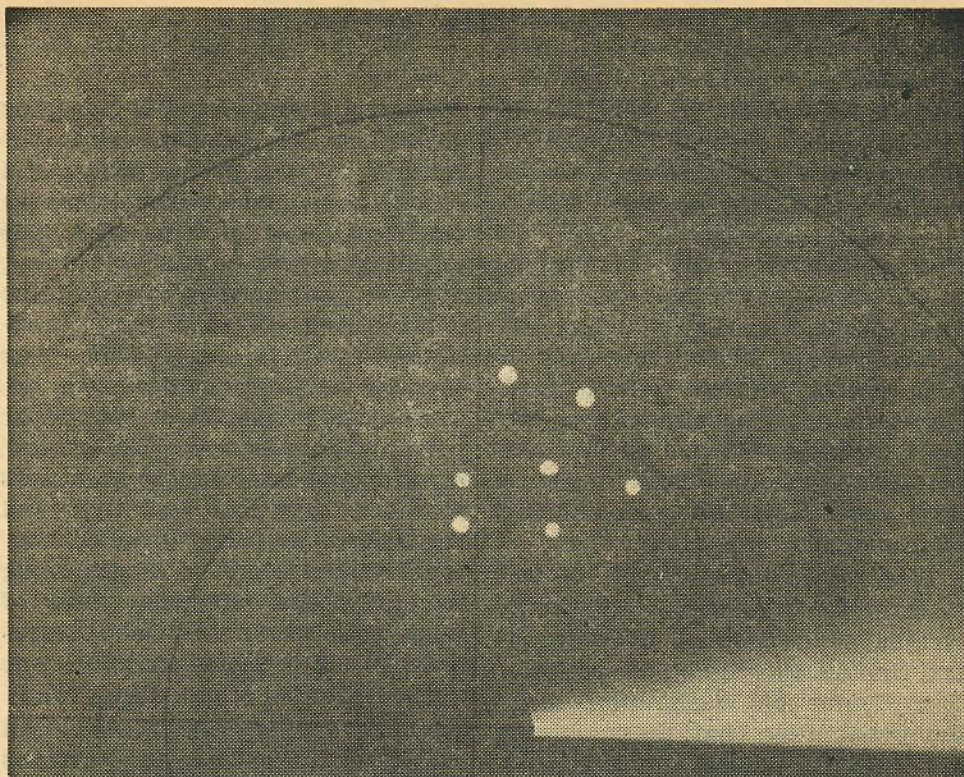
A somewhat slim storyline, interwoven through the film, re -enacts the activities of Al Chop during his tenure of office with the Air Force as Civilian Information Specialist. During this time, Chop's skepticism gradually changed to interest, and eventually to his final conviction that "the saucers are interplanetary."

The producers have wisely refrained from trying to duplicate the visual appearance of u.f.o.s in any of

the cases they refer to; the reactions of some of the witnesses are reconstructed in several cases. By avoiding facsimiles of the objects in question, they have made two heretofore secret Newhouse and Mariana films showing actual u.f.o.s in flight considerably more forceful and conspicuous.

Beside these two cases, the film mentions the Kenneth Arnold report of June 24, 1947, and describes the furore that followed. The scene in the Godman Field tower during the Mantell chase is reconstructed with great care; numerous details, not known before, are related, including the names of two of Mantell's wing men, Hammond and Hendricks. The latter, along with a third pilot, landed and took off again, joining Mantell in the chase: "What the hell are we looking for?" (Hammond stayed behind to refuel.) A first - hand account is given by Captain Willis Sperry, of his observation of a cigar - shaped object that circled his American Airlines plane in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., on the night of May 29, 1950. A brief scene depicts the reactions of pilots Vinther and Bachmeier in the cockpit of their Mid - Continent airliner, just after takeoff from Sioux City, Iowa, when they saw a large lighted object head directly toward them and pass some 200 feet to the right, reverse its direction and pass under the nose of the plane. There is also a re-enactment of Lt. George Gorman attempting to close his F51 on a light that refused to be closed in on. This took place over Fargo, N.D., on the night of October 1, 1948.

But the most fascinating sequence is the reconstruction of the radar observations of "bogeys" over Washington, D.C., on the nights of July



"Blips" showing plane surrounded by mystery objects, visited on radar-scope.

19-20 and 26-27, 1952. Under the supervision of Wendell Swanson, the civilian radar expert who was responsible for the technical analysis of these radar trackings, the jet intercept mission over Washington on July 26-27 is realistically and dramatically reproduced within the Washington Control Center; the radar scope clearly shows the "blip" of Lt. William Patterson's jet, along with a small cluster of the "bogeys," which Patterson also spotted visually as bright lights.

The Montana and Utah films are shown several times during the course of the film, and at the end they are run again; action is stopped for closer examination at specific points, the frames are enlarged, the films are run again in slow motion, reversed, stopped again and

then run through steadily several more times. Upon first viewing, the few seconds of film flip by so quickly that they appear to leave much to be desired. Upon closer inspection, there is ample chance to absorb the real significance of this evidence. In the Mariana sequence, two white ovoid objects are shown moving laterally, from right to left, across a background of blue sky, flying equidistant from each other at a moderately rapid rate of speed. Toward the end of the 6-9 second sequence the objects pass behind the supporting framework of a water tower, then gradually diminish in size as they fade into the distance. These objects were headed into the wind.

The Utah film shows 16 bluish-white objects milling about in disorderly groups of fives and sixes a-

gainst a blue background of sky. They appear round and oval - shaped, are fuzzy and not generally as bright as the objects in the Montana film, but occasionally a few of them brighten up considerably, as though they were self - luminous. The photographer then swings toward a single object that has moved away from the rest, holding the camera still to allow the object to pass through its field several times. This terminates the sequence, as the main group moved too far away to photograph again. This sequence lasts a few seconds longer than the Montana film.

After extensive analysis by the Photo Reconnaissance Laboratory at Wright - Patterson Air Force Base, and the U.S. Navy Photo Interpretation Center at Washington, D.C., the possibilities that these objects were meteors, balloons, birds, or any known aircraft, have been eliminated. The Narrator tells his audience:

"The motion picture you have just seen is authentic. It is substantiated by documentation, eye - witness accounts, supported by affidavits and official Government reports. The evidence has been presented to you with integrity and objectivity to establish the fact that unidentified flying objects . . . do exist. Some kind of flying objects have been photographed in the sky. If they cannot be identified as objects known to man — what are they? If they are not man - made — who made them? If they are not of this planet — where are they from?"

The direction of the film is kept low - keyed throughout. There is a static quality in the depiction of the Chop, Fournet and Ruppelt roles: one reason for not using professional actors in these parts is, presumably, because non-profession-

als add to the quality of the documentary.

There was a bit of padding throughout the film: depicting the routine of filling out forms, and other mechanical involvements with the processes of red tape, lend little of importance to the film. However, some of what was felt at first to be extraneous material is very probably essential to an audience less familiar with the subject; for instance, the repetition of newspaper headlines proclaiming "SAUCERS" in bold type may remind audiences of much they had forgotten, and perhaps make them wonder why such headlines are no longer being seen. And the occasional shots of family life within the Chop household give a welcome relief to the uniforms, so prevalent throughout.

A good deal of emphasis is placed on a number of magazine articles about u.f.o.s that had a major effect on public opinion. Among those mentioned are the *Life* article of April 7, 1952, entitled "Have We Visitors From Space?" and the *Look* article "Hunt For The Flying Saucer," in the July 1, 1952, issue of that magazine. There is a puzzling omission of any mention of Donald Keyhoe; this is curious, since Keyhoe's article in *True* magazine for January, 1950, and those appearing in following editions, were as important in moulding public opinion as either the *Life* or *Look* references.

There is little point in making these picayune criticisms: we have here the sort of serious, intelligent, and informative presentation — something we've waited for for a long time — which should have a profound effect upon a misinformed and apathetic public. It certainly deserves everyone's attention.

Ted Bloacher

ELIZABETH KLARER'S FLYING SAUCER

A FLYING SAUCER landed in South Africa on April 7, 1956, according to reports that have just reached *Flying Saucer Review*. (Published in England). The occupants contacted Mrs. Elizabeth Klarer, whose personal account of the contact and her subsequent flight in the saucer is given in her own words. Her story is strongly backed up and vouched for by Mrs. Edgar Sievers, of Pretoria, the well-known South African saucer investigator, whose book, *Flying Saucers over Sudafrika*, is shortly to appear in an English edition.

The setting for this epochal event

was the Mooi River area in Natal, at the foot of the Drakensberg Range. When Mrs. Klarer was a child of seven she saw a spaceship — a great orange-red wheel as large as a football, move slowly across the sky over the rolling foothills of the Drakensberg. That changed her whole life and she always hoped that one day a craft would return.

It was in a familiar spot, near the old estate, where the family lived, that a preliminary attempt to contact Mrs. Klarer was made on December 27, 1954. At about 10 a.m. Elizabeth Klarer had her first surprise on a lonely hilltop when a



South Africa has been the scene of quite a number of rather sensational flying disk sightings, and in this case, a series of seven photographs were secured. Two of them are presented here, enlarged some five times.

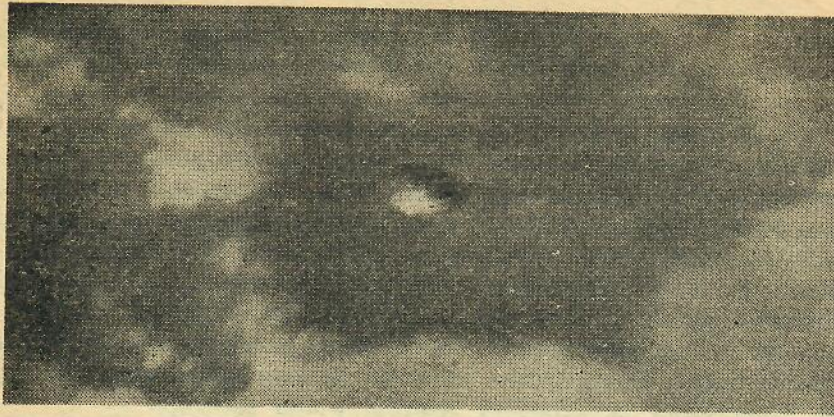
On July 17, 1955, Mrs. Elizabeth Klarer, of Natal, Africa, took this picture of a flying saucer over the Drakensberg Foothills.

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One of the two best photos out of a series of seven snapped by Mrs. Klarer

saucer came gliding down.

