

A

GRAY BARKER



READER III

With an introduction by David Halperin

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Gray Barker (R. Hilberg collection)

INTRODUCTION

by David Halperin

1.

I made Gray Barker's acquaintance in October 1960, when I was twelve going on thirteen. He made me into an instant UFOlogist. Let me explain: I was in eighth grade. A friend and I had agreed to write a paper together for our science class, and for some reason or other we picked "flying saucers" as our subject. So we went to the card catalog in our local public library - remember card catalogs?- and checked out all the books the library had on the subject. All three of them.

One of these books was Barker's *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* (University Books, 1956). I took it home and began to read.

I was twelve years old. My youthful eyes were as yet unattuned to any clue that this might not be quite like the ordinary, respectable volumes I'd find in the library of our junior high school. (Remember junior high schools?) It had a bibliography; it had an index. The chapter titles - "Flatwoods, West Virginia," "Brush Creek, California," "Jersey City, New Jersey," etc. - seemed reassuringly sober, rooted in consensus geography. The "University Books" imprint seemed to carry academic weight.

There are no such things as flying saucers.

The government has told you that. President Eisenhower himself stated to a saucer-conscious public that to his knowledge no one was coming here from another planet to pay us a visit.

If you believe in Donald H. Menzel, President Eisenhower, and Government announcements you need have no fear of being frightened by this story. Read it on a stormy night, or in the middle of a graveyard if you wish. Your equanimity will not be challenged. (p.11)

Me, I read it in my bedroom in my family's one-story suburban home. I wanted to hide under the bed, I was so terrified.

I finished the book utterly convinced there were flying saucers, and that it was my destined task to unravel their mystery. I became, accordingly, a teen-age UFOlogist, and remained so for the five years before I went off to college. (Remember teen-age UFOlogists? I don't think kids do that stuff any more.) Then I turned my investigative attention to more academically acceptable subjects, like religious traditions of heavenly ascent. Like otherworldly journeys.

And Ezekiel's wheels. I read the Bible chapter describing Ezekiel's wheels in Hebrew, in Greek, with more ancient and modern commentaries than I can remember. I still don't know what the darn things were.

2.

There's a magic in Barker's book. Nothing I've ever read, by Barker or anyone else, is quite like it. What was that magic? This is a question I've much pondered in recent years, visiting the "Barker Collection" of his papers in the Clarksburg-Harrison (West Virginia) Public Library, or watching the two documentaries that have been made on his tormented, enigmatic, and all-too-brief life (born 1925, died 1984).*

Some of it, perhaps, lies in the deft way in which Barker enlists the reader as his co-investigator:

I have always felt if I could organize these notes into some kind of readable whole and distribute these findings widely, somewhere there would be someone in whose mind they would sound an inspired tinkle. One little idea from a reader may be the final key to unlocking the entire mystery. (p. 129)

My readers seemed to be more than subscribers; they considered themselves parts of a great team that eventually might make some sense out of what seemed to be not simply confusion, but often organized confusion. (p. 140)

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Who - especially at age twelve-going-on-thirteen - could resist such an invitation?

And the book is magnificently written. Purple prose aplenty, yes. (“*It is a monster that walks like a man, a creature from the blackest memory of your fears...*,” p. 14.) But always well calculated, and mixed in with self-deprecating humor, as when Barker imagines the “super-purple words” in which the Flatwoods Monster might tell its own version of its 1952 encounter with seven people on a West Virginia hilltop. (“*...he made a forced landing, and was attacked by seven strange bipeds of configuration too terrible to describe,*” p. 34.) And the supposed transcript of the October 1953 interview, in which Albert K. Bender talks - or doesn’t talk - about his encounter with the mysterious men in black, is a masterpiece of understated dread:

Q. *When did the three men visit you?*

A. *I can’t answer that.*

Q. *Who were the men?*

A. *I can’t answer that.*

Q. *Were they from the government?*

A. *I can’t answer that.*

Q. *Do saucers come from space?*

A. *I can’t answer that.*

Q. *Does it have anything at all to do with the Shaver Mystery?*

A. *No answer at all (Bender tensed noticeably when asked). ...*

Q. *Do you think it will be safe for me to go on the sky watch tower all alone at night?*

A. *It would be safer (Roberts believes Bender probably meant to say it would be safer on the tower than it would be on the ground). ...*

Q. *Will it affect all of our lives?*

A. *There will be changes in everybody’s life.*

Q. *You said the three men who paid you a visit were pretty rough with you. Can you tell me just what you meant by that?*

A. *They were not too friendly. (pp. 129 - 135)*

3.

It’s come to be called the “Bender Mystery” - the mystery of three men in black, who visit Albert Bender in his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and scare him into never revealing the awful truth he’s learned about the UFOs. That episode is the centerpiece of *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers*.

Who, really, were the three men?

Creations of Barker’s imagination? Or Bender’s? (In his correspondence with UFOlogist Morris K. Jessup, which I was able to examine in the Barker Collection, Barker mentions Bender’s silencing in a way that makes it hard to think he wasn’t genuinely baffled by what had happened.) Or government agents of some sort, pursuing an agenda that remains obscure? UFO historian Michael Swords has suggested that Communist-hunters of that McCarthy-ridden era had seen red flags - pun only partly intended - in the *International* of Bender’s “International Flying Saucer Bureau.” A Communist front organization? They paid Bender a visit to find out, scaring him half to death in the process.

Can we imagine that the flesh-and-blood men in black, whoever they might have been, had stepped into the role of archetypal entities *a la* Carl Jung? The sinister Man in Black, as folklorist Peter Rojcewicz pointed out, has a distinguished history in Western occult and witchcraft traditions. In a Hebrew text that I first translated in 2001, the eccentric theologian and Kabbalist Abraham Cardozo describes *three men in black who descended from the moon* one July evening in 1683, their purpose to seduce him into heresy. (Or, in more Barkeresque language: to deflect him from his researches into the mystery of God’s identity.) That’s 270 years before they show up in Bridgeport.

Remember those three books on flying saucers that my friend and I found in our local library when we went to do our science paper? Another of them was Jung’s classic *Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies*. I couldn’t make head or tail of that book, at age twelve going on thirteen. No doubt it would have helped if I’d had someone to explain to me that, by calling UFOs a “myth,” the last thing Jung intended was disparagement. On the contrary: for Jung’s myth is the pathway to the deepest truth which

lies within us, emerging, when it does make itself known, for our healing and guidance.

Even today, I find Jung's application of this perspective to the UFOs rough going, and not always convincing. But I'm persuaded he was on the right track. The UFOs come from within us, not from without - visitors from *inner*, not outer space.

Did Gray Barker intuit that truth?

Consider, polite reader, a passage from his September 1961 "Chasing the Flying Saucers" column, which Rick Hilberg has reprinted in the volume you now hold in your hands. Barker speaks of having

A shuddery feeling that we may have a completely wrong angle on saucer origin. Not space entirely - not earth entirely, but where? Some shadowy never-never-land of the in-betweens, where, as Charles Fort said, "there must be mergers between them and terrestrial phenomena"?

Readers of *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* will recall Barker's abiding fascination with the Shaver Mystery of the 1940s - the realms of terror and wonder that lie hidden beneath the earth's surface. Taken literally, as an assertion of scientific truth, the Shaver Mystery is nonsense. Translated into psychological terms, read as a meditation on the unconscious *below* and *within*, it can be seen as profoundly true. Perhaps as true an accounting for UFO reality as any that can be offered.

4.

An old friend, one of this country's leading UFOlogists, writes me that we probably shouldn't speak of the "Bender Mystery." Probably there was no such thing. Instead, we should talk of the "Barker Mystery" - the mystery of who was this extraordinary human being, who introduced the "men in black" into our folklore but died too soon to witness their triumphant march to Hollywood.

A fraud? A liar, a manipulator, a two-bit huckster with a gift for the blarney? So Barker seems to describe himself, in a poem quoted in both of the documentaries on his life:

*UFO is a bucket of shit
Its followers: perverts, monomaniacs, dipsomaniacs
Artists of the fast buck...
Shushed by the three men
Or masturbated by space men...*

(The last line being a reference to an episode in Bender's undistinguished *Flying Saucers and the Three Men*, published in 1962 by Barker's Saucerian Books.)

I won't quote the whole poem; you can find it on the Web. The self-loathing is painful to read. *And I sit here writing / While the shit drips down my face / In great rivulets*" - this from a man whose best book, whatever the truth or falsity of its explicit claims, carries within it an emotional authenticity that shaped the adolescence, and perhaps the entire life, of a twelve-year-old boy who never met the author face to face.

He deserves a better epitaph. Rick Hilberg, by reprinting his 1950s and 1960s columns for Ray Palmer's *Flying Saucers* magazine, has taken an important step toward providing him with one.

I'd call him "mythmaker" - maybe in the Jungian sense, maybe not. One of our country's greatest.

RIP, Gray. I hope you're now in some mythmakers' Valhalla, sitting at the feet of Homer and Hesoid.

*Ralph Coon's *Whispers from Space* (1995), Bob Wilkinson's *Shades of Gray* (2009).

David Halperin is Professor Emeritus of Religious Studies, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. His novel *Journal of a UFO Investigator* was published in 2011 by Viking Press, and has appeared or soon will appear in Spanish, Italian, and German translations. He blogs on UFOs, religion, and related subjects at www.davidhalperin.net.

A BRIEF WORD

This our third and final anthology of Gray Barker's column "Chasing the Flying Saucers" from Ray Palmer's *Flying Saucers* magazine. We have tried to select columns that we thought would be of the most interest to our readers, and note 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 our limited number of pages. Also remember that we have used original capitalization and quotes, as Palmer's typesetting equipment didn't have ability for the use of italics.

Many thanks to David Halperin, a fellow "teen ufologist" from the early 1960s, for his insightful overview of Gray's significance in the UFO *mythos*, and to Carol Hilberg who makes all of our publications possible.

Rick Hilberg

FLYING SAUCERS No. 18, February 1961

You are a common, ordinary private at a lonely military garrison.

You and your buddy walk guard duty at the top of the fortifications. Everyone else in the fortress is asleep - for it is two o'clock in the morning on a moonless tropical night.

Quiet and peace reigns on this lush coastline of Brazil. It is not a time of war, and you relax in this beautiful place. When the moon is out the ocean is a sea of silver, but now, even though the stars, stretched in an endless canopy, burn fiercely, there is a darkness which oppresses the land and makes your fortress an isolated island where alone there seems to be reality.

Were it not for your companion, there would be only the shooting stars for company.

Suddenly your buddy points at one of the stars which has suddenly burst into attention. It is over the Atlantic, and it is moving. Not like a meteor, but slower - and deliberately.

It is something to relieve the monotony until your realization tells you it is moving on what seems to be a deliberate course, in your direction.

Then your interest, now growing into concern, is quickened, as you determine this is no star at all - but some sort of flying object, with people or things in it; though you don't know why you feel there are people or things in it: it is the feeling you get as the panic of the next minutes is somehow previewed within you.

That panic is then directly presaged by the knowledge that the thing **IS HEADED DIRECTLY TOWARD THE FORTRESS!**

It comes over high - too high for a plane, for it suddenly halts in mid-air. There is a silence, an unbearable silence of suspense - as the thing seems to drift, drift downward, slowly and deliberately, closer and closer above you!

The white glow if its arrival has now deadened to a harsh orange glow, something like a Hallowe'en color. But this is no harmless jack-o-lantern. It is a craft of some sort, **disk-shaped and big as a Douglas bomber.**

You should have alerted the garrison, but you haven't. Your guns hang limply at your sides as both of you stare at the thing above you, as if mesmerized.

When the circular object is about 150 feet above your fortress it again halts, and it just hangs there.

Nothing else.

Then the low, dull humming noise, changing to a higher pitched whining.

The heat wave reaches you first like the gentle touch of a warm room, entered from winter. But it grows in intensity and quickly engulfs you. It is not ordinary heat, but a kind of invisible fire

that seems to envelop your clothing. It is too late to call for help. You go stumbling about the narrow area, screaming and beating the air around you. As you black out your last nightmarish memory is of overwhelming heat intermixed with blind terror...

The one sentry had collapsed, while the other was still running and screaming from one side to another. Finally he slid under a heavy cannon for shelter.

When the noise had reached the living quarters below, the men jumped from their bunks and ran toward their battle stations, not knowing what was happening above, though appropriating to themselves some of the terror of the screams.

Panic soon reigned there too. The lights went out; all electrical circuits were dead. Apparently the fortress' dynamos had stopped functioning. Somebody fumbled for the emergency circuits, but they were dead too. Among the confusion came a nerve-racking jangle - of more than a dozen alarm clocks throughout the place which, though all set for 5:00 a.m., were strangely going off at that moment.

The fortress was conquered by panic; whoever the enemy was, the men were certainly delivered into his hands.

Then suddenly the lights came back on, and the men regained some of their composure. They ran outside to contact the enemy, but found nothing - ONLY A STRANGE ORANGE LIGHT CLIMBING VERTICALLY IN THE SKY AT GREAT SPEED.

The one sentinel remained unconscious; the other still crouched under the gun, crying and mumbling, as if completely mad. The post doctor rushed to the men. Both were badly burned. One suffered from what apparently was heat stroke, and both had second-degree burns over most of their bodies. Hours passed before the less afflicted could recover from shock and relate the terrifying nightmare you have read at the beginning.

Thereafter, as usual, the hush-up. This report, tracked down by medical doctor, Olavo T. Fontes, and given to the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, is not presented here as a mere horror tale, but to explore a very important point made last September by a noted saucer researcher.

"THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE HOSTILE!" That is the title of a lengthy report prepared by George D. Fawcett, based on his more than ten years of gathering UFO evidence. We don't quite agree with George's title, which may give a conclusion stronger than his evidence justifies; but we want to give him a stage where this little-circulated research report can reach the many readers of FLYING SAUCERS for their consideration.

The incident above, which took place at the Brazilian Army Fortress Itaipu, along the coast of Sao Paulo state, near Santos, on Nov. 4, 1957, is only one of 90 reports he lists as involving hostility on the part of saucers.

While other researchers have published magazines, Fawcett has devoted his time to collecting and organizing UFO information into useful reference units. We first heard of him when we joined Albert K. Bender's ill-fated organization, The International Flying Saucer Bureau, back in 1952. At that time Fawcett was on Bender's International Council. Since the closing of that important organization, Fawcett has carried on his research independently, as he did even then, though remaining constantly in touch with the writer.

It may be unfortunate that Fawcett does not editorialize in his reports, and that the reader, as a consequence, may not reach a valid conclusion.

Were these near-misses and occasional injuries the result of deliberate attacks by saucers - or were they only accidents, without bad intentions by the saucerians?

With the superior technology demonstrated in these encounters, the saucers surely could have inflicted more destruction than actually occurred. Yet, with such a superior technology, and the advanced intelligence we tend to connect with such, could not the operators of such craft have

avoided the damaging contacts with terrestrials?

In the case of the “attack” on the fortress, the business of the saucer must have been something other than aggression, else presumably it would have wreaked more havoc than it elected to do. Maybe that business was simple observation with the side effects unknown to the saucerians. Or maybe they just didn’t care.

Finally, in going over some of Fawcett’s accounts of contact in the sky, we are led to wonder how many reports, involving mysterious plane crashes which left no survivors (or those which were hushed up) were of necessity not available to the compiler. Maybe such reports, were they available, could shed some light on the perplexing question of why plane accidents definitely occur in cycles.

But what of people on the ground who have complained of being variously frightened, irradiated, sickened, or even burned by saucers? Fawcett includes a bundle of these, too.

Although Fawcett’s reports definitely show that people have been injured and killed as a result of encounters with UFOs, we don’t believe that a concrete case for overt hostility has been built up. As for near-collisions with airliners, our own planes have near-misses almost daily and sometimes crash into each other; though one would like to believe the saucer people have better radar systems.

Close ground encounters seem to follow a pattern in that these contacts often cause redness of the skin, burns and other irritations, somewhat like, but not necessarily identical to radiation burns. In very rare cases have terrestrials complained of being “rayed” or otherwise attacked; instead it seems the injuries have been caused unintentionally by saucerians who either didn’t know or didn’t care whether such contacts could be damaging.

Some points are definitely proved by the Fawcett report, however. Whether or not intentional weapons, certain devices, either carried by the UFOs or a part of their propulsion or communication systems, appear to be powerful indeed, and far more effective than any weapon we invented. If the saucers wished to attack on a large scale, there seems to be very little we could do about it.

Just as the existence of saucers has been proved by an overwhelming number of sightings by reliable observers, we believe this report offers indisputable proof that they also have the technological capability of hostile acts, and possibly the conquering of the earth should they so deign. We believe, however, their moral capability for such acts is yet to be proven.

Some of these reports lead us to a conclusion different from those advanced by both the “hostile causers” and the “spacemen are here to help us” schools. Maybe the saucerians are here on some strange business we haven’t been able to figure out, and as far as humans go, just don’t give a damn about us. If we get in their way, too bad. If we stay out of their way, well and good.

But whether or not they have any hostile design (more than 10 years of mass appearances have to the contrary tended to indicate that they have not), their capability of such behooves us, I believe, to keep our eyes continually on the heavens.

***FLYING SAUCERS* No. 19, MAY 1961**

Our recent material in *FLYING SAUCERS* about a crashed disk and its strange casualties may possibly have been another version of Frank Scully’s “little men” - or, on second thought, Scully’s book may have been a hearsay account of an actual “little men” landing; anyhow Ray Palmer tells me that reader response was high on this particular writeup.

All of which indicates to me that saucer enthusiasts are not as likely to ridicule these reports as are their less illuminated contemporary, the man on the street.

If we can put aside for the moment the so-called “mental” contacts with spacecraft and space people, “good” flying saucer reports generally fall into three major categories: (1) Closeup

sightings of machines in the air or on the ground; (2) The above accompanied with actual meetings with human-like occupants, or “contactee” cases; or (3) No. 1 above connected with the observation of or some contact with non-human creatures.

Although we’ve always believed there is something very definite behind most of the “contactee” cases, it has somehow been the “little men” sightings which have more intrigued us and evoked the more belief.

Some of them probably have been hoaxes, strange tall stories of diminutive bipeds; and some of them may have been true! At any rate here are some of our personal favorites, collected in our research files over the last ten years:

Early in the morning of Nov. 28, 1954, Gustavo Gonzales and Jose Ponce, grocery deliverymen of Caracas, Venezuela, were making a routine run to the suburbs in their panel truck.

Reaching a street leading to a sausage factory they slammed on the brakes, for there, blocking their way, hovered a luminous sphere, eight to 10 feet in diameter, six feet above the middle of the street.

They jumped from the truck to investigate, but before they could approach the sphere a little man the size of a dwarf confronted them.

Gonzales quickly evolved the idea of capturing the little creature and throwing it into the truck, and made a grab for it. But it demonstrated an unexpected strength and agility: with one push it knocked Gonzales 15 feet.

When he had grabbed the thing and lifted it he noted an unusual lightness about the creature. The feel of the body was like stiff hair, and hard as a rock.

His friend, Ponce, was distracted from the struggle when two other similar creatures emerged from behind some bushes with chunks of earth in their hands. With this new development and the fact that the other little man was defeating Gonzales, Ponce made a disorderly retreat to a traffic inspector’s office nearby.

As the other little men jumped into the sphere-shaped craft through an opening in the side, the man Gonzales had grappled with leaped into the air six feet and came at him, his eyes glowing. Gonzales pulled out a knife, and as the creature approached him with claws extended he stabbed at its shoulder. To his surprise the blade glanced off as if it had struck a metallic object.

At that moment one of the other creatures which had fled to the saucer emerged, and, apparently feeling it was time to break up the fracas, aimed a tube-like device at Gonzales. The weapon shot a blinding light, momentarily paralyzing him; but he did see both creatures then jump into the sphere, which shot up into the air and was soon lost to sight.

Overcome with exhaustion and fright, the two men related their stories to unbelieving policemen, who thought they were drinking. Examining them more carefully, however, they noted they were sober and took them to a doctor who gave them sedatives. The report said Gonzales had been kept under observation, because the doctor was worried about the reddish mark on his side, the only proof of his tussle with a saucerman.

Characteristic of the little men stories emerging from South America is the fact that they are the most harrowing. Another report from late 1954:

In Carora, Venezuela, four little men, approximately three feet tall, tried to kidnap Jesus Gomez, but were beaten off with the butt of a shotgun wielded by another boy, Lorenzo Flores. They were attempting to drag the boy inside a saucer-shaped object when Flores hit one of them with the gun butt, breaking it into two pieces, “as if had struck rock or something harder.”

Another Venezuelian, Jose Parra, an 18-year-old jockey of Valencia, also had a brush with saucer-men who shot a ray at him. He was out running one day, trying to lose some extra weight he had picked up, when he encountered a disk-shaped contraption hovering about 10 feet from the ground. Near the machine was a group of six hairy little men, pulling rocks from the side of the

highway and loading them aboard their saucer.

Thinking he should get witnesses or the police, he began running again, but one of the little men spotted him and pointed some sort of device at him. A violet light shot from it and the jockey found himself unable to move, although he remained conscious. Apparently taking advantage of his incapacity in order to make their exit, the little men leaped into their ship and, as usual, flew rapidly away.

Finally, we can't leave South America without relating the terrifying experience of Jesus Paz, a young man of San Carlos, Venezuela, who had a harrowing experience, apparently during the same little man "flap" in that country.

Paz was driving home with two friends when he asked the driver to stop the car for a minute, so that he could go behind some bushes and relieve himself.

His friends heard him scream and rushed to the spot where he had gone behind the bushes. There lay Paz on the ground, unconscious. Startled by a noise, they looked up just in time to see a hairy dwarf running toward a saucer. The craft took off with a deafening buzzing noise. Paz was admitted to a hospital for shock, and also suffered from several long, claw-like scratches on his body - as if he had been attacked by a wild animal.

South America does not hold exclusive rights to hostile saucer men. At Domsten, near the straits of Cressund, which divide Denmark from Sweden, four strange little creatures tried to kidnap two men, merchant Hans Gustavsson, and student Stig Rydberg.

The two men had been at a dance on Dec. 20, 1958, and were driving home. About 3:00 a.m. they spotted a peculiar light in the nearby woods, and stopped to investigate. They got out of their car and walked toward the light, but halted when they discovered it was coming from an object which fitted the popular conception of a flying saucer. The thing, about 16 feet in diameter, rested on three legs.

Suddenly they were surprised by four little creatures, about four feet tall, which grappled with them. The "little men" were most unusual in that they possessed what passed for arms and legs, but no hands or feet on the appendages. They were lead gray in color.

Although the creatures apparently had no extremities on their "arms," they did have a respectable grasping ability. They grabbed the two men and soon were dragging them toward the craft. It was difficult to defend themselves, "because one got no real hold on the jellylike creatures. My right arm," said Rydberg, "sank as far as to the elbow deep into one of them when I tried to box myself loose."

Gustavsson also made interesting remarks about the weird kidnapers: "At a time all four were on me. It is difficult to explain now in plain words, but I got the impression that the creatures read my thought. The second before I had time to get a coupling on them they parried the holds I was planning. Their raw strength was not particularly great, but they were tremendously technical."

After struggling with the creatures for some time one of the men broke free, ran to the car and began blowing the horn. The sound apparently alarmed the creatures who quickly let go of the other man, and ran to their saucer. As the machine took off, the light around it became more intense and it emitted a smell reminiscent of ether and of burned sausages. A high-pitched sound accompanied the takeoff.

But the most amazing accounts of little men, for sheer numbers, anyhow, came from Europe and France in late 1954. The saucerians ranged from helmeted pygmies to a hairy creature with an orange corset, and their saucers came in a variety of sizes, shapes and colors. Witnesses were reporting flying cigars, mushrooms, barrels, spheres and even flying chamber pots!

Most of the reports came from France. In Quarouble, near Lille, on the night of September 10, Marius Dewilde went outdoors to see what his dogs were barking at. There, parked on the railway at the bottom of his garden, was a 10-ft. oblong machine that looked like a cheese dish cover.

Before Dewilde could make some appropriate exclamation, as Frenchmen are supposed to do, he spotted three small creatures about three feet tall walking along the tracks! The little men didn't have any arms, but they did have "enormous shoulders, and were wearing vast divers' helmets."

He decided to run after them but was stopped when a green light shot from the machine, paralyzing him. The next thing he knew, the saucer, or whatever it was, was rising from the railway, hissing and emitting black smoke.

Police were at first incredulous, then believed the witness after finding scorched stones and strange markings on the railway.

A friendly saucerman was encountered by Antoine Mazaud, a farmer of southern France, as he was walking home. He met a little man wearing what he supposed was a crash helmet. Although not greatly frightened, the farmer held up his pitchfork in a menacing manner.

But the little man wasn't frightened nor offended: he held out his hand in a gesture of friendship, and when Mazaud put down his pitchfork the creature walked up, muttered unintelligible words and kissed him on the cheek. Before Mazaud could recover his poise, the little saucerian leaped over a hedge, hopped into a cigar-shaped contraption and zoomed away with a buzzing sound.

Another farmer, Yves David, of Chatterault, also met up with an affectionate saucerian. This one, dressed "like a diver," approached him on a lonely road, caressed his arm and burred unintelligible noises to him. This one, however, shot a green ray at the witness, temporarily paralyzing him, as it whizzed away in its machine.

The creature taking the prize for the most unusual getup in saucerian history, a hairy creature about four feet tall, and wearing a large orange corset with a plush helmet, quickly scrambled into a 30-ft. cigar-shaped thing and flew away when another Frenchman, Gustave Narce, said "good morning" to it.

All over France and over much of Europe hordes of little men seemed to be swooping down to visit earthmen. In France the situation became so demanding that in the little village of Chateau-Neuf-Du-Pape the mayor issued a decree forbidding flying saucers to land. Ordering the local constabulary to impound any saucers that might disobey the order, he explained such a decree was necessary because the saucers "would be of a nature to disturb public order and the tranquility of the inhabitants."

No less dramatic is a dozen or more little men reports in this country. We can touch only a few of them. Always to be counted upon for such hair-raising reports has been Leonard Stringfield, Cincinnati, Ohio researcher, who was once given a direct telephone line to report local sightings to Air Force authorities, and who edited the highly-regarded ORBIT.

One of the most interesting cases is in Stringfield's book, "SAUCER POST . . . 3-0 BLUE," privately printed and unfortunately not widely circulated. The case was dug up by Stringfield and Ted Bloecher, of the Civilian Saucer Intelligence, New York, when a police tip led them to interview a "Mr. R. H.," local businessman who asked that his name be withheld.

One morning about 4 o'clock, in March, 1955, R. H. was driving through Branch Hill on his way to Loveland, an area northeast of Cincinnati. Suddenly the beams of his headlights disclosed what appeared to be three men kneeling at the right side of the road.

