

NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

May 21st, 1946

Asd
Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Street
Hollywood, California

My dear Frank:

I am in receipt of a letter dated May 16th from Bernard Lusher, Campaign Manager for one Frank Scully, candidate from Hollywood's 57th District to the State Assembly of California.

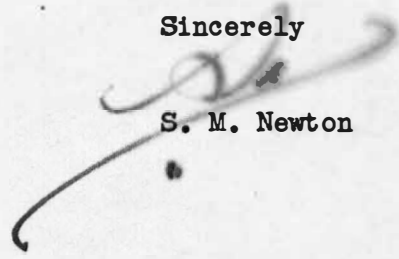
The small check enclosed herewith is payable to your order for the specific reason that there might be some question as to it being a corporation check, in which event the Committee could not accept it. This is not the case - this is a trade name and has been for years used by us in connection with operations where our corporation did not see fit to domesticate in various states.

You will please be kind enough to cash the check and deliver the proceeds to the Committee with my best wishes.

There seems to be in the back of my mind recollection of your being politically a Democrat. I am, therefore, forgetting this idea in favor of your being an American and as such a citizen that once elected will serve all of the people of your District regardless of party affiliations and it is with this thought in mind that I gladly do my small bit with the conviction that there is no better man in your community for this job.

With all good wishes to all the Scullys and every good wish to you.

Sincerely


S. M. Newton

TOMORROW'S OIL— WEST OF THE ROCKIES!

A Thumbnail Sketch of America's Last Great Oil Frontier

By SILAS M. NEWTON

**A few remarks on geological errors—tomorrow's needs, and
a possible way to avoid some of the dry holes.**

During the past three years Colorado's now world famous Rangely Oil Field has turned the eyes of the oil world on a vast domain of territory. It stretches southward from the Uintas in northern Utah and northwestern Colorado down across portions of six western states—western Colorado, eastern Utah, northwestern New Mexico, northeastern Arizona, the southern tip of Nevada, southeastern California and western Arizona, to the Gulf of California and the Republic of Mexico.

For many years it has been the privilege of this writer to travel the highways that traverse this vast territory. During recent years, and particularly during the past year, flying up and down and across this country has made possible an aerial study of this great expanse that has been both entertaining and enlightening.

The northern portion is a great upland country that has succumbed to the inexorable attrition of the weather for several millions of years. Over other large portions of this vast area, expressionless plains lie the victims of the smoothing hand of deposition, which tends to blur out the outlines of relief features that are so dear to the scientist trained in field geology.

Land of Contrasts

The greater portion, however, is cluttered with topographic contrasts, that will challenge for years to come all the rock hounds that visit it in search of the hidden kingdoms of petroleum.

Over and over again as you wing its length and breadth, there comes to view the mighty bleedings of inner earth, known to man as volcanoes that once moved across this vast plateau country, as evidenced by the cold dead lava flows that mark the far flung landscape. While the dramatic fury that raged in ages that have passed, is no more, the scene is still lurid and awesome.

Farther on the scene changes and the plain turns red, which tells of tropical days of a far away past that abounded in oxidized iron. Then come fantastic multi-hued jumbles of peaks and canons, dressed in colors—reds, purples and vermillions, challenging one's imagination. As you fly over this plateau country, you marvel at the broad wildernesses of templed buttes; you sit in awe as you gaze across painted landscapes—you are winging across a half million square miles of what may be the last and perhaps the greatest oil and gas reserve in the United States.

To view this whole panorama—man's greatest gift to man has been the airplane and by looking at what he sees today the scientist can reconstruct its yesterday.

Winging across the blue yonder from the lower Gulf of California in a northeasterly direction the geologist sees the remains of disconnected highland barriers that ranged down the Pacific Coast. The topographic contrasts begin to stagger the imagination. The fury of erosion is everywhere present. Gashing across this vast country from the highlands of the Rockies away to the northeast in Colorado, a mighty river wends its spectacular way to the sea. Seventeen hundred miles of turbulent fury cutting its way relentlessly across highland and plain, leaving in its wake that majestic place called the Grand Canyon.

Forgotten Shorelines

Our geologist flyer charmed and with imagination strained almost to breaking point, sees evidences of forgotten shorelines now lost in Time's geologically charted past, that once bordered seas without a name. Sediments washed from the highlands to the north and east cover these sand-fretted stretches and drowned out the mighty waters of unnamed seas that crept back and forth from the south thru long periods of the Paleozoic Era.

These sediments that covered the waters relentlessly covered as well countless varieties of the quick and the dead that lingered or lay buried along these nameless shores.

On this ancient and continental platform most of the sediments torn from the towering flanks were ultimately laid to rest; this all happened with the coming and going of some four geological ages. It follows naturally that with the blotting out of one shore line by sedimentary deposition the sea

fought for its existence by laying down other shore lines on to which its waves could wash and in its surf marine life of the deep could linger in an attempt to cheat the death that was pursuing them. Since the day the first rains fell and the first winds blew, these mighty erosive children of Mother Nature have carried on their endless task of washing down the mountains.

It is the province of the oil geologist to search across this prodigious plateau country, as well as its lowlands, for the telltale evidences of the hiding places of petroleum. Well does he know that the smoothing hand of deposition has hidden many a structure across this broad expanse and he realizes that the relief features of the usual Rocky Mountain picture book oil structures are certain to be lost across these desert sands. Experience teaches him, however, that even the erosive agents have long since stripped away the last telltale marker, and while it seems that we have located and charted the last fragments of rocks that outline oil sepulchres beneath the surface, there still must lie buried vaults fashioned by Nature's writhing that harbor "Rangelys" beyond our imagining.

Subsurface Studied

The overall picture of the subsurface beneath this vast area is now an open book to the geologist, for the drill has already worked its way down thru muds of varying composition and color; the paleontologist has already patiently searched out the fossil remains of hundreds of millions of years of life on his planet and the geological ages are already charted on the printed page.

Here one gets the picture of the physical world that never rests. Some of us, as we look on the face of this whole earth, are prone to think the job of creation is finished, but the scientist, however, knows that the vicissitudes of two billion years are imprinted in the crust of this globe and thus have we learned that the world of creation has been an endless process.

Our scientist likewise knows that a varied multitude of creatures spawned untiringly for millions and millions of years and that they swam these vagabond seas that came wandering northward. These seas stretched their liquid

fingers into the depressions all the way up the western flank of the Rockies until they shored against the friendly base of the Uintas. Prehistoric creatures lived, died and were buried in the briny ooze which in turn was covered by sediments from every mountainside.

Oil Seeks Surface

Since the distant days when the earth was young this liquid thing called oil has ever struggled towards the surface. Today, across most of this far flung territory, endless trails stretch, trails freshly made by the geologist, the geophysicist with all of their geophysical equipment and paraphernalia.

Millions of acres are being sounded out and the subsurface is being mapped to point the way to possible hidden havens of man's most precious substance—petroleum.

What will be the reward of all of this work? How many dry holes will be drilled before the answer to all the oil deposits are found? Let us turn for the moment to the record.

Dry, Dry Again

In the endless search for oil, out of the accumulated experience of professional oil men, together with the aid of thousands of trained and experienced geologists, with all the progress in geophysical research, it would seem to the layman that the boring for oil today should be an exact science. What are the facts? How many wildcats today have been drilled that died before they could blossom into commercial production? The record says that in the first nine months of the year 1947, with the demand for oil at its all time high, out of 3829 exploratory operations, commonly known as "wildcats," 3089 were completed as dry holes; 79.2 percent of all these untold thousands of feet of hole, plus time and labor, have been rewarded with nothing but dry holes.

As of today reports are available on 326 wells that have been drilled below the 12,000 foot level at an aggregate cost of more than 100 million dollars. A large number of these wells were dry, including the deepest well in the world, drilled to 17,823 feet in Caddo County, Oklahoma.

The conclusions are inescapable. The evidence is overwhelming; something is lacking in the geological and geophysical methods by which we search the petroleum amphitheatre of this earth.