"When I saw the flash in the southern sky, but nothing more," she said, "there was plenty of fair-weather cumulus about - then what I thought was a white bird caught my eye. Looking at it very hard, I realized it was no bird. The sun glinted on the craft as it glided down to hover a few feet above the northern slope.

"The craft was so close to me I could see clearly the face of the pilot through the porthole. Yet, through uncertainty and fright, I instinctively stepped back or recoiled from the strangeness of it all, but my gaze remained fixed in a fascinated stare upon the face of the pilot, the most handsome man I have ever seen. He was blonde; his eyes gave me the impression at that distance of being light grey. He smiled at me to reassure, but I backed away.

"Then the craft slowly rose and moved away in a southerly direction, until it disappeared in the distance. I stood rooted to the spot. I was left with my remorse and my reproaches for being so stupid.

"For 15 long months I reproached myself, but always hoping that possibly I would have another

chance. I continually went out in all weather and dreadful storms. But I have a family of two dependent on me, so their demands took first place, and I gradually became more patient."

Mr. Edgar Sievers, commenting on Mrs. Klarer at that period, emphasized most strongly that she is a normal healthy woman, who does not suffer from any "psychicisms." He describes her as a "gifted pianist and music teacher with studies accomplished in Italy and England and with a wide range of intellectual interests ranging from history to astronomy, an enthusiastic traveler, a lover of nature in general and of horses in particular, attractive Elizabeth Klarer has both her feet on the ground, no less than any other woman would who has to look after her family."

Mr. Sievers said that Mrs. Klarer did nothing but think of this saucer, hoping and longing that it would return.

"For all those who have noticed already that they are able to establish with their dogs or their horses an inner contact all of its own the following point will be a familiar and sensible one; and it is this point which most definitely en-

ters the picture from here on," he affirmed.

"There are modes of awareness between living beings which are transensorial, i.e. which take place beyond the usual boundaries of sensual and sensorial control. Where a rider and a horse are at one in this way, the horse acts prompted by the mere intentions of its human friend. Mrs. Klarer, too, is gifted to a point where she establishes immediate contact with horses. Where that particular awareness is spanned from man to man to such a degree that it becomes a somewhat conscious link, we have usually been talking of telepathy and thought transference.

"Not only from George Adamski do we know that this mode of awareness comes into play, too, where relations to spacemen are concerned. There are many people in this world already who do have sensations of an indefinable kind whenever a saucer is near. Stephen Darbishire, in Coniston, England, acted on such promptings, another youth in our country, Ernst van Zyl, aged 17 then, did so and, following the hunch, had found a saucer, and likewise is Elizabeth Klarer affected when there is something 'in the air'. At least on two occasions she took friends along with her when prompted by those sensations, and saucers were actually seen.

"In an unbroken period of almost four years, in which Adamski has been talking to all who were ready to listen with discerning ear and an attentive mind, a period in which he has not hidden himself, as an imposter would have done, nor faded from public memory, as could have been expected of a hoaxer duly found out, his words have not only been ringing true, they necessarily were and are

the truth. Because only truth could have withstood such a barrage of suspicion, scorn, mockery, disbelief, ridicule and slander from every corner of the world converging on Mount Palomar in print, sound waves and by mind force.

"While Elizabeth Klarer has mustered the courage to come forward and henceforth to stand this very same test of acid publicity, there are many who know her personally and who will vouchsafe for her sincerity, as well as her truthfulness, and her integrity. Like Adamski, she will likewise stand and fall with the veracity of her claims and the absolute truth in her spoken word."

"This personal angle is so all-important," said Mr. Sievers, "because this encounter with a man from space is without direct evidence. Nor is it very likely that, had she direct proof and evidence, any of those who either cannot or else do not want to believe would let themselves be convinced.

"The restraint of the spacemen in their appearances is proof enough that they do not intend to interfere with our inner development forcibly, rather is all this being wisely measured to such a pace as will give everybody the chance to get accustomed to the thought and the fact that human beings are living on nearby planets.

"Mrs. Klarer had taken her daughter Marilyn, who is a medical student, and son David, aged seven, to Durban, for a few days by the sea, when on Friday, April 6, 1956, she experienced a compelling feeling to return to the farm and to her familiar hilltop, and so back they all went to the homestead.

"Early next morning, Saturday, April 7, that particular feeling having persisted, Elizabeth Klarer slip-

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ped out and after a brisk walk reached the hilltop, about 2½ miles away.”

Now Mrs. Klarer takes up the story again:

“On reaching the top of the southern slope, I saw the scoutship resting on the ground near the eastern slope of the dip. The rising sun had not topped the slope, so the craft was in the shadow. My immediate reaction was not to hesitate as I had done the first time, but to run as fast as I could — I felt as if I had wings to my feet — down that very rough slope, straight to the tall blond man standing near the craft. It was the most natural thing for me to do, because I felt that I had known him all my life.

“I stretched out both my hands to him, and he took them saying, ‘You were not afraid this time.’ He helped me step into the craft — the automatic door closed — and he gently sat me down on a soft circular bench, where I was able to regain my breath. What helped me more than anything was the wonderful invigorating freshness of the air in the cabin.

“An awful doubt assailed me when I saw the other pilot sitting at the controls. He was dark and stocky. So, without thinking, I asked the tall spaceman, ‘Oh, you are not a Russian, are you?’ He smiled and answered, ‘I am not from any place on this planet that you call Earth. I am from Venus.’

“The interior of the craft was simple and beautiful to my mind. None of the mass of instruments and wires over dashboard and walls as in modern aircraft, but simple rows of push buttons on some kind of a desk. None of the stuffy smell of fuel — it was all clean, efficient and simple. A gentle humming

sound, soothing and pleasant, emanated from the floor of the craft which gave me a sense of power and security.

“The porthole covers were open. Three sets of four. I looked out of one. I could see for miles, but it was far too hazy, and I was unable to see immediately below, because the hull of the craft was in the way. I did not think at first to look through the floor lens, until the Venusian gently drew my attention to it!

“The wonderful sight of rolling green country was breathtaking—I could now see clearly for miles—even the line of blue sea in the distance.

“The tall spaceman and his companion were wearing dark-brownish suits, the trousers narrowing down to the ankles, the shirt sleeves narrowing to the wrists and a high neckline. They were close-fitting garments, but light and comfortable made of a material not unlike a coarse shiny nylon.

“I was given refreshing water to drink, and a delicious red apple and other fruit similar to bananas. They are vegetarians. No wonder that they live and enjoy health so much longer than we do, with their diet and breathing such wonderful air. Yes, the tall, soft-spoken Venusian told me that the air I had been enjoying so much in the craft was Venusian air! He told me that there is a higher oxygen content in the Venusian atmosphere—that is, in the lowest strata of the atmosphere. That lower strata of the Venusian atmosphere is out of reach of the instruments used by scientists on Earth. The upper atmospheric envelope is poisonous and hot. He told me there is a great deal of water on Venus, and many rugged, high and beautiful mountains.

"The houses on Venus are built in a circular pattern — some are made of a special material that permits the light to come through, but does not expose the occupants to the view of anyone on the outside. I said that I would love to go to Venus and to the Moon. Our Moon is not a dead world. Space people are based there. How kind, civilized and cultured they are!

"They are wise and understanding. They are watching us closely now that man is moving into space, and we have stated that the Moon is our first target. This will concern them vitally. Man will take war into space.

"The tall Venusian, who spoke perfect English, told me how for a limited period he had lived and studied on Earth, travelling to various cities to see for himself how mankind lived and behaved. He was sad to see the mode of existence, precarious, and always with the threat of war. Aggressive dominating nations would continue to rise to power, nations that are still uncivilized. The power of brute force still was rampant in the world. That was the tragedy, he told me, therefore how can the space people land amongst us?

"There was plenty of room to walk around in the cabin, but my whole attention was held by the personality of the spaceman. We talked about music, real and beautiful music. Not about the primitive jungle noise that is so popular throughout this world. The space people are highly sensitive to sounds — music is a realm in which they all excel. Music is a part of their life. To most earth people it is an education that takes many years to accomplish — if not a lifetime — and there are those on earth who can

never understand music.

"I felt no movement in the craft at all, beyond the gentle humming. I was told they used natural forces to propel the saucer. How wonderful to harness these forces that the universe is made of. That is why eventually man must have a complete understanding of nature and the universe — until he does, he is tied to limited mentality and capacities.

"The Venusian, who was sitting next to me as we conversed, said, 'I must now return you to the hill where I found you. Our time is up. Also David needs you. He is ill.' With sadness at leaving mingled with anxiety to return to see my son, we descended to land with a gentle touchdown on the hill.

"Both spacemen were very kind, gentle and considerate. The younger, shorter one had an olive skin and the older, taller Venusian had a fair golden-hued one. The metal of the craft was smooth polished to touch, like a mirror. The automatic door opened and the tall Venusian led me through. Sadly, I waved goodbye, as I backed away from the craft and then stood to watch them take off. Without a sound she rose slowly to hover for a moment—the rays from the setting sun flashing in rainbow colors on her sides, then gathering speed glided away into the southern sky."

Mrs. Klarer hurried home and found all as had been told her. David had a severe sore throat, which she was able to attend to.

Mr. Sievers concludes the narrative:

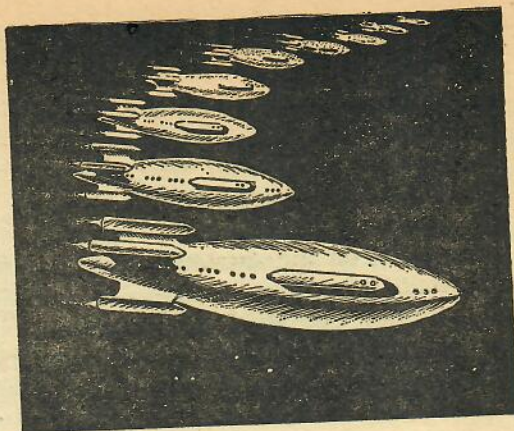
"There is no need to try and assess the feelings which had accompanied these experiences, or those that must have filled her heart for days and

(Concluded on page 75)

TIMELY FICTION

By
Len Guttridge

The BIGGEST NEWS



All the way from Cwm to Penavon the mind of Little Morgan hunted for news. Hopefully, he surveyed his fellow passengers. His eyes and ears attended their every movement, every word. But he could make nothing of them.

From the tear-stained infant who hadn't stopped sniffing since she boarded the bus, to the moustached woman up front with the ugly face and beautiful flowers, not a soul offered anything for his Beth. He must have something to tell. Each visiting day at Penavon Isolation he always gave her a heartfelt of happy tittle-tattle.

