

# A GRAY BARKER



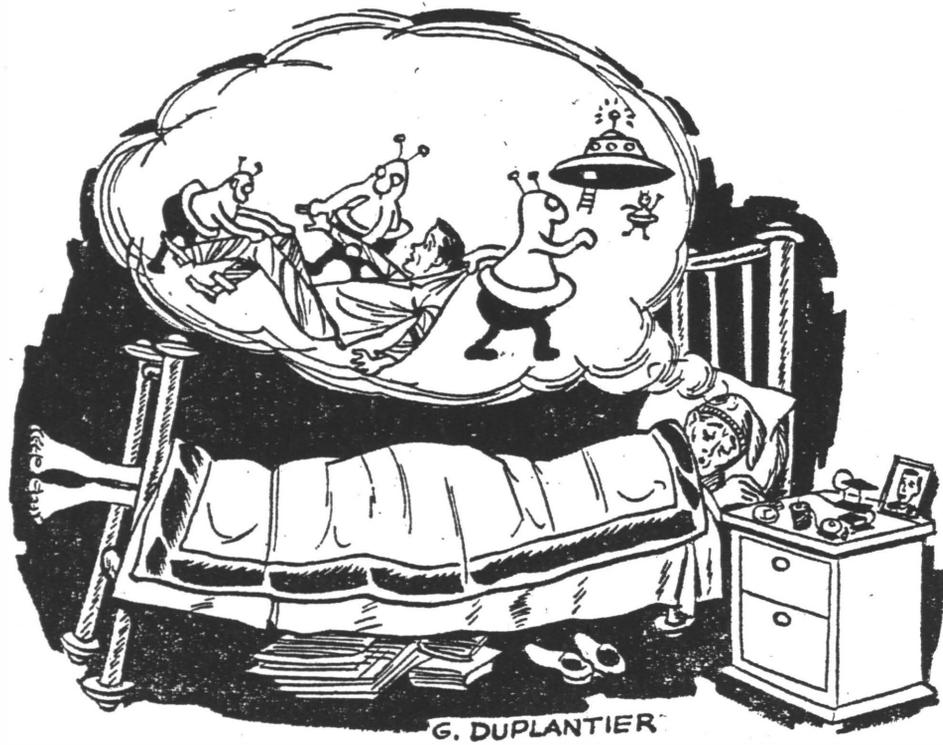
## READER II

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Gene Duplantier's illustration of  
Gray's "Saucer Nightmare" (page 24)

## BEFORE WE BEGIN

Well, here we are with the second installment of our look at the late Gray Barker's "Chasing the Flying Saucers" columns from Ray Palmer's *Flying Saucers*. We are quite pleased at the fact that our first Barker booklet sold out quickly and had to go through three reprints. Thank you one and all for allowing us to bring this fascinating early saucer information back into print after all these years!

We will be brief here so that we can get started right away, as space is at a premium as always. Keep in mind that we have taken the liberty to edit out irrelevant and extraneous material to get as many "pure" Barker items as we can fit into these pages. Also remember that we have used original capitalization and quotes, as Palmer's typesetting equipment didn't have the ability for the use of italics.

We also have to thank Canadian saucer pioneer Gene Duplantier for permission to use his original artwork from Gray's various publications and his column in *Flying Saucers*.

We would also like to dedicate this publication to the late Raymond H. Hilberg.

Rick Hilberg  
November 21, 2003

### **FLYING SAUCERS No. 6, July – August 1958**

Late last year near Painesville, Ohio, plasterer Olden Moore saw a saucer but soon shut up about it. Although he actually stood near the bright saucer-shaped object which he observed to float to the ground, he was suddenly silent. Moore committed the cardinal sin of civilian saucer investigation: HE HAD SOME ACTUAL PROOF!

Apparently the saucer didn't affect his ignition, for the report definitely stated he had stopped the car, shut off the lights of his own volition. Moore sat there about 15 minutes watching the object, wondering if he should leave the car and have a closer look at it. Finally drumming up courage, he got out and approached it. The report does not say what the thing looked like, but Moore did describe what he had heard. There was a ticking sound, he said, "like the tick of a water meter."

Now anyone who has read of time bombs has a natural and wise suspicion of something that ticks, even in broad daylight. In this case, midnight was approaching. The witness decided to go home and bring his wife to help him investigate, and left, making sure he remembered the location clearly. When he and his wife returned, however, the thing was gone.

Next morning Mrs. Moore decided to call law officials, reported her husband's experiences to Geauga County Sheriff Robusky. Apparently the sighting then aroused quite a flurry: Moore was questioned by Lake County Civil Defense Director Kenneth Locke, Sheriff Louis A. Robusky, army personnel, and scientists from Case Institute of Technology of Cleveland, Ohio.

When investigators checked the area with a Geiger counter they discovered Mr. Moore had some proof!

At the middle of the area in which the object had been seen to land the counter went crazy as the needle jumped to 150 microroentgens! The high reading gradually diminished to about 30 microroentgens at about 50 feet away from the actual landing spot. About 20 microroentgens is a normal reading!

After the investigation, friends noticed Moore had apparently gone out of town; then, when he had returned, he was tight-mouthed about his trip. After Mrs. Moore confidentially told friends he had been asked to come to Washington, D.C., to talk to investigators about the sighting, her husband confirmed her story, but added, "She talks too much."

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"I talked to high officials," was about all Moore would say; "I was sworn to secrecy and am not permitted to say where I have been."

We have often suspected that there is a much more powerful and effective motivation for "shush-up" than visitation by three men in black or being told by this or that source or agency not to babble about saucers. The power that often prevents the most dramatic sauceraccounts from reaching the public is a far more abstract thing, though even more potent, and surely more diabolical. That is the power of ridicule – the fear that someone will laugh and not believe. Then there is the much more material consideration that one may be slapped into the booby-hatch as was one recent saucerbeliever.

If the writer had seen a saucerman the likes of which Miss Frances Stichler witnessed, he, too, would probably have just forgotten about it. For the saucerman was sitting in a most ridiculous position: on the rim of a flat bowl-shaped object! Miss Stichler DID talk, however, after saucers became a bit more respectable last November, and here is the strange narrative she related:

Back in May of 1957 Miss Stichler was doing chores at the barn (she lives on a farm near Milford, Pa.) when her attention was attracted by a whirring or buzzing sound. She looked up, and there was the thing, about 20 feet in diameter, with a broad rim three to four feet wide. It was just coming into view when she looked. Then it came nearer, finally hovered about 15 feet from the ground.

The machine was tipped downward at an angle toward her, and there, sitting on the rim of the opposite side, his body partly hidden by the main part of the saucer which he faced, was a man of average size. He had deep-set eyes and a rather long face, but the most unusual thing about him was his clothing. He wore a tight-fitting helmet, and a loose-fitting suit of light gray but shiny material. His skin was deeply suntanned.

While the saucer hovered there for about a minute, the sighter and the sighted just looked at each other, the man's expression not changing. Miss Stichler was too stunned by the novelty of the occasion either to be frightened or speak to the man, she said; but just as she was gathering her wits about her the object rose with a spinning sound, sailed away and disappeared over a hill. No witnesses were present to back up her story, and that was the principal reason she did not publicize the sighting.

The witness had been a congenital doubter before his experiences of early December, 1957, when one night he was awakened by a peculiar roaring sound. He thought at first it was a passing airplane, but something odd about the noise aroused his curiosity. He got out of bed and was amazed to see an object resembling a strange kind of helicopter descending into his back yard.

"Its windows were lighted," he told *The Union*, "and I saw strange looking heads there." A side door popped open and the little creatures, about four feet tall, emerged.

Apparently the space creatures knew Rucker was an Unbeliever, for one of them, speaking unaccented English, began haranguing him (but in a gentle manner) about his skepticism. The creatures also told him they had known of his disbelief through mental telepathy.

"He informed me that he and his crew were from the planet Venus, that their civilization is centuries ahead of ours, that they are friendly, peaceable and even philanthropic. When I asked the purpose of their visit to this planet, he said they were gathering scientific data."

Now the writer does not believe in witches and demons, except on dark nights, but when he does believe in them he tends to connect them, as did Charles Fort, with visitations from space. The demons of literature and folklore usually exhibited one common tendency: They rarely stayed around after the morning cock crowed, as if the sound of the barnyard sentinel had some occult significance or power to dispel them. In the case of Rucker's little men, they also grew uneasy, he said, when the first rooster crowed, quickly filed back into their machine. They closed the door and whirled off into space, as he watched the windows glow until they vanished from view.

A mysterious UFO which "resembled the rising sun," according to Mrs. Mary Louise Tobin, a school teacher from Chestnut Lake, La., almost set a car on fire. Mrs. Tobin was driving on State Highway 1 last December 11, when, after spotting the object, she noticed another car, parked in the vicinity of the UFO, smoking as if it were on fire.

People were getting out of the smoking auto. The driver, an elderly lady, came over to the Tobin car, bringing along a little girl who had suffered burns, apparently from the intense heat of the saucer. By that time the object had gone away, and the damaged car stopped smoking. It would not start,

however, until Mrs. Tobin pushed it with her car. Unfortunately, newspaper accounts, from which this was taken, did not give the name of the burned child nor of the elderly lady.

Also on December 11, several motorists near Ellsworth, Wisc., had a close brush with a saucer flying along Highway 63 about 4:00 p.m. Many cars stopped to watch the thing, which was traveling about 50 miles per hour. At one time, the soundless 50-foot disk was said to be flying about 20 feet from the ground. A small cabin with no windows hung underneath it; it was orange and emitted a reddish glow.

Earlier, on the night of November 22, another close sighting took place, that time in Ohio. Mrs. Richard Goff, who lives near Tiro, Ohio, told the *Tiro World* how she and her brother had witnessed an object which "looked something like a bedpan with eight or ten bright lights shining from the front edge." As it came nearer them, it looked much the same as a bank of field lights at a baseball game, according to witnesses who were driving in a car at the time.

Said Mrs. Goff: "At this point another car came over the hill behind us, from the north, with bright headlights on, and the object began to back away. It then changed appearance and took on a more circular shape, together with an orangeish-red color. It swung back and forth and up and down for a long time as it backed away. We watched it for at least 15 minutes."

Jack Wiedman, 23-year-old farmer of Dexter Township, near Ann Arbor, Mich., witnessed his saucers in quantity when five strange objects, floating low in the sky above his house, circled for more than an hour on January 8.

Wiedman said the objects were long with flashing red lights, although they made no sound whatsoever. At one point one of them approached his vantage point at a height of about 200 feet, at which time he could discern what he termed "dividing bars" similar to a plane cabin. The objects were not airplanes, however, he could swear; and he was backed up by his parents and his wife who also witnessed the sighting. A spokesman of Headquarters Base of the 30th Air Division at Willow Run Airport said the AF was investigating the report.

Flying saucer accounts also occasionally came in for their share of doubt. But, regardless of whether all disk yarns were authentic, there would always be a tantalizing consideration to haunt the skeptical and plague the believer. Always there would be two ways of looking at each account.

Take the strange things people were hearing on the radio with the launching of the satellites, for example. We lump all of these, for lack of a better way of doing it, into one category, and term it "Unwanted Signals."

Even to the believers some of the items were hard to believe. The skeptic, who stated that people just imagined they heard the Unwanted Signals, or misinterpreted some kind of natural signals, and, that normally they wouldn't have been thinking about signals at all were it not for the basketball transmitters, still was faced with a disquieting consideration:

Maybe the queer signals had been there all the time, and people were simply not listening. Maybe when the Sputniks and the Explorer began beeping, their interests were piqued and they began twisting the dials. Maybe strange messages that people had heard before were not thought to be anything significant, or not reported, until the satellites started them thinking, or put an intellectual stamp of approval upon tuning in to space.

Not many of the signals were intelligible. There was the mysterious electronic force, for example, which blacked out police radio communications in Philadelphia last December. The interference, which began at 11:30 a.m., was not steady, but would black out the radio for about two minutes, then disappear, then interrupt again.

Apparently, only frequencies between 155 and 161 megacycles were affected, and police used the supplementary communication system of the fire department and the City's broadcasting station during the emergency. Operators said the signals coming from the police cars sounded "garbled" and "sort of like mumbling."

Bell Telephone technicians investigated, believed the interference was caused by a powerful transmitter which they were unable to track down. After the radios had come back on, it was forgotten about, of course, as had been files and files of other unexplained things that shouldn't have happened, but did.

Earlier a Schenectady, N.Y., doctor had complained that the radio-controlled door of his garage opened every time "Sputnik I" passed overhead. Dr. Thomas Rinaldi first thought something was

wrong when he noticed his garage door in the open position each morning for 10 succeeding days.