New Attitude Needed

The innate curiosity of my mind has ever rebelled at the pretence of omniscience of some of the oil geological fraternity. True, the majority have worked well with the tools of their trade and they have done a monumental work to date, but to put it simply—the finding of oil where it lies in its silent bed, to the geologist seems almost a secondary matter. He points out the formation markers that indicate the possible trap; the structure, the anticline or the monocline; he maps a given area, closing it if possible by the dip and strike of telltale outcrops, indicating his struc-



Silas M. Newton

MICRO-WAVES being "broadcast" constantly by petroleum deposits hidden deep in the earth reveal the location, volume and depth of trapped oil pools. Still a close-guarded secret, this revolutionary new technique may end the spectre of "dry holes" and banish any fear that our nation's supply of petroleum soon may be exhausted.

In this paper, Mr. Newton gives the first intimations concerning this new exploratory method and what it may mean in the development of great new oil fields in the Western states.

The author is widely known as one of the West's forward-looking oil men. He is President of the Newton Oil Company, which with the California Company pioneered the great Rangely Field development in Colorado. He was founder and first president of the Oriental Refining Company of Denver.

Educated at Baylor and Yale, he has studied geology in books, in the field and from the air. The OIL REPORTER takes pride in giving its readers another challenging paper by S. M. Newton.

ture by reference lines dotted if his outcrop evidence is absent; but he leaves the real issue to chance—pure and simple! No wonder, year after year more than EIGHTY PERCENT of all the wildcats are failures and total losses.

I say, and it is my considered judgment, after thirty-five years of vicarious experience over much of North and South America, that it is time men of geological training gave some time and thought to other additional possible ways and means of getting the answer to "Where is the oil?" It is the most valuable substance found in man's economy and it behooves us all to bend an ear and lend a hand in search for a better way to find oil.

Deep down in his heart the geologist faces this problem and wonders what to do next. Some zealous adherents to seismic zig-zag oscillations continue to overlook the one fact that should be their sole objective and that is that the people for whom they make their surveys are looking for oil. It is the belief of this author that the same amount of scientific application of the talents of these scientifically trained men, as to methods that would determine the depth to and the determination of volume of oil in the structure itself, would help to end this endless business of wildcat dry holes.

Genius Unheralded

One of the strangest aspects of human history is the way in which men fight new ideas and when they have accepted them cling to them regardless of time and circumstance. That strange faculty of man, creative ability, leads a hard life. The few to whom Nature or Benevolence has granted this most valuable of all man's faculties, are seldom cheered in their own time. They must stand alone. They must walk alone. Driven by their talent they must take the kicks of outrageous fortune and the scoffs of their fellows of lesser genius. Many reach the grave unheralded and unsung. Few reach the heights and receive the homage of mankind.

So looking back across the years, fingering the pages that tell of man's conquest of man—I hesitate to predict, or prophesy, or present a way to a better knowledge of how to find oil and gas fields that Nature has hidden beneath her skin, with or without a surface tombstone marker.

As an oil man I've had some few years of experience. I have tasted the sweet and I have known the bitter. I have watched the driller as he sent his bit deep into the earth looking for oil. I have for years known the dread of waters that lurk beneath every foot of hole. "The ocean" is a common term known to every seeker of oil—saline relics of ancient seas. These waters were buried under the sedimentary accumulations of the continents. They are hermetically sealed against evaporation; they move in uncharted channels; they once knew the light of day in some forgotten age; their existence, however, has a reason for on their bosom has floated all the oil and gas that man has or will produce on this earth. They are the entrapped remnants of vanished seas. They stretch out and across and beneath all this vast country we have been flying over.

The geochemist has already made a notable contribution to the science of oil exploration, even tho his work leaves much to be desired. He, however, has the advantage of developing his charts from an analysis of minute particles of petroleum gases that have leaked upward from the source beds below.

Finding the Trap

All seismic research, magnetometer or torsion balance surveys seek to chart

the presence of structural conditions favorable to the trapping of oil and gas. The flying photographer has reduced the slow, painful and tedious work of searching out structural areas to a matter of hours, but all these methods in the final analysis leave the answer to driller and his bit. Time and expense and the eternal question of "Will it be dry?", when the hole is bottomed, be it a thousand, or seventeen thousand feet below the derrick floor, still confront the prospector, whether he is taking his first wildcat venture or whether he is the seasoned veteran of years in the oil game.

The rank and file of the geologists of the land in seeking out a closed structure have years on end puzzled over the problem of what to do with "Faults" and how they are to be classified in relation to the closing of a structure. It's been unthinkable almost that faults can close structures. It is my opinion that the area treated in this essay is going to contribute a lot of new data on this subject.

Certain it is that faults are everywhere present and geophysical means should be developed whereby the fault zones in every oil structure can be defined both as to strike and hade and the part they play in trapping oil and gas in a given structure accurately accounted for. A typical case of a recently drilled structure, some thirty miles from the Rangely Field, clearly shows the need of better and more accurate fault information. Elk Springs, as a structure, has been mapped for years but has been called an open, or unclosed structure. The Continental Oil Company has now put it into commercial production. It should now be once and for all studied to find out if it is closed by faulting.

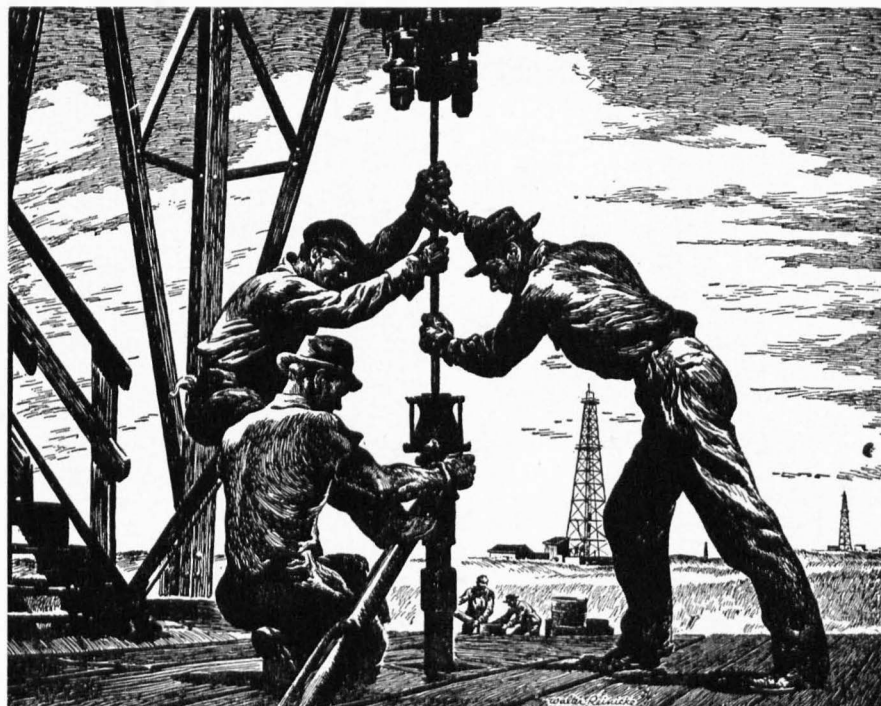
The only reason that any of the various geophysical methods have been rated successful in the search for oil is primarily because their proponents have been able by them to determine geologic structure of buried formations. Each and every one of these methods, be it magnetic, gravitational, electrical, seismic, radio-active, geothermal or geochemical, only deal with the problem of mapping hidden structures favorable for the occurrence of new oil and gas fields.

The development of each of the above methods has largely been due to the defects that have developed in each of the methods in turn.

Better Way Needed

Oil drilling history, however, when reviewed in retrospect, starting with only six percent of all wildcats being producers, and increasing to only approximately twenty percent, presents a picture that is not very gratifying to the professional seeker of oil deposits. These professionals, individuals and company, by and large want a better way and a better method by which new deposits of petroleum can be discovered.

Because of the fact that innumerable structures are unquestionably sealed by faulting or igneous diking or other in-



trusives, geophysical methods must be developed which will portray instantly the presence of such conditions. It is the belief of this writer that methods now being tested in this respect will prove to be safe and reliable and available to the profession in the near future.

The reader, be he scientist or layman, has doubtless already asked the question—"What is the answer?" How is the geologist to develop ways and means of detecting the presence of petroleum at a given depth beneath the surface of a mapped structural area?" Certain it is that we have climbed the heights as to methods by which we can mark and map the places where oil may be found. What we would now like to know is what can we do to find out beforehand if it reposes there beneath our drilling place and how much of it there is.