At first it was simple. Things happened in Cwm Valley every day. Regular things, mostly. Like Dai Splott beating his old woman and her bringing him before the magistrate. Like potatoes going up another penny on the pound. Or someone's wife having a baby (sometimes, like Jenny Hill last winter, it was nobody's wife). And the miners coming out on strike for the umpteenth time.

Nightly the news would sprout

and flourish in the Red Lion where the men with coal dust in their throats gathered to kill thirst. Good ale loosened the tongue and brought forth chatter. Little Morgan would hover at every bending elbow, like a bee at a blossom, drawing sweet gossip for his next visit to Beth.

Something funny said or done was to be seized at once. Beth had a lovely old laugh which the starched hostility of the hospital had almost suffocated. Often he tried to revive it with a bit of fun. His fun, sometimes, a witticism of his very own which would bring a merry quiver to her pale lips. Then he would give a foolish, cocky wag of his head.

Like when a couple of colliers swore they saw a flying saucer over Cerrig Glo and he, Morgan, remarked in the Red Lion next night that they must have been in their cups. It brought the house down and he was immediately convulsed by his own sally. Well, he reminded Beth when he told her, didn't she know the day she married him that he could have been a proper comic on the stage?

Morgan always visited Beth at the hospital with news on his lips. But nothing really important was happening in the world, until the "big" news happened! That it happened to Little Morgan will tear at your heart!

in the **WORLD!**

Perhaps he shouldn't have said that. For suddenly the shine of tears came in her eyes though blessed if he knew why.

So it was no problem at first, for wouldn't she be home soon to collect her own gossip? But six months passed, then a year and Little Morgan knew with a heavy heart that Beth wasn't coming home. Not for a long time.

Her world was nose-in-the-air nurses and the smell of chloroform and fresh-laundered bedsheets and the tantalizing brightness of the window behind her bed. Except for Morgan's weekly visit. And for him, the six days without Beth were an empty longing. The seventh was a challenge.

For the supply of news began to run out. They put shower-baths at the pithead, another pound in the paypacket and the miners stopped their striking. A barrenness descended on all the women of Cwm and even fat Meg Howell, usually reliable, had reached the limit of her fertility. Death, the last magistrate, fined Dai Splott an eternity

and his old woman's bruises healed. Even the cost of living as indicated by Pryce the Grocer showed no startling fluctuation.

Morgan grew desperate. Nothing for it but to reach beyond the valley, beyond Wales and out across oceans. So he scanned the newspapers. But he soon shut the pages on their dark contents. Nothing there for Beth.

At last he found himself creating the news in his own imagination. What if Someone was slowly turning off the faucet of local or laughable happenings? Morgan, once a week at the Isolation, would produce his own. Mostly they were extensions of the no-longer extant.

Six more times he brought the miners out and sent them back again. He restored Meg Howell's fecundity to a degree which would not bear careful examination. He even brought old Dai from the other side to beat his wife again.

But more and fresh material was needed. Little Morgan noted, with mounting anxiety, that Beth's responses, her smiles and gestures, were beginning to weaken. What

if one day he had nothing to tell her? Night after night in his wifeless, lifeless cottage, the fear sharpened his pillow like a silent demon.

And today he was newsless. The demon had pounced.

The bus rolled to a stop and Morgan shuffled to its exit. On the last step he threw a beseeching glance at the passengers. They remained silent and seated, indifferent as statues, and as cold.

The bus driver, then. He was a card, usually, with a quick wit, albeit often obscene so that Morgan had to clean it up for his Beth. Come on now, prayed Morgan, staring at him, willing him to speak, come on m'n, give us a good 'un, something I can tell her, anything —

The bus driver spoke. "Ad a good look, chum?"

He drove off. Morgan stood at the bus stop, waiting for the flush to leave his cheeks. Then he shrugged, consigning all bus drivers to Old Nick's furnace, and set off along the lower slopes of Cerrig Glo to the valley where the Isolation stood.

It was late summer. A heat mist rolled like sweat down the mountainside and the sun was a molten penny. But he walked rapidly. No time to lose. Visiting hours were short enough, indeed.

The path wound past bushes of flaming gorse and blackberry. From one of them Meg Howell emerged so suddenly he thumped into her.

"Off to a fire, Morgan?" she squawked as he saved her basket from a nasty fall.

"Today's when I see my gel," he said shyly.

She straightened her hat, the one with the white pansies. "Then in a hurry you should be. When she coming home?"

Morgan swallowed, shifting from one leg to another.

"Any day, now. 'Course, the hospital won't tell you much."

He waited. Something from Meg, perhaps, a morsel of scandal? But she said nothing. He peered at her closely. No use, she wasn't expecting. He sighed and made to pass.

"Wait," she said. She thrust the basket at him. "Berries, look. Just picked 'em. Perhaps your Beth —"

He took them and thanked her. Then she was off down the path, kicking her skirts out, the pansies bobbing.

He came to the remotest lap of his journey where the great falling curve of Cerrig Glo hid the hospital far ahead and the bus road behind him was mothered by a forest. This was the stretch he always dreaded for it was the most deserted stretch, a lonely half-a-thousand yards to break the heart.

He'd walked here when sleet gales beat at Cerrig's naked flanks and he'd walked here, as today, in the warm breath of summer. And always it was a region enchanted by sadness. So he quickened his step to hurry out of it and over the crest up ahead.

It wouldn't let him escape that easily. Instead it reminded him that he had nought of cheer or even of interest for Beth. Panic, like a small animal, mauled his insides and left him weak.

He leaned against a tree and groaned. A fist he pressed to his mouth and his voice, bleak and broken, stumbled up Cerrig Glo.

"Oh, Beth, my darling gel, if you was only home in our house again. . . . lonely I am, you see, lonely. . ."

The sky was a blue silence and a cloud crossed the sun like a man covering his eyes. A flock of spar-

rows erupted from blind trees and old Cerrig Glo looked the other way.

Little Morgan recovered. If Beth knew he was acting like this she'd give him the cokes of hell. He took off his cap and wiped his eyes with it. He saw a red-hot lump of coal tear across the sky and he got up.

"Silly old eyes I have," he told himself.

A humming sounded then, grew into a sustained high-pitched song. It hung on the afternoon like a hundred metal throats voicing an endless note. It was all about him. He staggered in a backward circle, looking at the sky with his mouth open. He felt no alarm. Instead, the doors of his mind stretched wide as if to welcome any notion, of however vast proportion.

Again the sky was raped by a great flaming cinder. Its wake sliced heaven like a fiery scythe and faded.

The sound stopped. Two rabbits shot across Morgan's path, gray bolts of terror. The birds ceased their singing. The things in the sky had vanished behind a clump of trees halfway up Gerrig's broad back. Morgan stuffed his cap in his pocket, left the path and forged upward.

On the other side of the clump of trees he halted and gaped. Resting on the grass was a huge black pebble. Its smoothness was marred by queer-shaped protuberances. And it had windows. Why, Morgan could see now, it even had a door.

Then the door opened and three men stepped out. Morgan murmured an awed oath in the old tongue he sometimes used to pull Beth's leg. And that reminded him he was getting late for the Isolation. But these chaps? Who were they? He had to find out. Beth would hear about this.

So he asked them. They looked

at him with bright, searching eyes. They plucked blades of grass and examined them. They exchanged words, fast and clipped, in no language Morgan had ever heard. Then they approached, tall, friendly and frankly inquisitive. And only their garb was unearthly.

One of them addressed him and he felt silly at not understanding. The stranger extended a hand. Morgan paused. These chaps were foreigners, he knew that much, and they really oughtn't to be flying about all over Wales. And that pebble-shaped gadget. Morgan had seen some funny machines in an RAF field he'd passed on the Miner's annual Outing. But nothing like this.

Still, the chap was friendly, the hand still outstretched. Morgan grasped it. A cooling breeze moved across Cerrig Glo then and in the trees, the birds resumed their song.

"Pity I don't know where you're from," said Morgan. "You're not Russians, are you?"

The stranger pointed at the sun and strained upward, as if pointing beyond the sun.

"Up there?" Morgan gasped. "You chaps from . . . up there?"

The strangers grinned at him.

Suddenly, Morgan grinned with them. He slapped his knee. He skipped and jiggled and chuckled. He whirled and capered.

"Wait till I tell Beth," he cried. "Oh, by the Rock of Ages, wait till I tell my darling gel I was the first to meet —"

He checked himself. Wouldn't do to give the newcomers a wrong impression. So he walked around the big pebble, inspecting it with an air of authority.

"You've come a pretty long way," he said. "Must be hungry. Now where did I put Meg Howell's blackberries?"

When he found the basket, he handed it to them and made eating motions. They smiled their gratitude. While they ate, Morgan was vaguely aware of a growing importance. He was, after all, the unofficial (and quite unprepared) receptionist to these chaps from Wher-ever - it - was.

"You won't find everything ship-shape here, I'm afraid," he warned them. "Not long since we had a war, see. Some talk of another one, too," he shook his head confidently, "but I wouldn't heed it. God knows there's enough worry from sickness and such."

He told them about Beth. They listened gravely, without apparent comprehension. At last he said, "Look, you go down to Penavon. That path will lead you to the bus stop. There's a pub there and a police station. Though," he added thoughtfully, "You won't get much sense from daft Sergeant Jenkins. Anyway, tell 'em I met you first. Say 'Morgan met us first,' see?"

He repeated it loud and slowly. "Sorry I can't show you around. No time, see. Beth'll give me the cokes if I'm late."

He made to leave. The stranger who had shaken his hand fumbled within his tunic and drew out a multifaceted object. It shone — not blue or red or green alone but with an endless radiation of every color and blend. He placed it in Morgan's palm.

It flashed. It tingled. Morgan said, "A jewel? A jewel from way up there?"

He studied it, wondering whether to accept. Slowly he lifted his eyes to the other's face. The stranger spoke, it sounded like 'Beth' but Morgan couldn't be sure. Still, Beth would like it . . .

"Good of you, it is." He wiped a sleeve across his brow. "Thank you, then."

He was off, running across the field and along the path. The strangers watched him in silence until he was out of their sight.

Little Morgan ran all the way to Penavon Isolation Hospital. As usual, the man at the gate frowned at him huffily. Thinks he's Lord Muck, thought Morgan, but today, today I could put him in his place. And he stopped for an instant to do just that but remembered the time and kept on running.

Like a swathed pudding, the plump nurse waited at the entrance to the ward. She held a medical chart in one hand, a pillowcase in the other.

Morgan stopped before her. He waited for his breath to return and blurted, "Afternoon, nurse, how's my gel, then?"

