

C O P Y

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER
Social Science Foundation
Denver 10, Colorado

January 15, 1951

Mrs. Ruth M. Freitag
Greer, Hope Farm
Dutchess County
New York

Dear Mrs. Freitag:

It is true that some months ago one of the professors, in an endeavor to bring home to his engineering students the importance of applying the critical scientific attitude to social phenomena as well as in the field of engineering, invited to address his engineering class a purported expert on flying saucers. This man was presumed to be a man of great technical skill whose identity it was necessary to keep anonymous. Having finished the lecture, the speaker departed at once without the professor telling the class that a hoax had been perpetrated, so for awhile some of the students appeared to believe what they had heard. Due to the fact the affair got into the local press, a great deal of discussion was aroused over the question of saucers. The net result was that most people including, I fear, many of the students in the professor's class forgot the intent of the exercise, namely, to impress upon them the importance of guarding against gullibility in matters outside their own field. I do not know whether this information will be of any value to you, but it seems to be the story.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Ben M. Cherrington

[Ben Mark Cherrington became the first Director of the Social Science Foundation at the University of Denver in 1926 and served in that capacity for 25 years. He organized many free lectures on significant topics and issues of the day. In this letter he is addressing a lecture given on March 8, 1950, to science students and others at Univ. of Denver by Silas Newton who had been touted as a UFO expert.]

HERE ARE SOME NEW PUZZLERS ON FLYING SAUCERS
RIDDLE

The deal concerning the flying saucers is by no means dormant. Variety, the show business publication, which seems to deal with a variety of things besides screen, stage and radio, continues the big question of 1950 in its current issue, taking up where True magazine left off in its recent sensational story.

Frank Scully, who does the Scully's Scrapbook column in Variety, previously ran two columns on some personal angles unearthed on the Air Forces' Project Saucer. Later came the True magazine article. Within 24 hours of its appearance, an Air Force spokesman blew the whole thing down and said they were closing Operation Saucer.

Says Variety's editor: "Operation Saucer has not been closed down, only dummed up."

Columnist Scully is of the opinion that the Air Force top command decided to hide behind a "spokesman" and close the subject of flying saucers because they didn't want to be asked any more questions to which they personally or professionally didn't have the answers.

LIST OF \$64 QUESTIONS FOR AIR FORCE.

These are some of the pertinent questions Scully fires at the Air Force based on his investigations:

1. Do you think it such a good idea to close off Operation Saucer at this time when the records show that more saucers fly the skies between Dec. 21 and Feb. 15 than at any other time?

2. Why is it that pilots who have been trained to identify every make, model and nationality of airplanes all describe these space ships they have seen as "saucer shaped"?

3. Did the Air Force wrecking crews break up one of these ships instead of letting it in the hands of magnetic engineers until they could study in detail how such a ship, if not put together on this earth, could have transferred from the magnetic lines of force from another planet? In other words how could they leave on their beam and land on ours?

4. Did the Air Force ever make public what the "explosives" looking like a dismantled flying saucer were, which they transported in army trucks from a western research base to Dayton, Ohio?

5. Weren't all the saucers found on the Western hemisphere magnetic rather than jet jobs?

6. Wasn't the small one, which was 36 feet in diameter, equipped with landing gear which had steel-locking spheres instead of wheels and which when moving could not be tipped over by 10 men but when not moving could be tilted by one man?

7. Why don't you release the tape recordings of comments and questions asked at the public viewing of one of the men picked up dead from a flying saucer, put in a preservative solution, and placed between human specimens from prenatal to grown man in an exhibit at the Rosenwald Institute, Chicago?

8. What has happened to the remains of the 16 men found dead in one of the large saucers and the two in a smaller flying disc?

ARE FLYING SAUCERS HERMETICALLY SEALED?

9. Did you ever find the secret of how these flying saucers were hermetically sealed so as to show no outside crack when the door was closed?

10. Did you ever see a radio like the one which was on the flying disc that landed on a ranch near Aztec, New Mexico?

11. Wasn't that the saucer that was dismantled by Air Force souvenir hunters and shipped to Wright Field, Ohio?

12. What do you know about magnetic fault zones in certain areas on this earth and notably in Oregon?

13. Do you know how magnetic waves emanate from the sun, revolve around the earth, continue on to the earth's moon, come back to the earth and return from there to the sun? Do you know that magnetic waves following a similar course travel between the sun, Venus and her moon? If you didn't know much about this, why did you insist on tearing open everything that might have helped the magnetic scientists into determining if a saucer magnetically controlled could hop from one magnetic zone to another?

14. Since the scientists who researched these saucers have never been able to find any evidence of two of the saucer's metals on this earth, how much nearer to a solution has Air Force Intelligence come since taking over the project and now presumably shelving it?

I join Mr. Scully in awaiting with considerable interest the answers to these questions as I presume all of you do. What do you readers think? Are they holding out on us? And incidentally, there's a new movie coming out called "The Flying Saucer".

February 27, 1951

Dear Mr. Scully:

I intended writing sooner but we have been very busy here and I am just now getting around to it. I want to thank you for a most enjoyable evening spent with you and your family and a delicious dinner prepared by Mrs. Scully.

I hope in the near future you can come and visit our place.

According to the newspapers I see that things are happening and the Navy's idea of the balloons is being punctured full of holes all right. My photographer has not yet returned from his trip so I still don't know what I have on those plates, if anything. However he should be back sometime this week. I have shot a few more pictures since talking with you, so will take them and the others to him as soon as he returns and have him finish them to see what I caught. While he is doing the work I will have him finish an extra set and send them to you since you mentioned a desire to have them.

So far I have heard nothing from FATE as to what month's issue will carry the pictures I showed you. Will let you know as soon as I hear.

I am working pretty steady on the book I told you that I was writing and hope to have the manuscript finished in the near future.

Your friend whom I met in your home said something about me needing an agent. I have thought it over and realize much could be done in the way of clearing the minds of the people through lectures such as could be arranged by an agent. If he knows of a good one, would he be so kind as to send him down here or have him get in contact with me for I believe something can be worked out.

The chap I mentioned, whose mother has the piece of metal that dropped from the sky in 1908, was here last Friday. He has not yet received the piece from home but when he does, and brings it up to me, I will let you know.

Suppose you are having rainy weather right now, as I hear on the radio. We had snow here on our grounds, about an inch, and there is quite a lot on the mountain.

Let me thank you again for a very interesting evening spent in your home with you and your family.

Most sincerely,

Prof. Geo Adamski
Professor George Adamski

ProfGA:lm

NOTES ON FLYING SAUCERS

Emerson Treacy was a film actor of the day. Background information on Forrest Barnes was not found. The person referred to as "Sanderson" may be Ivan T. Sanderson, a paranormal writer.

Feb 27, 1951.

Emerson Treacy called today and asked if we would be home this afternoon. He had a friend just in from the east, Forrest Barnes, who had been telling him about Saucer clubs popping up all over. At 4 o'clock they came, and honestly, he tells us people are forming Flying Saucer clubs in the east, and suggested Frank ought to be a central agency for them.

Then he started talking about a friend of his, Sanderson, who has written two articles on flying saucers for True, which were printed about a year ago. I don't see how they could be published that long ago, because Frank's first articles in Variety were in October and November, and then Donald Keyhoe's article which was so terrifically publicized, in True, was in the January issue, and in January Ken Purdy pleaded and begged Frank to write an article for him, which would not be able to get in before the March or April issue, because it takes that long to get them out.

Anyway, Sanderson had told Forrest that the Venusians had tried and actually established contact with us. I asked if he based his findings on the strange signals that are reported to have come in over the radio in England, and he said No. These signals apparently came in straight with some kind of question as to whom should they get in contact, in other word what kind and who was the head of our government. Apparently the answer these people sent was to contact the State Department. Which they allegedly did, and also have been answered by the State Department.

The discussion then went on to language. Forest was of the

opinion that if they were so smart as to be able to fly around the way they do they must also have been able to listen to our radios for the 30 years we have been broadcasting out into the space and have learned our language. We didn't think that was unlikely, but later it struck us that if they had gotten enough to be able to crack our language code, they also would have gotten to know what the setup of our government is about.

What puzzles us most, and most people in general, is the government's reluctance to admit that there are such things as flying saucers. All kinds of arguments have been advanced, from religious reasons, to the fact that we are rearming, and if we, the people, find out there is something else, we might not appropriate moneys to rearming against Russia. To arm against Venusians would be the silliest thing ever, since 1. they have not proven belligerent, and 2; if they were belligerent, our arms, however advanced would ~~xxx~~ seem like pop~~g~~ guns to them, or, like the atomic bomb and worse, would be serious enough to damage this planet, and if it seriously damaged this planet would in all probability do damage to the solar system and the other planets.

Forrest suggested that they keep things secret because of the revolutionary change in our living it might bring. We would ask them - this is of course only guesswork - how do they run their planet, or countries. Then we would ask them how are their churches? They would say, what is that? We would ask them about God. They would ask who is that? And then where would we be?

I countered that I still didn't think that a reason to keep things secret. First of all it is a fact. Second: Maybe the Venusians do not have original sin. Maybe their Adam didn't succumb to the temptations of their Eve, and they do not have

to redeem themselves.

Most of all the government is after all representatives of the people, not the bosses, and if it is a fact, people should know about it.

Then from a purely governmental point of view. ~~that~~ They say there is no such thing as little men and flying saucers coming to attack us. It always annoyed us the conditioning they are doing in always combining flying saucers and attack. But let's go on with that procedure. IF the little men did contact the State Department they could answer one of two things. Either they could say Go away, and don't come back for 50 years, or make the way clear for them to come in for a landing. If they say the first, which in view of the fact that they are afraid of a panic, would be the most tempting to say, it would be reasonable to expect that the little men also would be able to contact other countries and governments and be invited for a landing, and then use their very superior knowledge in subduing us, if they aren't too superior for that. So that would not be wise. If they invited them for a landing - then how long could they keep that secret? Evidently they are so superior to us that we could learn a lot. If Washington has religious fears, is it because they feel God is man-made? Since God is allmighty definitely other planets would just show up that fact. Don't they have any faith?

Feb 28, 1951

[Gerald Heard was a historian, science writer, public lecturer, educator, and philosopher who wrote many books including *Is Another World Watching? The Riddle of the Flying Saucers*, which was published in 1950. Dimmick is mistakenly identified as "Roy." His name was Ray. He was a Los Angeles businessman who made news after claiming to see a UFO crashed in Mexico in March 1950. Bob Pike appears to be a Scully family friend. Skip is Frank Scully's son.]

Last time Gerald Heard was here was around the middle of January and he, among other things, told us about a paper in the middle of England that had a long feature about a flying saucer that had landed in Bruges, Belgium app the 28th of March, 1950, and that 24 little men had been found - living - and taken to a camp. He even had a letter from the editor of this English paper. We questioned the date as being mighty close to April 1.

"We" was Silas M. Newton, Frank and I, and I believe Bob Pike.

Mr. Heard had put some of his newspaper sleuths on the story to find out what was true, and reported on Feb 27 that it all had been a magnificent newspaper circulation booster hoax, even to dressing up little men etc.

Si Newton told us that the story of a flying saucer at the Firth of Forth, Scotland, was holding water still. That was a report of a saucer coming in apparently for a landing bounced on the waves, jumped app 100 feet in the air, came down on another wave and bounced in the air again and then turned, made a circle around and took off. The bounce alone would have killed our earth-made planes.

Bob Pike came by with a car insurance for Skips new little red Standard car. For months he trailed Roy Dimmick who last year was reported to have a piece of a flying saucer that had landed in Mexico, and who had seemingly seen a downed saucer when on a business trip to Mexico. He worked for the Apache Powder Company. The next day reports came out in the same paper that Mr. Dimmick had taken everything back what he said, that it was just talk. Well Bob Pike started pursuing him. He would try by telephone, and dropping by his apartment, morning noon

and night, even to finding out from neighbors in the adjoining apartments that he was seldom home, maybe twice a month. One day he got hold of Dimmick's daughter who was getting fed up with flying saucer talk. She was very gracious however, and one day he made the direct contact. Mr. Dimmick said that he was definitely told by the government to not disclose anything about any saucers. He has worked with them, in his business for 20 years, so he decided to go their way. He will therefore not disclose any information, but being very honest, he does not deny that the first story was true. He had told a friend in all confidence and the next day it had hit the papers. The subsequent discrediting was purely on orders. The piece of saucer that he was supposed to have in his possession however, Mr Pike has not been able to ascertain if they have, though both father and daughter, being very honest people, act as if they had it in their pockets.

Call Homer Davis of Columbia to see that film of a flying saucer over Mexico City Airport.

Notes on FS

Professor George Adamski and Ivan Courtright came for dinner Friday Feb 16, 1951. We had a nice fish dinner, and Prof Adamski brought along 10 photographs that he had taken through his telescope, a 5 (6?) inch job. They were all fascinating. But two of them beat them all. How I would have liked to have just accidentally misplaced them. All of them showed flying saucers like round blobs, but the two. One was a corner of the moon, with a flying saucer nearer but with the same type of light reflection as the moon, and superimposed on these two is the profile in black of a flying saucer - as we have come to understand they look. It's a beauty.

The other is a picture of the moon, with its craters and all. Over it is an oblong whitish light reflection which can be deciphered as the lighted flying saucer, and its tail which is there only by reason of its movement while the film was exposed. (Like car headlights show up as streaks). The prof explained the Navy men looked at this picture, and even noticed that the saucer ~~xxxxxxx~~ threw a shadow of itself on the moon. With their instruments they figured it was about 5000 feet above the moon, app 4000 feet long, 1000 feet wide and traveled at a speed of about 1800 miles per hour. (?) Prof Adamski also told that once he saw one of these launch a smaller ship that seemed to fall down from its bottom. He also told us that Palomar 200 inch telescope takes pictures all the time, and twice a week Navy men go up there to collect them.

One day, about 6 months ago the Air Force threw a blockade on one of the highways near there for about 6 or 8 hours. A truck driver friend of his had been stopped and told that he saw a flying saucer landed. I believe he also mentioned about

seeing some little men.

He also told about several years ago we had a project of trying to get to the moon, and were grooming forty men in friendly manners as well as every thing else - meaning of course that the moon isn't as uninhabited as we have so far believed. He was spouting this kind of stuff in the little restaurant that he's running and at a table where some navy men and one woman. The woman got up and walked over to the Prof and asked him where did he get that information and didn't he know it was military secret? Oh, he had heard it around. She then pointed to one of the young men and said "That's my boy, and he's one of them." That rather confirmed his talk. But this is years ago, and still nothing has happened so they must be ready to groom the next batch - or maybe they did go. Could it be?