The door was supposed to open only when the doctor pressed a button on his dash, which operated a tiny transmitter in his car which in turn kicked a relay controlling the switch for the door motor. Thinking Sputnik might be the culprit, Dr. Rinaldi arose early one morning, sat down and watched the door. Sure enough, at 6:23, the time the satellite was scheduled to pass over the area, up popped the door! Dr. Rinaldi figured that the Sputnik must be broadcasting on the same frequency as the transmitter in his car, though no further information came to light on the mystery.

In Boise, Idaho, an unidentified voice broadcasting in a language described as "something like Japanese" blotted out police radios all over town. The interference continued for about five minutes, according to a report from WNOX Radio, Knoxville, Tenn.

But to Jesse Ungari, an oil company marketing specialist and naval reserve radioman of San Jose, Calif., the space people were bolder. They broke into the middle of a KPIX-TV commercial in a manner Ungari and his wife, Helen, could hardly construe as friendly. "We are calling you from outer space. We are going to destroy your city in 24 hours."

A spokesman of KPIX explained it away, but not before waiting guardedly for 24 hours. The "message" probably was the result of a freakish signal bounce from a distant station telecasting a science fiction program, he said.

Chronic Forteaners who became interested in the Unwanted Signals could not help resurrecting a 1953 puzzle, often called TV's biggest mystery. That was the case of the call letters, KLEE-TV, a Houston, Tex., station, which were picked up by Charles W. Bratley, in London. Now it was unusual to pick up a signal that far from its source, but engineers at Atlantic Electronics, Ltd., Lancaster, England, who investigated the case, were not concerned with the distance involved. Something more impossible had occurred.

The visual signal was picked up on September 14, 1953, but the call letters KLEE-TV had not been transmitted since July, 1950, when the Houston station changed its letters to KPRC-TV. Not only on September 14, but at late dates in the same month, the same call letters were picked up. If the signal were bouncing around somewhere in the ionosphere and coming back to earth, a 30-second delay would be phenomenal. But three years! It was impossible, but it happened. Engineers postulated that the signal may have bounced back from some body light years away in space, but there was always a remaining and more logical possibility:

Had not some intelligence in outer space received the signal and retransmitted it, hoping to communicate with Earth?

#### ***FLYING SAUCERS No. 7, October 1958***

When this was written, weeks ahead of publication (as copy for newsstand magazines must be done) the month of May, 1958, had almost drifted by, and looked as if summer really were at hand. By the time the copy was edited, though, and proofed, pasted up and finally sent to the composing room, editor Ray Palmer probably would be shaking the mothballs from his Mackinaw, if indeed he wears one.

For it would be almost September again.

Ray Palmer probably would wonder if the late fall would bring another wave of excitement as it had in 1957. Certainly, by early summer the saucers had been rather quiet, though they hadn't gone away, as Menzel, the Air Force, and the Armstrong Rug people probably hoped they would.

In Washington and elsewhere saucer investigators and government officials passed the early spring wondering who had sent an alleged hoax letter, supposedly from the Department of State, to George Adamski, endorsing his claims; some saucerenthusiasts could find plenty to think about in viewing the many plane disasters as possibly connected with UFOs.

But it seemed that saucerers were still talking about last November, as new cases kept coming to light. Would it ever be known to just what large extent Terra was visited by strange machines in November, 1957? Probably not. Perhaps many people, hearing of the embarrassment suffered by many witnesses after reporting their experiences to officials, still weren't mentioning what they saw; perhaps many of the cases simply weren't publicized, because of lethargy or other reasons.

For example, the following account dug up by J. H. Bruening of the Mississippi State College.

The account suffered the misfortune of being broadcast and not, to our knowledge, reaching newsprint, where it would become more permanent and more easily circulated. Bruening, however,

caught this one on tape.

In Nachitoches, Ala., Noem Fletcher, of Radio Station KNOC, had just interviewed Haskell Raper, Jr., could hardly believe what the witness told him. But Fletcher continued to quote the words of Raper, who had repeated, over and over:

**"Mister, I don't drink - I know my story sounds kinda thin, but I gotta believe my eyes!"**

Then there was the evidence to prove SOMETHING had happened to Raper: His 1956 Ford was a total loss, a smouldering mass of twisted steel!

Raper was coming home late one night from his job in Shreveport, La., where he was employed as a welder, and was going home to Provencal, which is about 13 miles from Nachitoches. It was about 11:00 p.m., and raining, but Raper was in a hurry to get home, had opened the Ford up to 80 miles per hour.

As he topped a hill he noticed a big object in the road about 300 yards away, with a light beaming from it. His first thought was it must be a large truck and he decelerated only slightly. But suddenly the object flashed a beam of light directly at his car. At the same time Raper said he could feel a strong pressure exerted on the front of the car, which was slowing him down.

The beam of light was almost blinding, yet he could still see some details of the object as he came to a halt about 15 feet away from it. It was a football-shaped object, about 15 feet wide or long, and some nine feet high, the best he could estimate. It had an extended border or fringe around it. Mr. Raper said it was greenish in color - in his words, "like drab Army green."

Like most of the "best" sightings, Raper then noticed the "puzzler" of the incident - a kind of interjection the saucerians, if indeed there be such people or things, seem to throw in deliberately to make investigators, in turn, throw up their hands.

**There was writing on the machine! The letters "UN" - with some numbers after them that Raper couldn't remember, but which he said were like any other numbers one see written in English.**

Maybe Raper would have taken better note of the writing, had the initial shock of seeing such a strange contraption blocking his way not been superceded by the more terrifying realization that his car was beginning to heat up. After the first few seconds of wonderment, panic hit him, and he jumped from the car and into the ditch at the side of the road. Smoke was rising from under the dashboard of his car. Then the engine burst into flame.

At that moment the object began to raise into the air. To use Raper's exact words, it "sorta cranked up," sounding like a big Diesel engine. "It lifted straight off the ground and disappeared into the clouds above."

Raper's next reaction was to get out of the ditch and start to run up the road toward Provencal, about a mile away. It was a good thing that he did. There was a loud explosion as his gas tank blew up, shooting flames all over the immediate area where he had hidden in the ditch. Running all the way to the Provencal, he awoke the town marshal, who notified other authorities.

Had Raper imagined the whole thing? The authorities didn't think so. Sheriff Earl Morris and a large number of people of the Provencal area who knew Raper thoroughly backed his character and reputation. His employer stated he was "a good worker, level-headed, and not known to be a day dreamer or a producer of fable tales."

And so, on the record goes, to our knowledge, the first insurance claim for damage to an automobile by a saucer - Raper's car was insured, and he collected full damages.

But aside from burning up Mr. Raper's car, and scaring him half to death, the saucerians involved may have been laughing up their metallic, funny-looking sleeves. Besides driving the witness to near-distraction, their English language inscription would make saucer investigators even more neurotic.

The investigators (GB included) wouldn't like this one, for somehow, the idea of Earth-made saucers, wherever and whenever it popped up, seemed to take the romance out of saucering.

But the investigators, however neurotic, also knew another thing: it was much more fantastic to believe in Earth-made saucers than saucers from space. Common sense alone would not permit such a premise. If the Russians had the saucer, they probably would have jumped us before this time, and the U.S. Government would certainly know about it - and their fear could not be kept a secret. If Uncle Sam had the saucer, why was he fumbling around with rockets that fizzled, and continuing to spend money on ordinary jet planes? Then, when some of the explainers tried to get rid of saucers by

saying they were secret weapons, genuine saucerers still had a point that would make even the explainers neurotic: the historical sightings – the things Charles Fort impishly brought to light: the things that had been scaring superstitious folk for centuries and that had been causing such folk to fall down and worship them.

Throughout saucerlan history, space people had seldom been political, though during the European "invasion" by little men in 1954 (and reported fully by Aime Michel in "FLYING SAUCERS AND THE STRAIGHT LINE MYSTERY") there had been such instances.

For example, a saucer pilot who spoke Russian and asked how far it was to the German border was reported by a Czech workman from St. Remy near Epinal, France. The workman, Louis Ujvari, 40, told the police the saucerian, who held a revolver on him, was heavily-built, wore a crash helmet and shining epaulettes. He asked whether he was in Italy or Spain, then said goodbye in Russian. The saucer looked like "two air plates (whatever that is – G.B.) face to face," with a periscope sticking out. As it flew away it made a noise like a sewing machine.

Another saucerlan, spotted in Sardinia, had a political axe to grind. Giuseppe Milla claimed to have seen "an aviator clad in luminous overalls" alight from the saucer. He said the "aviator" fled when he approached the machine, but the pilot, in his haste, left behind a package containing anti-Communist propaganda, printed in Hungarian.

But then, of course, there may be those who say that saucerians, too, have the privilege of being anti-Communist.

Although I think neither he nor I believed it, "Long John" Nebel, who broadcasts nightly radio interviews about saucers and other controversial subjects over NYC's powerful WOR, threw an interesting potato into the UFO stew early one morning after I had been on his show.

"You know," Long John said, "if you looked at this another way you might come up with something rather shaking."

Many of the space people who had allegedly contacted terrestrials almost invariably had one "line": the dangers of war and the exploitation of atomic energy.

"What if the Russians were dressing people up in funny suits, and sending them, in some new aircraft development, to talk with isolated Americans?" John asked.

I knew he was referring to Howard Menger in particular – the New Jersey resident who said he had met the space people many times.

"No one desires peace any more sincerely than we do," John continued, "but let us remember too that it is part of the Communist 'peace line' to frighten the American people into ceasing our atomic experiments. Is it not possible that some of these 'space men' are either terrestrials sent by Russia – or real space men unwittingly playing into the hands of the Communists?"

I told Long John I didn't know but certainly hoped he was wrong.

Little has been known about saucer sightings in Russia. We suspect the best explanation is that it has been extremely unpopular to see saucers in Russia. Russian officialdom has usually ridiculed the subject, terming the disks "fabrications of the American press," and in one instance Pravda charged the saucers were "American pirate planes."

During the 1954 "little men" scare in Europe the newspaper Cotempranul, published in Communist Romania, stated all the saucers were hoaxes. "They are not unknown weapons, but simply large pieces of cardboard, wrapped in silver paper, attached to balloons and lighted with 15 lamps powered by a battery.

"With this primitive instrument which it has brought to Europe, the United States wants to impress those people who believe American propaganda, and wants to stir up against Moscow a flying saucer psychosis."

If one were making up a lexicon of the behavioristic pattern of saucers, a large section would no doubt be occupied by the propensity of the saucerians to show an almost morbid curiosity about automobiles – that is if saucerians, with their alien psychologies, could be considered as morbid.

Perhaps they were attracted by the moving lights; perhaps they simply wanted to frighten motorists. Or maybe they were taking a cultural survey of some kind – investigating and trying to fathom the terrestrial mind by examining his relationship to that major facet of his civilization: the Merry Oldsmobile.

Whatever strange and sophisticated drives led the huge domeshaped object to give chase to Brian

Manning, 21-year-old resident of Casino, New South Wales, Australia, it almost scared the hell out of him!

"I was leaving my girlfriend's house on Farm Hill at 11:45 p.m. on Monday, January 13," he told members of Australia's UFO Investigation Centre, "and as I closed the fence gate on the way home, I saw a dome-shaped light with a long narrow light underneath which was bright and glowing. It came over the hill from the east and straight toward me. I was so shocked that I ignored a half-flat tire and jumped into the car and sped toward home."

The thing followed him, however. It swooped down low almost touching the telegraph poles as it seemed to give chase and overtake the car, even though Manning hit the gas and was traveling at more than 70 miles per hour. After catching up with the car, it began to make circular maneuvers; then it would hover momentarily, then swoop low over the speeding auto. The saucer continued to "buzz" Manning in the almost-hostile maneuvers until he reached his home seven miles from his girlfriend's home.

The report at this point becomes incomplete, because it does not say what happened to the saucer after he fled breathlessly into his house. Manning added, however:

"I can't say whether the object was noiseless or not because the noise from my engine was so great but it is a notable fact that my car radio developed interference as the object was approaching.

"The car windows were down. I wear eye-glasses and had had no alcoholic drink that night. The weather was cloudy. Needless to say, I was terribly shocked after this unusual experience, and arrived home trembling. My relatives and friends believe my story, but others treat it as a joke."

The UFO Investigation Centre described Manning as having a background "more than satisfactory," and "a typical young Australian who is not apt to suffer from hallucinations."

Throughout the spring witnesses were persistent in claiming they had not only seen saucers, but the contraptions' non-musical disk jockeys as well.

There was the Drakestown, N.J., auto mechanic who was really shaken up by such an encounter.