She opened her mouth to answer. Morgan didn't give her a chance. Throughout that last mad dash he'd been bursting with excitement.

"Oh, I've news for Beth indeed. Big news. Biggest news in the world."

The nurse lifted her hand. "Now, Mr. Morgan. I've news for you, I'm afraid. Not good, either. Poor Beth —"

Her meaning was a cold knife to the heart.

"No," said Little Morgan. "Not my Beth. . ."

"Go to her," the nurse said. "Quiet, now."

He was on his knees at her bedside. "Beth," his voice trembled, "a jewel I've brought you. See? From so far away."

He closed her fingers over the stone's glowing riot. She smiled very faintly. Her eyes were weary.

"Little husband," she whispered, "dear little husband."

"Oh, Beth. . . oh, my gel, my darling gel."

The biggest news in the world choked and died in Morgan's throat and he buried his face in the bed at her side.

The nurse didn't heed. She was drawn to the window by a commotion outside. People were shouting and pointing at the sky.

She opened the window. Down in

Cwm valley they opened the windows. Throughout Wales and all over the world windows were opening and the people stared, some fearfully and many with hope, at the crowded sky.

But Little Morgan was conscious only of the rough feel of the blanket and the stillness of Beth and the salt of his own tears.

END

ELIZABETH KLARER'S FLYING SAUCER

(Concluded from page 69)

weeks on end.

"The family was back on the farm in the summer. Mrs. Klarer was strangely expectant. On the morning of July 17, about 11 a.m., when everybody was settling down for a nice cup of tea, she however preferred to get up and go out into the open. On her way she picked up the box camera of her daughter. She had climbed an elevation, this time not very far from the homestead. While she was watching a storm brewing in the south with massive thunderclouds forming over the Berg, out from among the clouds a saucer, the saucer, appeared. It flew all around her, showing its paces and doing various manoeuvres. It was coming and going in and out of the clouds, generally offering her the opportunity to use up the film, which she did, 'shooting' away at the craft. Of seven photographs taken, two or three were particularly good, sharp, defined and convincing (as illustrated) while the rest were blurred.

"Negatives and object have been examined and studied. Nobody could

find anything that would arouse suspicions. The family of Major Flowers, Elizabeth Klarer's brother-in-law, is in the position to testify that she took the photographs all by herself. No, there was no one to 'help her throw the hub-cap into the air,' as it immediately has been advanced, of course.

"Apart from Mrs. Klarer being of too frail a stature to be able to handle hub-caps, and a box camera at the same time, we have," Mr. Sievers stated, "despite long-lasting effort, yet to discover that particular make of hub-cap which she could possibly have used. There simply is none that would come even half as near to the design of the saucer as it appears on the negative. The craft is of the type about 50 to 60 ft. in diameter, with a flat and wide dome, not with the half-sphere dome as seen on Adamski's and Allingham's photographs. Incidentally, saucers and a carrier ship have been seen over Major Flower's estate on more than one occasion. The hope is that these developments will not yet have come to their end."

THE END

SAUCER OVER

When a saucer is seen by a human being might be an illusion. But when a saucer with electronic "eyes", then we must be process of laughing — and even more so

EUROPE, gripped in an Arctic spell, was more concerned with keeping warm than with flying saucers on February 19, 1956. It was a clear night with the moon shining brightly amid twinkling stars.

At Orly Airport, Paris, snug in the radar control room thick with the smell of "Gauloise" cigarettes, an operator, his face bathed in the pale green fluorescent light of the radar screen, kept a routine check on air traffic in the area.

The screen was clear and the hands of the clock beside it were coming up for 22.50 hours — seventy minutes to midnight — when a blip with a difference showed up. Interested, the operator leaned forward to get a better look. Immediately, he summoned his colleagues and warned the tower. For here was something unusual; an "echo" twice as large as the echo of the largest

known aircraft. An echo that did not fit into the scheduled traffic pattern for Paris. What's more, it behaved in a manner quite unlike anything the operator had ever seen before.

Cruising around, it would slow down to a hover, rather like a helicopter, only to accelerate at incredible speeds after a short while. Soon after it appeared radar showed it to be directly over Gometz-le-Chatel, Seine et Oise. Thirty seconds later it was 30 kilometres away (18 miles) over Boissy Saint Leger. No need for a slide rule to work out its speed: one kilometre per second, which equals 3,600 kilometres an hour or nearly 2,250 miles an hour.

A second, but more familiar blip then appeared on the screen. It was soon identified as a Douglas Dakota air liner on the regular Paris-London Air France service flying over the military air base at

PARIS

**there is some basis to believe that it
cer is observed by a cold-metal machine
careful of how we hold our mouth in the
when both human and electron eye agree!**

Les Mureaux, 4,500 feet up; 800 feet lower than the u.f.o. Orly immediately radioed the pilot that a u.f.o. was on its approximate path.

On board, Radio Operator Beaupertuis nearly choked with incredulity — but as he passed Orly's message to the skipper he caught sight of the object through a porthole. It was on the starboard beam — an enormous thing, rather indistinct in outline, lit here and there by a red glow.

Commenting on the incident in a report to the French Ministry of Civil Aviation, the skipper, Captain Desavoi, said: "For a full thirty seconds we watched the object without being able to decide exactly on its size or percise shape. "In flight," he added, "it is virtually impossible to estimate distances and dimensions. But of one thing we are certain. It was no civil air liner. For it carried none of the navigation

lights regulations stipulate are a must.

"I was then warned by Orly that the object had moved to my port side, so I turned towards it. But they called to say it had left us and was speeding towards Le Bourget. About ten minutes later control called again to say the object was several miles above us. But we couldn't see it, nor did we see it again."

The odd thing about this particular u.f.o. is that neither Le Bourget nor Pars Observatory picked it up on their radar screens. But on the Orly screen its fantastic waltz over a radius of about 50 kilmetres (30 miles) was followed for about four hours.

Other observers to see it included Monsieur Devot, whose home is at Etiolles, Seine - et - Oise. His description: "A lighted oil lamp in a strong wind."

THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL

By Ray Palmer

So you think it was Kenneth Arnold who started our modern saga of the Flying Saucers? While it was true that it was his June 24, 1947 sighting that gave birth to the "saucers", it was in 1944 that a "man of mystery" from Barto, Pennsylvania first told the world of what was to come. Today his fantastic story, with its incredible prophecy, is almost unknown to "saucerians", but its importance has not lessened. Here is the story of the real "scoop" of the century, the man who discovered the modern flying saucer and warned the world.

What would you think if you were told about amazing disk - ships that flew between planets; even operated from bases beneath the Earth's surface, unknown to man on the surface — and three years later they actually showed up and startled the whole world, thus vindicating the man whose story you found too impossible to believe?

You'd think of the other things he'd told you, and you'd look for them to come to pass too! And if you acted on the assumption that they would, you'd hold a tremendous advantage over other investigators, if they did.

And they did!

The day it began I was reading manuscripts. I was editor of a whole string of pulp fiction magazines for one of the biggest publishers in the country. Several of them were of

the type called science fiction. Wilder stories had never been told, and I was used to fantastic manuscripts. Thus, when I picked up one titled "A Warning To Future Man" I read the first page and stopped. This wasn't a story. It wasn't a bit dramatic. It was apparently exactly what its title said it was. I stopped and looked at the author's name. Richard S. Shaver. Suddenly a bell rang in my mind. This was the Richard S. Shaver who had written me of an "ancient alphabet" which he claimed was the origin of all Earth languages, and the language of people of space and other worlds as well. It was called "Mantong". I'd printed his letter because a casual sampling of the definitions given had proven to have interesting results, and I'd decided to let my readers have fun with it. Many hundreds of letters weren't a bit fun-

ny, however, when they supported his claim, and said the "alphabet" had much more to it than I'd suspected. Whatever it was, ancient language of space or not, it had something, and if it was a fabrication, it was mighty clever.

Here I had a manuscript written in the same serious vein by the same man — and the possibility that so clever a man could begin so ineptly in a "story" did not seem logical. Unless, like the alphabet, this wasn't a story?

I read it through — and when I'd finished, I'd become the first man in modern times to know of the flying saucers, only I didn't know then what it was that I knew.

The story, as a story, was no good. It was a warning from a man long dead, one Mutan Mion, a "culture" man of a civilization of many thousands of years ago, before the Titans and Atlans of ancient Lemuria and Atlantis fled the Earth because of a great catastrophe caused by an explosion on the sun. The warning consisted of the dual one that the descendents of those left behind still lived in deep caves, and were the "devils" of our superstitions; and that the sun was still continually throwing off radioactive poisons (including Strontium) (another startling prediction, because today Strontium 90 is the most feared radioactive poison on earth!) that caused us to age, and prevented us from living the hundreds, even thousands of years that our ancient forebearers lived. That was the reason for their flight from Earth — in the flying saucers. But to take the character of Mutan Moni, and go back to the day of the actual sun explosion and the exodus from Earth, would make a very fine story. I took that basis, and wrote that story — and on an

impulse, decided to ape the author and label it "true".

Fifty thousand readers wrote in to say they believed it was true, because. . .

But I didn't really believe it.

On June 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold made me believe it!

The flying saucers were back!

Just as Richard S. Shaver had said they would come.

Sightings came fast and furious then. Especially the sightings of Captain E. J. Smith and his crew on July 4, 1947. And at last came a personal report to me of an accident to a flying saucer, and a box full of fragments from it. IF Shaver was right, certain other things would happen, and certain other things should be looked for. And who else to send but Kenneth Arnold himself! I sent him to Tacoma. Captain E. J. Smith joined him there. While they investigated, I mentally listed certain things that they would find, IF Shaver was right.

When they found them, I knew the answer to the flying saucers, but I also knew something else. I acted swiftly, but it was too late. Two men were already dead, and four more were to die shortly.

They had died just as Richard Shaver had said they would.

A hoax, the army called it. Specifically, my hoax. A particularly inept one, because of the deaths involved. But it wasn't a hoax. The whole thing had been foretold and published three years before, in the pages of a manuscript the author insisted was not fiction. How, then could it have been a hoax?

Gray Barker has written a book called "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers". In it he touches on the Shaver incident, in re-

(Concluded on page 81)

FLYING SAUCER CLUB NEWS

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

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A flying saucer research council has been formed in Japan, and is very active locally. It has published its own newspaper called "space-ship". You can contact this club by writing to Yusuke Matsumura, Flying Saucer Study Group, Isogo P. O. Box 3, Yokohama, Japan.