Feeling there had been an accident, he stopped the car and got out. To his surprise he found that the figures were only about three feet tall and certainly not human.

They were of "grayish" color, including their garments, tight-fitting outfits which stretched over "lop-sided chests" which bulged at the shoulder to the armpits. Over this bulbousness hung slender arms noticeably longer than their opposite members. Save for only a fleeting impression of "something baggy," the legs and feet were obscured by weeds and brush.

"Their heads were ugly," the witness went on. Reminding him of a "frog's face," apparently

because the mouth, as he described it, spanned across the smooth gray face of each creature in a thin line. The witness thought that the eyes, though "without brows," seemed normal. The nose was indistinct. But the tops of the creatures' heads were also puzzling: "Their pates had a painted-on-like-hair effect, like a plastic doll. It was corrugated or like rolls of fat running horizontally across a bald head."

To add to the bizarre scene, the middle creature had its arms raised a foot or two above its head holding a peculiar object. It appeared to be a dark chain or stick, which emitted blue white sparks, jumping from one hand to another.

The witness didn't seem to be greatly perturbed by the strange threesome, and he began approaching them. The middle creature lowered its arms and the object "as if to tie it around its ankles." He wanted to draw nearer, but by the time he had reached the front fender of his car the creatures made a slight "unnatural" move toward him, "as if motioning me not to come any closer."

The witness stood watching for about three minutes, "too amazed to be afraid." Then he must have lost consciousness, for the next thing he remembered he was on his way to a police office.

Another case difficult to dismiss as hoax or fancy, and widely investigated by civilian UFO researchers, occurred in Hopkinsville, Ky., on Aug. 21, 1955.

Two carloads of frightened people drove into town from nearby Kelly shortly before midnight, reported to police headquarters that an object resembling a flying saucer had landed in a field and that a dozen little men had emerged and attacked the farmhouse in which they were living.

A dozen county, state and city police officers rushed to the farmhouse about 12:30 but found no trace of the spacemen. They did, however, hear the family's frightened story.

One of the family happened to be standing at the back door of the house, looking out through the screen door. Suddenly there had been a hissing sound and a brilliant light. A bright object seemed to have landed in a field about a city block in distance from the house.

He shouted to the others, who came running to look out the door. By that time three or four little men were seen coming toward the house! They were unusual looking men - or creatures. They were about four feet tall, had huge eyes and hands, large pointed ears, and arms that hung almost to the ground. The little men "seemed to be nickel plated."

The family didn't bother waiting to see what they were up to. Extremely frightened by that time, they ran for whatever hunting arms were in the house. Cecil Sutton, head of the household, grabbed a shotgun. Billy Taylor, a visitor at the home, got hold of a .22 caliber target pistol. While they waited apprehensively inside the house for the creatures to attack, Mrs. Glennie Lankford, mother of Sutton, begged them not to shoot, since the creatures had not yet harmed them.

But as a face appeared at the window, Sutton let go with his shotgun. The face disappeared. Thinking they had wounded the creature, the men decided to creep cautiously outside and investigate. Taylor walked down the hall and out the door. As he stepped under the low-hanging roof, Sutton yelled "Look out!" as a huge hand reached down and grabbed a fistful of Taylor's hair!

Taylor managed to pull loose and dashed out into the back yard, Sutton right behind him. After that, nobody seemed to know just what did happen. Evidently the men opened fire on the weird little creatures which were perched in the trees and on the house.

Whenever they made direct hits on the "invaders" the bullets had no effect. When knocked down by blasts of Sutton's shotgun, the uninvited guests would pop right up again and disappear into the darkness. Taylor told of knocking one of them off a barrel with his .22. He said he heard the bullet strike the creature, then whine as it ricocheted off! The little man tumbled to the ground, rolled like a ball, then floated off in the direction of the saucer. Finally the family had given up the battle and fled into town for help.

So there you are - some of the most interesting sightings in our "little men" file, which contains

enough material to fill a book-length manuscript.

Like the saucers they apparently arrive in, the great number of these “Little Men” sightings, over almost the entire globe, indicate there is indeed some truth behind them.

Such sightings should be more tenable to scientists than the “contactee” reports, since the little creatures are definitely non-human - and these scientist have agreed that other planets, given different environmental conditions, would likely contain non-human forms of life, if such life did exist on them.

When we consider current information about Mars and Venus, for example, it would seem logical that visitors coming from either would be non-human in appearance.

The reports often have the little men investigating the surface of the earth, sometimes collecting specimens of earth and water. Sometimes they collect plants, this factor brought to life dramatically by the report of an Italian woman who had flowers grabbed from her arms by saucerians.

Now and then they also seem to be collecting Earthmen!

Ray Palmer likely will contend that the little men are coming from the earth’s center - and that, to me, is as good an explanation as any. In the back of our minds throughout our saucer research has lingered the gnawing thought that some or all saucers might not come from space, but from some yet unknown part of the earth itself.

We’d like to conclude this often shivery, often humorous chronicle of visiting gnomes with another of our favorites, this a comparatively early account from April, 1960. And taken from a report in *La Hora*, a responsible newspaper published in Quito, Ecuador.

We don’t know why it wasn’t published in Texas, for it is worthy of a story from that state and was said to occur at the Laredo Airport on April 16.

“For several days the disks have been seen on both side of the Rio Bravo,” the report states. “Before crashing, the disk deliberately buzzed the field at several thousand miles an hour. Then it circled the field six or seven times, each more slowly, finally diving into the field and narrowly missing the largest hanger.”

When the saucer crashed, airport personnel and firemen hurried to the wreck. The disk was very small (no dimensions are given), and inside the craft, obviously built for one small person, they saw a tiny man, about two feet tall, slumped over the controls, though still alive. Some of the men were momentarily stunned by some sort of ray pistol in possession of the saucerian, but it was taken from him as he finally became unconscious and was dragged from the wreckage.

Laying the tiny man on the ground, local firemen administered oxygen, and the little fellow regained consciousness. Reviving quite suddenly, he started fighting. Leaping to his feet, the tiny figure jumped upward and struck National Guardsman Sgt. Joe Jenna in the face, knocking him out cold. The others drew back, but the creature then gasped for breath and again went unconscious, apparently unable to breath our air.

“Again they administered oxygen and again he came to, fighting and displaying a strength that made it impossible for the guardsmen and firemen to hold him. Within seconds, he again lapsed into unconsciousness.

“Three more times they revived him only to have him fight free of the mask and restraining hands and pass out. Further attempts to revive him without avail.”

The saucer was made of an unidentified metal, and contained a control cockpit housing only a few pieces of equipment - probably “their equivalent of radio and radar,” the paper opined. A series of jet openings rimmed the thin edge of the aircraft and probably was the means of propulsion. Although *La Hora* did not reproduce a photograph, it reported, “a U. S. newspaper has a very clear picture,” and added for the benefit of its readers that the story was “either of paramount importance or a gigantic hoax.”

FLYING SAUCERS No. 21, September 1961

If for reasons only spacemen might know, the extraterrestrials indeed seemed to be at it again, involving themselves once more in a splurge of contacts with earth people.

Singularly missing in the current crop of contacts, however, were the lengthy conversations between the principals and moralistic dissertations by the saucerians.

In Eagle River, Wisc., a silent spaceman asked for water in sign language and in return gave a plumber a handful of messy, unpleasant, greasy pancakes which smelled like goose grease; in Miami the alien astronauts descended en masse and took off in automobiles; in France a saucer landed on a railroad, but the crew evidently decided not to get out.

The saucerians were evidently landing in Russia too! But the Party soon put a stop to it - or at least to the circulation of information about the ufological visits.

In Russia you don't read anything about Soviet plane crashes, while such disasters in the U. S. and other countries are fully reported. It is generally believed that several prospective Russian spacemen lost their lives in rockets which didn't work, before the recent successful orbit of a manned satellite - but no word of the failures in the Soviet press.

From the bits of information reaching the writer's desk from the U. S. S. R. and from logical reasoning, it would appear likely that a saucer landing flap has been going on, though thoroughly hushed up by the authorities.

We draw our conclusion mainly from the vigor with which saucers and the people who apparently saw them were denounced by Pravda and a youth paper, Komsonolskaya Pravda.

The denouncement mentioned a particular sighting which was supposed to have taken place in Uzbekistan and Tadzhikistan in South-western Russia. There, the papers said, a rumor claimed that little men from Venus landed, ran around trying to buy some candy.

Scientist A. Artsimovich was quoted in the article as stating that "flying saucer reports are sweeping the country" and resulting from "self-deception or intentional falsification of facts."

Saucer lectures apparently take place in Russia also, we conclude from Artsimovich's further statement:

"There are too many who make lectures, spinning fairy tales about visitors from outer space. These lectures are irresponsible, and must be ended....(these) lecturers derive the most of their material from the imperialistic American Press, which constantly attempts to divert attention from warlike acts by the U. S. and stir up propaganda against the Soviet people."

Very likely the Soviet saucer lectures have ceased, but we imagine the people are still seeing the little men, just the same.

And despite what the Russians were saying about the American press, it still was following the policy of reporting our own shortcomings, including some very bad publicity for earth-made saucers.

The Hamilton, Ontario, Spectator reported on March 4 that witnesses had seen "an experimental flying saucer" crack up at Mt. Hope airport. Apparently it was the third crack-up in the week for the strange-looking craft designed and built in Oakville by 37-year-old aeronautical engineer Adrian Phillips, a retired naval lieutenant-commander.

Spectators said it was less than 20 feet of the ground when it suddenly tilted crazily and thumped down on the runway, sending up a huge cloud of dust.

The saucercraft is being developed by Aerion Ltd., but owners insist it is designed for commercial rather than military use. They refused to reveal anything else about the saucer-like machine, and said the tests were "secret."

Remy Carbonnier, 48-year-old roof repairer, was a saucer disbeliever until he saw one land in the forest of Londe, near Rouen, last November, it was reported recently in the British Flying Saucer Review.

“Mr. Carbonnier doesn’t drink, he doesn’t wear glasses and he isn’t subject to hallucinations. Until now, he didn’t believe in them. But like St. Thomas, he has seen and he believes.”

The article then quoted Carbonnier who described his experience:

“I don’t sleep much on account of an old wound in my back. I was dozing when a green light came into my room and woke me up suddenly. I sat up in bed. The light was still there. I looked at the clock. It was a quarter to three in the morning. I got up and went to the window.

“I wiped the glass and saw something round and shining, about six meters across. It was on the railway. Three things like legs were spread out under the machine, coming - so far as I could see, from the center.”

Carbonnier then tried to awaken his wife, who was very sleepy and would not get up to look.

Carbonnier returned to the window. The saucer stood on a railway track about 300 yards from the house. Shafts of orange light shot from it intermittently, which reminded the witness of somebody taking flash photos.

“Then a kind of dome on top of the thing started to turn around,” he continued. “The machine folded its legs and took off straight up above the treetops making no noise at all. In less than 20 seconds it went past the top of the hill (about 20 meters high) and disappeared toward the southwest.”

Fearing to go outside that night, Carbonnier waited until morning to investigate the spot where the object had landed. Although he could not detect any unusual signs, his dog sniffed the landing area and ran away yelping.

One of the fairest and most objective saucer-enthusiasts we know is Norbert F. Gariety, editor and publisher of SPACE, a monthly newsletter about UFO happenings. We read his newsletter regularly and often borrow from it when our own news sources do not come through.

In his typical open-minded way, Gariety states the following “is so fantastic, as to be almost completely unbelievable,” and adds as a P.S., “Even if it were a true story - who would believe it?”

Anyhow, it’s the most gosh-awful saucer landing the writer has ever run across, and somehow the unusual nature of the account leads one to wonder: “If the alleged witness made it up, why would he make it so unbelievable - and still include a rich amount of classic UFO pattern?”

The South Miami resident (whose name Gariety evidently wishes to withhold) said that at 10:15 p.m., on March 6, he saw a huge dirigible shaped object hovering about 100 feet above a seven-acre tomato field. Evidently he at first thought the thing was a Navy blimp, though he noted it was larger than any he had ever seen.

His big surprise came when he saw a large door open in the center of the craft. Three smaller objects came out of the opening and rapidly disappeared into the night sky.

That was not all the airship operators were to discharge through the door which the witness said was “large enough to put a house in.”

Before joking that “Henry Ford has a new way of delivering cars to the Miami area,” editor Gariety describes the climax of the strange sighting.

Three automobiles were then lowered to the ground, along with an oblong shaped vertical capsule. People then got out of the capsule, entered the cars and drove off the tomato field to an outlet on SW 136 St. The witness said he was near enough to identify the cars as Ford Galaxies and to note there were four people in each car!

After the cars drove away the capsule was withdrawn to inside the craft, which then rose rapidly and disappeared. The witness added that small lights, very much like St. Elmo’s fire, moved around the object while it was hovering.

Gariety said the weakest part of the story involved a half dozen neighbors on the same street who saw nothing, and the fact that the sighter did not run to some other house to get an additional witness.

But the writer likes the sighting, anyhow. It involves the classical, dirigible-shaped object which discharges other objects. It involves the "spacemen-are-among-us" premise. And somehow the detail of the Ford Galaxies gives us a shuddery feeling that we may have a completely wrong angle on saucer origin. Not space entirely - not earth entirely, but where? Some shadowy never-never land of the in-betweens, where, as Charles Fort said, "there must be mergers between them and terrestrial phenomena"?

Saucerenthusiasts hardened by hoaxers probably reacted to wire stories describing an Eagle River, Wisc., sighting much the same as did the writer. It probably was another tall story, another joke.