"I know it sounds crazy," he told a Jersey City *Journal* reporter, "and if I read it in the paper I'd think I was crazy, but I saw it and wish I hadn't. I'll have to admit I was really scared!"

It happened last December 30th, near George Chowanski's home in secluded Chooley's Mountains. As in many other cases, the witness was alerted by the barking of his dogs.

Chowanski said he heard "a whirring noise" like an electric shaver, and there, coming down out of the cold and clear night sky was "a luminescent glow from a shape like a saucer, which seemed to hover about two feet above the ground."

Three figures - the witness referred to them simply as "individuals" - emerged from the bottom of the large object, walked about in a clearing and returned to the machine after one had picked something off the ground. In two or three minutes, as best he could estimate, the saucer took off.

Chowanski said he called his wife, Stella, out of the house, but terrified by the sight, she fled back inside. She told newsmen she, too, wished she "hadn't seen it."

But by far the most interesting run-in with space people appeared in a recent issue of *Ufology News*, edited by Ralph Sandbach, Jr. Although the Canadian paper from which Sandbach drew the information was not dated nor identified, it was, he said, from a recent issue, and related an incident which took place eight years ago.

The anonymous man who evidently gave the paper the story said he had not told the story for fear of ridicule, but had decided to release it because his health was failing and he wanted the world to know about it.

His exciting experiences began while he was working for the U.S. Army of Occupation in Austria in early 1951. He had left his automobile at a motor pool north of Salzburg at 11:00 p.m., and had begun to walk home by way of a shortcut.

He started at a noise in the brush, looked, and there saw the outline of a man, much shorter than he and wearing some kind of helmet. The man pointed a weapon at him, and there was a click. He had expected a report, but instead was even more startled to find he could not move. The strange helmeted man then attached a black plate to his chest, dragged him through the brush to a clearing which was hidden from the road.

In the clearing rested a round object about 150 feet in diameter. A door in the object opened and he was led into a dark room.

He believed the ceiling of the room was either plastic or some other transparent material, for he could see the stars shining through it. Suddenly there was a jerk as the craft rose and the victim recovered from his paralysis. Soon the machine came into the sunlight and for the first time he could see the pilot of the saucer, who was in the same room at the controls.

The pilot was bald and wore a helmet. He had a high forehead and big eyes, a slit for a mouth, and two holes for a nose. His body was described as "like a tin can." He seemed to have three long fingers instead of hands.

Although the walls and floor appeared to be glass, he could not see through them. In the middle of the ship was a large black plate, like the one on his chest, with beams going to the walls. As they came into the sun, the pilot cut off the heat with a blue water-like covering which moved over the room.

Finally the worst of his suspicions were justified and the saucer landed on Mars, where he could see red fields, along with gray-green ones; and in the latter were objects like large chimneys rising from the ground. The sky was cloudless and the sunlight was very bright.

The craft landed on a high platform among a fleet of other ships similar to the one he was in. The pilot got out and walked to one of the other ships, and while he waited he noticed in particular a sort of dirty looking ship with a man, woman and two children from Earth. In another ship was two other terrestrials.

He noticed the landscape again. The green-gray fields were splotted with flowers like our sunflowers - only they were red. In the distance, by a straight river, he could see dark objects, which appeared to be something like cattle moving.

The pilot returned and they took off again, and soon he found himself returned to Earth, in the same spot where he was picked up. He was led back to the road.

Again the pilot pointed the weapon-like object, which looked like a pencil at him. But before it could click a dog barked and the pilot seemed startled. Hurriedly the little man detached the plate from his chest, jumped into the ship and took off.

The anonymous man added that he believed the Martian intended to put a ray on him which would make him forget the experience, but somehow had forgotten to do so, or had changed his mind when he heard the dog bark.

And it was assumed by the writer that when, in the not-so-distant future, the interplanetary department of the U.S. Marine Corps. is organized, this will be one of the first narratives related to that branch of the armed forces.

Added to the list of persons who have held garrulous conversations with extraterrestrials was Mrs. Helen Jefferson, of Battle Creek, Mich., who told police she was approached by a "little man not of this world" on three consecutive days - March 20 through 22.

She was on her way home from the store the afternoon of the 20th when the little man suddenly came up to her and asked if he could come into her house for a cup of coffee. The little being, who was only about three feet tall, and who was dressed in a tan leather coat with hood and leather pants, had a pinkish-yellow complexion. His hair was of the same color.

One of the most interesting elements of the report reaching us from the Detroit UFO Research Group was the unusual "equipment" carried by the alleged extraterrestrial: an object that appeared to be a wheel, carried in a light blue bag made of a rubberish-looking material. This was tucked under his arm, according to the witness.

After the self-invitation for a cup of coffee, the little man, who spoke in "throaty" guttural sounds, one word at a time instead of sentences, finally communicated that he had an important message for her. However, Mrs. Jefferson became frightened and ran into the house.

A day later she met the same little man again, but the longest interview took place on March 22. On that day he told her he was married, but had no children, and that his wife "was gone." Asked where he came from the little man said a word which sounded to her like "moose." She asked him if he meant "Mars," whereupon the creature began pointing upward and gesturing, though she never did figure out if he meant to confirm her supposition.

According to an article in *The Visitor*, the Detroit Group's publication, a five-year-old neighbor girl also saw the little man and confirmed the woman's story.

Although the report is far from complete (and we assume the Detroit group is checking it further),

it would seem to the writer that the presence of such a little man in a populated area would certainly be seen by more than two persons, especially since the events took place (we assume) in broad daylight.

The report is reminiscent of a recent one from Birmingham, England, where a 27-year-old housewife claimed she was visited by two space men. The mother of two girls claimed the space people materialized right in her home, then talked to her lengthily.

Mrs. Cynthia Appleton said the space men were "tall and blond - like Greek athletes they were."

But let her continue with the story:

"One afternoon last November I was in the lounge of my home when a space man suddenly appeared. I was terrified, but he spoke so kindly that I wasn't frightened any more. He said his people were willing to come to Earth, but with only one objective in mind...to raise the standards of our civilization."

After the experience Mrs. Appleton still couldn't be sure whether the space people had actually been there in person or not, for in some ways their appearance resembled something electronic.

When they first appeared she described the space people as looking "just like a TV picture on a screen, a very blurred image." Then suddenly they came into sharp focus, and she was under the impression they were actually in the room.

The two men told her they were from a part of Venus they called Ghanas Vahn (pronounced gutturally as if German). Included in the interplanetary information dispensed by the Venusians was the announcement that "the bearers of the Hammer and Sickle" were on the point of perfecting a ray gun which would disintegrate matter, and that this was imminent. They had contacted her because she was one of the few capable of receiving their image.

Both narratives fit into the pattern of the so-called "contact" cases in different ways, one of the most obvious is the selectivity of visitation. In both cases the space people appear to one selected individual, rather than to a group, or to people in greater authority (one wonders why they never call upon Congressmen, or, in England, members of Parliament).

#### ***FLYING SAUCERS* No. 8, December 1958**

Almost anyone who talked to you about saucers would complain that the summer of 1958 had been a dull one, as far as UFOs were concerned. Surely, there had been a number of "good" sightings, but **there had been a lull.**

It was typical of Ufologers to be disappointed. Although they couldn't be absolutely certain whether the saucers were a good thing for the country or not, they were still intrigued by them and loved to read about them and discuss them.

And the thoughtful saucerers utilized the lull to wonder why sightings had been "off." Had the space people almost finished some kind of strange and thorough investigation of Earth and had gone back to Venus - or wherever they had come from? Or were they waiting for the next Mars opposition when somehow or other it seemed stylish for them to appear? Or maybe they had never been here in the first place and it had all been imaginary?

Or by the time this text appeared they might have been back again - at least the writer hoped so. Otherwise he would have to quote Charles Fort at length, recount unpublished November, 1957, sightings, or start an argument of some sort to fill up space.

Saucer lore is plethoric with accounts of small disk-like objects disgorged from larger craft. And saucer-speculators have supposed many of the small disks are not manned, but remotely controlled detection devices which relay information back to "mother ships."

One such account, this one enriched with a great deal of detail, came through the Vancouver Area Flying Saucer Club, of British Columbia, Canada, by way of Gene Duplantier's SAUCERS, SPACE & SCIENCE, of which the editor has often done art work for FLYING SAUCERS.

It all began when Grahame Laugton, 12-year-old boy scout, looked up and saw a full moon where a full moon shouldn't be, though apparently he mistook it for the moon - until he happened to glance toward the west and saw a new quarter moon shining brightly.

He looked up again. The extra moon looked very bright and metallic, seemed to "hang out from the sky," in Grahame's words. It also seemed to be unusually low.

The boy's wonderment increased when he looked toward his house and discovered a red glow in the back garden, as if something were on fire there. He ran toward the glow.

What Grahame confronted in that dark back garden 9 o'clock at night in February, 1958, was something no boy should run into, even in broad daylight. But with that peculiar bravery often displayed by children just getting into their teens, the boy approached the thing which he conservatively termed "the object" in reports given to the Canadian group.

Whatever it was, it appeared to be stationary, hovering about three feet off the ground. Whitish gray in color, the entire object couldn't have measured more than ten feet across, he stated.

Grahame quickly noted that the red light associated with the "object" was being emitted from a rim or center piece, which was divided into sections. Almost as soon as he had noticed this detail, a car drove by the house, and the red light from the center piece flashed in the direction of the motorist, at the same moment growing in intensity.

The object was directly between him and the house, and he had to get past it. Seeing attention apparently directed upon the automobile, Grahame tried to creep past it to get to the back door, but stumbled and kicked a stone in the path, whereupon the machine suddenly turned off the section shining the light at the car and lighted another section directly confronting the boy.

"The light was so brilliant I could hardly see. Then the whole center piece went dark; a few seconds elapsed and it became bright again."

At that instant Grahame noticed another detail which had then escaped him. Projecting arms extended from the machine, ending with small knobs or balls, which appeared to have lines on them. The moment the light flashed on the boy the balls began to buzz in a signal-like fashion.

Grahame then heard a loud "swish" from what he termed a "funnel-like piece" but didn't describe, as the saucer took off at a slightly tilted angle, flying toward the "mother ship" or moon-like object. As the two objects seemed to merge, the large disk diminished in size, presumably because it was traveling directly away from the witness.

As saucer-sighters usually do, Grahame left the Canadian saucer group babbling perplexedly over another ingredient he tossed into the saucer stew:

He remembered walking across the garden earlier the same day, February 24, and hearing that same buzzing sound he had heard when, later that night, the strange machine took off. The buzzing had come from the ground, but there was nothing there. He remembered thinking it must be an insect and then reasoning that was impossible in the dead of the Canadian winter. Unable to figure it out, he had forgotten it.

Grahame added that his sighting had been investigated by an officer from the Canadian Mounted Police, who said he had no reason to disbelieve the story.

Meanwhile another resident of British Columbia reported a sighting which backed up the boy's experience. A club member whom the group didn't name wrote in saying he found their published account of the sighting interesting because he remembered an unusual experience of the same night.

He was just drawing the curtains across the living room window when he noticed what he thought to be a full moon in the sky. Because it looked so unusually brilliant, he pushed back the curtains to enjoy a better look. This moon, too, looked metallic, but he probably would have drawn the curtains again and forgotten all about it, had something else not caught his eye. A cloud approaching the "moon" did not obscure it, but **passed behind it!**

Although Charles Fort once suggested the moon was much closer than astronomers claimed, and advanced some tongue-in-cheek "data" to prove his point, it was obvious the Canadians were seeing something different, or that if it were a moon, there certainly must have been a man in it - a space man.

The buzzing of the object had sounded quite mechanical and electronic. Was it indeed an observation disk, an unmanned (or "unthinged") mechanical device sent out by the larger craft? A small unit, not unlike a television camera, though vastly more efficient, able to transmit a multitude of data back to the operators on the "mother ship?"

Who knows, maybe the space people, with their advanced equipment, can use mechanical gadgetry even to read thoughts, to scrutinize the atomic structure of earthly things. A gadget so complex and thorough it might even be able to send out intelligence on whether saucer witnesses use stick or cream deodorant!

It probably was the eerie setting as much as the saucer which frightened three teenage members of an Oregon GOC station.

Norman Gutscher and two of his friends were walking through the Newberg, Oreg., cemetery one night this past summer when they noticed a cigar-shaped object sitting a short distance away from them. The moon was full, they said, and it outlined the object clearly.

The boys broke into a run for home, and at one point, when Norman glanced over his shoulder, he was further terrified to see two lights following them. The lights were blue and fairly small, he remembered.

Passing a neighbor's house on the way home they encountered two dogs which knew them and greeted them excitedly because they were running, but without barking. But upon seeing the lights following them, both animals began howling and barking, "the likes of which we never heard before," to quote Norman.