Micro-Wave Analysis

Recently scientists were privileged to talk publicly about the use and adaptation of micro-waves as evidenced in the announcement of the opening of the new methods of telephonic communication now being installed between New York and Boston. It has been the opportunity of this author for the past half dozen years to have a finger in certain new and perhaps radical methods of geophysical research designed to get the answer as to where is the oil and how much.

Over a year ago I was privileged to point out to Walter Russell, one of the world's greatest living scientists, a fact that has now been publicly acclaimed, to-wit: It appears, from the announcement about the installations between New York and Boston, that this micro-wave seems to lose its ability to function beyond a distance of approximately thirty miles. This fact this writer called to the attention of Russell more than a year ago, and sought his thoughts on the matter.

Certain it is that petroleum in place radiates energy. In view of scientific research within my own knowledge, I am positive that scientists, once they apply their abilities to the problem, will be able to bring this radiant energy to a focus so that the component micro-waves can be caught and measured.

Further, it is my conviction, as a result of the past six years as a witness and a participant in geophysical research wherein methods are being developed that regardless of conditions, emission spectra, which are a result of radiation emitted by a source, can actually be measured both as to depth and as to volume.

Obviously such methods, when and if perfected by science, would reduce the finding of the deposits of petroleum to an almost exact science.

When one recalls that the first commercial wells ever drilled were almost directly the result of guidance made available by the occurrence of surface seepages, which at best was only haphazard prospecting, it is a conviction that sooner or later we must develop and adapt scientific methods that will rely for their answer and conclusions on the actual survey of petroleum itself beneath the surface in a given area.

Having determined this presence of petroleum in place by methods yet to be developed it follows that the geological factors of the deposits will conform to the pattern that the geological profession has proven throughout its years to be necessary to the trapping of oil and gas.

With this new day dawning in the search for oil, it is not out of line to foresee in the near future that one will be able to fly this great western petroleum province and look down on hundreds of areas where derricks dot the desert, where now amidst its rocky outcrops, only the lonely coyote makes his lair.

THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL

[Notes by Frank Scully about Donald Keyhoe's 1949 *True* magazine article and 1950 book, *The Flying Saucers are Real.*]

DONALD KEYHOE STARTED HIS FLYING SAUCER INVESTIGATION MAY 9, 1949, FOR KEN PURDY OF ~~TRUE~~ ~~MAGAZINE~~ MAGAZINE. HIS BOOK "THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL" IS HIS STORY OF THIS INVESTIGATION. AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS INVESTIGATION HE WORKED WITH OTHER INVESTIGATORS IN WASHINGTON D. C. CHECKING HUNDREDS OF SIGHTING REPORTS, AIR FORCE SPACE EXPLORATION PLANS, ROCKET EXPERTS, ASTRONOMERS, AIR FORCE OFFICIALS AND PILOTS, HE FOUND ENOUGH FACTS TO BELIEVE THAT FLYING SAUCERS WERE REAL AND SO WROTE IN HIS FIRST ARTICLE IN TRUE. NATION WIDE PRESS AND RADIO ~~ATT~~ COMMENT FOLLOWED THE APPEARANCE OF THE ARTICLE THE PUBLICITY WAS OBVIOUSLY GREATER THAN THE AIRFORCE EXPECTED, AND WITHIN THREE DAYS THEY PUBLISHED A SAUCER FILE CONTAINING THIS STATEMENT, "IT WILL NEVER BE POSSIBLE TO SAY THAT ANY INDIVIDUAL DID NOT SEE A SPACE SHIP, AN ENEMY MISSILE, OR OTHER OBJECT",

SINCE 1949 THERE HAS BEEN A STEADY INCREASE IN SAUCER SIGHTINGS, ALTHOUGH THE AIR FORCE HAS CLOSED IT'S PROJECT SAUCER AND: ~~HAS~~ REALEASED THE REPORTS IT HAD MADE ON ALL THE SIGHTINGS, HOWEVER IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT IT OPENED A NEW INTELEGEENCE PROJECT IMMEDIATELY AND HAS SINCE CONTINUED TO STUDY THE SAUCERS.

KEYHOE MAKES A POINT OF ALL THE VARIOUS TIMES HE TALKED TO THE AIR FORCE MEN IN THE PETAGON AND OF ALL THE EVASIVE ANSWERS HE RECIEVED BOTH BEFORE AND AFTER THE CLOSE OF PROJECT SAUCER. IT TOOK WEEKS TO GET ANY OFFICIAL REPORTS AT ALL AND THEN MORE THAN ONCE THEY WOULD TELL HIM THE REPORTS HE WAS READING WERE OUTDATED AND NO LONGER THE TRUE PICTURE OF HOW THE AIR FORCE FELT ABOUT SAUCERS.

FOR MORE THAN TWO WEEKS HE STUDIED THE MANTELL CASE AND TALKED TO OFFICIALS OF GODMAN FIELD. THE AIR FORCE REPORT ON THE MANNER OF MANTELLS DEATH WAS THAT HE CRASHED FROM A BLACKOUT DUE TO LACK OF OXIGEN WHILE FOLLOWING THE PLANET VENUS. LATER THEY CHANGED THE VENUS STORY AND IT IS STILL "UNIDENTIFIED" IN THE AIR FORCE FILE. CAPTAIN MANTELL WAS A WARTIME PILOT, WITH OVER THREE THOUSAND HOURS IN THE AIR HE WAS TRAINED TO IDENTIFY A DISTANT ENEMY PLANE IN A SECOND, HIS VISION WAS PERFECT, AND SO WAS THAT OF HIS PILOTS. IN BROAD DAYLIGHT HE COULD NOT HAVE FAILED TO RECOGNIZE A BALLOON OR THE PLANET VENUS. COLONEL HIX AND THE OTHER GODMAN OFFICERS WATCHED THE OBJECT

WATCHED THE OBJECT WITH HIGH POWERED GLASSES FOR LONG PERIODS. IT IS INCREDIBLE THAT THEY WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY ANY NORMAL AIRBORNE CRAFT. WHATEVER THE OBJECT WAS IT WAS REPORTED SIMULTANEOUSLY FROM MADISONVILLE, ELIZABETHTOWN, AND LEXINGTON OVER A DISTANCE OF 175 MILES. A REQUEST FOR REPORTS AND PICTURES THAT THE AIR FORCE WAS TO HAVE TAKEN OF THE CRASH WAS DENIED.

KEYHOES NEXT TRIP WAS TO THE WEST COAST TO INVESTIGATE SIGHTINGS BY AIRLINE AND PRIVATE PILOTS AND OTHER COMPETENT WITNESSES. MOST OF THESE PILOTS WERE RELUCTANT TO TALK, EITHER THE AIR FORCE AND INTELLIGENT OFFICERS HAD GIVEN THEM A BAD TIME OR THE NEWSPAPER RIDICULE HAD BOTHERED THEM, HOWEVER WHEN ASSURED OF NO PUBLICITY THEY TOLD THEIR STORIES. AN AIR FORCE CAPTAIN AND HIS CO-PILOT HAD SEEN A BRIGHT OBJECT PACING THEM. THEY TRIED TO GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAKE OUT WHAT SHAPE IT WAS BUT EVERY TIME THEY PULLED TOWARD IT IT WOULD DO THE SAME THING AND FINNALLY PULLED STRAIGHT UP AND OUT OF SIGHT. HE FOUND THERE WERE MANY MORE SIGHTINGS THAN HAD EVER BECOME PUBLIC AND THAT SOME OF THESE PILOTS HAD DECIDED THEY WERE INTERPLANETARY CRAFT. MANY OF THESE SIGHTINGS WERE OF EGG SHAPED SAUCERS AND MANY WERE OF THE LONG AND INCREDIBLY LARGE CIGAR SHAPED OBJECTS, SOME WERE OF BRIGHT LIGHTS WITH NO APPARENT SHAPE. THESE SMALLER BRIGHT LIGHTS HAVE BEEN COMPARED TO THE SO CALLED FOO FIGHTERS THAT WERE SEEN EXTENSIVELY OVER EUROPE AND JAPAN IN THE LAST WAR.