WHY FLYING SAUCERS ARE HERE

To Confirm True's article "Flying Saucers Are Real" by Lieut Donald E Keyhoe, which caused a world wide sensation when published in the January 1950 issue, True's editors scouted the country for scientific confirmation by men who had seen and worked on the few saucers which were known to have landed on this earth reasonably intact. The best and biggest of these was reported to have been dissembled 12 miles north of Aztec, New Mexico, and carted from there to Almagordo. Another, smaller project, which landed near Phoenix Arizona was moved from there to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. *

Ordered to refrain from any comment on these saucers by the Air Force intelligence, the scientists who were called in on the project as a matter of course and because of their previous association with wartime government projects dealing with undersea detection and super radar devices for ^{The magnetic immobilization of enemy} ~~alien~~ planes, directed missiles and the ^{like} ~~task~~ have followed the government directives as to names, dates and places. But a spokesman appointed by them agreed to a conference with a spokesman for True Magazine. They met at the home of Frank Scully at Whitley Heights, Hollywood, on Saturday January 14 at 4 PM and explored for three hours a way to talk about how flying saucers got here and how they got back from wherever they came, believing that such a scientific explanation would not violate any Air Force directive or in any way imperil the country's security. Thus for the first time they would reveal why flying saucers are real in the hope of preparing the world for inevitable official explanations.

Their spokesman had behind him 150 scientists who ~~xxxx~~ are still called in by the government in consulting capacities. This is the skeleton crew of what was once a team of 1700 ^{conducted} ~~who~~ who conducted 35,000 experiments on land, sea and air and finally knocked out the submarine menace in the Pacific and the Atlantic. It was a billion dollar project. Now returned in the main to private business industry, they nevertheless are on call in an emergency

They were called in

They were called in to solve the problem of an increasing number of space ships which were ~~ixingx~~ flying over our mainland

They were called in and asked to use their devices and knowledge to detect and solve the problem of an increasing number of foreign objects which were reported flying over our territory. When informed of ^{an} actual landing_h they hurried to the scene. In one they found (16) dead men about 40 inches tall, in another two. Their first conflict with the Air Force was in the matter of procedure. The scientists wanted months to study the ships intact in the hope of finding the secret of their propulsion as the ships obviously carried no fuel. The Air Force wanted to disassemble to see what made them click. The Air Force had its way. Thus may be lost for years, unless another ship gets out of control in our atmosphere and lands miraculously intact.

In the hope of educating the Air Force brass and the world generally these scientists have finally consented to give their findings to the public on condition that they not be identified by name or be quoted at this time. Their reasons why these confidences must not be violated were explained to True's spokesman and are reasonable and understandable. They will ~~be~~ not be revealed to anybody. This then is their story as told to

FRANK SCULLY

Saucers

March 7, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Scully:

In reference to Silas Newton's admonition, published in the Los Angeles Mirror, to watch the skies on the 17th of January, remember I told you that I had taken some pictures through my telescope during that afternoon and evening.

Just yesterday I got these pictures from my photographer who has been away on an extended desert trip. On the plates taken at that time, I seem to have caught 3 space ships moving, at least they look like space ships.

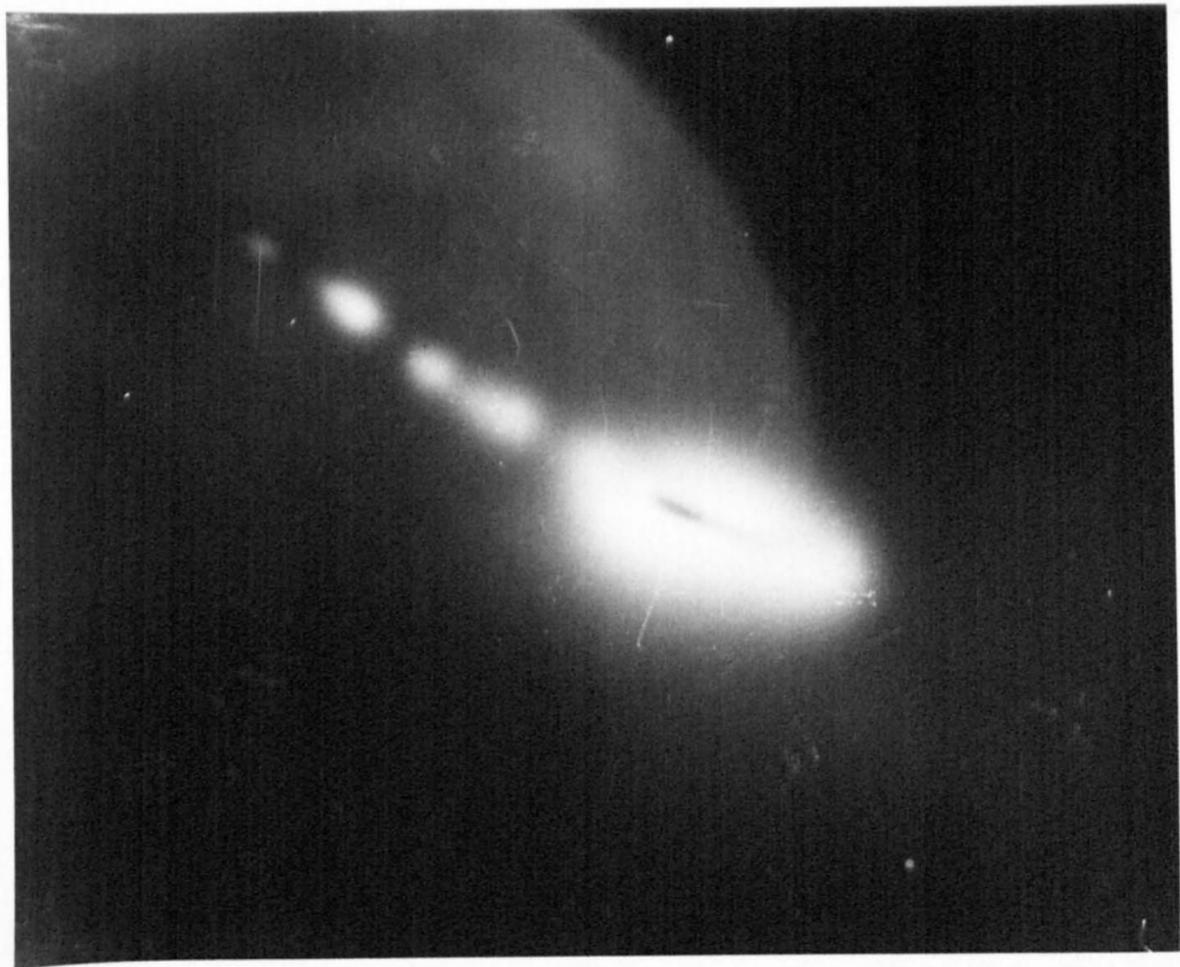
This bears out Mr. Newton's prophecy and I thought he might like to know of it, just in case he hasn't had any previous conformation due to overcast skies in many localities on that day.

Most sincerely,

Prof Geo Adamski

ProfGA:lm

Professor George Adamski
Box 346
Valley Center, California



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1951

Telescopic Phenomenon B
Taken: January 17, 1951 - 7:40 P.M.



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Telescopic Phenomenon B

Taken: January 17, 1951 - 7:40 PM

Notes by Alice and Frank Scully

April 3 and 4, 1951

On Sunday, April 1, Frank was supposed to make a speech at the UCLA Newman Club. Si called during the afternoon and wanted to go too. Si and Sharon had been over the evening before and he had talked much about Dr Gee's delay in getting over here. He was just about ready to leave his lab when a man driving down the street got an epileptic fit in his car and the car drove right into Dr. Gee's lab window which was an enormous window, not of glass but of Pearlite. The window therefore didn't break but buckled and all the metal frame with it, and Dr Gee couldn't leave until he got that fixed up.

Si also talked about it soon starting the rainy season in Arkansas and they were planning to get in there to see about the cigar shaped saucer before the thaws happened. Now this is a thing he told us about as long as close to 6 months ago. A pilot by the name of Adams was flying in Arkansas testing out a new instrument perfected by the Norden Bomb Sight which is much more effective than Radar, in that it penetrates even the heaviest fog. With the aid of his instrument he saw a ship in trouble over the forests in Arkansas and witnessed a forced crash landing of a cigarshaped object. Apparently no living people survived. Anyway there was apparently no activity after the landing. He made note of the exact location, as it was completely hidden by trees from the air, to go back there at a later date when the conditions seemed more favorable. He discussed it with Dr. Gee and Si heard it from him, and they are getting set to go and explore it and hopefully get it out of there and donate it maybe to some university in Colorado.

Well, just after Si had called about the Newman Club meeting and had been told Frank would go on about 8:30 p.m. - they had asked us out for dinner, but we were already at table - Father Jarrett, the head of the Newman Club asking Frank to be sure to be there by 8 because the harpist who was to have her numbers opening the meeting would not be able to get there till later.

We tried calling Si back but he apparently had called from a gas station we found out later, we tried calling different restaurants that he would likely go to, but were unsuccessful. Frank started his speech at 5 or 10 minutes past 8, finished 20 minutes later, and Si and Sharon arrived 5 minutes after that. Frank's speech was very well received. Meanwhile we asked Si and Sharon to come for dinner Tuesday evening, corned beef hash, which he spends \$ 2,00 for at the Brown Derby, and they accepted provided he would be in town. By Monday evening Frank was dying, Egypt, dying, to go to Palm Springs, and we decided to go if Si had gone out of town. About 9 we tried telephoning Si whose phone was constantly busy, and finally got him about 10 and he was going to stay in town, Dr. Gee still had not been able to get away from his lab window. So we stayed and went on a visit for tea over to Gerald Heard instead, a thing that he has asked us for for a long time and we have threatened to do, but never did get around to. There were two ladies there and a young man and Mr. Heard and they were expecting us with a fire in the fireplace and most delicious tea.

He told about a young man, a radio operator on some South African ship . . . Mowrer, who had been on a plane when they flew alongside a cigar shaped space ship. The crew and passengers all saw this and this radio operator happened to have a movie camera and film and took extensive pictures of it. In all it hovered around their plane for 17 minutes. The young man sent the film to Johannesburg to be developed, and when he got it back they were all delighted, it was wonderful pictures. So he took the first boat - which was not his own - to America and was landing that day and Mr. Heard had his correspondants meet him. We were all hoping he had left a print somewhere else in the world, in case this would be confiscated. And he told the rather amazing story of the assassination of Alexander of Serbia being recorded on a newsreel and was very descriptive in telling about Alexander coming out from a good

meal and patting his fat stomach and taking out his watch from the vest pocket to look at the time and decided he had plenty, and saying to us that those who see the pictures know he has 20 minutes to live, but he doesn't, and it makes it seem so very strange. There was a fight between the different guards and finally some of them ~~through~~ threw their hands up and said they would leave the guarding to the others, and all he could see was one man clop-clopping down the street with a sword looking rather aimless. Well it turned out that when the assassin actually did shoot Alexander full of lead the man on horse with his sword was close by, and felled the assassin with one swoop and killed him outright. Alexander however lived, but an artery was severed and a tourniquet was put on the wrong point so it didn't help and the streets were blocked because of the excitement and they didn't get him to a hospital in time and he died. The report goes also that the cameraman was killed within minutes and another man continued the work. They did some handiwork to keep on to the film and printed 5 copies in Marseilles and four copies were confiscated, but one got out. And he was musing if anything was worth that much danger and courage.

He also told about a chaplain during the war who lives near him, a Mr. Gilbert who had one day driven over Topanga Pass with a friend, both of whom had been trained that they better identify a plane in 7 seconds or get killed, and had had tremendous experience in aircraft identification. They stopped near a hot dog stand on the top where there is a telescope where they drop 10 cents in and can take a look valley. Anyway to cut the story short they saw a cigarshaped thing. One hurried to the car to get a very fine set of binoculars, the other hurriedly put 10 cents in the telescope, one asked the other? "What do you see?" The other, not wanting to be rash or be criticized for mass hallucinations said he had the sensation of seeing an object which

has been commonly been described as a flying saucer."

Incidentally, the African story was very cute in that he had gotten clippings from Africa, from correspondants he has there, and has also gotten close interviews with different people. But in the mail the day before we got a letter from a student at Amherst, Lemeyer who told he has an uncle in the air force, a general no less, who believes in flying saucers and who had mailed him a clipping from the Paris Herald Tribune describing the same incident.

April 5 1951

Frank was asked to appear on television today. Well it was arranged quite a while ago, but today was the day. It is a program just started last Monday with Jeanne Gray, a beautiful blonde - with brains. She asked Frank questions and saw demonstrated the hows and why of flying saucers. It came out beautifully.

On coming home Ann Grevler called. She is a newspaper woman for the Australian press, a quite young and very beautiful woman who had been up here to interview Frank before. This time she told that she also was a medium of some kind and that last Tuesday there had been a seance here in Hollywood and she wanted Frank to know that he's correct in his ideas on Flying Saucers. They are real, they are from another planet. The people do not talk much, because they are way beyond that and communicate by thoughts. They will come and land here. They are worried about the atomic explosions we have and terrified that we are playing around with them as destructive weapons. The group that were present all signed the statement as correct that they got. And she invited Frank to be present at some later seance.

NOTES ABOUT APRIL 9, 1951

We started the day early today by calling Si at 8:30 a.m. to ask if he and Sharon would want to pick today to go down to Mt. Palomar to visit Prof. ^{George} Adamski and see his latest pictures on space ships that he had written us a letter about. The smog was thick and heavy here in Hollywood and I got to coughing, trying to throw it ~~away~~ off, so we figured maybe a day of sun and fresh air in the country would help. Si said No, but called back at 10 that it worked out and he would be by at 11 to pick us up. We tried to get hold of Professor Adamski on the phone, but found he had none. Finally called Ivan Courtright's mother in Venice to see if she knew if Adamski had a phone, and she too said she didn't think so. Meanwhile she started talking about Ivan and that she was holding him back from coming up here more often because she didn't want him to to outwear his welcome and I assured her that we really did enjoy him, and to let him come, and he would just have to take us as we come, a rough and tumble family. He seemingly loved it. So we agreed he was to feel free to drop in every now and then which mostly falls on the evening of ^{an} ~~the~~ amateur astronomical society ^{at the Griffith Park Observatory. The Coast Dash to} ~~meeting~~ ^{meets here} which ^{near here} ~~is~~ ^{They} had been up to San Francisco over Easter and ^{he} had been to Lick Observatory and he felt he had a lot of things to ~~say~~ tell Frank.

Si came on the dot 11 and we then went by his place to pick up Sharon and then we drove down the coast to Laguna where we stopped at Laguna Hotel in the diningroom overlooking - nearly overhanging the ocean. It took 55 minutes for our order to come through, and we had a nice time, and then went on to Mt. Palomar where happily we found Adamski home. ^{It was a drive of 152 miles.} He introduced us to the three women who work there, the hostess Miss McGinnis (?)

who doubles as his secretary and ~~edit~~ editor^s of his writings, the other lady who does the serving and Alice Welch who does the cooking. All very fine ladies, far above average of what you might find in a roadside cafe. Everything about it was way above. We were offered drinks. Frank and the Prof took bock beer, Si had coffee and Sharon and I a delicious glass of buttermilk each. And Miss McGinnis came with an envelope of photographs - the reason for our going down there, as ~~she~~^{the Prof} had asked us to come and see them. Si had in a meeting at our house between Christmas and New Years said to look out ~~for~~^{Something unusual to happen on} January 17. The magnetic engineers had found that around the 17th of January there would be a tremendous magnetic upheaval around California. Dick Williams of the Mirror had printed the story, and many, many people called up to ask "What happened?" Well, on the surface it was just another day in our town. But within the octave around the 17th was a lot of magnetic disturbance that especially fliers found. One plane - private - flying over Bakersfield on their way back to San Francisco found that all their instruments went haywire and decided it was too risky to go on under such conditions - the worst they had had in 35 years of flying ~~what possible~~ and landed at Bakersfield and stayed overnight. There were several bad crackups too, and Si who had been in the air at the time told how he and even the stewardesses had to be strapped in, which is rare, for the whole trip from SF to LA in a DC6, which is a mighty steady plane.

