

January 9, 1952

Dear Frank and Alice:

I hope you had a good holiday and I believe you did, as well as a busy one, I'll bet. I'm not going to burden you much even though we'd have a lot to talk about. The space ships are still flying and I've caught more pictures since I saw you last.

To date I haven't heard from the Holt Co. and I have been wondering if it would be right for me to write to them asking what they intend doing? If they don't intend publishing it, I would like to have the script back since I could send it on to England. They want it there. So I am asking your advice. Of course Mr. Buckley may have written as you requested him to do, and I haven't received his letter. In that case he would be wondering what is wrong from this end. On the other hand I have been approached by managers of four large bookstores - two in San Diego, one in Hollywood, one in New York - wanting to know when I was getting another space ship book published. All have told me there is a crying demand for such books. It seems the time is ripe, so of course I'm wondering why the delay.

We had a nice holiday - closed to business on Christmas day and very busy the rest of the time. This week we have been having some snow, that is up on the mountain but not on our place.

By the way, would you or Si Newton know the definite latitude and longitude at Wonder Hill up in northern California where the magnetic force is operating in a strange manner? Also I have been wondering if you have news from the boy in the hospital or the one formerly in Alaska? I'm still interested in them.

Query  
in Si

Thanks very much for whatever information you can give me and hope to be seeing you one of these days for there has been plenty going on with these new fireballs frisking around so freely. You have probably read about them here in San Diego on the 4th of this month. They really shook the bay area. I believe if they continue, my book won't be very far off the beam - hope you are all well and not working too hard - could that ever be? (The last I mean, about the work). And here's wishing you the best of everything throughout this new year.

Sincerely,

*Geo*

GA:lm

Adamski

1752

Star Route  
East Loudon,  
Penna

Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> 1952

Dear friend: —

I was a genuine pleasure to hear from you after a year's silence.

You, I read Mr. Donskii's "Fact in (excuse the title) "State" magazine, not to tell the truth I have no data remaining from my article regarding the Oregon Party, not even the copy of it itself.

II

as I lent it to a neighbor, & when I recently asked for it, she could find it nowhere. But John Lister, owner of the Vortex, Gold Hill, Oregon, would undoubtedly be able to produce the data.

I'm dreadfully afraid Frank's reference to my middle initial, in Fate (P. for PHILIP) hurt me considerably. "Et was" obviously was a cross-eyed version of "It was", and was wholly unjustified.

One would have thought one Dr. Lee Whiz himself.

Incidentally, B. S. R. & i Meade Layne insists Dr. Lee is at work in (far off) Malaya or some such remote place. "Grass looks greener farthest away!"

I wish "E" would be changed to UNUSUAL, or some other respectable, dignified name. Don't you?  
With your REVISION ever be forthcoming? I should you care to tell me I would be delighted to hear from you.  
Cordially, JOHN F. DESSARD

## Transcription

Star Route  
[illegible] London  
Penna

Jan. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1952

Dear friend:

It was a genuine pleasure to hear from you after a year's silence.

Yes, I used Mr. Adamski's lit in (excuse the title) "Fate" magazine but to tell the truth I have no data remaining from my article regarding the Oregon Vortex, not even the copy of it itself as I lent it to a neighbor & when I recently asked for it, she could find it nowhere. But John Litster, owner of the Vortex, Gold Hill, Oregon, would undoubtedly be able to produce the data.

I'm dreadfully afraid Frank's reference to my middle initial in Fate (P. for PHILIP) hurt me considerably. "Et was" obviously was a cross-eyed version of "It was" and was wholly unjustified. One would have thought me Dr. "Gee Whiz" himself.

Incidentally, B.S.R.A.'s [Borderland Sciences Research Associates] Meade Layne insists Dr. Gee is at work in (far off) Malaya or some such remote place. "Grass looks greenest farthest away."

I wish "[illegible]" would be changed to UNUSUAL, or some other respectable, dignified name. Don't you?

Will your REVISION ever be forthcoming? Should you care to tell me I would be delighted to hear from you.

Cordially, John P. Bessor

Silas H Newton

Dear Sir:-

As Behind The Flying Saucers is bound to be made into a picture some time or other, I want to assign to you for ten dollars and other good and valuable considerations, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, ~~30~~ <sup>30</sup> percent of my share of the net profits that may result from such a production. Payment of course will be conditioned by the type of contract I

It is understood ~~further~~ that this <sup>accord</sup> involves you in no expense, consultations, negotiations or exploitation ~~in any way~~ <sup>in such a project</sup>, unless you expressly permit <sup>such services</sup> in writing, but it does permit the invasion of personal privacy to the extent covered in "Behind The Flying Saucers", subject to ~~such editing, elisions~~ <sup>such editing, elisions</sup> and additions, as you may desire.

Faithfully  
HS

of personal material which has developed since 1950,

your percent is a such money  
I will pay you any event you will  
I will receive such money within 90 days  
I will receive them.

## Transcription

Silas M. Newton

Dear Si: --

As Behind the Flying Saucers is bound to be made into a picture some time or other, I want to assign to you for ten dollars and other good and valuable considerations, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, 30 percent of my share of the net profits that may result from such a production. Payment of course will be conditioned by the type of contract I sign but in any event you will receive your percentage on such money within 90 days of my receiving them.

It is understood further that this accord involves you in no expense, consultations, negotiations or exploitation inevitable in such a project, unless you expressly permit such services in writing, but it does permit the invasion of personal privacy to the extent covered in "Behind the Flying Saucers," subject to such editing, elisions, and additions of personal material which has developed since 1950, as you may desire.

Faithfully

FS [Frank Scully]

February 7, 1952

Since Dr. Gee is going to be exposed, is being exposed little by little anyway at this moment, in ever widening circles, why not come out with the statement that he is who he is and thereby beat the enemy not only to the punch, but make first, some compensation out of it for himself, and, second, kill the point of all this exposure?

Since the negotiations with Warner Brothers were left in abeyance in Chicago in October, 1950, pending my being able to get in touch with Dr. Gee and get a clearance from him, it is quite possible to continue the negotiations from this end. They offered \$75,000 and it may be the sum could be increased and in any event a percentage of profits clause included which would take care not only of the immediate cash needs of those who would have to make some kind of sacrifice if they were to disclose themselves, but would guarantee them a long range profit on the picture after it was in release. Considering what a touch-and-go status the manuscript circulating around puts us in it is extremely urgent that these clearances be prepared so that any attorney negotiating a contract would have them as bargaining assets to fortify the property of the book itself.

Generally speaking, I should think, that the release should take the form that "I, Dr. So-and-so, generally believed to be the most important contribution to the composite portrait known as Dr. Gee in Frank Scully's "Behind The Flying Saucers, thereby for the

sum of so-and-so waive the invasion of personal privacy and hereby grant a clearance to use this material as a basis for a picture.

I would say, roughly, that Si, Dr. Gee, and I, take one-third each of whatever moneys might come out of this and for Dr. Gee's associates either he would pay them out of his share or we would work something out of whatever moneys are paid, say 10% of what we got.

This is the first time that anybody has got down to brass tacks in this thing, and I think it is important that we not only get down to brass tacks, but face the fact that this story is being taken away from us step-by-step and that sooner or later, and maybe sooner than we think, we are going to be at the butt end of an expose type of story with no recourse except libel actions which will take years and money to win, not to forget the grief. Plentiful as the latter has been to all of us privately so far, it won't hold a candle to what we will have to go through when the arc lights are on us. So why not face facts and turn this hidden defensive action into an open positive and profitable fight?

Since \$25,000 was thrown around in San Fraicsco to compensate Dr. Gee's group would he and his associates accept such a sum as their part of a picture deal now?

Mrs Coral E. Lorenzen  
Route 1  
Sturgeon Bay, Wis.  
February 16, 1952

Dear Mr. Scully,

I think the fact that I have read your book and count myself as among one of George Adamski's friends should be sufficient introduction.

I've read your book, enjoyed it immensely, and in a feature article I recently finished dealing with the 'flying saucer riddle' (although it's no riddle to me) I mentioned your book and opinions. I'm not vain-enough to call myself a writer, but have done newspaper work for years, and since we moved here from Los Angeles last August, have been the correspondent for the Green Bay Press Gazette in Green Bay Wisconsin in addition to doing features for them on various people and events in Door County.

I wrote Adamski and asked for your address a couple of weeks ago and received it in the mail this morning, so before I become enmeshed in tracking down an obit or a piddling news story, thought I'd write and get it off my mind.

Have you given much thought to the 'new' mystery in the Southwest---namely, the fireballs? I have several theories on them, as well as saucers. One of them, in fact, is that there are probably 'space-men' on earth today, easily passing as ordinary men. I say ordinary, because compared to them, we probably are very ordinary. I also believe they have bases here, as well as on the moon. I was fortunate enough to have seen a spaceship in the process (I believe) of taking off from somewhere near here last fall. In fact, there have been many sightings in and around Sturgeon Bay as late as Christmas. One thing that hampers me in my interest in the saucers is my location. I'm stuck up here in a comparative no-man's land as compared to Los Angeles. Things are happening out there that are not carried on the news wire, that I know, and it burns me up. I have access to the wire at one of the local stations as my husband is chief engineer there, and the news editor likes my cooking and my red hair.

About this Silas Newton Character---who is he, and where did he come from? While still in Los Angeles, I considered looking him up but all my inquiries ran into a blank wall. If he is in any way linked with the men from space, I'd appreciate it if he'd send one my way for a little confidential conversation. I'm not a sensation-seeker, nor a publicity hound, just want to satisfy my own curiosity regarding the occupants of the saucers.

Also, is the mysterious Dr. Gee by any chance Dr. Gebauer or Bebrauer, formerly a scientist with the post-war German government? I hit a lead on him while in L. A. A radar man at Lockheed said that according to a metallurgist friend of his, he knew and worked with a Dr. Gebauer who said he had worked on a crashed saucer, and produced one of the gears which the metallurgist put in a vise and proceeded to rasp a bastard file across it. According to him, no mark was left on the gear, but the teeth of the file were ripped out. That was from a fellow who had never heard of or read your book, and seemed to be sincere about the whole thing.

Did you by any chance see the article about the green fire balls in the Chicago Sun-Times Parade magazine? It was authored by Walter Sprague, managing editor, and pooh-poohed the saucer riddle, and stated that the scientific theory was that the mysterious fireballs are in actuality contraterrene matter, or matter built backwards. He quoted Dr. Lincoln La Paz of the Intitute of Meteoritics of the University of New Mexico. The article also asked that anyone seeing one of the green wonders should write to La Paz and give an exact description. The whole thing smells of a put-up deal, and La Paz is just another patsy of the government.

I think this thing could be blasted wide open if the press in this country were really a free press. As I mentioned before, when my editor found that flying saucers were a special interest with me and that I had compiled considerable data concerning them, he asked me to write a feature. Since then, all my inquiries about when the thing will appear in print has met with a blank wall, and he keeps putting me off. I have been allowed the use of several of Adamski's photographs to be printed along with the feature, which would really trump the whole mess. I called Pagel this morning but couldn't reach him, and have been burning ever since. Guess I'll have to go-down there and burn his ears in person.

Enough of personal matters. If you have any news regarding the saucers, I would certainly appreciate hearing from you. Also, if you could recommend any reading matter, fine. I've read your epic, Donald Keyhoe's book, Gerald Heard's "Is Another World Watching?" and thousands of clippings. As for Heard, I think he might be a little off his rocker with that bee business. But then one can never tell. There are still thousands who will not even begin to consider the possibility of men from out of space and their reason for that belief is usually because of religious beliefs or just that it isn't possible. Some reasoning.

I sincerely hope you will write to me. Here's a little bait: In your book you mentioned a Walter E. Moore of the University of Louisville, and his theory about the saucers. Very naively, I wrote to Moore, thinking he could give me some added information on the things. Here is a bit of his letter of Jan. 24: What I think of Scully could not be sent through the U. S. Mail. The statements he made about me are absolutely false. I do not have a high regard for the rest of his book if he didn't check his sources any better than he did this one item....In the first place, my connection with 'saucers' came about because of my interest in astronomy... At the time several years ago when a flier from Fort Knox's Godman Air Field fell to his death chasing a 'saucer', the field officer called the president of our Louisville Astronomical Society and gave him the altitude and azimuth of the object as seen from the Godman Weather Station. The Pres. called me and together we looked with 7x50 binoculars in the direction indicated. All we could see was the planet Venus which, at that time, was at about it's maximum brilliancy. This was within a half hour of the accident at-Godmen Field....Some people may have seen a rocket, some have seen the high altitude weather balloons which are white and quite large. There are people who have very vivid imaginations. Put these all together and I think you have the explanation of 'flying saucers.' You will note that I have been carefully not to call everybody crazy who report seeing 'saucers.' I assure you that the planet Venus at it's maximum brilliancy-is a startling object seen against a deep blue sky.

So---you have my credo. I'm really sorry that I can't join you. Scully has profited greatly by sticking his neck out. I am unable to prove 'material damage' for his libelous statements of me or I would have brought suit long ago. It does burn me up that there is not legal protection for an ordinary individual against the sort of thing he wrote." Unquote.

There you have it---one of the greatest examples of evasiveness I have ever seen. To refresh your memory and to show you that I use my brain occasionally, I quote from an air force report on the Mantell case: "Further probing shows the elevation and azimuth reading of Venus and the object in question and the time intervals did not coincide." According to this, the Air Force was up to it's old tricks, or Moore is a big liar or both. I actually believe that Moore has been put in a position where he cannot talk, and is taking it out on the only person handy---you. I wouldn't feel too bad about it, or be angry, as I'm sure he was spouting steam just to get it off his chest. But just for the record, where did you get your information about Moore? Adamski says he doesn't believe you would have written that without something to back it up. Me too.

My brother, who is attending Radio Engineering school in Milwaukee related to me a story told him by one of the students in Milwaukee attending the school. He is a young fellow from Mexico City and tells about seeing the hubbub created around Mexico City in 1948 or 49 when a saucer was reported to have crashed near there. He was a worker at the airport and saw the plane bearing men from the U. S. when it landed. They were (he thought) government men and scientists. They were taken immediately to the hills outside the city, and all roads were blocked. When they returned at the end of the day, large irregular-shaped packages were loaded on the plane with them before they took off. This is significant in relation to the reported saucer landing down there which the papers denied vehemently.

I guess I have established my beliefs about the saucers by now. I just hope you will favor me with a letter when you have the time, with any information, etc. you can furnish.

Very Sincerely,  
*Coral E. Lorenzen*  
Coral E. Lorenzen

March 10, 1952

Dear Mrs. Lorenzen:-

Thank you so much for your very nice letter to Mr. Scully. I am dreadfully sorry he is not able to answer it himself, but he is very sick with an internal hemorrhage and it looks like a long, slow recovery. I figured since you wrote so nice and were a freind of George Adamski's that definitely you would like to know why the delay.

As for Astronmer Moore, I have been wanting to ~~look~~ look up where Mr. Scully's information came from. I am sure it seemed a reliable source, why else would he want to drag him in at all? But between nursing him and at least trying to keep correspondance going the days seem filled up.

All the best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

[Alice P. Scully]

March 12, 1952

Dear Frank:

Have been waiting to hear from the Holt Co. before answering your letter of February 12th. Finally got my script back and a damn poor excuse. I think there is something that stinks, especially with all the magazines: SIR; TIME; DREW PEARSON in his column; and others coming out with information about flying saucers, even more elaborate than previously. And while my book has not yet been published, many of these writers are speculating on the very foundations upon which my book was written.

I have stuff at present which is awfully hot. And if things work out as they are shaping up now, I think the biggest news is yet to break - and that probably within the next month, where I may be involved. This could be breaking the ice completely, for we now know definitely where some of the ships are coming from, for I have caught a photograph of one with an insignia on its side.

By the way, this script, as returned to me, did not have your preface which you said you wrote to accompany it.

I hope this weather we are having again has not inconvenienced you very much and that you all are recovering from your various illnesses. We have quite a lot of snow on top of Palomar. Had some here too, but it didn't stay.

In Alice's letter to Lucy she said you are having to give up correspondence on flying saucers - there were just too many. That's too bad. I know you were interested and received much information from that source. I'm wondering if, since we last saw you, you have heard from the young man who encountered a saucer, and from the one whose note books on such visitations were confiscated. As I remember, both of these young men expected to visit you before now. I'm still very much interested in them.

Thanks for all you have done and hope to see you soon. Very best wishes from all of us here to you and Alice and all the family including Si.

Most sincerely,



ProfGA:lm

Adamski

MAR 31 1952

Francis Broman, Esq  
University of Denver  
Denver, Colo.

My dear Mr Broman:

*Menzel*  
I have just read a fantastic version of the March 8 1950 lecture of Silas M Newton in Donald Menzel's book. As ~~it~~ wasn't there anymore than I was, he had ~~to~~ of course <sup>to</sup> get it second-hand. In fact he seems to have got about everything in his book second-hand, which for Harvard is pretty sad.

Reading over my own version I note you come out very well and this could only be so because Mr Newton, who is an astonishingly sharp reporter, had given me such a favorable impression of you. But he never gave me some of the science-fiction, which Menzel seems to have unearthed in relation to the famous lecture, which seems to have immortalized everybody (you, me and Menzel included), except the lecturer himself who never to my knowledge charged Denver University or anybody else a fee for his well integrated talk on a vast and mysterious subject. He in fact seems to have got the works for his audacity and scholarship.

Since Mr Newton bought a copy of my book and asked me to autograph it to you, which I did, and since moreover in two years time you never raised any issue as to the veracity of my version as to what happened at that lecture, what defense can you offer ~~at~~ pulling out of a hat conditions supposedly laid down by you as prerequisites to the lecture, conditions which you know were never laid down by you or anybody else? Is this the way to pay your respects to persons who had paid every respect to you?

Menzel lays down this long list of conditions allegedly laid down by you, whereas the only conditions laid down by anybody ever brought to my attention were those Mr Newton laid down to you when George Koehler asked him if he would acquiesce to addressing your basic science class on flying saucers.

Mr Newton has always said that you kept faith with the conditions laid down by him and it is a fact that I have never seen any story tying your name in with the betrayal of his request for anonymity .

In order therefore to keep your record clear would you please let me have a copy of the conditions you are quoted by Menzel with laying down, together with such supporting statements of persons who saw you give them to Mr Newton? Will you further give me any supporting testimony of anybody who heard you and Mr Newton discussing these conditions and whether he accepted them or rejected them?

According to my records there was precious little opportunity before, during or after the lecture for you to talk to Mr Newton on any such matters as alleged by Menzel. Isn't it true you met Mr Newton who was introduced to you by Mr Koehler less than ten minutes before the lecture was scheduled to start? And wasn't the only topic of conversation the method by which you would introduce Mr Newton to the audience? You are aware of course that I have a tape recording of what went on and of your voice and Mr Newton's. In other words I'm not trying to trap you. I simply want to clear the record so as not to do any injustice to anybody when I get down to the final writing of my next book.

There's a terrific pressure for me to rush out that next book but I intend to follow the course I laid down in Behind The Flying Saucers and give everybody a fair chance, a degree of scholarship which could hardly be attributed to Menzel, who never even asked Newton if the various lies and libels were true or false. I suppose for every reader Menzel might eventually get, I already have thousands, being translated in ten languages by now and the ball keeps rolling along. I have I suspect the most extensive One Man Project Saucer in the world.

I like the loyalty of free men and I liked yours in relation to Si Newton. He still has mine unqualifiedly. All I ask is that you clear the record to get yourself out of the line of battle. And may I ask in this connection, what your real title is? I have seen you referred to as an instructor, a professor and a lecturer. Or were you an instructor in 1950 and are a professor or assistant professor now?

Pax et Bonum.

Faithfully,

FRANK SCULLY


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April 14, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
2071 Grace Avenue  
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Mr. Scully:

With Vacation Time approaching, I thought that I should again enquire as to whether you and or Mr. Newton might be on this way again this summer, as I'm on the Aero Club of New England Committee to hold a meeting on Space Travel, and we'd like very much to arrange the meeting for the time of your visit. Also Mr. Alexander C. Hamilton, the engineer who demonstrated large forces by means of magnetic lines of force will be on from Detroit.

Speaking of Magnetic Lines of Force, which you and Newton were the first to attribute to Saucer propulsion, did you see the Los Angeles Times article about inventor Townsend Brown's electro-gravitational generator. "Saucers operate in a field of electro-gravity with the negative pole at the top and the positive pole at the bottom," he stated. "The Saucer travels like a surf board on the incline of a wave that is kept continually moving by the saucers electro-gravitational generator" explained Bradford Shank, third spokesman for the group.

I'm enclosing copy of my letter to Mason Rose, President of the new University for Social Research who is demonstrating the working model. Perhaps you might get time to look them up.

The Rockefeller Institute people professed to know nothing of the little men that I wrote you were dissected there.

The motion picture, the "Day the Earth Stood Still" had a good reproduction of the way you described the Saucers. I wondered if they followed your description.

The Department of Space Medicine, Air University, Randolph Field wrote all our speakers at the Third Annual Meeting on Space Travel for copies of their speeches, and from the Life Article and others, it looks like the Brass were letting the people get educated to the news you were the first to have guts enough to write up.

Best regards to Mr. Newton. I've got some people you'd both like to meet, if you can get on here.

*Alan H. Andrews*

# BETTER LIFE FOUNDATION

467 COMMONWEALTH AVE.  
BOSTON, MASS.

38 Rock Street  
Fall River, Mass.  
April 14, 1952

Mr. Mason ~~Rose~~, President  
University for Social Research  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir:

We read with interest of your experiments and explanation of the flying discs for the following reasons:

1. For the past three years we have conducted an annual meeting on Space Travel and Allied Subjects at the Harvard Club in Boston.
2. The writer and this organization has been carrying on research in this field for some years.
3. We are working cooperatively with Roger Babson's endowed organization, the Gravity Research Foundation of New Boston, New Hampshire which acts as a clearing house for all pertinent information, and offers annual prizes for the best essay on a means of harnessing or utilizing gravitational forces. If you wish to compete for this annual \$1000 first prize we will send you forms.
4. From our investigations we know that electro-magnetics and gravity are linked together as shown by Mahhews "Nature of Matter, Gravitation and Light" in 1926, so theoretically we believe you are on the right track.
5. We have records that demonstrate the power of proper electro magnetic frequencies to cause objects to rise and fall in space, thus confirming your experiments.
6. We are in communication with various responsible investigators in this field such as Department of Space Medicine, Air University, Randolph Field, and offer our services in connection with such data as you may wish to have brought to the attention of responsible parties.
7. As Director of the Aero Club of New England (the oldest in the world, I believe) I am planning a Space Travel meeting in the coming months, and would welcome one of your associates as a speaker at this meeting.
8. The writer is treasurer of a reinforced plastics Corporation doing rather unique work in an allied field, so am not seeking any remuneration for any assistance that I might give to you or any other pioneers who feel

that they have an answer to an unsolved problem.

9. Altho' the writer is an M.I.T. and Harvard man with a degree in Mechanical Engineering, I have noticed that most of our really new discoveries of unique significance are made by men whose minds were not too encumbered with limitations of accepted fact, so I am in agreement with Mr. Bradford Shank being free from those "encumbrances."

10. As a contributor to Foundation for Cycles headed by classmate Dewey, and as a friend and co-director with Professor Harlan True Stetson, who founded and ran the Cosmic Terrestrial Research Foundation operating out of M.I.T., and as a successful market trader (over 50% annual profit on the funds devoted to such trading), I am also in sympathy with Mr. Brown's efforts to correlate the variations in radiation with human psychology and the market. The method I employ is however based upon a Vector Analysis of prices which seems to indicate the timing of the coming high and low points, just as vectors are used to locate the position of supporting members in bridge construction, or as tensors are used in mathematical physics.

11. If you believe I can be of assistance to you in any way, I shall appreciate your calling upon me.

Yours very truly,

Better Life Foundation

*Ala. H. Andrews*  
Trustee



# WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

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Asa

April 18, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
2071 Grace Ave  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

Since the recent report in LIFE magazine on flying saucers as possible inter-terrestrial visitors, renewed interest in your book as been awakened among several of us here. Would you consider coming out to the studio some day soon and having lunch as our guest, and visiting with a few of your admirers?

We should love to have you and hope that you will say yes.

Most sincerely yours,

*Koneta Roxby*

Koneta Roxby  
Librarian

# First Methodist Church

MAQUOKETA, IOWA

MILTON NOTHDURFT, MINISTER  
310 W. MAPLE STREET  
PHONE 301

April 29, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
2071 Grace Ave.  
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

I have been wondering if you ever learned any more about the chaplain who assisted in the burial of the little men, which you mentioned in a letter to me a long time ago.

Perhaps you have learned something about the ships that are landing--and where, etc. The whole saucer deal must have had some development since you published your book.

I have been continuing my research about the Australia base, but there seem to be several closer, aren't there? *Andes? Antarctica?*

Your mention of astronomical photographs was interesting. I have learned that several astronomers have such pictures. Why is there still a lid on the publishing of such things?

I had some correspondence with Dr. Lincoln La Paz of University of New Mexico who had been studying the fireballs last fall. He was very interested for a while, then suddenly clammed up, either because of sudden skepticism or sudden knowledge on the subject. Interesting. . .

Would be pleased to have a few lines from you when you have time.

Sincerely yours,

*Milton H. Nothdurft*

Milton H. Nothdurft

April 30, 1952

Dear Mr. Van Praag:-

As of today we are clear to entertain any proposition concerning the motion picture rights of "Behind The Flying Saucers."

You may write me your proposition here or discuss it with William E. Buckley, vice president of Henry Holt and Company, who will take it up with me.

With all best wishes,

Faithfully yours,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY

Mr. William Van Praag  
Van Praag Productions  
1600 Broadway,  
New York 19, N.Y.



# The Southern California Woman's Press Club

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## DIRECTORS

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April 30, 1952

My dear Mr. Scully,

I am happily looking forward to your being with us Tuesday, May 6 at 2 p.m. As we are all interested in Flying Saucers, I do hope you can say something about these also.

With best wishes.

Grace M. Finlayson  
President S.C.W.P.C.



# WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

2400 WEST ALAMEDA AVE. • BURBANK, CALIFORNIA • CABLE ADDRESS: DISNEY

May 6, 1952

Dear Mr. Scully:

We are so sorry to learn that you are ill and hope that you will soon be better.

We will look forward to your coming over for lunch and a visit whenever you are ready. By "we" I mean your admirers who will not heckle you. Three of them are artists and three are on the library staff and we are all "true believers." So do get well fast and come to see us.