A PILOT WORKING FOR AN AIR CHARTER SERVICE IN THE MIDDLE WEST, REPORTED SEEING A DISK DURING A WEST COAST FLIGHT AND HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY GRILLED BY A PROJECT SAUCER TEAM, HE REPORTED THEY ASKED HIM A LOT OF TRICK QUESTIONS TO TRIP HIM UP AND THE WAY THEY WORKED ON HIM YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE WAS A MURDERED. HE FOUND THE F.B.I. HAD CHECKED ON HIM TO FIND OUT IF HE WAS A SCREW-BALL. THEY CHECKED WITH HIS BOSS THE PILOTS IN HIS OUTFIT AND HIS NEIGHBORS. HE WAS SO INCENSED HE SAID HE WOULDN'T REPORT ANOTHER SAUCER IF IT FLEW THROUGH HIS COCKPIT.

A WASHINGTON NEWSMAN TOLD ME HAVING SEEN A PICTURE OF A SAUCER IN THE FILES TAKEN BY A FRIEND OF HIS FROM IDAHO. WHEN KEYHOE ASKED TO SEE IT HE WAS TOLD THEY DIDN'T HAVE IT OR HAD NEVER HEARD OF IT. THIS WAS MORE THAN TWO MONTHS AFTER PROJECT

SAUCER HAD CLOSED AND ITS SECRET FILES ALL REVEALED.

KEYHOE SPENT A FEW DAYS INVESTIGATING THE GORMAN CASE. WHEN HE MEANT GEORGE GORMAN HE FOUND HIM TO BE INTELLIGENT, COOLHEADED, AND FIRMLY CONVINCED OF EVERY DETAIL OF HIS STORY. THE AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE HAD GIVEN HIM A BAD TIME AND IT WAS EVEN RUMORED THAT HE HAD BEEN COURT MARTIALED BUT HE WOULD NOT ADMIT IT. THE DISK THAT HE SAW AND CHASED HAD BEEN SEEN BY TOO MANY PEOPLE TO BE CALLED AN HALLUCINATION. HE INSISTS THAT IT WAS CONTROLLED BY A BRAIN FOR IT REACTED DIFFERENTLY TO EVERY APPROACH HE MADE TO IT. THAT WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE WITH A RADAR CONTROLLED CRAFT. HE WOULD NOT ADMIT OR DENY THAT THEY HAD CHECKED HIS PLANE WITH A GEIGER COUNTER AND THAT IT HAD BEEN FOUND POSITIVE.

PURDY OF "TRUE" ASKED IF HE COULD FIND A PRIVATE SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF THE FLYING DISK THEORY. KEYHOE THEN GOT IN TOUCH WITH AN ENGINEER HE CALLS REDELL. IN HIS FIRST CONVERSATION WITH REDELL IT WAS APPARENT THAT HE HAD MADE A COMPLETE STUDY OF ALL THE DATA AVAILABLE AND HAD COME TO THE CONCLUSION THEY MUST BE INTER-PLANETARY. HE ASKED KEYHOE TO MAKE A STUDY OF OUR OWN SPACE PLANS AND THEN TO COME BACK AT THEIR SECOND MEETING HE TOLD KEYHOE HE HAD WANTED HIM TO KNOW ALL THE PROBLEMS CONNECTED WITH INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL SO HE WOULD KNOW HOW MUCH MORE ADVANCED THESE SAUCER TYPE PLANES WERE THAN ANYTHING WE COULD PRODUCE. HE EXPLAINED HOW THE ROUND PLANE WITH JETS AT THE OUTSIDE WAS VERY FEASIBLE FOR FLYING BUT THAT THE ONES THAT HAVE BEEN SEEN ARE NOT JET CONTROLLED AND THAT IS THE ONLY MOTOR TYPE WE HAVE ON THIS PLANET THAT COULD FLY THIS TYPE CRAFT. HE BELIEVES THE EARTH HAS BEEN UNDER OBSERVATION FOR THE LAST TWO CENTURYS.

KEYHOE SPENT SOME TIME CHECKING OUR OWN SPACE PLANS AND FOUND THAT WE HAVE AN AREA MEDICAL RESEARCH LAB. AT RANDOLPH FIELD, THAT HAS MADE SOME AMAZING DISCOVERYS. THEY HAVE MORE TROUBLE WITH THE GRAVITY QUESTION, FOR INSTANCE THE BREATH YOU EXHALE WOULD STAY RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU AND YOU WOULD REBREATHE THE CARBON MONOXIDE. THE AIR WILL HAVE TO BE KEPT IN MOTION AND BESIDES THAT HAVE A VENTILATING SYSTEM TO REMOVE THE BAD AIR., THEY ARE AFRAID FOR INSTANCE OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE HEART WHEN

IT WOULD TAKE NO WORK FOR THE BLOOD TO CIRCULATE, ALL THROUGH THE AGES MENS SYSTEMS HAVE BEEN USED TO WORKING AGAINST THE GRAVITY PULL AND WHEN THERE IS NONE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THE VITAL ORGAN OF THE BODY? WOULD THEY STAY IN PLACE? THEN THERE IS SUCH A THING AS DEAD DISTANCE. IF THE AIR SHIP TRAVELES AT THE RATE OF 100 MILES A SECOND THAT IS MUCH FASTER THAN THE HUMAN BRAIN CAN TAKE A MESSAGE AND RESPOND TO IT, SO YOUR NAVIGATION WOULD BE HAZARDAS, SUPPOSE YOU WERE HEADED FOR A METEOR, BY THE TIME YOU HAD TOUCHED THE CONTROLLS YOU WOULD HAVE HIT IT SO ALL THE INSTRUMENTS WOULD HAVE TO BE RADAR CONTROLLED.

AFTER THE REALEASE OF THE ARTICLE IN TRUE THE AIR FORCE DECLARED THAT PROJECT SAUCER HAD BEEN DISCONTINUED SINCE ALL THE SAUCER REPORTS HAD BEEN SATISFACTORLY EXPLAINED. IN ONE OF THEIR RELEASES THEY HAD STATED THE MANTELL DEATH HAD NO EXPLANATION SO ~~1/21/71~~ KEYHOE MADE ANOTHER TRIP TO THE PETAGON TO TALK TO THE OFFICIALS. THEY HAD CHANGED THE OFFICIAL STATEMENT TO THE ORIGINAL ONE THAT MANTELL WAS CHASING THE PLANET VENUS. IT IS KEYHOES OPINION THAT THE AIR FORCE AND AIR INTELLIGENCE KNOWS ALL THE SAUCER ANSWERS BUT THEY ARE A LONG WAY FROM LETTING THE PEOPIE KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON.

NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

September 11, 1950

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, California

My dear Frank:

Syl
for three

We put Doctor on the plane yesterday afternoon for Phoenix. He came up here earlier in the week, but his blood poisoning got the worst of him and he had to return home.

Will you please send five copies to him, and please autograph one of them. Address them as follows: Western Radio & Engineering Co., 1915 East Washington Street, Phoenix, Arizona.

Si
three

I never thought to ask you the other night when you would have any copies in so that you could send along some of them to me. I have promised several autographed copies here and would like to get them as soon as possible. People here seem to take in stride the story of Saturday, and I think that the writer regrets his errors, which he of course saw were obvious when I explained them to him.

I have a letter today from my good friend and former attorney, Samuel A. Boorstin in Tulsa, Oklahoma, enclosing the front page of the Tulsa Daily World, the leading paper there, and the story appears there as a UP release under date of September 8.

Several of the bookstores here have sold out, and they say they will have additional copies in about a week. I hope everyone sells out a hundred times over and I feel confident that they will.

Ever yours,

SMN/P

C/ [Silas Newton]

Call R. Healy for books

NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

September 21, 1950

Mr. Frank Scully
c/o Henry Holt and Company, Inc.
257 Fourth Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Frank:

The enclosed clippings speak for themselves. On the street a few minutes ago Jack Foster, Editor of the Rocky Mountain News, hailed me and in a great excitement undertook to describe to me what he had seen last night, which he at once concluded were flying saucers.

One of his reporters was with him, and I said, "Now, Jack, just quiet down, because you know you are now a victim of hallucination and a hoax. So I want you to very carefully describe to me exactly what you think you saw."

Whereupon he stated as follows: "I saw the objects, they were all round and flying in formation, and as near as I could judge, not more than 2,000 feet high. The leader was the largest, the next was a shade smaller, and then three small ones."

I asked him about the light that glowed from these round objects, and he verified the different colors as indicated in the paper. He said that as he watched them they flew parallel to the ground until they disappeared from his view, but that all of a sudden the three small ones disappeared insofar as their lights were concerned, and only two of them remained visible by reason of the light emanating from the ships; said they flew directly over his head and there was no noise of any kind.