Well, Professor Adamski had taken some pictures at the time and found three saucers, first quite far away, then another exposure coming closer and with a light at the end of their seeming exhaust trail, which it really isn't, it is just because they move so fast that it looks like one as it flashes over the film exposure.

Professor Adamski then showed us some photographs of space ships that looked like cigars. On one of the pictures there were app 7 smaller luminous discs around and in front of it. On the other - which had a white background there were two in front. The first exposure had a dark background, and both taken within minutes, or maybe even seconds apart from each other. They were taken around 10:30 a.m. and we wanted to know why the difference in background. He explained there was a lot of clouds ~~that~~ ^{the} day ~~and~~ ^{and} this cigar-shaped flying saucer - or let's rather call it a spaceship - ^{came into his range.} ~~was once~~ ^{One picture was} snapped in front of a white cloud, the other ~~the~~ in front of a dark cloud. Sharon who doesn't believe in flying saucers asked why it happened that always the cigarshaped ones were caught sideways. Why not straight from the front. Prof Adamski immediately got up and got a picture with 7 of them from the front. It looked like a picture of 7 flashlights staring straight at you. In fact I believe that during that hour we were poring over the pictures Sharon's disbelief was shaken to the foundation. Then we saw another of the new pictures, a picture of two luminouse cigarshaped space ships over the moon, casting luminous shadows on the moon, another of a cigarshaped one and several discs, luminous that come out in the photograph as big blobs of light, but in the center a little black thin streak, which is the ship itself.

After that we went outside to look at the telescope before it got too dark. It was already too late to go up to Mt Palomar observatory itself as it closed at 4:30. But we went to look at the prof's 7 inch telescope. He has another, a 15 inch one in a small dome. The 7 inch one is just wrapped up in a black cloth as it stands there mounted on a base right in the open. The surrounding country side is beautiful, back of the place is the tree covered mountain under the big observatory, the place itself is laying

under some magnificent tremendous big oak trees. Across the valley to the south are some rolling green hills ~~with~~ dotted with oak trees that look like uneven dots of candlewick. The hills are really the proportions of mountains. In the telescope we saw some trees about 6 miles away and could even see the leaves on them, just about. Then he showed us the mountains to the top and pointed out two big bumps. They were approximately one mile apart. From that one big bump to the other was the landmarkings he had taken when a space ship flew over there one day in 1946. That was before spaceships ~~was~~ even ^{got into} ~~thought~~ ^{the news dispatches}. So we asked him if had seen many at one time. He told of when there was a meteoric shower in 1946 he had gotten word from the observatory to count spaceships if any, and he counted 183. He and lots of people with him at his cafe. On the other side of the hill and on top they had counted 204. This too was before Kenneth Arnold came out with his observations. We asked him when was it that he saw his first space ship. He told of how he had seen one as far back as 1939 but didn't know what it was. He asked the observatory and astronomers all over and nobody knew what they were. That was exactly 8 years before anything ^{about saucers} became ~~slightly~~ public knowledge.

~~Now~~ ^{about six months ago} ~~several times~~ they ~~have~~ noticed a bright light. ^{this happened several times after the first display} The whole neighborhood lit up with a whitish light, light enough that indoors they could see the leaves on the plant in the room, outdoors that they could read. It lasted from 2 to 5 minutes. I asked if it were something like the magnesium flares that planes would drop and they said no, because ^{flares} ~~they~~ were bluish - like the daylight light bulbs and came down like a parachute and seemingly had a center point, which these didn't have. Prof. notified the Navy who checked into it and have no answer.

He also told about how a young flier stationed in Hawaii came up one day with his wife and baby and told how their plane was accompanied all the way from Hawaii to the mainland by one flying saucer.

~~Hisxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ The nephew of Prof Adamski flew from Europe to America about six months ago and they were accompanied all the way by three flying saucers. I wonder if they had been in trouble if the saucers would have been willing, and able, to help them in any way. The flier from Hawaii told how they had tried several times to come nearer the saucer - even so they saw their heads in the portholes - but that it seemed impossible for them to do so. Prof Adamski thought that might be they had a magnetic repellent ^{or shield which kept the saucers at bay. This} ~~which~~ seemed a ~~convincing~~ satisfactory answer to the flier.

~~Dr. Frank and the Prof~~
They discussed astronomy, mathematics, to a degree, religion, and science. Si took out a brass (looking) capsule and tied it to a string and hung it over a piece of meteor that the Professor had. It started swinging clockwise. Then he held it to his solar plexis and it started swinging ~~xxxxxxxx~~ counter-clockwise. Then free swinging it circled clockwise again. I would have liked to do a Fresco on that one and tried swinging it from a stick hanging between two chairs.

Prof Adamski started out to become a priest, but astronomy interested him so much all his life that he switched very ~~fast~~ soon.

Notes April 9 INSERT.

On our way from Laguna to Mt. Palomar we passed by St. Luis Rey Mission. Years ago, about three to four years ago Si had gone there and for fun he had used his geological doodlebug to see if he could locate a hidden treasure which supposedly the padres at ~~at~~ the old mission had buried when they were being attacked. He had told us he had found it and would one day tell the padres about it. The Padres in charge being our special ^{Franciscans,} friends, it was hard for me to remain loyal ^{to} and say nothing. At St. Louis Rey ^{Si} he pulled the car to a stop and looked in the back^{up} for his equipment. As he climbed through a fence I asked if I might go along, and he preferred that I would remain where I was. But I did look, and then went over to the car to talk with Frank and Sharon. After a while Si called me. I ran over, and he started a new experiment from another position to doublecheck on his original test. He pointed out - I took visual landmarks - and told me 120 feet in that direction, in an area of 15 feet by 30 the cache is hidden. It is 12 foot under the ground and is three feet deep. I thought he said there was \$200,000 of silver and gold, but my head was so swimming with trying to remember all the numbers that I might be wrong. As he got in the car he said there was ^{at least} \$20,000 worth of silver there. So I guess ^{my} original ^M extra naught was purely a wish. After all, anything over \$150 is so/ fabulous to me I completely lose the value and can pin naughts on as well as take them off without flicking an eye.

Sharon wanted to know why he didn't go and dig it up. I reminded her it was private property. So they then figured he might tell the padres where to find it for 50 per cent of it. And meanwhile I feel disloyal not to tell them, disloyal to the other part if I do. What a dilemma.

April 11, 1950

As we were finishing dinner with an unexpected guest, a friend of Skip's who had bought and read Frank's book and wanted to ask some questions, in walked Ivan Courtright. He was on his way to the astronomical society meeting at Griffith Park Observatory. He told us how in San Francisco he had been allowed to look through the 37 inch refractor telescope, the next to the largest in the world, and was even allowed to turn it around and look, and that is an honor so great and so rare that even fellow astronomers don't always get the privilege. He also was shown everything by the chief astronomer at Mt Lick Observatory.

He met a girl, Polly, who works at the Science Academy and got some news. One was that a Dr. Adair, a dentist saw what he described as a submarine with lights on flying in the air over Los Altos. His office address is San Francisco Phelan Building, Market Street, San Francisco.

Another girl, Carline Navs of 115 Commonwealth Aven, San Francisco, (address to be checked for accuracy) had been on a hiking trip with her father and a sports cartoonish from a San Francisco paper in ~~either~~ either Idaho, Washington or Oregon. They walked through a wood and suddenly came upon an opening and saw an airfield so big that they could hardly see the building on the other end. As soon as they approached, a car with a siren came screaming at them and ordered them off but fast. How, ~~how~~ they would like to know, did they ^{guards} know they were there? "Radar" of course," says I who have listened to Jack Fresco. Meanwhile what was on the field was most interesting. It wasn't planes. It was queer, strange air craft, more like saucers. The men's uniforms were not ordinary either. More like ~~space~~ ~~space~~ uniforms. But the size of the airfield ^{and the saucer shape of the ship were} what most amazed them.

San Francisco Chronicle

THE CITY'S ONLY HOME-OWNED NEWSPAPER

FIFTH AND MISSION STREETS

SAN FRANCISCO 19, CALIF.

GARFIELD 1-1112

April 13, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

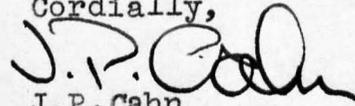
Enclosed is a letter George Koehler gave me to deliver to you.

I was in Denver the early part of this week and had anticipated going directly to Los Angeles so Koehler asked me to act as courier. At the last moment, however, Mr. Newton advised me that he would be in San Francisco so I came here instead of going South.

At Mr. Koehler's suggestion I have written Squyres asking him the nature of his information. In the event I hear from him I'll pass the word along to you.

I was somewhat disappointed to find that Mr. Newton was not in San Francisco as he said he would be. Naturally, we are anxious to talk further with him, but as you said, that doubtless will have to be postponed until his current business with Washington is cleared up.

My best regards to you and your wife.

Cordially,

J.P. Cahn

JPC:rs
ENC.

April 24, 1951

Dear Frank & Alice:

Received your kind note and birthday greetings and was more than glad that you enjoyed your outing here. You know, living out in the country like this really makes you feel like a free man, even though things aren't as free as we are told.

The other day I got a letter from Dr. Heard which I am going to answer in the next few days in reference to his inquiries on the moon. He mentioned that his book, which you had requested him to send to me, was on its way. I haven't yet received it but should in today's mail. Thanks very much to both of you and to Dr. Heard. I shall read it with interest. And by the way, let me make an apology here. I was so taken up with what was being said that I missed the fact when you said 'bees' and thought right along that you were saying 'beings', until after you had gone. I believe Si brought out that point and you tried to clarify it to me but I still missed it. That really is funny. Of course we really know little about insects. In a lot of cases they behave better than humans; so he might have something there. But they wouldn't need such big ships if that was the case. And in the second place it would be awfully hard to convince the masses that that was taking place. Any way you look at it, it is still a funny proposition.

Now down to business. I am sending you six of eight pictures. The other two, the one taken in the afternoon of January 17 and the two ships with light reflections on the moon, I still have to get from the photographer. And he has been laid up with virus X Y & Z; whatever that is. But I believe these six are the major ones. I got my copyright registrations back last Thursday.

Remember we had comparative notes on the one ship in relation to its position in the two pictures? I have learned that the ship was not moving but the clouds were moving so fast it appeared that the ship was moving. That is why the ship was always in the same position. I have been told on the QT by a good authority from on top that the ship hovered in space for about seven minutes at the time I took the pictures of it. And that is how all the pictures of it appear to be in the same position. Now here is a little surprise. I showed you folks two pictures of the four I had taken of the same ship. It really slipped my mind on the other two, talking about so many things. That is the reason

you didn't see them, but I am sending them to you now. The interesting part is as they were numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, you will notice that the first one had nothing but the ship with a little light on the nose of it and in the middle; while the second one is already changed. It has a ship separate alongside of it. In the third shot there are five ships beside the one big one, which are saucers, I believe, and they show movement because they have trails behind them. While the fourth has six lights or ships; which makes me think that this big boy may have been a mother ship to these others and she either let them out herself or they were out in space and they gathered there. Which makes it all more interesting than ever. And of course to clinch the whole thing, as stated before, on the grounds of interplanetary the one shown near the moon that is in that glow is definitely too far out to be of earth's nature.

You know, Frank, things always happen for the better. Had you not talked to Martin Gang and to Mr. Healy, I probably would have gone through with the release to the Examiner or someone, especially the Examiner, which would have meant nothing since MacArthur became the big story just at that time. But now things will quiet down little by little and by the time these pictures are released they will have a clear field of news. So things do work out in the end. I am sure that these pictures will bring much to light when they are published. So you may go ahead with them as you see fit.

I finally have received that piece of metal that I told you about and it is a strange looking thing. It is iron; a part of a circle and measures 10 inches in its own length. Sort of crude looking affair but very odd; looks more like a small turbine - it is really not a gear. The opening of the turbine part is flanged at both ends the same. The depth in length measures $\frac{3}{8}$ inch while the top in width is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, nearly a cubic centimeter. It might be some sort of condenser, rivetted to the main flange with brass rivets while welded on the top. And as ~~near as~~ I can get the data on it, instead of 1900 it was between 1910 and 1913 when it fell out of space. And we know that we did not have any knowledge of welding at that time - at least I don't remember that we did. There are 20 of the cubes arranged together; separated at the bottom but welded together at the top. It looks like most of it was made by hand. Another funny part about the thing is that where the break is, at one end it has a funny composition of iron - nothing like we have, even in pig iron. Some portion of this break appears like it might have gold but I am afraid it may be more like mica. The chap who brought it up said he didn't know much about it, neither did his aunts, but he had an uncle in Hawaii who may know all the details about it. Harold is writing to this uncle immediately so he will get all the information possible from

him.

I questioned Harold as to the possibility of someone in the neighborhood playing around with something, some kind of machinery or such, that could have broken and a piece flying through space have landed on the roof of the barn. He had another uncle with him when he brought the piece of metal up to me and this uncle spoke up that it couldn't have been anything like that. In the first place there were no neighbors within 1/2 mile distance of their farm. In the second place, if it had come from some machinery it would have landed on the barn and slipped off; which this piece didn't do - it ripped the rafter in two. I was made to understand the rafter was 3x4 or something in that neighborhood - heavier than a 2x4. So his uncle said it had to come from quite a height to have the force which it did have; breaking through a 1x12 sheeting and ripping the rafter as it did. I asked him if they kept the letter from the Bureau of Standards which they had and he said that somehow it had got lost or destroyed and they couldn't find it. But he did say the piece laid around the house for sometime before sending it to the Bureau of Standards; so it was between 1918 or 1920 before it was sent to the Bureau of Standards; that maybe his uncle in Hawaii could shed more light on it, when he gets his answer from him. They all seem to value this piece a great deal. I don't know from what angle, but I had to sign for it when he left it. It may be a museum piece, that's true. It may show up when we get an analysis of this metal and if it should prove to be from out of this world, then we really have something. Just wish I could come up soon to bring this to you but that seems impossible at this time. This week I have a lecture in Corona and next week business is keeping me home. If you decide to come down here, do not come Thursday of this week for that is the day I will be gone for the lecture. Other than that, I will be home.