The Queensland, Australia Flying Saucer Research Bureau wishes to exchange information with other groups throughout the world. Please address C. A. Lehmann, Secretary, Queensland Flying Saucer Research

Bureau, 72, Bowen St., Windsor, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

The Detroit Flying Saucer Club is headed by Henry Maday, 6432 Cass Avenue, Detroit 2, Michigan, and their publication is called "Vimana".

The Vancouver Area Flying Saucer Club was formed at a meeting held in West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada on June 18, 1956. The address is G. P. O. Box 650, Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Organizer was Herb D. Clark, retired electrical contractor, and secretary is Miss O. M. Beaton. Miss Beaton has done an excellent job on Canadian saucer research and was very active in the formation of the club. Lectures are being organized, the first speaker being Daniel W. Fry, 49-year-old guided missile technician who claims to have flown from White Sands, New Mexico to New York and back in a saucer at a speed of 8,000 miles per hour, in 30 minutes. His lecture was attended by 250 people, and further personalities in the flying saucer field will be invited to speak.

Brazil's entry into the flying saucer group society is the Centro de Pesquisa dos Discos Voadores located

in Sao Paulo. It is headed by Senhor Jose Escobar Faria. A bulletin is published called "The Flying Saucer" which can be obtained by writing to him at P. O. Box 8449, Sao Paulo, Brazil.

A flying saucer exhibition was held in Johannesburg, South Africa on October 4 through 10, 1956, according to Miss Ann Grevler, a member of the Interplanetary Craft Research Society of Southern Africa, Box 9710, Johannesburg, South Africa.

If you live in or near Prescott, Arizona, you might be interested in the Telonic Research Center, P.O. Box 1654, Prescott, Arizona. George Hunt Williamson (now expeditioning in Peru), author of the

sensational book **OTHER TONGUES** — **OTHER FLESH**, the first truly scholarly book on flying saucers, giving proof in actual research, even into ancient civilizations, is a member of this group.

One of the most publicized and active of all groups is the College of Universal Wisdom, headed by George W. Van Tassel, at Giant Rock, California. Address is P. O. Box 419, Yucca Valley, California. It is at Giant Rock that the annual Flying Saucer Convention is held.

"Orbit" is the publication of the Cincinnati, Ohio group known as Civilian Research, Interplanetary Flying Objects, 7017 Britton Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio.

THE END

THE MAN WHO STARTED IT ALL

(Concluded from page 79)

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Yes, the Tacoma Incident was a hoax. A savage, sadistic hoax. The fragments of the "saucer" were nothing more than slag from the Tacoma smelter plant. We know that now. Yet, when those two airmen died, it was called an accident. And that's all it could have been, except for one thing.

Shaver had said, three years before, that they would die, and exactly how they would die. No, he hadn't mentioned names, like Brown and Davidson — or Mantell. The point of interest here is that had I known at the time Mantell was making his pursuit of "something huge and metallic", and had heard his last words concerning his attempt to reach it, I could have predicted what would happen, and would not have been surprised when it hap-

pened!

When you know that this is true, you read Gray Barker's book with new respect. And a bit of trepidation. For if Shaver is 100% right, then you know more about flying saucers than anybody, and Gray Barker says that's too much!

But whatever all this brings to your mind in the way of questions, all I intended to say was that Richard S. Shaver is the man who started it all.

And what does Mr. Shaver say about investigators? He says you'll never catch a flying saucer, and you'll never shoot one down. He's said that from the beginning, and so far, they haven't.

It would be a relief if they did, because then I could let go of that mental bear I've got by the tail.

But they won't. . .

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THE END

F

SIGHTINGS by SCIENTISTS

Various astronomers have seen the mysterious unidentified flying objects known as flying saucers; and not a few of them are seriously investigating the riddle. Here are several of the most prominent, and their conclusions.

Do you think it is only the untrained observer who has seen the flying saucers? If so, you are badly mistaken! A complete list of competent, scientifically trained observers would be staggering, but in this resume, we will limit ourselves to astronomers, and to only a very few of these. Their evidence should be convincing enough.

Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, from Las Cruces, New Mexico, is perhaps the most famous of the American astronomers because he was the discoverer of Pluto in 1930. He is the President of Society of Astronomy of Las Cruces. Actually he works for the American Government and is the leader of a Project for the search of unknown natural satellites ("moonlets") which possibly exist orbiting around our planet.

On July 16th 1947, Dr. Tombaugh was driving from Clovis to Clines Corner, New Mexico, with his wife and two grown-up daughters. It was a beautiful sunny day, but toward the West the sky was a confused sea of clouds. At 4:47 p.m. all the passengers in the car sighted almost at the same time "a curious shiny object, almost immobile among the clouds. (The course of the car was such as to have the clouds ahead). Immediately from long habit of studying celestial phenomena, Dr. Tombaugh started doing some computation using whatever means at the moment available. Thus he

measured the size of the object against the windshield and the distance from that point to his eyes, etc. According to the scientist's description, the object presented well defined lines - steady and regular-round in shape (elliptical) and it was much more accentuated than the edges of the clouds near it. It was luminous and the color seemed to be the same "hue" as Jupiter's against a dark sky, although not so white; it was not silvery or aluminum-hued. The body distinctly exhibited some sort of oscillatory motion, thus announcing its rigid constitution or solidity. After 30 seconds observation the ellipsoid entered a cloud slowly. (273 degrees of azimuth, elevation 1 degree) But it reappeared 5 seconds later (275 degrees of azimuth, elevation 2 degrees). "This sudden and surprising ascension thoroughly convinced me that we were dealing with a flying thing absolutely new," informed Dr. Tombaugh, adding: "When seen projected against those dark clouds the object gave the impression of being self-luminous."

After two and a half minutes the UFO finally disappeared behind a cloud bank. Dr. Tombaugh has calculated that the object was at less than 30 and more than 20 miles from the place where he was during the observation. He also said that the object was an ellipsoid and seemed to be rigid; it measured 160 feet in

Each SAUCER of the research which interests your news other place you report club give of FL A has k very its o ship". writin ing Sa Box 3 The ing Sa to exc groups address Queen.

length by 65 feet width as seen from the minimum distance mentioned; if seen at a 30 miles distance then it would be 245 long and 100 feet wide; its speed was reckoned to be from 120 to 180 miles and the acceleration in vertical ascension, from 600 to 900 miles per hour. The UFO moved silently and was not leaving any trail of gases, smoke or condensed vapor.

On August 20th 1949, Dr. Tom-
baugh had the good or bad luck of sighting another UFO, while conversing with his wife and his mother - in - law in the garden of their home in Las Cruces. In a letter to the Harvard astronomer, Dr. Donald Menzel, Dr. Tombaugh describes the sighting and states that he had never seen so strange a phenomenon, so much so that his impression about the object was somewhat confused.

What would Dr. Tombaugh's opinion be about flying saucers? Although he has prudently abstained from any direct statement, there are a few significant clues pointing at a certain direction. For instance: on February 13th 1954 at the end of a speech about the Moon in the Astronomy Society of Las Cruces, Dr. Tombaugh made a strange advertence to those present; he asked them to keep their eyes peeled for saucers and be ready to report quickly and with exactitude any sighting. He concluded by saying that an increase in UFO sightings was expected.

Professor Hall, astronomer of the Lowell Observatory in Massachusetts has been quoted by Aime Michel as having sighted a shiny silvery disc moving slowly in the sky at 13:00 on May 20, 1950. The scientist examined the UFO with binoculars and estimated its apparent diameter

and motion by means of the theodolite. His description is very precise: "... a metallic shiny disc surrounded by some condensation or mist as though it were a small cumulus; this sort of white mist was agitated by ascending and whirling movements and moved along with the object." Mr. Hall reckoned that the UFO was at a distance ranging between 2 and 4 kilometers (mile and a quarter to two and a half miles); its diameter was from 10 to 20 meters (33 to 70 feet) and its speed was nearly 300 kilometers per hour (about 180 mph).

Dr. Seymour L. Hess Professor of Meteorology at the University of Florida. On May 22, 1950, two days after Hall's sighting saw a flying saucer at 12:15 flying slowly among the clouds. The sighting took place at the Flagstaff Observatory, where at the time he was the resident astronomer. In an interview to the local press the scientist described the UFO as "... a disc-like shiny object, apparently metallic and appearing as a dark silhouette when within the clouds' shadows. It reflected light as though it were a mirror when out in the clear." The highest altitude of the object could be known with precision because the height of the clouds had been measured. Knowing this altitude and its apparent diameter Dr. Hess worked out the real diameter and found it to be from 3 to 6 feet! It was one of the smaller ever reported. The thing could be seen without any visual or optical help, but Dr. Hess studied it with a 4-power binocular and learned that the object flew penetrating the clouds, therefore could not be a balloon which would fly with the wind; it was evidently not an aircraft, at least not one of known type: it was noiseless.

Some months later the French astronomer Gerard de Vaucouleurs wrote to Dr. Hess requesting his confirmation or denial about the report. Hess answered repeating his story thus confirming the sighting in its minimum details.

Dr. G. Duncan Fletcher, Vice-President of the Astronomical Society of Kenya, Africa. On October 15, 1954, a Reuters dispatch originated in Nairobi, Kenya, informed that a flying saucer had been seen by Dr. Fletcher. More surprising yet was the astronomer's conviction that the saucers were machines from another world.

Dr. Frank Halstead, astronomer of the Darling Observatory in Duluth. In early July of 1954, this scientist talking to a newspaper reporter about the flying saucers said: "The government knows what the saucers are but it fears a panic if it reveals the facts . . . Many professional astronomers are convinced that the saucers are interplanetary machines . . . I think they come from another solar system, but they may be using Mars as a base."

Dr. Harold Percy Wilkins, F.R.A.S., Director of the British Astronomical Association, Lunar Section, Honorary President of Astronomical Society of Spain and America, etc., (not to be mistaken for Mr. Harold T. Wilkins, author of two books about flying saucers).

Dr. Wilkins is perhaps the greatest of the British astronomers at this date. In his last book this man of science dedicates a whole chapter (Flying Things in Space) to the study of flying saucers. In that chapter after discussing the enormous difficulties hindering the investigations and after analyzing all possible causes of mistakes, Dr. Wilkins writes (page 40): "Although

the existence of 'flying-saucers' on or near the Moon can be discounted, we cannot lightly dismiss all reports of strange and unidentified objects seen within our own atmosphere.