Terry Hollinger of Portland, who submitted the report, believed Norman was completely truthful and serious about his story. An AF official interviewed Norman, Hollinger told us, but tried to convince the boys they had seen a large storage tank and had become frightened by it.

Even had the AF man been right, Norman explained to Hollinger, the lights had followed them. Then he revealed another strange facet of the occurrence: both dogs which had seen the lights and barked at them were found dead the next morning!

Getting back to graveyards, we keep remembering mysterious lights associated with these spooky locations when the writer was a small child. Even though we never saw them ourselves, our brothers kept us in terror of local cemeteries by constantly reviewing what they had seen there.

Considering the multitude of such accounts we used to hear, there must have been some truth in their insistence that such lights were often seen. They liked to tell of the bobbing light they once discovered in the old graveyard on a hill near and in view of our house, a particularly terrifying cemetery because of the allegedly reprehensible people buried there (one of them had murdered a peddler, it was said, and buried him under the house).

They were standing in our front yard when they noticed the bright ball of light bobbing up and down over the approximate location of the cemetery. Deciding to act brave, they called out to the light to "come on down!" Their discomfiture was great when the light, as if intelligently controlled, began moving slowly toward the house, but halted when it reached the crest of the hill.

Could a number of inexplicable phenomena, which have frightened and inspired wonderment in people down through the centuries, be a part of the vast flying saucer mystery? Sometimes we think so. (And we often add to ourselves the proposition that once ghosts are explained satisfactorily the origin of a great number of the saucers will also be known.)

Saucerminded South Americans were still cataloging UFO activity which never seemed to let up, despite the season. Among the saucer investigators who frequently sent reports to the U.S. was Hulvio Brant Alexio, director of an investigative organization with the initials CICOANI, of Minas, Gerais, Brazil.

Latest information from Alexio consisted of a newspaper clipping from the *Jornal do Dia* of last November, which related the findings of a correspondent in the state of Santa Catarina.

The correspondent was traveling in his jeep, carrying a patient to a hospital, when Pedro Zilli, owner of a farm along the road, halted him and asked if he had seen any flying saucers.

The correspondent replied in the negative and would have forgotten the farmer's odd question, had he not met some other people in a nearby village who also volunteered information about strange sky objects. His curiosity finally piqued, he delivered the patient to the hospital and drove back to Zilli's farm, where he found the 43-year-old farmer and another man, Joao Ernami, building a tobacco hothouse.

The farmers had first noticed something unusual when they heard a low buzzing sound, but they remembered they paid no attention to it, thinking it was the wind. They noticed that the cattle which were grazing in the neighborhood had stopped grazing and were looking toward a group of trees in a frightened manner.

Then both men saw what had disturbed the animals. About 500 feet from them were two metallic objects on the ground. First believing it to be the wreckage of a plane, they walked toward the spot, but stopped when they saw six people, dressed in a strange dark gray habit, emerge from the grove of trees and walk toward the two objects, which they could then discern were not conventional aircraft.

The things were round, without wings, probably measured 10 feet across. As the six strange men neared the ships, they divided into two groups, three getting into each of the machines.

As the ships then took off, Zilli and Ernami were further amazed to discover three other identical objects which appeared from behind the trees and joined the other two in the sky. All five saucers disappeared into the west at great speed.

A check with other people in the neighborhood revealed confirmatory evidence. Some said they had seen the objects; some had heard strange noises or seen vapor trails in the sky.

South America remained a hotbed of UFO activity, despite a mild saucer summer in the U.S.

An enormous flying cigar, reddish in color and emitting "golden lights," passed over Caracas, Venezuela, slowly on May 28, exciting the attention of hundreds of people. According to Dr. Francisco Ancieto Lugo, who reported the sighting to FLYING SAUCERS, numerous witnesses were of what he termed "a high position and until now completely skeptical in regard to the existence of flying saucers."

That was not the first appearance of a cigar-shaped object over Caracas this year, according to Dr. Lugo who added that the same machine, or one like it, amazed residents of Bello Monte, an elegant urban district of Caracas.

The excitement among the people of Caracas was rivaled and even surpassed when an entire squadron of strange objects flew over Ciudad Bolivar, in the same country, on June 5.

Dr. Lugo said the objects which almost everyone in the city had witnessed apparently caused the communications system of the control tower of the city to fail while they were flying overhead.

Professor Ernesto Sifontes, Venezuelan scientist of great authority, and chief of the weather bureau of the Venezuelan navy, had been skeptical about saucers until the widely-witnessed incident. Afterward, when he was asked about the origin of the objects, he said gravely, "They are not from this world."

In closing his report, Dr. Lugo remarked that in South America research has shown saucer activity steps up on rainy days, and wondered if there could be some reason why they showed up during inclement weather. That the rain might hide their operations to some extent was the only idea he could advance to explain the connection.

Even in the Ufological catalog of the super-mysterious, there was apparently room for anomaly as people continued to see objects which, even for saucers, were odd-looking.

There was the wavy, snake-like cable affair sighted by a record carton manufacturer and his wife who wished to remain anonymous. They estimated the thing was about 125 feet long and two feet thick.

The excited tale of a wheel in the sky told by an ancient prophet was almost outdone by the sighting, for the witnesses declared that near each end was a hub-like bulge, with three to five spokes protruding from each. The spokes were eight to ten feet long, and varied in length; however there was no rim to the "wheels." The entire construction appeared to be motionless, as if suspended in the sky.

Although the witnesses might not have been sure of measurements, because they said the thing appeared to be about three miles away from them and half a mile high, they were certain of one thing: after being on view only a few seconds it abruptly vanished. As the witnesses put it, "Presto - it was gone - no vapor or smoke. Just a clear blue sky where it had hung a fraction of a second before."

At least one saucerer had an explanation. Our old friend Meade Layne, of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, an organization promulgating the view that saucers occupy what he terms an "etheric" dimension, had this to say when queried by the witnesses:

"Visions involving wheels and attachments have reference to power plants or to generation and use of etheric energy in one way or another. You probably happened to tune in on the frequency rate of some etheric construction at a materialization rate when it was passing from one level to another."

Because the time between writing of copy and the publication of newsstand magazines must, because of technical and editorial reasons, be considerable, sightings published herein may occasionally be "old hat" to some readers who have happened to run across the news elsewhere.

Then there are the reports which never reach newspapers anyhow, and are often stored away in the files of private UFO investigation centers until they reach us by way of their often-delayed publications or chance correspondence with them.

It is therefore petitioned that readers do not object to this even older sighting, which FLYING SAUCERS recently uncovered in the yellowed files of *The Brawley News*, of Imperial Valley, Calif. and there may be a moral of some kind in a story appearing in 1905, probably a part of the great airship scare of the late 1890s, during which cigar-shaped vessels were seen widely.

"AIRSHIP VISITS IMPERIAL VALLEY: GHOSTLY CRAFT SAILING BACK AND FORTH SEEN BY MANY PEOPLE," reads the old headline.

"It seems that on Wednesday night," the story states, "J.A. Jackson, a well-known resident of Silsbee, was driving a herd of hogs to Imperial and discovered a bright light bearing down upon him from the heavens. Startled, he watched it closely until behind the light there appeared the form of an airship, apparently about 70 feet in length with a searchlight in front and several other lights aboard."

**But the corker of the story was yet to come. The mysterious machine was propelled by wings which rose and fell as the wings flapped like a gigantic bird!**

The writer compared the machine with dirigibles then in use but concluded "there was no balloon attachment as is usually the case with airships."

Jackson then ran to the nearby home of W.E. Wilsie, whom he woke in time for the neighbor to see the lights of the machine before it disappeared.

At 1:30 a.m. the same night, Imperial Valley postmaster H.E. Allatt also saw a brilliant light which shone into his room and awakened him. There being no moon, he thought it might be a fire, but could find nothing when he arose to investigate. The newspaper writer believed the light may have been from the same airship.

Later in the week at Brawley, a bright light, similar to a locomotive headlight, hovered over the mountains at the northwest part of the valley, now and then disappearing from view. The phenomenon lasted about ten minutes, was described by witnesses as too far from the ground to be a fire and too large for a star.

That Imperial Valley was being visited not only by ordinary UFOs, but quite unusual ones – maybe primitive models with wings – was further indicated by the weird report which modern newspapers probably would rather forget about than publish:

"Station Agent Reid, together with the foreman of the Espee carpenter gang, saw on one afternoon this week, at a distance of about five miles, in the Northwest, what appeared to be a titanic white bird at about the height of the sand hills. As it was clearly impossible, even in the desert air, to see a bird at that distance, they too have been pondering over the case and come to the conclusion that what they saw was the airship making its way over the desert."

A number of ranchers also saw the machine while irrigating their fields at night.

But even in those ante-saucer days newspapers enjoyed being anti-saucer, and even then tried to explain them away; though in the case of **The Brawley News** writer, the explanation was naive as compared with the deliberate and obvious cover-ups by present day saucerphobes.

The only feasible explanation, the writer reasoned, was that some inventor from the coast "has been testing his airship in an extended run, and chose the comparative solitude of the desert at night as a favorable place for a trial."

And the story was explained to many, and then forgotten, until exhumed again, its uncanny trappings still as unknown and mysterious as ever before. But we love this old story, along with others we have run across which have involved huge constructions that propelled themselves by the flapping of wings.

FLYING SAUCERS editors continued to be impressed by the November, 1957, saucer flap as hitherto unreported sightings continued to filter in. The flap must have surely been even bigger and more worldwide than any saucerer had supposed.

Many of the reports (these by way of the British FLYING SAUCER REVIEW) are as interesting as the ones we ran shortly after the November excitement.

Take the two reports turned in to the Danish Defense Intelligence Service from the Island of Bornholm, for example.

One came from the Air Station at Bornholm where an officer reported a saucer. Just after darkness had fallen an object equipped with flashing red and green lights flew low over the water and later over the island, leaving a glowing tail of flames. Many civilians also saw the object which couldn't have been a meteor because reports had it hovering stationary in the sky like a helicopter.

Another came from Hans Haugaard Hansen who spotted a triangular-shaped object moving at a very low level across a field, and emitting reddish or orange-colored light. Neither of the two saucers reported made any sound, but the latter was the more spectacular for one other reason:

The bottom of the object appeared quite solid, but the upper part, though not described as a

cockpit, was transparent, through which Hansen observed two human-like figures. The sighting was backed up by a Mr. and Mrs. Podor, who, at Vorgasse, described a T-shaped object they had seen. It behaved like the two other objects, and they also saw two beings inside the contrivance.

To show how widespread the flap had been in Denmark, FLYING SAUCER REVIEW quoted the Danish weekly, *Familie-blad*, which stated:

"Not a single day passes without some report appearing in daily papers all over the country of true observations having been made by truthful people. And, strangely enough, the observations are made in different parts of the country all at the same time. Therefore, the possibility of optical illusions or imagination is out of the question. Strange things are happening between the sky and Denmark and the mysterious happenings we have hitherto associated with American and Australian deserts have suddenly come nearer to our own lives."

Another Danish newspaper, *B-T*, was similarly excited about saucers, though it related more recent sightings. In the issue of April 16 a writer stated, "Triangular space ships have also now appeared in the southern part of Jutland. From every part comes reports of mysterious phenomena in the sky toward the late evening. All witnesses state with certainty that conventional aircraft are not involved.

"The Air Station at Skrydstrup also states no aeroplanes have been reported at that particular time over the area...A large violet or bluish-red object was seen floating across the sky at about 10 p.m. The size of the object was reported varying from the size of a star to that of a football. Until the early hours of the morning reports came in about the phenomena. One eyewitness, Mrs. Erik Rasmussen, of Kilding, gave this description: 'I stood by the window and saw something which first of all appeared as a shooting star. As it approached it grew and changed shape. It looked like a flying apparatus - perhaps a space ship. It shone out a yellow-reddish light and had a triangular shape. It came from the north and disappeared toward the south above the town. The object had great speed. My husband and I both ran into the street and watched the object disappear toward the south.'

The paper also related how three young men saw a huge lighted object which discharged two smaller ones. The observers watched the oval for about 20 minutes, reported it lay on its side. It seemed to quiver and move slightly all the time. Later the huge object flew upward and disappeared while a fanshaped tail of light came from its rear.

The newspaper concluded by saying: "So many reports of a similar nature have been sent to the Air Force Station of Skrydstrup that they have been unable to cope with all of them and more are expected in the near future."

#### **FLYING SAUCERS No. 9, FEBRUARY 1959**

As this writer hopefully expected, the flying saucers had come back with the fall of 1958.