With best wishes for health and luck,

Cordially yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Kone ta Roxby". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

Kone ta Roxby  
Librarian

Notes May 13, 1952

The Secret Papers Of A Saucerian will consist of about 60,000 words boiled down from more than a million which have come to our private project Saucer since the publication of Behind The Flying Saucers. For ever since the Air Force Intelligence closed Project Saucer material from various parts of the world has spilled into various natural basins. Mine has been by no means the only one. But it has been, I suspect, the biggest and an overwhelming percentage of correspondants not only have contributed new material but has asked when they might expect a new book on the subject. As

As time goes by the correspondants gets of a higher quality. Even the kids seem to raise questions showing superior intelligence in the matter of interplanetary travel. One adult project I managed to steer away from me to a group from various parts of the country interested in a particular type of research raised by a passing comment in "Behing The Flying Saucers." In talking with an aero-dynamic engineer I had asked him if he knew that certain non-magnetic metals when combined in an alloy became magnetic. In time this raised all sorts of scientific dust. One Yale man, mathematician, took me to task and then went into three pages of mathematical formulas to prove I was talking through my hat. At the end he concluded "By George, you're right. They have the same atomic weights. Various other researchers reported that they did get a magnetic metal out of an alloy of non-magnetic metals, but it was of a poor quality and porous and did I have anybody I could refer them to who might help them. I managed to have one scientist on my list and set this group up into a project by correspondance. And all are reporting great progress.

I couldn't contact my original sources of information about these questions because they were in a dreadful doghouse. One of them had either had his pension cut off or threatened to be cut off. Others using government equipment for private exploratory research were threatened with its recall if they so much as said another word to me. As some of this equipments was worth \$250,000 they were in no position financially at the time to contest any such directive. One, I learned, was directly responsible for the designing of the B-36, which he managed to do by getting two German scientists out of a concentration camp here. He knew these men in Berlin. He claimed there wasn't an original thing on the B-36, that it was strictly ~~assembled~~ an assembled job helped by a good memory of what was on German drawing boards.

One day the pilot who first flew the B-36 from Los Angeles to Phoenix ran into the designer who was working on a fog-penetrating radar. This was in the end of 1950 and '51. He reported that he'd seen what looked like a cigar-shaped saucer bog down in the swamp areas of Arkansas not too far from the Tennessee border. He had spotted it thanks to the fog-penetrating radar, and he doubted if anybody else would see it as it was in a huge enclosed area which was no longer used for cattle but was held by an oil company for exploration in the distant future. The problem was how to get it out. It was agreed to wait until winter, till the soil was adequately frozen so that one could go in with oil trucks and not ~~be bogged down~~ bog down or excite either official or unofficial curiosity. . But where to take it? Without being subject to immediate confiscation? The governor of Colorado had contributed personal testimony to having seen 7 saucers on the same day the managing editor of the Rocky Mountain News had testified he had seen 5. These seemed to be the sort of custodians who might project the

3

ship, even if forced to drive the Pentagonians into the courts  
to clear up the title to the space ship.

May 20, 1952

Dear George:- *Adamski*

I'm rushing a little note off to you to ask

some questions. A guy from ABC came into our lives a few months ago, and we thought we discouraged him, but up he popped this morning again with a story which you can easily off hand confirm or deny and thereby save us a lot of trouble. Hope you don't mind. The story is this: He says that since the Life article came out, officially it is being gradually released news to a few select people to the effect that little people are coming to this earth to warn us of some other people on their planet who are planning warfare on us. That the government - the US government - has a government housing in New Mexico, where they live. This news is being released at Palomar in lectures on Sundays.

Do you know about this or not? I thought it sounded like a twisted version of your Australian biz, and that it might be you they are quoting\* I would very much appreciate if either you or Lucie might drop me a hurry yes or no to the authenticity of the story, so that we can again get the guy out of our hair.

Incidentally, we might be coming down your way around the 15 of June. Have promised to go down to Lemon Grove if possible for that day, and therefore we ought to be able to drop in on you lovely people either before or after.

All our love, and hope everything is going along wonderfully,

\* or misquoting

[From Frank Scully]

Saucer Research Forum of San Diego  
6858 Atkins Ave.  
San Diego 14, Calif.  
May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully,

Dear Mr. Scully,

Since our last meeting at your home on December 28, 1950, flying saucers have never left my mind. I now have the good fortune to be one of 17 members of the Saucer Research Forum of San Diego, recently organized. The forum consists of high caliber engineers and technicians who are all mutually convinced of the existence of flying saucers. The organization has had tremendous response thru newspaper publications and radio broadcasts. We have already collected several sketches and eye witness reports from members and from broadcast response. We understand that you have made contact with Mr. Adamsky and plan to have a meeting with him and your "Friend." Would it be possible to combine this meeting with our forum under your conditions?

We would appreciate also reviewing any of your latest publications.

I sincerely hope this finds you  
and yours in good health.

Sincerely  
Harold Hellhorn  
6858 Atkins Ave.  
San Diego 14, Calif.

L. L. J. glw.

## Transcription

Saucer Research Forum of San Diego  
6858 Akins Ave.  
San Diego 14, Calif.  
May 21, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully,

Dear Mr. Scully:

Since our last meeting at your home on December 28, 1950, flying saucers have never left my mind. I now have the good fortune to be one of 17 members of the Saucer Research Forum of San Diego, recently organized. The forum consists of high caliber engineers and technicians who are all mutually convinced of the existence of flying saucers. The organization has had tremendous response thru newspaper publications and radio broadcasts. We have already collected several sketches and eye witness reports from members and from broadcast response.

We understand that you have made contact with Mr. Adamsky [sic] and plan to have a meeting with him and your "Friend." Would it be possible to combine this meeting with our forum under your conditions?

We would appreciate also reviewing any of your latest publications.

I sincerely hope this finds you and yours in good health.

Sincerely  
Harold Welborn  
6858 Akins Ave.  
San Diego 14, Calif.

HLH/glw

Steve Markham and Joe Epolito of ABC      May 26, 1952

They had been calling before and wanted us to call back right away to report a series of new clues on The Great Mystery. Last week they had called in regard to a government housing project in New Mexico where they were even housing the little men who had come from another planet to warn us that another group on THEIR planet were preparing to start warfare with us. This information was being released at Palomar in lectures every Sunday to a very few people, it being the way the government could gradually disseminate the information without a panic. On my asking them where they got the information they said it was just passed on to them, nothing through any news agency sources, and figured maybe we could go down there the following Sunday. I rather figured it was the lectures of Prof. Adamski they were referring to, wrote and asked and they said No.

Steven Markham and Joe Epolito today called again and said that the report emanated from Mt. Wilson, not Palomar and they are on the hunt for confirmation.

They also reported that at Williams Field in Arizona where our planes are stacked up on their tails in hundreds a flying saucer was seen there. It was grounded and had had American landing equipment attached to it and was guarded by FBI men. It had a button which apparently was more lethal than our biggest A-bomb, the story being that if it were touched it would cross up the magnetic lines of force and blow up the earth. Mrs. Whyte got this from her brother. They assured me that a story of live crewmembers of interplanetary ship which had landed in Mexico would be released by our government in September 1952.

They further reported that on a TV screen pictures of a huge mother ship and flying saucers emerging from the ship was shown at the San Diego station, Channel 8. These they said were motion pictures which were taken by attaching a camera to a telescope. I told them that the actual pictures were still photographs which I had seen and were taken by George Adamski from several miles below Palomar Observatory.

*Look magazine June 22 will come out June 3 with a scientist's story on flying saucers.*



# SAN DIEGO SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY

3522 UNION, SAN DIEGO 1, CALIFORNIA • TELEPHONE J-2543

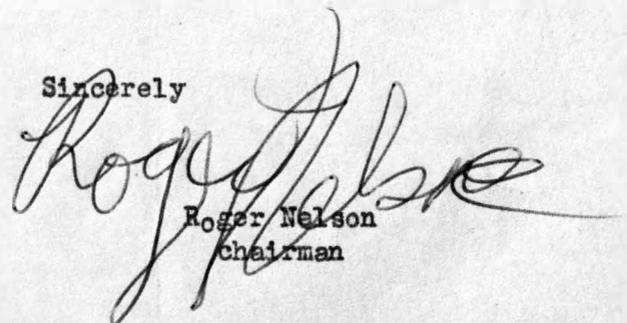
June 5, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
c/o Variety  
6311 Yucca Street  
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Scully,

I have a proposition for you. We would like to have you attend our convention of Science Fiction readers, writers, and editors in San Diego on June 28 and 29 at the U.S. Grant Hotel. This will be quite an event, as we are turning a major part of our program over to the Flying Saucer. Since you are an authority on this matter, and since you have published a well read book on this matter, we feel that you are a logical person to appear. No money can be paid for this discussion, but you will have our thanks. That is not much I know. If you can't attend could you make a tape recording of your views, or secure another speaker? The recording may be at either 3  $\frac{3}{4}$  or 7  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Please let me know at once. I appreciate your taking of your time to read and weigh this matter. A waiting a reply, I remain,

Sincerely



Roger Nelson  
Chairman

June 12, 1952

Gene Dorsey came up to tell about a woman who has had psychic faculties for years and years. She is the daughter of a very able and well known doctor. Webber. She has faculties of showing magnetic lines of force and their eventual use as power as far as it can be figured out.

On her place near Indio she has a setup where magnetic lines of force definitely show their potential aid to harnessing power.

Mr Dorsey let us hear a tape-recording that he took of the session and explains that he also took moving pictures, which he didn't have along but is willing to show us at any time, though he admits he is not much of a photographer.

He explains on the tape recording how the session <sup>April 26, 1952</sup> starts.

"Anna" sits down facing north. In front of her is a round table 30", made of maple, on three legs. Right next to that table, away from Anna, is a similar table. They meet, and being circular just touch at one point, no more. On the table furthest from Anna are three cones made of aluminum foil (it must be quite heavy foil though). Two of them are wider at the top than the bottom, about 24" high, which they consider positive, and the negative pole is 30" high and quite narrow at the top and wider at the bottom. The negative pole stands to the left on the table, the two positive ones are at the right not too close together. On the table near Anna lie two magnetic rocks. She puts her right hand on one. A red light must shine on the tables. It helps to add a yellow and a green or blue, but the red is a must. After a very short while the one positive pole starts to rattle. Mr. Dorsey on the tape recorder explains it is turning around, counter-clockwise.

On the tape it sounds like a rather strong metallic drum, with a certain amount of rhythm, but not enough rhythm to quite catch it. It grows stronger and faster. There is no seance kind of hush about the session. Mr. Dorsey is talking on the tape recorder while this is going on, a child in the background is saying something, a visitor gasps "This is breathtaking." Anna coughs, which Mr. Dorsey tells us, she does quite often during a session but not otherwise. Someone asks if they can put their hand on the moving pole, and on holding it there explains that it feels a strong pulsating force as if there was something living. The pole goes on drumming in its regular rhythm while they hold their hands on it. There is nothing inside.

The session that time lasted 1 hour and 45 minutes. It dies slowly out, gives a few gasps, quiet, then a few again and then quiet. Reminded us of what had been told us about the doodlebug machines that were held in the hand. They seemed to lose their effectiveness when the person who held them got tired.

Also during this session Mr. Dorsey asked Anna to ask that the speed be made faster, then slower, both of which happened. He also explained that they put a plant in the middle of the table and the motion made the leaves waver, or blow. That is what he took pictures of. We asked him if it had to be dark, quiet or any other mysterious things, to which he said "definitely no." It can be daylight, and as we ourselves heard there was ordinary conversation going on around. But Anna has to put her right hand on the rocks. The magnetic qualities of the rocks wear out once in a while, and she bathes them and submits them to sunlight to restore it, but once in a while she has to go and get new ones. They went together to the Kaiser mountain near Indio, where Kaiser gets the iron for his foundry at Fontana.

3

At one point Anna fell, and she couldn't get up. Mr. Dorsey helped her up but it was remarkable how hard it was for her to get off the ground. She usually has no trouble in that way and now the suspicion is that the magnetic qualities held her there. Mr. Dorsey wants to next to weigh people on the mountain and off it and in other ways try to establish the pulling properties of that ~~specific~~ specific mountain.

Gene Dorsey 1037 N Ogden Dr  
Res Gr 1935 Ma 6-0231

Calaisco Flameproofing

Notes June 12, 1952

Si Newton dropped in to Bedside Manor (June 11) and after the loveliest lamb stew he claimed he had ever eaten in his life, he stretched off on the couch and began telling what was happening between him and Doc. It seems a few days previously Doc had telephoned he would be coming to Los Angeles, but his time was so vague that Si told him he would meet him in the Knickerbocker Hotel if and when Doc called. Later Si got a call from Doc's wife saying what plane he would be in on and Si went to the airfield to meet him. Doc said he had to meet some friends but was a little vague about them and when they reached the Knickerbocker Si went up with him to his room. He waited around and Doc called a guy named Harry, who I understand is, the head of Aerassociatés in Akron. Obviously a big shot with lots of contracts his company had made so much money that they were figuring that for tax purposes it might be sensible to invest some of it in Doc's geophysical researches, notably in oil, wildcat operations. Harry had a brother named Jim who was a big wheel in Aereseach out on Sepulveda Blvd.

Sure enough these men came to see Doc and apparently they were old friends and had worked in the same general field, though not specifically in the same group during the war. ~~ExenzMarexyz~~ Si cautiously tried to sound out these men as to just how big Doc had been in this phase of the war effort. Ffom Harry he learned that Doc had built one of the laboratories, the one I think, in Pheonix and had much to do with the one which now adjoins the Municipal Airfield in Los Angeles. Harry, /too, confirms, that Doc had done most of the work on the B 36's and that Harry himself had been assigne by Doc to the manufacture of the pressuring of the cabin.

Previously Si said he had learned through Doc that Doc had asked for the release of a few interned German scientists explaining to the War Department that these men know all German secrets on advanced types of planes and would help him reconstruct what he himself knew from memory of what he had seen in Germany before the war. Doc disclaimed that there was anything very original about B 36, that it was an assembled job and one time Si said he had met a Captain Adams who flew the first B36 with Doc from Los Angeles to Pheonix. This was a side of Doc's career which Si hadn't known up till recently.

He went on to tell about how their magnetronic calculating devices were working and how the machines had been improved and stepped up to such a degree that from the portable little job I saw three years ago they now had two trucks and the calculations of these magnetronic devices was so complete that nothing was left to chance or a man's hand. Together these two machines were worth a quarter of a million dollars and were the property of the Dept of Defense on loan to Doc. Even all his improvements belonged to them.

Si told that these machines could now give in every detail every geophysical feature within 6000 feet of where they were put down and a scope attached to the machine gave everything a man could see in a similar area. The only trouble seemed to be that when the operator tired the machine seemed to run down too, and after two or three hours had to be put at rest and allowed to recharge for the day.. The magnetrons were so sensitive that in certain areas they just blew out like electric fuses on an overloaded circuit. Once six went out in a half an hour. "They cost \$60 a piece."

He then told me the story of a well that due to a partner's having failed to get 6000 feet of pipe cost the partner 3 million dollars for his quarter interest and Si and his associates, including Doc 9 million dollars.

Gossip around Desert Springs and Wrightwood.

We were told about a place way out in the desert where there is regular communication with saucers. The description was to go to Lucerne Valley, and at the gas station check the speedometer. Go 28 miles. This is out in wildest driest desert. There turn left. Drive 20 miles. That's the place, called Giant Rock. On further ~~check~~ checkup we found the place was owned and lived in by a retired Lockheed testpilot by the name of Van Tassel. He probably has his own plane so 48 miles into the wilderness means nothing. Seemingly a fireball came around there one time, landed in Van Tassel's lap, gave him insight to mental telpathy between him and them.

Notes from visit at Palomar Gardens June 13, 1952

syllabus p. 3 & 4  
75 9 6

We, Frank and I arrived at Palomar Gardens ~~xxxxxxx~~ <sup>late</sup> afternoon of Friday, June 13. On the way uphill we passed a chemical tank fire truck which arrived a little while after us, to burn off the weeds around Professor Adamski's place. Last year we had arrived just as they were burning it off for that year.

We were taken in, offered some cooling drinks and sat down to a big long gabfest and photographs, letters, clippings etc. We also had brought things along, like letters, the clippings from O Cruzeiro with the best published, so far, pictures of actual flying saucers in flight.

As the day wore on and the next day wore on, people who Prof Adamski had wanted to meet Frank and vice versa trailed in, as if they had been summoned by telephone - of which there is none of around there. They came from San Diego, Palomar - up on the big top - , Los Angeles, Pasadena - it was most amazing.

We were told an Australian scientist - the name was temporarily forgotten but it was the same name as a scientist at Cal Tech - said we are on the end of Milky Way ~~that~~ rather than the middle, which seems to be the more common belief, and are going in the opposite direction of what we usually do.

Some people - a lot of this is gathered through people coming in, and letters and actually scientists - had reason to believe that there was a saucer hideout somewhere around Victorville, toward Desert Springs, where there are some caves. (Now all we've got to do is to find a place with caves.)

We were shown a letter to Adamski by H.N. Dodge (5219 Alameda St, Los Ag

Los Angeles, 42) a very nice letter and telling of a blistering letter he sent to Life as a result of their flying saucer layout. Very much friend of Adamski AND Scully.

There was a long letter from S. Sgt. Herrold Baker, 3715th Training Squadron, Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Tex. (May 26/52) asking Adamski for an introduction to Scully. Also talked about Operation Longhorn in Texas telling about weekly meeting to bring men up to current events (and wasn't it gradually to accept saucers as well?) Also told about a 6 foot saucer that dissolved on hitting the ground.

There was a story from the Buffalo Evening News, April 17, 1952 by Don Brown. (We could get it through Ed Schultz? who asked to reprint the 20 questions). The headline was "RCAF Calls Saucers Over Vital Jet Base No Laughing Matter."

There was a few stories from the Christian Science Monitor which actually were libelles of Prof Adamski, and his long and explanatory and most dignified letter to them making them aware of the fact.

Direct transcription of FS notes:

March 15/52. P 3. The Christian Science Monitor Col. 1

Satellite Space Ship Seen Within 15 Years. - Col 2 & 3.

'Photos' of Space Ships Fade Into Fantasy At Mt Palomar. by a Natural Science Correspondent of C. S. Monitor. Herbert. Pasadena. (Writer is Nicholson. Herbert C. Nichols. Wash News Bur. C.S. Monitor 1293 Nat Press Bldg. Wash 4. DC.

April 18 (I believe this was in a letter) to Adamski) Nick claimed st. appeared in Washington Star to bolster comic strip of their "Space Cadet."

Adamski had told us months ago that he had now ~~just~~ a photograph of a space ship with insignia. He tossed it on the table toward us. There it was. It was a cigar shaped one, with several portholes along the side - more like an airplane without wings, and about the middle of the hull was an insignia in the shape of Saturn. That is the planet with the ring around it.

He also told about a man who came into his cafe a while back. As well as being in the armed forces (I believe it was air force) he was immigration officer somewhere in Alaska. He seemingly had inspected several space ships - some several miles long. Even his two year daughter would go along and was as familiar with space ships as we were with <sup>planes</sup> automobiles practically. The men were uniform clothing with a little button up toward the right shoulder. When that button is pushed or pulled they are out of their clothes in just that fast. They just fall off. He it was who suggested to Adamski how to go about to catch a picture with insignias. He said that when the weather is overcast they will dip in and out of clouds more readily and after those instructions, Adamski had success.

In came a young man named Norm, <sup>Goswick</sup> with his wife and three children. He had been hit by the saucer bug quite a while back, had bought himself a good camera and binoculars and wouldn't ever take them out of the car so they would always be ready. To introduce Norm and his ability to judge what he saw I have to say he was for years, during the war, precision inspector at Lockheed and knew all the aircraft that zoomed about in the skies. He also spent 330 days in trenches in Germany during the last war and was continually under aerial warfare, so he must be considered quite a capable person in judging aircraft. A friend of his (Artie Gill) asked him to go along down to Prof. Adamski's on an errand. They live up on the big top, miles above Palomar Gardens.

He jumped into Artie's truck and off they went. When they came to a built up section of a turn in the road popularly called the tin wall Norm saw something fascinating. He hollered for Artie to stop and rushed out. There, somewhat under him, and app 1000 feet away was a big polished aluminum looking round object. It had no dome, no windows that he could see. It slowly glided about 400 feet off the ground. It gave a floating oakleaf impression. Against George Mendenhall's (?) green field app  $1\frac{1}{2}$  (~~xxxx~~) mile away he estimated it covered about half, and would therefore be about 150 ft across. It was about 1:30 p.m. on the last overcast day app. 5 weeks ago (June 14) which we figured would be about May 10. He saw it for between 30 seconds to a minute. His rather experienced guess was ~~xxxx~~ that it's speed was about 200 miles an hour.

Correction. Against the field about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile away, the saucer was just about half way between him and the field, covering about 20 feet space in the field. He drew an outline of the thing, which turned slightly on edge as it took off.

He also told of a friend who lives at the intersection of the gas station and Lake Hinshaw road on big top. He has a porch on the side of his house, completely glassed in. Inside there is a daybed he will lay down on at times. At about noon one day about 6 months ago he lay down, suddenly saw a ball coming through the trees and over his house. He called to his wife 10 feet away and she raced over to see what agitated him so much. It was gone by then. There also was a similar report earlier than that- but that hadn't been firsthand so he didn't pay so much attention to it. Incidentally Artie at first was willing to corroborate the incident with the flying saucer under the tin wall, then clammed up and wants nothing to do with it at all.

In came a young man from Pasadena. Walter Nelson (709 Mar Vista, Pasadena 6) With him was a young engineer from Cal Tech (Or was it Hughes of Douglas?) and a young boy Jerry from Wichita Kansas, about 15 years old. Mr. Nelson said Jerry had a tale to tell, so we all sat down around a table with cokes, and water. The day was rather warm.

Jerry told about two of his friends and the story they told him. Michael Colberg, 14 or 15 years old and his friend Justus were at the outskirts of Wichita one Sunday last spring. Michael lives on South Chautauq, will go into Roosevelt school in East Wichita next year. They came across a small saucer which was open and three little men near by. They made a rush for the little men, grabbed two of them, one each. The third got back into the saucer and took off. They took the little men home. Between 9 and 12 inches tall. Had a jellylike substance instead of clothing or as clothing. Little plastic domes on their heads, a small capsule under their chins. One of the boys placed the little man in front of a bush and took a picture of him. Jerry saw the picture but it wasn't very clear according to Jerry, as the background was rather confusing. Meanwhile the little man got away right after the picture was taken. The other boy took his little man and put him in a pickle jar and poured some solution on to preserve him. The man was alive. He left some holes in the top of the jar, and apparently he didn't fill the solution all the way up. He kept him there for about 5 days. He had made a date with Jerry to come and see him. But meanwhile apparently Michael's mother had gone down in the cellar seen the little man, thrown a fit of hysterics (who could blame her) and demanded that he be taken out. Jerry met up at the arranged meeting place, but Michael didn't. Meanwhile Michael took the

little man in the pickle jar to Professor Von Oppenheim in Wichita. Von Oppenheim is professor of Astronomy. Von Oppenheim apparently fixed the little man up in a plastic cube with a hole in it to feed him through, mostly condensed milk. He stayed there for two weeks and then made his escape. The strange thing is that the cube (well rather a plastic box with top on) was not broken but the man wasn't there. They notified the police. The police apparently picked up one little man - don't know if it was the one from the pickle jar and plastic cube, or the one that got away after being photographed - after about three days, questioned him, and somehow after a few days the little man died. So the police will not open their mouth on the subject. The little man <sup>is</sup> supposed to have told - either Von Oppenheim or the police - that they are from Venus. That there are regular sized men there, and that these small men are incapable of reproducing themselves.

Jerry would estimate that about 4 boys, aside from the two original ones know about this episode. Michael, apparently stayed away a lot from school during and after this episode. This was around March, 1952

He also told about a ranch in Colorado, about 70 miles from Wichita. Apparently somewhere around 500 saucers have landed there, and there seems to be 30 or 40 little men. Some had died, some were injured. Some people from Wichita -(was it Von Oppenheim?) went over to the ranch, and brought some of the saucers back to the University. The size? 6 of them would fill up the back end of a Ford pickup truck. In all 16 were hauled to Wichita. Others he suspected might have been taken to the University of Denver. There was a Prof of Denver U out at this rancher's place too.

There also was mention of a man outside Philadelphia <sup>who</sup> came upon a group of little ~~men~~ men on the highway. They moved in a group, ~~not~~ scattered into the bushes as the car came along. (~~Don't know any~~ more on that and it seems rather slim)

Also for discussion was that Ray Bradbury was the most outstanding science fiction writer.

A marvellous science fiction writer is Richardson who is a scientist at Mt. Wilson <sup>Observatory</sup>. He writes under another name. One of his books is ~~"When Worlds Collide."~~ (Easy to check)

There had been a TV program on Ed Sullivan's show with ~~heard~~ Riddell and they had showed the Brazilian pictures. Drew Pearson was promising to show some amazing thing on his program Sunday 15 June. We weren't home to see it. Haven't heard it shock the world.

One explanation as to the very small saucers, the 2 to 6 ft saucers is that they may be the eyes of big ~~space~~ space craft. Like our weather balloons with instruments in them.

After Jerry and his adults friends left  
Ray Bradbury, a we

After Jerry and his tall tale of true  
people left Adamski

Notes. Addition to those of June 13, 1952 from Palomar Gardens.

Attached to this is a clipping from p 12 of the San Bernardino Daily Sun of July 18, 1952. It seems it was a well known mystery, and I remember it well, about a year ago. But the facts don't seem to quite agree with this clipping, or vice versa. Maybe its another story? The story went that a young man and a nurse left Vail airfield in a plane they just appropriated at the time without permission, ignition keys or airfield checkout. There was hardly any gas in the plane. Despite all these handicaps the young man seemed to start the plane easily and off they went. The young lady was in only shoes and a bathing suit. The young man carried a briefcase - maybe even atomic information. The young lady was known. Her escort nobody seemed to be able to trace.

They landed the airplane somewhere in the desert. Their footprints went about a hundred yards where there were tracks like a three point landing gear would make, which if it were that would have taken off straight up, as there were no tracks, human or machine leaving that point. There was some guessing going around that the escort might have been a space man getting information from earth and taken off in the saucer again. On checking with the girls' mother in Pasadena ~~she~~ she seemed strangely unconcerned about her daughter, but would say nothing beyond that she was not worried, her daughter ~~she~~ was well and happy. Till now nobody seems to have been able to trace them at all, except for this clipping. Would be interesting to check.

FS: Where did you get this story, APS?  
Prof Adamski APS

1952

## Notes.

On July 2, Wednesday, we got a long distance phone relayed to us from the store at Desert Springs, that a young man who could hardly talk English wanted Frank to call him. He would be at the Brazilian Consulate between 3:30 and 4 p.m. He had also told them he had come especially to California to see Frank. A little while later we got another message relayed to us, that Howard Hurwith wanted us to call him in Chicago. So we went down. First we called Howard who was worried about his son Jimmy, to whom he had given a trip to

California as a graduation present, and whom he hadn't heard from since the Monday before last - that was 10 days. We too hadn't heard from him, would be on the lookout.