The majority of such reports deal with such things as meteorological balloons, birds, seeds and optical phenomena, but a residuum remains which cannot be thus explained. I confess that I was not merely a skeptic but a firm unbeliever in any such objects until I had the pleasure of undertaking a lecture tour of the United States. . . ." Then Dr. Wilkins narrates that in the morning of June 11, 1954, while flying from Charleston to Atlanta, he was greatly surprised by seeing those unidentified flying objects. The sighting lasted for two minutes and is described in lavish detail (pages 40 to 42). The unknown were oval in shape and their edges were clean cut. Two of them moved slowly above the clouds and were yellow-something the color of gold, and reflected the sun rays as highly polished metal plates. Their motion was into the wind and they flew close to each other. The third object was like the others in shape, and appeared suddenly from another direction at high speed. It described a curve and disappeared into a cloud. This one was opaque and greenish, probably because it was in the shadow. Its rapid maneuver was completed in less than five seconds after it started moving. Dr. Wilkins reckoned its speed to be 320 feet per second - about 218 miles per hour and its diameter (real diameter) was 50 feet.

On page 42 Dr. Wilkins declares that he was surprised to learn that in the United States cultured people and men of science including members of observatory staffs,

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formerly hostile to the existence of flying saucers, now reserve their opinion and are interested in the problem. Some told him that they had seen strange things in the sky which could not be accounted for. Finally Dr. Wilkins writes: "ONE THING IS CERTAIN: IF THEY are

SOLID OBJECTS CAPABLE OF MOVING IN ANY DESIRED DIRECTION AT ANY DESIRED SPEED THEN THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DEvised AND ARE OPERATED AND CONTROLLED BY INTELLIGENCE SUPERIOR TO MAN."

THE END



One by one, the leading figures among flying saucer researchers, who have challenged the government denial that saucers come from outer space, have been silenced. They are still alive, still living where they used to. But they will no longer talk about flying saucers or reveal why they refuse to do so.

Who were the three men in dark suits that visited them? Were they government agents, or agents of other planets? Whoever they were, they have silenced the researchers.

Now . . . in **THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS**, you may read the facts behind this frightening story — facts never before published!

Gray Barker, the author, was Chief Investigator for the International Flying Saucer Bureau—an organization which had its principal leader silenced by three men in black before he could reveal to the world his solution of the flying saucer mystery. Other leading investigators have also been intimidated. All their stories are here.

They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers

Gray Barker remains one of the unsilenced few. His true, amazing report includes eye-witness accounts of the famed Flatwoods "monster" which landed on a dark West Virginia hillside.

READ

**WHAT HAPPENED TO
CERTAIN RESEARCHERS
WHO FOUND OUT
WHERE THE
SAUCERS
COME FROM!**



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"Don't let him out of here, or he'll spread the news all over the city!"

FICTION

PUBLIC SERVANT

By Marilyn Bullock

Death was on its way to Dicon; but to Farraday that wasn't the real problem. It was more important that his newspaper be a public servant.

Funerals are costly, and the bank, although entirely sympathetic, was unwilling to finance the burial of a newspaper. John Farraday smiled wryly at his own thought as he strode through the cool corridors of the bank, his heels leaving great obscene dents in the plush carpet. He couldn't blame the bank after all. It would be like throwing money into space to float a loan for the rapidly collapsing Centurion; like giving an old lady money for a final fling before she died.

The Centurion was very much like a tired old lady. All the other newspapers had died a long time ago. Only the Centurion was left. "And we're dying, too." Farraday thought as he stepped from the Satellite of Earth Bank onto the sidewalk.

The day was viciously hot. All around him, citizens of the tiny planet Dicon were swarming sluggishly about their business. On any other day, Farraday would have felt a tinge of pride at their progress on this obscure planet in an obscure

galaxy, but today he only felt tired.

Twenty years before, he and a small group of earthmen had come to inhabit uninhabited Dicon. In those days, the earth was offering a price for the addition of satellites, and eventually the pioneers were rewarded. John Farraday had needed no reward. He enjoyed being the editor of the only surviving newspaper in the entire System. That, however, was before ITCS.

ITCS was an abbreviated way of spelling trouble for newspapers.

When the Inter - Terrestrial Communications Service finally set up business on Dicon, Farraday knew that the *Centurion* was going to be edged out of competition.

ITCS relayed all its news by personal radio at all hours, in all conditions. "A flick of the switch, and the news of the minute is yours." Their slogan irked him but he had to admit it was true. Practically every citizen in the solar System had a tiny ITCS communicator clipped to his belt. Unconditionally guaranteed, the communicator ran for years without rejuvenation.

Besides, their staff was monstrous and efficient. Farraday had been asked to sell out and join the ITCS as news co-ordinator, "to go along with progress". Pride and something else had made him refuse. He wasn't convinced that humans and extra-terrestrials were ready to give up reading.

Preoccupied, he almost forgot to get off the slidewalk at the correct intersection. Striding quickly across the wide concrete apron which separated the *Centurion* offices from the thoroughfare, Farraday could not help feeling the old stirring of pride.

He ran a hand through his coarse black hair and smiled at the clumsily outdated white brick building which stood squattly between two

glowering modern chrome and glass monsters. Farraday unconsciously pictured the front part of the structure, its space comfortably crammed with busy offices, and in the back... the presses, two magnificent products of the human mind. Electronically operated, they combined the type-setting, linotyping, stereotyping and printing processes into one grand cycle. They needed only a single man to operate them... to push buttons.

Ernie Colemarra was that man. Old, a little roughened by time, he had worked his way up from printer's devil (in the days when printers needed helpers) to chief printer for John Farraday's father's newspaper. When old Mr. Farraday died, Ernie stubbornly clung to John, and John had taken him along to Dicon. Ernie had never quite gotten used to the sterile presses. He hated progress with every ink - stained bone in his body.

Farraday swelled with affection for Ernie and the two machines. He admitted to himself that they symbolized a dream. To stop the presses would be like strangling his dream and his belief in tradition. It seemed wrong to give up something because it was no longer efficient. There had to be a better reason.

The glass door swung open obediently at Farraday's approach. He stepped inside, and suddenly became aware of an unaccustomed hum. It was the two presses. He glanced at his chronometer. 1400. The evening edition was never run off until 1500. Scorning the lift, Farraday rushed up two flights of stairs into the city room.

"What's going on?" he thundered. A vibrant tension was pulsating through the room.

"We finally got ourselves a break, John," said a long, lanky man un-

folding himself from the rim of the city desk. "ITCS hasn't gotten wind of it yet. We told Ernie to run an early edition. We didn't think you. . . ."

"What hasn't ITCS gotten wind of yet, Akin?" Farraday cut in, eyeing his assistant editor suspiciously.

"A new planet. An old space drifter, a prospector, discovered it near. . ."

"Never mind the details," Farraday prodded impatiently. "How did we get the news first?"

Akin smiled. "The prospector was a friend of my brother. He grubstaked him once or twice, so the old boy owed us a favor." Farraday no longer felt tired. "Akin, you and your wonderful connections are going to get a raise. Wait 'til this edition hits the streets."

Within the hour, the *Centurion's* beat on ITCS broke, and the public gobbled it up eagerly. A victory for the press. ITCS maintained a tactful silence while in the offices of the *Centurion*, the staff, sparked by the novel encouragement, worked with energy. Sales climbed.

But the public's desire for news. . . fast . . . was insatiable. They were convinced that the *Centurion* could not do it again. What was more outdated than a twenty - second century newspaper? Farraday kept hoping. Daily, as he made out assignment sheets, he prayed and cursed alternately that something would break. Nothing happened. Sales slid.

Farraday sat hunched in his chair in the vaguely noisy city room and stared broodingly out of the window. It was raining in thick, misty sheets, signifying the beginning of winter. Farraday gnawed meditatively on his knuckles. He worried the problem, turning it over and over. He

was deep in thought when Davidson staggered into the city room. The young reporter's head and ear were caked with blood and he was sobbing hysterically.

A numbed day - side staff stood and stared in shock. Farraday sprinted across the room and reached Davidson just as he collapsed. "Tan . . . Mac," Farraday wrenched out, "gimme a hand. Help me carry him into my office. There's a couch there."

The two rewrite men sparked into action. In a moment, Davidson was stretched out on Farraday's old leather couch, moaning softly. "Quick," Farraday snapped. "See if you can reach Doc Morton." Tan and Mac left, prudently closing the door on the buzz of excitement in the city room. Davidson was already beginning to come out of it. Farraday went to his sink, wet a towel, returned, knelt beside Davidson, and deftly sponged the blood - stained face. Gently, he turned the reporter's head to the light. The cut was bad, very bad.

"What happened to you?" he asked. Davidson stirred apprehensively and made a dry sound in his throat. When he finally began to speak, his voice was brittle and far away.

"Went over to Space Debris Charting Department this morning, as usual. Just walked in the door. . . there was a lot of shouting. Someone said 'That meteor will hit Dicon in two hours.'" He paused a moment, breathing hard. "Then someone saw me and said, 'Don't let him get out of here or he'll spread the news all over the city.' Before I could do anything, a couple of men grabbed me, pushed me into a little room, and locked the door. In a little while, the Director came into the

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room and explained."

Farraday began to experience a crawling sensation as Davidson continued.

"A meteor, with the mass of a couple of billion tons, was charted in Sector VI, headed right toward this planet . . . toward this city. There's one chance in twenty - five that it will burn itself out or be deflected before it hits. If it does hit us . . ." He fought for control. "Anyway, the Director wouldn't let me go. He had a gun. He said that he was keeping everyone who knew locked up, even his own staff. Everyone couldn't possibly get off Dicon in the short time that is left. He said if the news leaked out, people would grow panicky and kill themselves trying to escape. And there still is that one chance . . . one lousy chance. My wife, Mr. Farraday, she's expecting a . . ." Farraday didn't want him to crack again.

"How did you get away?" he interrupted.

"I hit the Director, hard. I think maybe I killed him. I was scared, Mr. Farraday." His eyes pleaded. "Then I ran into some trouble with a couple of guards." Farraday was stunned.

Then Davidson began repeating over and over "My wife . . . the baby . . . my wife." Jarred back to reality, Farraday directed a searching look at the reporter. The bleeding had stopped, it was only a fleshwound. But he was in no shape to move, in no state of mind to be let out on the street. How would his wife take the news if Davidson broke it to her and what if the meteor didn't hit? Was it worth it? Hastily Farraday went to his desk and dug through the drawers until he found a bottle filled with little yellow pills, Doc Morton's sedative. He

dropped one of the pills in a glass of water and offered it to Davidson. The man drank it gratefully and sank back exhausted.

Farraday suddenly became aware that someone was tapping on the door. He took a deep breath, and opened it. Tan was waiting anxiously. "I can't get Doc Morton. He left this morning on a vacation trip. Want me to call someone else?"