While we had suspected they were as numerous as they had been during the preceding November, there wasn't quite as much excitement over them. There had been so many Sputniks, Explorers and rocket firings the public was beginning to take outer space for granted. And flying saucers got crowded out of the wire services by terrestrially-directed outer space doings.

Though the reports were harder to dig up, because they appeared largely in small, local papers, and UFO publications of limited circulation, they were just as interesting, if not more so, than ever before.

Whenever they appeared, Earth people were variously frightened, astounded or amused by them. And to the Air Force they were still a king-size public relations problem.

During the summer the AF apparently hadn't had much trouble with the saucers. Apparently they still chased them, and probably shot at them; but their greatest problem with the elusive disks, it seemed, was not how to catch them, but how to **explain** them.

A UFO hovered over a bridge at Loch Raven, near Baltimore, on October 26 and burned the faces of two men who excitedly described the run-in to police.

Although we haven't heard the official explanation to this one, we suspect it will have to be more than a lamp bulb - or at least more than 200 watts. The *Baltimore News Post*, describing the incident, termed it "a monstrous egg-shaped thing from space."

Phillip Small and Alvin Cohen, returning from a fishing trip, sighted the thing as they drove along Loch Raven Drive toward the Dulaney Valley Road at about 11:30 p.m.

According to Small:

"As we approached the No. 1 bridge, just above the dam, we saw this big white egg-shaped thing about 100 feet long floating or suspended over the bridge.

"As we approached to within about 75 feet of the bridge, the motor of my car cut out and the lights went off. We got out of the car and watched the thing for about a minute.

"Then it began to glow intensely and threw off a lot of heat. The object then shot straight up in the air with a loud clap or the sound of an explosion, and went out of sight."

Quite shaken by that time, the two men jumped back into the car and hopefully tried the ignition switch. The motor turned over and started and the lights came on. In the excitement they hadn't realized an uncomfortable feeling on their faces, but later discovered they suffered minor burns.

Mrs. Small told reporters that one side of her husband's face was a bright red and felt hot when he returned. She thought his face must have been subjected to a flash of intense heat.

Police immediately rushed to the scene of the sighting, but found nothing. Air Force officials at a nearby base had been notified, the police said.

Meanwhile a noted Baltimore astronomer, James C. Bartlett, Jr., prodded on by NICAP, decided to talk about a sighting of two enormous UFOs in 1953, providing an answer to some critics who ask, "Why don't the astronomers see the saucers?"

Skeptical before his experience, Dr. Bartlett wasn't so sure after seeing four large lights and focusing his 7-power binoculars on them.

The lights turned out to be coming from the noses of two enormous craft, "which more than filled the binoculars." Dr. Bartlett could see a cabin in the noses and what appeared to be port-holes in the sides of the two cigar-shaped objects.

The astronomer was observing a transit of the star Fomalhaut at the time he first spotted the lights and turned his attention to the more amazing heavenly phenomenon closer at hand. He also told NICAP he heard a sound like a piston engine at great height.

It is interesting to note that the astronomer witnessed the huge constructions through ordinary binoculars. Most people who wonder why astronomers don't see saucers fail to realize that the large telescopes at observatories such as Mt. Wilson and Mt. Palomar are really TOO BIG to be used in UFO hunting. Such telescopes usually are trained on very small portions of the sky in order to observe star systems light years away. Most of the time astronomers aren't even looking through the things anyway, but set the instruments for photographing far-away stars by time exposure, while the telescopes track the same areas by the use of huge clockwork.

Even while looking through the eyepiece, the astronomer can see only a small portion of the sky at any given time anyhow, and saucers could be buzzing all around and he wouldn't see them - even if he could, he would find it impossible to swing the large telescope around to follow them with any reasonable speed.

Then UFOs coming into the field of view would be far out of focus, since the long focal lengths of such telescopes give little depth of field and wouldn't pick up close objects with clarity.

Three early-rising farm owners near Elizabethtown, Ky. (45 miles from Louisville on the Dixie Highway South), were puzzled by a coneshaped object which was sitting in a pasture field on Mrs. Harvey Devore's farm.

Mrs. Devore told us by telephone she watched the object for about three hours altogether. "The bottom part of the object seemed to be darker than the top, which was bright, like aluminum.

"Something was turning on it," Mrs. Devore said, which she said "might have been a revolving light."

It was too far away for Mrs. Devore to get a good look at it. After puzzling for some time about what it could be, she called two neighbors, Leslie Sutzer and Alvin Duncans. They came to her house and all of them watched it for about 45 minutes before they could get up enough nerve to investigate the object from a closer distance.

Finally Sutzer walked up toward the field. When he was about 300 yards away from it, however, the thing ran for a few feet across the ground and then took to the air. He said the object made no noise; neither was there any odor.

Sutzer, in his fairly near approach to the object, said it wasn't quite as big as an automobile.

That the saucer may have been some weird combination of ground and aircraft was suggested by Hardin County Sheriff Byron Pirtle's statement that he had found wheel prints in another field close to

where it was sighted.

Mrs. Devore was hesitant to say much about what she had seen, giving us the impression she felt it was a secret U.S. invention; though she said she would be glad for Government investigators to call on her.

Meanwhile four veteran crewmen of a Monon Railroad freight train told of their bizarre experience with four saucers which buzzed their train as it puffed along near Roseville, 14 miles east of Lafayette, Ind.

"It was the most fantastic thing I ever saw," reported conductor Ed Robinson, of Indianapolis, during a radio interview.

"If someone else had reported it, I would think he was crazy."

The four disk-shaped objects, which were about 40 feet in diameter and 10 feet thick, first approached the train about 3:00 a.m., and followed it for 40 miles.

"The things played with our train," the conductor added, explaining the saucers flew along with the train, sometimes circling it, apparently inspecting it all over from engine to caboose. The men described them as dark orange, luminous objects.

Fireman Cecil Bridge, flagman Morris Ott, and Paul Sobey, all of Indianapolis, agreed with the conductor.

"At one time," observed Bridge, "they stood on their edges behind the train, looking like four sticks stuck in the ground - except that the two on the outside leaned outward at, I would say, a 45-degree angle."

After the saucers had either finished their thorough inspection, or had just got tired of watching, they sped off toward the south, rapidly going out of sight.

#### **FLYING SAUCERS No. 10, MAY 1959**

I have often considered it might be fun riding in space ships, as have Adamski, Menger, Fry and the others. But frankly, the novelty of such an occasion would, I am sure, frighten me so severely I would decline any such offer of transportation by saucerians. Perhaps that is why they have, to date, NOT offered me such a ride.

Anyhow, I remember talking with Don Leigh McCulty, a newspaper editor and motion picture theatre associate of mine, and remarking to him I would rather take a trip in most anything, even a Sputnik, than to tackle the Pennsylvania Turnpike. That was mid-January, and I was desperately anxious to get into New York to take care of some social and business matters, mainly the printing of the Howard Menger book, "FROM OUTER SPACE TO YOU", - then in the middle stages of typesetting.

I would need my car, for I knew I must see a number of personalities, saucerenthusiastic and otherwise, all over the NYC-Jersey area. I couldn't go by plane - or saucer, even if I wanted to.

The American Automobile Club was little more help than Don. They kept telling me I shouldn't start at all, for most of the turnpike was covered with ice, and the mountain roads leading from Clarksburg to the super highway were even worse. And Don, knowing of my cowardice on hazardous roads, only made matters worse by suggesting I take out more insurance.

Don and I sat down in Anderson's Restaurant as I studied the Triple-A Trip-Tik map fearfully. But that was not all that worried me.

"Along with the problems of the weather," I complained further, "I'll be out of town an entire week. And I have to get out the column for Ray Palmer. If I miss a deadline he might send a couple of his private Dero out after me."

Don sat there a long time, not saying anything, the way he often does when you ask him a question. But he's always thinking and half an hour later he'll give you some kind of an answer.

During dessert he looked up from his copy of VARIETY (the show biz bible) and I knew he was about to make some pronouncement.

"Your 'Chasing the Saucers' article is always the same old thing - why don't you change it now and then?"

I sat there and burned under his critical appraisal.

"Leave all your clippings and sighting reports behind and borrow a typewriter while you're in Jersey. Write about the people you meet up there."

"Hm-m-m."

I slammed down the coffee cup and buried my head behind the large first issue of "The Outpost

Reporter," a new saucer-occult publication put out by Tom O'Neil, of Southern Pines, N.C. If I let Don know I liked the idea, he would be telling me how to do everything.

The turnpike turned out to be clear of ice, although the precipitous mountain roads leading to it had indeed increased my piety. Once I had let out the car to 65 an hour I couldn't wait until I pulled into the New York area and could telephone some of my contacts. When I hit the New Jersey Turnpike I rang up August C. Roberts long distance and told him I'd be dropping in about midnight (knowing he would not have to be at the office the next day).

When I arrived at 443 Ogden Ave. NE, Roberts was in his favorite haunt, the darkroom.

"And how is the photo editor of FLYING SAUCERS?" I greeted him.

"Just ready to put these 8X10's in the wash, so that we can talk - but don't grab my hand. I've had it in the hypo."

I looked at the pictures swirling in the wash. "Who's that fellow with the odd-looking eyes?"

"Oh, that , (he said in a mater-of-fact tone) he's Prince Neosom of the Planet Tythian."

"He's the fellow I was tipped off about. Do you think he's on the level?"

"Who knows? I met him briefly at his press conference. That's where I got these shots. I have a tape I want you to hear, though, made by a fellow who's spent a lot of time with him."

Roberts held up one of the prints thoughtfully. "I see I should have used No. 2 paper."

That was like Roberts. Here he was developing pictures of a man from outer space and he was interested mainly in some small points of photography. But I could sense he was also skeptical.

"The guy's only been killed three times, you know. Guess that leaves him six lives to go. And every time he's been knocked off by the Three Men in Black."

We chuckled. But I knew that although Augie joked about the Three Men, he still was convinced that at least one man had been involved with them. I had also suspected that many saucerers, hearing of Albert K. Bender's run-in with three men, had added the same inky-clad personages to their somewhat far-fetched narratives.

"Well, how did the Three Men kill him," I wanted to know - "with some sort of occult power?"

"Once with a revolver, in the back, incidentally (and as he enumerated the crimes he would hold up a separate print and inspect it); once by crushing him to death, and I don't know just how, and finally with a machine gun."

"I hope his story doesn't have as many holes as are in him."

"It probably has. But I want you to hear the tape by Doug Hancock. Maybe you can make up your own mind. Hancock is an Army man - he's assigned to an Army band - who brought Prince Neosom to New York."

We ran through the first part of the tape on which Hancock described how he first became interested in saucer research and had been given some amazing demonstrations of space messages by Buck Nelson while posted in Missouri. Then it developed that it was through Nelson that he became acquainted with a woman in Clarkston, Michigan who invited him to her home to meet whom she described as "a man I'm sure you'll find it interesting to meet."

It so happened that Hancock's training ended at Fort Leonardwood and the Army gave him a new assignment in Brooklyn, with a seven-day period to make the trip. So Hancock decided to stop over at Clarkston and see what the invitation was all about. Mrs. Lowery met him at the airport, drove him to her home where she introduced him to her husband and to a house guest with whom Hancock would spend four amazing days.

Mrs. Lowery told him the guest was a space man!

"One of the first interesting things I noticed about this man, who was wearing a khaki uniform and patches on his shoulder was that he had quite a gift of gab. He told me he had been contacting saucers for several years, and that he had been out into space to visit a 2,000-mile wide artificial planet called a 'Thejenon.'"

I sat up and took more notice. "Augie," I exclaimed, "I think I've met this Prince Neosom, only at the time I met him, he didn't have that name. I met him when I attended a dinner in my honor in Detroit shortly after my book came out. Oh, yes (I remembered), his name was Lee Childers. But he wasn't a spaceman then, and that I can't understand."

"I think Doug will clear that up, at least to his satisfaction," Augie replied, flipping the recorder back on.

"He told me that a brother of his, named Marcus, was in command of the 'Trejenon,' and that several times, after he had been killed, he had been taken out to the artificial planet and brought back to life," the tape continued. "A space person, the Prince in fact, from the planet Tythian, took over his body on one of these occasions."

Hancock was also impressed by seemingly mystic powers possessed by the Prince. Once Neosom had properly diagnosed an appendical condition he already knew he had from a former visit to a doctor. Neosom also pointed to a small magnet hanging from the ceiling, placed there, he said, to detect the presence of saucers. As the Prince concentrated mental energy upon it the magnet suddenly moved! If this was not enough to impress Hancock, his saucerian friend's vocal pambulations about life on other planets was enough to convince him.

So the Army bandsman persuaded the Prince to come to New York for a lecture and enlisted the help of Harry Hoffman, of New York, and other enthusiasts to help with the project.