Then we called the Brazilian Consulate. Lucien Carneiro was the fello who wanted to get in touch with Frank. He was a correspondent from O Cruzeiro in Rio de Janeiro. O Cruzeiro was the magazine which had printed the most talked about pictures of flying saucers on May 17 and 24th. Luciano had an idea and an order to interview Frank, and how could he reach us and which bus could he take. We told him we would be in the following Wednesday. He wasn't going to stay that long, but if no other way could be done he would. Though he would try hard other ways. Frank suggested that Dan and Mrs. Marshall and their two daughters were going to come up the following evening. They were going to take Sylvia up also. So we suggested he telephone Dan Marshall, attorney, find the number in the phonebook, and ask if they had enough room in the car to take him along.

Thursday evening, 10:30 a loaded car pulled up. The Marshalls dropped Luciano and Sylvia and went on to Wrightwood for the night. We put Sylvia up in the studio, turned the living room davenport bed over to Lucian. Hoped he didn't mind his roommate,

two year old Moreen. 6 A.M. found Luciano awake and dressing Moreen, and all day long they were quite inseparable. Luciano had breakfast with us and then took pictures, pictures, everywhere, in all corners. Then the Marshalls came. He helped blow up the portable plastic swimming pool, and then Frank and I retired to the office with L. Frank dictated a letter to his readers, far over which Luciano melted with gratitude. Luciano asked questions about Frank's opinion of flying saucers. He himself had been hunting around in America for the last three weeks. He had talked with Mr. Brohman, the science teacher at Denver University who had introduced Si to his class, who gave him a letter, very much sitting on the fence. He had been in Alamogordo (?) and talked with witnesses of the mass flying saucer air invasion that lasted three days. He is of the same opinion as Frank, that not all people can be wrong. That what they see, they see. He talked with shopkeepers and officials and they all explained what they saw. He had been in different parts of the country, he was going to go to Palomar, and to San Francisco. He was really trying to get an honest cross-section of opinion of flying saucers. His magazine was not so intent on proving yes or no. They were intent on proving what was the fact and as much honest opinions as they could get.

In between times around the rancho he would sneak in a corner and read Rogues Gallery. He loved it. He was full of admiration for the way it was written. Claimed he could from now on read 10 books without knowing who had written which, and would be able to tell which one Frank had written. He couldn't say enough of how he admired it.

Toward afternoon it was decided that we would try and find transportation for him home. Meanwhile Frank had written a letter

of introduction for him to Si Newton and directions on how to find him. So we left for Wrightwood. They had special summer carnival there. Hillbilly daze they called it, and we figured surely we might find someone going in to Los Angeles. We dropped him off at the gas station to see if he could find an ingoing car while we went scouring around town and asked Father Dempsey if he knew of someone. The agreement was that if he found someone we wouldn't see him when we got back, if he were still there, we would take him 14 miles further down the road to Cajon Pass where busses came about every hour.

After our tour of town we came back to the gas station. Luciano sat huddled against the wall on the ground, with all his camera equipment next to him, deep in the reading of Behind The Flying Saucer. The guy had only spent three weeks in America and didn't really believe that hitchhiking can be done by serious people, much less that it is come is fact among the best in a town like Wrightwood that has no public bus transportation. So we picked him up and the Marshalls and we drove down to little Cajon, halfwaymark of the Cajon Pass. Just as we pulled up a Greyhound bus flew past ~~praxixixklyzmxrx~~ positively on wings. I went over to the gas attendant and asked if any of the busses stopped, or did we have to flag them down. His suggestion was to stand in the middle of the road - that way the bus would stop, and then he would get a ride in, either by bus or ambulance. So we decided to try private cars instead. The first car we tried looked at us, got scared, seeing 6 of us were trying to get a ride, not realizing we were all trying for one little nice person to ride in. Then Luciano got brave and walked over to the next car. That was the one in one hundred that turned north to Victorville, rather than south to San -

leave him alone, as we were sure he would get a ride within minutes. Besides we had gotten the station attendant to help us find a ride for him with someone filling up on gas. We explained he just didn't know about hitchhiking.

On Wednesday Frank and I went into town and Si called saying Luciano and he were coming up at 4 to have some pictures taken. Luciano, on arrival told us he got a ride with the first car that stopped after we left.

At our house Si wrote out a letter to Luciano's readers about his view on flying saucers, and his increased faith in them, even consented to design what he had been told they looked like, and have himself photographed doing it. Luciano asked if he could have a ~~wire~~ tape recorded interview with them, which they agreed to, but since he didn't have the recorder with him, made a date for 9:30 next morning. Luciano made a very beautiful - to the ears - introduction in Portuguese, and then asked some very nice, to the point questions and got the fullest cooperation from both Frank and Si. The interview must have taken about 25 minutes by tape.

It was with a positive sadness that we said goodbye to Lucky. A nice, gentle gentleman.

"There are more things in heaven and earth . . . than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—Shakespeare

F. Schilp Haman  
Editor

Market 1-2800  
Telephone

  
NEWS MAGAZINE  
Associate Editor  
Flying Saucer Investigators

435 Duboce Avenue  
San Francisco 17, California  
July 10, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
2071 Grace Avenue  
Hollywood 28, California

Dear Mr. Scully:

This is to acknowledge receipt of \$1.50 for a six-month subscription to the Flying Saucer News Magazine. Accept my personal thanks.

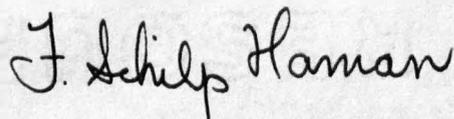
I also wish to express my thanks for the entertaining and absorbing reading provided by your book "Behind the Flying Saucers".

Several reports have come to me of the saucer landing in the Mojave Desert. Walt Winchell, Manhattan news goshawk, even snickered in the July 2 column, San Diego Union.

I can't get confirmation on whether the sighting was fact, fiction, or a funny. I expect reports from reliable sources shortly.

However, if you are not too pressed for the nonce, would you give me your personal reaction?

Sincerely yours,



F. Schilp Haman

P.S. Extra subscription blanks are enclosed in the event friends or associates desire to subscribe to Flying Saucer News Magazine.

FSH:fh

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Signed

July 22, 1952 Notes about incident app 2 months ago.  
(June 4, 1952)

Several times Steve Markham and Joe Epolito had been calling wanting Frank to come down to the ABC studio and meet a woman who had quite a story to tell. They wanted Frank, we suspect, as a check and probably also for what added pearls of wisdom he would add. It all goes back to last winter when he called up (That is Joe Epolito) several times and was so persistent in getting an interview. He came up to the house, with a secretary with a notebook. A quite young fellow, Italian, but had studied in India, or under Indians for a few years, and acted and talked and even looked quite oriental. Except in his American go-getting push. He explained that he was among a group - or a few - young men working at ABC on scripts and other things not too sensational. They have a workshop where they can try to do something on their own, and if it is at all good, the studio will let them transcribe it on records, and even run it on the air. If it takes on, they have a program of their own. Epolito was going into the flying saucer business. He had written a script in science fiction form, but he wanted to go further. He wanted to work with Frank and others, dig up all kinds of evidence, all kinds of people and really make a humdinger. He sounded good. Then suddenly he was talking about ~~that~~ going this for the good of mankind and to get the truth out, and in the next breath hoping to make loads of ~~mix~~ money out of it, and it was put in such a way it sounded like an echo from the guy in San Francisco, <sup>in 1950 earlier</sup> who also wanted to help, to work under Frank, to chase around, to do it for the sake of truth - to split the profits - and then when he didn't succeed that way, turned around and worked hard and spent money trying to defame certain people who had given Frank some of the data in his book.

Not trying to just bring out the truth, but actually trying to force defamation. I felt I froze up like somebody had thrown an ice cube down <sup>and had to be polite about it.</sup> my back/. I looked at Frank. It had hit him the same way. Poor Epolito, I don't believe, had any ulterior motives beyond getting what and as much as he could grasp, and he just didn't know what hit him. Somewhat bewildered he left half an hour later.

From time to time he would call, and then one day they called about some new items - see notes May 26, 1952

We went down on June 4 and were ushered into the ABC newsroom and waited for Mrs. Whyeth. She, I understand, is a lady truck driver. When she arrived, both Steve Markham, Joe Epolito and another young man from ABC were there. They asked if any of us minded that they tape recorded the session. Mrs. W. didn't mind, and we didn't if she didn't. She was going to do the talking. She is a fairly young, strong healthy looking woman, quite a rough diamond. She was fed up with government red tape and didn't particularly care what she said or who it might offend. She is an avid science fiction reader and got her nose into a lot of places and doesn't mind in the slightest if she is heaved out. I finally suggested since she had that terrific yen to find out how things are ticking and nothing can stop her, why doesn't she volunteer her services to the FBI? She rather thought they wouldn't accept her as she had been in trouble a couple of times. Trouble in putting her nose in restricted places. I don't believe that that would be a bad mark against her. It would just show that she was incurable in nosing out things, and rather an asset.

She first started to talk about her brother, a butane gas truck driver, who had as one of his stops to deliver butane gas to Williams Field in Arizona, a little outside of Phoenix. He got through the gates, delivered the butane, and then not far off he saw a flying saucer standing apparently being worked on, though the workers were off somewhere. It looked like its landing gears had been broken off and that they were in process of putting on American landing gears, though the stubs of the broken ones were still on. He stood under it, looking up, and walked around it. Suddenly he got a rather brusque command to get out, and how come he got in anyway and on what business was he in a closely restricted area. His credentials were in order, the only thing was he shouldn't snoop around, and of course, the guards should have been on watch. It seems there is a button in this saucer that nobody dares press. The saying goes that if it is pressed it will blow up the whole world, which nobody seems to want to do quite yet. How they know about this button is open to conjecture.

This brother is now in the Navy, I believe driving a truck at North Island in San Diego.

Another brother of hers is a Navy pilot and he, she claims, is being groomed to be on the first expedition to the moon.

On her way down to San Diego to see her brother she was in the diner and sat across from a nice man, civilian. They started talking saucers. He knew a lot, and with his liquor spilled a lot too. She started teasing him about his knowledge, and finally he tossed his credentials on the table. He was a secret service man. Another man at the table got up, asked the

first man to go with him and must have given him a rough lecture. Anyway he came back a much chastened man. Apparently what he had told her, among many other things, was that September would see a turn of events in the Korean situation, and peace, because of saucer invasion threat by not too friendly saucerians (?) (She also mentioned that if nothing happened in September, then October would see - was it open war? Anyway to her it fitted in with what she had read of war prophesies three or 4 years ago in the Examiner)

But what was most interesting was that in San Diego after a day or two there the police with the FBI came to where she stayed and told her that whatever she had heard on the train was to be kept under her hat. To us she told that she had not received the information under any understanding of confidence, and she didn't intend to keep it as such.

She had also gone up to Balomar and found that much as the museum was open, the room of records was closed and that pictures taken at the observatory were not on view and you could not ask for any special ones. In fact she was told to get out and stay away and that there weren't any flying saucers.

Her next project was to go to White Sands proving grounds. She has been there before and knows that in one corner away from the regular place is less guards, but also much more restricted. She knows of a place where there is a hole in or under the fence, and is going back and investigate.

Joe called us Thursday evening that he was in town. We went down to see him Friday about 10:30 a.m. We talked about many things, and then we were invited up to his hotel room to see some picture. There he told us he wanted to tell us more about an incident he had only mentioned - whispered - to Frank on the phone, the evening before. As far as Frank could make out he had said that he "rode in one." (Saucers being our main topic anyway, there was no mistaking what he had ridden in) So he started telling us and I will try and put down the events as chronologically correct as I can, beginning where he ended, since it rather belongs there.

Joe had gotten a message to get ~~up~~ to the hotel and from there beyond two men would contact him. app. 4:30 pm  
on nothing was said. Well he checked in at the hotel/the following day, didn't notify anyone of his arrival, pending further orders, and went to the bar for a drink. While sitting there two men came up to him, showed an insignia (something like the footprints of the soles of the spaceman Adamski had met in November in the desert) and asked he had been waiting for them and would he please go with them. He was glad to. One was about 5ft 9, the other a little shorter. One about 50 years old, our age, the other younger. They all three got into a car (rented in Banning) and drove out into the hills between Beaumont and Banning, back of the towns. There was a saucer. He was invited in. A man was there repairing something on the saucer. There was a round bowl-like kind of ~~equip~~ equipment into which he put a rough piece of metal, pulled a switch, and after a while it came out shining, polished and it was put in



dressed in brown suits bound tight around the ankles, wrist and neck. And a big brown belt of the same material. The material seemed of plastic like consistency, though woolen surfacing, though shimmering slightly (?) It was explained that they were space suits and if Joe were going into space with them he would have to don one too, to resist the pressures or lack of it in space. Their hair ~~was~~ was combed longish (shoulder length ?) (Was it wavy?) the same on the women as the men. Joe suddenly thought to himself of how thirsty he was, and how wonderful it would be if he could have some water. Right away one of them went over to a table, picked up a cup, which had been stacked, collapsed on a pile with others, and from a container in the wall drew some water. The cup looked as if it were made of the same kind of material as the clothes (but it must have been stiffer) and the same color. The water tasted different than ours, but wonderful.

At that time the seven minutes recharge ~~was~~ was finished and they climbed into the saucer. There was space for 5 saucers in this mother ship, but none came in or left while Joe was there.

They left by the same system of ramps as on arrival, except they again slid down a ramp and came out through an ~~opening~~ opening outward through the bottom of the ship. (This all confirms the pictures that George Adamski took around Jan 1951)

When they landed again they took the car back to the hotel. The two men went up with Joe and talked and talked to about 4:30 a.m.

It was explained that we have an atomic layer outside of our atmosphere and that saucers only can make about 6 trips<sup>in</sup> and out (?) through this layer. By then they have picked up enough radioactivity that it has to go ~~into other fields or~~<sup>to</sup> be treated. Their human lives are about 400 years and are mortal, marry and multiply during most

of that time. When asked if that wouldn't overpopulate the planet they explained that new planets are always popping up where they can move to. The saucers are made for our atmosphere only. When Joe asked ~~him~~ them about details in Frank's book like the saucer grounded near Durango, they readily answered. Joe wanted to know if when our scientists bombarded saucer with cosmic ray what did that do to it. They said that the saucer was incapacitated, but that the men were alive until our scientists started with the cosmic ray bombardment, which killed them.

July 25, 1952

One day last fall we got a telephone call from Monrofia. (?) A young soldier from George Air Force wanted to come over and talk with Frank. We made a date for the next afternoon.

The young man arrived. His name was Joseph Dees, the eldest of a big family in Texas. He had been chauffeur to the Colonel (?) (I have it somewhere at home) in Alaska. He explained that flying saucers came over Alaska many times. Then he laid out the way three landing strips are laid out there. They are many miles away from each other, but geographically they would form the letter H with the top points ~~xxxx~~ further away than the bottom points. In other words the two vertical lines slanting together southward. He had seen flying saucers come over, and knew when they were coming. When I asked him how he knew he said he couldn't say, but he knew. And they would come over these different strips alternately. He had made quite a lot of observations and written them all down in notebooks. One day during inspection one of the officers came across his 7 notebooks, asked what they were, and on being told took them with him. He was called for, and sent to psycho observations for days on end. Before all this happened he had applied (or been told, don't know which with enlisted men) for transfer and had been granted a transfer to George Air Base in Calif. The transfer came through in very short order after his notes were discovered. He was due for a discharge soon and would then get in touch with us again. We made no effort to get in touch with him since then, much because the ways by which he found us were quite suspicious, and mostly because the kid was still so jumpy from his experience that either it was breaking him up, or he was planting a story for some ulterior use and wasn't a very good actor.

July 27, 1952

p 1 page 1 signature

Prof. Adamaki and Lucy McGinnis arrived for the day at Desert Springs, Thursday, July 26. They had left Palomar around 3 a.m. and while passing March Field near Riverside, they saw a space ship. Lucy saw it first, asked the Prof what it was, He claimed it was a cloud. It was quite dark then. He was driving so he was really not studying it at all. He began looking at it. Maybe it was a reflection? Meanwhile the clouds dispersed a little more - they were about 15,000 feet high, and he came to the conclusion it was a space ship. A big one. They saw it about 20 minutes.

Talk went of course to flying saucers. And why not? We were of the opinion that Operation Skywatch is definitely to watch for saucers, as the dangers of enemy aircraft is not particularly more acute at this moment than it has been previously, but the frequency with which we are visited from outer space is increasing greatly, and there is great speculation as to a landing, officially, some time in the near future.

Drew Pearson had made a prediction on his program that a landing would be in Washington in September (~~check~~ check if it was Pearson) and also that the government has a ship which they are studying at the present time.

Winchell in his July 2 col had mentioned the fact that Palomar Observatory had released information that they had observed a saucer landing on a dry lake in the Mojave Desert, small men had emerged, walked around and then taken off again. We figured it probably might be on or around Rosamond Lake to the north of us. Mirage Lake is being used for hot rod races and might be too full of traffic.

Wegot out the clipping about the lost people in the desert near

Yuma. Since the clipping will be attached to these notes I will just refer to them by paragraphs. Par. 2. The young couple left from Vail airport in Compton. They were not nearly out of gas. One day last winter Prof Adamski got a wire asking for reservation for dinner for 8 the following night, and for him to wire collect back to Mr. Stonebarker, Building 6, Convair, near Pomona for answer. They wired right back, and the next evening, half an hour <sup>because of</sup> late the party arrived. Among those were the pilot and co pilot <sup>heavy rain</sup> of the search party for the couple in the clipping. The co-pilot piloted the abandoned plane back to Vail Airport. He said there was no shortage of gas. In fact he flew the plane back on the gas that was left in the tank, and there was still some gas left over. The man who checked Klaus Martens out of the field said that he had come to him the day before the flight to make arrangements to rent the airplane to fly to an appointment he had at Blythe. He claimed he had 400 hours of air time on his log and was to bring his log with him the next day for checking out. When he did come he was carrying a locked ~~xxxxxx~~ briefcase, a suit case and in the company of a young lady in a sunsuit. The official of the airport talked with them, checked them out, and neglected to look at his log, the first and last time he ever neglected such an important thing. As Martens took the plane up, it looked like he was going to have a crash right then and there. Seemingly he did everything wrong. But he got the plane off the ground. Tracks show that he made a perfect landing on a sheriff's emergency landing field. There were two emergency landing fields 3 miles apart at that particular point. the Sheriff flies and makes a round of these and other emergency fields every 24 hours to see if there might be anybody in need of help. So par 3 is completely wrong. They found the plane the next day.

The conjecture is that it was a very well laid out plan, as he must have landed the plane at the emergency air strip only about 10 minutes after the sheriff took off. They never did go to Blythe.

Par 5 seemingly is wrong. There was no note left, but the suitcase was. The locked briefcase they took along. There were tracks yes. If they had been out gas and looked for help, they would have headed in one direction where the highway was very close. But they headed stright in the other direction, toward the other emergency air strip. Just half way there, that is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, the tracks ended abruptly. And so did the search. For there at the end of the trail must have been somebody waiting for them. There are tracks of a landing gear, four point, not of wheels, but as of very large round balls, maybe 2 feet in diameter, 28 feet apart. They hit the sand and rolled for 25 feet. Then stood still. There were four deep indentations in the sand 28 feet apart in a perfect square. So the ship must have been heavy. On taking off it must have gone straight up, as there is no tracks to show otherwise. This is the combined reports from the sheriffs who worked on the case, the pilots who searched for the plane and found it and brought it back and the official of Vail airport. Prof Adamski wondered if maybe Martens might have been a space man. He definitely had a brilliant background. His title was automobile salesman, but he had been working at CalTech where he could get all information about atomic power, and what we're doing with it. He was recommended to CalTech from Harvard where he was a physics (?) instructor for about a year. Where his degree comes from we haven't found out yet, nor any more about his background. So one guess is as good as another that he was a space man come to check on what we are doing to wreck our world and the solar system maybe, and when he got what he needed, locked it all in the briefcase and took off.

The girls might have refused to let him go alone and gone along. There is evidence that she definitely went voluntarily.

Then we started talking about spacemen. Prof. Adamski has his ideas about them. That they have them scattered around to mingle with us, learn things of our knowledge and then go back. Another one he is strongly suspicious of is the young man who was discovered masquerading as a doctor in Korea. His medical skill was so far superior to any that we know of, and his success so terrific that he became a subject of investigation. It was discovered that he had been in the army and deserted, in the navy and deserted, taken another doctor's name and been discovered and yet somehow always escaped being prosecuted for "crimes" that other humans would be adding hundreds of years in jail for doing.

The third spaceman he was suspicious of was a hillbilly who seemingly came out of the mountains one day, never having had a day of schooling in his life, and passed IQ exams with highest marks. I remembered that he had been apprehended on trying to escape into Canada (which incidentally the 'doctor' was too, but he wasn't prosecuted, just sent back into America) and was discovered to be a Royal Mounted Police with a wife and family in Canada and had just enlisted in the US Army and claimed no schooling as a joke. Adamski claimed that could have been a coverup, but the fact was that he was not prosecuted for deserting the army and anybody, whoever he is, who enlists in the US Army is in, regardless what. (Another question. It seems to me also that he escaped on his way to the army camp before swearing in, but after having been accepted. Is that so? Anyway it's interesting and worth checking into further.

Thelma Brunton, Leila Ranson and Marion Christy came down and we sat on the porch drinking ice tea while the rain just poured down in sheets all around us. Thelma Brunton told a little more about a story that I had already told Adamski. It seems that through friends' friends we had been told about a tape recording that Kenneth Arnold has, and which I thought would be in the book he just got out "The coming of Flying Saucers" together with Ray Palmer. I had been told that a man living quite alone - I thought he was a shepherd - but Thelma called him something else - had in a tape recorded interview told Arnold that he was preparing to go with some saucer people. When Arnold came back a few months later there was no trace of the man. About a year later the man came back, told fantastic stories, and was promptly put in an insane asylum. When Arnold wanted to work at getting him out he asked him not to worry that he was well there, and protected, and nobody would believe him anywhere. All that seemed to be correct with the story that Thelma added on to. The man it seems had come upon a clearing and seen an egg shaped saucer there, with an open door and steps down to the ground. Around the steps played some children. He went nearer and finally was invited in. He stayed with them for two days. Said there were 16 families living there. They were between 3½ and 4½ feet tall. Lived on fruits and vegetables. Had a room where ~~the~~ it was always raining and where they got all their water supply for food and drink as well as for showers and washing.

I asked how would we know flying saucers at night. Would a pale blue streak with a dip into it be a saucer? He said that most of the time if a streak was on the downbeat it was a falling star.

If it went straight across or upward it most likely would be a saucer. If it were a saucer, it very often would come back the same way, then orbit around for a while, that is make a circle, (like a dog going around and around before lying down?) and then stand still. It is not a rule but a common occurrence.

Prof Adamski also is guessing that fireballs that explodes around here, like in Seattle, might be the saucerian's way of cancelling out the radio active influence of atomic explosions. They have full knowledge of our future events, like atomic test bombs, and are around our atomic installations more than anywhere else. The fire ball explosions leave particles of copper which (absorb?) radio active dust (?)

Also he had heard of a report that 1700 flying saucers had flown over Vladivostock just a few days earlier.

Norm's name is Goswick.

# House-Warven Publishers

5228 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 27, CALIFORNIA



Aug. 5, 1952

Dear Frank,

Here comes the rush act again but I think that you will appreciate the reason this time. With all the saucer stories making the rounds now, George has come up with a great gimmick. In one of the issues of the new mag which we are preparing this week, we will have a special feature: "What Happens When the Saucers Land". It will be the cover story and will be comprised of two articles: 1. The nation's leading expert on saucers, Frank Scully, tells that the saucers are real, who is in them, the moral implications, and his views on what will happen to us because of them. 2. House-Warven's team of writers questions local authorities (city, state, and armed forces) on their plan of action when the saucers do land. The mag will be sent to the leading columnists before publication and the ensuing publicity should be great for all concerned (except a few officials who don't know or care about the saucer problem).

Mr. Warren has okayed the idea and, if we are to beat the other mags, we have got to get our idea in on this press run. That means we must have it done this week. Right now George and our other men are preparing the second and longer article. Your contribution can be 400, 800, 1200, or 1700 words-- whatever you say. If there are any questions, call us collect during the day.

Many Thanks,

*Jim Miller*

Ans 17

Recife, August 5, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
Rancho Pancho, Desert Spings  
San Bernadino County, Calif.

Dear Sir:

After read with real interest you letter to Luciano Carneiro, staff writer an photographer of the Cruzeiro Magazine, Rio de Janeiro, about flying saucers, in which you said: "To whom it may concern!" and you believe it concerns a lot of people. I believe as much in flying saucers as you.

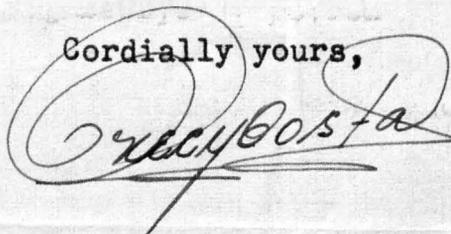
I wanted to read what you wrote. "What must I do?" I asked myself. I decided, then, to write you this letter. As you know, are modern times. One must be active in order to succeed in life. There is no doubt that you are aware of this.

There are many things in life for which we have no explanation.

Mr. Frank, I wanted to get the book "Behind the flying Saucer" so I ask you if it would be possible to offer me one, with your sign.

I sincerely hope that some day I will be able to visit you, because I wish to know you personatly. Meanwhile, please accept my kindest regards.

Cordially yours,



My address:

Onecy Costa

Rua do Imperador D. Pedro 11, 447

Recife - Pernambuco - Brasil.

Onecy Costa  
Rua do Imperador D.  
Pedro 11, 447  
Recife - Pernambuco - Brazil

Dear Onecy Costa:

Thank you for your letter of August 5th. I think I have solved your problem. Will you please get in touch with Jacintho de Paula; R. Dr Pedro Vicente 323 - P. Pequena; Seo Paulo - S.P.; Brazil, and ask him to loan you a copy of Behind The Flying Saucers which I gave him free. And in return will you please tear out and send me whatever Luciano Carneiro wrote or published about me and Behind The Flying Saucers. I have received several letters from Brazil but have yet to see the articles on which the letters are based.

I too hope to get down to Brazil and meet all of you and if the world will only quiet down a little while I certainly intend to do it.

With affectionate greetings to all  
of you.

Faithfully yours,

FRANK SCULLY

28 August 1952  
San Antonio, Texas.

Scully's Rancho Pancho,  
Desert Springs,  
Route #138, California.

Dear Mr. Scully;

It was indeed a most pleasant surprise to find two letters in the mail on Wednesday last; one being from you and another coincidentally from George Adamski. I was in fine spirits after a most disappointing week previous, which I shall relate shortly. But first I must answer your inquiries.