"No, that is — Davidson's going to be all right. He had a narrow squeak, a bad accident. The kid's all upset. I'll take him home myself after he calms down a bit."

Tan grinned in relief. "Sure glad to hear it wasn't serious, Mr. Farraday. Poor guy really had us worried."

"Me too," Farraday said. "I'm going to stay with him for a while. Go tell everyone the kid's all right, won't you?"

Tan nodded and backed off as Farraday closed the door. He returned and seated himself beside Davidson.

Farraday absently laid a hand on the quivering man's shoulder, his own mind stampeding. He had faced death in a thousand ways a thousand times on this new planet, but it still frightened him. He knew he could control himself, yet there was something else he had to think about . . . something he had to decide. His instinct as a newspaperman was strong, almost stronger than fear. Davidson had just dumped the biggest story of all time in his lap. A clear scoop.

A meteor was crashing toward Dicon with odds of 25 to one on its fiery tail. A betting man would sneer at those odds. Farraday's head ached. "Think," he lashed his brain. "Make a decision." He rose and turned blindly toward the window.

Down in the street, a few hardy citizens scurried through the rain, oblivious to the menace.

Farraday closed his eyes. If he printed the news of the approaching death, the population would kill itself in panic to get off the planet. They couldn't move to any other sector on Dicon. It was a barren planet revolving about its own sun, and totally undeveloped. The city was the only nucleus of survival.

If the meteor didn't strike, the panic would subside. After what was left of the citizenry had mourned their dead, they would see that the *Centurion* never printed another story. And they would do a thorough job. Farraday shuddered involuntarily.

He could hear the presses clear their throats as they prepared to run off the evening edition. Now the familiar steady throbbing as they warmed to the first few copies. A minute would suffice for him to call the composing room and have Ernie insert the extra story.

In a short time, the first copy would be run off the press. It would be sealed in a tube, delivered to the space port, and in five minutes, it would be aboard the mail ship *Stag* on its way to earth.

Then, when the meteor hit. Earth would tell the universe that the *Centurion* had stood its ground as a conscientious newspaper to the end. Tradition would be served.

Still there was that one chance. . . one slender chance. Farraday turned to the interphone and dialed the composing room.

Ernie's wrinkled face appeared on the vision screen. "What do you want Mr. Farraday? We're ready to roll." Farraday took a deep breath.

"Ernie" he said urgently, "I want you to listen to me. We're running

an extra. Take down this story on tape and feed it to the presses, but listen to it."

"OK" Ernie said and his face was a mask of bewilderment. Farraday dictated the meteor story almost without emotion. At the end, his mouth was dry. "That's thirty," Farraday said. "Well? Ernie . . . you still there?"

Ernie's face reappeared on the screen. "Still here." he said.

"What do you think?"

Ernie's face was expressionless. "I think . . . I think you and me have had a lot of chances to die before this. More than other people. The citizens haven't had it raw like us colonists. We can kind of die easier, can't we? That's what you wanted to know, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Farraday said. "That's what I wanted to know." He switched off the interphone.

Soon there was a momentary lull in the noise of the presses. Ernie had slowed them to wait for the insertion of the new stuff. Time was getting short. Farraday turned back to the window. He searched the skies and waited. In a little while, a deep - throated rumble issuing from the presses told him that operation meteor warning was underway.

The rumble shifted to a high - pitched roar. Farraday began to sweat. They were topping ITCS for the second time. Somehow, the victory tasted bitter. A half - forgotten phrase began to gnaw at Farraday.

"The newspaper is a public servant. It must never incite riots or panic."

Riots or panic.

Panic and riots. That was a poor description for the mass hysteria that would develop when the Cen-

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tion hit the streets. Farraday glanced at the time. That would be in a few minutes.

The newspaper is a public servant. He was serving death on a silver platter.

There was still one chance in twenty - five.

Farraday dove for the phone.

"Ernie," he shouted, heart pounding. "Ernie."

There was still time, but hurry.

"Ernie here," came the voice of the chief printer and his sweaty countenance appeared on the vision screen.

"What do you want, Mr. Farraday?"

John Farraday spoke slowly. "Stop the presses, Ernie. Kill that meteor story."

"But Mr. Farraday. . ."

"I said KILL IT." He threw the switch on the interphone and Ernie's face died a surprised death on the vision screen. Or was it surprise?

Farraday suddenly felt a tired calm settle over him. He stepped quietly from his office, glancing over his shoulder at Davidson. He

might never wake up again, but if he did, it would be better this way.

The city room was experiencing its usual post - deadline apathy. He walked through it, impressing every detail of it on his memory. He loved this life but as Ernie said, "Us colonists die easier." However, these people. . . he looked at his staff. Citizens. And out in the rain. More citizens. They'd die hard. It would be better if they never knew what hit them. And if it didn't hit?

Farraday strode slowly to the window. If the meteor didn't hit, well, 25 to one were terrible odds anyway. It wouldn't be a bad bet to lose. He heard a sighing whirr and shivered a little. His presses were silent.

Tan had noticed the shiver. Tan worried about Farraday. Even if he was a callous, cynical man, the Centurion just couldn't exist without him.

"Is everything all right, Mr. Farraday?" he asked. Farraday smiled and scanned the sky.

"Sure," he said, "Everything is OK."

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS

GEORGE ADAMSKI'S NEW BOOK

What has happened to George Adamski since he wrote the famous incidents in *FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED?* Since the memorable November 20, 1952, when he first made personal contact with a man from another world? And since December 13, 1952 when he was able to make photographs within 100 feet of the same saucer that had brought his original visitor?

INSIDE THE SPACE SHIPS is Adamski's own story of what has happened to him since then. It begins with his first meeting, a few months later, with a second man from another world—his first meeting with one who speaks to him. This second visitor brings him to a Venusian Scout (flying saucer) and this, in turn, brings him to a mother ship. Later he is conveyed in both a Saturnian Scout and a Saturnian Mother ship. Adamski tells us what transpires in these space craft and what the men and women from other worlds have told him.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, by Aime Michel. (Criterion Books, Inc., New York, \$3.95.)

This book was originally published in France under the title *Lueurs sur les Soucoupes Volantes*. The author is a well-known French mathematician and engineer.

Two recently - published books by Messrs. Ruppelt and Keyhoe respectively were both extremely important for an understanding of the saucer problem. Ruppelt gave us a picture of the U.S.A.F. investigations through Project Blue Book into u.f.o.s, and Keyhoe gave us factual accounts of his own probings from a semi - official angle. Both of these books also concentrated the bulk of their researches in the United States.

However, Michel's book must rank with those two books in importance. It is the most scholarly book written so far on the subject. It is not sensational, although always interesting. Undoubterly, it is the book which combines a perfect scientific approach, scholarship and fascinating new theories and information in one brilliant literary cocktail.

FLYING SAUCERS UNCENSORED, by Harold T. Wilkins. (The Citadel Press, New York, \$3.50.)

Mr. Wilkins is well known to saucer researchers through his previous book, *Flying Saucers from the Moon*, which was given the unfortunate title of *Flying Saucers on the Attack* in the American version.

He has written a readable and scholarly new work, and the reader will find numerous fresh sightings and some interesting data concern-

We have to thank the author's background for his open - minded scientific treatment of u.f.o.s. He holds several mathematical degrees, and is Science Editor of the French National Radio Network. Incidentally, Michel brings in supporting weight from high - rating European scientists.

He re - assesses some of the classical American sightings in a manner which can truly be admired, and as a Frenchman gives us some fascinating sighting reports from his own country, in addition to some from the rest of Europe, Africa and Asia.

The author devotes space in his book to an explanation of Lieutenant Plantier's gravity - force field propulsion theory, showing how saucers could come here, breaking the gravity and thermal barriers and travel through interstellar space and time, notwithstanding our wonderful laws of attraction and gravitation.

The philosophical aspects of this enormous subject are also covered. Michel has some philosophical degrees, too.

* * *

ing car windscreen shatterings, a phenomena common to both Britain and the States. Also considerable light is shown on strange objects dropping from the skies.

The author has emulated Major Donald Keyhoe in showing up official censorship (whether direct or indirect) regarding flying saucers.

However, I must confess that I put down this book with somewhat mixed feelings. I was irritated by Mr. Wilkins' continual harping on

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his "saucers may be hostile" theme, and by his tendency to blame every aeroplane crash or disappearance on to the visitors from outer space.

I agree that the motive behind these visitations have not yet been officially given out to the world by our own authorities, but it has been established by many investigators — including Mr. Wilkins — that the saucers have been visiting us for thousands of years, and so far we have not been wiped out. Incidentally, on page 80 there is a fascinating reproduction of the world's earliest record of a flying saucer fleet, written in ancient Egypt, 5,500 years ago on a papyrus! If space visitors have evolved to the extent of mastering space flight at least 5,500 years ago — maybe longer — it does seem very odd that the best they can do now (if hostile) is to

start a few fires and destroy one or two aircraft. No, it won't do, Mr. Wilkins!

Most of our readers will strongly support the author in his remarks about atomic and hydrogen bombs. There, I think, is one of the main reasons for the stepped - up visits of saucers in recent years. They are here, I reckon, partly out of concern in case we blow up our planet and, in doing so, possibly start off some chain reaction throwing other planets in our Solar System out of their orbits, causing infinite chaos and destruction.

A shrewd guess might be that the real villains are not the "Cosmic General Staff," as suggested by Mr. Wilkins, but the Military General Staffs of this familiar lil' old planet. What do you think?

* * *

UFO AND THE BIBLE, by M. K. Jessup. (The Citadel Press, New York, 126 pages \$2.50.)

This is an important book for two reasons. Firstly, Mr. Jessup reveals that many phenomena mentioned in the Bible are actually u.f.o.s or due to the intelligences behind the u.f.o. Secondly, Mr. Jessup shows the Bible in an entirely new light, using the u.f.o. as the key. The whole of both the Old and the New Testaments take on an entirely new meaning, and, furthermore, a reconciliation is effected between the Bible and modern science.

Mr. Jessup devotes a considerable

portion of the book to a verse - by - verse interpretation of the Gospel according to St. Mark, Chapter 13, in which a complete prophecy made by Christ 2,000 years ago is shown to be coming to pass in our own times, and this awe - inspiring statement also has u.f.o. significance.

The author has obviously carried out an enormous amount of valuable research in preparing the material for this timely book. It is extremely readable and is a book that it is very necessary to read for a fuller understanding of the implications behind u.f.o. visitations.