But noting that Frank Carter, Vilas County judge, was involved in the report, I decided to drop some money on a long distance telephone investigation. I had corresponded with Judge Carter in the past, and was convinced he would give me a straight report on just what had really happened. It was indeed fortunate that the judge knew me, for he explained he had stopped taking telephone calls because people from all over the country had made his life miserable with such inquiries, at all hours of the day or night.

We will report the conversation the best we can, using the notes made at that time.

"I'd like first to point out one important thing," Judge Carter began. "I have sat on the bench almost as many years as you have had in your life. One of my tasks has been that of ordering the commitment of the insane, making decisions on the mental capabilities of people before me. In my opinion Joe Simonton is neither a liar nor insane. Before this happened he knew little about UFOs."

Judge Carter was referring to a plumber, whom he had known for a considerable length of time, and who had come to him one day to report an amazing experience: a disk-shaped contraption had landed near his house, and one of the occupants had asked him for water. (All in sign language, for no word was spoken during all the time of the saucer's stay. - Ray Palmer.)

"He came to me on Saturday, after the sighting, with this very unusual account. I'll describe it just as he told me."

To condense Judge Carter's description, the saucer did not actually land, but hovered a few feet off the ground. Simonton, who was alone at his house in a sparsely-populated area, apparently was not frightened, only curious, especially when a kind of hatchway opened in the side of the craft.

A man was inside the hatchway, and inside the darkened interior Simonton could see two other people, similarly dressed.

"I asked Joe what the man looked like, and he said, 'just like anybody else, except for the uniform.' I would hesitate to call it a uniform, for Joe described it to me as a very tight-fitting dark gray attire which came up over the back of the head into a hood, covering the hair entirely. There weren't any seams, zippers, buttons, or anything which would indicate how the clothing was constructed or put on, but it appeared to be skin-tight." (With the exception of a small "skirt" - Ray Palmer.)

The man at the hatchway said nothing, but made motions which Simonton interpreted as a request for water. Then he handed the plumber a very strange container.

"Joe said it had two handles on it," Judge Carter explained. "He was at my house at that time, and I picked up a soup tureen with two handles and asked him if it were like that. He said yes it was, but that the container given him was made of some very shiny metal."

An unusual aspect of the event involved the two other "crew members," who took absolutely no notice of Simonton. One of them was bent over a kind of cooking arrangement, somewhat like a grill. The other one was occupied by what must have been the controls of the craft. To Simonton they seemed to be strapped in where they were, but he wasn't very explicit on this point and it may have been that their actions led him to believe they were so.

Upon receiving the "tureen," Simonton went to the nearby well and pumped it full of water while the man at the door watched. As he handed it up he said he touched the doorway of the saucer (without any ill effect - G. B.). The saucer man received the water, then touched his hand to his forehead in a gesture the plumber interpreted as saying "Thank you." In return Simonton threw up his hand in a military salute.

By that time Simonton's slight disquietude was growing into an insatiable curiosity. Especially curious about what was cooking on the "grill," he motioned to his mouth and pointed toward it. The saucerian went to the cooking apparatus, scooped up a handful of grayish, pancake-like material, and put it, still hot, into Simonton's hands. With that exchange, the hatchway suddenly closed (leaving no seams visible) and the saucer took off, going straight upward, then off at an angle.

A large pine tree over which the saucer flew suddenly bent over to an extreme angle, and then appearing to have unusual (not unusual - Ray Palmer) elasticity, snapped upright, then bent the other way, then back again until it stabilized itself.

Were the otherworldly pancakes actual physical evidence of a visit from space? Judge Carter was determined to find out. Simonton had brought them along, and as Carter took one in his hands his first reaction was to the greasy, slippery nature of the material.

"Some of the grease got on my hand and I smelled it," the Judge told me. "I told Joe that I hadn't encountered a smell like that in years, but that when I was a boy my mother used to rub the stuff on my chest. In other words, the stuff smelled just like goose grease!"

Could Joe Simonton have "cooked up" a batch of unpleasant-smelling stuff and passed it off as interplanetary cuisine? Judge Carter doubted it. Although the "pancakes" were perforated in a regular pattern of uniform holes, and each the size of a lead pencil, it was the flexibility of the material which baffled him.

"An ordinary pancake or something you would cook up, would break. This stuff was also very rubbery in character and would bend without breaking and then come back into shape,"

Judge Carter immediately sent a sample off to NICAP in Washington, but the officers expressed a great deal of skepticism to the press, at the same time stating they were making an analysis. Sometime elapsed, but no analysis, and finally Carter received a telephone call from a chemist in New York, who said he was just beginning the analysis. At the time of our interview, the Judge had heard nothing further from NICAP.

Three Air Force officers from Wright Patterson Field interviewed the witness, who gave them a sample of the "pancakes" for analysis. There were no orders given him to keep quiet, and Simonton said they treated him quite courteously.

Judge Carter received a visit from Dr. J. A. Hynek (formerly of Ohio Northern University, but now of Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill, and often mentioned by UFO writers because of his investigations). Dr. Hynek, who was accompanied by a university colleague, (an astronomer), told Carter he was also making an investigation on behalf of the Air Force.

Simonton later told Judge Carter that he had received a letter from Hynek, stating that a preliminary test showed the pancakes to be composed of flour, sugar and grease, but without any further details.

The writer placed a long distance call to Dr. Hynek, mainly to check out the official capacity of his investigation. He confirmed that his trip was at the request of the Air Force, and was official, which prevented my asking for much information.

Since I did not mention to Dr. Hynek that I was working on an article for FLYING SAUCERS, the rest of the conversation, mostly concerned with our personal views, should be off the record.

I think I must say, however, that at no time during our conversation did Dr. Hynek express ridicule of the witness or the sighting. Instead he appeared seriously interested.

FLYING SAUCERS No. 22, November 1961

I find it difficult to get to the point, as countless readers already know, but I always have a compulsion to relate how I get myself into things. I suppose Dominick C. Lucchesi wouldn't have related the following to me had not my brother, Herman Barker, who lives at Gassaway, W. Va., begun selling television sets some years ago. To make this story as short as possible, my brother put in community TV antennas and sold so many TV sets he is now practically able to retire. Unfortunately I am still poor, since I still prefer to write and publish UFO materials. In fact, I am probably poorer than Ray Palmer himself, especially after he bought all those new printing presses. But before the men come for another payment on Ray's presses, let me get on:

My brother Herman, having a lot of time on his hands, has become a "ham" radio operator, and as a consequence, sits up all night contacting other "hams" throughout the country. On occasional visits to his house in the country I have sat with him many evenings, and been allowed to talk over his "rig". I usually begin talking about Flying Saucers, however, and when I do the other "hams" quickly excuse themselves and sign off.

But I got into a king size Saucer bull session a few weeks ago, after having a telephone call from August C. Roberts, of Jersey City, N. J. (Photo Editor of FLYING SAUCERS). Augie told me that "Dom", as we call his sidekick, Dominick, and Dom's brother, "Om", had themselves become "ham". He said their transmitter wasn't so good, but that they had an excellent receiver. Augie knew I had become interested in "ham" radio through my brother and said I should have Herman give them a call some evening.

As a result, Herman was able to contact Dom and Om, after several nights of searching the bands. Just last Saturday night I went up to the country place where my brother lives, and at a pre-arranged time we gave them a call.

Dominick came through rather well, though often interrupted by "DX", or "QSO", or whatever funny term my brother calls static or other interference.

I'll bet there were a lot of interested listeners that night, considering the rather weird things Dom related. Dom never writes me, and I seldom see him personally, so I suppose he took this opportunity to relate this to me, or to pull my leg, as my brother later insisted. I am reconstructing this as well as I can from a faulty tape recording of the session and some detailed notes Herman and I were able to make.

"Here's something Palmer may be interested in, Gray", Dom's Brooklynesque voice came over the air. "You remember when you ran that story in THE SAUCERIAN about the 'saucer woman' a friend of mine saw? Well here is something that reminds me of it, but is even stranger.

"Some time ago I was contacted by an amateur radio operator who lives around here. The nature of the contact was to the effect that in experimenting with higher frequency receivers he had decided to utilize a new type of reception antenna he had designed. He believed the antenna would amplify incoming signals to tremendous proportions, thereby increasing the otherwise limited range of the receiver. He said he had carried out the experiments in an odd manner. He didn't want to try transmitting on the antenna until he was sure it would comply with regulations, but he did connect the antenna by a switch circuit to the incoming leads, so that he could, by throwing a switch, introduce the new antenna into the circuit, thereby being able to compare the signal values or difference between the two. Having compared this hookup, he switched to the normal antenna and began to tune the higher frequency bands, at the same time watching his signal meter flick slightly as it began to pick up a slight disturbance on a band which was in the ultra-high frequency range. Out of curiosity he switched in the new antenna and was amazed to hear a voice, while the signal meter suddenly showed a carrier of tremendous power, which pushed the meter to full stop.

"He claimed the voice spoke to him as if he knew he could hear it.

"This voice really shook him, Gray, for it said simply, 'YOU ARE IN PROPER RESONANCE. DO

NOT CHANGE YOUR SETTINGS’.

“The kid got real frightened and switched off the whole rig. The voice seemed to belong to a person who knew exactly what he had been doing. It was a normal-enough sounding voice, but one which seemed to carry authority. He sat there for a moment, thinking. Should he get involved in something like this, or forget it? Possibly in the back of his mind he was thinking this was an unauthorized type of call. The voice had not identified itself with call letters.

“Deciding it would be no harm to listen, he turned the rig back on. Nothing was on the frequency when the set warmed up again; but then in about a minute, as if the other party knew he had tuned in, the back-ground noise ceased and the carrier needle went to full peg again. Here is what he then heard, as he could best copy it down:

Contact someone who can understand. Space. Do not turn receiver off again. Do not try to contact by return.

“The voice continued for a moment, then suddenly the carrier needle dropped from full peg and only static came through. Then the voice, with meter again going to maximum, came on irregularly, and the message was, as a result, not too intelligible. Anyhow, here is what he took down:

Contact someone do not contact far distant velocity interferes with frequency but wait switch resonates to full power then goes to other frequencies down near soon or contact our unit more so.

“The receiver then went silent and the signal meter dipped down to background, which was almost zero.

“Throwing on his jacket, my friend ran the few blocks to my house and related this fantastic story. I told him it must be somebody fooling around who might get into trouble. But the kid was so greatly agitated, I warmed up my own set and tuned in to the frequency described, but could find nothing unusual on the band.

“Vince, however, continued to insist he had heard the message, and suggested it could have been beamed to his rig alone, so finally I got out the car and drove the kid home. I sat there with him in front of it, but the needle hovered in the first quarter of the scale and again I heard nothing except the usual background noise.

“We listened for about 12 minutes, and I was getting tired of the entire business when the needle flicked to full scale! I admit that I jumped as a voice emanated from the Hammerlund (Hammerlund is the trade name of a popular receiver - G.B.!) Snatching a pencil I took down the words. The voice had a slightly alien accent, like nothing I ever heard before. I believe it sounded slightly Asiatic in intonation, but then I don’t know much about languages.

“Here is the message as best I could take it down: You are contact seven You are contact seven Hear Hear Do not turn receiver off Do not turn receiver off (static interference for about 30 seconds) Listen close Listen close We will be seen if you follow main highway westward (then practically the same thing repeated).

“The voicer gradually came through clearer, as it continued: Be on highway in exactly 16 minutes 16 minutes (Dominick didn’t know why the voice said 16 instead of the conventional 15, but added that the voice was then coming in so clearly he could not mistake the number) Stop vehicle near swampland Stop vehicle near swampland Look toward sky westward Look toward sky westward Follow follow follow follow to destination Blue glow Blue glow

“The directions were then repeated three times, at the end of which the signal ceased abruptly and the carrier indicator dropped almost to zero.”

At this point somebody called a “CQ” right over Dom and it was some time before we could get back into contact. When we did, the band was getting bad with interference and Dom came

through badly. Since I do not have an accurate transcript from here on out, I will attempt to paraphrase the message as he gave it to me: At the termination of the message I looked at my companion to determine his reaction. He was just awakening to the idea that we had heard something very strange, and still was at a loss for words.

I sat there trying to figure the thing. The only highway I knew of which went westward through swampland was S3. I admit I was quite excited about the message, and figured we had best follow up on it. I told Vince to get his jacket on and come with me. We got in my car and headed out S3. We arrived at the middle point where the highway intersects the New Jersey swamps about a mile past the Hackensack River. I looked at my watch, and noted that 12 minutes had gone by. We looked over the peaks of the Orange Mountains, searching the sky for any blue glow, at the same time wondering if the message had been interpreted correctly, and still only half-believing that it had been real at all. Some of my "ham" friends had occasionally told me of hearing strange calls, evidently the unauthorized work of hoaxters.

"Look yonder!"

As Vince pointed, I tried to follow his finger. It was a few seconds before I could see what he was pointing at.

Then I could also see the glow. I estimated the distance as about three miles by comparing it with a light cloud formation which it had permeated. Still the glow was very faint, and I would have missed it entirely had it not been for Vince's clear eyesight. It seemed to appear and disappear at roughly 15 second intervals.

"Let's try and follow it," I said, and we took off toward the glow. We must have followed it for some time for soon we had traveled 45 miles and were on U. S. Route 6 in the vicinity of Hacketstown. We did seem to be gaining on the thing, for now and then we could detect the faint outlines of an object.

I made an abrupt change in direction, forcing us to turn onto a secondary road southward. We soon found ourselves in a lonely and isolated district, where only an occasional farmhouse broke up dark expanses of farmland. Having been in the same general area once before, I figured we were in the Schooly mountain section.