I have seen 2d Lt \_\_\_\_\_ only because of his distinguishing feature. I am attempting to contact him unofficially before he leaves Lackland, which I am certain will occur in the near future. In-as-much as my base is primarily an indoctrination center, the questionnaire you speak of is unavailable to me. I know quite a bit about it however, and hoping my knowledge will aid you, I shall reiterate for you. The form is called: "Interrogation Form For Un-Identified Aerial Objects" It has been distributed to all "Project Skywatch" observation posts clearly because in my opinion, this operation was originated to track saucers and saucers only. Naturally, the volunteer workers could not be told they volunteered to scan the heavens for "layers of air", etc., so the only obvious excuse became enemy bombers. The last question on this form is? "Did you get any photographs----Or fragments?" My information on this form comes to me from an article in the Los Angeles Times. I believe the date of the newspaper was 1 August 1952. I had to dispose of almy material a week ago so my date may be wrong. It is close and I am sure a call to someone at the Los Angeles Times would give you all that is necessary. However, should I be able to obtain one, you may be sure that I will send it to you.

My material is in safe hands for the present. I only hope I can hang onto it until my discharge in December. Before I explain why I disposed of it, I shall relate the series of events here and my assumptions of their causes.

It all boils down to my experience with Major Roth and the PIO. At the turn of the month, I had become quite a figure-head here to all the ill-informed (or let us say MAL-INFORMED) airmen. The public demand here on the base for me to be heard was reaching large proportions and I suppose much of this reached and bewildered the Commanding General. After several predictions on my part were fulfilled, many sceptics began taking a second look at what saucers were and on the other hand, what they were proclaimed to be. Three days after I made a visit to the Talespinner Office with this information: "Saucers would soon be reported over Lackland because I felt they were observing secondary military reservations", many persons reported to me personally of sighting objects that filled the many descriptions of saucers. I listened to them intently and had statements prepared to the effect for my own records. Many were too loose for me to believe them saucers but others could not be classified in any other category but "flying saucers." Once again the PIO requested my appearance and this time my trip proved more supplemented by a warning. I was told not to conduct

lectures on or off the base, appear on any program, or write any material for publication, without first presenting my scripts, speeches, or material for review by their office. I was read the appropriate paragraphs from AFR 190-4 which prohibited me from offering views on a controversial military subject. I jumped at that wording: "But Lt., surely layers of air or refractions of light are not a controversial military subject!!" He was temporarily stunned at my impudence but quickly retaliated to remark: "We will decide what is or isn't a military subject." I had him behind the eight-ball for a moment but my position was worse than a pogo-player in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and I knew it. During the remainder of our conversation I became the willing airman by retaining myself to answer: "Yes Sir," "That's correct sir," "I understand Sir," "Yes Sir." Needless to say my knowledge of the subject and willingness to forget stringent policies by open rebuttal resulted in another call two days later by the Office of Special Investigation. I laughed at first because as they say: "You're not important until you're inspected by the Government." But my early jubilation turned into a hidden fear. It seems as though I am under investigation for violating military security. This is highly regarded as an act of treason and the punishment is loss of ones citizenship, etc. My character is definitely not un-American or subversive, or have I violated military security. All the information I have, I have obtained from newspapers, actual witnesses, magazines and books. For this reason I am not worried of being court-martialed. I am definitely worried of being "black-balled" for merely causing too many headaches. Then also, the disappearance of my four time charts a day before reporting to the OSI urged me to rid myself of all my material. This, I knew, could be confiscated. Five years of work taken overnight was an overbearing thought on my mind, so hurriedly I disposed of it. I have no idea whether my out going letters are checked but I am taking no chances. I will mail all my future letters from off the post and until I can secure a P.O. box in San Antonio, I urge you to make no mention of the AF for both my protection and yours at the present time. You have already become a headaches to the Air Force, so to speak, and they would jump at any opportunity to cast slander in your direction to throw public opinion against you. This has really infuriated me because I cannot even write in peace without the thought of their using my letters against me. I have much respect for our Air Force but cannot see the advantage of hiding the existance of other peoples in the world. I really believe it to be a disadvantage. I believe their reasons for doing this originally were this: 1) Both the United States and Russia held the greatest weapon known to mankind---the Atomic Bomb. Saucers were suddenly appearing over the entire world, but primarily the United States. We used their appearance as a psychological weapon to scare Russia. I gathered this opinion from interviewing approximately 15 to 20 boys from European countries. They all stated that: "Everyone knew the 'flying saucers' were some secret weapon of the U.S." Four of them even related the facts surrounding the Tacoma Incident. In this stalling for time I also believe that the United States from the original saucers obtained have attempted to produce saucers for a later release and public statement that "They were ours all the time." However, one serious fact is being overlooked. If saucers have been observing the United States the same must hold true of Russia. Then also, if saucers have landed here intact and been captured which I am sure they have, the same must also be true of Russia. So I am not worried about saucers at all. I am definitely worried about what Russia is doing in relation to saucers. If saucers are coming from VENUS or MARS or a remote possibility of the MOON, we mustn't underestimate Russia's advancement. What if she were to contact those peoples before we? What if she has already succeeded in determining their secrets? Those are the questions uppermost in my mind. But this was only one reason, let

me offer my belief of a second. Our country has long been a country founded and controlled basically by religious beliefs and morals. Many of the religions of our Christian Democracy have been prejudiced enough to preach man on Earth as the only peoples of the universe. I hardly believe the omnipotence of God confined to Earth itself. But if suddenly all the peoples of the Christian world found "savages" as Columbus did when he discovered the new world, what a tremendous revolution there would be religiously and to the Communist nations of the world there would be a strong propaganda advantage over the Western Worlds. It might be that our Air Force has in its Psychological Program given this much consideration and through top secret conferences with the Religious leaders of the Christian nations urged that careful concessions be made to augment the future disclosures of other beings. However, I am much like you Mr Scully. I do not believe them capable of foreseeing such a possibility until it is on them. I, on the other hand, have foreseen such possibilities and have often talked with Chaplains, ministers, and young boys who plan on entering the ministry. I believe it is time now for all religions to preach the possibility of other beings in the universe, so that when the truth is out there will be little panic.

The Captain Mantell incident is growing into an ever deepening mystery. Let me explain why!! I talked with an officer recently who worked as an enlisted man at Godman AFB in 1949 and 50. He read by accident a report on the incident which was submitted along with a photograph of the demolished F-51 by a Major Mullins. Maj Mullins was at the time of the chase a 1st Lt who flew in the group with Capt Mantell. I cannot give you the information in completeness at this time because it is not in my possession. But if you can get to the bottom of it when I do send the data, we might discover a false report being submitted in conjunction with the fatal incident. I'll send full details as I have them at a later date but for now let me explain why I suspicion a false report. As this officer stated his story to me, I listened very intently to all he said and what was told to him by others. After gathering the facts and his disclosure that he read a report in an OOT box while working in the office I noticed a very unusual thing. That was that nearly 2½ years after the incident a complete report along with a photograph should go forward to higher headquarters. Certainly this would not be true of the real thing. Perhaps then, this was a fake. Perhaps it was to be used in the case of emergency when someone would question what really happened. Then also the story of the plane raining down like drops of rain by J \_\_\_\_\_ does not coincide with this evidence of a demolished F-51. Who is lying? How come 1st Lt Mullins was promoted so rapidly and given command of the squadron as a Major. Is that coincidental or for other reasons? I am deeply concerned over this deepening mystery but there is little I can do.

Colonel Hix as you know was the Commanding Officer of Godman AFB at the time Captain Mantell kept radio contact with the control tower. PIO was only too happy to give his address to me so that I might talk to him. The seemingly good luck I had here impressed me. But work kept me busy and I hadn't the opportunity to take advantage of this information. Suddenly, the other night after thinking about him I sensed a snake in the grass. He was perhaps bait intended for me but I didn't bite. And the more I think about it the more I believe I am right. It was too good to be true. But if another fish was to seize the bait while they waited for this fish to bite, what then? With this in mind I will give you what was so gratuitously given me. His address is: 234 Rainbow Drive, San Antonio, Texas. And the phone number is: T-7825. You can do what you like with this but from all I have gather Colonel Hix has often talked to men of his belief in saucers and also of this 7 January 1948 object.

Someone mis-informed you of an Air Force Official admission that Captain Mantell's plane was disintegrated. I am enclosing the Official admission which appeared in the New York Times on Thursday, August 21, 1952. It is interesting to note that if everyone who read your book, "Behind The Flying Saucers" read the official admission they were reading forbatum(forgive the spelling) One thing is clear in the admission. They admit an object was being chased but psychologically shrouded it to read: "Not identification of the object has been announced." I am not certain, but if my memory serves mer correctly, this is definitely a rebuttal from chasing the "noonday star Venus."

I have also noticed this peculiar factor concerning the information we have at present on this incident. The object was sighted by Captain Mantell at 2:45 P.M. and according to testimony his last radio contact was at 3:15 P.M. That leaves exactly  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. I do not believe it is possible for an object of its reported size to go unseen by many skeptic observers. And those who were present at Godman on that day must know more than they assert publicly. There are civilians also, like J \_\_\_\_\_, who in their daily routine of living must have witnessed or even photographed the object. Have you ever checked deeper into this possibility?

I have taken an item from the few published articles I have remaining here at this time and am enclosing it for the benefit of your new book which is as I understand a compilation of sightings. It, in my opinion, is the most descriptive of all the known saucer sighting reports and definitely gives many clues to the appearance of other saucers in the air about us. Not knowing whether the article was carried to you via AP I am taking the liberty of sending it to you for your compilation. I hope it benefits you for it certainly has me.

I will make every attempt to keep you abreast of what goes on here in the way of sightings especially if they appear in a local and not likely to be carried by the wire services. I have one very good report of a sighting here at the base which I am certain you don't have because it hardly left the squadron.

In my future letters I will endeavor to tell you more of my own private investigations on the saucers, both what I suspicion and what I predict. My predictions are not for glory but for experimentation more or less. Just to see if my findings are proving correct. So far I have hit six for six. I also hope to give you an interesting discovery in regards to the 14 year old boy from Appleton, Wisconsin.

Before I close, I want to re-assure you I have not, nor will not lose faith in you or cease to believe that the existance of saucers is confined to the projected explanations of phenomena. You are a pioneer and although there are very few aware of my efforts here, I stand right beside you in this time of need and fight for what we believe is fact. It is only my present environment that holds me back and prevents my sincere determination to uncover the mystery. This may seem rather bold of me for what I have to say but meekness will not gain the dreams I desire. I am only 23 years old Mr Scully. I have no college under my belt but I know this will not prevent my being successful in the newly found field. I want you to know that I will prove my worth to you and Prof George Adamski and when I get discharge in December will look forward to meeting you.

I am hoping that between now and December I will be able to prove my worth to someone in the study of "flying saucers" and that I will be fortunate enough to obtain work with them. Regardless of the outcome, I know that there is no one, nor any factor other than serious illness which can keep me from pursuing this goal.

Thank you again for answering my letter and for the release you enclosed. I offer you my sincerest wishes for your improved health, continued success and let us hope that the world will come to recognize the folly of the assumed phenomena.

Sincerely yours,

*Arnold E Baker*

3731 st Basic Mil Tng Sqdn  
Lackland Air Force Base  
San Antonio -  
Texas.

Largest Selling Man's Magazine

# TRUE

## THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

### THE FLYING SAUCERS and the MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MEN

A Fawcett Publication

September 25c



1912 MERCER RACEABOUT  
MODEL 350

25c September

TRUE • THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

A Fawcett Publication

Denver Post



Saucer sages Koehler, Newton, Scully.

**Had flying saucers manned by crews three feet tall actually landed on Earth? That was the question. This is how TRUE and Mr. Cahn found the answer**

**F**or four months, across 4,500 miles and five western states, I tracked down visitors from the planet Venus.

It was a fantastic assignment. The story I was to dig up if I could was the weirdest that any reporter could dream of having handed to him. If I found the Venusians, I couldn't interview them, even if I knew how to speak their language. For they were dead, those strange little beings, from unknown causes—half of their number crisped by heat to a dark brown color.

They'd come out of the sky in flying saucers. My job was to bring their story down to earth.

I got it—their full inside story. And though I didn't find the dead Venusians, I uncovered some rather fantastic living characters. . . .

**O**n the crest of the wave of public excitement about flying saucers in the spring of 1950 came news from the West that topped any of the hundreds of saucer reports that had been recorded up to that time. Newspapers everywhere printed and reprinted the rumor that, in Denver, several businessmen had been shown pieces of metal, small gears, and a curious little radio set. These things, it was said, had been taken from a fallen flying saucer.

the  
**FLYING  
SAUCERS**

and the  
**MYSTERIOUS  
LITTLE MEN**

by

**J. P. CAHN**

## A True Book-Length Feature



The switch-trick disk at left, a 5¢ piece, and the unknown metal.

Phoenix Gazette



Leo A. GeBauer . . . last link in an investigative chain.

### Flying Saucers and TRUE

TRUE was the first publication to discuss flying saucers logically and comprehensively. In January 1950 the memorable article, *The Flying Saucers Are Real*, announced our reasoned conclusion that they were interplanetary in origin. Four articles in subsequent issues detailed important new sightings. The U.S. Air Force meanwhile dismissed the saucers as misinterpretations, hoaxes, or hallucinations.

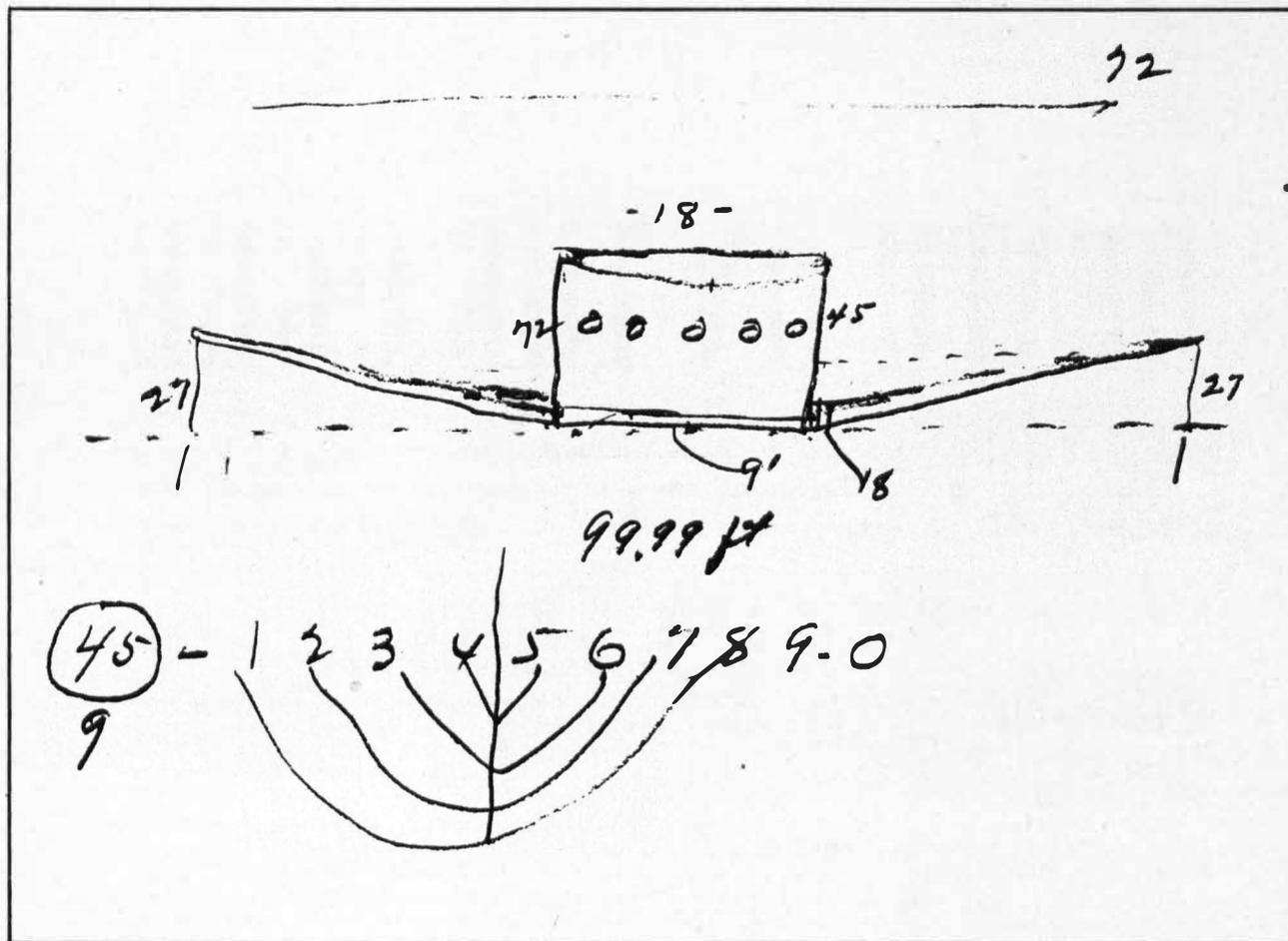
Events strengthened TRUE's position. Strange sky objects kept appearing. Some scientists attempted to explain them away as "sky hook" balloons or, alternatively, light refractions from atmospheric layers of warm air—in effect, mirages. Neither explanation fitted all the facts. Recently the Air Force reopened and intensified its saucer investigation.

Hoaxes, as well as mistakes and hallucinations, there have been and probably will be. When any major hoax is detected, TRUE will expose it—from the public interest, and to help remove doubt from the responsible, authentic sightings that may someday solve the flying saucer riddle.

—The Editors

The metal was an unknown stuff that defied analysis. The gears—well, they looked like ordinary gears. The tubeless radio set, however, was really something; it beeped every fifteen minutes, exactly on the quarter hours, with a single brief ethereal tone-note that was seemingly a signal from outer space.

That much was in the public prints and on the nation's broadcast channels. What I didn't know then was that two TRUE writers already investigating the matter were meeting oddly evasive resistance. In Denver, Donald Keyhoe was having no luck inducing a man named Koehler, who apparently had knowledge of the intriguing objects, to produce them for inspection. In California, Richard Tregaskis was permitted by Frank Scully, columnist for the theatrical newspaper *Variety*, to finger for a few moments a small disk of nameless metal that was part of the same saucer loot and to listen—but no questions, please—to a tale of a fallen saucer secretly seen and examined by anonymous scientists. The information that Koehler and Scully shared—they checked on each other by telephone—belonged to them, they made clear; they would divulge only so much and no more; their sources absolutely had to remain unidentified and protected; Scully would write it his own way or not at all. In short, take it or leave it. On such arbitrary terms, the pick was obvious. Fallen-saucer stories weren't, in fact, new even at that time. Back on July 9, 1947, only two weeks after private-flier Kenneth Arnold had alerted the nation with his nine disks seen skipping "saucer-like" near Mt. Rainier, Southwest newspapers headlined that a captured disk that had fallen on a New Mexico



For the author, Silas Newton drew dimensioned sketch of first saucer that landed and diagrammed the "system of 9's."

ranch was a dud. *That* one, when delivered to the Eighth Army Air Force, was identified as a tinfoil-covered reflector from a weather balloon.

The ravaged saucer and its collection of parts persisted in unverified versions through the spring and summer of 1950. Then, on September 8, it came alive with a bang.

On that date, the publishing firm of Henry Holt & Company, Inc., released upon a saucer-hungry world a 230-page book by Frank Scully entitled *Behind the Flying Saucers*. In it, Scully, vouched for by his publisher, unburdened himself of his secret. There wasn't just a single fallen saucer, but three of them. Four, actually, if you wanted to count the one that got away.

Scully categorically announced—no ifs or buts or maybes—that he was in contact with personages of high standing who had not only seen the three stranded saucers, but examined them closely, and that beyond any question the craft were from a planet other than Earth, presumably Venus. They carried full crews of perfectly formed little men, about three feet tall, all dead on or shortly after arrival. The corpses were taken away by the Air Force, which appropriated the saucers; Scully implied that, after some were dissected, most of the little men received indecent unburial in jars of pickling fluid.

The first space ship landed east of Aztec, New Mexico. Having watched it in the upper atmosphere as it approached, the Air Force had been able to calculate its landing place closely and they got there pretty quick. They sent out a rush call for a group of eight scientists, specialists in secret magnetic research, headed by a top authority in that field of study, a man whom Scully could refer to only by the initial pseudonym "Dr. Gee." The excited scientists

came a-flying. It was from the lips of Dr. Gee himself that Scully, much later, heard the details.

The ship was whole and practically unmarred, having evidently made a gentle pancake landing. For two days, the scientists hovered around at a safe distance, testing with Geiger counters and photographing. Then they closed in. There seemed to be no visible door to the cabin-like structure in the depressed center of the saucer. Through a broken porthole window—the only apparent damage to the ship—they could count sixteen bodies of little men. Probing inside with a long pole, they hit a knob on the opposite wall, and a door flew open. The scientists entered.

They carried the little bodies out and laid them on the ground. Dressed alike in a dark-blue uniform garment, the saucerians, despite their measurements of 36 to 42 inches, were no misshapen dwarfs; they were as normal in appearance and well-proportioned as any earthling. The only thing wrong with them was that their skin seemed to be charred a very dark chocolate color, as if their bodies had been subjected to much heat.

The ship next received the scientists' attention. There was no engine or other means of propulsion. Dr. Gee deduced that it had operated by utilizing the earth's magnetism, gaining motion by crossing the magnetic lines of force. The controls appeared to be the buttons on an instrument board. The scientists decided not to try pushing the buttons because they didn't know what would happen.

The material of the ship puzzled them. Very light—two or three men together could lift one side of the saucer which measured 99 99/100 feet in diameter—it looked like aluminum but wasn't. In the laboratory it would prove to resist 150 tests and 10,000 degrees [Continued on page 102]

the  
**FLYING  
SAUCERS**  
and the  
**MYSTERIOUS  
LITTLE MEN**

*[Continued from page 19]*

of heat in scientific efforts to determine its composition. Dismantling the ship turned out to be a problem. There were no rivets, bolts or screws, and its structure defied \$35,000 worth of diamond drills. After a long study, it was found to be assembled in segments, fitted in grooves and pinned together around the base. Disassembly disclosed a gear completely encircling the bottom of the cabin that fitted a gear around the saucer base. Evidently the saucer rim spun around the cabin—not for any aerodynamic lift or thrust, Dr. Gee surmised, but as a sort of gyroscopic balancing device.

There were other intriguing matters—little watchlike timepieces in the crew's clothing that measured off a 29-day magnetic month, food wafers that amply nourished laboratory guinea pigs, and heavy water for the crew's liquid intake. But the crucial factor—the means of magnetic propulsion—Dr. Gee was not to have the opportunity to solve, then or later.

The second saucer landed near a proving ground in Arizona. Its door stood open when it was found and its sixteen dead crewmen were not burned or browned. The scientists concluded that they had died after the door was opened, from the sudden exposure to Earth air in their cabin which was probably either vacuumed or pressurized to the atmosphere of their planet but not ours. This ship was smaller than the first, measuring 72 feet in diameter.

The third ship alighted in Arizona's Paradise Valley, right above Phoenix, and it was different from the others in being only a 36-foot two-seater and having a three-point landing gear consisting of steel balls rolling in sockets. One little man lay half out of an escape hatch; the other still sat in a bucket seat before the control board, his head slumped on his chest. Both dead. They brought the total toll to thirty-four.

Several other saucerians were more fortunate—or the lesson of their predecessors' deaths had been learned. These visitors arrived in a fourth saucer which members of Dr. Gee's research group came upon, lying empty, near a government proving ground. The scientists returned to their car for cameras and equipment and as they approached the ship again they saw several little men hop into the saucer, which instantly disappeared—not flew away, but vanished as if it had dissolved into air.

Where had the saucers come from? Operating on magnetism, which is an effect of electricity—which travels, like light, at a rate of 186,000 miles a second—they could have made short work of the trip from any of the nearer planets in our solar

system. Which one? Dr. Gee decided Venus. In agreement with one school of thought among astronomical researchers, he felt there was more likelihood of human habitation on Venus than on Mars. The little men's size pointed that way, too; if they had come from Mars, they would probably be three or four times as large as people on Earth.

It was exceedingly interesting to the doctor that the diameters of the saucers were exactly 99 99/100, 72, and 36 feet. That the measurements of the large ship's cabin were 18 feet across and 72 inches high and that its top projected 45 inches above the level of the disk edge, which was elevated 27 inches from the saucer base line, and that the cabins and disk slant of the smaller ships were in relative proportion to the figures for the large ship. For all these measurements were divisible by 9. That indicated to the scientists that the Venusians used a mathematical method, not unlike ours, known as the "system of 9's."

But the doctor and his group were to have little chance of pressing their inquiries further. The Air Force took over the ships and sent them presumably to the government laboratories at Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio—except the little ship, which rested for awhile in the doctor's laboratory and then was dismantled and sent to join the others. The doctor and his colleagues had hoped, in time, to work out a plan whereby they could make certain tests with the different push buttons on the instrument boards and so gain clues to the secret of magnetic propulsion. When he next saw the instrument board of the large ship, it had, to his amazement and chagrin, been broken up and all of the inner workings torn apart. Since Air Force souvenir hunters had already lifted a number of items, he said, he grabbed a few things himself—not as trophies, but to use for research. All he had to show for his labors on the saucers was a tubeless radio receiver about the size of a cigarette package, some gears, some small disks, and other items that could be carried in the pocket.

Shortly thereafter, in July 1949, Dr. Gee separated himself from the government service. For the tremendous work he had done as leader of a billion-dollar magnetic-detection research program that, during the war had knocked out the Japanese submarine menace, he had received \$7,200 a year. He quit to turn his knowledge to the use of industry where he could make a more profitable income. As a specialist in geomagnetics, he became a consultant to a wealthy oil man, himself a geophysicist, who was using instruments of his own design to make a micro-wave survey of the underlying formations of the Mojave Desert. The oil man was an old friend of Frank Scully; through him, Scully heard something of the fallen saucers and came to meet Dr. Gee on at least two occasions when the scientist visited California from Phoenix on business. The scientist talked freely of the saucers to the oil man and Scully—this was in the fall of '49—and on a later visit brought along the tiny radio, the gears, and some photographs.

**C**ame the beginning of 1950 and, in the opinion of Scully, the reign of "error" and repression: the Air Force put its Project Saucer underground, denied everything, and by so doing set up between the people and the government a double standard of morality. Security became a dread threat. Scientists knew better than to talk. Furthermore, scientists have to have government-controlled materials for research, which might not be made available to those who refuse to cooperate.

But Scully, in possession now of the data, would have none of this bureaucratic muzzling which, he said, stifles free inquiry and breeds fear. Though "Dr. Gee's" identity had to be safeguarded, neither Scully nor the oil man was so bound, though the latter, being involved with the government on some top-secret deals, had to tread carefully.

To test public receptivity to the saucer revelation, the oil man-geophysicist appeared as an anonymous guest lecturer before a University of Denver elementary-science class on March 8, 1950, escorted by George T. Koehler, who is a salesman for Denver radio station KMYR. The lecturer told in detail of Dr. Gee's findings and drew some blackboard diagrams. News of the lecture leaked, of course, beyond the cloistered walls, and the how-come of university sponsorship raised a local tempest that blew off the lecturer's cloak of anonymity. His name was Silas M. Newton. The important thing was that 50 percent of his listeners were convinced by his lecture—a considerably better figure than the 26 percent of the people questioned in a nation-wide public-opinion poll who believed that flying saucers were real.