THE END

COMING IN THE AUGUST ISSUE:

Another installment of "Flying Saucer Pilgrimage" by those indefatigable traveling researchers, Bryant and Helen Reeve. Don't miss it!

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LETTERS

Dear Sir:

I know that many people in New York State have seen flying objects, but it is never published. Why?

Monday before Thanksgiving of 1956, at 5:30 P. M. my sister and I were leaving Albany, N. Y. by way of Western Avenue, and while passing the golf course a very large object (lit up like a Christmas tree) rose into the air and many occupants of cars stopped to watch. Yet no mention of it ever appeared in the newspapers.

The Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving a strange object glided about between Albany and Schenectady, and on the same evening, later, it appeared at Esperance, in our locality. Again, no mention in the papers. If you print this, please do not use my name.

Anonymous,
Esperance, N. Y.

This writer, one of our subscribers, touches upon a point many wonder about—and it can be explained by the fact that although many saw the object, nobody reported it to the papers, or no reporter was among the viewers. We doubt if the mystery consists of more than that. . Rap.

Dear Sir:

Some people don't like the book by Mr. Angelucci, but I believe that if a man has the courage to say such things, they must be true. I have read the books written by Adamski, Bethurum and Fry about Space People and their philosophy and I am convinced that on the other planets of our System they still have the Paradise that has been lost on this earth.

I listen to their signals on the radio every night. Here in Quebec the radio stations close at midnight and on 980 kilocycles they send Morse letters for some minutes. Last night they sent the letter "N" and the letter "O". Maybe some night they will send a message instead of single letters.

Paul Bernier,
Monastere des Dominicains
175, Grande-Allee Ouest
Quebec 6, Canada

This is a subject that interests us very much. Williamson and his associates are

others who listen for messages via radio. Have you read his book, "The Saucers Speak"? It is out of print at present, but may be reprinted. As for Angelucci, the popularity of his book continues to amaze us. Rap.

Dear Sir:

On the book jacket of "Other Tongues—Other Flesh" by George Hunt Williamson, the picture of the bull with the girl hanging on to the horns, plus the ancient symbolic writings beside it, intrigue me. The author must know what all that signifies. Back in 1936 I had a series of inner experiences, and one of them was the same as the picture: I seemed to be riding a pure white bull, hanging on to the horns. It was galloping wildly at first, but seemed to tame down completely, at which time I gave it a piece of bread to eat. These inner experiences are very vivid, and leave a lasting impression. I have never found the answer. Now this picture plus the symbolic writing tells me this could be the answer. Could you get me an explanation of it? Does the book give a full explanation of it?

Mrs. Louis McLouth
7352 N. Seeley Ave.
Chicago 45, Ill.

The symbols on the jacket are just a few of the many inside the book. They are supposedly those of an ancient language which have been received by Williamson and his group from the space people. As for the girl on the bull, this is an ancient Cretan sport called "bull dancing" which was indulged in in the arena. It was very daring and thrilling, but did not have any special significance, other than that it was of some religious origin. Rap.

Dear Ray:

To try and discredit the existence of the UFO's as interplanetary craft as is being done by the government sure seems funny to me in the light of which I read in a magazine called "Young Men". In the latest issue they bring up the fact that a number of the major aircraft manufacturers are working on a gravity engine. Once such an engine is perfected there should be no limit to the speed

that it can attain. This would naturally overcome the greatest barrier to speed and that is friction. I would say the main cause of friction isn't so much the friction between the aircraft and the air as it is between pull of gravity on the craft. So with the industry working on such an engine it seems that at least the UFO's are responsible for something. Now if they don't exist at least it seems that they are sure trying to speed up the development of the same type of engine that are said to be used in The UFO's. So either someone is trying to pull the wool over the public's eyes or the government actually knows a lot more than is being divulged.

Perhaps you can tell me of the whereabouts of George Hunt Williamson. The last thing I heard about him he had gone out into the desert of Arizona to try and establish contact with the people who run the UFO's.

I am an electronic technician, with a good background on both communication equipment and radar. I was on the M33 fire control radar project at Western Electric in Chicago from February 1952 to May 1954. Then I went into the field for the Radio Division on a secret Air Force project. As for Communications, I had 28 months of that during WW2 and from 1950-1954 in the Reserve.

I have been a Radio Amateur since August 31, 1946. I received my Class A (now Advanced Class License) in June of 1949.

I operate both code and phone and can go at about 20 wpm or better on the code.

Do you know of any amateur radio groups that meet on the amateur bands to have Flying Saucer or as I should say UFO discussions over the air?

I was told by both John Otto and George Williamson that I should listen for some communication from the Saucers and if they desired to contact me they would do so. Anyway nothing has happened yet.

Not too long ago an amateur friend of mine said that he was getting some type of signal that seemed to be coming from the Moon. He said that it seemed to be taking place because he was able to track the moon by the signal he received by orientating his antenna on the Moon as it moved across the sky. This was on 15 meters (21-21.450 megacycles).

According to John Otto some of the UFO's are able to pass through several different dimensions other than our third

and the celebrated fourth. So when they suddenly disappear it may be due to raising the vibratory rate and passing into another dimension. As far as the third dimensional world is concerned, this is only a theory but could very well be taking place.

Joseph E. Kern
W5LTT

209 N. Robertson Ave.
Bryan, Texas

The friction of gravity (and that's what it really is) is something different from the friction of the atmosphere. And in that light, of course, you are correct in saying that any machine that will overcome gravity will virtually take off the limits on aircraft speeds and altitudes.

Williamson is in Peru, digging up new material for a new book he's doing for us. Yes, his book is out. See ad on page 2 of this issue. It's a humdinger, and is rapidly selling out its first edition.

I don't know of any group on the amateur wavelengths who devote their discussions to flying saucers, but if there are any among our readers, I hope they give you a call. We'll be happy to print call letters, time, etc., for making any such rendezvous for any "ham" who wishes to use our "Personals" column to advertise his desire for talking about flying saucers over the air.

Maybe we'd all be surprised if we knew the number of signals that are coming to earth from space, and how much attention is being paid to them! Take Grote Reber's big government listening station in Hawaii, for instance. Cost four million bucks!

Maybe Otto John isn't so far wrong! The newest wrinkle, according to famous physicists, is the actual existence of a fourth dimension as proved by mathematics AND observation!

Next issue we'll have a longer Letters section. Anybody who has anything to say, drop us a line, will you? We'll get you in print if possible! Rap.

PERSONALS

Wish to purchase, rent or borrow book by George Adamski titled "My Trip to Mars, Moon and Venus." Leonora Ridge, Torrance, Muskoka, Ont., Canada.

* * *

Your personal items will be printed here free of charge. Just address them to Personals, care of this magazine.

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WHY DON'T YOU PULL YOUR HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS AND HAVE DONE WITH IT?

You might as well, if you're going to let dandruff and scale and skin rash make you bald as an egg. You've bought plenty of preparations, and they don't work, you say? Of course they haven't! You've probably been cheated as many times as I have. I'll bet I've spent hundreds of dollars on jim-dandy goo and wound up with worse dandruff than I started with. Made me plenty mad, too. I always get mad when I think of the lousy junk designed to chisel your honest dollars out of you. Mad enough so that when I find something good, I'm not bashful about telling my friends about it. And OTHER WORLDS readers are my friends. I had dandruff all my life, and despaired of getting rid of it, until one day Ken Arnold (the flying saucer man) left a half bottle of Turn-er's at my home, and flew off to Boise without it. I tried the stuff, because Ken's no sissy, and doesn't put perfume on his hair. Well, in one week my dandruff was gone! And my hair had begun to darken. My wife tried it, and her rash disappeared. You can bet we wrote Ken in a hurry and asked where he got it! And now, we're telling you. But don't just take our word for it—here are a few testimonials from our readers, to back us up.

As I have about used up one bottle of your hair preparation, please send me another. I have had very good results in ridding myself of dandruff and itching. Lionel O. Brandberg, Sharon Springs, Kans.

Enclosed find money order for \$10.00 for two more bottles of Turn-er's as soon as possible. You sure found a good product. In the sixth application my dandruff was cured. Thanks to you. It does all you say and more, too. And it sure brings back the natural color to your hair. Thanks! R. E. Van Gordon. 1905 W. Milham Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Enclosed please find check for \$5.00 for

another bottle of Turn-er's as soon as possible. I have been bedeviled by a terrible itching in my eyebrows for over thirty years. It seemed to be a large flaky dandruff, but if I combed it out too near the skin, a watery substance would start, causing a scab-like condition. I have been to dozens of doctors . . . none did the slightest bit of good. After reading what Ray Palmer said, I decided to try Turn-er's. After the sixth application, I have not had an itch in my brows, and the skin underneath is as clear and clean as my face. I certainly am thankful to Mr. Palmer for bringing such a fine product to my attention.—S. W. Crusen, 2336 Fillmore Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

Enough? Well, then take it from Ray Palmer, one bottle of

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CURE YOUR DANDRUFF

RESTORE YOUR HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR

(even if it's as grey as a dirty snowbank)

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And along with it, I'll send you my personal recipe, entirely free!

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It comes in several forms—either in individual aluminum foil envelopes (it'll never deteriorate!) containing just enough to make one batch, enough for eight people; or in 1-lb. bags, or in 5-lb. cans (in case you run a restaurant, and you want to have people lined up for blocks waiting for that **WONDERFUL CHILI** they can get only at **YOUR** place). Send for any amount you want, from one small envelope to a ton. Your money back, if your palate doesn't tingle with delight.

Here's What Our Customers Say:

Need more chili seasoning, as I have been eating it until it almost comes out of my ears! Just can't seem to get enough of it. Enclosed find my check for \$3.50 for which please send me five cartons of five 8-person servings, and I will be able to continue my orgy of chili. Have several friends who are anxious to try it out also. C. A. Andrew, 905 E. Isaacs Ave., Walla Walla, Washington.

Not too long after getting my small order of your chili seasoning, I made

up a pot of chili and forgot your seasoning. After eating a small dish of it, I remembered the two envelopes of "Williams" I had, so I dumped in one package and forgot it until dinner. Well, the whole thing in a nut shell is I'll never be without Williams Chili Seasoning again! It's wonderful! I've always prided myself on real good chili, but not any more! Enclosed find \$1.00 for five more envelopes of seasoning, so I can have some more **REAL** chili! Virginia Walters, Rear 1165 Harrison Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

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Just take a look at the contents of this first FLYING SAUCERS issue (our whole title is FLYING SAUCERS From Other Worlds) and discover what a wonderful lineup we've got! And discover the big names in UFO research who are on our staff!

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