Suddenly the object glowed more brightly and began to grow in size. I couldn't tell whether we were catching up with it or whether it was moving toward us. Then we became conscious of a humming vibration, which grew louder and louder, until it seemed to fill my ears. I could then feel the car vibrate, as if in unison with the humming.

I believe (Dom still speaking) that I was under control by the object, mentally, that is, for although I don't remember turning off, I soon realized I had turned off onto a dirt road which was overgrown with weeds. At the time I realized this I quickly stopped the car. Throughout this nothing whatsoever went wrong with my ignition system and the car ran beautifully. I point this out since so many UFO sightings nowadays seem to be connected with car motors conking out.

I wasn't at all frightened, and this may indicate some sort of mental control; though if this were true, the same did not affect my friend. He was shaking all over, begging me to turn the car around and go back.

I remember that I calmly turned off the lights, with the thought that my eyes would become accustomed to the darkness. I realized I had no flashlight. I wanted to get out of the car, but by that time Vince was trying to push me away from the driver's seat. Fearing he would leave, I removed the ignition key and stepped out into the grass-covered roadway.

After a few moments I could see better, but could not locate the object, which had seemed to disappear, along with the glow, as soon as we had stopped.

It must have been an insatiable curiosity, rather than control of some kind which led to my rather bold investigation, for suddenly my throat constricted and I froze in my path, very much

afraid. For in the roadway in front of me SOMETHING STOOD, BLOCKING MY WAY. But I overcame the momentary panic, simply, I think, by having too much pride to turn and run, as I wanted to do.

I knew I had to speak to whoever or whatever was in front of me, and didn't know whether to say something ridiculously courageous or something stupidly common. As my mind seemed to turn in all directions, I did manage to ask simply: "WHO ARE YOU?"

There was no answer. The figure simply turned about and began to walk away from me. A strong compulsion told me to follow it. I had a great deal of fear left in me, but this was quickly being supplanted by a feeling of resignation to whatever might transpire.

So I began walking along after the figure, though keeping a respectable distance. After walking about 25 yards I spotted the dim outline of the object we had seen in the sky. It was an egg-shaped affair, and I could then see it had an open port from which a dim light shone out.

As we approached the illumination ahead, I could see the figure ahead of me more clearly, silhouetted in the light. It developed to be a man in a loose-fitting coverall tied at the ankles and wrists. He wore a skin-tight helmet with small projections on what appeared to be ear flaps. As I was noting that the projections were similar to hearing aid buttons, he suddenly disappeared into the craft through the open port.

By that time I had no thought of fear. All this was interrupted by Vince, who grabbed my wrist from behind. He had followed me and was now trying to pull me away from the thing! I don't remember the remark I made to him, but he let go and stood beside me quietly, as the full impact of the string of events apparently hit him also.

"What should we do now?" he asked.

I did not reply. In my mind was only one idea: finding out more about the flying saucer, if indeed that was what it was. I boldly walked up to it and Vince followed. The man who disappeared into the open port was nowhere to be seen inside the dimly-lit opening. I decided to walk in after him, but first I took brief note of the exterior. The thing was ovoid, and must have been 50 ft. in length. I could not see external projections, except for a band or rim about 4 ft. in width and about 2 ft. in thickness circling the outer part of the hull. Spaced along the rim were large squares, with mosaic-like surfaces, the function of which I could only guess at. The surfaces reminded me of light-sensitive materials used in photo-electric cells.

The port was about 2 ft. off the ground and I had little difficulty stepping through it. I touched the sides of the port while getting through it and my hand recoiled. I suffered a slight electric shock, but no more than one does when he touches an electrical appliance which had become ungrounded.

The floor or deck inside the port was of non-reflecting, dull, black composition that felt like sponge rubber underfoot - but with such a smooth surface that I sensed it was not that. In actuality the port was an airlock, for there was another port ahead of me, which I also passed through. I found myself in a circular room with a gridded round lamp shining down from the domed ceiling. My senses for some reason were acutely sharp. A buzzing emanated from the ceiling fixture, and I felt my entire body tingling from inside out. For some reason I could not explain I felt much lighter than usual. I touched the walls. They were smooth like glass, but non-reflecting.

I have often tried to reconstruct my feelings of that moment, and how I reacted to finding myself inside such a strange device. The surprising thing to me is that I did not experience any dread of being inside an alien machine or near people who were surely foreign to Earth. As for the craft itself, ITS CONSTRUCTION DID NOT SEEM AS ALIEN AS IT SEEMED ADVANCED.

Dom was at this point in his narration when his transmission grew so faint, that my brother, Herman, though fascinated with the story, suggested we quit. He didn't believe what Dom was saying, anyhow, and felt he was only pulling our legs. I was so wrapped up in the account that I was expressing more disappointment at the story's being cut off like a cliffhanger at a crucial

moment than I was at the fantastic nature of the thing.

I picked up the telephone and got Dom on long distance and began kidding him about the yarn he had spun.

"I'm sorry the transmission is bad," he told me, "but I'm not sorry about the story. You can believe it or disbelieve it, according to what you want to think."

"But let me have the rest of it," I insisted.

"It's a long story and you are paying for the call. How's about my getting together my notes on the thing and sending them down? Then you can call me and we can talk more intelligently about it."

"Did you see anybody inside the saucer?" I asked again.

"Yes, I did, and I talked with them."

"Were they from Earth or from space?"

"You'll have to draw your own conclusions."

"Don't cut me off like this," I insisted.

"I would rather not talk about it over the telephone. (I wondered why he would talk about it on the radio and not over the telephone.)

"Look, Gray, I have complete notes on the conversation and will type up this stuff for you and send it down. Then you can call me up if you wish, or maybe we'll be back in touch by radio if you are up your brother's way again soon."

So that was the end of the conversation. I do now have quite a bunch of stuff from Dom's end, and probably will report this in the next issue, unless I can definitely determine it might just be a joke. Looking over the material, however, the stuff looks pretty good to me, and I still don't know what to think of it. Although the first part of the story, reported above, more or less follows a standard pattern of "contacteeism," and could have rather easily been simply made up, much of Dom's alleged conversations with the "space people" sounds unlike anything I have read before.

So I'll either report on this in the next issue or forget about it. If you find me reporting on something else, you may draw your own conclusions.

***FLYING SAUCERS* No. 23, January 1962**

For more than a month I have been trying to make up my mind about a folder full of notes, sent to me by Dominick C. Lucchesi, after our rather strange conversations reported in the last issue of *FLYING SAUCERS*.

Readers who read our last column will recall that Dom claimed contact with a spacecraft * (*This is an assumption, for you will note that nowhere in the notes published herein is any definite claim of space origin. This, in the author's opinion, is odd - G. B.) after experiencing voice contact by radio. We stopped at the point where he allegedly entered the craft, because of lack of space - and lack of time to analyze the notes properly.

In presenting the following, I urge the reader to accept it with some reserve, and to study it carefully for any loopholes I may have missed while working against a deadline.

If the story is indeed true, I personally believe it is misplaced in time. And if it is an "invention," it is not a recent one. Some careful thought led me to go back into my files on Lucchesi, and I came up with two interesting discoveries, consisting of two drawings which Dom sent to me about four years ago. One of these, picturing two people sighting a landed spacecraft similar to the one described previously, was used as a cover for my October 31, 1960 *SAUCERIAN BULLETIN*. Another drawing, which suggests a female space person, I still have in my files. I therefore personally believe the following occurred or was invented, around 1955 - 56.

I will now begin with Dom's notes, having rewritten the narrative part for the reason that his material is not well organized in the sense of literary construction:

“The floor began to rise, like an elevator, slowly and smoothly for, I would guess, seven feet, and I found myself in another circular enclosure which obviously was a control room. Two men sat on chairs in front of instruments. They turned toward me and smiled in a most friendly manner. One of them waved his arm in a gesture which I assumed meant that I should sit near the panel with him.

“Since I am an instrument technician, I confess I was at the beginning more interested in the gadgetry of the craft than in the people I was meeting. I noted the simplicity of the panel in front of us, and I remember it was that feature which impressed me most. One would expect to see all sorts of ‘kookie’ gadgetry inside a machine of this nature, after watching science fiction movies, but I may disappoint you, Gray, in not being able to report a lot of ‘gook.’

“The panel reminded me of an oscilloscope commonly used in TV repair shops, but it was rectangular, with square corners, without the spherical nature of an oscilloscope tube. The image was green, however, as it is on regular scopes, but several curves moved over it, and they were in motion. This will not mean much to you, Gray, but this would seem peculiar to anybody acquainted with such equipment. Probably it should have lighted up into some sort of scene, showing people outside or on other planets, but unfortunately, because of your love of exciting saucer tales to report in Palmer’s FS, it did not.

“Around the ‘oscilloscope’ were knobs and buttons. They were round, and of different colors - I would say pastel shades. They could have been made by any instrument company on earth but they looked odd. THERE WERE NO SWITCHES OR LEVERS IN THE ENTIRE CABIN. (Dom capitalized the preceding sentence, as if it were important, though I can see no particular reason - G. B.)”

Dom does not go into the interior of the cabin in any detail other than his description of the instrument panel. If he did not observe these features, I think we can forgive him, on the basis of biology. For I assume that he was in the above stages of observation when the “spacewoman” walked in.

“I was startled to see a female enter and sit at one of the control chairs. She was dressed in a gray coverall, differing only in color to the ones the men were wearing. Up to that point I had not spoken a word, and yet didn’t know whether to speak or keep quiet.

“I remember that I tried to observe any strange physical characteristics. Basically the men and woman looked like ordinary people, however they all looked alike, as would brothers and sisters. I got the impression these people were extremely strong physically, however, from the appearances of the men’s necks, which were heavily muscled and corded. While their hands were delicately proportioned, they were large and gave the impression of great strength.

“I would go into the matters of their eyes if I could describe it properly. I will just say that the eyes had an oddness of appearance that I cannot define, so I won’t try to.

“By that time the silence was making me jumpy. I did not want to be the first one to break it. The girl must have sensed my discomfort, for, walking over to another panel, which I had not noticed, she removed a transparent chart from an illuminated surface and handed it to me. It had the feel of celluloid, with a maze of lines and figures on it which I could not interpret, but which I believed to be a diagram of some sort. As I examined this chart, half pretending it meant something to me, I started as somebody touched me lightly on the shoulder from behind. I turned to see yet another girl, smiling at me in amused observation. She looked quite like the first girl, though dressed differently, and she was the first to break the silence.

“She said, ‘Your friend awaits you outside, so I spoke to him and he refused to enter our conveyance.’

“I did not reply, for I was startled at hearing her speak. She spoke perfect English, but it seemed emotionless. Maybe this was because she had what I would describe as a neutral accent. I think that is a stage or movie term. She talked somewhat like American characters in British

movies which are played by British actors. I have noticed this peculiarity while watching British movies on television. Her smile, however, made up for the lack of emotion in the voice.

"I noticed her clothing. She wore a garment similar to a sunsuit. Her black hair fell to her shoulders like a page boy hairdo. On her head was a doughnut shaped hat or ornament.

"My first utterance was, quite naturally, a question.

" 'Is this a spacecraft?'

"She nodded, and added, 'We go in space.'

" 'Why did you contact us?'

"Her explanation sounded complicated. Their sensitive receivers had indicated a circuit which was in tune electrically with their transmission apparatus and decided it deserved consideration. I paraphrase the above. Then I asked her why they had come to Earth, and she answered to the effect that they (she and her crew) were to their civilization what explorers and scientists are to our culture. I know this doesn't make much sense; to me it sounded like an Eisenhower press conference.

"I fumbled in my jacket pocket for the pad and pencil I had taken from Vince's radio bench and held them up to her with a questioning look. She nodded approval and answered a series of questions each without hesitation, and I might add, with extreme patience. As I tried to think of proper questions I remember that I often found myself with a mental block, because of the obvious importance of such an opportunity. I'm not certain whether I asked the right ones or most important ones, but here is what I was able to come up with, and the answers are almost verbatim, since I took time to write them down."

We now reproduce most of the saucerian quiz that Dom tossed at the "spacewoman." We have numbered them in the same way Dom methodically took down the questions and answers.

1. What is the driving force of this craft?

"The only way I could phrase it in your tongue would be to state it is an electro-dynamic-turbine which you would not understand."

2. Do the Earth governments have a vehicle similar to yours?

"Only in general outline. The underlying principles are common and impractical. Of course this is a generalized question you ask."

3. Do you have a base on the Earth?

"Antarctica, and some areas in south America. Then of course we base wherever we are."

4. Does your government intend to invade Earth governments?

"We have no government as you would understand it. We will invade if necessary."

5. Do you favor the Communists or free governments?

"We are not involved in your politics."

6. What is wrong with the human race as it is known?

"I feel they do not think in the proper manner, accepting most ideas on an emotional basis. Environmental conditioning and educational standards remain of the lowest order. People who are doing the teaching are no more intelligent as far as Mind-Logic-Whole-Concept is concerned."

7. What is the best way to gain knowledge?

"To be told by telepathic means by someone who knows, and of course to develop cumulative memory channels."

8. Do we have to accept things on faith?

"There should be no such emotion as faith as it retards progress in the logical-mind-matter-energy-reaction creating a barrier toward further thought on a specific trend."

9. Did you ever live among Earth people?

"Yes."

10. Is your physical body the same as ours?

“Yes, basically, though differing only in minor points, which were changed while traveling.”