Oh, yes! Four days after you were here two young fellows stopped here and by talking to them I learned that one of them had been at White Sands operating a tenescope and doing a certain amount of interesting things. He told me many more interesting things by me showing him some of my earlier photographs, the ones which you saw first. They use glass plates and not long ago when some were developed, some of them showed lights and they definitely resembled ships. The ship bodies were not visible, only illumination of them. When there was a considerable amount of talk about these pictures at the camp, some of the so-called authority knocked it down as a defective plate. Yet this young man talking to me said it was impossible to have a defective plate on glass, and that also was the opinion of the better experts. Besides, if these were defective plates, why did they file them as they did. He said they have been getting a lot of them out there but they always have an excuse for them - as defective plates. When he looked at my former pictures, he said they were just like many they were getting there at White Sands. He even

gave me some pointers on them, how to judge them better as to how fast they might be moving and he too was not a believer. But he seemed to have the knowledge that they were operating by some type of fuel other than anything which we have here. He seemed to know they might be operating by light, static electricity or magnetism; which is one and the same thing. In fact our own forces are right now experimenting with that type of power. So from all of this, I think we are on the right track.

I haven't heard anything as to whether the big observatory will release the type of picture that I got, but it doesn't make any difference now since mine are copyrighted. We have the jump on them anyway. We can act fairly fast since we are free to make our own decisions; while they have to consult Harvard before they can release anything. So even there we have the jump on them.

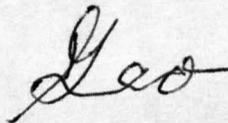
Well I guess this is about all I have in the way of information at this time. I haven't yet received my draft from Virginia that I am supposed to get from the fellow down there. I am anxious to know just how much information there will be in it in the field of saucers.

We had a gentle rain all last night and it looks like more is on the way for this afternoon. We can surely use all there is in store for us.

Will you say 'hello' to Mr. and Mrs. Newton for us? We all enjoyed your company very much and hope to enjoy many more such occasions. And let me say again, don't hesitate to come any time you can. I am usually home. I am almost compelled to be with the business and so many coming to see me. With the exception of this coming Thursday, most of the lectures are in the evening.

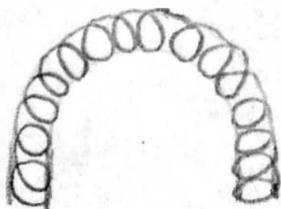
So for the best of wishes for your health and for everything else to you all as one grand family from all of us at Palomar Gardens.

Most sincerely,

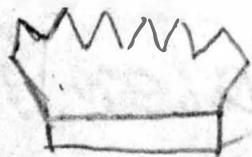


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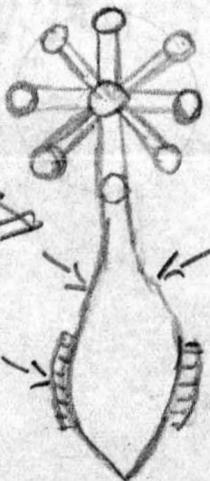
George Adamski



Horseshoe coil
made of bronze meter
tube



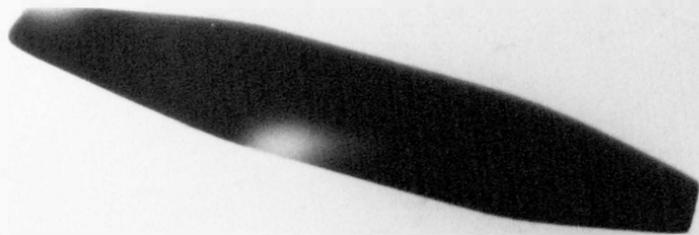
← magnet. Performs
two functions



← bronze bearing
← bronze meter
← bronze meter

Guiding arm, controlled
from instrument board

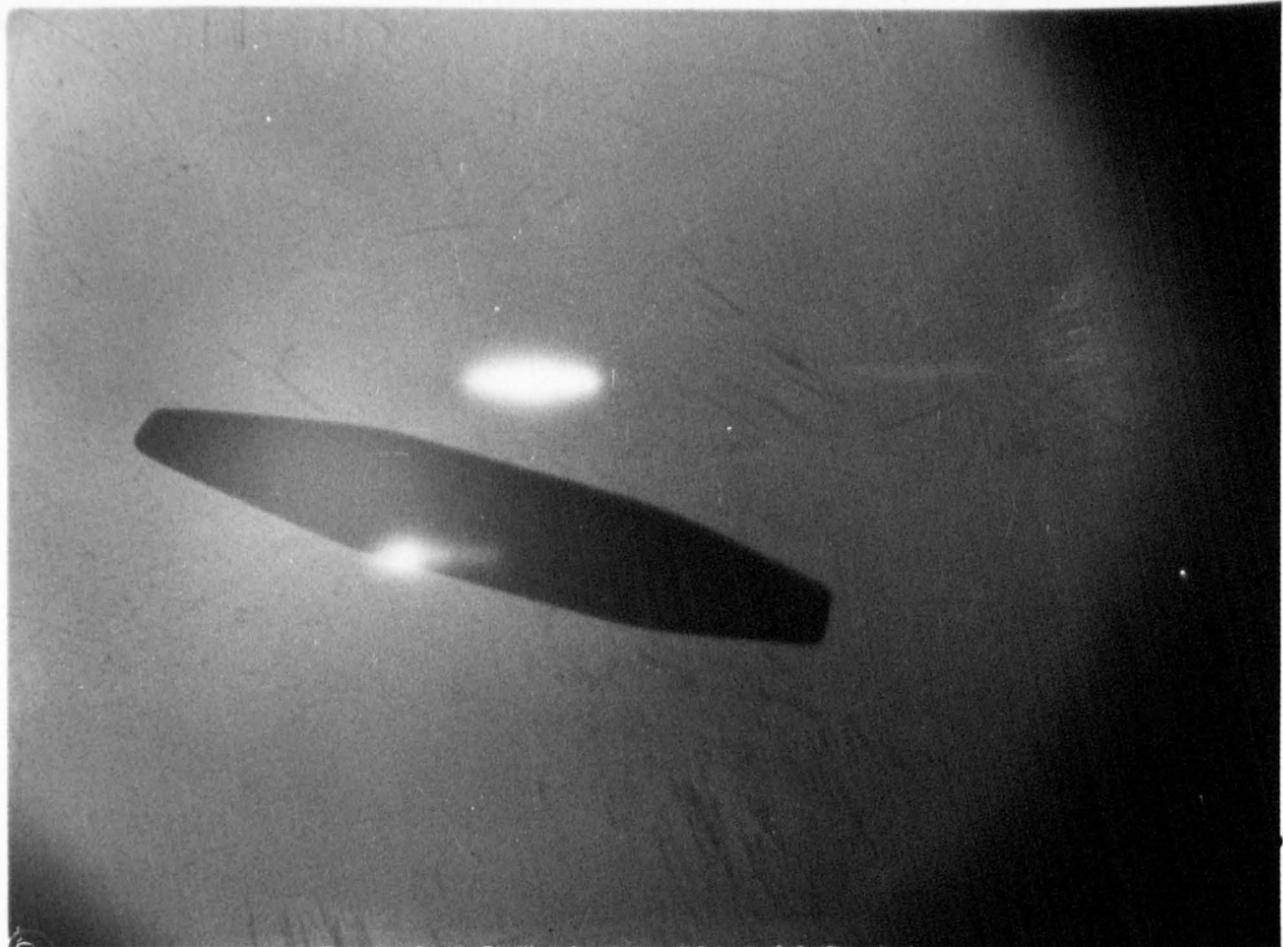
They set behind each other, on the
center line of the ship



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by PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAMSKI
1951

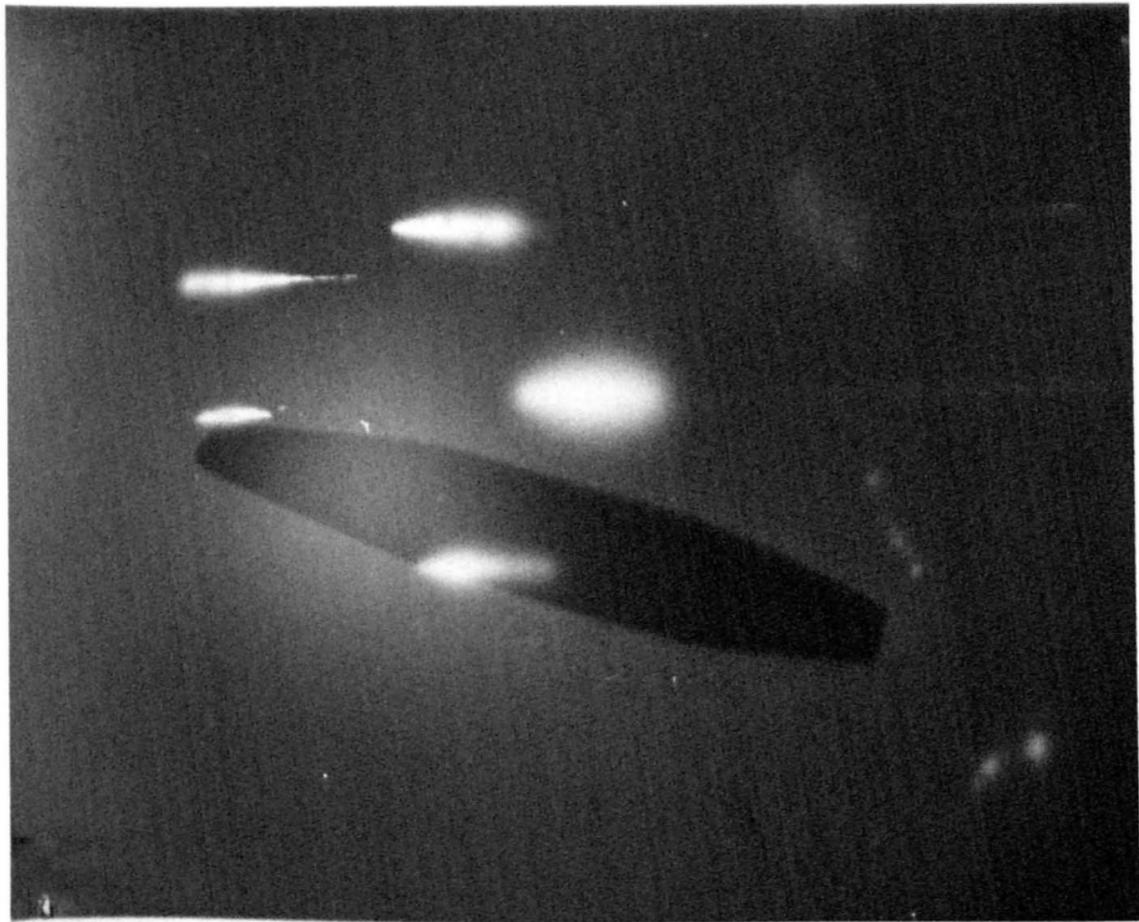
Telescopic Phenomenon #1

Taken: March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM



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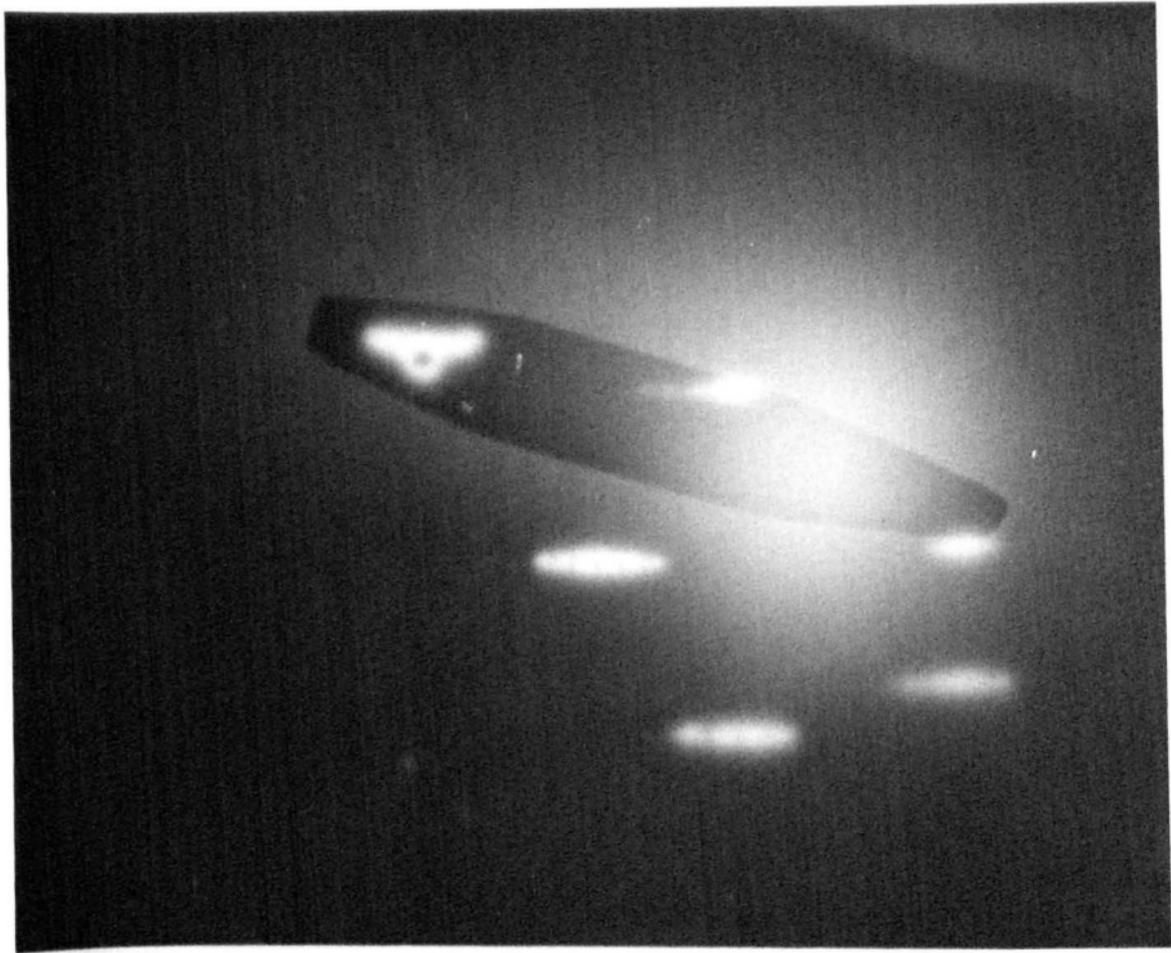
Telescopic Phenomenon # 2
Taipei: March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM



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Box 1, Folder 6

Telescopic Phenomenon #3
Taken; March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM



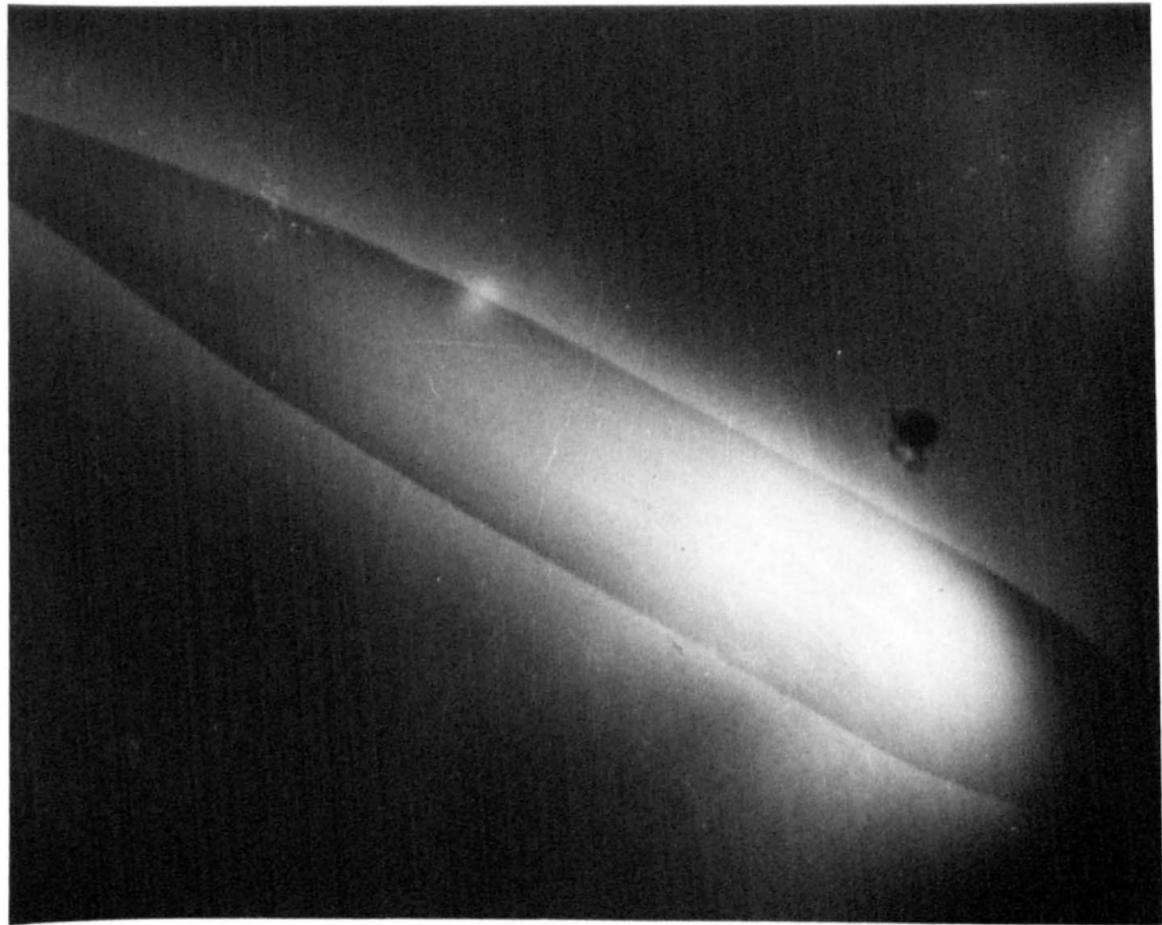
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Telescopic Phenomenon #4
Taken: March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM



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Telescopic Phenomenon #4
Taken: March 5, 1951 - 10:30 AM



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Telescopic Phenomenon D
Taken: March 9, 1951 - 9 A.M.

C
P
Y

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE
FIFTH AND MILLION STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO 19, CALIF
Garfield 1-1112

June 16, 1951

Dear Alice and Frank,

I am addressing this to both of you because I realize how deeply the subject at hand affects the entire Scully family.

It is too bad, Frank, that our telephone conversation of yesterday, was so colored by emotion. But I appreciate the fact that you are under severe emotional strain particularly in view of your friendship for Mrs. Newton. I know you are under the heaviest kind of pressure and that the decisions confronting you are not easy ones to make.

Despite everything that was said on the telephone, I know that you know what our understanding was in the car on the slope of Mt. Palomar. And Alice knows. What is more important, that mysterious force that stands in final judgement of us all, call in conscience or God or what you will, knows too.

I am enclosing a photostat of the letter Gebauer gave me as well as a copy of the notarized Better Business report on him. You will note in the latter there is no reference to degrees from Armour, Creighton nor the University of Berlin as attributed to him on page 127 of the first edition of your book.

We can expect Gebauer to deny these statements and tell us he merely gave them out as a 'cover' for his 'real' activities. But can he 'cover' what you know in your conscience?

The fact is, Frank, the information you accepted and passed on to your readers in good faith is not what you were led to believe it was. Gebauer is not one of the nation's "top scientists." During the war he was employed by Air Research, and this is a matter of record, in a job that could be handled by any competent mechanical engineer.

It is easy enough to understand why you believed his story. I too wanted the saucers to exist. In these troubles times many, many people are looking hopefully for some sort of relief from the horrible mess our world is in. Extra planetary visitors would be a wonderful answer. The story you were given as the truth caught a lot of people grasping at straws.

Everything else aside, is it Right to leave the thousands of people who have read your book clutching hopefully at straws we know do not exist?

My story is coming along nicely and will be ready for publication very shortly. Your frank admission to your readers that you were misinformed belongs in that story. I hope you can find the courage within you to make that admission while the opportunity is still available to you.

I have not mentioned the nature of our telephone call to my superiors so if you wish to call back and reverse that decision on receipt of this letter the way will be open for you.

As a man of principle, which you have always been, you know this matter is not for attorneys to decide. For there is only one Court that stands in Judgement of what ~~aa~~ man really is. And before that Court a man is his own counsel and his own witness.

Sincerely,

(Signed) J.P.

J. P. Cahn

COPY

Letterhead of WESTERN RADIO AND ENGINEERING CO. WRECO

Wholesale Division

A WHOLLY-OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF
THE LEO A. GE BAUER INDUSTRIES

Telephone 4-0340 1915 East Washington St. Phoenix, Arizona

To Whom It May Concern:

I have been asked by J.P.Cahn of the San Francisco Chronical if I were the Dr. Gee in Scullys book. I am making this statement to all concern: (ed)
I am not the Dr. Gee mentioned in the book "Behind The Flying Saucer". I have no knowledge of the flying saucer other than accounts that I have read in Newspaper articles, in True Magazines, Cosmopolitan.

I have in no way any connections with Frank Scully, his books or statements, nor did I at any time give Frank Scully authority to infer that I might be the Dr. Gee.

The scientific duties and qualifications mentioned in his book in no way describe my activities during the war period.

(Signed) L. A. Ge Bauer

L.A. BeBauer

Distributor of leading radio parts, tubes and equipment, everything for the factory, service shop, schools and the amateur in radio for 27 years.

COPY

BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU
OF MARICOPA COUNTY
257 Adams Hotel Building
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

June 14, 1951

Report Re: WESTERN RADIO AND ENGINEERING COMPANY
1915 East Washington Street
Phoenix, Arizona

LEO GE BAUER

The subject, Mr. Leo G. Ge Bauer, gave us the following information on June 14, 1951: Engaged in engineering, wholesaling and manufacturing of radio parts. Conducting a mail order business. Does no advertising except through his two catalogues. One entitled "Radios Master", a 3006 page catalogue called "Official Manual and Buying Guide of Electronics and Radio Equipment" published by United Catalogue Publishers, Inc., 106-110 Lafayette St., New York 13, N.Y. The smaller one of 127 pages is published by Electronics Publishing Company, Chicago. He says all items are Fair Traded items. Owns all merchandise in his place of business located at above address. When asked about his educational background, he said he had an electrical engineering degree from the Louis Institute of Technology, 1931 or 1932, Chicago, and that he had received his Doctor's degree in Engineering from the University of California at Los Angeles in 1946. He says he has maintained residence many years in Phoenix. Part of his time being spent in other cities (Los Angeles and Denver mentioned). He gave as his business background; 1938-40 operating business called "Central States Engineering" located in Phoenix, working for individuals who wanted to erect radio stations. His customers were located in the Central States mostly although he also mentioned Arizona, Nevada and Utah. 1943-45 Chief of Laboratories at Airesearch doing work in Phoenix and Los Angeles on special projects. He claims to have the largest stock of individual items (in any similar type of organization) between Los Angeles and Chicago - carrying 723,000 different items - radio and electronic parts.

He says he and his wife own all the stock in the company which was incorporated in Arizona in 1945. His wife's name being Louise P.

When asked about further details of his business here and elsewhere he said we could quote him as saying: "I believe in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness without the interference of man!"

Mr Paul Smith
The Chronicle
MR Paul Smith
Managing Editor
The Chronicle
San Francisco

June 19,
1951

~~NOT FOR PUBLICATION~~
NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Dear Mr. Smith:-

Twenty years ago when I was writing a life of Shaw, G.B.S. told about a retired police officer who had tried his hand at a biography of the Shaw family. Filtered through a mind that had dealt exclusively with crime, the Shaw family came out so badly that its most distinguished member could not permit publication of the book. After years of trying to get a clearance, the cop gave up and died of a broken heart.

Is it possible he left some heirs and one of them is now on your staff? I refer to J.P.Cahn. This crime reporter came to call on me several months ago with claims of being a friend of Abe Mellinkoff and, I think, of being a classmate of Sherman's. He had been on the Chronicle but wasn't working there at the moment. However, he hoped to get back on the paper if I would cooperate with him. He would like to do the legwork of checking and running down the likeliest leads that came to me regarding flying saucers and was sure he could get the Chronicle to carry the expenses of such research for first crack at the material.

I listened but said nothing encouraging or discouraging. Joe Jackson had panned hell out of my book and the Chronicle hadn't leaped at buying syndicate rights from Bell, so why all this sudden zeal?

For myself I felt I had exhausted the subject and in any event the subject had exhausted me. My lungs, kidneys, sinuses and other vital organs, not to stress screaming attacks of sciatica from an old amputation, had me thinking in terms of a warm dry ditch in the desert instead of further inquiries into interplanetary travel.

On one of his visits to Bedside Manor Cahn bumped into Si Newton. I introduced them and they proceeded to kick the saucerian saga around in the manner of believers and non-believers of the era. When Cahn found that Newton ran up to San Francisco often, whereas I minded moving from one chair to another, he latched on to Newton and dropped me like a dead fish, till, as subsequent events proved, he thought he could use me to pull another iron out of the Chronicle fire for him.

Each week I was hoping to get enough strength to get going on another book. I had eight in the hopper and not a cracked saucer among them. But aside from my Variety column I couldn't seem to get up the necessary steam. Then J.P. McEvoy signed with Holt to write the story of the Scully Circus and from then on there was less reason than ever for my getting on with a book of my own. I preferred cooperating with Mac.

Of my old informants in the Saucerian field I saw little. They were busy as bird dogs in their own geophysical field and one of them, Si Newton, was even busier in that he was working on a defense project as well. As a result he had spent the last several months in hotel rooms and government offices in

a closed circuit that included S.F., L.A., N.Y., Washington and Denver. I have not seen, talked or heard from him for weeks at a time. This has been going on for six months.

Neither had I heard from Crime Reporter Cahn. Then on Friday June 8 he telephoned from S.F. asking if I had time to see him Monday. As I work with the hope of being interrupted and carry on an open-door policy anyway, I said, "Sure, come along."

Well, he came. He came with a brief case. In the brief case was a dossier. The contents he assured me would prove that I was a dupe for the slickest bunch of confidence men that the country had seen in years. They were using me and my book to build up sucker lists. The staff at the Chronicle felt that I should be informed of these findings and if I would cooperate with them and write the expose they would see that I was not only well paid now but for anything I wanted to do in the future.

All this seemed so completely in the syndrome of stampeded confessions behind the iron curtain that I wondered if I weren't looking at a Warner picture.

"You know I'm a crime reporter," he explained.

He then began unearthing the 'damaging' data in his dossier. It didn't seem to send me reeling. He was inclined to consider me a stout fellow for taking it so bravely. Then I explained to him that when I was a lunger in Arizona 30 years ago we used to say the west was people with men who either came for their health or were waiting for the sheriff to die back home. "I came for my health," I said to Cahn, "but you look pretty healthy to me." I waited for the laugh. It didn't come.

He made me promise I would not talk to any of the principles involved in the expose till he could confront them with galleys of the charges. He said he was going down to Arizona to see one of them. As Alice and I were going down the next day to spend a few days with George Adamski near Palomar we invited Crime Reporter Cahn to go along so that he could view first hand one of the roughest diamonds in the field of amateur astronomy.

From there if Cahn were going on to Arizona I would go along with him. I naturally wanted to see first hand how Cahn operated.

On the way down the coast as we neared Laguna I suddenly began to laugh. Naturally one has to explain sudden laughter.

"This is a dilly," I explained. "Months ago you came down to get me to front for you, a stranger, to get your job back on the Chronicle in the hope of making a killing. Then you see Newton as a hotter prospect, so you drop me. You build this up to something terrific. Then the thing begins to deflate. So your ego goes into reverse. You're in a jam. If you can't deliver the biggest saucer story of all time you'll have to deliver the biggest expose or lose your job. But you can't quite put that over unless I will again front for you. So you come down here trying to stampede me into writing an "I've-been-duped" story. Even if everything you say were true, what does it all prove? That two reporters were chumped into swallowing a story, and that you're the bigger chump because you came after me and therefore had the benefit of my experience."

"I didn't come down here to be lectured," he said, "I came down here as a friend to get you off the hook."

With that Mme. Scully pulled over to the curb and gave the crime reporter the worst tongue lashing I ever heard. He wanted to get out and go back home. But he didn't get out.

He drove on to the Palomar Observatory with us. This is 11 miles past Adamski's restaurant where there are two telescopes - one a 15 inch and the other a 6 inch. There is nothing for tourists to see at Palomar proper, so most of them stop off at Adamski's place to a talk and a look at the stars. On the way down from the observatory Cahn went into the business of nailing me down to write that expose and thus spare further innocent victims of what he was prepared to prove was the greatest confidence game since some low character invented the rosary game. He pointed out that it would make a nice piece of change for me, too, and would moreover revive interest in "Behind The Flying Saucers" and thus sell books. I had to point out to him, first, that the book was dead. It had had its day. Other days, other books. Next I pointed out to him that, if everything he said were true I couldn't and wouldn't take money for writing it. I had to explain that there are some things I write as an editor directs because he is paying for it, that other things I write for nothing because I, not an editor, am the boss of the piece in question and that, finally, there are things I wouldn't write for love or money. He thought that was smart as otherwise I could lay myself open to be willing to go in either direction for a fast buck. But he was still convinced that before the week was out he would have overwhelming documentary proof that the people

who fed me all that stuff about grounded saucers and magnetic propulsion were phoneys, had never been the men they said they were and were part of this great confidence game.

When we came down the hill to Adamski's restaurant, I introduced them. We were invited as George's guests to dinner. It was the best steak dinner I had eaten in years. Adamski was in fine form. Cahn was impressed. Maybe there was something to flying saucers, after all. Or was Adamski part of the great conspiracy to defraud investors in phoney oil deals?

At the end Cahn wondered if he couldn't have a set of Adamski's pictures to show his editor. It so happened that he had told me before we got to Adamski's that he had already seen these pictures. Newton had shown them and, to the Chronicle, they were a lot of crap. Well, on a second showing, ^{Maybe} they would at least prove intriguing. Worth publishing even. So I entered no objection to Cahn's borrowing a set, since I already had advised Adamski to copyright the pictures and knew you wouldn't print them without permission.