But Augie was dissatisfied with his pictures of Prince Neosom. "They wouldn't permit a flash and I had to take them in available light on fast film. As a result they're pretty thin. Here, you can see the get-up he wore at the lecture."

The bushy-haired, alleged other-planetarian wore what probably was an ordinary slack suit, and it probably was the strange patches which made it so saucery. On one shoulder he wore a patch bearing a cross, on the other a similar patch illustrating revolving planets. Over the heart was another cross.

The telephone interrupted us and Augie wondered who would be calling that late at night.

"Oh, hello, Bill (Gray, it's Bill Woods)," and then Augie interjected a "What!"

I wondered what Bill Woods had come up with. If anything was happening in the New York area concerning saucers, I knew that Woods, founder of the saucerzine, "FLYING SAUCERS AND MYSTICISM," would have found out about it. I impatiently waited for Augie to give up the phone so I could say hello to my old friend.

Augie turned to me. "Well, they got to Hancock."

"How do you mean?"

"They shut him up. Put him in the loony bin."

"Let me talk to Bill," I begged.

"Just what happened to Doug anyhow?"

"Gray, all I know is the Army put him into the St. Albans Naval Hospital - that's out on Long Island - for observation."

"Is he crazy, or is this another Reinhold Schmidt case, Bill?"

"He's no crazier than the rest of us; if that means anything. He did believe implicitly in the Prince Neosom thing, which frankly I'm a bit sorry I helped sponsor - but aside from that he simply believes in flying saucers, and, of course, the contact cases. Give me Augie back; I think Harry Hoffman and I are going out there."

I presumed he meant to the hospital to see Hancock. Augie took the phone and gave a long series of "Uh-huh's" and short comments. Finally they hung up.

"We're going out to see Hancock, but we can't make it until Saturday."

I knew Augie talked with Woods often, so I queried him about the skepticism he had shown about Neosom when I had spoken a few minutes previously.

"Oh yes," Augie remembered. "He did mention that if you wanted to find out more about Neosom you should see Mike Mann."

"Mike Mann. Oh yes, he's the fellow in the tent." I was thinking of the tent he and other members of the Parapsychology and Saucer Investigation had erected on Howard Menger's farm during the Spacecraft Convention held there last September. The kid and two other members had formed a circle around me as soon as I stepped out of the car, tried to get me down to the tent to see some kind of weird machine they were demonstrating there. I never did have the time to look at it though.

"What kind of a machine does this fellow have?" I asked Augie.

Augie said something like, "A Hironomous machine," but something came up to change the subject right then.

I had been holding back some news which I knew would be disappointing to Augie. He and Dominick Lucchesi had probably dug more information out of Albert K. Bender, than anybody else,

after the Bridgeport, Conn., saucer researcher had suddenly closed down the International Flying Saucer Bureau, when (he said) three men in black suits visited him.

Even before my book, "THEY KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS" came out, Augie had wondered every day just what it was that Bender found out: the information which evidently brought the three men and their threatening ultimatum.

"I just remembered something important, Augie. Before last night I felt I couldn't tell even you or Dom."

Augie's eyes lit up. "I'll bet I can guess what it is."

"I don't think you can."

"Bender's going to write a book?" Augie questioned hopefully.

"I wish he were. That's just it. He AIN'T."

Then I explained what had happened. I had known that Bender had almost desperately WANTED to talk – even from the beginning. After I had become a publisher, and had Howard Menger's "FROM OUTER SPACE TO YOU" on the press, I figured Bender to change his mind if I published a book he would write. I felt he would trust me with the manuscript, with the knowledge I would hold up its release of it as long as he wanted me to. Then I figured Bender might, after five years, have decided to tell the three men to go hang themselves.

So I ventured a letter to Bender (we still correspond occasionally, though not about saucers). My hunch was surprisingly right! Bender shot back an air mail saying that lately the situation had changed for him, mainly because he and his wife, Betty, would like very much to go to England to live. That was her original home and he had fallen in love with the country during a brief visit there. They would need money and the royalties would help. And, more important, I sensed another reason in his letter: perhaps once out of the country he might feel freer from repercussions?

"In fact, Augie, I was all set to drive up to Bridgeport and see Al and Betty this coming Thursday – and I suppose I still will – but last night something that came through the mail hit me like a ton of bricks!"

"I'll bet he backed out."

"You're right – all too right."

I told Augie how I sensed that something was wrong just as soon as I pulled the letter from the mail box. It was a brief note:

"Last night I started writing the first chapter and something happened. I have again decided that now is not the proper time to discuss anything about flying objects."

"And that was that," I told Augie. "I wondered just what happened. Did the three men, or whatever agency sponsored them, just know, somehow, the moment Bender had started writing – or did Bender simply start thinking of the probable consequences and just back out? Anyhow, I'm going to see them, because I want very much to meet Betty for the first time and visit with Al, without discussing saucers."

"Did you tell anybody about the plans for the book?"

"Absolutely nobody – excepting a business acquaintance with no interest in flying saucers, from whom I hoped to obtain some of the financing for the book – not even you and Dom. And you know if I would tell anybody it would be you two boys."

"Why don't you take Dom up there with you. Maybe he can get something more out of Bender?"

"I've already asked Al by phone, before he backed out on the book, and it's out. He will see NOBODY, not even you two, except me. Besides, I think it would be quite unmannerly to go on a personal visit and start asking him questions which might be upsetting."

"The reason I mentioned Dom is that I was thinking he might be able to pin down just what he did inadvertently get from Al during one of our visits after his 'hush-up.' Do you remember Al's telling Dom that at one point in our conversation he had hit upon the secret Bender knew?"

I had heard Dom mention it, but hadn't been there at the time. Anyhow, as I recalled a conversation with Dom, he couldn't remember what it was he had hit upon, so he was right back from where he started.

"Maybe you're wrong," Augie said confidentially. "Sometimes I believe Dom KNOWS what he hit upon and doesn't want to reveal it for fear of getting Al into trouble."

"I can say one thing," I agreed with Augie; "If I had a secret the revelation of which would do me

great harm, I would not hesitate to entrust it to Dominick. Who knows – maybe Al TOLD Dom what brought the three men to visit him!"

I told Augie I might know more when I returned from Bridgeport, and that we'd probably get together several times during my New York visit.

"I must run along now. As you may know I'm staying a night or two in very unusual surroundings, considering my various disagreements with James Moseley."

"Yes, I heard you were invited to Jim's place."

Jim Moseley had stopped at Clarksburg during a trip home from Peru, where he said he was doing archaeological work. Although we had rather constantly feuded in print I decided to ask him to stay overnight at my apartment rather than have him go to a hotel. I thought I'd like to try to be as friendly as possible with him and that I might as a result get to know him better. After all, Moseley was still considered the most mysterious person publishing an amateur saucer magazine. When Moseley apparently saw that I wasn't going to shoot him, he warmed up and turned out to be a nice guy. But even after a few drinks he wouldn't tell me much about his activities in South America.

Maybe it was only courtesy, but Moseley invited me to repay the visit, and I hastily accepted. I wanted to see his apartment for one thing – the place in which Augie seriously believed he had seen psychic phenomena take place during a seance.

"Don't try to find my place. You'll get lost if you do. Drive to the Fort Lee Diner as soon as you reach the town and telephone me from there. I'll drive right down there and guide you to my apartment."

I imagined all sorts of things after I had read this paragraph from Moseley's letter which contained directions to Fort Lee. Did he not wish to give away his street address (he receives all correspondence at a box number)? That would be silly, for I could soon find out from the street signs after I got there. Or did Moseley simply want to appear to be mysterious? Or maybe he knew from experience in directing people to his place, that I would likely lose my way?

It was probably only that. For I had enough trouble finding Fort Lee and the diner. I rang Jim up.

"I'll be there before you know it," he said enthusiastically, and I detected in his voice what seemed to be honest pleasure that I was finally there. "Don't order anything. I've waited having a snack for I wanted to buy your dinner – however late it is for dining."

I selected a booth in the diner, noisy with customers even at that late hour. From the looks of the dress of the customers, I figured a local plant of some sort had just changed shifts.

As if he lived just around the corner, Jim showed up in what seemed to be no time at all. He came in and shook hands, and sat down. I had always wondered what people around Fort Lee knew or thought about Moseley, and that probably was the reason I noticed a peculiar hush come over the diner. Nobody seemed to be talking. Instead I had the impression they were straining their ears to hear what we were saying.

"I'm sorry I kept you so late," I apologized. Then more loudly, "I stopped in Philadelphia to blow up a munitions factory." That would give the eavesdroppers something to mull over. I laughed secretly. Jim didn't seem to appreciate the joke.

"Let's grab something quick," he suggested. "You're pretty tired."

I followed Jim's Buick away from the diner and onto a series of side streets, expecting to see him signal for a driveway any second. But he continued driving, led me out of Fort Lee. I thought he might have to stop somewhere before returning home, and that was responsible for the delay – for the time between the telephone call and his arrival had seemed so short. About ten minutes later, after several winding streets we turned back onto a main route and came to another little town. After more windings around we pulled up to a huge apartment building where I parked beside his car.

"Well, here we are. I'll help you with your things."

I wanted to ask him how he had arrived at the diner so quickly, but figured it was a simple matter of being in error about the time. Maybe I had nodded off into a cat nap while in the booth. I had been very tired.

I had heard rumors that Moseley was a wealthy man. The grapevine had it that he was worth half a million dollars. If he were that would explain why he never worked, at least so far as anyone knew. If he was indeed a monied person his apartment surely would show it. And knowing Jim was a bachelor I also wondered if his apartment would be unkempt as my own. I turned to walk toward the

entrance of the huge building.

"No, I always go this way," he indicated, leading me around the back along a dark walk.

"I always go in through the basement," he explained; "It's much nearer."

We walked into a long hall and walked to a self-service elevator, already waiting at the basement level, I noticed. At the third floor we walked down a long pleasant-looking hallway to a door with a peephole over which was a nameplate, "James W. Moseley, Las Palmas Ventures, Inc."

Jim ushered me into a large living room and quickly my eyes surveyed the room. It was neatly furnished and orderly, though I assumed he would have tidied up before he received a guest. The new, modernly-designed furniture was of good quality, though certainly not overly expensive. And excepting the fact that the furniture matched too well, and, to me, needed a bit of unbalance to make the room more interesting, the apartment showed excellent taste.

"We'll just take this into your bedroom now," Jim, who was carrying my heavy suitcase, offered. The guest room was similarly furnished in the same blond furniture, and looked quite comfortable. Some pictures on the wall would have given it much warmth, but I suppose Jim hadn't gotten round to completely furnishing it.

"Don't mind the window across the court. Nobody has been able to figure out what that woman does over there all night."

This sounded weird, but I was so tired I didn't take much notice of the cryptic remark. We walked back out the hallway to the living room.

"Sit down and I'll fix drinks. Is Scotch OK? I didn't get to the store today to stock up."

"Anything, Jim. But I warn you. One drink and I'll be right off to sleep, right in the living room."

Then something caught my eye in the hallway. Jim had paused in the kitchen to take ice cubes from the refrigerator. Lining the wall was a series of portraits. Three of them were the most notable: Herbert Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower. The Hoover portrait was signed, "To Jimmy," and the others "To James W. Moseley."

As Jim emerged with the drinks, I walked on ahead and he didn't mention my obvious interest in the portraits. And I didn't question him about them.

"If you're not too tired, I'll show you some of my Peruvian items, he said, indicating a large cabinet, with what I assumed was Inca pottery, small figurines and miscellaneous items lining the shelves. "There's nothing really valuable here, but I enjoy my small collection."

My interest was drawn to a corner, to a table adorned with two large black figurines, an African man and woman. They were beautiful, but something about them repelled me - as near as I can explain it, a feeling of evil seemed to emanate from them.

"Well, tomorrow, you must tell me the individual story of each item," I remarked, dropping almost exhausted onto a couch. But suddenly I was wide awake. At my elbow was a glass bell jar, covering a small pedestal. Jim laughed, reached over and lifted the jar.

I was surprised that the decoration did not repel me more than it did. Instead it incited what must have been only a rather morbid interest.

"Tell me the truth, Jim; is that a REAL AND GENUINE SHRUNKEN HUMAN HEAD?"

"I should hope so," he said in a matter-of-fact tone; "considering what I paid for it!"

I looked at my glass. It was empty. That was unusual because I don't drink much. "Here, fix me another one, though make this one stronger," I petitioned.

I got into bed and lay there for a few minutes going over the day's happenings. I was too tired to worry about the psychic phenomena Augie swore he had seen in the apartment. As I gave one final stretch and decided to close my eyes, a funny light in a window across the court caught them. Then I thought of Jim's remark and the woman who was supposed to do something odd all night. I opened the Venetian blind fully, and there, surely enough, was a lighted window. Whoever had the apartment apparently didn't worry about privacy, for the blinds were pulled up; though some plants obscured what was going on in the room.