11. Is this change caused by cosmic rays?

“To say this change is caused by cosmic rays would be a half truth. Let us say it is because of disintegrated matter whose particles carry many various charges with which your science is unfamiliar.”

12. What is your basic aim in life?

“Our basic aim as you call it, is composed of the will to strive onward, helping evolution on its course toward the ultimate.”

13. Does love exist as an actuality in your culture?

“No, love as you term it, does not. But we do have what may be termed in your language mind-coalescence which is a form of mentally matching our minds to someone who possesses a mind that is exhilarating and progressive in conjunction with our own.”

14. Do you have physical contact with the opposite sex?

“Yes. But it is not an emotion as you are at this moment thinking. It is a sense. The same as pain, sight, smell. There is a sense of physical feeling, not emotional as Earth people think. At this moment you were thinking in terms of physical sense-love-contact. Eliminate the love and you have ----sense contact. Love is the term you people have used to reationalize [sic] a number of physical-mental senses that you are unable to isolate separately and in their entirety to the logical mental-concept-whole.”

15. Should the human race not love?

“Understand the full sense that you term love and then utilize them and you will have something much better than the term you use to describe the conglomerate sensations that you term love.”

16. Do you consider these questions I am asking to be a low order, or childish in a sense?

“They are natural questions that would be asked by a person of your point of mental evolution who has explored the progressive thought concept.”

17. What is the human intelligence rating, as compared with other peoples?

“To attempt to answer your question would require a complete census of the many intelligences that reside in the universe, a feat we would be incapable of doing. I would say you are certainly above the lower order, and in many ways below the highest order, but only in various phases of intellectual progressiveness.”

18. How does our philosophy differ from yours?

“Philosophy as you call it is nothing but the efforts of your minds working in conjunction with your ego and foolish emotional facilities, attempting to prove and deceive yourselves into thinking that you are able to assimilate and propound knowledge of cosmic proportions - when in actuality it is not practical nor progressive to understand a concept of proportions that finite minds cannot follow.”

(Questions 19 through 23 eliminated)

24. Is your craft one of the so-called flying saucers?

At this question the entire crew expressed quiet humor for the first time, and the girl answered, “If you would have it, so it be.”

25. Does the Air Force know about flying saucers, and by that I mean what they are and their origin?

“They do not know their origin. They know as much as you do, if you have studied reports, and possibly more.”

26. Why doesn't the Air Force reveal the answers to the mystery?

“I would guess they have only fragmentary knowledge and not enough to make any meaningful statement. Of course (and she smiled) I am not a member of your Air Force and I do not know

everything.”

27. Have you heard of a man named George Adamski?

“Yes, but I will simply refer you to his literature without further comment.”

28. Have you heard of the Shaver Mystery?

“Yes, he is a barber and is on your radio and television. I do not want to speak of Earth personalities, but upon broader topics of some use to you.” * (*This answer is quite ridiculous, in the writer’s opinion. There is obviously confusion here which involves Andrew Sinatra, a New York resident, who has a stage name of “The Mystic Barber,” and who occasionally has appeared on interview programs. - G. B.)

29. (Pursuing this further) Forgive me for continuing on this line, but have you heard of the Shaver Mystery as published by Ray Palmer?

“You are endeavoring to have me pass judgment on your Earth personalities and Earth literature, when we must cover broader points. Some of this literature is beneficial, but some of it attempts to explain concepts of complex nature in too simple a manner. Some knowledge is harmful if received before the proper time.”

(Questions 30 through 38 eliminated)

39. Then, who does live on the moon?

“There is no indigenous population. The temporary inhabitants vary and are few. There are no Germans there.”

40. Is there a connection between the approaches of Mars to Earth and the sightings of unconventional craft?

“Yes, but not in the sense you intend. These events are publicized and more people are viewing upward during darkness. I am not construing a Mars origin. It is merely that unusual objects are constantly in the sky, but at certain times more people are watching for them.”

41. Will you stop atomic warfare before it occurs?

“We have no way of stopping atomic warfare but through education.”

42. Are you for or against such warfare?

“We do not stand in the way of natural evolution, but do try to guide it. Atomic warfare in itself is not natural evolution.”

43. Do your craft attempt to disperse atomic radiation?

“We have no way of doing this, nor would we interfere. If there is no warfare, the human body will adjust itself, through many generations, to withstand the increasing radiation, as it has done from the beginning of time. Artificial release of radiation will cause maladjustment, however.”

44. Are we going to have atomic war?

“If not within the next 15 years, it is doubtful that there will then be such a situation.”

45. Why do you set a time of 15 years?

“Mankind will be out in space and will be competing there. Journey into space will deter to a great extent the erroneous conception that war is of economic necessity.”

There were some further questions and answers in Dom’s notes, some of which are repetitive. In general they follow the same line of expression, which is generally philosophical, but at the same time sounding suspiciously like double-talk.

In publishing this material, neither the writer nor the editor endorses it as factual.

To myself, Dom’s narrative sounds much more truthful than most such contacts and communications I have examined, possibly due to my prejudiced view-points about space people (though keep in mind that neither Dom nor the people contacted say definitely that a space origin is involved). I would much rather believe that the Adamskis, the Mengers, the Nelsons, the Schmidts, and so forth, have really met and talked with strange people or strange beings than I would believe in the authenticity of the information given out by the “saucerians.” Most of them

seem to be benignly solicitous toward the lot of Earth people, yet there is often disagreement as to how our lot is to be bettered. Few of their pronouncements sound practical; some space people contacted give me the impression of being interplanetary blow-horns.

Recently I brought back an old movie, "A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET," to a small movie house which I own, and during a night of slow business sat sown and watched it. In this movie a spaceman of substandard mentality escapes from his home planet, where there exists a high standard of mentality. His own intellectual standard, compared with fellow planetarians, is that of a moron; yet here on Earth his brains compare favorably with those of most terrestrials. He causes incalculable mischief, and this results in a quite funny movie.

It might be that the thinking processes of most inner or outer space inhabitants is so complex that they would find it impossible to communicate with human minds, and only through the offices of their mentally incompetents can they contact us folks.

Or, who knows. Perhaps the Earth is one great lunatic asylum, poorly kept, and politically exploited.

FLYING SAUCERS No. 26, JULY 1962

While the writer extends his nose into saucery events all over the world in search of data, regrettably he often fails to see what is happening under it.

One of the closest, most interesting sightings I have run across occurred very near home, here in West Virginia, back in 1959. Maybe the reason for my not hearing about it was the one given by the key witness, an ex-Army flier, John E. Toney, of Charleston, W. Va., who believed that the Air Force had hushed up the whole thing.

I finally heard about the case when my good friend, Hugh McPherson, of radio station WCHS, Charleston, rang me up around midnight for a chat over the air on the beeper phone. We talked about Ufological matters for about 15 minutes, then Hugh put a record on after telling me to hang on.

Speaking to me off the air Hugh told me a rumor he had heard about a spectacular sighting on Elk River. He said, however, that the witness had been told not to talk about it and that he hadn't been able to obtain any details. He doubted if I could get anything more on it, but gave me what information he had on how to locate the witness and said I could work on it if I thought it was worth a phone call.

I waited until early the next evening, when I figured the witness would be home from work. I had asked a research assistant, John Sheets, to stay past quitting time at our office. He got on one of the other phones in the office and I put through a person-to-person call.

I located the witness easily enough and surprisingly he was willing to give me the information I needed.

"Do you mean you're calling me about what happened up on Elk?" Toney asked almost immediately after I introduced myself. I answered in the affirmative and asked him to relate what had happened, and the odd narrative follows:

Toney and three companions were setting up a temporary cabin on Elk River, between Procious and Clay, at a location known as Jack's Bend. At about 9:00 p.m. they had erected a rude type of hut and covered it with a combination of old boards and a tarpaulin.

Suddenly the entire area lighted up brilliantly, as bright as a flash of lightning, according to Toney - although the light was steady. Looking upward, the men saw a huge dish-shaped object. They estimated it was about 800 - 900 ft. high, since it was right above a mountain. The size appeared to be tremendous: from 50 to 70 ft. in diameter, and about 25 ft. thick. It was hovering. The witnesses had watched the thing in awed wonderment for about two minutes when they heard the familiar hum of an airplane (the object itself did not make any noise except in leaving). They

recognized the plane as the evening Charleston to Pittsburgh Capital Airlines flight.

As the plane came into sight the huge lighted object suddenly took off and soon outdistanced the plane, disappearing over the horizon at fantastic speed. As the saucer, or whatever it was, departed, a tremendous force or wave or gust of wind hit their cabin, tearing off the loose boards and tarpaulin in its fury.

“What was your opinion as to what the object really was?” I asked Toney.

“I had no idea at all. Our main worry was fishing all those boards out of the river and putting them back on the cabin,” was his reply.

Toney called the Charleston airport and reported the incident. A few days later an Air Force investigative team visited him and thoroughly interrogated him and the other witnesses.

“Is it true that they hushed you up about the sighting after they visited you?” I asked.

“They told us it was better not to mention it. But the story was in some newspapers this past June. So they must have officially released it and I can’t see any harm in talking about it after they did that.”

Toney promised to send more details, including complete names and addresses of the other witnesses, but this material was never received.

We continue to run across older sightings that we have received only lately, or missed reporting at the time they were current. For example here is another 1959 sighting which is most interesting:

It occurred on August 12, in a Colorado canyon. Ray Hawks, a Boulder, Col., truck driver, was operating a tractor in the canyon a few miles from Boulder when he heard what sounded like an explosion in the air.

At that point a silvery object, with “a sort of velvety appearance about it,” dropped out of a cloud cover to an altitude of about 500 ft. It was about 600 yards away from him. It hovered there for about 15 minutes. Hawks estimated that the machine was about 50 ft. in diameter and 10 to 15 ft. thick. Although he could observe no markings, he noticed metal plates about two feet from the outer edge of the disk-shaped affair. Bluish smoke was issuing from one of these plates, while a strange noise, like the thrumming of a generator out of phases, came from the UFO. (Readers may recall the experiences of Robert Ward, of Weston, W. Va., as reported in the February, 1960, issue of FS. Ward was awakened by a weird humming sound above his house and compared it with the sound of a huge motor or dynamo - G. B.)

The tractor motor stopped as the object dropped from the clouds, and Hawks couldn’t get it started until the saucer finally rose and disappeared into the clouds. Then the tractor operated as usual.

Also neglected have been a great number of spectacular sightings from 1960. For instance, there was the period from June 19 through July 25 when quite a flap developed in the northeast section of England, and was reported in detail by ORBIT, a British UFOzine.

The flap began when Colin Vince, 18-year-old hospital worker at Benwell, Newcastle, claimed to have seen a noiseless saucer hovering over the Dunston Power Station.

Interviewed by ORBIT, Vince said he was talking with three friends outside his home when he saw the thing about 3:30 p.m. on Sunday, June 19.

“When I first saw the object, I thought it was a bird. It started as a dot in the distance and then came rapidly nearer. It came from the west and as it grew in size we were able to see the sun glinting on its upper surface. It was a disk-shaped craft As we watched it stopped dead immediately over Dunston Power Station; then it moved off at a fantastic speed toward the coast.

Next report in the British Flap came to ORBIT from an anonymous witness. The unnamed man had seen an object which was almost the shape of a symmetrical egg with two broad ends for about ten seconds on June 29.

He was standing at Backworth, casually watching a plane pass from north to south, when his eye was attracted to another object a little distance from it, and ahead of the plane. The object held its position until the plane approached it; then it suddenly receded about due east in “the most fantastic manner,” disappearing to infinity in about five seconds.

The report on the object’s disappearance was most interesting. The witness compared it to “that of liquid air melting in warm water, or possibly ice in boiling water.”

Other British sightings included a most interesting case reported by George Brown of Denton Burn, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This occurred on July 8.

He was in the service department of Self’s Garage when he looked out a window due north and saw a long object, illuminated in a low cloud to the northeast, at an elevation of 35 to 40 degrees. The thing came slowly out of the cloud, emitting bright beams with a yellowish tinge which were pointed downward about three degrees. When he first saw it he could see the top, but not the bottom of the object. It seemed to consist of three parts with a gap from which the light steamed. Drawings provided the editors of ORBIT (but unavailable here) indicated the witness was looking at a huge craft comprising two very shallow disks or saucer-shapes joined together. The editors also suggested that some of the protuberances seen on some UFOs are probably intense beams of light, used for propulsive purposes or illumination.

There have been many rumors about the “psychic blood” occurrence in the spring of 1960 at George Van Tassel’s Giant Rock Saucer Convention.

This incident involved a rather odd happening at our Saucerian Publications book stand. At the time, however, I suspected it might represent a hoax perpetrated upon me by certain parties in order to discredit me and my writings. So I preferred just to let the matter ride and mention nothing about it. Due also to the fact that the analysis of the blood was rather unsavory in itself, I decided to just let the matter ride and mention nothing about it in print.

Recently, however, Long John Nebel, who hosts the famed “Long John” radio show on WOR, New York, wrote a very fine book, “WAY OUT WORLD”, in which he discusses the “psychic blood” incident. Since this book is enjoying a huge sale throughout the country, I believe I should at this time reveal all I know about the strange happening.

In order to make the expensive trip to California to attend the convention it was necessary that I operate a small book stand while there. I do hope I need not do this next time I attend, for being tied up at the book stand results in one’s missing too many interesting features of the convention.

In the afternoon of the first day of the convention I was at the stand, as usual, talking to a few people as they came by (lectures were going on, and few people were circulating in the area of the stand), which was at the edge of the huge rock that gives Giant Rock Airport its name.