Nearing midnight Cahn decided he couldn't spend the night at Palomar Gardens but would have to fly back to S.F. and get further instructions. Adamski's restaurant is 40 miles inland from Oceanside. Alice, who felt she had something less than her habitual saintly self on that blowup on the way down from L.A., offered to drive him. Another woman offered to accompany her.

Cahn was not above appreciating what they had done. When they stopped at Oceanside to refill the gas tank he stepped out to phone and when Alice went to pay the bill the attendant informed her the gentleman had paid the \$2.85. She thanked him and told he needn't have been so kind. As that is all he paid in two days, I don't think the paper came off badly even if the

\$2.85 went on his expense account. After all, taxis at midnight at less than 3½ cents a mile don't seem too high to a front office.

Well, the next I heard from Crime Reporter Cahn was on Friday June 15 when he called to tell me that it was all in the bag, that all parties had now been exposed and some had even confessed their part in a great hoax and the Chronicle was willing to lay it all down for me to see, and when would I be flying up to write the story.

I asked how they took to the Adamski pictures. "Oh those," he explained. "I only took those to prove to the editor that that's where Newton got the pictures he borrowed from you."

From then on the scenario went absolutely haywire. Obviously this Cahn was powered with even lower motives than those he imputed to Newton. And when I learned that between having got Alice to drive him 40 miles to a bus stop and our current conversation he had crossed me up and sneaked down to Arizona alone, I blew my top and told him that from here in I was acting as a free agent, not bound by one sided promises to him or anybody else. I berated him for abusing hospitality and trust on every level and told him if I never saw him and his "confidence complex" again that would be too soon. After some talk I sought to end on a note less high than what had gone on before and twice begged that I might say goodbye without hanging up in the manner most common to these blowups.

Since then I have contacted the parties he has smeared and it is our considered opinion that you not only drop the subject but J.P.Cahn as well.

There is, however, another level of interest in flying saucers. In the June 17 issue of the Chronicle you carry a

a squib that Harpers this month is running a debate between Velikovsky and a critic and next month plan one between Henry Cross the dowser and a critic.

In a similar vein, if you would ask me to take on a critic of flying saucers, somebody like Joe Jackson, par example, I think I'd agree to go back to a subject that at the moment seems pretty dead to me. But God spare me any more crime reporters undergoing the agonies of a layoff and itching to make a million dollars, building up or tearing down a universe far beyond their poor powers to do either.

Give my best to Abe, Joe and everybody. You have a great paper. I'm afraid Cahn has become so confused that he thought for a while that he was working for the late Colonel Mann's "Town Topics." ~~While this paper was~~

~~published~~

Faithfully,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY

Mr. Paul Smith,
San Francisco Chronicle,
5th and Mission Streets,
San Francisco, California.

WAT Sent

June 20/57

Dear Mr. C. [Cahn]

Thanks for your letter of this morning addressed to both Frank and me. I take the opportunity to answer it, since you said you included me in on it because it concerned the whole family. I am answering your letter point for point.

I am sorry too that the telephone conversation of the 15th was so little satisfying. I only heard one half of it, Frank's, and I fully concur in what he said to you. Frank has been and is under heavy pressure, I agree, but the pressure is entirely concocted by you, one man, and out of no kindness to humanity - either to us personally or to mankind as a whole.

What you call "a mysterious force, or conscience or God" is God to us and He knows. The truest word of good advice a priest ever said from the altar was not to pray for justice, we might get it; pray for mercy. We not only pray for it, we suggest you try it too. I don't see how going against one's conscience should be the right thing to do.

Also, as I asked before, how does the fact of flying saucers true or false, hang on to your knowing who and what and how many people compose Dr. Gee? Just because Mr. Newton or anybody else may or may not be what you said they are, does that make Adamski's pictures lies? Don't be ridiculous.

On page 2 you ask if it is "Right" (Why the capital?) to leave the thousands of people who have read your book clutching hopefully at straws we know do not exist?" Oh, so you know they don't exist. We have no such proofs and plenty of evidence that they do.

There are hundreds of sightings listed in the back of Frank's book and those can hardly be more than a fraction of the total observations. Tell those people they are grasping at straws.

At least 70 per cent of Frank's book deals with people and observations outside the tent of Gee's group and their contributions. Prove that all these people are liars and in a vast confidence game to defraud the people into investing in non existing oil deals. These are your general charges, remember. They are scandalous and completely unproved to date for all your muckraking.

In your last paragraph you feel attorneys should not decide, "for there is only one Court that stands in Judgement of what a man really is. And before that Court a man is his own counsel and his own witness." You said it. Take the Bible and read it. You will

also find that one should always do unto others what you would like others do unto you. Also when a man strikes you on one cheek turn the other. Oh, loads of things about loving your neighbor, and if you can misconstrue that you are saving mankind when you are actually trying to create a tremendous criminal conspiracy out of something that is free of evil and wrong doing, then read about the moat in your brother's eye.

APS

[Alice P. Scully]

To City Desks
Wire Service Editors

HOLD FOR RELEASE

From Frank Scully
% David Mellinkoff
211 S. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills Cal.

From time to time some character, publication or Pentagonian stooge breaks out with an expose of Behind The Flying Saucers, a book I wrote a year ago. They usually time their rabbit punches to catch me convalescing in the desert miles from a telephone.

Thus I usually find myself one to two days behind the news, which is a little slow for effective counter-punching. I learn that there is a new putsch under way. This time the effort will be made to muddy the private character and professional standing of my authorities. This will go to libelous lengths. As such calumny can hardly be claimed to be privileged, the libel will be hazardous for any one to repeat.

It stems primarily from some writers who wanted to horn in on this subject, hooked a publication to carry the nut and then finding that I more or less had exhausted the diggings for the time being, have turned around and befouled the people they had once hoped would make them rich overnight.

As I may be out of town clearing up a bronchial infection if and when such a blast breaks I'm trying to prove that at least one guy learned something from Pearl Harbor. If I cannot be contacted at my home (Hillside 6327), I will leave with David Mellinkoff, Attorney, Crestview 5-2619, 211 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, or (home) Crestview 1-9464, a statement which I hope exposes the exposers. Of course if they get smart and drop the thing I'll let you know that too. Meanwhile consider yourselves alerted.

FRANK SCULLY

June 25, 1951

C
O
PY

June 27
1951

Mr. Paul Smith,
San Francisco Chronicle,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Smith:-

A week ago I sent you a long letter filling out certain phases of a story which in all fairness to you and to me you needed to have.

So far I have received no reply and while it might require a little time to answer the letter in detail, would you be kind enough now to acknowledge if you did receive it, or not?

Yours sincerely,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY

COFY

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Office of
Paul C. Smith

June 29, 1951

SAN FRANCISCO

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:-

This will acknowledge your letters of June 19th and 27th. I have just returned from a round-the-world trip and have been out of town a good deal on a heavy speaking shcedule, which explains this tardy acknowledgment.

However, I have had the subject matter of your letter of June 19th under investigation and have not quite yet arrived at my own final conclusions.

By way of tentative opinion, however, let me say that I naturally regret any misunderstanding that may have arisen between you and Cahn. Your recollection and his of certain specific matters are at some variance and I have not yet had the opportunity to arrive at a conclusive judgment.

The general subject which started the investigation is one of deep interest to me. Frankly, I recall that when I first saw your book I thought you were merely having fun with your readers, but judging by the seriousness with which some of the critics received it and judging by what I heard of your own public attitude following publication of the book, I came to the conclusion that my initial reaction had been in error and you were not "just kidding". It was this belief that prompted our interest in the underlying material and personalities behind your work.

It was our editorial opinion if the work had merit as a piece of science reporting, we should certainly make ourselves more aware of the elements of its merit and it was this general thought that led to our giving the assignment to Cahn, who had been with us for some years in the past and who had left us of his own volition a few years ago to pursue family interests.

While all of the material is not yet in, we do have in our possession a quantity of purely circumstantial evidence that leads us unfortunately to an attitude tending to question the motives of some of the central figures behind your material.

At the moment, I have not even a tentative opinion as to what the motives might be. For example, one of my tentative opinions is that Mr. Silas Newton, with whom I have met and talked and who is a most personalbe and attractive fellow, nevertheless appears to be not quite the recognized authority in the fields claimed by him and for him.

You may be sure, however, that it is not my intention to cause you or any of the other people underlying your book any embarrassment.

I merely regard it as of considerable importance to the general health of the public mind that the approach to such a phenomena as the flying saucers shall be rooted in rational scientific speculation free of any motive other than to arrive at the truth.

I regret exceedingly our inquiry has cause you any discomfiture. I respect you as a fellow craftsman and although I have not yet had the privilege of meeting you personally I am confident that your own sincerity of purpose is consistent with the principles on which we ourselves are proceeding.

As I say, up to the moment I have arrived at no conclusions worth publishing. I hope we don't have to bother you further, but it is our aspiration to check as thoroughly as possible our own incredulity in the matter of the visiting Venusians.

With high personal regards and with what I know would be the greetings of our mutual friends on the paper if they knew I was in correspondence with you, I remain,

Sincerely Yours,

(Signed) Paul C. Smith

Editor and
General Manager

Not sent

Not sent

July 2, 1951

Mr. Paul Smith,
San Francisco Chronicle,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Smith:-

Thanks for your gracious letter of June 28. It's tone was so at variance with what we had been led to believe was the paper's position that it was hailed around here with genuine relief. I hated to think that after all these years I would have to start screening people who dropped into Bedside Manor and hoped I could help them solve a problem.

It's one thing to laugh off a man's story but it's quite another to charge him with being a dupe of a criminal conspiracy. Most critics thought I was kidding. Some went so far as to say that not only flying saucers were a myth, but I was too.

Frankly, at best I never figured I had got more than my foot in the door and long ago I expected to get it chopped off by the Pentagonians. But when they kept using stooges, even such authorities in the realm of science as Hearst sports writers, to blow me down I began to feel that maybe I had something after all. For somebody else to blow me down again at this late date hardly seems news.

Where the Chronicle's researchers first went off the beam, it seems to me, was in thinking they could prove the presence or absence of flying saucers in our atmosphere, as reported by thousands, by pointing out the reliability or unreliability of three people, two of whom never claimed they ever saw a flying saucer and a third denied he was the man the Chronicle researcher said he was. If you could prove that these ~~three~~ people were not lily-white in their business and personal relations, what possible bearing does that have on the sightings, reports, photographs and other data of thousands as yet unscreened and, on any newspaper's budget, never likely to be?

~~Search~~
two or three people

Where your researchers went off the beam next, it seems to me, is that Cahn wooed Newton with persistent impatience over months. When he struck some snags he didn't turn to Newton for the explanations, but went behind his back to Newton's associates, one by one, and proceeded to befoul the reputation of the man he hoped would make him rich and famous overnight. In a last desperate effort he has tried to get them to do to me what I couldn't be talked into doing to them.

This phase of Cahn's behavior was, entre nous, a shocking example of double-dealing. It was the sort of thing you associate with Hearst's leg men, but hardly with yours. If I had found that I had been used by one of

Where your researchers went off the beam next, it seems to me, is that Cahn wooed Newton with persistent impatience over months. When he struck some snags he didn't turn to Newton for the explanations, but went behind his back to Newton's associates, one by one, and proceeded to befoul the reputation of the man he hoped would make him rich and famous overnight. In a last desperate effort Cahn tried to get Newton's associates to convince him to do to me what I couldn't be talked into doing to Newton.

This phase of Cahn's behavior was, entre nous, a shocking example of double dealing. It was the sort of thing you associate with Hearst's legmen, but hardly with yours.

Newton has reviewed the whole case for me since he returned from Washington, including the last chapter which was relayed to him from San Francisco. Cahn, it seems, would now take him off the hook if he would sign a statement that he told me two years ago it was all a hoax and that I went ahead and played it straight anyway. Is this man mentally ill?

When and if Newton reviews his side of this sorry mess I'd be greatly surprised if you didn't feel that certain members of your staff owed him an apology.

It would be wonderful if some writer cleaned up the errors in "Behind The Flying Saucers" and then doubled me in no trump that proved the presence of flying saucers beyond a doubt. Such new revelations would surely be big news tonight. But from the looks of things at present they won't be coming from J.P.Cahn. He has thrown an awful lot of mud on people who tried to befriend him. Can you blame them for trying now to close the door and enjoy some peace and quiet?

With personal best wishes,

Sempre,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY

COPY OF LETTER WRITTEN IN LONGHAND

July 2, 1951

Dear Frank:

I have given considerable thought to the subject matter you placed before me on my return from Denver.

Before commenting on the various charges, I think I should review my contacts with Cahn and the Chronicle people.

As you know I met Cahn at your house. I confused him with Herb Caen. He learned of my frequent visits to San Francisco and he made it his business to contact me there. He was so persistent that I agreed to have dinner with him. He brought a man named Newhall and the talk was saucers, saucers. The theme of their talk was that I owed something to the world and I should let the Chronicle guide me.

Thinking I was talking to responsible people and talking off the record I talked freely, however, I followed the line used since '49 by refusing to identify any of the scientists who know the inside about saucers. The general subject matter of our talk you covered in the book.

Later Cahn caught me again and had some radio man, who had seen saucers. I think that was the evening I was to meet two people who had some saucer data.

As a result of these meetings and almost daily telephone calls I finally agreed to meet Smith, the Editor, and Fanning the Magazine Editor. I did this and Newhall and Cahn were present. The talk lasted 1½ hours. I made it plain that I had no time for the project they had in mind. Further I doubted that the people I knew would even consider a program along the line they proposed to go. They wanted their great conservative paper to get to the bottom, document the whole thing and if they thought it true then give it to the world. They would satisfy anyone that they would protect the identity of all concerned.

July 2

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I may have at this talk at the persistent request of Cahn showed some of the gears that he had heard about.

Well, the next thing I knew Smith was on a trip around the world. But Cahn kept after me, and one day turned up with a great cash offer such as the Chronicle had never dreamed of in their history. They wanted me to contact all the various connections, and shake \$25,000 plus 50% royalty. They would deposit somewhere \$15,000 in good faith. I never even inquired as to the conditions. I, when brought before Fanning, told them that at the first opportunity I would present the proposal to the various people and on my return to San Francisco report their reaction. Rush, rush was the daily theme of Cahn. Fanning was about to drop the whole thing and unless it was a closed deal before Smith returned Smith would ditch the whole idea. Frankly I can't remember such high pressure salesmanship. High honor, absolute protection to every one. I finally told them that I thought the astronomers might permit their names to be used if a deal was ever made, but I had no authority to say this. At one of these latter meetings Cahn insisted that they get one more look at the gears and discs. About ten days later I had occasion to remove the gears and I saw a disc had been switched. It did not occur that the honorable soul of honor Chronicle staff would stoop to petty larceny or perhaps grand for that matter.