The odd thing was the color of the light, a very white light which reminded me of a television screen. Squinting my sleepy eyes into focus I could barely make out what DID look like a television screen, though certainly a giant one. Whatever it was, it had some sort of scene on it, but a still picture. Someone in the apartment moved in front of the picture quite often, as if watching or controlling it, but I couldn't make out what the party was doing.

Suddenly my knowledge that it was very bad form to peek overrode my curiosity and I lay down on the bed. I must have fallen instantly asleep.

Although I usually don't dream about flying saucers, that night, or rather the next morning, I DID. One of the things had captured me, and some terrible little men were carrying me inside, though I fought valiantly.

The little men turned into one large husky individual shaking me.

"Wake up, wake up, you -----!"

And the hearty, Brooklynesque voice made me realize who was so rudely rescuing me from the saucerlans.

"Dom! You old son-of-a-gun! When did you get here!"

Jim stood in the doorway, already shaven and dressed, enjoying the waking-up procedure.

"Better get up. Dr. D. is going to be here, you know."

Dominick Lucchesi said he had stopped over to have some breakfast with us before he went to work at Bendix on the noon shift. He wouldn't be able to see Dr. D., however, he explained disappointedly.

"What do you think of Jim's place?" he asked, in the latter's presence. I knew he was kidding Jim, and made some sort of answer.

"Did you notice the negative emanations - the weird psychic forces as soon as you came?"

"Of course, as soon as I entered the living room, " I joked back, and Jim smiled, as if he were enjoying the disparaging remark. Deciding I could shave when I returned, I threw on my suit and soon we were in the elevator. It halted on the basement level.

Dom and I made an appointment to meet at his house later in the week and he rushed off to work after our late breakfast. Meanwhile Jim said we should hurry back because Dr. D. was almost due to arrive.

I was curious to meet Dr. D. ever since I had read his article in FLYING SAUCERS, titled "Why I Believe Adamski," though I couldn't see Jim's reason in constantly referring to him as "Dr. D." Most everyone who had read Dr. Leon Davidson's articles in Jim's SAUCER NEWS knew "Dr. D." and Davidson were the same person. At the outset Davidson apparently wanted nobody to know he was writing for a saucer magazine, for he did highly classified work in atomic physics, though lately he had dropped the pseudonym.

Someone rang Jim on the telephone. "That must be Dr. D.," he remarked; "Hello, Leon? Where are you?"

Suddenly Jim turned a strange shade of green, and let out an exclamation which wouldn't be polite to print. I wondered what Dr. Davidson had told him. He hung up and turned to me.

"Dr. D. has been visiting some friends in Jersey City and will be right up. But I've just done an awful thing. I forgot all about picking up Fortner."

Then I remember Jim's saying Yonah Fortner and I ought to get together. I was curious about meeting the chap who Jim said had become a rabbi at the age of twelve, but since had become quite irreligious. I had read some of his articles in Jim's SAUCER NEWS, and they were amazing - not so much for what they said as the evident scholarship which had gone into them. Maybe I was hardened to hearing amazing statements, but it probably had been the apparent careful research which went into the articles that led me to read his thesis stating Jehovah was a space man without gasping. Fortner's articles, run under "Y. N. ibn A'haron, B.D.,S.T.M." instead of his shortened, Americanized name, claimed the knowledge was gained from translating Chaldaic, Sanskrit, and Aramic documents.

Jim thought of a solution. As soon as Dr. Davidson arrived all of us would drive over to Yonah's apartment in Brooklyn. Dr. Davidson wanted to meet Fortner too.

Jim answered the door and ushered in a big, blond, bespectacled and cheerful man and an attractive Mrs. Davidson. I had expected to see a dour-looking little fellow who tossed scientific words around and so was pleasantly surprised.

Dr. Davidson and Moseley had met very early in the history of SAUCER NEWS, and found many of their theories about flying saucers had agreed. Both held the opinion that although some saucers might come here from outer space, most of them were built right here on Earth, mainly by Uncle Sam, and possibly by the Russians with the help of captured German scientists. Personally I had found the theory interesting, but felt both Davidson and Moseley went too far and often made data fit their

theory when logical inferences couldn't otherwise be drawn. But I probably had done worse - in promoting the interplanetary theory.

I wasted no time getting "Dr. D." into a corner, for I was highly interested in one aspect of his saucers-made-on-Earth theory. I had just read his article, "Why I Believe Adamski," in the February FLYING SAUCERS. In essence he had stated George Adamski didn't meet space people at all; nor did he ride in flying saucers. But what was surprising, coming from Davidson, was that he believed Adamski was TELLING THE TRUTH - AS ADAMSKI KNEW IT.

George Adamski had been the dupe of someone who had played an elaborate hoax upon him. By someone schooled in psychological warfare: the super-secret Central Intelligence Agency, the international investigative and law enforcement agency most citizens didn't even know existed. AND AN AGENCY NOT DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE TO ANYONE EXCEPT THE PRESIDENT, NOT EVEN CONGRESS.

"Leon," I said, "I'm terribly afraid you may have something, though I find it difficult to believe CIA agents could have posed as spacemen and rigged up a Disneyland type of flying saucer for Adamski to imagine he was riding in."

He laughed jovially. I could see Davidson didn't mind being contradicted, but that he nevertheless believed in the theories 100%.

"As you've written me, Gray, you've suspected a long time that the flying saucer mystery is as you quoted Lucchesi, 'a masterpiece of organized confusion.' In your book, you wondered what agency might be responsible for the 'hushing up' of saucer investigators...."

"Yes," I interrupted, "partly the 'hush-ups,' but mainly that odd feeling you get sometimes - like you are being watched, for example. The feeling that your activities are being monitored constantly and permitted only through some strange sort of toleration."

"If I'm right," Leon told me, "they probably are trying to ENCOURAGE you; for they WANT people to believe the saucers are from space!"

Jim said we should start for Brooklyn, for Yonah Fortner had already been waiting an hour. He explained to Dr. Davidson we would go to Fortner's place instead of picking up the latter, who didn't have a car, and bringing him to Fort Lee.

"Gray and I will lead the way in my car, and you can follow."

"No need for that," Dr. Davidson laughed. "Wait till you see what I'm driving. We went to the parking lot where he led us to a German-built bus-like affair - I forget the make - and invited us to ride with him. He seemed very proud of his new purchase, and we agreed with him it was mighty handy for saucer gatherings. It contained three wide seats in addition to the two front ones. I sat down beside the driver so I could continue our conversation.

"I don't get it, Leon," I renewed my arguments; "I have the sneaking suspicion the CIA has something to do with saucers or saucer research, but I can't see the motive. That is if they're trying to lead people to believe the saucers are interplanetary. That's exactly what the Air Force is telling us NOT to believe."

"If you knew how the CIA worked, you could conceive of their role clearly. Shortly after the war our U.S. held superiority in atomic weapons. The Russians tried to catch up but felt they couldn't. That led them to push their program for development of satellites and missiles. Well, the U.S. developed some new weapons, also, though nothing that will do all the things the saucers are said to do."

I assumed he referred to right-angle turns, other "impossible" maneuvers and the fantastic speeds sighters had reported.

"We wanted to confuse the Russians and give them something to fear so they would be wary about attacking us. If the Reds began hearing reports of strange, highly-manueverable objects in U.S. skies they would likely believe Uncle Sam had developed a new type of aircraft to be greatly feared. You will note Russia threw all her energy into developing rockets, and managed to launch a satellite before we did."

"But even if you're right, the Russians never took the saucers very seriously. I have heard few reports of saucers behind the iron curtain - though I assumed the sightings didn't get out of the country because it was perhaps unpopular to see them."

"You're right," assured Dr. Davidson, "There probably have been no sightings in Russia itself, unless the sightings have represented misinterpretation of natural phenomena as many of the saucers

in this country consist of."

I remembered something I had printed in the January, 1955 SAUCERIAN, dug a copy from the briefcase, turned to an item quoting the newspaper *Contempranul*, published in Communist Romania. The Reds were pooh-poohing the 1954 European little men saucer-scare and said of the flying saucer: "With this primitive instrument which it has brought to Europe, the United States wants to impress those people who believe American propoganda, and wants to stir up against Moscow a flying saucer psychosis."

"You see what I mean," beamed Dr. Davidson. "The Russians are smarter than we give them credit for."

The CIA had other purposes beyond confusing the Reds, he also believed. They deliberately created sightings, even in airplane flight lanes; set the saucer rides for contactees such as Dan Fry, and imitated space people for Adamski's benefit.

"But why," I wanted to know, "confuse the American public?"

"For a number of reasons, some of them known only to the powers-that-be. I should think the primary reason is to 'sell' the idea of space flight, since we are now beginning to spend huge sums for rockets, and will be spending more. Then there is the need for keeping our own new types of aircraft secret. And what better way to do that than to make people believe they're from space?"

I couldn't buy much of what Davidson was saying, but he advanced some very good arguments. Although I suspected that much of his elaborate theory was wrong, or at the best, incomplete, I knew that somewhere in his beliefs were some very exact truths, if one could isolate them.

As I mused over what he had been saying, Dr. Davidson tossed in another comment which was rather startling until I thought it over:

"NICAP insists it is not government-sponsored. Yet I'd like to point out that one of the Board of Governors, Vice Adm. Roscoe H. Hilkenkoeter, was the first director of the CIA."

"That could mean nothing," I protested. "After all, they have other officers on their Board. Keyhoe himself is a retired Major."

I intended to ask him to explain the European sightings, which hardly could have been set up by the U.S., and I'm sure he would have had a ready explanation; but Jim yelled we should make a turn onto Yonah's street, and soon we pulled up in front of the apartment building.

In our rush to leave Jim Moseley's apartment we had forgotten to telephone Yonah in advance, and as a result we walked in before he was ready to receive company. He had books and papers spread out over a wide area.

"I've been writing a book on correct translation of ancient sacred documents, though so far all the publishers want to jazz it up before printing it and I can't permit that."

"Yonah," Jim countered, "You must remember that the average individual couldn't understand all those big words, nor could they understand so many of your references to the ancient books, manuscripts, or whatever they are."

I could see Yonah was pleased, and sensed he enjoyed being somewhat pedantic. But not without a sense of humor, I discovered, when his favorite pet, a parrot, began squawking.

"Doesn't the parrot talk?" I asked, teasingly.

"She's talking now. But she speaks only in Aramic."

I listened closely, hoping to hear some intelligent utterances, until the others began laughing and I knew Yonah was pulling my leg. He handed me a copy of a small publication he edits, with the help of John J. Robinson, a New York occultist and philosopher, titled *THE JOURNAL OF CORRELATIVE PHILOSOPHY*. I turned to the first page, bearing an article titled "The Interrelationship of Energy." I scanned a couple of sentences; "The mechanism of logical contradiction is manifest upon the exhaustion of the potential for acquiescential energetic interrelationship..." and I got lost in the maze of words which, I was certain, meant a great deal, had I been intelligent enough to know what they meant.

"Don't let that bother you," Yonah said almost condescendingly; "turn on over to where John Robinson blasts your good friend, Bill Woods, in the article, "I Go to See the Bura." Turning the pages I could see the publication ran the gamut from abstruse philosophical principles to terse, controversial articles. I could immediately see I was going to like the publication, for it was one which dared to be different and refreshing.

But by that time Jim Moseley had drawn "Dr. D." out again on the CIA-Adamski article, Yonah joined with an opposite argument, and soon everybody was trying to talk at the same time. Fortner didn't believe Adamski at all, argued he had made up the entire story of contacting space men, while Dr. Davidson, who previously didn't believe Adamski, now stuck up for him all the more. Now and then Jim and I would get in a word, but the other two had the floor.

Before we knew it Mrs. Davidson looked at her watch and remembered it was time for the pair to fulfill another social obligation, so we got up to leave. Although reluctant to break up the gabfest, I was thinking ahead to that evening when I would be driving to Bridgeport, Conn., and meeting Al Bender again for the first time in five years. In fact, it would be time to leave Fort Lee when we arrived back at Jim's place.

As we walked into the hallway, we again heard the squawking from the parrot, which had been silent during the latter part of our visit. Then, apparently less shy because the company had departed, it suddenly became literate and began repeating rapidly, "Flying saucers, flying saucers, flying saucers." Fortner, standing in the doorway, broke into a wide grin and waved.

In all the mad merry-go-round of meeting other saucerers, I had somehow sandwiched in a telephone call to Bender, arranged a date to visit him and Betty. Bender seemed very happy because I finally was coming to Bridgeport.