I told him that the lighting effects were of course comparable to that reported by flyers who had observed the long cigar-shaped types of saucers, such as the TWA pilots at South Bend, the pilots over Arkansas and over Northwestern Georgia.

He stated that he was convinced that he had witnessed flying saucers and not meteorites or comets, because of their flight direction.

It occurred to me that I should send this on to you as the probability is that neither the AP nor International News Service will pick it up and carry it, due to the hush-hush that exists. They are now attempting to report these saucers as meteorites.

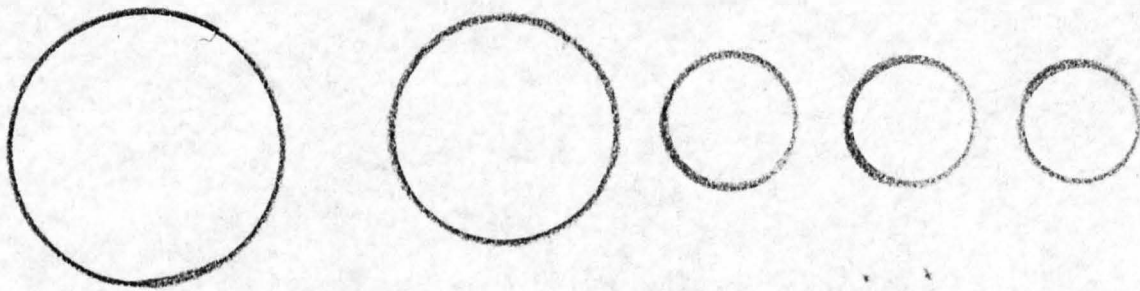
Sincerely,

SN/P

Encs.



[Silas Newton]



The appearance and position as
described by Jack Foster of Rky Mtn News.

Se

FEDERAL BANK BOND

NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

September 25, 1950

Mr. Frank Scully
c/o Henry Holt & Company
257 Fourth Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.

My dear Frank:

It was wonderful talking to you this morning and I was delighted to find that you had met with such a wonderful reception there. I felt that you would.

It is also nice to know that there is still some opposition, because if everybody in the land agreed with the thesis of your book there would be no occasion for a book. It is controversy that really makes it.

It is amazing to see that this has completely silenced the Pentagon boys, and it might be the means of sooner or later opening the doors so that they can admit the truth.

With every good wish,

Yours as ever,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'S. Newton', with a large, sweeping flourish extending from the end of the signature.

SN/P

Enclose 2 copies of
Denver Post Sunday articles

[Silas Newton]

FEDERAL BANK BOND

ALAN H. ANDREWS, Trustee
60 Rock Street
Fall River, Mass.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES
Rock, Mass.
Providence, R. I.
Detroit, Mich.

V. M. SMITH, Sec.
23 Grove Street
New York, N. Y.

BETTER LIFE FOUNDATION

An Eleemosynary Organization

"SEARCH AND SHARE THE GOOD"

784 High Street
Fall River, Mass.
October 17, 1950

*Dear Mr. Scully,
Hope you can make it.
A.H. Andrews*

Mr. Silas M. Newton
Newton Oil Company
Denver, Colorado

Dear Mr. Newton,

We are to have a dinner meeting at the Harvard Club in Boston in about two weeks time relative to Flying Saucers. If it would be possible for you to attend we will fix the date convenient to you. If it is possible for you to induce Dr. "Gee" and Mr. Scully to be there we should appreciate it.

No publicity is planned as attendance will be small and limited to those invited. It is intended to present some certificates of Award to some individuals who have made contributions to our understanding of Gravity, Magnetism and other allied fields. We should like to include you and any others that you suggest as entitled to quiet recognition for their services relative to such subjects.

Among those expected to be present are Mr. Roger Babson founder of Gravity Research Foundation, officials and collaborators of that Foundation, Professor Harlow True Stetson, Director of Cosmic Terrestrial Research Laboratories and other astronomers, physicists, research engineers, etc.

We should like to have you make a few remarks as you see fit at the time, and also to have a few remarks from any other individuals you suggest, as we expect to have quite a number of reports on some new developments each speakers time will necessarily be limited.

As director of the Aero Club of New England for many years, I have listened to most of the great names in Aviation, but I feel that we are now entering an ever more interesting era, that the coming meeting will be historic, and I do hope it will be possible for you to attend.

Yours sincerely,

Alan H. Andrews

Pageant

535 Fifth Avenue

New York 17, New York

MUrray Hill 2-7700

October 24, 1950

AIRMAIL

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Scully:

I can't think of anything more interesting than your writing about 2500 to 3000 words on "What's happened to me since I wrote the book" and I would be glad to pay you \$500 for it.

I think you ought to bring into it as much as you can about what the Air Force said to you and how many FBI men are following you around day and night or whatever reactions and attentions have been paid you by the official groups that you wrote about in the book.

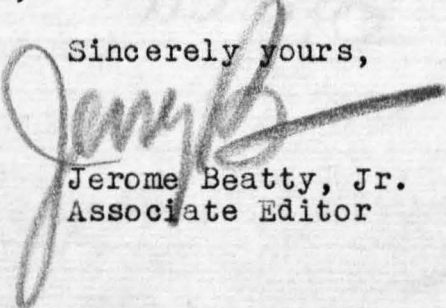
This will also give you a chance to reply to TRUE, SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE and reviewers in general, and I am sure you have something to say to them.

Then a lot of questions have come up about things in the book that need further explanation. I guess a lot of people are saying that between Einstein and Scully, one of you must go. Perhaps you have something to say about that.

All this ought to be a good plug for the book, and if there are any copies left in February, maybe it will sell them.

Thanks, and I hope to have this bird in the hand on or before Monday after next, November 6th.

Sincerely yours,


Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Associate Editor

JBj/al

COPY Frpm Prof Geo Adamski Box 346 Valley Center, Cal, Dec 5/50
to Ivan Courtfight

. . . Now in reference to Frank Scully's book, Behind The Flying Saucers.

Yes I have a copy, one of the first editions; had my order in several weeks before they were on the market. I have read it through completely and intend reading it again at the first opportunity. You say it is very good: I say it is excellent, the best that has come out in that line and a good book to keep for future reference. He surely has done a lot of research work. In fact, I believe it to be so authentic that I mention it to everyone with whom I talk about flying saucers and space ships, showing them my copy and suggesting they buy one and read it carefully. I do not sell them here.

. . .

Just this morning I was talking with the others here and said I would surely, enjoy meeting Mr. Scully and talking with him about his things, so of course he must not be. One subject in particular, I would like to discuss with him is the 9 which he calls at-j in reference to the so-called from our various spaces. I know, I visit him, as you can shake a stick at, all of which coincide with his book. Would you ask Mr. S if he has time and would be willing to talk with me? I could come up on whatever day he is free, to have him visit.

Pageant

535 Fifth Avenue

New York 17, New York

Murray Hill 2-7700

December 28, 1950

Mr. Gee
c/o Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Gee:

In a determined effort to obtain some serious and unsensational comment on the subject, the editors of Pageant magazine are conducting a symposium under the tentative title: FLYING SAUCERS, TRUE OR FALSE?

Irresponsible talk has permeated the atmosphere, but we feel that the hoax or phenomenon, whatever the case may be, deserves to be labeled by accountable sources.

Therefore, we have asked a number of interested and noted persons to take part in our symposium by commenting in a few words, based on their knowledge or experience, on the question: Flying Saucers, True or False.

If you should care to be included in the feature in Pageant, will you send on to me as soon as you can about 200 or 250 words (or more or less, if you wish) which would be your contribution to this pursuit of the truth?

Thank you so much for your interest.