Frank Scully then wrote his book, acknowledging the role of Newton but shielding Dr. Gee, and setting forth everything that these two eminent men had told him about the captured saucers and the little men from Venus.

The book sold some 60,000 copies at \$2.75, was digested by a magazine of large circulation, reprinted and widely sold as a paper-bound 25-cent volume, and discussed in newspapers abroad. It affected, in some degree, one way or another, the thinking of millions of people.

The fact that it was a loudly bad book was beside the point. Reviewers' opinions ranged from amusedly tolerant to stinging, a few reaching indignation. With a pitchman's shallow glibness, Scully garbled scientific concepts, contradicted himself in details, and committed rudimentary errors that would shame a high-school freshman. Yet the impact of his staggering story and its basic implications were there.

Unless . . . this was a gigantic joke? Frank Scully's last previous literary prominence, aside from his weekly column of comment in the show-business *Variety*, was the authorship of a book called *Fun in Bed*, a harmless collection of anecdotes, games, and other amusing trivia for convalescents. But if *Behind the Flying Saucers* was tongue-in-cheek humor, it was in pretty bad taste. It accused military officials of our government of being a pack of liars and blackmailers. That wasn't funny.

Then . . . was it a hoax? Granting, in a chapter in his book devoted to them, that scientific hoaxes of all sorts had been pulled off in the past and present, Scully specifically stated in his earnest-sounding preface, ". . . I have never participated in the perpetration of a hoax on flying saucers." And his publisher, the long-established and reputable firm of Henry Holt & Company, saw fit to preface Scully's preface with a note of their own at the beginning of the book that said, ". . . we are as convinced as any thoughtful publisher can be that Mr. Scully has approached his subject with probity and has interpreted the facts and figures given him with care and caution." In view of the demonstrably low quality of some of Scully's facts and figures, whatever moved the editors of Henry Holt & Company to make such a statement is beyond understanding. But Webster's Dictionary defines "probity" as: "Tried virtue or integrity; moral and intellectual honesty; rectitude; uprightness." If Holt took the trouble to go on record as saying that their author approached his subject with moral and intellectual honesty, certainly there must be something to it.

The fascinating Case of the Little Men from Venus couldn't be laughed at and it couldn't be ignored. There remained the vital question, bigger than ever:

*Was it true?*

If it wasn't, then a great many honest people were being diddled, deceived, and deluded. If it was, then one of the greatest stories in the world was being smothered. Either way, a public service would be accomplished by finding out the truth.

A newspaper, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and a magazine, *TRUE*, particularly wanted to know. And that was where I, as a special reporter, came into the picture.

Aside from Scully, there were two people dealt with in the book who could definitely clear up the question, if they wanted to or could be persuaded to.

One of them was Silas M. Newton, the oil man, from whom Scully had originally heard the story.

The other was the mysterious Dr. Gee, the superscientist who confirmed it and was forced into anonymity and silence, Scully implied, by the threat of government interference with his supply of essential research materials.

The first move, however, seemed to be to talk things over with Scully himself.

At first glance, Frank Scully is a reassuring person. He is a large, friendly man of striking appearance. He is keenly aware that in profile he rather resembles a Stuart portrait of George Washington. His hair is cloud-white and his complexion ruddy. His voice, particularly when he is excited, which is often, is high and harsh and loud enough to do credit to a train caller.

He lives in a middle-aged, comfortable, stucco home that grips the hillsides on one of the older residential sections above Hollywood. There is nothing particularly remarkable about the house except perhaps the fire-red color of the front door and the confusion inside. The Scully home is outstanding as being one of the world's worst places to try to conduct a calm, careful interview.

Traffic in the Scully living room usually consists of two or more of the five Scully children, ranging from college to cradle ages, their friends, two poodles, Mrs. Scully, who is necessarily a fast-moving and harried person, Scully himself, and a woman of all work. At times even Scully's piercing voice failed to carry over the bedlam.

The Scully household, if a little difficult on the interviewer, is otherwise normal and commonplace. It seemed incongruous as a center of flying-saucer knowledge.

Sitting in his easy chair and holding the baby in one arm while he fended off poodles with the other, Scully told me very much the same story about the saucers that he set down in his book.

Although the oral version was not one whit clearer, it was considerably more vehement, particularly the portions dealing with government officials who deny the existence of the saucers.

As he talked, Scully gave me the impression that he had only the vaguest idea of what he was talking about but he believed every word he was saying.

With very little prompting, he supplemented his story with letters he had received in response to his book. Some of them denounced him; others praised him mightily; one asked with superb naivety, "I hear your story is a hoax. Please write and tell me if you are a hoax." Hundreds of them spilled over the desk in his cluttered study, ample proof of the impact of his book. Some of the letters contained pictures.

At one point Scully hauled out a pair of photographs supposedly taken by an amateur astronomer. Certainly they were taken by an amateur photographer. They were murky views of the sky bordered at the bottom by what seemed to be the roof of a small building. One of the prints showed a jagged streak across the sky as if someone fumbling around in the darkroom had spilled something on it by mistake. The other had a large blot on it.

Scully eyed the two photographs somberly. "There's a perfect control factor," he said pointing vaguely at something in the pictures. "Saucers, most likely, both of them. I get this sort of thing all the time."

Since nothing in either picture was comprehensible, it was a little hard to get what Scully was driving at. He said that the negatives could be produced for inspection. I thought privately that inspecting them hardly seemed worth the effort. Even if the negatives were unaltered, they wouldn't prove anything.

Nor, for that matter, would Scully.

Stoutly maintaining that he was pledged to secrecy, he refused to name his chief source of information, Dr. Gee. He had promised Dr. Gee not to reveal any more of the story than he had set down in his book, and by God, he wasn't going to break that promise. If the government cracked down on Gee, it wasn't going to be Scully's fault.

Nor would he produce any of the objects taken from the saucers—the little radio, the gears, or the disks of unknown metal. Scully claimed that all this material was now out of his hands.

As for his one other source of information named in the book, Silas M. Newton, Scully was very cagey about producing him, either. Scully had written that Newton was "one of the great geophysicists of the oil industry, with a record of successful exploratory operations that was surpassed by none . . . a great athlete in his college years . . . a golf champion . . . the man who rediscovered the great Rangely oil field in Colorado . . . a patron of the arts. . . ." Newton had set up an independent oil company in Denver, of which he was still president. He was a very busy man, Scully told me, and was continually traveling on important, secret, government business. His Los Angeles telephone number was unlisted. Scully would not divulge if nor would he say where Newton lived.

And thus ended my first interview with the author of *Behind the Flying Saucers*. Getting behind the saucers would have to wait; I was going to have trouble enough, it appeared, getting behind Frank Scully.

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## A True Book-Length Feature

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# THE FLYING SAUCERS AND THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MEN

For maybe a week of intermittent contacts, Scully and I played games, with me trying to find out where Newton was and Scully trying to keep me from it and neither of us letting on to the other what we were really doing.

While we were politely scrimmaging I tried a kind of end-run play, but it didn't work. I figured that since Newton was such a big man in the oil business I should be able to get to him by finding someone else in the oil business who knew him. I telephoned Curtis Johnson of General Petroleum; Basil Kantzer of Union Oil; Frank Morgan of Richfield and C. W. March and Harry Godde, both of Signal Oil & Gas.

None of them had ever heard of Silas Mason Newton.

What with Scully's description of the man and the trouble I was having finding him, I began to imagine Newton as a secret power, a kind of shadow man, a sort of Sir Basil Zaharoff of the oil industry.

In the face of Scully's reluctance to produce him, I might even have begun to doubt that Newton existed, if it hadn't been for one factor. That factor was Mrs. Scully.

Mrs. Scully is the kind of thoroughly likable, wholesome person of whom you have no doubts. She had joined in several of our conversations and she not only backed up everything Scully said about Newton and Dr. Gee but she talked about having discussed flying saucers with them herself. It was absolutely impossible to think that Scully could have persuaded his wife to discuss conversations with imaginary people. Mrs. Scully had definitely talked with someone. The question was, who?

Suddenly I found out. One afternoon Scully casually announced that Newton would be at Scully's home that evening after dinner. If I cared to drop over, I would be most welcome.

It was a round for Scully, and the easy way he won it made me feel like a suspicious bumpkin.

**S**ilas Newton is short and compact in build. He looked, on the night I first met him, like a conservative businessman turned just a shade Hollywood.

His pale sharkskin slacks were not too pale, his blue suede loafers did not have 2-inch crepe soles, the hand-picking on the collar of his light sport shirt was restrained, his tweed sport coat didn't look as if it had to be curried each morning. The expensive-looking gold watch on his wrist was held there by a plain, expensive-looking leather strap.

Although he is in his sixties, Newton looks considerably younger. He has the sort of face you'd expect to find on a middle-aged elf-tanned, deep-seamed, high-browed and crackling with good humor.

It developed that, like Scully, Newton had never seen a saucer. But he retold the stories Dr. Gee had given him in a firm, convincing voice. He flung scientific terms around in a kind of barrage. Unfortunately, they were the same scientific terms Scully had used in his book, the same saucer stories, and the same little men, with nothing added. But coming from Newton himself, they sounded good.

Newton was, in general, the epitome of culture, wealth, and good breeding. He wasn't too far off what you'd expect from the pedigree Scully had given him: graduate of Baylor University and Yale, postgraduate scholar at the University of Berlin.

The scientific terms he was using so freely reminded me of something. Gingerly I brought up an error in Scully's book. In describing the preliminary examination by Dr. Gee's group of the first saucer that landed, Scully had written: "They studied the ship from a distance for . . . two days, bombing it with Geiger counters, cosmic rays, and other protective devices." In the more scientific reviews of his book, Scully had been severely taken to task for that description, and in particular the Geiger-counter bombardment which is about like saying that a doctor took a patient's temperature by bombarding him with thermometers. I mentioned the slip to Newton.

"You have to overlook things like that," he said. "Frank, here, is not a scientific man and he did that book in an awful hurry. If I could have checked the proofs with him I could have caught a lot of errors like that one that made him look pretty

bad. But I was too busy, see, with the top-brass on these government projects to help Frank out."

After sparring with Newton for maybe a half hour I got down to the proposition I had in mind.

A fully authenticated announcement that space ships were landing on Earth should have a very healthy effect on humanity after the shock wore off. If nothing else, such an announcement would probably stop the Korean war in the interest of global solidarity and that alone would be worth any risk Newton and his scientists might be taking in breaking the story.

As a public service, then, would Newton give me the *whole* flying-saucer story—names, photographs and everything Scully had to leave out of his book to protect Dr. Gee?

Newton thought the proposition over soberly.

Then he gave his decision: he agreed with my idea, but he wasn't sure that the time was right for such an announcement. At the moment, he and Dr. Gee would have to sacrifice too much if they told all they knew. I received the impression there was something else involved in the story of the flying saucers that Newton couldn't even hint at.

Certainly he would take up the matter with Dr. Gee. If it sounded at all reasonable to the doctor, Newton didn't see any reason why he couldn't arrange for me to see some of the things taken from the saucers while the final plans for releasing the story were being made.

Newton said he happened to be working at the moment on an oil-storage problem for the "big-brass" near San Francisco. If he got the go-ahead from Dr. Gee, he would meet me there in a week. And he would bring along some of the gears, the disks of unknown metal and maybe even the little radio if Doctor wasn't still experimenting with it.

**W**e met in the dignified Palm Court restaurant of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Scott Newhall, an old friend of mine and Sunday editor of the *Chronicle*, came along to see what I had dug up so far. Newhall wasn't taking the thing very seriously and by this time I couldn't blame him. Scully and Newton had begun to affect me that way. But we had to play it straight. One good laugh and Newton and whatever he had to show would be gone. And there was still just a chance that the man actually had the greatest story of all time.

The meal cost \$18.20 plus tip but it was worth every cent of it. Newton was in fine form.

He nodded to the waiters, who all seemed to know him. He conferred with Adolphe, the maitre d'hotel, about an important message he was expecting. And he talked saucers.

Gleaming silver ships from the chill reaches of the heavens smoked through the Palm Court that evening to the accompaniment of the hotel's sedate string ensemble. Bureaucrats in Washington were damned for withholding the story from the public. Dr. Gee and his astonishing accomplishments with microwave equipment in the oil fields under Newton's supervision loomed across the background of the conversation.

Newton was expansive. Smiles sprang out of the deep furrows in his tanned cheeks. He was confidential. Squint lines puckered around his pale eyes. But everything he said, though fresh to Newhall, was the same thing that I'd heard before. Not once did he divulge anything that wasn't already made public in Scully's book.

As Newton talked I noticed more and more an odd little habit. He kept tossing in the word "see" when there was no point that required emphasis. Only if you considered that he might be using it as a stalling device while he thought up the rest of his story did Newton's "see" habit make any sense.

"This saucer thing, see. It would keep me going twenty-four hours a day if I'd let it. I'm just swamped. I've got my own business to attend to, and this goddamned high-brass, see, they're after me all the time on these contracts for the military."

It was a strange habit for a man so attuned to the genteel splendor of the Palace Hotel.

I began to notice that Newton had another strange habit for a man of his background. At this stag dinner, the more he talked, the more he swore. By the time he really got his gauge up he sounded like a mule skinner on Saturday night. It wasn't quite in keeping with what I had always expected of an old Yale man, and Newton had made quite a point of his degree from Yale. I decided that either I didn't know anything about Yale men or Newton's manner of speaking had simply been colored by his years in the oil fields—Colorado's huge Rangely,

which Newton modestly noted he had rediscovered after it had been abandoned by the major oil companies; the rugged wastelands of Wyoming; the Mojave where his crews were even now surveying hidden deposits of natural gas.

In the middle of a discussion of magnetics, Newton glanced over his shoulder furtively. Then he suddenly leaned over the table and fished a smudged and wrinkled handkerchief out of his coat pocket. Its corners were tied together and it bulged promisingly.

Newton slowly undid the knots, guarding the handkerchief with his hands and glancing around the room to be sure no one was watching.

For the first time in the evening he stopped talking, methodically working on the knots.

When he finished with them he held the corners of the handkerchief together and looked at us.

"You ever see anything like this?" he asked quietly and dumped the contents of the handkerchief on the table. The presentation couldn't have been more impressively nonchalant.

Four metal objects lay on the smooth tablecloth. Without a word from Newton they seemed to be touched with star dust.

I felt my stomach give a lurch and stop working on the roast beef I had just eaten.

Two of the objects were gears, fine-toothed and about the size of pocket watches. The other two were disks, dull-finished and about the size of a nickel. Here at last were the disks of unknown metal.

Newton scooped up his treasures quickly, as if he were afraid they might suddenly disappear, and put them back into the handkerchief. Then, one by one, he brought them out for us to examine closely.

The two disks were identical. There were no marks on them except tiny surface nicks and scratches. They felt incredibly light. The metal had a powdery-looking finish that did not come off with rubbing.

Newhall and I looked at each other. Neither of us felt much like laughing now.

The gears were not alike. One had a tiny gear fitted into the center of it. The other was solid and on a shaft. Newton held it and tapped it with his knife. A clear, faint, high-pitched tone blended with the music of the string ensemble. Surprisingly enough, holding the gear in your hand didn't have any dampening effect on the ringing note.

"It's magnetized," Newton explained. Just by way of experiment I touched the gear to the steel blade of my knife. There didn't seem to be any magnetic attraction between the two pieces of metal. Newton couldn't explain that, but he said Dr. Gee had once explained it to him.

Both of the gears were blotched and stained.

"Acid," said Newton. "We've subjected them, see, to 150 tests in our laboratories. Listen to that note." He tapped the gear again. "That's the note 'A' on the piano."

One of the gears was unmarked except for the stains. The other had a small fat arrow inscribed on it in outline. The arrow pointed toward a figure that looked very much like an ordinary 9. Newton had no explanation for these inscriptions.

He did, however, have some other things that might be interesting. They were in his room, he said confidentially, right upstairs.

Newton's room, although it was one of the Palace Hotel's smaller accommodations, looked exactly the way you might expect the hotel room of a busy, wealthy oil executive to look.

A saddle-leather suitcase lay open on the luggage rack. Across it lay a folded geological map—expensive, authentic.

An honest-looking old-fashioned valise slouched in one corner of the room, its baggy leather sides scuffed and scarred; a veteran, no doubt, of countless trips into the rugged, dusty oil lands.

Newton began talking immediately. His story, tidied up for family consumption, centered around Dr. Gee and his colleagues whose achievements apparently kept Newton in a perpetual state of wonder.

"Doctor is down there right now in our laboratories, see, along the south side of the airfield there at Phoenix. You know the place. Those buildings that used to be the big government top-secret laboratories. Our people are in there now.

"Funny thing. I was down there only a couple of weeks ago

going over some problems, see, and I run across a great big thick goddamn pile of blue prints.

"I said to Doctor, I said, 'What in the hell is all this stuff?' And he said, see, 'Why, those are the detailed prints on the air-flow system for the B-36.'

"He'd been working on all that top government stuff for the big-brass and I never knew a thing about it.

"These scientific fellows, see. You can't tell what they're going to turn up with next. Here he has these absolutely top-secret plans laying right there on top of the desk."

There were other top-secret items Newton's men had developed while working on his petroleum-surveying equipment.

Newhall was sitting on the bed, trying to look nonchalant. I was sitting on the little desk chair and Newton was between us sitting on the edge of a big easy chair. Things were once more getting to the point where I didn't dare look at Newhall except out of the corner of my eye. As far as I could see, Newhall was making a detailed study of one of his shoes. Newton was talking, fast and steady, as if he'd just found out they were going to slap on a speech tax in the next ten minutes.

Doctor, it seems, had developed a magnetic fog, rain, and darkness-dispelling screen which, fitted to the windshield of an airplane, literally turned night into day and enabled a pilot to see through the sloppiest kind of weather.

Newton dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. "One of the biggest companies in the country, see. They're testing this thing right now. Absolutely top-secret. You'd know the name of the company in a minute if I mentioned it." He peered around the room to make sure no uninvented ears were listening. "You know Norden, the bombsight people? See, Well, they're testing this thing right now."

Newton hauled out a slim, clear rod.

"Looks exactly like Lucite, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. Better than Lucite. Flexible, shatterproof, and it positively will not burn.

"Doctor, see, made this revolutionary plastic stuff for the military. Made it right out of Perelite, a volcanic ash. Cheapest material in the world. There's whole hills of it. The military is using this stuff for cockpit canopies on planes because it won't burn."

And then there was the magnetic disintegrator.

Of course the big-brass was working on it. But there were problems. The disintegrator, briefly mentioned in Scully's book, was so all-destroying that split-second control of it was a vital factor.

It had taken better than a year, Newton said, just to work out the mathematics necessary to make certain the disintegrator would only operate in a one ten-thousandth-of-a-second flash.

Even so, in that brief moment, the disintegrating beams had shot out twenty miles and spread a swath of total destruction on the desert proving grounds two miles wide.

The big-brass planned to set a chain of these disintegrators around the United States and point them skyward to form an impenetrable screen of destruction through which no enemy planes could pass.

But there was a hitch in the plan. The beams of the magnetic disintegrator, if left on, would reach out and destroy the universe.

And then there was the big flying saucer Newton's men thought they had located, crashed in a swamp outside of Memphis.

"The captain, see, I can't tell you his name, was flying along one night testing this magnetic windshield screen for Norden when he saw this thing circling. It went right down into the swamp.

"My people got a fix on it and as soon as the rainy season ends down there we're going in and take a look at it. I can't tell you any more about it except, of course, it's probably one of the cigar-shaped saucers and probably a thousand feet long."

Newton fished into an expensive-looking, hand-stitched brief case and slid out a bundle of 8x10 pictures. He held them face down in his lap while he reminisced about the days in the oil fields, the beginnings of the Newton Oil Company in Denver, and the great days of rediscovering the Rangely oil fields after they had been abandoned by all the major oil companies as worthless.

The pictures were held in his lap, still face down. I knew perfectly well that he was giving them the old build-up treatment, but still it was working. It got so bad that I had a hard

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time keeping myself from reaching over and grabbing them away from him.

Finally he held one of them up, its back to Newhall and me, and looked at it for a long moment. Then he turned it around slowly. It was a fuzzy shot of some desert real estate.

"You see that?" said Newton, gravely. "That's where the first saucer landed."

He turned over two or three more prints of the same sort of thing.

"These will be very historical photographs someday," he said. "It's too bad I am not allowed to let you look at them closely."

Then he started to slide them back into his brief case. As he did, he paused and looked at us slyly. Then he slipped one picture up from behind the others and immediately slid it back again. From what I could see in that instant, it looked like a picture of a large beach umbrella on its side.

"You didn't see anything, did you?" Newton asked, winking. He had never been more correct, but the implication was that he had just permitted a glimpse of a photograph of a flying saucer.

Newton grew reflective. There just might be, he thought, the barest chance that he could persuade Doctor and his people to reveal the whole story. Perhaps, after all, it might be advisable, particularly if the thing that crashed in the swamp turned out to be a cigar-shaped saucer.

"You know," Newton mused dreamily, "a lot of people would pay a dollar to see a thing like that."

Then, suddenly, Newton announced that he had to whisk off to Washington for a conference with the big-brass.

Newhall and I stood up. "It's been a very interesting evening, Mr. Newton," Newhall said, his voice straining for self-control. "You'll be hearing from Cahn here. We'll talk the whole thing over and see what we can work out with you."

There were the usual polite remarks, with Newhall and me looking down at the carpet, and then we were out in the hall.

Newhall and I managed to hold it until we got down the corridor and in front of the elevator. There was no longer any question about it—the time had come to laugh, and we let go. When we could talk again, we tried to figure out what Newton was up to. It was a safe bet that he wasn't as closely in touch with the cosmos as Frank Scully would have had his readers believe. But he was up to something. Was the whole thing, Scully's book and all, a titanic piece of ballyhoo aimed at the day when the big cigar-shaped saucer opened for business on the midway at Playland-at-the-Beach?

I decided the next move was to go to Denver, Newton's old stamping ground, look over the Newton Oil Company, and follow up a few other leads from Scully's book.

In building up Silas Newton as an authority on flying saucers, Frank Scully provided a respectable academic setting by devoting the whole first chapter of his book to a description of the lecture that was given at the University of Denver on March 8, 1950. The chapter heading is "The Mystery of the University of Denver," the mystery being that the man who gave the lecture was known only as "Scientist X" until Thor Seversen, covering the event for the *Denver Post*, identified him, several days after the talk, as Newton. My first move in Denver was to hunt up Seversen.

Thor Seversen looks just the way he should to go with a name like that: big, well set-up, blond. He is not only a fine reporter, but he is a very understanding gent. It was snowing when I pulled into Denver. I was wearing a light gabardine suit. Seversen, taking pity on a chattering chump from California, suggested we might spend some time profitably in the nice, warm office of the *Post* going over the clips of the stories about the University of Denver lecture. It was a good idea. It not only kept me from shivering myself apart at the seams, but it proved that Frank Scully wasn't very much interested in doing a good reporting job in *Behind the Flying Saucers*.

Scully's book, published six months after the Denver lecture, described the event as "probably the most sensational lecture

about this earth or any other planet since Galileo . . . faculty members left the room with their heads spinning."

On March 9, the day after the lecture, the *Denver Post* carried an interview with Francis Broman, the University of Denver instructor who arranged for "Scientist X" to address his basic-science class. Questioned about the scientific value of the lecture, Broman commented, "Absolute zero." Professor Albert Recht of the university's science division noted, "It was a good yarn . . . though he gave no documentation."

If he had wanted to, Scully had plenty of time to check those clippings before his book went to press. Obviously he wasn't interested. As a matter of fact he embarked on a shifty side step to avoid the columns of the Denver papers that gave the lecture a bad press and still provide himself with friendly newspaper coverage of the event. To hope he could get away with such a stunt indicates Scully's incredible gall.

In the second chapter of his book, also devoted to the lecture, Scully wrote:

"It was not the Denver papers that gave the best report of what Scientist X said. . . . The . . . prize for the best reporting would go to the *Summerside Journal*, a modest-sized publication quartered on Prince Edward Island, Canada . . . at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River."

Undisturbed by the unlikely prospect of a small Canadian paper published only three times a week having a correspondent as far away as Denver, Scully proceeds:

"This newspaper obviously got its story from a Denver correspondent, but it recapitulated what the speaker said so well that it's better than a transcript. . . ."

Scully then quotes the *Summerside Journal* story. To do this he must have had a copy or clipping of the paper before him. Therefore he could not have missed seeing the credit line at the top of the story.

The *Summerside Journal* story is credited, "Denver, Colo., *Post*." The story is Thor Seversen's *Denver Post* story, word for word. It was Seversen's first story of the lecture done before anyone knew who the lecturer was and before Seversen was sure the whole thing was a farce. As a consequence, it is a straight reporting job merely repeating what the speaker said. It suited Scully's needs admirably. On the few occasions that it didn't, Scully merely rewrote it.

By removing Seversen's one fairly friendly story from the otherwise unfriendly columns of the *Denver Post*, and crediting it elsewhere, Scully had his necessary newspaper coverage of the lecture.

By the time Seversen and I had finished digging around in the *Denver Post* morgue, it had stopped snowing, the sun had come out and it was fairly pleasant. We thought it would be a good idea to have a talk with Instructor Broman and see if he had revised his opinions of "Scientist X" and his flying-saucer lecture.

Francis Broman is a slight, dark-complexioned man of agreeable manner. His pleasantries with us had a kind of nervous quality to them which, considering the corner into which the "Scientist X" lecture had wedged him, is understandable enough.

While working at the university as an instructor, Broman was also studying for his doctorate there. To do a bang-up job as an instructor, Broman had, on his own hook, invited "Scientist X" to give the flying-saucer talk.

When the event got out of hand in the public prints and the university regents found the name of their school firmly lashed up with a lecturer who insisted little men from Venus were dropping like flies on the Earth, an icy academic breeze began blowing in Broman's direction. For awhile, Broman could see his diploma wafting away in the williwaw.

Having weathered that storm, Broman came to the interview with us prepared to make it very clear that Newton or "Scientist X" and his Venusians were about as welcome at the university as a case of pyorrhea at a kissing game.

Broman showed us a copy of the introductory statement he had made to his class before the lecture began. In it he had pointed out that the whole purpose of the lecture was to give his class an exercise in evaluating material presented by a speaker. Broman had even given his students a summary of the scientific method of evaluation they had been studying and asked them to see if the saucer lecture stood up under it.

Naturally, in view of the spectacular nature of the talk, a little thing like Broman's introduction was overlooked in the follow-

ing news stories, and certainly there was no mention of it in Scully's book. There were, however, a couple of carefully thought-out devices used by Scully to make the lecture sound like a weighty scholastic event.

One of them was Scully's sentence, "On that day at 12:30 p. m., 350 students of the University of Denver skipped lunch to hear a confidential scientific discourse. . . ."