John Marana probably was a spy, in the employ of James Moseley's real or imagined Government setup to kill the saucer mystery, but he turned out to be a nice guy. When I expressed fear that I would get lost trying to drive out of the New York area toward Bridgeport, Jim called up John, who was a close friend of his, and asked him to go along with me. He would go to a movie and so wouldn't interrupt my visit with Bender. I was grateful for the assistance, gave John the wheel and settled back in the seat.

Bender's house was easier to find than anticipated, so we pulled up in front of it 15 minutes early. As we looked at the house number I thought I saw a familiar person walking up the street, but never guessed it was Bender. Somehow he looked so much younger than I had remembered him. But it WAS Al, who had run out to the store and planned to return before my arrival. I apologized for being early as John pulled away toward downtown where "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw" was playing. Bender led me upstairs to the apartment, over a business establishment.

When I had visited Bender previously he had been a single man and lived in a most unusual apartment, a huge room comprising the entire third story of his father's house. Al had decorated the huge room with drawings of saucers and weird scenes from horror stories. He laughingly called it his "Chamber of Horrors." To our surprise, Bender even slept there, among all the frightening pictures. Some researchers said the room had affected his mind, but those of us who knew Bender well understood it was only a hobby.

Five years later when I stepped into his and Betty's beautiful apartment I remembered what a contrast this was with Bender's former life. Although I had been flabbergasted by the charm of English people I met while in London two years previous, I was totally unprepared to meet Betty. Friendliness and good will exuded from her person. She was as hospitable without being officious; she showed emotional restraint without the stuffiness that Americans, who have not met English people, usually associate with them.

And having an appreciative eye for the more physical charms of his wife, I could also understand why giving up on saucers hadn't been too difficult. Although Al is a well-paid executive at Acme Shear in Bridgeport, Betty decided to find work in an office while they were establishing their home and planning to go to England to live eventually.

"Al usually comes home an hour before I do. Since one of his hobbies is cooking, he had agreed to be the cook if I do the housework."

I could see that Al held up his part of the bargain very well as we sat down to dinner. He had prepared Cornish hen as the main course, and it was cooked perfectly. For desert he treated us to peach melba, a recipe he picked up when they had visited her home in England.

While Betty did the dishes, Al found an opportunity to draw me into the living room where we could talk confidentially. I brought up the matter of the book. He was genuinely disappointed about abandoning the project - I could see it in his eyes. And somehow I got the feeling he was mainly pitying me, since I had set my heart on publishing it.

"I started a chapter and quit in the middle of it. I burned it."

"Why?"

"It's hard to explain, but basically it is like this. Since I have quit saucer research, been married and living here, I have never been bothered."

"By the three men?"

"That's right. I have too much to lose now. If I wrote the book harm might come to both me and Betty."

"Yes."

"Al, would this harm come from the Government?"

He said it wouldn't.

"Can you tell me, Al: were the three men from the Government?"

Then Bender retreated to the line of answering he had used when Augie, Dom and I had questioned him five years before.

"I'm sorry, but I just can't answer that."

Our conversation turned back to my own book, and Al made an interesting comment about the three shadowy figures pictured on the jacket.

"The three men on the jacket. They aren't the way it happened."

"Do you mean to say," I queried, "that the way their bodies end in jagged shadows made you think, when looking at the jacket, that they were some sort of occult phenomena?"

His answer was interrupted by the entrance of Betty, who, I suspected, had agreed to rescue him from the questioning, and I didn't blame her.

We spent the rest of the evening listening to his stereophonic record playing system, which he bought as components and expertly put together, and talking about our individual visits to England. And somehow, sitting there in his comfortable living room in the presence of his charming wife, I felt I wanted no part in dragging Al back into the seemingly empty quest for knowledge in the baffling saucer mystery.

Whatever Bender had found out had at one time resulted in a great deal of emotional strain and unhappiness. I was glad to see him out of it, for that reason.

When John Marana saw all the movies, he called up as arranged. I was surprised when Bender suggested that I ask him to come up for a while, since Bender previously had expressed the desire that I shouldn't bring anyone along. He and John talked lengthily about the stereo equipment.

John and I got into my car and I decided to drive. As we swung onto the parkway, I asked John what he thought about the three men.

He pointed to a policeman who had just stopped another driver at the roadside.

"If you don't hold this boat down to fifty you'll have more to worry about than the three men. You don't know these New England cops!"

I was quite nervous about material for the Long John show. In my previous appearances I had hashed and rehashed the West Virginia monster and the Bender story, my chief stock in trade on radio or TV.

Since Jim Moseley had been on the show quite often and knew how to get in touch with Long John Nebel quickly, I had asked him to call him up, mention I was in town and hint I would like to appear on the show again. I also wanted Jim to come along, for our opposite views would certainly create an argument on the air and make for a better program. To talk for five and a half hours straight on the Long John show is no easy matter, even for three or four persons.

As Jim rang up the station I must confess I had a very uncomplimentary desire to snoop, so I lifted the extension receiver. I was surprised how quickly Jim got through to Long John as soon as the switchboard operator heard the name. Jim told him I was in town. Long John said the show was filled up for two weeks, but to wait until he got hold of his producer on another line. In about a minute he came back on.

"You don't know whom we're canceling for him."

I figured Long John was up to his usual blarney, but listened raptly.

"We're canceling Peter Ustinov, so tell him to have some good material!"

I was almost tempted to speak up and protest the cancellation of Ustinov, whom I greatly admire and tune in every time he is on radio or TV, but I figured that Long John might be just building up our

egos so we'd work hard at getting material.

When Jim and I entered the WOR building we knew there would be little problem in adapting man to withstand the tremendous G-Forces to go into space, considering the speed of the elevator. We got off at the proper floor and found our way to the studio where the show was to be broadcast.

The atmosphere around the Long John show is as informal as it sounds on the air. Nobody seems to be worried about the outcome of the show, probably because it has consistently been so good. In the studio Jim and I ran into Doug Dean, musical comedy performer, a member of the New York Saucer Information Bureau, and often a participant on the show as a panel member.

Like many personalities who run popular interview shows, Long John seldom arrives in the studio until air time. Some of them have told me they are able to obtain a more spontaneous interview when they are not entirely familiar with guests' backgrounds and exactly what they are going to say. This practice also has its drawbacks, however, and people such as Long John maintain permanently crossed fingers - for they never know just what guests will come up with once in front of the mike. Nebel often has ended interviews prematurely, and actually thrown guests out of the studio when they have deliberately violated good taste.

Finally John entered, greeted us, indicated where we should sit around the be-microphoned table, and the theme music started. The show began as usual; then I detected that John didn't sound up to his usual energetic self. When we had talked a half hour, someone passed John a note and he left us briefly, after scribbling a note for us to keep talking. Guests who have been on the show and know how easily even a shy and tongue-tied guest can loosen up and relax in John's presence may have some idea of the task Jim and I found ourselves confronting. But we valiantly gabbed away.

Long John came back to the microphone; then there were several other interruptions. Only two regular panel members were present, and one of them held a whispered conversation with John and departed. I thought I overheard him whisper that he hadn't known it would be a saucer show, but I might have been wrong.

We noted the coffee break period, when music is broadcast while guests have a rest and refreshments, came earlier than usual. Some of the regular staff came into the studio to get coffee and sandwiches and I thought I would listen as carefully as possible to try and find out why Long John was obviously upset. I was afraid to butt into a private conversation, but Jim was braver.

"John, it's none of my business, but I just have to ask. What is going on, anyhow? This is the first time I've seen you mad. And you haven't been quite yourself."

"It's a long story, Jim. All I can say is there is a lot of pressure coming from somewhere. You probably have a pretty good idea about the source."

From the conversation I gathered that John's anger was caused mainly by the absence of the two panelists. One had shown up, but begged off when he found out what the show was about. It seemed the other one had called up two nights before and asked if he could beg off for the evening. John mentioned a threatening phone call, and I suspected the latter panelist had been the recipient, for I knew that the pilot of the Party Line would be totally undisturbed if he should receive such a call. Instead, whoever would make such a call would have his ears burned so badly he wouldn't be able to hear anything for a week!

I tried to put two and two together. The one panelist had chickened out two nights before. That would be right after John made an advance announcement about the forthcoming show. At the beginning of the show John had said "This is the first saucer program in three months," so it was not difficult to reach a conclusion that saucers had something to do with whatever trouble was brewing.

The studio staff, apparently in the know about what was occurring, seemed singularly downcast, though John's reaction was that of controlled anger.

Then the coffee break ended and the show settled down to normal. The conversation turned back to Prince Neosom, about which all of us expressed skepticism - except John, of course, who always speaks up for the underdog. A staff member brought me a telegram which had just rolled off the teleprinter in the studio, the device most listeners employ to be heard on the show. It was from Mike Mann, the "fellow in the tent."

"HAVE INFORMATION WHICH STICKS PIN IN NEOSOM BUBBLE," it said, and added, "AM RUSHING TO STUDIO WITH SAME."

I handed this to John. "Let him in when he comes," he wrote on the telegram and handed it to a

messenger.

Apparently Mike took an express subway car from Brooklyn, for he showed up within a few minutes, and handed me a copy of a wire.

"I didn't send this telegram," he whispered to me in the corner, "but I think I know who did. Read it on the air."

The telegram was addressed to Douglas Hancock, the man now in the Naval hospital:

"CONGRATULATIONS. YOU SEARCH REALITY, NEOSOM NO LONGER PRINCE, BUT KING. HIS FATHER GONE HIGHER KARMA. WE CONTACT TYTHIAN VIA PREAUDIO ELECTROLYSIS, HAIL THE KING! WAIT FOR OUR N.Y. INVESTIGATOR. NEED REPORTS ON P.S.I., BURA, NYSIB. MUST LEARN COMPUNCTIONS OF LEADERS, PERSONALITIES, TRAITS, ETC. HAVE REPORT NEXT WEEK. CONTACT YOU WEDNESDAY. PHONE."

The telegram was signed, "MISSION FOR SPACE UNIFICATION."

"The telegram," Mike added, "was a deliberate hoax. The party sending it wanted to settle in his own mind whether or not Neosom was really a spaceman."

"Well, what did it prove?"

"When Hancock got the telegram he was enthusiastic about it. We figured anyone would be, after receiving such a message. We figured he'd get in touch with Neosom about it, and he did just that."

"What did the Prince think about his elevation to the Crown of Tythian?"

He fell for it hook line and sinker. He told Hancock on the phone he already knew he had been made King, since he had learned it direct from his home planet a few hours previously."

"That seems to be the clincher," I had to agree.

I mentioned the telegram, and immediately others began pouring into the studio, most in favor of Prince Neosom. My friend Jack Robinson got into the act, mainly as a rib, and wired us he would see that Neosom heard about it. Long John engaged in a spirited answer to Jack and seemed to have regained his usual good humor. As soon as the second half of the show had really built up to a fast pace, the corker in the odd string of events around the studio occurred. A messenger with a strange expression on his face, which I took as apprehension, tiptoed in and gave John a small envelope. It looked like an envelope which might contain a small announcement card, or maybe even a business card. I noticed it carried no address, and though I couldn't obviously peek, I kept my eyes rolled around to the left where John was sitting. John took the letter nonchalantly, talked for a while, and then, when evidently he felt attention was diverted from him, opened it. I couldn't see what was in it, for he didn't withdraw the contents: he merely cupped the envelope and peered down into it.

Long John turned pale. He picked up a stack of commercials and began thumbing through them, without really looking at them. After about two minutes he waved to excuse himself and again left the studio. He must have been gone 20 minutes, then returned.

Mike left with Jim and me, and we decided to give him a lift.

I turned to Mike in the back seat, detected he was boiling over with some new information.

"Did you notice anything peculiar about John when he came out of the studio toward the end of the program?"

"No," Mike replied, "but I did overhear a peculiar thing, both from John and another fellow connected with the studio."

"What do you mean?"

"He came out of the studio, and a staff member pointed down the hallway. I couldn't see who was there, since I was in the control room, but I did risk just one hurried glance out the door. John had met a visitor and they had turned away from me and were entering a room. The visitor wore either a policeman's or military uniform. I couldn't tell which, because they had just stepped through the door and were closing it. I did hear Long John shout out something, and he seemed angry and disturbed."

"What did he say?"

"I was able to make out only part of it, and the phrase was something like this: 'I told you - Bender is NOT on the show!'" "I heard something else, too. I can't tell you who said it, for he's a personal friend of mine and doesn't want anyone to know he mentioned it."

"What did he tell you?"

"That Long John MAY NOT HAVE A SHOW VERY LONG."



Gene Duplantier illustration of one of the many West Virginia cases Gray wrote about