Sincerely yours,

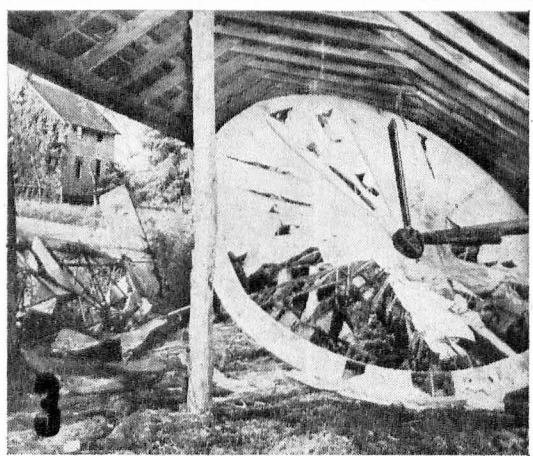
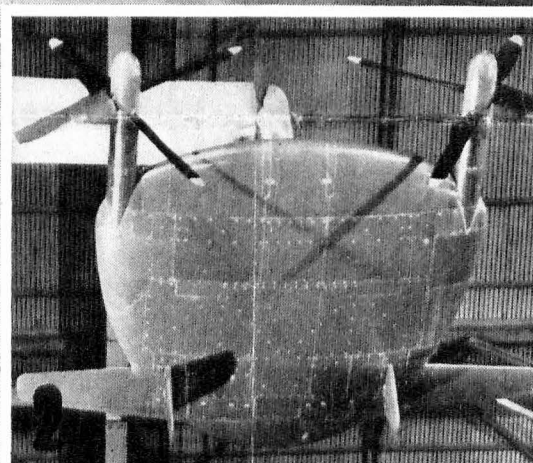

Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Associate Editor

JBj/al

Cosmopolitan

[Cosmopolitan magazine, January 1951]

The disgraceful Flying Saucer hoax!



It has cost millions of dollars and some lives. Our dreams have been haunted by little men from nowhere. Here is the truth about the most wild-eyed fake of our time • By Bob Considine

Let us say that you, as a taxpayer, were called upon to pay for every fraudulent share of oil-well and gold-mine stock sold to credulous investors in this country. Let us suppose, in addition, that you were held liable for the injuries suffered by every person whose chair was pulled from under him by a nitwit prankster.

You'd raise hell, and demand that Something Be Done!

Well, you're paying for something even less enchanting: the daily cost of running to ground every phony clue concerning the purely idiotic and wholly nonexistent "flying saucers."

Pranksters, half-wits, cranks, publicity hounds, and fanatics in general are having the time of their lives playing on the gullibility and Cold War jitters of the average citizen. It is their malicious fancy to populate the skies over America with a vessel that just does not exist—the flying saucer. And every time a newspaper or radio news bureau falls for their gag, or dementia, another legion of screwballs is mobilized. Many of the daft stories they circulate must be investigated.

Now and then the lunatic fringe in America, who could see whales in the sky if whale-seeing became the Thing To Do, gains unwarranted reassurance from respected quarters. A usually conservative radio commentator swears that there *are* flying saucers and that they are secret Navy aircraft. The conservative David Lawrence, of the *U.S. News & World Report*, solemnly assures his readers that flying saucers exist. *True Magazine* prints two widely quoted articles, one by Donald Keyhoe, one-time aeronautical adviser to the Department of Com-

merce, and the other by a Navy commander and radar expert, testifying to the existence of such craft. Airmen (and airwomen) employed and trusted by such commercial air lines as TWA, Eastern, United, and Chicago and Southern, speak of unidentifiable winged things blazing by their ships. And Frank Scully, a Hollywood humorist whose most substantial literary effort up to that time was *Something Came in in Bed*, writes a best seller in which a mysterious "Dr. Gee" tells of grounded saucers complete with tiny men from the planet Venus. And so on.

The "saucer department" of the United States Air Force, an unhappy facet of the important Air Materiel Command at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, feels dutybound to investigate not only the claims and warnings of responsible people but also the vagrant dreams and downright hoaxes of less respected folks.

All of this has cost you an appalling amount of money since that hapless Tuesday, June 24, 1947, when a Boise, Idaho, businessman named Kenneth Arnold announced (for publication, unfortunately) that while steering his private plane around Washington's Mt. Rainier he had spotted a chain of nine saucerlike objects playing tag with the jagged peaks at "fantastic speed."

Americans as far back as Thomas Jefferson had been reporting, usually apologetically, seeing what they considered nonastronomical bodies floating or sizzling in their skies. But Arnold's report ignited a chain reaction of mass hypnotism and fraud that has taken on the guise of a prolonged "Martian Invasion" broadcast by that bizarre hambone, Orson Welles.

The ink was barely (*Continued on page 100*)

33

- 
1. This "flying saucer" is part of an alfalfa dehydrator. "Man-from-Mars" effect is obtained by pulling a football helmet over the face and tying a glass paperweight over nose and mouth.
 2. One of the countless experiments in aircraft design, sometimes mistaken for flying saucers.
 3. These parts, found in a Maryland barn, were simply a farmer's attempt to build a plane.
 4. A flying disk made of old machine parts—picture from the Air Force's secret files.

After 25 drying skin begins to show

It's NOTICEABLE how skin begins to look drier after 25. Then, natural skin softening oil starts decreasing. Then, you need a special replacer to offset this drying out. You need Pond's lanolin-rich Dry Skin Cream.

SEE BELOW how this quick un-drier works to soften and repair two common dry skin troubles. Begin to get this wonderful help—now!



Tense "Down-Lines" from dry skin by nose and mouth, harden your expression.

To Help Soften Lines—"Knuckle in" Pond's Dry Skin Cream, kneading firmly out, up from nostrils, mouth. Use nightly. See how this lanolin-rich cream softens that dry look.



That Matronly-Looking Sagging starts to show along your chin-line.

To Tone Up Chin-Line—"Pinch along" from point of chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment brings circulation up, and it gives this skin the lift and the rich lubrication it needs.

3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective: 1. It is rich in *lanolin*, very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a softening *emulsifier*. *At night:* work Pond's Dry Skin Cream in richly. *By day:* use lightly under make-up. 89¢, 49¢, 29¢, 10¢ (all plus tax.) Get your jar. Start this truly remarkable correction of dry skin today!

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND says, "I've never known a cream to soften skin so beautifully as Pond's Dry Skin Cream."

The Disgraceful Flying Saucer Hoax! (Continued from page 33)

dry on Arnold's report about his apparition (he estimated that the nine bright things he saw were about twenty-five miles away, traveling at 1,200 mph) before others in this country began seeing flying "hubcaps," "dimes," "tear drops," "ice-cream cones," "pie plates," "saucers," and "disks."

From under what amounted to every old rock in the country emerged True Believers, and gagsters who, seeing a royal chance for what they considered fun, began operations. They were promptly joined by the envious. The neighbor of a man who got his name in the newspapers as one who saw a flying saucer coveted his notoriety and, in a short time, was trying to top him by spotting a team of saucers. It was (and is) an easy achievement to see a saucer once the mind is made up.

You can see a heavenly host of flying saucers simply by looking a bit too long at a bright sun and then looking to another part of the sky. Red corpuscles, flitting past the retina of the eye, supply the mirage. It helps, too, to begin with a touch of dyspepsia.

The nonsense of flying saucers would be as harmless as the legend of Kilroy's omnipresence if it were not an integral part of the Air Force's credo to maintain a lively interest in whatever is reported in the American skies. That's its job and, with heavy heart, it feels it cannot afford to pigeonhole any saucer report. It has sent agents from its Office of Special Investigation and enlisted the aid of the FBI on missions improbable enough to wrest a snort of derision from an editor of *Weird Comics*.

For instance, it looked into the report of a man and wife who wrote in to say that while on a hiking trip through a woods, they had detected a flying saucer "moving about" in a clump of tall, thick pines. It developed, after considerable questioning by agents who had traveled hundreds of miles to hear the story, that the couple estimated they were two or three miles away from the "saucer" and that impenetrable woods were between them and what they thought they saw.

In another case, an Ohio farmer excitedly called Air Materiel Command to give a vivid description of "two huge saucers" that had raced out of the stratosphere, hovered over two small islands in a lake near his home, lowered sixteen steel claws, scooped up samples of earth, and sped away. Agents found out that the man had been released from an insane asylum two weeks before his hallucination.

SOMETIMES many months are needed to complete the investigation of a posterous flying-saucer story.

Late in 1949, at the nineteenth hole of Hollywood's Lakeside Country Club, film actor Bruce Cabot overheard a man named Si Newton say he knew a man who had in his possession parts of a flying saucer. The friend-of-the-friend spoke also of a "magnetic radio" taken from a grounded saucer, which had been exhibiting miraculous powers as an oil-divining rod. Cabot reported the incident to an Air Force office in Los Angeles, which relayed the tip to Wright Field, and the mechanism of an investigation began to turn.