I had been impressed when I read it. It takes a pretty good event to get a bunch of healthy students to skip lunch in order to take it in. I questioned Broman about it and asked if maybe the lecture wasn't given a much bigger build-up than he was letting on. Instead of answering, he shoved over the typed copy of his introduction to the lecture and, with a smile, held his finger on the second sentence. It read, "You folks are guests and members of the basic-science class that meets at 12:40 each day."

"Nobody missed any lunch that day or any other day as far as I know," said Broman. "It was a regular class held at the regular time."

Scully's other builder-upper also turned out to be an invention of somebody's soaring imagination.

As proof that the saucer lecture was so important that the University of Denver wanted to save any possible memento for posterity, Scully said on page 26 of his book, concerning the blackboard diagrams:

"After his lecture had caused such a stir, the chalked designs were preserved in lacquer. . . ."

Broman's comment: "The lecturer's drawings were not lacquered over. It would have been ridiculous to preserve them. They were just a couple of circles labeled 'Earth' and 'Venus,' a crude sketch of what the saucers were supposed to have looked like, and a diagram showing how combinations of digits can be added up to total nine which was supposed to illustrate something to do with the measurements of the saucers."

After talking with Broman I was more convinced than ever that Frank Scully's little men were about as miserable a hoax as the two-headed baby in a 10-cent side show. Proving it and finding out what was behind them, however, was something else again.

The next Denver lead on my list was George T. Koehler, the advertising salesman for Denver radio station KMYR who had escorted Newton to the lecture. Koehler is a fleshy individual, a breezy, back-slapping sort who looks younger than the 41 years he claims. Scully described him as "an old professional football player with the Chicago Bears." In Denver, Koehler admitted this statement was correct.

On the strength of Scully's apparent indifference to reporting the truth I sent the following wire to Ralph Brizzolara, manager of the Chicago Bears:

CAN YOU ADVISE COLLECT WHETHER GEORGE KOEHLER WAS EVER ON BEARS' ROSTER IF SO WHEN.

**M**r. Brizzolara replied: DO NOT HAVE RECORD OF GEORGE KOEHLER PLAYING WITH BEARS. (signed) CHICAGO BEARS FOOTBALL CLUB.

From that point on I wasn't counting heavily on anything Koehler offered.

He was correct, however, in claiming that he was pretty close to Newton, for he and his wife, who was once Newton's nurse, live in a house that turned out to be rented by Newton and is filled with Newton's golfing trophies and other memorabilia, and he drives a Cadillac that is registered in the name of Newton Oil Company.

Koehler played a tape recording of the University of Denver lecture which was interesting only because it didn't include Broman's telltale introduction. Koehler, not knowing I had spoken to Broman, glossed over the importance of the missing introduction, although he never could satisfactorily explain why it

wasn't on the tape. As far as the talk itself went, it was pretty much the same thing I had heard in the Palace Hotel from the lips of the master himself.

Koehler had some pretty interesting yarns to spin about the great Dr. Gee. In the middle of one of them he fished out a brown rod about a quarter of an inch in diameter and perhaps ten inches long. This, he claimed, was some of Doctor's Perelite, made up as an arrow shaft for Howard Hill, the noted archer.

"Hill used one of Doctor's arrows," Koehler remarked, "to kill an elephant on his last trip to Africa. That will give you an idea of how tough this stuff is."

That was an easy one to check.

I happened to know that Hill was engaged in selling a motion picture of the trip. Whenever a deal like that is in the making, you can bet your bottom dollar there'll be a publicity man eager to tell you anything you want to know and a lot of things you don't.

**I**t didn't take long to get Mr. Hill's man on the phone. According to him the only arrows used on the Hill expedition were designed by Hill himself and made of tubular steel and Duralumin. Certainly, if Hill had used some revolutionary new material for arrow shafts his publicity man would have been beating the drum about it. But he wasn't. In fact, he'd never even heard of Perelite.

Since Koehler was apparently no more committed to telling the truth than Newton or Scully and wasn't half as entertaining, there didn't seem to be any advantage in investing any more time in him. Also, the more time I spent with Koehler the more chance there was of flushing my birds prematurely. So far I had been playing it straight, going right along with all the tall tales the boys had to offer. Because in the back of my mind I was working up a little plan.

First, I wanted to meet Dr. Gee—that is, if such a man existed. Second, I wanted to get my hands on one of those disks of unknown metal again and once I did I wasn't planning to let go of it until I got it into a good commercial laboratory for a chemical analysis. With that in mind it would have been absolutely fatal if Newton had any idea that I wasn't 100 percent sold on his story.

I thanked Koehler for all the inside dope he had given me and reserved my plane seat back to San Francisco. But before I left



# THE FLYING SAUCERS AND THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MEN

Denver I checked out two more leads that turned up in Scully's book and Newton's conversation.

I looked up the Newton Oil Company in the phone book, half expecting that it wouldn't be there at all. But it was. And the offices listed actually existed. They didn't however, exactly jibe with the picture of roaring activity conjured up by Scully when he wrote, "Silas Mason Newton, president of the Newton Oil Company . . . a man who never made more than \$25,000,000 nor lost more than \$20,000,000. . . ."

As far as I could see, the whole Newton Oil Company consisted of two offices connected by a little waiting room. When I dropped in saying that I was a friend of Mr. Newton's and just thought I'd look him up, the only activity in the place was a mild conversation going on between a man who introduced himself as the secretary of the company and the receptionist. For an organization that had, as both Scully and Newton claimed, rediscovered the mighty Rangely oil field, the operation seemed a little puny. My next move was to check on the Rangely story.

Richard D. White, exploration superintendent for the California Company, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California, gave me a complete fill-in on Rangely. Mr. White is in a good position to know what he is talking about, for the California Company controls a vast majority of the leases at Rangely.

The offices of the California Company were the real thing. You could have lost the whole Newton Oil Company in the reception room.

I got out a copy of Scully's book and showed White this sentence that appears on page 33: "He (Newton) hunted for oil with instruments which had cost a fortune and were a closely guarded secret. With them he had rediscovered the Rangely oil field years after the major oil companies had written it off as a failure."

White grinned and shook his head. "Sure, I remember old Newton," he said. "He used to come out to Rangely with some kind of doodlebug outfit—one of those black boxes with a lot of dials on it nobody ever gets to look inside of. He tried to tell everybody we were way off on the geology. He even picked up some leases down where his doodlebug said the oil was supposed to be and did some drilling. Turned out he was the one that was way off on the geology. He used to bring a lot of people out here in those big cars of his. But as far as rediscovering Rangely, that's a lot of baloney.

"Here's the story on Rangely. Standard of California rediscovered the field in 1902 but for a long time there wasn't much activity out there. The reason for that's simple. Crude oil was selling for ten cents a barrel. Rangely was a long way from the refineries; and the roads, if you could call them that, were terrible.

"When World War II came along there was a big demand for oil and the price shot up to the point where it was worth while taking it out. The government came along with some help on the road situation and a private pipe line went in. Then Rangely really opened up. That's all there was to the rediscovering of Rangely."

**T**here wasn't any doubt in my mind about whom to believe on the Rangely story. The past performance of the Newton-Scully team didn't leave me any choice.

As I was leaving White's office he offered a suggestion. "If you really want to get an idea of how Newton operates, get hold of some back issues of a magazine called the *Petroleum Review*. You'll find some articles in there by Newton himself that will give you a pretty good line on him."

Just before I got on the plane, I called Thor Severson at the *Denver Post* and asked him if he'd try to find the articles White mentioned. Then I headed back for San Francisco.

All the way back I tried to think of a way to get possession of one of those disks of unknown metal without Newton knowing I had it. Of course I could have just grabbed one and stuck it in my pocket, but with all the trouble Newton and Scully had gone to in building the story up, it was a dead cinch that they wouldn't stand hitched for a move like that. And I didn't

see any point in winding up in a fist fight or a lawsuit or both if I could help it.

By the time I got back to San Francisco I thought I had a pretty good plan for getting one of the disks. I hadn't figured out yet how I was going to smoke out Dr. Gee, but I decided to let that wait until I got to it.

**L**aying hold of one of Newton's specimens of unknown metal turned out to be about as easy as getting a passkey to Fort Knox, but I didn't know it when I started.

My first move was to hunt up a good reliable laboratory that would cooperate on such a project. Stanford Research Institute, in Menlo Park, California, is one of the best commercial labs in the area and perhaps in the country. Dr. J. E. Hobson, director of the institute, agreed to go along with me. Dr. Hobson not only thought the whole project was pretty funny, but he also saw the value of knocking over what certainly was shaping up as a full-scale national scientific hoax. All I needed to do now was get one of the disks and SRI would do the rest.

My first move was flat-footedly to ask Newton if he'd permit an analysis of a disk. He laughed it off. His stand was that his own laboratories had already submitted the disks to 150 tests, discovered that they would withstand 10,000 degrees of heat, presumably Fahrenheit, although he didn't quite remember, and he didn't see any point in further testing. As far as Newton was concerned the stuff was unknown to Earth and what was the use of doing any more tests when you didn't know what you were testing for? It was a tricky piece of logic, but I had to go along with it for fear of tipping my hand.

My next suggestion, that no one would really believe his story unless he submitted the disks to an impartial laboratory, almost ended in disaster.

Newton pucker'd up his eyes and began spewing at me. "You've been chasing me down here for two months. I'm a busy man. I haven't got a goddamned bit of time to spend on this thing. Now I've been courteous as hell to you, see. And I'm just not interested in bothering with the damn thing any longer. Now how does that suit you?"

**N**ewton carried on along those lines for quite awhile. What he was getting at was that apparently plenty of people had believed him without his having to submit anything to anybody; witness the number of copies Scully's book had sold. And what had he, Newton, got out of it? Nothing. Nothing but abuse and persecution. What had started out as a favor on Newton's part to Scully had boomeranged and Newton was getting tired of it. Looking at him as he stood there bristling, he was the picture of the injured philanthropist.

Then, almost without my realizing it, Newton's manner began to change and the point of the whole floor show swung into focus.

"I've talked with my people," Newton was saying in a calm, matter-of-fact voice, "and their statement to me was, see, that Scully made twenty-five or thirty thousand out of his book on what little information we've furnished him. They said to me, 'Now if we lay all this stuff on the line, it's going to take a lot of time and we want to know what there is in it for us.'"

Commerce had entered the picture.

The only thing to do was to declare open season on Newton's disks and start working on the plan I had figured out.

What I had in mind was to make a copy of Newton's disks and then, if I could get him to haul out the originals again, switch mine for one of his.

I had been counting on getting at least another look at the disks before creating the copy, but the way Newton was acting I realized I'd be lucky if I could get him to produce them even once more so I could switch on him. That meant I had to make the copies from memory. It had been some time since I had seen the disks and then, even though I'd handled them, the light hadn't been good for the sort of thing I had in mind.

I got hold of Newhall, the only other person who had been along when Newton produced his trophies, and we compared notes. We were agreed the disks were about the size of a nickel, plain-surfaced and silver-colored.

The weight was the only tricky problem. A piece of aluminum that looked about the right size didn't seem to weigh enough. Magnesium felt too light. Monel metal felt too heavy. Steel, although it felt a little too slippery, seemed to be the best bet for this job.

Among his other talents, Newhall is a pretty fair machinist.

He has a well-equipped shop in his garage and one afternoon we set up to do a little counterfeiting.

When we got through we had an assortment of steel disks, some a little bigger than a nickel, some a little smaller. Our idea was that by making the fakes in slightly varying sizes we would surely have one that was a good-enough match. For some reason or other we turned out one fake disk made of monel metal. Monel metal is heavier than steel to begin with and we made our monel disk about twice as thick as the ones made of steel. It was ridiculously heavy by comparison, but we added it to our collection anyway.

For the next few days I carried all the fakes around in my pockets to "age" them. The process worked pretty well. The only trouble was I jingled.

The problem now was to get Newton to produce his disks again so I could switch on him. But Newton wouldn't produce.

In a series of attempts to get Newton to haul out his disks, meetings with a whole new, tempting cast of characters were suggested to him: people of influence who could guarantee him protection in case "the military" turned against him and Dr. Gee; a man who would happily part with a sizable chunk of money for just a glimpse of the mysterious disks from Venus; kindred souls with reports of saucer sightings who begged for a peek at Newton's treasures. Still Newton wouldn't bite.

Finally another dinner was set up in the Palm Court, the place Newton had first produced the disks. This time Hal McIntyre, a professional magician who now uses his magic act to help him fit hearing aids to children, came along in the role of a friend who had a saucer sighting to report. Hal was loaded with the fake disks. Just before Newton appeared, I tried to give Hal a last minute fill-in on which one of the fakes I thought would be the best match for a Newton disk. Hal, who had been kept informed of the story, was about as exasperated as I was. He said, "I don't care what Newton's disks look like. Even if he pulls out a square one I'm going to switch on him."

But it was no go. Newton just kept playing his role of a science-fiction Scheherazade regaling us with more stories about Dr. Gee and his fabulous laboratories. Every time we worked around to the subject of the disks, Newton had an excuse for not producing them.

After about a week of trying I began to think the disks had sailed back to Venus on their own and my sanity was about to follow.

Then Newton's business with the "big-brass" took him to Washington. While he was away I decided to use the time to check up further on Newton's background and to start scouting out leads to Dr. Gee.

From Scully's book I knew that Newton had lived in New York City—in the winter of 1929-30, he had housed distinguished visitors in "his Park Avenue residence." I was to find that shortly after that time, Newton was embroiled in some activity in New York which Scully either knew nothing about or didn't bother to mention.

It's not in the glamorous Dick Tracy detective tradition to mole through old newspaper files, but sometimes it pays off. The *New York Times* publishes an index that amply justifies its famous slogan, "All the news that's fit to print." I discovered in the public library that in 1931 the *Times* reported that Silas M. Newton, "reputed wealthy oil man and golfer," had been arrested by New York police, charged with grand larceny on the complaint of an elderly retired New Jersey real-estate dealer who claimed that Newton had rigged a \$25,000 sale to him of worthless stock in a gas and utilities company. Newton denied any fraud, claimed it was all a misunderstanding, and was released in \$2,500 bail. The next day the *Times* noted that New York State authorities expected to arrange Newton's extradition to New Jersey within a week. Evidently Newton beat the rap, for no further news of the case appeared, and from checking records I learned that some five years later, in September 1936, his bail was discharged.

Another item I came across, which appeared this time not in the *New York Times* but, oddly enough, in the files of the *San Francisco Chronicle* a continent-width away, conveyed news from New York on January 15, 1932, that a Brooklyn man had asked the New York State Bureau of Securities for a Supreme Court examination order to determine if Newton was engaged in fraudulent stock practices. The man felt he had been bilked by Newton in the amount of \$28,000. No outcome was recorded in the public prints, so presumably nothing came of it.

Then there were two up-state New York incidents. In September 1934, at Oneida, Newton got involved with the state police in a matter concerning false stock statements. In July 1935, at Elmira, he was arrested on a judge's bench warrant, charged with two violations of the law relating to false statements or advertisements on securities, and was released in \$2,500 bail; a year and a half later the indictments were dismissed and the case closed.

It was plain that in his financial dealings, Newton had a tendency to get into trouble, and a knack for getting out of it.

I got to wondering if, what with his various oil enterprises, Newton might not have tried to sell a little stock in California. The rules on such matters are very strict in California, so strict that the office of the Corporation Commissioner keeps very careful records to insure that those rules are enforced. I found that the Commissioner's office was not unaware of Silas Newton, though nothing was pending against him.

Uncovering such a background for Scully's "Scientist X," the University of Denver lecturer, the great geophysicist of the oil industry, obviously called for some intensive digging into the man's current activities.

What came up unexpectedly in the first spadeful was a clear clue at last to Dr. Gee.

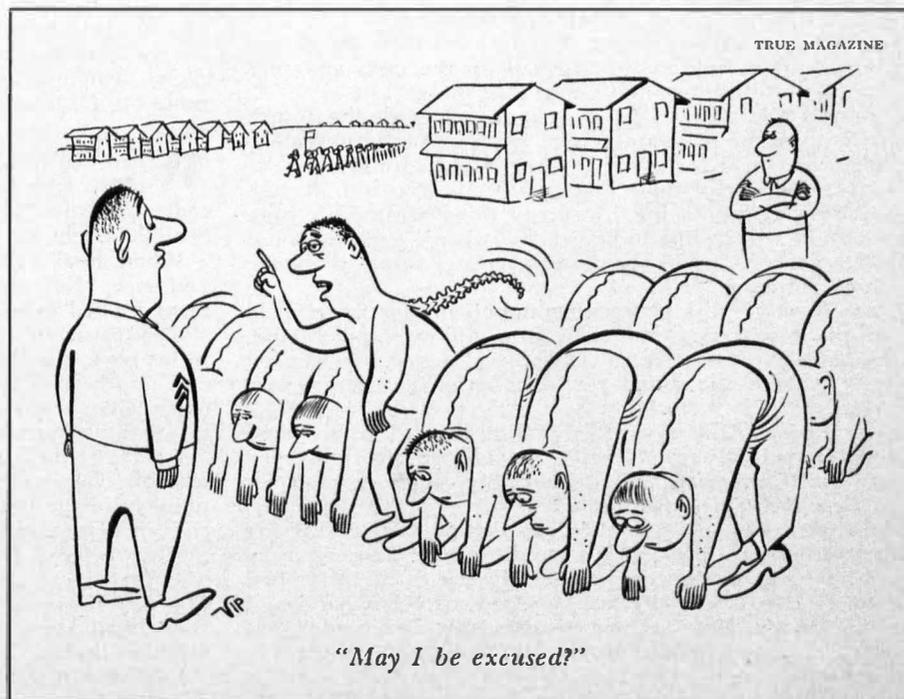
I won't go into the method of delving here. Let's say simply that the telephone is a great invention, and Newton is a great telephoner. A checkup revealed that he phoned often to Phoenix, Arizona. He spoke there with a Leo GeBauer.

Phoenix was the locale of Dr. Gee, according to Scully's book and to the statements of Newton himself. The pseudonym "Gee" and the name "GeBauer" certainly seemed to be kin.

Furthermore, the place and name were not the only significant similarities. Though he didn't appear, from a distance, to be a Newton-Scully grade of superscientist, GeBauer did have some technical knowledge of electronics. He was proprietor of the Western Radio & Engineering Company, a radio and television parts supply house.

It wouldn't do to call up GeBauer and ask him bluntly if he was Dr. Gee. My next step was laid out for me—to go to Phoenix and size up GeBauer in person.

I was set to take off when Newton turned up in San Francisco again. Apparently he was ready to talk business about the disks.



## THE FLYING SAUCERS AND THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MEN

**I** started off by announcing over the telephone. "Now my people are not trying to sell anything. They haven't got anything to sell. But you certainly, see, should be in a position to know how far you want to go to get to the bottom of this deal."

If a cash offer was what was required to make Newton produce his disks again, there was only one thing to do.

The trouble was that making Newton an offer was kind of like trailing your foot in the water to lure a shark within gaffing distance. The stakes had to be high to make any sense and Newton could be counted on to take care of himself in a fast shuffle.

A very solemn conference was set up and Newton was authorized to tell "his people" that \$10,000 would be put in escrow as soon as some reasonable proof of the story's authenticity was produced. An additional \$25,000 was to be turned over to Newton prior to publication.

Newton was in great form that day. He was wearing a very pale gray flannel suit and somewhere in his travels he had picked up a deep tan. The way he handled himself I got to feeling that \$35,000 was really a pretty chintzy offer.

There was the usual amount of backing and filling. Newton mulled the proposition over and gravely considered what his people would think. Occasionally he digressed long enough to spin some colorful bit of saucerian information, but by and large he was strictly the business man negotiating. It was a shock, then, when he rummaged around in a coat pocket, hauled out the grimy handkerchief, spread the gears and disks on the desk and said, "I suppose you wanted to see these again."

It was a bad moment. One look at Newton's disks and it was a cinch that the substitutes were at best pretty unreasonable facsimiles. But it could have been a lot worse—I could have been caught diskless. Luckily, I did have the fake disks with me, bad as they were. I was still carrying them around, aging them in my pockets.

The most obvious thing wrong with my fakes was that they were much too thin—all but the one made of monel metal. It was about halfway thick enough, but if it had seemed too heavy when it was made up, now, by secretly sorting it out and hefting it in my pocket, it seemed hopeless.

While I was wondering what to do, Newton was talking about a saucer that had been sighted over Africa. As swept away as he was by his new story he never once lost sight of the disks, handing over first one and then the other and placing them on his open handkerchief as they were returned.

I didn't dare stall any longer. Not only was there the chance that any minute Newton would wrap up the disks and tuck them away, but I was beginning to get the shakes.

I palmed the monel fake by gripping it with the fourth finger between the palm and second joint, and tried to remember what my friend McIntyre, the magician, had told me.

"Let me see one of those disks again, Mr. Newton," I said. I guess I'm not cut out for this sort of thing because my voice sounded like I was going to be sick and when I took my hands from my pocket I could see the skin creases shine where the sweat was forming.

I took Newton's disk between my thumb and forefinger, held it up to look at it, and then let it drop into my cupped hand. I gave a kind of feeble cough with the idea that if it clinked against the fake, the sound would be covered. There wasn't any clink.

I went through the motions of hefting the disk in my hand although actually I was holding the two of them tightly palmed to keep them from getting mixed up. Big, single drops of icy sweat were slithering down my sides.

I just sat there for a second or two hefting away and trying to look as if I were pondering some deep interplanetary problem. Then, looking Newton right in the eye as McIntyre had told me, I let the monel fake slide into my other hand and passed it back to him. Keeping my eyes from flicking down at that fake disk as I handed it over was the hardest thing I've ever done.

Newton took it, plunked it down on the handkerchief with-

out even glancing at it, and went right on with his story. All I had to do now was get his disk back into my pocket without his noticing the move. McIntyre had warned me not to do it too soon and above all, not to look at my hand while I put it into my pocket. I didn't, but it was a struggle. Then I tried to sit there and listen to Newton with that disk of his burning a hole right through the side of my suit.

As hard as I tried not to sneak a look at the fake sitting there in the handkerchief alongside of Newton's disk, I couldn't stop it. When I saw the two of them together I almost passed out. The fake was so bad it stuck out like an Eskimo at a Boston social tea party.

Newton never noticed it. When he was through with his African saucer story he wrapped up the disks and gears, stuck them in his pocket and announced that he would take up the offer with Doctor. It might take a little time, Newton warned. The last Newton had heard, the doctor had disappeared into the scientific wilds of Pasadena so thoroughly that even his wife couldn't find him. But Newton would get in touch with me.

Five minutes after he was gone, I was on my way to the Stanford Research Institute with the disk of unknown metal.

Dr. Hobson and his men gave the disk the full treatment. They clipped off a tiny piece and checked its melting point. They did a simple gravimetric analysis. They mounted it in plastic, polished a portion of it to a mirror finish and examined its structure microscopically. They sent another piece of the disk over to Stanford University for a spectrochemical analysis.

It seemed a shame to go to all that trouble. The disk wasn't made of anything that a 12-year-old with a \$4 Chem-Craft outfit couldn't have analyzed in twenty minutes.

Newton's precious unknown metal that Dr. Gee had supposedly taken from a crashed flying saucer, the same that had refused to melt in Dr. Gee's laboratory at 10,000 degrees, melted quite nicely at Stanford Research Institute at just 657 degrees Fahrenheit.

It was plain old aluminum, 99.5 percent pure, a quality commercially described as grade 2S and used in the manufacture of nothing more cosmic than pots and pans.

With that piece of intelligence in hand, I gathered up my notes and headed for Hollywood and Frank Scully. The problem now was to find out whether Scully had known about this state of affairs or, if he had simply been gulled by Newton and Dr. Gee, whether he would be man enough to admit it and help me run down the rest of the story.

Just to be on the safe side, though, I decided to see if I couldn't first get him to identify Dr. Gee as GeBauer. It would be something of a bluff, but, pending my trip to Phoenix, I was pretty sure I had the right man.

The Scully living room hadn't changed. It was still the same cheery bedlam of dogs and children with Scully holding forth as usual on a saucer case flashed to him by an ardent fan who had read his book.

In the relative calm of Scully's cluttered workroom I brought out the laboratory reports on the disk—the film from the spectrochemical analysis, the terse report on the gravimetric, the bleak notes on the microscopic examination.

**W**hen Scully got through with them he looked as a man might who had been riding in a flying saucer when the center fell out. After awhile he called in his wife. For Mrs. Scully's benefit the whole file on Newton was hauled out.

When she was through, Mrs. Scully just sat there saying over and over, "How can it possibly be true?" The propitious moment seemed to be at hand to hazard the matter of Dr. Gee.

The first move was to see if Scully still contended, as he had in his book, that he had actually met Dr. Gee. Scully not only said that he had, but that considering the high scientific tone of Dr. Gee's conversation it didn't seem possible that he could be anything but what Newton claimed.

I made Scully a proposition. If he would voluntarily admit who Dr. Gee was, I offered to let him join forces with me publicly in the final stages of smoking out Newton's real motives in perpetrating a national hoax.

Scully refused. He had given his word, he said, not to reveal who Dr. Gee was, and he didn't intend to break his promise. Mrs. Scully tried to convince him that he had been taken in by Newton and was thus no longer obligated to him. Scully wouldn't budge.

I decided to play it the way they do in the movies. With the most indifferent attitude I could muster, I hinted that it didn't

make any difference to me because I knew who Gee was anyway.

I guess I must have sounded pretty indifferent because it worked. Scully promised that if I could prove to him that I knew who Dr. Gee was, he would admit the identification was correct.

It was kind of a lopsided arrangement hanging completely on Scully's word, but at the moment his word seemed like a very rugged institution.

I told Scully the Phoenix address I had for GeBauer.

"You've got the man, all right," Scully said.

"GeBauer, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, Dr. GeBauer," he said.

I couldn't have felt better if I had pulled off a merger between Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward.

Right away I wanted Scully to go to Phoenix with me and confront GeBauer. Scully couldn't make it. It was early summer and Scully didn't think he could stand the heat. Nor was Scully sure that he wanted to admit publicly that his book was a hoax. Scully didn't know what he wanted to do.

Finally we made a deal. I would go to Phoenix and talk with GeBauer. If GeBauer should refuse to admit that he was Dr. Gee and would assert this denial in writing, Scully would join forces with me and find out what Newton, who was plainly the moving spirit behind the little-men story, was really up to.

It was a strange, backward kind of arrangement, but it was the best I could do. And I did have Scully's solemn promise made in front of his wife.

**W**hen I got to Phoenix I hunted up Lloyd Clark of the *Phoenix Gazette* and recruited him for a little advance work. I wanted to get some photos of GeBauer in his natural habitat and Lloyd thought he knew how it could be done.

Under the pretext of getting a story for the business section of the *Gazette*, Clark took a photographer and moved in on GeBauer at his Western Radio & Engineering Company.

They got the photos all right, but Clark had a strange report to make about GeBauer's reaction to having his picture taken.

Most businessmen will crowd aside a herd of elephants to get their picture in the paper. Not GeBauer. He didn't know if it were really the right thing for him to be photographed or not. He spent quite a little time trying to convince Clark and the photographer that they ought to make their pictures of his shop and his staff but they should leave him out. Very modest gent, this GeBauer.