I noticed some drops of splattered blood on two different issues of THE SAUCERIAN BULLETIN which were on display. This amazed me, because I couldn’t figure out how they could have got there. Few people had been around; nobody had been leaning over the stand, and indeed I had seen no wounded people about!

Soon thereafter Robert Beck, saucer researcher and an executive at a large firm which processes color film in Hollywood, came by and I called to him. He was intrigued by the blood splatters. Beck always carries a small amount of scientific equipment to the conventions just in case Van Tassel’s often-promised saucer actually lands!

Beck said he would take a sample of the blood to his station wagon and give it a limited analysis. Soon he returned, visibly excited. He said that the very limited analysis he had been able to make indicated clearly the sample was not human blood. He urged me not to publish anything about it or mention his analysis until he had an opportunity to give the sample a thorough going-over at his lab.

After I returned to Clarksburg I soon received a letter from Beck, containing a complete

analysis. I will not quote all of it, for it is quite technical. But here are the most important parts:

“The blood is definitely human. . . Presence of shredded endometrium tissue (small patches of necrotic endometrium) tended to indicate an alteration of normal blood typical of menstrual discharge. The proportion of normal cells to demolished and agglutinated red blood cells, plus the definite presence of disintegrated endometrial and stroma cells affirm this opinion. The final evidence to support my conclusion that the samples are menstrual discharge is based on the fact that several minutes elapsed between the time the blood was found and the time the actual smears were made. On exposure to air, the fibronogen reaction of normal blood would have altered it irreversibly in the absence of an anti-coagulant such as potassium oxalate.”

So there it is. The nature of the blood does indeed pose an even greater mystery than its presence. Beck is a highly-respected UFO researcher of the Los Angeles area, and his reputation is further boosted by the fact that he has worked with Max B. Miller, one of the most respected researchers in the country. We thus rule out a hoax on the part of Beck. But if a hoax, how was it done? How was the blood put there without my knowledge. And if some jokester DID manage to put it there while I was looking in some other direction, how in the heck did he come by such an unusual sample?

A West Coast friend of mine, who was not present at the time, was most interested in the occurrence. He suggested that the blood might have been teleported there by some prankish entity to stir up disturbances among the various saucer factions. He asked that I send him a sample of the blood so that he could make an independent analysis. At that time I could not find the copy of THE BULLETIN I had brought back with me and on which the blood stain still appeared. Finally I ran across it and tore off the cover, inserted it in an envelope with a letter and air mailed it to him. He immediately replied to the effect that he had received my letter, but no sample of the “psychic blood”. I’m certain that I inserted the cover bearing the stain, so here another mystery confronted me.

To me, a fellow who is as un-psychic as a bed post, this represented a most puzzling and mysterious incident. I have never been able to figure it out. If I have been the victim of a well-intended joke, I will bear no malice if the person who perpetrated it levels with me and tells me just how it was done.

FLYING SAUCERS No. 27, September 1962

“BECAUSE OF THE merging of everything - without entity, identity, or soul of its own - into everything else. Anything, or what is called anything, can somewhat reasonably be argued any way.” - Charles Fort in “LO!”

This writer had waited guardedly before pestering the prophets with “I told you so’s.” All sorts of prognosticators, professional and otherwise, and including the Seers, had predicted almost everything for February 4th - or at the latest, the 5th - and almost everything they predicted had been unpleasant to contemplate. During those fateful days the planets would line up in a fearful fashion which could spell only dire events.

Our office staff, Thelma, Mae and John, took the matter rather bravely, I thought, particularly in view of my own both real and feigned concern. I had clipped out a sheaf of news stories about February doomsdays, and put these on the bulletin board. The clippings concerned the End of the World, Local Wars in the Mediterranean, Collapse of the United Nations, Atomic Blasts, Earthquakes and other forthcoming events just as interesting and as fearful. I told them we would wait until the planetary conjunction and then check off whatever predictions had come true.

At that time I also remarked that I didn’t know which to fear the worst - the Seers of the East,

or Sears Roebuck of West Virginia. The latter had also been issuing fearful communiqués and some dire predictions concerning the fate of our office chairs, bought on time and threatened by the two payments which were behind. I told John and the girls that we could always ask Ray Palmer for a large loan, or if the Seers were right, the End of the World would end our concern about the removal of our furniture.

Near the awful deadline our staff continued to take the forthcoming disasters with a kind of pretended awe mixed with skeptical grins; but during the afternoon of February 3, I could tell they weren't so sure of themselves. For threatening black clouds came up, along with a terrible windstorm, which buffeted our third floor office quite fearfully. I reassured them, however by quoting late radio reports which stated the Seers (who evidently wanted to avoid taking the "Fifth" after February 5th had passed) had begun to see "favorable signs" among the planets, and that perhaps the End of the World was not so imminent as previously thought.

Although business exigencies had prevented my going earlier, it was almost a relief to know that my planned trip to New York, where I would handle some matters regarding book production, was coming after the end of the world scare was over. When I arrived at Pennsylvania Station it was Saturday, Feb. 10.

As I checked into my New York hotel the clerk handed me a telephone message and added the party had been trying to reach me all day. I didn't know how he knew I would be at that particular hotel, for I had made no reservations; but I was more curious in knowing just why James W. Moseley, editor of "SAUCER NEWS," should be wanting to reach me.

Al Bender had been upset about the derogatory remarks Moseley had made about both him and me in a recent issue of his publication, but I had written Al that it would probably help us and that I hoped Moseley NEVER said anything GOOD about us, considering how many saucer enthusiasts were angry with him for negative and contradictory statements he constantly made in print. I decided to be noncommittal and careful as I returned his call.

Moseley, usually pleasant in person or on the phone, was, I felt, either buttering me up to find out what I was doing in New York or hoping to make one of his social affairs a success.

"Did you hear about my 'End of the World party?' he asked?"

No, I hadn't, I told him, and how did he know I would be coming to that particular hotel.

"Lucchesi said you were coming up - I talked to him yesterday - and I know you always stay at the Royalton, or if not one of those Times Square tourist hotels."

I passed off what I felt must be an attempt to slyly make me feel inferior and questioned him about the party.

"It will be a good one, all right. We're celebrating the non-ending of good old Terra. As you know, the world didn't end last Monday. Some of your friends will be here: Lucchesi, Roberts, Robinson, Mike Mann - and I've asked Ivan Sanderson who doesn't know if he can make it."

I told Moseley I was flattered and would come. But because I had taken the train and didn't have a car, he would have to drive over to town and get me. After giving me subway and bus directions which I conveniently failed to understand, he relented and promised to send a car or come personally.

Moseley himself arrived at the stated time, and as I got into his Pontiac he introduced me to two friends who had moved to the rear seat. One of them was a distinguished looking, bearded fellow, whom Moseley introduced as Count something-or-other. The younger man accompanying him, who constantly made little obeisances and "Yes-manned" the Count, was introduced simply as "Sir Robert." I asked them if they were interested in flying saucers, whereupon they replied they had come along to show some of the Count's paintings, then lapsed into a discourse about modern art.

I remarked that Colonel Glenn's flight had again been postponed and Moseley added, "Oh you don't know about those people. Don't kid yourself; they were waiting until after February 5th."

Moseley went on with a rumor he had heard about flying saucers being sighted at Cape Canaveral during the last attempt to get Glenn up.

"I'll clue you in on the big feature of the party," Moseley promised as he pulled up to a Fifth Avenue office building. "But first I must pick up some pictures at my Manhattan headquarters." He indicated I should go with him, so I excused myself from the other two.

"The Mystic Barber U.N. pictures were to be delivered today," he explained as we rode up the elevator and walked to a door lettered both "Saucer News" and "The Consultant's Committee On Semitic Philology."

He unlocked the door, picked up a manila envelope that had been slid under the door, and ushered me in. I was somewhat surprised at seeing a rather small layout for somehow I had expected a plush affair with several rooms and desks. The enclosure we entered was equipped as a small lecture room, with folding chairs arranged to face a rostrum. On the walls hung pictures of Arabian literary figures.

"You must come to our meeting next week," he said, handing me an invitation card announcing a lecture on the Aswan Dam, whatever that was.

"Come into my own office," he offered, and we walked into an even smaller room. We sat down on steel folding chairs. "I must see how these came out," he said, tearing open the envelope.

"I expected a plush layout," I chided. "What's the matter? Is the Silence Group underpaying you?"

With a straight face he went along with the gag.

"No, no, they're still couching it up. But I overshot my budget when I rigged up that pancake business in Wisconsin."

After a few preoccupied moments of thumbing through the 8X10 prints, he suddenly rose and remarked we should hurry. On the way down he let me look at the pictures, which showed the Mystic Barber, a Brooklyn saucer-addict and local seer, demonstrating in front of the United Nations building. One of the prints showed a policeman accosting him.

"What's Sinatra doing here?" I asked. "Anti-bomb?"

"No, Andy (the "Mystic Barber," of course, is a showmanlike pseudonym for Andrew Sinatra) is raving about the end of the world and I took these shots for "SAUCER NEWS."

I figured this might represent some devious plan of Moseley's to cast discredit on the "contactee" school of saucer research.

As we drove uptown and across the George Washington Bridge Moseley elaborated on what promised to be a unique feature of his party.

"My friends have been receiving weird phone calls, predicting some sort of television program tonight at eleven. It's a strange voice which won't identify itself. The voice evidently knows about the party and tells everybody to tune to Channel 3, only there isn't any station here on that channel."

The Count and Sir Robert mumbled something between themselves. I gathered they took the phone calls seriously, for the Count was saying, "Evil! evil! evil!," and expounding further in some tongue I took to be Slavic.

When we arrived at Moseley's apartment in New Jersey several of his friends were already there. John J. Robinson, an expert on hypnotism and yoga, was greeting guests in the host's absence.

I surveyed the apartment, noted it appeared much the same as it did on a previous visit, except that there had been added a number of display cases lined with pottery and other objects, many of the latter evidently gold. Most of them were antiquities of various sorts, probably of great value. Robinson whispered that nobody was allowed to handle the stuff in the cabinets, and that Moseley

was "somewhat reticent about discussing the items." The autographed pictures of American presidents remained in their usual locations.

I was glad to see Dominick C. Lucchesi, whose alleged contact with space people I had written up earlier in FLYING SAUCERS, for I wanted to question him further about his experiences.

Dom seemed somewhat annoyed.

"You got it all slightly mixed up. I didn't have the experience. It was a friend of mine and I gave you the story AS IT WAS TOLD TO ME, NOT AS I EXPERIENCED IT."

I inquired if there were anything new on the unusual meeting and long conversation with a space woman, and he indicated there wasn't; at the same time I got the impression he would prefer to dismiss the matter. He added that the article had given him a lot of embarrassment at his plant, where about fifty people asked him about it. I apologized for the error, without really thinking I had actually misunderstood him - though the radio message he gave me hadn't been too clear because of interference.

Augie Roberts said he could hardly wait to see what Bender was coming up with to explain his strange actions when he had closed the International Flying Saucer Bureau. I showed him an air mail letter I had just received in which Bender discussed the latest Project Bluebook report, which claimed that only about two per cent of the 1961 sightings could not yet be explained, and reassured the public there was little if nothing at all to the veracity of saucer reports.

"It is remarkable," Bender wrote," that this report came out just before the release date on my book. It convinces me even more that since I put some of the specially printed Personal News Releases in Bridgeport book stores the Government has been watching me very closely. If the Bluebook report was actually timed to ruin the public acceptance of my book, it convinces me that the Air Force knows the same thing I do and is aware of its authenticity."

"Are you still going to shoot Bender," I asked Augie, referring jokingly to his outburst of temper when Bender closed the IFSB and refused to give us the complete reasons.

"Sometimes I feel like it, but of course I don't even have a gun, or would I know how to shoot one off anyhow," he replied in the same vein, adding he was glad that Bender now had the guts to finally come out with an explanation to his actions.

I hadn't been paying much attention to arrivals, but had seen a youngish bearded man come in and speak quietly to one of the guests. Moseley came in from another room, greeted the man, but at that moment somebody started a conversation with me and my attention became switched. Then, noting three different whispered conferences about the room, I broke into one of the huddles and learned that the bearded man had been a post office investigator who came to see Moseley, and that the two were in a back room with the door closed. I noticed Mike Mann creeping back toward the closed door with his ears strained and I'm afraid I did likewise.

Thus I couldn't help overhearing some of the conversation, especially when the two raised their voices. I heard the man telling Moseley, "We've had fourteen different complaints," and then Moseley's remonstrating reply which I couldn't make out. They seemed to be into it hot and heavy!

After half an hour of this both men came out of the room and Moseley explained the visitor was a post office inspector and that it was now "all straightened out." Quite oddly, for a government investigator, the bearded man sat down, and accepted several drinks, blending almost naturally into the somewhat unusual group. I figured the incident might have been rigged by Moseley in order to entertain his guests, particularly in view of the fact that the "inspector" was working at late hours, had an odd sort of beard and accepted refreshments. Still, somebody could be pulling Moseley's leg because he appeared to be most serious about his being "investigated," even proud of it! At that time it seemed to be a normal happening which might occur at an "End of the World" party.

Again the room quieted, as a couple was let in. It was Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Sanderson, he a

naturalist and writer of popular books and magazine articles about saucers and inexplicable matters such as abominable snowmen. Sanderson, with his brilliant rhetoric, enthusiasm for anything related to “borderland” sciences, and ready wit would, I felt, greatly speed up the already rapid tempo of the party.

I hadn’t seen Ivan since September, 1952, when he had come to West Virginia to investigate the Flatwoods “monster” sighting, and I felt fortunate to have cornered him privately for a few minutes so that we could rehash that classic Ufological event.