Cabot went on location and could not be reached. Newton was vaguely known

at Lakeside, but the club couldn't put the investigators in touch with him. The trails cooled, but the investigation expense remained hot, until January 6, 1950, when the *Kansas City Times* printed an interview with one Rudy Fick, giving somewhat similar details.

Fick was found and said he had seen none of these wonders but had been told about them by someone he called "Coulter." He didn't know Coulter's first name or where to reach him, but he understood he was a friend of Jack Murphy, of the Ford Company in Denver.

When the highly skeptical Murphy was questioned, "Coulter" became George Koehler, an advertising salesman for a Denver radio station. Most of the fantastic stories that Murphy had heard attributed to Koehler, had come to Murphy, he said, through a mutual friend named Morley B. Davies, of a foremost advertising agency.

Probing deeper and deeper into the maze, the investigators heard from one of the principals that he understood that parts of two grounded saucers were being held in the "United States Research Bureau" in Los Angeles. The Post Office Department's inspectors reported that there was no such place.

There now entered into the case a mysterious "Dr. Gebauer" (or Jarbrauer) from whom Koehler was said to have borrowed the "magnetic radio." He entered in name only. The Doc, as we will call him in a vain effort to simplify, was the fount of most of the stories that swirled through the case. He had been a party to many supernatural adventures, and was said to have supplied Koehler with souvenirs from a grounded saucer—several small gears and metal disks and a gadget said to be a radio that picked up occasional messages in a language not of this earth.

Murphy had seen the souvenirs, he said, and had identified the disks as standard "knockout plugs" of the kind placed in the walls of automobile engines to help prevent cracks caused by freezing. The gears were stenciled with an Arabic numeral and an arrow, but were otherwise standard. The radio, if it was one, was as silent as a clam when Murphy saw it.

Yet the story expanded. Investigators were told that Koehler had quoted the Doc as saying he (the Doc) and another "scientist" had lifted one of the grounded saucers from the place where it had crashed, but that they had hastily dropped it when it showed signs of taking off.

Investigators heard, too, that one of the saucers—said to have alighted near Aztec, New Mexico—had contained sixteen men ranging in height from thirty-six to forty-two inches. The Doc and eight other "magnetic scientists" alleged to have been called in by the Air Force were detailed to lift the charred bodies of the midgets out of the saucer ("which had a beam of 99-99/100ths feet") and examine them. Later, when another and smaller saucer "fell near Phoenix," the Doc helped to take out the crew of two little men and was quoted as saying that these, like the previous sixteen, had come from Venus. Fifteen others had parachuted to earth and "had made themselves invisible" when the Doc gave chase.

One can perhaps picture the facial

expressions of the sane and sober investigators when Davies quoted Koehler as saying that he had either seen or heard that the grounded saucers came from Venus at a speed of 100,000 miles per second. And that he (Koehler) had examined a saucer in the Doc's alleged laboratory near Phoenix, after slipping into a special one-piece examining suit that proved to be an insufficient precaution because, as he entered the place, a warning bell sounded "on account of the plate in his head."

During the bizarre inquiry, the fantastic material of which was so soon to be presented in straight-faced book form by Frank Scully, investigators had to track down a report that one of the little men had been sent to Chicago's "Rosenwald Institution," for examination. The directors of the famed Rosenwald Foundation issued an immediate and indignant denial.

For nearly six months, Air Force officers and trained civilian agents—who had been schooled for more rewarding work at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars—were immobilized on this preposterous case, which ended with several of the principals refusing to answer investigators' questions on "Constitutional grounds."

And nothing can be done about it!

ON JUNE 19, 1950, the Air Materiel Command received a letter from one Martin W. Peterson. Enclosed were four snapshots of a friend holding an odd object with a saucerlike body. From its thin sides, there protruded what appeared to be the tip of a spear and the fins and exhaust-pipe assembly of a miniature V-2.

Peterson was located in Warren, Minnesota. So was his friend, the saucer man—Walter Sirek, a gas-station attendant. Sirek told the investigators that he had found the strange device two years before, imbedded in the earth behind Nish's Tavern, in Warren. He had figured, he said, that it was the work of a local tinsmith named Art Jensen. Jensen, when questioned, remembered putting something of the sort together at the request of a Warren hardware man named Ted Heyen and a radio repairman named Robert Schaeffer—as a gag entry in a local newspaper "saucer contest." An acetylene torch had been played over the tail surfaces to give them the appearance of having been scorched by gases escaping from the hauntingly familiar "engine" encased in the saucer.

Heyen and Schaeffer tired of their gadget after a time and threw it away. Sirek found it. Peterson, visiting Sirek shortly thereafter, took snapshots of Sirek holding the contraption—and two years later sent them to the Air Materiel Command.

It took this particular investigative chain reaction from June nineteenth to September twenty-seventh to run its course. Agents had to be transported from Wright Field, Washington, and elsewhere to the points of inquiry, fed, housed, and paid. The fruits of their labors were a few apologies and the saucer—which had been made of the lid of an automatic washing machine, a sawed-off curtain-rod spear, tin tail assembly, and an "engine" composed of a disemboweled midget radio and an old insecticide bomb.

More malicious gagsters have taken the trouble to buy and crudely assemble

mounds of scrap steel and iron, burn the junk into an unrecognizable tangle, and report to the Air Force that a saucer had crashed and burned on their property. However plain the hoax, the Air Force often feels that it must take samples of the "wreckage" for study in its Wright Field laboratories or in other metallurgical centers.

And nothing can be done about such frauds. A man who pilfers a three-cent stamp from the Post Office Department can be fined and sent to a Federal prison. One who turns in a false alarm that routs out the local fire department on a Halloween night can also be jailed, as can a man who writes a check for a dollar when he has no bank funds to cover it. Yet the most callous and cynical saucer-hoaxers will continue to go scot free, with a cackle of delight, until a penal act is created to check such offenses.

There can, of course, be honest mistakes. Not even the Air Materiel Command is safe from authentic-looking mirages. Last year a radar operator at Wright Field picked up a curiously shaped object on his screen, shortly after a near-by farmer had phoned the field to report a saucer headed that way. Visual observation was not possible at the field because black smoke from the chimneys of a cement plant had settled over the area.

Jets were dispatched to chase the object. As they neared it—obscure in the smoke haze but of a vaguely different color—the radio compasses on the instrument boards of the pursuing Air Force planes spun around as if they had just passed over a radio guide beacon.

It was a magnetically charged cloud, a familiar phenomenon of the heavens and one that is always able to jar a plane's radio compass and reveal itself on a radar screen.

At 11:30 A.M. last August fifteenth, Nick Mariana, manager of the Great Falls, Montana, baseball club, looked up from the grandstand of the ball park and saw what he later described as two bright flying saucers, streaking across the clear Montana sky. He raced outside the park, unlocked his car, took out his home-movie camera, ran back to the stands, adjusted the camera and exposed about fifteen feet of film, aiming at that part of the sky where he had seen his saucers. He panned the camera from left to right.

The Air Force came into the case, received the film, enlarged it many times, and—sure enough—the film showed two bright disks that appeared to be streaking across the sky.

After some study, the Air Force was able to tell Mariana that the bright disks on his film were sun reflections from the ball park's water tower. And when he insisted that he had seen two bright things blazing across the sky, the Air Force agreed. It had checked with the operations officer of the Great Falls airbase and found that two F-84's (Air Force jets with a top speed of 600 mph) had landed at the near-by field at 11:33 A.M.

THERE have been many cases in which the Air Force drew criticism, wholly unjustified, because it could give no pat explanation of what seemed phenomenal events.

The True Believers in flying saucers, as well as those who seem to have taken up saucers commercially, like to point to

"I BUY THE BEST BUY!"



Canada Dry Water is a truer "bargain" than even lowest-priced club sodas. Exclusive "Flavor-Balanced Formula" makes any drink taste better. And exclusive "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" keeps drinks lively longer...lets you keep opened bottles longer in the refrigerator.

And everybody likes Canada Dry Water better. That's why more people buy it than any other club soda.



MEN!
Always ask for it
at your favorite bar

Makes drinks taste better



the strange death of Capt. Thomas F. Mantell, Jr.

On the afternoon of January 7, 1948, the combat veteran was leading a wedge of three F-51's to Louisville when he was asked by the control tower at Godman Airbase, near Fort Knox, to investigate a report that a mysterious round object, "250 feet in diameter and giving off a reddish glow," was in the air over the great gold cache.