But newspaper photographers have a way about them, a little harsh sometimes, but effective. Clark and his man came away with a very nice mug shot of GeBauer.

Clark hadn't been able to pry much information out of GeBauer about his past, but he had a pretty good idea of how to get what we wanted.

As soon as the business-news story and the photo of GeBauer ran in the *Gazette*, Clark made a deal with the local Better Business Bureau to do a follow-up.

The Bureau came away with a very interesting notarized report.

Instead of holding degrees from Armour Institute, Creighton University, and the University of Berlin, as Scully wrote, GeBauer only claimed a degree in electrical engineering from the Louis Institute of Technology in Chicago around 1931 or 1932, he couldn't remember which.

From 1943 to 1945, while he was supposed to have been heading up 1,700 scientists doing 35,000 experiments on the land, in the sea and the air and spending one billion dollars in a top-secret government magnetic-research program, GeBauer allowed he was merely chief of laboratories at the AiResearch Company in Phoenix and Los Angeles.

A check on that claim showed that GeBauer had been with AiResearch all right, and had done a most competent job—

keeping their laboratory machinery running as a kind of maintenance man.

The Better Business Bureau wound up its report with a quote by GeBauer that ranks as probably one of the world's most heroic efforts at obfuscation. The last paragraph of the report reads: "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!'"

The time had come to visit Dr. Gee in person.

It was dead-hot in Phoenix. GeBauer's shop, a modest enough establishment despite Newton's glowing descriptions of Dr. Gee's sprawling laboratories, turned out to be a flat-roofed, one-story building in a treeless section of town.

GeBauer is a stocky, middle-aged man with pale, deep-set eyes. I had made arrangements with a photographer from the *Gazette* to park his car across the street from GeBauer's place, leave his camera in it and stroll around GeBauer's showroom posing as a customer, and I was glad there were reinforcements within hailing distance.

We talked in GeBauer's office. While he talked, he toyed with a steel bearing, rolling it back and forth across the glass top in his desk.

I told him who I was and that I knew he was the Dr. Gee in Scully's book.

GeBauer gave me those eyes.

"You're mistaken there, my boy," he said, rolling the bearing around. "I know Newton and I've read Scully's book, but whoever told you I was Dr. Gee is away off base."

**S**weat was running down his jaws and making quick little detours around his chin.

I asked GeBauer for a written statement that he wasn't Dr. Gee.

No go.

My line was, "Look, as long as you say you aren't Gee, what harm is there in giving me a statement that you aren't?"



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His line was, "I don't want to put anything down in writing until I talk it over with my attorney." He had run into trouble with Newton before. Seems as though Newton owed him some money for some equipment GeBauer had built for him. He didn't know if he should sign any statement or not.

GeBauer wanted to talk the deal over with his wife, who was in the shop. I left them talking and made a little tour of the place. In a room that was a combination storeroom, workshop and wrapping room, there was a box of brown rods exactly like the one George Koehler had showed me in Denver claiming it was a Perelite arrow shaft.

I was feeling kind of reckless. Maybe it was the heat. I broke off a piece of rod and took it over to GeBauer. "What's this stuff?" I asked.

"Television antenna separators," he said. He didn't look too happy. Maybe he was sore because I broke that piece off.

I began to push GeBauer about the statement, since he still stuck to his story, and finally he started dictating to his wife. It took several false starts but he eventually produced what I needed as a lever on Scully. It was on his letterhead and it read:

To Whom It May Concern: I have been asked by J. P. Cahn of the *San Francisco Chronicle* if I were the Dr. Gee in Scully's book. I am making this statement to all concerned: I am not the Dr. Gee mentioned in the book *Behind The Flying Saucer*. I have no knowledge of the flying saucer other than what I have read. . . .

I have in no way any connection with Frank Scully, his books or statements, nor did I at any time give Frank Scully authority to infer that I might be Dr. Gee. The scientific duties and qualifications mentioned in his book in no way describe my activities during the war period.

(signed) L. A. GeBauer.

All Scully had asked me to get was a statement from GeBauer denying the identity by which Scully had admitted to me that he knew him. I had it, and on GeBauer's own letterhead. I certainly figured that would do the trick of unlocking Scully. But it didn't.

Maybe Scully had his fingers crossed when he promised me that if I got such a statement he would admit Newton and GeBauer had chumped him and help me run down the reason they went to all that trouble. Or maybe he only keeps his promises on odd days of the week. It's hard to tell. But Scully knows what he promised and so does his wife. She was there at the time.

First I called him on the telephone and told him what had happened. Scully wouldn't even listen to me.

I had the GeBauer statement photostated and I mailed him a copy by registered mail.

His only reply to that was a violent letter and a phone call that should have short-circuited the entire Bell System. Scully maintained that I was persecuting him, just as everyone else connected with the saucer story was being persecuted, and that he would probably sue someone. To date no one has showed up to serve any papers.

Something else showed up, however, that makes for some interesting speculation. Thor Seversen, digging around in Denver, finally found copies of the publication called the *Petroleum Review* that R. D. White of the California Company had suggested I read. It was a good suggestion.

In the 1946-47 *Petroleum Review* you will find three long articles written by Silas M. Newton. In all of them Newton expounded the merits of his geological theories about Rangely and denounced the United States Geological Survey and "bureaucratic Washington."

Newton further distinguished himself by introducing to his *Petroleum Review* readers none other than the noted author Frank Scully whom he incorrectly claimed "served several times (as a) member of the California legislature."

Scully's contribution to that issue of the *Petroleum Review* was an article entitled "Notes on Building a City" that was

certainly helpful to Newton's promotional pitch. The article predicted that the town of Rangely "can become a city of 50,000 in the next five years." That would be in 1952. Scully's prediction is a little high unless something unusual happens in Rangely in the next few months. The latest population figures, gathered in 1950 and printed in the Rand McNally Road Atlas, shows Rangely's population hovering at the 5,000 mark.

There is other remarkable cooperation between Newton and Scully. In the subsequent *Petroleum Review*, for 1947-48, Newton blossomed into print again with "a new exploratory method . . . (a) revolutionary new technique (that) may end the specter of 'dry holes.'" Some phrases from the article and the magazine's explanatory squib will ring familiar to readers of Scully's book. For example:

*Petroleum Review*: "Certain it is that petroleum in place radiates energy . . . microwaves can be caught and measured."

*Behind the Flying Saucers*, page 36: "Petroleum in place . . . radiates magnetic energy and this is measurable."

*Petroleum Review*: "Microwaves being broadcast constantly by petroleum deposits hidden deep in the earth. . ."

*Behind the Flying Saucers*, page 36: "Petroleum deposits hidden deep in the earth were constantly broadcasting . . . magnetic microwaves."

Scully could have checked the worth of such claims as easily as I did by querying any authority in the subject. Dr. Thomas Poulter of the Stanford Research Institute examined Newton's statements and told me, "As far as I know, petroleum in place doesn't radiate anything. If it did, all the world's oil fields would have been discovered long ago."

The practical value of Newton's theories was already on record. The same *Petroleum Review* issue of 1946-47 that carried Newton's articles contained, on page 88, a resume by the editors of the year's drilling operations that noted, "One hundred and forty . . . wells . . . were added to the forty wells producing on January 1, 1946, in Rangely Field, and its first duster was drilled—the Newton Oil Company's Government D-1 on the southern edge of the field. . . ." Perhaps it was this dry hole, which is not the best of recommendations for an oil promoter, that made necessary Newton's "revolutionary new technique" which he proclaimed the following year and the theory of which Scully glowingly quoted.

Only the ultimate question remained to be answered. Why did Frank Scully write *Behind the Flying Saucers*—a book now proved to be, in effect, one of the greatest scientific hoaxes to hit the country since the old Cardiff Giant was rooted out of the soil of the Onondaga Valley in 1869.

I'm sorry that I don't know the answer. I don't know it because I think there is no single answer. Beyond the immediate and obvious one that the book was highly profitable lies a tangle of intangibles—the motives of the various individuals who were involved in fostering the story.

I believe that Frank Scully allowed himself to trust sincerely what was told him by others, although I'll agree that that takes some believing about Scully. "I have tried to the best of my ability to find flaws in their stories," he wrote in his preface. You can charitably form a low opinion of his ability, or you can generously suppose that he may have been blinded by his long friendship with the man who emerges most impressively from the book—that wizard among ore and oil explorers, the scientist whose geophysical acumen as described by author Scully would certainly merit any investor's interest, Silas Mason Newton.

I'd give a good deal to know what led Newton to concoct the Little-Men-in-Flying-Saucers-from-Venus yarn and get other people to go along with it. I've been meaning to ask him, but he hasn't come around lately.

I've been meaning to ask him, too, if he has figured out a magnetic story to explain the fact that one of those disks of unknown metal in his handkerchief is so much heavier than the other one.

If I know Newton, I'll bet that he has.—J. P. Cahn

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## A True Book-Length Feature

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WILLIAM J. VINCENT

4 Hill Lane  
Glen Head

N.Y. 4 Hill Lane  
Glen Head, N. Y.

Aspd

September 1, 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
2071 Grace Avenue  
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully,

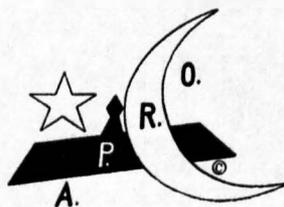
I have been a strong believer in your saucer story and have done what I could to bring out the full story from our Air Force. I wrote you twice in 1951 and appreciate your replies.

However, the Cahn article in TRUE is pretty conclusive evidence that you have caused our Air Force a lot of trouble and ridicule, either purposely or because of being duped by your friend Newton. I have followed your VARIETY column for some time and it seems hard to believe that your book was an intentional hoax on your part.

I still am of the opinion that there is more to the saucer story than what the Air Force will admit but if Mr. Kahn is not sued and convicted of libel, your reputation as a journalist and American will indeed suffer.

Very truly yours,

*William J. Vincent*



# AERIAL PHENOMENA RESEARCH ORGANIZATION

CORAL E. LORENZEN, NATIONAL DIRECTOR

P.O. BOX 358 • STURGEON BAY, WIS.

Sept. 2, 1952

*Ans*

Mr. Frank Scully,  
2171 Grace Avenue  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully,

In response to your letter of August 28, I'd like to thank and commend you on your prompt reply. Right away I would like to say that I perused the TRUE article with much more than slight amusement, as I also did the recent article in PEOPLE TODAY. I recognized Cahn's style as one of the current habits of most writers indulging in any kind of speculation. I still say I am the first newspaper feature writer to have an article published dealing with saucers and the like, who had guts enough to state his opinion, back it up with logic, and at the same time be convincing enough to convince the necessary editor in order to get it in print. And that is an accomplishment.

Back to Adamski---I knew him before we left Los Angeles last fall, and was quite impressed. His pictures are impressive, also. However, in the game we are engaged in, bias has no place, and everything considered must be probed from every angle in order to gain the truth. Also, although it gripes me no end, I cannot divulge the names of those who have intimated to me that Adamski's stuff is fake.

APRO is engaged in some research of it's own---Sunday I saw a fairly large sphere of impressive weight held five feet of the ground and controlled in motion. That's just the beginning. Our man has half the battle of the propulsion worked out. From now in, it is up to our mathematicians to do the rest, and I have confidence in them.

We believe the saucers are interplanetary but will never be positive until we have one on the ground to inspect for ourselves---and that is what we are working on. I believe we will succeed.

Thank you again for your letter, and your time. Until such time as you care to contact us again, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,  
*Coral Lorenzen*

Coral Lorenzen

September 2, 1952

Dear Mr. Scully:

I received your letter today and am very thankful for it. I was waiting for it because I wanted to get your comments on the reports I sent with my last letter. As you seem to be satisfied, I will enclose the rest of them now.

I hope these reports will help you in the war with all the Pentagon-paid stooges, "True" and Cahn-like nogoodniks. The True article was like a sweet cookie to all the unbelievers up here and I had quite a Holy War to fight in order to get them back on the right track. We are waiting for your new book to come out, and when it does, I will let my trumpet announce the birth of it in the local papers so everybody knows about it. It looks to me that the last book was not known to very many people in Canada.

Looks like the saucers starts to like the old Earth more and more because after the report from West Palm Beach, Fla. a similar report about a saucer that landed came from Windsor, Ontario. If you did not hear about it, here is the cutting from THE MONTREAL STAR August 28, 1952: Gabriel Durocher said he was walking home about 1:30 a.m. when he saw an object in the field. It was sort of blue all over and glowed like phosphorus. It was disc-shaped, about 30 feet in diameter. The observer ran to within 30 feet of the object and started to yell at it. Then he saw sparks come out of one part of the sides, blue, yellow and red in color. The saucer started spinning and there was a sort of blue mist formed under it and it went straight up and away. Four other persons said they saw something hovering over that area of the city where Durocher said he saw the object. The field, where the object landed, is south of Windsor.

The same report appeared in several other Canadian newspapers but I have not received the Windsor Star clippings yet. There should be more news in them. As soon as I get them I will let you know.

I have received some new reports from Winnipeg and Quebec City but I have not enclosed them in the sheets I am sending now. Besides they don't seem to be very important. I will have them ready for you as soon as I can find more time. The latest cuttings from Australia and Japan will arrive here soon too.

I liked to ask you some questions, but I think you are very busy now, so I will let them stay here for a while. There will be more spare time later, I believe.

I hope to hear from you again and a letter, like the one I just received, gives more strength to fight the crowds of unbelievers or pagans (this is my name for them).

Thanking again for your letter and the copy of the press release, I remain

Laimon A. Mitris  
129 Main St  
Apt 17-30. Royce, Quebec  
Canada

Respectfully yours

Laimon A. Mitris

*Aus*

Palomar Gardens,  
Star Route,  
Valley Center, Calif.  
September 2, 1952.

Dear Mr. Scully & Family,

Perhaps you remember the long drink of water that use to hop up to your dwelling, high in the Hollywood Hills and just above the main smog belt, most of the time when I was on my way to the astronomical meetings.

For the past five weeks this summer I have been part of the gang down here at Palomar Gardens and amid watching space ships, converting skeptics, and laughing at the September TRUE article, I wondered how you-all been on your little-old ranch.

There is a pretty large international organization that I belong to, (Help start) that you may have heard of or may find interest in. The name of it is The Extra-Terrestrial Research Organization or ETRO for short. I'll tell you more about it sometime if you are interested. Any-way, what I would like to know is if I could recopy the press-release that you sent here to Adamski and have it printed in ETRO's bimonthly publication.

I would like to see and talk with you again soon if it is at all possible on your part. There are several important things I would like to discuss with you.

All for now. I'll be here at Adamski's through this weekend but it would be better if you would write to me at my home address. Hope to see and hear from you soon.

Sincerely your friend,

*Ivan*  
Ivan A. Courtright Jr.

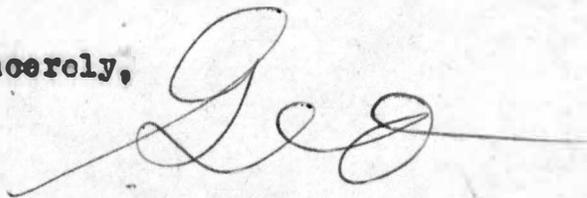
419 Ave 28  
Venice  
Calif

September 4, 1952

Dear Frank:

I have several important things I would like to talk over with you as soon as possible. Will you please let me know whether you will be at Desert Springs or Hollywood next Thursday, the 11th and I will drive down. Am sending one of these to you at the Ranch and another copy to your home in Hollywood, just to avoid any delay.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Geo", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

George Adamski

GA:lm

September 8, 1952

Dear Alice:

Don't take things so seriously. They really aren't so bad as I feel you are taking them. Thinking people who read that article in TRBE can easily see the viciousness through it, and those who ask Prof about Frank's book are being answered and given the truth.

The world is full of such people as this man who had no decency but would sell his soul for a little money. That is why conditions throughout the world are as they are today. If it were not so, there would be no wars nor even need for jails and courts as we have them around the world. People, if they had respect for their fellowmen, would not inflict suffering upon others.

Prof has also been the recipient of many false accusations from the most unexpected sources, but one has to be bigger than those who show malice. You are, Alice! You and Frank both have been on the receiving end of such things several times before, and they really have not harmed you except as you allowed them to through worry and unhappiness. These things can hurt you physically, whereas when you recognize them for what they are and allow them to pass on, they can only return to those who created them in malice to exact payment from the creator of falseness.

Within yourself you know that your home is the place of happiness and freedom for you and your family. Your children are growing into a fully developed maturity of balance and happiness because you and Frank have provided them with a happy home life. Such homes are more on the rare side than even being an ordinary. They are in the realm of the super because of their rarity. Think about this and let the little viciousness pass without allowing it to hurt you. The man accepted your hospitality and your friendship without even a "thank you" and proved that he had not even a microscopic degree of decency by writing as he did. The real people who read that article will recognize this lack because it is very prominent in his writing. Those who themselves have neither decency nor respect for their fellowman will not recognize the truth because they have no truth within themselves, however they are not worth any thought or worry on your part, either.

Remember, Alice, that the wheels of the Gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly just.

Best of wishes to you and all of your family including May.



Lucy

[Lucy McGinnis]

P S: Si was down Saturday and we all had a wonderful visit. Prof and Si had much conversation without customer interference. That was wonderful. Si promised to come down again. We hope he keeps that promise.

He hopes to see you Thursday but tells me to add here that if he hasn't got there by 2 or 3 PM not to expect him. So many things are in the fire just now that often unexpected developments interfere with his plans. He will come when it is possible for he wants to talk with you and Frank about several things. In the meantime, come down whenever you can. You are always most welcome.

LM

3731st Basic Mil Tng Sqdn.,  
Lackland Air Force Base,  
San Antonio, Texas.  
9 September 1952.

Dear Mr. Scully;

Please excuse the informality of this letter as I find it much more natural and convenient at this late hour of the night.

I am on a 3 day pass at the present time and naturally I am spending all three days working with my first love--"flying saucers" I had intended to await a reply from my last letter before writing you again, but in bringing my material up to date came upon many things that I knew would be of interest to you. And at the thoughts of forgetting them, quickly reversed my decision and as you can see am writing while the spirit moves me.

Saucer reports here in San Antonio and in general the entire southwestern part of the country from my observations are on the decline. This is not true of the remainder of the United States, however. Chicago from all indications, is the center of attraction lately with many reports coming to me via newspaper captions and word of mouth accounts. They are all sightings in the evening and consist of the common "bright-light" description. Then too, the "green fireballs" have put in an early appearance this year and from all indications Dr. Lincoln LaPas is of the impression their origin might be locked in the confines of "some type guided missile" His inclination toward airborne objects is extremely beneficial. It indicates that he, as an expert on Meteors and Meteorites, is skeptical of the "green fireballs" being in that category.

I have received the information I promised you in my last letter regarding the Captain Thomas F Mantell incident. Here it is as best as I can piece it together:

In January 1948, Captain Mantell was assigned to the 165th Fighter Squadron, Hq, 123rd Fighter Wing, Standiford AFB, Louisville, Kentucky. The squadron at the time was not on active duty and was an Air National Guard outfit. It was on 7 January 1948 that this flight was on a routine training flight out of Standiford AFB and 1st Lt Albert W. Clemins (Not Mullins as I previously informed you) of whom much of this involves, was in the flight with Captain Mantell. During the flight, Captain Mantell was informed of an identified object headed for Ft. Knox, Ky. When the object was sighted, all four planes gave chase. During the ensuing moments two gave up the chase with only Mantell and Clemins remaining. Lt Clemins remained behind Mantell until he felt the lack of oxygen effecting him and then turned back. (The rest was not related to my informant)

On 10 October 1950, this fighter wing was recalled to Active duty and was designated 165th Ftr Bomber Sqdn, Hq, 123rd Fighter Bomber Wing. This change occurred because the squadron was supplied with F-84 jets to replace the near obsolete F-51s. At their recall, the squadron then was assigned

to Godman AFB and sometime in 1951 was dispatched to England.

It was after 10 October 1950 and before the Squadron's departure for England that \_\_\_\_\_ saw the report which was laying in Major Clemins OUT box. In the report was much of what has been released publicly by the Air Force. He read of how Lt Clemins pursued an unknown object and that because he lacked oxygen he believe Capt Mantell blacked out etc., etc. Had my informant been an officer then instead of an enlisted man perhaps I would have a more complete description of what was written. But such is not the case and he only skimmed through it not really knowing how important it was, and also with a guilty conscience of being caught. He declares there was a photograph of a demolished F-51 presumably that of Capt. Mantell. It was not disintegrated as we suspect. He is familiar with airplane crashes and assures me this one was no different than any others.

At this time, I am no further than before at determining who is making an ass of who..Or which is correct? Demolish or Disintegrate? I am however, of the belief disintegrate is more of the truth. But until I can find more supporting evidence to prove this it can only remain conjecture at this time. When I am successful in obtaining the evidence and facts, it will then be possible to determine who is the culprit and print verbatim facts as facts, lies as lies, and throw away all the conjecture. I hope this is soon because it bothers me to have so many unsolved mysteries on the balance at the same time.

I have quite a list of things to do tomorrow in the line of saucer projects and believe me I'll be a H\_\_\_\_\_ of a site busier than I've been in recent weeks. Heading the top of the list is an all-out search for both J\_\_\_\_\_ B\_\_\_\_\_ and 2d Lt C\_\_\_\_\_. If they are here I'll know for certain tomorrow and you may be sure that if I discover something new or important, I will not hesitate in forwarding it to you. All the other projects require a trip into town mainly for supplies and leads for future undertaking. The supplies I speak of are for rebuilding my graphs. I have decided to begin them again without waiting for December to roll around. Of course I cannot send them with my other material for safe keeping because of the daily work involved to catch up. I can only hope nothing will happen to cause me to lose them for a second time. Maintenance of these graphs will be impossible without my material but at least I will have them in readiness when December comes.

In attempts of uncovering information to support your assertions of the "little men" last November, I found myself looking into the possibility of RANDOLPH AFB being the laboratory site. It is (to my knowledge) the official Air Force School of Medicine. And they have a Department of Space Medicine which I am certain is the only one in existence within the AF. Naturally, if you were right (and I had no reason to doubt you) this would have been the reception center for those men. Questioning of various personnel on my part revealed that ~~Randolph~~ Randolph was similiar to Lackland. Personnel assigned there are transferred after short tours of duty. This

made it impossible for me to obtain any first hand information or rumors to the effect of Saucer-men being dissected in the Department of Space Medicine. However, by keeping my eyes and ears open and remembering what I found out yesterday and the day before etc., several facts become noteworthy. I will not add to the length of this letter by giving all the details of how they presented themselves but for brevity will enumerate them.

1. It was rumored that the High Altitude Program initiated at Randolph was the result of the "little men" Photographic and oral accounts of this program appeared in a past edition of LIFE.

2. Randolph Officials adopted a conservation, cost consciousness, and safety program about the later part of July using "a little man from a flying saucer" as a theme for the program. (Much like Dilbert for Air safety consciousness in "Flying" magazine. This to me was unusual or a damnable coincidence. ||

3. In late November the Department of Space Medicine had the following men in charge:

Dr. Hubertus Strughold  
Dr. Fritz Haber  
Prof. Hans Haberk

Several days before reading of the Albert Clark Reed disappearance I read an article in which Prof. Hans Haber declared "space travel was here already, but only for short periods in the outer atmosphere." It was in a California newspaper and he was (if I am not mistaken) working also at the California Institute of Technology. This could be a possible association of facts surrounding Albert Clark Reed. This is not definite however, as I am not certain yet if Prof. Haber was working at CI of T.

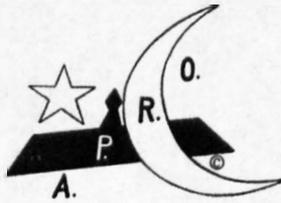
4. Finally, note the interview newspaper reporters had with both Dr. Strughold and Haber during the July appearance of Saucers over Washington. I have as usual underlined the lines where I think there is some importance. I will not mention what I read from those lines because it is contrary to how others read it, I know!! I want to see if you are able to visualize a "dead give-away."

Your assertions that the little men were sent to an Air Force School of Medicine leave many questions even today. I have no idea of where you obtained your information. Nor do I know if you know exactly the precise School. I am assuming that you were given information of this nature from an informer but were never told much more. If I am correct in this assumption, then the information I have gathered will definitely aid you. I am sincerely hoping this may be the case.

It is after three O'clock already. I didn't cover as much material as I had planned but there is always a tomorrow. In closing, I would like to thank you once again for your recent letter and wish you the best in your future undertakings.

Respectfully,

Jerrold Baker



## AERIAL PHENOMENA RESEARCH ORGANIZATION

CORAL E. LORENZEN, NATIONAL DIRECTOR

P.O. BOX 358 • STURGEON BAY, WIS.

September 14, '52

Mr. Frank Scully  
% David Mellinkoff  
221 S. Beverly Drive  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully,

In reply to your letter of Sept. 9, I would like to say I admire you for sticking to your guns when the odds against you have been terrific. Interplanetary saucers have been my belief since I first saw one on June 10, 1957, while living in Douglas, Arizona. The ensuing reports served only to deepen my interest, and the air force denials to arouse my ire.

When your book came out I was one of the first to buy and have always highly recommended it. I still say Scully has something, and the actions of the press and various government stooges in regard to the book only serve to prove that.

APRO is non-profit, and we members have banded together in an attempt to get most of the dope when it is available. We have members in all states, a few foreign countries, and every walk of life. I now have a couple of astronomers with bona fide degrees working with us, and who are wholeheartedly devoted to the saucer mystery. They, as the rest who make up our member roster believe the things are from out of space.

Last month, one of our members (he has several degrees in science) showed me the results of his recent experiments with reversal of the forces of gravity and I believe he is on his way to the solution. We have proven that the Rio Janeiro saucer is aerodynamically feasible, and will fly---and more competently than the conventional airplane.

As for my feature---it began running in the Green Bay Press-Gazette April 14 and was concluded May 2. My introduction by the editor was the 5 five years of study I have given the subject. My conclusions and straightforward theory that the saucers are interplanetary was printed without a bunch of editorial 'we are not responsables', or apologies on the part of the paper. Made me feel pretty good to have a little information spread instead of the usual B.S. circulated by the Air Force and Dr. Menzel and characters of his ilk. I took no cracks at anyone---except those who deserved them.

With this, I want to wish you great luck in any literary ventures in the future. If we can be of any aid---

Very Sincerely--- *Coral Lorenzen*

# Press

## A Saucer Full of Applesauce?

THE FEATURE article in the September issue of *True* contends that there are some jitter merchants who cleaned up on the flying saucer hysteria.

The yarn in question is a detailed take-apart job of "*Behind the Flying Saucers*," a book published by Henry Holt & Co., some time ago. Author of the book is Hollywoodite Frank Scully, a columnist for weekly *Variety*, who makes a hobby of thrashing about in muddy water. It is the contention of the piece in *True* that Scully's best-selling book didn't settle a bit of the mud and, in fact, stirred up a good deal more. What's more, it made the Air Force out as a villainous agency dedicated to confusing the already confused US public on the matter of saucers.