My last words to Fanning et al were that as to the rumor about a grounded saucer near Memphis, I proposed, when I finished my work in Washington, to round up various people and go to the location and find out if the rumor was real. I even said I would wire them if it was real as I thought that would be the best chance to work out something concrete. Frank, I wish you could have heard them tell me how they could protect me. These are the high-lights of our various talks, but never in my life have I been subjected to such high pressure. To top it all Cahn gave me a big rush one day and said he had been to Denver and had found out so much good about me that they wanted forthwith to do a big feature story on me, pictures, life history, romance, tra la la. I said Hoey. No dice, and I refused point blank to fall for this gag. I told them you had done that stunt and ~~I read it for the first time when the book came out, and that you had gilded me far too much.~~ In good faith I talked to several of our people about the Chronicle idea and not one could see anything worth while.

This review now brings me to the vile stuff that has been vomited in your presence and before others by Cahn, as a representative of the Chronicle.

I want to comment on some of the sorry stuff you had to listen to.

1st. Lie number one. The owner of the Chronicle never directly or indirectly invested, spent, or in any manner put one

July 2

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dollar, let alone \$150,000 with me on any oil well or oil venture. He made this same charge a few days ago and he was called a goddamned liar by the Treasurer of our company. On the contrary we spent approximately \$100,000 in a 6000 feet test at Carrizo Plains in San Luis Obispo Co, and lost our money and never bellyached to Cameron or any one else.

Next, you say Cahn told you I was about to be indicted for selling a man named Springer some oil property for \$9100 without a license. Answer; Mr. S. has been in business with me since October, 1950 and in Washington in February personally solicited me to sell to him a small interest in an oil lease in Wyoming. I called Denver and discussed the matter, agreed to it, and the papers were prepared in Denver. Mr. S. paid for only a small part of his purchase and got me to accept his note due next year for the greater part of the deal. Mr. S. has confirmed this fact as to the deal in Washington and Denver, but it is no one's business as to the terms. So that was lie number two.

Now as to lie number three. Cahn told you that I had told him the identify of Dr. Gee, as being one person, and gave his name and address. That is a complete lie. I never even told Cahn who the astronomer was at Palomar, as I told Fanning et al that I did not have his permission. But Cahn in my presence was caught holding the pictures up to the light to see the name. I called him on it, and I should have known then he could not be trusted.

Now comes some of the filth. Cahn told you about a case in New Jersey, which started out to be a blackmail case, but I refused to pay off. I long ago told you the highlight. So they wired to Baylor and to Yale and they found out about my golf scores abroad. Now isn't that just too bad. Here I've been playing golf in this country and Great Britain for over a quarter of a century. I've never been barred from a golf club or turned down for membership. I'm a life member, founder member, resident and non resident member of all kinds of clubs all over this country. But according to this petty thief, self admitted to you, I'm in the confidence racket. I've made and lost millions in the oil business and I've been in it most of my business life. An oil man always has two strikes on him in the eyes of a lot of people, but I have friends all over this land. I've been rich by anyone's standard. I've been broke, but I can go back and do go back to any place I've ever been and I think I'm welcome. I have no regrets. I dig holes in the ground, some are dry and some produce. I've built and owned successful oil refineries. I've drilled oil wells all over this country.

July 2

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For more than 20 years I've been engaged in geophysical research as it relates to the oil business. My educational background equipped me for the study of the subject, and I've gained some knowledge of the subject, a part of which is known to only a few. There are 4 accepted branches of recognized geophysical systems. Each of them were commonly referred to as "Doodlebugs" before they proved their right to scientific acceptance. Even they, as well as geology, are wrong 82% of the time as to "wildcats." So Mr. Cahn is a liar again if he says that my geophysical doodle bugging is to use sucker lists from saucer publicity. You've had thousands of letters. I have never written or talked to one of these people (about anything but flying saucers) and I defy any one to prove otherwise.

Next I hear that Cahn went to see a man in Arizona and told him you told him he was Dr. Gee. You showed me a letter signed by this gentleman. Well, that scotched that.

Next Cahn begged our Mr. Stringer of the Refining company to try to get me to admit that I had told you the story and told you it was a hoax, but you played it straight. Stringer said he never heard of you and knew nothing about the book or saucers and refused point blank.

So the vicious circle turns. What gets me is what is to be gained by vilifying me. There's enough trouble in the world. It does not prove or disprove the saucer story. I believe it, and I've had sufficient evidence of all kinds the past 3 years to make me a firm believer. I hope some day to meet a saucer face to face. But I won't write the Chronicle. Even what they know at present Mr. Cahn nor his paper are able to disprove the existence of saucers.

And what's more. Cahn lied when he told our people in San Francisco a few days ago that his paper had spent \$25 to 30 thousand already in tracing my record and others. I would have given it all for nothing if it would have served their purpose in proving saucers do not exist.

I only have this to say in closing. Your story has been told. Great good has come from it, and nothing the Chronicle can do can change that. Lots of people didn't believe it. Lots don't believe what they read in the Chronicle. So what!

I've turned this whole story over to my attorneys for appropriate action.

Sincerely yours,

SI

[Silas Newton]

July 12, 1951

Dear Frank and Alice:

Please excuse me for the delay, but I have been swamped - not only with interviewers and letters, but I have undertaken the job of remodelling the buildings here on the outside and on top of that it has been pretty hot. I hope everything with you folks is better by now than it was when you wrote the last letter.

The latest report on saucers: first, a lady came from the top* this morning to tell me what she saw last night. I didn't see it. We had people down here and I didn't have a chance to get outside to look around or I would have seen it. She told me it was a big baby, very high up, flying over Palomar and all the astronomers on Palomar saw it too since this lady was with them at the time. But even seeing it, they still were scoffing. They couldn't say what it was, but they didn't want to admit that it was a space ship..

Thanks very much for the letter which you wrote to FATE and in fact for everything that you are doing for me. I don't believe you are going to like the FATE too well, yet these are but minor things, I suppose. I am sending you a copy of the original manuscript as sent to FATE with the only changes made being references to my previous article in FATE. On page 11 you will see I did mention the title of your book, but they cut it out as you know. I don't know why they do things like that sometimes. I guess they don't want to give anyone free publicity, or something.

I am also enclosing a copy of a letter we have written to the Chronicle. This was mailed last Saturday and of course there hasn't been time for an answer yet.

Enclosed also is your letter from William Buckley, as you requested. If everything goes right we probably will have the manuscript for the book ready by the 20th. As soon as it is finished, I will send it to you for your corrections, suggestions, criticisms or what you will - if that is the way you would like it and it will suit you best.

As to a carbon copy of the FATE article with pictures to be sent to Mr. Buckley as you suggested, I can send the carbon of the one I am sending you, but I haven't any pictures now of those mentioned in the article. I have given an order for 150 sets to be made up, but how soon this will be done I

* Top access to Palomar Observatory

know for the photographer wasn't home. I am getting a lot of requests for the pictures, that is why I had so many made. As soon as I get them, I will mail a set to the Holt Co. with the article and a letter of explanation. Then I will mail you a carbon of the letter - just for your information.

And believe me, according to the mail those pictures really made a hit. Everybody wants a set and some of them don't even care what they cost - astronomical groups, schools and one man even wants to translate the article in Spanish and send it to Chili and other South American countries with the pictures. So I am wondering what the latest pictures like you have are going to do when they are published. I am beginning to believe that we really have something that no one had and with it we might break the ice - at least that is the indication from this little article in FATE. And, Boy! won't that be something if we do break that ice? We might even have a chance to get a nation-wide organization of it, you can't tell, for so many of them desire to make a regular study of the thing, which I don't think would be bad. Your Saucerian Journal could become a monthly publication as things unfold.

And by the way, FATE must surely be going to town for they can't seem to supply the demand either in Escondido or in San Diego or Oceanside.

I surely would like to get some time to come up to see you instead of making you come down to see me for I don't believe you have any more time than I have. If it wasn't for this business, I could get away, but there isn't a day passes that someone doesn't come in to see me - one or more groups and some of them come from quite a distance. Tuesday the president of an astronomical group and his family drove all the way from Denver to see me and he was sold on everything I said, it seemed. Wouldn't it be something if we got all the astronomical groups back of us? I also got a letter from a group in Detroit wanting to get lined up with us too. Wouldn't the big shots be surprised to have their groups supporting things like that? It goes to show there are more people with open minds than some of the big shots give credit.

Here is a good one - on the 4th of July 7 pilots from Miramar (confidential) came up here and drank somewhere near to 7 cases of beer during the time they were here. They were pretty cagey at first, but after having some beer and establishing confidence in me, they began telling me things, especially in reference to a ship that we are supposed to now have that can go up 115 miles without any trouble or hardships to the pilot - so I believe we are progressing toward space

travelling ourselves. They did not tell me what kind of ship it was, but this ship has been tested and flown on many other flights since testing. I am wondering if it isn't using some kind of magnetic force. What makes me think that is because they said that it carries no fuel load, so it must be operating by some kind of natural forces.

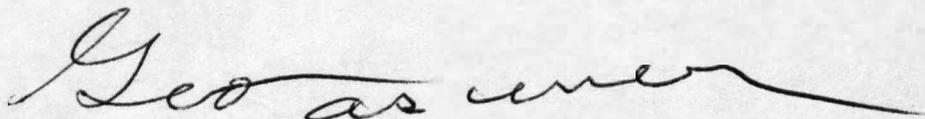
I haven't yet received a conclusive analysis on that piece of iron I have - only on the rivets; the alloys of the rivets are silver and copper, more silver than copper. That is the reason they do not tarnish green. That iron really is causing quite a commotion. News about it is spreading far and wide - just today I heard that people in Tennessee are telling about it. How it got that far since there was no publication on it, I don't know. I believe if the picture of this iron was put in a book or published in a magazine it would cause quite a commotion - it is causing it from here since I have shown it to a few here and there to get a reaction. You know, Frank, pictures and a piece of iron like this seem to be causing more commotion than all the writings - at least that is the reaction I get from most of the people here.

Well, Frank, I don't to burden you too much, I know you are busy, but I do want you to know that the previous invitation stands open to you at all times and even though they didn't mention the title of your book in FATE, I will tell you this much - almost every letter I get does mention it; some have already read it, others have ordered it and want to read it. As for Pioneers of Space mentioned in the article, every letter mentions wanting a copy and I haven't any. But I believe that book will be worth revising and getting out at some future date, which I intend doing when I get around to it.

I was very interested in your article about Medical Care "The American Way" alongside Dr. Pritchler's. I agree with you completely. It seems we are running parallel in thought.

Now I had better sign off. May God bless you and yours and should you see Si give him my best regards. Hope it won't be too long before we will see each other again and that you will keep on feeling better - which you should for you have so much to give to people who are hungry and need that kind of help. So with the stars above us and the mild darkness prevailing over the mountain top, may we close this conversation until the sun rises and brings forth unto us more light.

Always,



GA:lm

[George Adamski]

July 6, 1951

Editor-in-Chief
San Francisco Chronicle
5th & Mission Streets
San Francisco 19, Calif.

Dear Sir:

re: J. P. Cahn, reporter

On June 12 Mr. & Mrs. Frank Scully interrupted their work to drive Mr. Cahn, one of your reporters, from Hollywood to Palomar, a distance of 150 miles each way, to talk with me and to see a set of very fine space ship pictures which I have succeeded in taking through my telescope.

After an evening spent in discussing the subject Mr. Cahn asked for a set of these pictures - which have all been copyrighted - along with a set of explanations as to what they were and how I succeeded in getting them. He said you were interested in such pictures and would like to see them; that he would take them to you immediately and I would be hearing from you within a few days; also the pictures and descriptions would be returned to me shortly. In fact he seemed so interested and in such a rush that Mrs. Scully with another lady made a special trip into Oceanside that same night to get him to transportation so he could return without delay.

That has been more than three weeks ago and I have not yet heard a word from you. If you have these pictures and descriptions, will you please return them to me. If you don't have them, will you please investigate their whereabouts and have them returned. I will appreciate very much any efforts you put forth to secure my getting them.

Most sincerely,

GA:lm

Professor George Adamaki
Box 346
Valley Center, Calif.

P.S. Enclosed 12¢ postage for return of pictures and descriptions as requested.

August 2, 1951

Dear Frank:

Thought I would drop you a line. I know you are busy and I don't want to burden you too much with letters.

Well, I finally got the script for the book finished. I think it is pretty good. What I would like to know is, shall I send it to you to look over and write in your part as you said you would, or would you rather have me bring it up and discuss it with you, or can Mr. Healy come down and get it for you?

I have not sent anything to the Holt Company as you suggested, since the photographer is just returning from his vacation and I have no extra pictures until he gets home and makes some up. So you see, I haven't made any contact with the firm as yet.

By the way, I see there is a review of Gerald Heard's book in the SEE magazine and Behind the Flying Saucers was also mentioned. Then there was an article about a manmade satellite in LOOK and last night on the radio I heard for the first time this year an announcement made about a flying saucer somewhere around Pittsburgh and several of them have been seen around Palomar recently - so it looks as though they are building up for something. Maybe all of our writings will come in at just the right time.

Inclosed is a letter from the Bible Research - the second from them. The first came in response to the FATE article and requesting more information as to the shadow on the moon. This I answered. What would you do about it? Do you think they might have information which would be valuable to you in your compilation of saucer data for your Journal?

I have recently received some interesting information about happenings in Korea which I feel might not be wise to write, but I will tell you when we see each other.

Say, by the way that article in the Center of Light with the cute pictures I enjoyed very much.

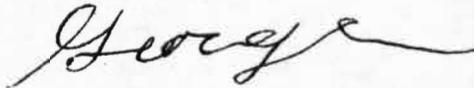
I have a few articles I wrote some time ago, about 10 to 15 minute reading time, and I was wondering if House-Warven would be interested in them for Center of Light, of course as a donation, for that is what all the others are doing. If you think so, I will send them to you for your decision as to them being worth of such publication.

I suppose the weather has been pretty warm up your way, as it has been here. We got an inch and a quarter of rain last week and hoping for more this week.

Better sign off for this time. Have been getting a mess of letters from the magazine article which I have to answer also, let them pile up until the script was completed.

So, Frank, take good care of yourself and the best of wishes for your health and that of your family from all of us. We think of you and Alice often. Come down whenever you can, there is always a room for you.

Sincerely,



GA:lm

George

[George Adamski]

PS: I received my pictures and explanations from the Chronicle, with a note of thanks and regret for the delay. G.

BIBLE RESEARCH

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July 19, 1951

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Truth for those

"LAST DAYS"

[Num. 24:14-20]

Professor George Adamski
Box 346
Valley Center, California

Greetings in Christ Jesus! May TRUTH Be yours this day!

Mysteries of the
WORD Unveiled

[1 Cor. 4:1]

Your very helpful information on the cause of the shadow on the moon is greatly appreciated. This triangulation explains it to my satisfaction and I'm sure it will for others also.

Profound TRUTHS
for Earnest Students

[Prov. 2:4-6]

Could we arrange to secure from you some of these original photographs for use in our next article on the Discs entitled FLYING SAUCERS - A THOROUGH EXAMINATION & POSITIVE CONCLUSION? It is to be printed in the same form as was the "STRANGER" message, except that it will have a color cover page and more attractive art work.

