

# No need to fear fun-loving saucers

By Jim Fain

Flying saucers are as pure a blessing as fresh air and snowflakes, but — in our churlish way, — we insist on thinking they're out to get us.

**The record proves these celestial sprites never harm a soul, though some humans do themselves in by chasing them too far, too high or too fast. Saucers are friendly, inquisitive, fun-loving.**

When a Japanese cargo pilot spotted a giant walnut of a saucer, "two times bigger than an aircraft carrier," flying formation with him over the Arctic recently, he reacted with characteristic humanoid skittishness. He got FAA permission to take evasive maneuvers.

Silly boy. Nobody evades a saucer. To these fun-loving visitors from outer space, a plane's darting away is an invitation to dance.

I've followed saucers since their debut in 1947. In the late '50s, as an Air Force reservist, I had a desk in an intelligence shop next to the Project Blue Book officer who researched all saucer sightings.

He found the saucers curious about everything on earth, especially junk food. A gentleman in the Midwest once came upon several extra-territorials picnicking by a parked saucer. He sent in a sample of what they had been eating. Chemical analysis showed it to be pancake mix.

Any student of psychographics knows flapjack eaters are laid back and mellow. If saucer crews were mean-spirited ideologues like Patrick Buchanan, they would not eat flapjacks.

Saucers contribute to the gross national product, providing weekly articles for the tabloids supermarkets sell. These frequently deal with food, as when a saucer several years ago hijacked a truck load of peanut butter. It was returned after tasting. Though saucers are incorrigibly mischievous, there's not a mean or mendacious bone in them.

The current *Weekly World News* features a sketch of a female space alien under a headline, "UFO Crash Survivors on the Loose." This



lady was on a starship that crashed in Brazil last summer, escaped from a detention center and may be on her way to the United States, the tabloid says. Then, as humans invariably do, it speculates about harm coming to people through extra-terrestrial viruses.

Forget it, *Weekly World News*. Earthlings grow viruses. Saucers brim with gusto and good humor, not germs.

Why do people insist on thinking saucers are hostile? Probably because we make everything over in our own image. We're too guilt-ridden to grasp innocence. Because we lack the zest to enjoy the absurdity of life, we make everything out to be as grim as we are.

**Saucers are for merriment, high jinks, fun. Unlike the bashful Nessie of the Scottish loch or Yeti of the high Himalayas, saucers are spirited extroverts, sociable as puppies. Astronomers say a huge galaxy was born the other day. Small wonder the saucers are out in force, lighting up the heavens. What better way to mark the birth of new stars?**

When the next flying saucer shimmers up to you, grab on and soar. If peanut butter sticks to your palate, ask for wine. The saucer that glommed onto the Japanese plane the other day knew exactly what it was doing. That 747 was loaded to its gunnels with new Beaujolais.