Mantell and his buddies gave chase up to 18,000 feet, at which point two of the three '51's peeled off and dropped down to Godman. They had no oxygen equipment—nor did Mantell, who radioed back that he had spotted something "tremendous and metallic" above him and would pursue it up to 20,000, the limit of his unaided lung power.

That was the last message from Mantell. He and his plane were found a short time later near Fort Knox, the wreckage strewn over a half-mile area.

DONALD F. Keyhoe, writing in *True Magazine* some time later, rejected Air Force theories concerning Mantell's death and quoted one of the F-51 pilots as saying: "It looks like a cover-up to me. I think Mantell did just what he said he would—closed in on the thing. I think he either collided with it, or more likely they knocked him out of the air. They'd think he was trying to bring them down, barging in like that." "They" were not further identified.

The Air Force's first diagnosis was that Mantell probably was chasing one of those large, silvery meteorological balloons used in the continuing studies of cosmic rays and, in following it too high, fell unconscious or dead from lack of oxygen.

A second Air Force proposal was that the airman had been deluded by a rare daytime appearance of Venus and, in the chase, had been suffocated by the rare air high above the earth. Air Force critics leaped on what they considered an evasive job of answering and, as a result, fifteen months after Mantell's death, the Air Force acknowledged honestly, "The

mysterious object that the flier chased to his death is still unidentified."

Keyhoe contended in his article that in view of the fact that the wreckage of Mantell's plane had been scattered over an area of a half mile it obviously had "disintegrated in mid-air."

If it had done so, the Air Force wearily answered, the plane's wreckage would have spread itself over a much greater stretch of land. A B-29 went to pieces at 30,000 feet not long ago, and its debris covered a twenty-mile area.

The Air Force has had to close its saucer files (which are marked "Confidential" only because no purpose could be served by revealing the names of FBI agents and its own investigators from the Office of Special Investigation) on cases other than the tragic Mantell incident. Two such cases concerned an Eastern Air Lines DC-3 and an Air National Guard F-51.

The Eastern crew reported at 2:45 A.M., July 24, 1948 (an hour after a "flaming object" was observed over Robbins Field, Macon, Georgia), that a big, wingless thing that glowed as if from a magnesium flare had shot past the DC-3 near Montgomery, Alabama. The plane's pilot, Clarence S. Chiles, former Air Transport Command man, and co-pilot, John B. Whitted, B-29 pilot during the war, agreed that the thing had a fiery plume of a tail and, after passing the air liner, zoomed up into the overcast at about 700 mph—"its jet or prop wash rocking our DC-3."

National Guard Lt. George F. Gorman described, the following October first, a "dog fight" he had waged in the night over Fargo, North Dakota, with a noiseless little light that appeared to be the exhaust glow from a supernatural craft easily capable of outmaneuvering the maneuverable F-51.

The Air Force knocks down the testimony of experienced airmen with regret. It speaks of weather balloons, flares, fireballs, meteorites, hallucinations, pilot fatigue, and that ephemeral thing called the power of suggestion. It points out, too, that the windshields and windows of

some air liners tend to reflect and distort ground lights, and that for a while the windshields of early F-51's were accidentally built in such a way as to cause a pilot to believe occasionally that he was seeing parts of the landscape floating in the air above him.

THE HEAVY, costly job of tracking down and disproving an average of five saucer scares a day has fallen into the patient lap of an outstanding Air Force colonel named Harold E. Watson. Watson climaxed this writer's investigation of the flying-saucer delusion and hoax by flying in from Wright Field to Washington to lay his files before me at the Pentagon.

"I've seen a lot of flying saucers," the heavily decorated and prematurely gray airman told me, with a note of weary resignation in his voice. "Chased them and caught them, too," he added. "And every single saucer turned out to be the sun or moon shining off the wing or body of a plane—the DC-4 at 12,000 feet or more is an especial offender—or a weather balloon, or sun reflections, or something else readily explainable."

Watson attributed the occasional rises in saucer-observation reports to periodical national broadcasts, scarehead magazine and newspaper articles and, last fall, to Scully's *Behind the Flying Saucers*, a book that became a best seller but that, said Watson, the authority, "made me slightly ill after fifteen pages."

Watson added, "The most ridiculous part of the whole nonsense is the spreading report that the Air Force is trying to keep something sinister from the people. We are accused of having in our possession the bodies of 'little men' from Venus, grounded saucers from outer space and from Russia, and secret saucers of our own make."

He shook his head, sadly. "I wish we did have a form of propulsion capable of doing all the things people attribute to saucers. It certainly would have come in handy during the war in Korea."

I asked him why he remained in command of "Project Saucer," a Wright Field unit the Air Force announced it was formally disbanding December 27, 1949.

"We're still in business," he replied, "and will stay in it as long as people insist on reporting invasions of the skies we command. But we are now able to eliminate a great number of reports. We look into only such reports as appear to be outside the spheres of regular reports we receive on scheduled and unscheduled flights of commercial and military aircraft, radar and astrological reports, balloon releases, rocket and guided-missile tests, and air-gunners targets towed by mother planes or remotely controlled. This sort of screening reduces the number of cases that seem to warrant investigation to about five a day."

"And at the end of a great percentage of these five, we find a crackpot or some joker who thinks it's real funny to cause us trouble and expense."

"Try to get this over to the people," he asked. "There are no flying saucers, no 'little men,' no burned saucer wreckage or pieces of flying saucers, no disappearing parachutists, no potential enemy with any craft of this sort, and none of our own design."

"There just ain't no such animal, but tracking down the nonexistent cause of mass hysteria is still costing us—and you—plenty."

THE END

Copy
STATEMENT FROM FRANK SCULLY
2071 GRACE AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD 28, Cal.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

T.S.
Office Copy

Frank Scully, author of "Behind the Flying Saucers," returned to his Hollywood home from Nevada and when confronted by queries concerning the latest effort of a branch of the Department of Defense to blow down all belief in flying saucers laughed off the latest effort as "pretty naive." Scully referred to Dr. Urner Liddel of the Office of Naval Research who claims "the saucers are real, all right, but are balloons," as "just one more piece of double-talk from the balloonatic fringe."

Scully said he had been in Las Vegas checking on the effects the atomic explosions have had on crap tables and roulette wheels. He said he didn't notice any appreciable difference, but added that Dr. Liddel, who is chief of the nuclear physics branch of O N R, "has come out with more wrong answers than a rigged slot machine."

"Liddel says," Scully explained, "that flying saucers have been unheard of until his branch of the naval arm began experimenting with balloons. Well, for his benefit, Charles Fort and others have recorded instances of flying

saucers running back to the seventeenth century. That's long before O N R or Liddel was born."

Scarcely had this latest "trial balloon" been released to the public when the intelligences operating flying saucers decided to exercise their sense of humor, seemingly. Two Wright-Patterson Air Force officers reported a saucer over Almagordo while tracking a large weather balloon. What's the matter with these visitors? Can't they read (1) that Dr. Liddel says saucers don't exist and are really balloons and (2) no stranger is supposed to be flying around military installations like Almagordo?

"Liddel says further that his balloons, which he is sure everybody has confused with saucers, travel 200 miles an hour and go twenty miles high. Do they fly against the wind? I ask because flying saucers have been reported flying at 1200 miles per hour against the wind. In fact they have been reported as traveling faster than that.

"Did Dr. Liddel never hear of Commander Robert E. McLaughlin? He was quite important in O N R. In fact he reported more than a year ago on a flying saucer in what would be called a controlled experiment and it completely contradicts Liddel's theory. McLaughlin had a crew checking on a balloon at White Sands Proving Ground with a theodolite and a stopwatch. Then an elliptical-shaped object 105 feet in diameter crossed the path of their balloon. It was traveling at 1800 m.p.h. It was checked at an altitude of fifty-six miles. No balloon has gone above twenty miles. McLaughlin put his binoculars on the object and said it showed no exhaust trail, no stream of light, or other evidence of propulsion. The commander thought it might be a flying saucer from another planet and had the indiscretion to say so. That was the end of McLaughlin in O N R. He was heaved to sea and assigned to command the Bristol.

"Liddel takes special pains not to mention this betrayer of the Pentagonian party line regarding flying saucers. He takes special pains not to mention me, either, but he's a poor stooge for this sort of controversy. His report never gets off the ground."