In fact, our new book on the Saucers which we hope to get out this year would be greatly improved if we had some good photographs that would convince the sceptics of our age. A chapter written by you with accompanying pictures is in order, even without consulting Mr. Warner, I feel certain. We two work so closely that it is possible to know what his decisions will be on these matters. What does a chapter involve in the way of price. We are not publishers, just faith workers trying to tell the old, old Story in a different light as new evidences arise. You may want to donate a chapter to the King of Heaven? At any rate, we shall certainly appreciate the pictures which you have planned to send us.

The Stranger occurrence you had: Do you have anything printed on this that our people would like. Would it be a story for the public in a Christian paper?

In regards to Elijah: Yes! It was most certainly a space ship of Heaven which took him up from the earth. There are many of them around that go unseen by mortal eye. It is our impression after analyzing various reports that the ship which took Elijah and Enoch from the earth into Heaven were not necessarily required to have been of the same

Professor G. Adamski
Box 346
Valley Center, Calif.

material as earth ships must be. Consequently, it could have been all fiery (a fire-ball) instead of just the exhaust. A fire-ball was seen in Dayton several months ago by a member of our Bible Class. It hovered in mid-air just outside their bedroom window, having two powerful beams of white light streaming down from the underside.

We have much to say in defence of the Saucers but shall conserve time by printing it for the benefit of all readers. Otherwise, I would get out my notes now and give them to you. It would be a pleasure, but of course, impossible at this time.

However, under separate cover I am sending you several of our previous manuscripts in which we described the operation of the Saucers in their primary Biblical application as we then understood them. The story continues to grow and new facts are really helping to speed up our research.

Not yet
received >

Please write when you are free to do so.

Sincerely in Christ Jesus,

BIBLE RESEARCH

Gene Honey
Gene Honey

July 19, 1951

Ass't. Pastor

Encl: stamps

P. S. - I have before me a photograph of the Christ which was purported to have been taken from a bomber in the clouds over a Korean battlefield. Two boys saw Him and snapped this picture, in which Jesus has His arms outstretched in the direction facing the boys. The nail pierced hands are clearly visible, as are several bombers with vapor streamers in the near background. It and another picture I have here, seem to be the real thing. When we get prints made of them I will send you some. Gene

BIBLE RESEARCH

INVESTIGATORS OF BIBLICAL AND SECULAR EVIDENCES OF
THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

August 5, 1951

Dear Frank:

Received your letter yesterday, had written to you Thursday - you hadn't received my letter but nevertheless you answered it in your letter written the day before mine was written. Now how do you account for that?

Surprise! We've decided to close Thursday - even though a group of men is supposed to come by to see me. Unless things entirely unforeseen now and over which we have positively no control, we will see you early Thursday morning - three of us, Alice, Lucy and I. We will leave here during the night so we won't have to drive through San Berdoo in the midday sun, but we will have to leave again that evening so we can get our weekend shopping done Friday. Some distributors come to Escondido on Fridays only and we have to meet them for our supplies.

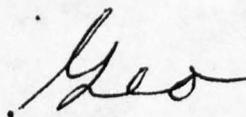
Will bring the manuscript with us - have it now finished to the best of my ability. Hope it meets with your approval - anyway you will see what there is to it.

Glad Skip [Scully] got home - bet that did more for you than the doctor.

Folks are waiting for this letter to mail so you will get it before we get there.

Best of wishes to you and the family.

Sincerely,

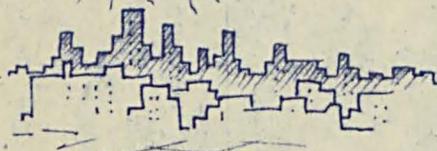
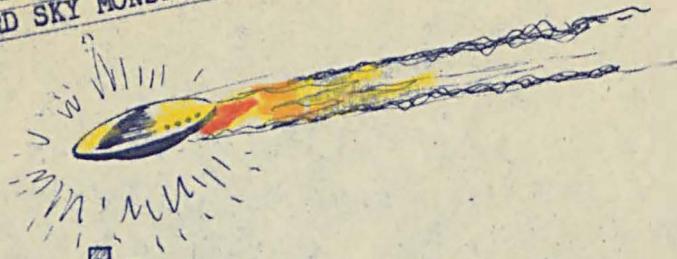


George

GA:lm

[George Adamski]

August 31, 1949: Los Angeles Daily News
WEIRD SKY MONSTER TRAILS MILE OF FLAME



January 7, 1948: The Louisville Courier
F-51 AND CAPT. MANTELL DESTROYED
CHASING FLYING SAUCER



October 12, 1949: Variety (New York)
ONE FLYING SAUCER LANDS IN NEW MEXICO

AT LAST! All about the mysterious, elusive, intangible FLYING SAUCERS - by that eminent authority, FRANK SCULLY, author of the highly controversial best seller. "Behind the Flying Saucers".

This noted lecturer, writer and artist of television and radio will be the guest speaker at the regular October meeting of the El Segundo Democratic Club.

Bring your friends and neighbors. The public is cordially invited to hear this entertaining and educational program.

Name speakers are guests at our club only because of the reputation the club has for excellent attendance. Help make this meeting the largest of the year.

- * DATE: TUESDAY, OCT. 30, 1951
- * TIME: 8:15 P.M.
- * PLACE: ROSE BOWL HALL
- WHO'S WELCOME? EVERYBODY
- REFRESHMENTS? YES

August 31, 1949: Los Angeles Times
U. S. OFFICERS REPORT SEEING FLYING DISKS



V. J. Steffle
Club President

C. E. Erskine
Evening Chairman - C. E. Erskine

Nov 20 1951

Herbert Margolies and _____ came at 2;30 to discuss buying Behind The Flying Saucers for an independent picture. I told them I had no special ideas for treating the book for pictures except that I wanted it to inspire trust and not fear. I told about a rocket returning from the moon and out of fuel. It gets caught in space and begins revolving around the earth as a satellite. A flying saucer sees it in distress and pulls it out of its orbit by magnet force and guides it back to earth. That is the sort of thing I wanted.

They wanted to know if they could use me and other persons to introduce a documentary quality to the picture. I wasn't keen for it but had no objection. I thought later that if they should make a montage of the various translations of the book and newspaper headlines in foreign tongues it would help establish the note they wanted.

They I told them of Yasha Pail's idea of music. That music would be the same in all places and on all planets. Here was a universal language. They thought it terrific.

I told them of my experiences with Warners and Eddie Small and Italian producers. Alice then read them Jack's letter. I told them of Adamski's piece of metal from space. I told them of engineers seeking to check by experiments on non magnetic metals becoming magnetic in alloys. I told them of the math prof who said I was wrong and then after four pages of calculations said, "By George you're right ; they have the same atomic weights."

We discussed money. They want to have a percentage deal and say they will give me a better one than any studio would. They told of a deal they made with Miller who wrote Death of a Salesman. They asked me what I wanted for an option. I said \$5000 or \$10000. They said they had no such money. So I suggested the same terms as a play option --\$500 for 60 days.

They said that would be fine and they would offer me 12 to 17 per cent of the returns. Whether that was gross or net couldnt be learned.

They are to write me and then I will draw up my deal. They plan a \$200,000 production, probably to be made in N Y. We left it at that.

November 30, 1951

Dear Frank:

Received your letter and the pamphlet on Blessed Mother Goose. I must say the pamphlet is beautiful and your picture is remarkable, just like you when you are listening intently.

Thanks especially for the information about the pictures. That is what bothered me mostly because I had shown them to so many people and most all of them wanted some, a number even sent in money for them and I have been getting their thoughts so strongly wondering what had really happened. Now I can send out those for which I have orders, but I am having all of them marked on the front - not for publicity purposes - so that even snapshots can't be made of them and reproduced.

But I was glad to hear about you writing to the Holt Company for I have been wondering what really has happened because this is what I have heard. Two men came up here a couple of weeks ago and told me they had gone to the May Company to find out about books on saucers. The clerk told them they had your book and Gerald Heard's and that they will carry George Adamski's new book to be published by the Henry Holt Company when it comes out. Through this information the men looked me up and came down from Hollywood to see me. Their story, told to Lucy first and later to me, sort of puzzled me, wondering how in the world the girl at the May Company knew, since I haven't heard a thing. Then I thought maybe publishers send out lists of forthcoming books and that might be the way the May Company got their information - that the publishers had accepted your word and put the book on suggestions for early next year, with other details to be taken care of as time went on. Since I now have your letter and you haven't heard either, I still wonder how the devil do they know.

These same two men claimed to know you and Si; they knew of the meeting at your house and said they read a very good report of it in a Santa Monica paper. One introduced himself as Ed Ross. I've forgotten the other man's name. Ross works with M G M.

Well, Frank, I have had a busy time here too,

letters by the day but they are letters that are bringing me quite a lot of information. I have very good information where both the cigar and saucer type space ships have been landing near the Aleutians.

A man stopped in Thanksgiving Day for dinner. We got to talking first about the weather and he compared the day with weather in Alaska, saying that part of the world was his home although he travelled extensively and had visited every part of the world. He is a scientific investigator with the government. Naturally I asked him about space ships in that part of the world. He gave me the impression they were common occurrences up that way; said he had seen them many times as had also his wife and their two year old daughter. He went on to say that not only has he seen them, but he has been inside them and talked with their occupants. One crew had a dog mascot - unlike Earth dogs. He described the ships to a T inside and out and said they are from Mars, Venus, Saturn and another solar system. They do not name their planets as we name them, but rather they go by orbits, world in orbit #4 from the sun and so forth. Saturn is the only one carrying a symbol on their ships which is their planet with its ring around it. He also identified the iron I have as a magnetic turbine and said it was an emergency job made on the ship itself since they are able to do that while travelling. He has seen the ship's turbines which are the same, except machined to perfection - those made in their factories or wherever the ships are built - but in case anything goes wrong while travelling they can duplicate the part in the ship's shop immediately. Such work is usually crude, but serves the purpose until they are able to return home.

The funny part of the whole thing is that before this man told me these things, five men from Convair in San Diego had come up one night the week before and they told me almost the same story about the iron's crudeness. They too have been sent from place to place and seem to be quite well informed along many lines. They also told me of a large cigar-shaped ship moving slowly over March Field just the week before, that six jets had been sent up to chase and intercept it but all were unable to get anywhere near it.. Not too long before that a saucer was seen sitting in Yucca Canyon near Palm Springs by one of the men present.

By the way, the man from the Aleutians said all the men from other planets vary in size from 3 feet to 6½ feet in height, all beautifully formed, could talk our language as well as all other languages spoken in this world. The visitors had explained to him that they were able to do this through monotoning Earth and also they have machines with which to pick up wave impulses of Earth which they study closely. He said some speak better English than others. He also verified the script now with the Holt Co.

in regards to friends and enemies of outer space.

For the last few months I have been told by various people coming through that there are space men welking our streets today without being recognized, and some are even in the employ of our government. I can see no reason why this shouldn't be true since space ships are landing and we are talking with the men who bring them here.

To top all others, here is a hot one. I am holding a picture in my hand of what could be a space man. Very odd, yet very intelligent, large ears, long neck, well dressed in a stripe suit, very deep set eyes, extremely high forehead. He insists on being 'nuts'. All I can figure from that insistance is that he is covering up something. I got the second letter from him. In his first letter he said if I didn't think him 'nuts' he would tell me more. I wrote that I didn't think him nuts for then I would be nuts too. Yet in the second letter he insists he is nuts, so thereby I feel he is covering up. He lives in Chicago. The pictures and the letters have a strange feeling to them and his writing is written as it sounds, therefore his spelling according to English is bad. From all the indications he seems to know a lot, but he never carries anything through that he begins to talk about - just enough to be enticing. You really have to read between the lines to get some idea as to what he is driving at. He claims to be 48 years old, yet his picture appears to be of a man only about 30 or maybe less. He also claims that as a one year old child he experienced bilocation. Now I can understand a one year old babe remembering physical shocks, but the bilocation!- that is another one! That is a little hard to swallow unless he is a superhuman being. From this bilocational statement he emphasizes, as I get it, that he knows a lot about Venus because he seems to support what he knows by this bilocation for he has drawn in the rough some of the streets of Venus, the lawns, the walks and the way ships come in and go out, what the people look like, what they wear, and so on. Besides he draws a movement of space ships in forward motion, sideways, stationary, and reverse. He claims what we call port holes are nothing more than magnetic ducts that govern the ship and he does not call them saucers or space ships, but instead he calls them space cruisers.

A friend of mine is leaving for Chicago the 21st of December. He is going to interview this writer while there, if he can. He could be one of these that I have been hearing about walking our streets.

And these meteorites, I have a lot on them from various

sources. They are far from being meteorites. They are big ships beyond the shadow of any doubt.

I got a letter from a Methodist minister in Iowa telling me that ships will be seen and things will be happening between the 28th of this month and December 4. All of this is to take place in the middle west and the show is to be put on by Mars and Venus. The next appearance will be largely coming through N. Dakota and Quebec, Canada. He also prophecied the recent meteor manifestation. He claims that these manifestations are to awaken Earth men to the reality of friends in space and there is to be an increase of manifestations as time goes on until we do awaken. Which kind of carries out the idea I forgot to say that this fellow from the Aleutians said that the sudden change wherein our government is proposing disarmament of the world could be attributed to visitations of space ships.

Well, Frank, I guess I have told you as much as I can for one letter anyway and hope that everything is OK with you and all the family. Take it easy and my wishes for the best of everything during the coming holiday season. All of us down here think of you often and wish sincerely that we could get together more frequently. Why don't you take a little time and run down to visit us and rest up awhile? We'd love it. Or does your own desert home take all your time away from Hollywood?

Sincerely,



ProfGA:lm

George

[George Adamski]

Notes December 18, 1951

I have forgotten just how the planetesimal boys got around the nebular hypothesis bunch. The latter had the original sun as a cluster of asteroids whirling around clockwise until they formed a snugly packed circle and then began tossing off pieces of its outer perimeter to form the present planets of our solar system.

Pluto was heaved first and furthest in this discuss-throwing contest. Then came Neptune, then Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter. Here, however, a funny thing took place. Between Jupiter and Mars is a cluster of asteroids much like the original nebular theory of the origin of the sun. Some think that this cluster is a planet that blew up and is trying to carry on, like the United Nations, as a confederatio convenience.

These asteroids, like between Jupiter and Mars. Between Mars and the Earth presumably nothing exists except our moon, her own two little moons, a flock of meteors and a seemingly endless stream of flying saucers, of which ~~none~~ more anon.

On the other side of us is Venus, which is considered by many as a twin planet, though we know less about it than a twin who had been kidnapped and never seen from infancy. Of the twins we were

supposed to have been born first and are assumed, by ourselves of course, therefore to be a little smarter. This is hard to prove because Venus has a perpetual cloud formation around it and has rarely been seen, if at all, by the telescopes of man. Beyond Venus, and nearest to the Sun, is Mercury, but that's such a hot spot that communication with it would only interest Lili St. Cy and readers of Hollywood divorce scandals.