Ivan had carefully charted the progress of five different glowing aerial objects which passed over several states on that strange evening. One of them apparently crashed on the Flatwoods hilltop. Another evidently came down near Gassaway, W. Va., where a hitchhiker reported a crashing airplane. Ivan had traced another to a point south of Gassaway, where two farmers reported seeing a strange object crash on a hilltop and quickly burn up or dissolve.

I say “dissolve,” because of the interesting theory Ivan developed regarding the Flatwoods occurrence.

Reviewing that incident briefly, seven witnesses went to a hilltop in Flatwoods after seeing a brilliant object apparently land. Looking over the hilltop into a ravine, they spotted a huge glowing sphere, suddenly thereafter a huge “creature” about 15 feet tall which seemed to move toward them. The witnesses, including one adult, Mrs. Kathleen May, fled the scene in great disorder without waiting to investigate what they saw or really giving it a good looking over. Later, investigators, including the county sheriff, found the hilltop bare, so far as a flying saucer or monster were concerned.

Ivan believed a spaceship from some planet with an atmosphere entirely different from Earth’s had landed on the hilltop and that its pilot got out to survey the surrounding countryside, apparently trying to spot his “buddies” whose machines had also encountered some sort of navigational trouble. Due to unforeseen circumstances the Earth’s alien atmosphere caused both the spacecraft and the spaceman to dissolve, and this was already in process when the witnesses approached the scene. That would also explain the irritating odor they encountered.

But that was not the main reason for my wanting to speak with Sanderson. I had heard he was one of the few people who had held the complete confidence of the late M. K. Jessup, a close personal friend, whose unfortunate suicide in April, 1959, stunned the UFO investigation field. I had heard many rumors about events in Jessup’s life prior to the tragedy and of a strange letter he left behind, and I hoped to find out more about it.

Ivan was close-mouthed as to the cause of Jessup’s suicide, but did offer additional information pertaining to what was termed “The Annotated Varo Edition of ‘The Case For the UFO’.”

A year or two after the publication of “The Case For the UFO,” his first book, Jessup received an unusual communication through the mail, even more puzzling because it contained underlinings of certain paragraphs and sentences, along with marginal notes in three different handwritings.

The annotated paperback contained a letter of even stranger character. It alleged that a U. S. Naval vessel had been outfitted with a rig which worked on the principles of Einstein’s Unified Field Theory, and which in theory would make people and objects invisible. The machine worked, frighteningly well. Not only did some of the crew become temporarily and even permanently invisible, but most of the witnesses and participants went insane!

Of course I am quoting Ivan’s statements from memory, although he indicated that I would be welcome to use any of his files in my research - except correspondence with and notes on Jessup to whom he had personally promised the strictest confidence.

“I never did hear of Jessup’s publicizing this matter,” I told Ivan in partial disbelief.

“There was good reason for that. Morris decided that although the various scribbled remarks and underlinings sounded utterly ridiculous, he should nevertheless mention the matter to the

Navy. When he did they called him to Annapolis and seemed to be making a big thing of the marked-up book.

“This amazed Morris because after writing a couple of books and having done a great deal of investigation he was becoming skeptical of the ‘wilder’ fringe of Ufology, such as this apparently represented; and he couldn’t understand the Navy’s preoccupation with what he suspected to be an obvious hoax or harmless crackpottery.

“Morris was even more dumbfounded when Naval Intelligence showed him a large mimeographed book, consisting of the text of his book, along with all the underlinings and notes. They had gone to a lot of expense on this deal - they had even used different colors of ink to match the notes and underlinings as originally added.”

“Who marked up the original paperback,” I asked Ivan.

“Nobody knows for sure, unless it’s the Government. One of the names had a kookie interplanetary sound about it; another was just a first name and a town as an address. I understand this man corresponded with several researchers using this simple address, having made an arrangement with his local postmaster.

“Why wasn’t this fellow investigated?”

“He was. This chap, it turned out, had been living with an elderly couple in a farmhouse. When my investigator arrived there he was told the couple hadn’t been seen for several days, and that the roomer, whom everybody knew only by the first name, had apparently gone away earlier. A day or two previously a huge trailer truck, with several workmen, had backed up to the house and stripped it of all furniture about six in the morning. Where it had transported the stuff to nobody knew.”

How, if at all, these odd shenanigans related to the demise of Jessup I had no good idea. Nor was I to find out, for our conversation was interrupted by some shrieks at the other side of the room.

Apparently the promised “message” was coming through the television set, just as promised, though five minutes after the 11:00 predicted time. I crowded around the set with the others and tried to make some sense out of the almost unintelligent gibberish that came out of the speaker. Nothing appeared on the screen. Quite abruptly the “message” from the Seers, spacemen, spiritual entities, or some amateur radio expert with a portable transmitter, ended, as the technically-minded among the guests began digging up Moseley’s expensive carpeting, searching for hidden wires.

By then I felt it was time that I should relent and have one of the drinks I had been refusing all evening. I don’t know whether it was my unfamiliarity with alcohol or the impact of the endless stimuli from the fascinating researchers, people and just plain “characters” present, but after a while it seemed the whole room was revolving with endless confusion, with time completely ajar. I was glad when Augie Roberts, also a very light drinker, said he was cutting out and offered to drive me into town.

Once in the hotel room I turned on the tap, got out my jar of instant coffee and settled down to a more down-to-earth bit of business - reading the current issue of MAD magazine I had picked up at Pennsylvania Station.

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The September 1962 issue of Ray Palmer's *FLYING SAUCERS* was the last time that Gray's column would see print in that publication, although Gray would use the "Chasing the Flying Saucers" title several times in his various publications in the years that followed.

Since we have space left here, we've decided to run parts of his column that appeared in the December 1959 issue of *FLYING SAUCERS* that we didn't have room for in our last Barker publication:

Two of our biggest surprises of August (which is just ending as we write this) surely had something to do with saucers, one of them probably in a roundabout way - but they had something to talk about and for a change, THINK about.

For issues and issues we had been recounting the usual sightings, talking pro and con on the usual saucer issues. But as we had sat down to write, we wondered if we were actually accomplishing anything. Surely we were providing (or hoped we were providing) interesting reading, for we had gathered and read the news with great eagerness. We hoped we had imparted the same excitement to the written page that we had experienced when we first ran across it.

Sightings had definitely been off during the heat of the summer. Maybe that was the discouraging element. But our discouragement probably was the kind of discouragement which had led many researchers to throw up their hands. It might be boiled down to two words: **boredom**, and more serious than that, **frustration**.

But in August two things happened which seemed to change all that. I still don't know exactly why; maybe it was because they brought with them an indefinable feel, the feel of change, the feel that a solution to the UFO mystery was imminent.

The first happening occurred during the Long John Nebel "Party Line" program over WOR, New York, during the early morning hours of August 23. It may have been coincidence that shortly before the happening we had been talking, some of us in a derogatory fashion, about Ray Palmer's *FACT*; but anyhow, somebody told the engineer to flip off a switch, and we were cut off the air in the middle of a discussion.

The second happening might be described as having almost the rarity of the coming of the Millennium.

Under date of August 28th I received a letter from Ray Palmer!

Now a letter from Ray Palmer, as readers who have written to him well know, doesn't happen often. It's probably that he's really busy publishing and editing *FLYING SAUCERS* and *SEARCH* - or maybe he's just plowing his potatoes, or hoeing his corn. But I know I've received only three (or maybe four at the most) letters from him since being associated with him in an editorial manner.

And it wasn't so much what Ray Palmer said that was intriguing - it was what he hinted. And I thought I knew what he was getting at, excepting one cryptic paragraph which I WILL take the risk and liberty to quote:

"Keep your wits about you in the future, and look for signs of hypnotism. You'll begin to see something"

When the Long John show began at midnight, August 22, I lifted a great sheath of clippings, reports and publications onto my end of the long table, and John even asked me if I needed another small table. A bit embarrassed, I put some of it back into the brief case.

It developed that I had little time to talk about sightings. As I had been forewarned, James Moseley, editor of *SAUCER NEWS*, sat down as one of the panel members, and he, in the company of Rabbi Y. N. Ibn Aharon (shortened to just "Yonah" on the show) proceeded to review an article Moseley had published, charging that I had sent the "Three Men In Black" who had allegedly silenced investigator Albert K. Bender back in 1953.

Though I felt the article to be so ridiculously composed that nobody would believe it, Moseley

and Yonah soon succeeded in angering me, and I began, I am afraid, gesticulating and almost shouting what I thought about it. I lost so much control of my temper for a while that I was moving too far away from the microphone, which was remedied by a neck mike. Readers may be assured that I soon settled down and decided to talk calmly, but the discussion dragged on and on and I was unable to present many cases I had brought along.

I wanted to bring out that some recent sightings again involved beings or creatures of some sort, seen in close association with landed or hovering saucers. I had a very good clipping from the *Evening Mail* of Nelson, New Zealand, dated July 22.

It described how a Marlborough woman went out on her family's small nine-acre farm to milk her cows. Now it was not stated whether the animals were as frightened as Mrs. Frederick Moreland, but the strange craft and its two curious saucer men put a temporary end to the milking. It would be better to quote Mrs. Moreland, as she told the story to reporters:

"At 5:30 a.m. on Monday, July 12, I went across the paddock to milk the cows. I noticed a green glow in the clouds. As there was no moon, I wondered what it was. When I was half-way across the paddock, two large green things, like eyes or big lamps, appeared above me and dropped toward the ground.

"I noticed that I was bathed in a green light and that all the paddock was green too. It was a horrid sort of color. My first thought was, 'I shouldn't be here,' and I made a dive for the trees. I stood and watched.

"A saucer-shaped glow with two indented green lights in the bottom, descended. The air became very warm. Two rows of jets around the middle shot out orange-colored flames.

"They appeared to revolved in opposite directions. The thing was about 20 to 30 feet in diameter. It hovered at about roof-top height."

Then, if added surprise was possible, Mrs. Moreland experienced it when she spotted the pilots of the machines:

"The jets stopped and a light was switched on in what appeared to be a glass dome or roof, which glowed. The bottom appeared to be of a grayish metal color. There was a faint hum in the air, as it hovered.

"There were two men in it, dressed in fairly close-fitting suits of shiny material. The only thing I can think of to describe it is aluminum foil. Opaque helmets rose from their shoulders. I could not see their faces. One of the men stood up and put two hands in front of him as if leaning over to look downward. He then sat down, and, after a minute or two, the jets started off again, and, tilting slightly at first, the thing shot up vertically at great speed and disappeared into the clouds. When it did this it made a soft but high-pitched sound."

Mrs. Moreland was now so dumfounded she just stood there, cowering among the trees, not knowing what to do. It was then she noticed a strange odor in the air, which she described as "like pepper."

Then to the eternal credit of New Zealanders' composure under stress, the good housewife decided it was time to get on with milking the cows, which evidently had been even more stoic during the incident. But as she milked away, she kept wondering about the experience, and decided to go into the house and wake her husband, apparently snoring away while his wife did the early morning chores. She was almost fearful to tell him, but when she had related her saucery experience, he jumped out of bed and telephoned the police.

Mrs. Moreland said that a policeman, together with an air force officer came to her house, and apparently believed her story, as far as she could tell by their manner of listening. Then a later check disclosed that a neighbor, some three miles from the Moreland farm, had also seen something unusual the same morning. He had got out of bed for a drink of water and had lain down again when, still awake, he saw a bright light shining through the window. As the lights of vehicles

approaching along the road often shine through his window, he idly waited for the sound of an engine. But as the light, of whitish orange color, gained intensity, then faded, he realized he was not hearing the vehicle. The light traveled from east to west.

Whether or not I was going by any "FACT," I had reached similar conclusions about another close sighting involving saucer pilots and the same general area of the world. The clipping had come to me unidentified as to newspaper and date, but I assumed it was the same age as the one describing Mrs. Moreland's experience.

Father William Booth Gill, an Anglican priest assigned to Boianai Anglican Mission, Papua, New Guinea, related how just after sunset on June 27 he and 12 other people saw a large flying object, along with two smaller ones.

The large saucer, however, departed from the usual. A drawing showed a well-shaped craft without a dome. If the Detroit of the saucer-men build convertibles, surely this must have been one, because standing on top of the thing, where the dome should have been, were four figures, which looked as if "they were doing something on the top deck."

"One figure seemed to be standing, looking down at us. I stretched my hand above my head and waved. To our surprise the figure did the same.

"Another person and myself waved both hands over our heads, and all four figures seemed to do the same. All the mission boys made audible gasps."

Later, after darkness had come (the thing must have hovered there for some time - G.B.), Father Gill flashed a flashlight at the object, and the crew acknowledged the signal by making several wavering motions back and forth.

The priest's closely-typed eight-page report, which was sent by way of another mission to Brisbane, Australia, and there intercepted and reported by civilian saucer investigator, D. H. Judge, also have estimates of size. Diameter of the largest, on which the "men" stood, was roughly 35 feet at the bottom deck, and 20 feet at the top. While in view it operated between 2500 feet and 450 feet. The color was dull yellow when stationary and very bright when moving, changing from thin white to deep red and then to blue-green. The report also said that on an earlier date eight similar objects had been sighted, but without any occupants seen.

"That, upon general principles of Continuity, if super-vessels, or super-vehicles, have traversed this earth's atmosphere, there must be mergers between them and terrestrial phenomena: observations upon them must merge away into observations upon clouds and balloons and meteors . . ." Charles Fort in THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED.



Duplantier