The hub of the book was that little 3-foot men, propelling the saucers by magnetic force, had landed on the US proper. Some of these extra-terrestrial beings were discovered by the Air Force, burned to a turn, and carted off. Then the Air Force flubbed the operation by allowing every Tom, Dick and Harry to carry off bits of the saucer as souvenirs.

This vital news was all but lost to the world but for a public-spirited oil promoter and a remarkable scientist, likewise public spirited, who was hounded by government agencies so that he feared for his scientific life.

Scully's book impressed J. P. Cahn, a San Francisco newspaperman, immensely. After reading same, he approached his old newspaper, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, with a proposition for a run down on its authorship and material. Cahn reasoned that events described were either true or false. If evidence of a visitation from another planet was true, this was the biggest story of all time. If false, Cahn argued, the book was a dangerous hoax and should be discredited.

Cahn's careful investigation disintegrates all belief in "little men" and exposes Silas M. Newton, the oil man, as a dubious merchant in myth. The house of mystery built so carefully to shelter "Dr. Gee," the scientist, is reduced to ashes. Scully, the reporter prefers to believe, was taken in by some fast talk. Scully, however, clings to his story in the face of Cahn's damaging research and has sought to discredit the reporter with his newspaper and has threatened



J. P. Cahn: he smelled a fish and found it.

libel action against the magazine.

At press time, no suit has been filed and the deep-digging reporter is not worried. Meanwhile, he is following up some of the reader response and finds some of it more than entertaining. He may, he says, get an exciting new lead on this particular saucer story that may well top his original findings.

John Phillop Cahn is 33, a Stanford graduate, who cut his teeth as a reporter on the *Chronicle*. He left this field to take over his father's clothing business and has since sold the enterprise. He is presently the Northern California wholesale sales manager for the British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd., and enjoys his work, but likes to keep his hand in as a journalist.

Curiously, the *Chronicle* did not publish the story, though they underwrote the investigation. It was *True*, the bare-chested magazine for men, which pounced on the yarn.

### Twisteroo

In 1933 THE Newspaper Guild — the first successful reporters' union — was organized, and in its constitution it was specifically forbidden that any newspaperman should be denied membership because of his political beliefs.

But as the world turned for two tortured decades, the error of considering Communism as a "political belief" in the US became more and more apparent. To guildsmen it became so apparent that

they fired from their own organization suspected Communists.

But last fortnight, they pointed to their 1933 constitution and to a clause in the California state labor laws which forbids dismissal for "political beliefs"; contended that two LA Daily newsmen had been wronged.

Movie critic Darr Smith had been struck from the rehiring list. Rewrite man Vern Partlow was fired. Both had refused under oath to say whether or not they had been or were Communists.

Special arbiter Paul A. Dodd, Dean of Letters and Science at UCLA, ruled that whether or not anybody had proved Smith and Partlow Communists was not the issue. But after they had been named by witnesses as one-time Communists before the House Un-American Activities Committee, Dodd said that "the paper had a right to expect employees so accused to answer these charges.

"A newspaper has a quasi-public responsibility. . . . In view of our nation's struggle today against the forces of Communism, all those who hold a place of public influence must be ready to stand up and answer the Communist charges," Dodd said in his opinion.

Smith and Partlow had both refused to answer the charges, though Partlow had been promised his job back if he would swear the charges were not true.

### Is That So?

WHEN SUNSET was made into a Western regional magazine back in 1929, few people in Western advertising circles gave its publisher, L. W. Lane, much encouragement. "Regional consumer magazines just don't succeed," they told him.

The 1952 advertising records show just how wrong they were.

In August, for the second issue in a row, advertisers placed more pages of advertising in *Sunset* than in any of the largest "national" magazines in its home service and travel field.

According to "Printers' Ink" reports, the August *Sunset* carried 81 pages of advertising; Better Homes & Gardens, 71 pages; House Beautiful, 70; American Home, 38; Holiday, 35; House & Garden, 28; National Geographic, 25; Living, 24.

In July, *Sunset* also led the group.

FORTNIGHT, September 15, 1952

First Methodist Church

MAQUOKETA, IOWA

Sept. 15, 1952

MILTON NOTHDURFT, MINISTER  
310 W. MAPLE STREET  
PHONE 301

Mr. Frank Scully  
2071 Grace Ave.  
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Dear Friend:

With all the brickbats that must be coming your way since the recent TRUE article, it might be refreshing for you to know that a few people still have faith in you! In other words, I have been studying the problem in its entirety long enough NOT TO BE THROWN BY THIS ARTICLE.

Kenneth Arnold, a personal friend of mine, has gone through similar persecution long ago. I do wish some of you fellows who are at the bottom of the study and have each been persecuted individually, would get together and JOIN FORCES in the rebuttal.

Are you not allowed to publish a certain letter that would pretty well prove the "little men" story?

And regardless of the fact that Dr. Gee said long ago he wouldn't talk for \$20,000,000---what about the chaplain you wrote me about. Couldn't he be prevailed upon to sacrifice a little prestige? I have an article on the "Moral and Spiritual Implications of Space Craft" that might change his mind if I could get in touch with him.

Or maybe it just isn't time yet??? Will the Battle of Armageddon, or something similar, have to be completed before certain selfish and egotistical interests are forced to let loose?

Your sincere friend,

*Milton Nothdurft*

Rev. Milton Nothdurft

copies

Henry Holt and Company Inc. Publishers  
385 Madison Avenue, New York 18 NY

September 17 1952

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This is in reply to your letter of September 5 concerning  
BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS by Frank Scully.

Publishers are in extremely vulnerable and many times  
very difficult positions in that they publish books  
on subjects in which they cannot possibly be well  
qualified. I regret to say that we are not in a  
position to make a counter statement as to whether  
True's position is correct or incorrect in regard to  
the interesting article in their September issue.

It is our feeling that Frank Scully, an honest and  
religious man did not knowing write anything in which  
he did not have complete confidence concerning his  
sources. If he were duped somewhere along the line  
that is unfortunate, because I am certain that if  
you met Mr. Scully you would immediately like him  
for his sincerity and integrity.

In order to answer some of your questions, I would  
suggest that you might care to consider writing Mr.  
Scully care of us, and your letter will be promptly  
forwarded to him in California.

The matter of flying saucers has been a very interesting  
and confused one from statements made by the Department  
of Defense on down. What the true answer is, I am  
sure we don't know, and I am not sure that anyone  
does. We published the book in all good faith and  
had no idea that it would reach the popular proportions  
that it did. I found it fascinating reading and I am  
still as much in the dark about flying saucers as  
almost everyone else.

Sincerely

Signed

William E. Duckley

WEB jp

Private and Confidential  
Memo on J.P.Cahn  
June 15, 1952  
By Frank Scully.

Forwarded to:  
A. Brigham Rose,  
Attorney for  
Silas M. Newton.

September 20, 1952

On February 22, 1951, J. P. Cahn, an unemployed newspaper man from San Francisco, came to my home at 2071 Grace Avenue, Hollywood, 28, California, claiming he was a friend of Abe Mellinkoff, city editor of the Chronicle, and a classmate at Stanford of Sherman Mellinkoff. He asked if he might do some research under my direction on any new leads that might develop concerning flying saucers. He was sure the San Francisco Chronicle, where he had been previously employed, would carry expenses up to \$1200 for six weeks in return for first crack at whatever material might be unearthed. He was even surer there was a fortune in it and he was most anxious to get a piece of it.

I listened and said nothing encouraging or discouraging. For myself I felt I had exhausted the subject of flying saucers and in any event the subject had exhausted me. He came in a few times, was invited for lunch and once came at tea time.

At our house Cahn met Silas Newton, an oil man freely quoted in "Behind The Flying Saucers." Neither of us, however, had ever seen a saucer, had any hallucinations we had seen one. Nor had we joined any mass hysteria concerning the enigma.

When Cahn found that Newton made frequent trips to San Francisco, whereas I minded moving from one chair to another, he dropped me like a dead fish and latched on to Newton.

I didn't see Cahn after that for months. I didn't see much

of Newton either, because he was working out a petroleum storage defense project and spent most of his time between Washington and San Francisco.

The next time I saw Cahn was June 11, 1951, when he barged into my home carrying a brief case. In the brief case was a dossier. The contents he assured me would prove I was a dupe of 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 and then selling these suckers dubious oil stocks. Their arrest was only a matter of days. His editors thought I should be informed of these revolting developments and if I would cooperate with them and write the expose under my name they would see I was amply repaid for yelling "copper" on my saucerian sources. If I wouldn't, they of course would have no alternative than to assume I was a party to these illegal practises. In brief, he was <sup>also</sup> trying out blackmail ~~etc~~ on me, for size.

All this was so completely in the syndrome of stampeded confessions from behind the iron curtain that I wondered if Cahn and the Chronicle were not practising to take over the functions of a secret police, if and when the Constitution were abolished and a police-state pencilled in to succeed it.

I called Alice Scully in to the office and had Cahn go over his charges in her presence.

At this point Cahn confessed something himself. He confessed he was a crime reporter. In fact he even confessed that he had gone in for some larceny to strengthen his case. He said he stole a small disc presumably in Newton's collection of saucerian mementoes and had substituted a slug when returning the collection to Newton. He showed me a photograph of the filched disc next to a nickel. Whether this is

in the realm of petty or grand larceny would have to be determined by a court skilled in appraising such curiosa.

Cahn next went on to expose Dr. Gee, a composite of scientists I had created out of the several who had told me the most sensational phases of the glying saucer story. He asked me if I knew Dr. Gebauer and gave his address in Phoenix. I told Cahn I certainly did. He said that Newton had told him that Dr. Gebauer was Dr. Gee and if he (Cahn) got GeBauer himself not only to admit he was Dr. Gee, but to admit he had been a nobody in the defense setup in the last war and had concocted his sensational saucer story out of his own head, would I then collaborate on the Chronicle's expose and write their "I Have Been Duped Story" from the material supplied by them and Cahn. *If we would there was at least \$25,000 in it.* We told him that if he had proof which satisfied our minds, not merely his or the Chronicle's, it would then be time to discuss the next step in the saucer story. He said he would prove that GeBauer and Newton had been working the confidence racket for years and in a few days would have a confession from GeBauer that all this was true and that the whole saucer story was a hoax of his making. He was sure that I being a man of honor would see I owed it to the thousands of readers of "Behind The Flying Saucers" to protect them from further victimization of this well-plotted fraud.

I told him if he could prove that Dr. Gee was Dr. Gebauer and that Dr. GeBauer was a nobody in the field of geophysical and magnetic research and had never had a status in the government defense setup, Cahn hardly needed me to prove his case. But he insisted that he did need my help and assured me the Chronicle would pay me handsomely for the task. ~~No price was mentioned at that time, but I suspect they'd pay at least 30 pieces of silver.~~ Later He said they'd guarantee at least \$25,000, *plus a syndicate percentage.* I then told him if it were true I would

write it for nothing; if it weren't true, money couldn't buy it.

Alice asked how would the fact of flying saucers, true or false, hang on to Cahn's knowing who and what and how many people compose Dr. Gee? Just because Mr. Newton or anybody else may or may not be what I said they were, would that <sup>to instance,</sup> make Adamski's pictures lies?

Subsequently Cahn got "a confession" from Dr. GeBauer. Dr. GeBauer didn't admit he was Dr. Gee, however. In fact he denied it. That left Cahn holding the bag, but he acted as if it was just what he wanted most in the world. He also "proved" GeBauer was a nobody by quoting the Better Business Bureau. <sup>Their records indicated that</sup> ~~They said~~ GeBauer ~~was~~ had been director of the Air Research laboratories in Phoenix and L.A. for two years during the war <sup>and had got a doctor's degree in engineering from the University of California of Los Angeles in 1946. Did they give doctor's degrees to nobodies?</sup>

As Newton was in Washington completing the details of a defense project <sup>when Cahn was exposing him in Hollywood,</sup> and flew from ~~there~~ <sup>Washington</sup> to Denver before I could contact him, I had no way of gettin\_ in touch with him for several days. When I did and confronted him with the Chronicle's dossier he blew his top and had to be restrained from settling this scurrilous piece of typographical character-assassination in a way that died out with "Duel In The Sun." A man enjoying a high reputation in his field, his company owned wells and leases in Colorado, Wyoming, California and elsewhere.

He explained that day-after-day while he was in San Francisco he was pestered by Cahn who obviously had sold the Chronicle a bill of goods and had got back on the payroll. Newton was importuned by Cahn to visit the editors. Newton told us he never made one phone

call to Cahn or the Chronicle. He said he was the recipient of dozens.

Cahn et al began to build a great story. First they would write a puffing personality-story around Newton, praising him to the skies. This would launch their great Saucerian story. Newton said he refused to permit this. He was urged to contact his sources among magnetic scientists and see if they felt they could take a chance on revealing their material. If it satisfied the Chronicle's standards of proof the paper would pay \$25,000 to \$35,000 and guarantee to protect their identity. Newton said he would submit this proposition to these men at his first opportunity. That's all he could do. They might or might not accept such an offer.

Newton told them he had some leads himself but in the pressure of business he had not been able to run them down. One particularly intrigued him. It concerned a grounded cigar-shaped saucer. After he cleaned up his business in Washington he hoped to run down this rumor, and would let them know if successful. If not they would not hear from him. He left them with that.

Whether they signed the scientists or not, The Chronicle wanted Newton to assure them of first crack at this story. Newton's concern if it were the real thing was how could he get the grounded object out of the Mississippi swamps and establish title to it. The Chronicle editors were sure they had enough influence to protect his rights in this matter.

The editors pleaded with him that the whole project had to be cleared up one way or another soon, before Editor-in-Chief Paul Smith got back from a world tour, because if it weren't he'd wash the project up and refuse to waste any more money on it. That was the last Newton saw of them, as he spent the next five weeks in Washington.

The weeks going by and nothing coming of all the hopes of a killing by Cahn ~~et al~~, they went from high hopes to black despair. They realized that they had to turn in some story, and so from glorifying Newton as the Grand Sachem of Saucers they proceeded to look for mud to throw at him, at Dr. GeBauer, at me, and so convince the Chronicle top echelon that they were good reporters after all. While they didn't get the story they started out to get, they had got a honey of an expose, they were telling me as well as others, and had even saved the paper from the embarrassment of building up guys who were as phoney as a three-dollar bill. In other words, the <sup>Cahn</sup> formula was: puff them up or stink them up, but get a story or get fired.

Cahn sought to get me not to tell Newton of these developments until they were in galley-proofs, when they would confront him with the charges and give him a chance to clear himself or correct any errors before printing them.

In a final desperate effort to save his crazy crumbling house of hate, Cahn wanted Newton to sign a statement that he told me the whole flying story was a hoax two years ago, but that I went ahead and printed the ~~murder~~ story anyway. This way the Chronicle would let Newton off the hook and hang me on it. That one didn't get to first base either.

This vicious circle had now gone to criminal, if not psychopathic, lengths. When one understands that Cahn's driving motive was to make a fast fortune and thus get out of the wage slave class overnight, it is easier to understand his reversal, once his Caesarian ambitions were thwarted.

He abused my home and hospitality. He sought to destroy a

circle of friends who had known and trusted each other ~~loyally~~ for years. He threw scandal around like confetti. He cooked up libels by the dozen. He proved himself a louse in the blouse of journalism, a dangerous man in America, though possibly not without value if shipped abroad and handed the role of agent provocateur to some unfriendly foreign power.

A legal injunction against this sort of reputation-wrecking by a money-hungry rat gnawing on the hem of journalism ought to be issued in the public interest.

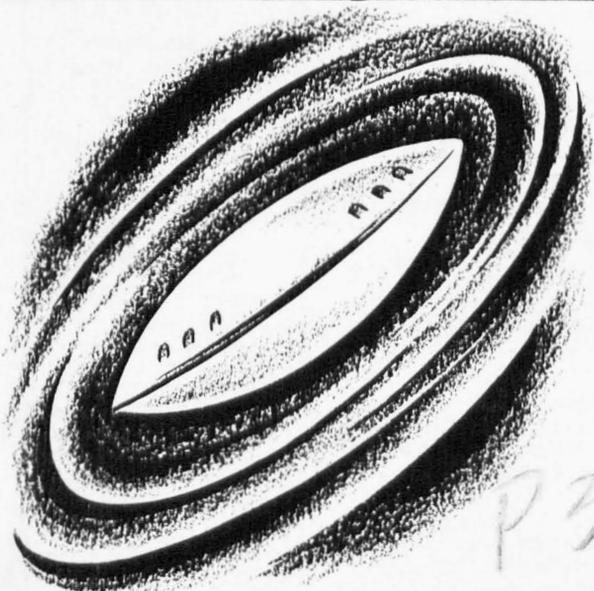
FRANK SCULLY

OCTOBER, 1967

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# Gusto

*A Literary Stimulus*



## When the SAUCERS Land

by George West

BOOK SECTION

## "Little Pitchers Have 'Em"

by Daisy Metcalfe Johnson

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Ethel Davidson  
Albert de Pina  
Alban Emley  
Ronald Farrar  
Edythe Genee  
Lisa Mae Grey  
Mark Halpern  
Richard Hewitt  
Vance Hoyt  
Frances Hurlbutt  
Bernard Jensen  
Arthur Joquel  
John Knoy  
Paul Kurtz  
James Leynse  
Patrick Mahony  
Ann Marshall  
Harold Phillips  
Guy Bates Post  
David Ravin  
Hugh Ross  
Van Royhl  
Frank Scully  
Milton Senn  
J. Woodruff Smith  
Robert Stacy-Judd  
Vida Reed Stone

# October, 1952

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## COVER

### FLYING SAUCERS—Moral Awakening?

The publishers of *Gusto* have given considerable space in this issue to the question of "Flying Saucers".

We know many of our readers do not believe that such things exist; we refuse to take sides in this present-day controversy. However, one thing is certain, a great deal of thinking has been done concerning these mysterious objects.

During the war we all heard of "fox-hole religion," where our boys turned to God for help. Recently, here in Los Angeles during the wave of earthquakes we heard of "earthquake religion". This isn't at all strange, for in time of stress and trouble man has throughout the ages turned to a Supreme Being.

Recently we have noticed a new-found humility amongst the people. A feeling that perhaps they are only insignificant pieces of humanity after all. This is due to the belief of many that men from another planet with superior intelligence exist.

The "Flying Saucer" battle, if for no other reason than that it has made us humble, has accomplished something tangible today and is worthy of note.

## GUSTO

formerly  
House-Warven's  
Center of Light

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Vol. 3 No. 7

# Gusto

*A Literary Stimulus*



## Grounded Among the Flying Saucers

By FRANK SCULLY

Two years ago I seem to have told the world in "Behind the Flying Saucers" that saucers, like girls, were here to stay and that we might as well get used to their being around, learn something of their patterns of flight as well as the behavior patterns of their pilots and something of protocol on the interplanetary level.

I note the Pentagonians are still determined to shoot them on sight. They seem to see them but their sights seem to be circular and the shots shoot down anything but flying saucers.

The power propelling these objects is a great mystery to all except those who have followed our particular party line. It's mag-

netic and what the present crop of saucers are likely doing is mapping our magnetic fault zones and getting all the material necessary to make landings not only safe but takeoffs sure. This requires a vast knowledge of the magnetic theory of the universe, and our visitors cannot be wholly in command of this material or none of their space ships would have grounded or cracked up. We on the other hand are abysmally ignorant of the subject and our best minds have only an inkling of what this force is and how it operates.

Read on for Gusto's feature  
of the month on FLYING  
SAUCERS. ▶



# *When the* **-- A Shocking**

By GEORGE D. WEST

The writer's assignment was to bring in a factual story about "flying saucers". Leading scientists, Federal, County and City officials, religious leaders, and other leaders were to be interviewed. A huge mass of information was gathered.

From the U.S. Air Force we learned that at least 20 per cent of the "saucer" reports have not been explained. Competent air observers have been sighting "mysterious objects" almost daily. Civilians have been flooding newspaper city desks with new reports of "saucer" sightings. Even two members of our staff swear they saw "saucers" here in Los Angeles. A recent survey by a metropolitan Los Angeles newspaper reports that 85 percent of the people interviewed believed in "flying saucers."

If an armada of "flying saucers" propelled by men of another planet landed on the Earth or even here in Los Angeles, what would we do? What plans are now being formed? After all, several scientists have claimed that landings have already been made.

Have any means been set up such as a sign language to tell them we want to be friends? Would such an armada reacting to a false move of our own prove hostile? Do we have a defense set-up to meet the situation? These are some of the questions that confront us. For if men of another planet propel these "flying saucers" it may be we shall have little or no time in which to bemoan our unpreparedness. There may be no time to say again "too little and too late". In a search to find out the answers to these questions we went to leading figures for their views.

We judged that the most logical place to start our endeavor would be to interview two of the most sought after men in America whenever the "saucer" controversy arises. These two men are friends of ours, namely Frank Scully and Silas M. Newton. Recently we have helped other national newsmagazines in securing "scoops" by putting them in contact with these men. We wanted to learn if, in view of the fact that these two men stood prac-

# *Flying SAUCERS Land*

## Exposure of our own Unpreparedness

tically alone against the government onslaughts and denials, they had changed their views on "flying saucers" to any degree. They pointed out that they have not changed their original statements but apparently the government had reversed its opinion regarding "saucers" in the past two years. It was also pointed out that all recent information has increased the position of Scully and Newton.

Scully, a long-time contributor to *Gusto*, needs no introduction to our readers. When questioned for a statement he referred to the following excerpts from his best-selling book "Behind The Flying Saucers". "These excerpts," explained Scully, "should show your readers how far ahead we were two years ago."

Scully quotes an undisclosed scientist who claimed to have worked on captured "saucers":

*"Having done this, we looked into the interior. There we were able to count sixteen bodies, that ranged in height from about 36 to 42 inches.*

*We assumed that there must be a door of some kind, unless these people had been hermetically sealed in a pressurized cabin, so*

*we prodded around with the pole which we had used to push through the opening made through the broken porthole, and on the opposite side from the broken porthole, we hit a knob; or a double knob, to be exact. When we pushed against that double knob, to our amazement and surprise, a door flew open. This enabled us to get into the ship.*

### BODIES APPEARED NORMAL

*We took the little bodies out, and laid them on the ground. We examined them and their clothing. I remember one of our team saying, 'That looks like the style of 1890'. They were normal from every standpoint and had no appearance of being what we call on this planet midgets. They were perfectly normal in their development. The only trouble was that their skin seemed to be charred a very dark chocolate color. About the only thing that we could decide at the time was that their bodies had been burned as a result of airrushing through that broken porthole window, or something going wrong with the means by which the ship was propelled and the cabin pressurized.*

*We then began an examina-*

# *Scully relates inspections of*

tion of the ship itself. First we decided to take complete measurements of the ship from the outside. The skin was aluminum colored.

'Reports that had appeared from time to time in the papers about these strange visitors,' continued Dr. Gee, 'had always been to the effect that they looked like flying saucers. With this ship on the ground we could not help but be aware of the fact that it looked like a huge saucer, and you might almost say that there was a cup in it, because the cabin set in an insert in the bottom of the saucer. The over-all dimensions of the ship were found to be a fraction short of 100 feet in diameter. To be exact it measured 99 99/100 feet wide. From the outer tip of the wing, which was entirely circular, to the bottom of the saucer, measuring in an imaginary line vertically, was 27 inches. The cabin which was entirely round, was 18 feet across, and 72 inches in height. Exactly 45 inches of the cabin was exposed above the outer rim of the saucer.'

Sixteen men, ranging in ages, he would guess, from thirty-five to forty years old, if we use our calendar of time, were taken dead from the first craft. Their bodies had been charred to a dark brown color.

## **SECOND CRAFT FOUND**

Sixteen dead men were also found in the second craft. These,

however, had not suffered from burns apparently, and were all of fair complexion. Otherwise they were like the first space travelers — of small stature. No different from us, except for height, and lack of beards. Some had a fine growth resembling peach fuzz.

The third ship was also manned and the men in it were also dead. This one, a small saucer, 36 feet in diameter, had a crew of only two. These men had lived to land, because they had died while attempting to climb out of their cabin.

The ships carried no weapons, and the speaker assumed that they had solved the problem of disintegrating an object which might pursue or threaten them.

He has been assigned to direct a division of top scientists during the war. Their task was to knock submarines out of the seven seas and directed-missiles out of the skies by other than the slow and disheartening methods then in use. They conducted 35,000 experiments on land, sea, and air on this defense project. They worked out of two laboratories and had a budget of one billion dollars at their secret command."

## **NEWTON ANSWERS CRITICS**

Silas M. Newton, president of Newton Oil Company, was the man who first interested Frank Scully in "project saucer". Together they have won world-wide acclaim with their revelations on

# *saucers and mysterious crews*

interplanetary space ships. Knowing both to be men of integrity, we have admired their stand for the past two years. Newton issued the following statement for *Gusto*:

"More than two years ago in Frank Scully's 'Behind The Flying Saucers', we advanced the theory that the strange objects, yclept flying saucers, were utilizing a new method of propulsion, to wit: the application and use of magnetic lines of force. For some years now, these objects are being observed singly and flying in mass formation in almost every country on this planet. They have been observed in hundreds of cases by pilots, navigators and others whose reliability as witnesses is certified by years of experience in identifying familiar and unfamiliar objects in the sky.

Their patterns of flight, their incredible speeds, and their complete absence of the roar so familiar to any type of propulsive method known to man, lend further credit to our claim that these strange objects are propelled magnetically.

Since no nations on this planet lay claim to or admit that they have developed magnetic propulsion as a motive force for ships of the air, it becomes more and more apparent with each sighting and visitation that these mysterious travelers come from places beyond our atmosphere.

There are today many engineers of high repute, some identified with the manufacture of our own planes devoted both to peace and war-time use, who believe magnetic propulsion is just around the corner. It is our conviction that when the truth about "saucers" is finally confessed, which we claim is already known to many, it will be admitted at last that the dream of all engineers—a perfect form of propulsion for all our needs on land, sea and air—has been perfected and put in use for interplanetary travel."

## **RETIRED GENERAL SPEAKS OUT**

Herbert C. Holdridge, Brigadier General (U.S.A. Retired) formerly a national director of Army Officer training during World War II, in an exclusive statement to *Gusto* said:

"The day the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima marked the end of the era of reliance upon weapons of violence for the defense of nationalities. The presumption that we might be invaded by beings from another planet assumes that they are far in advance of us in their use of technologies, including the technologies of destruction.

"Just as we must find peaceful solutions for national and world adjustments, or end in world suicide, so would we be forced to find peaceful relationships on an inter-planetary basis. Columbus did not come ashore firing his

# Some ignore saucers — othe

guns to kill the Indians. We may assume that beings from another planet would be as far advanced spiritually as technologically, would have graduated from the moronic obsession which possesses the minds of the leaders of our sad planet that the road to security lies across the bodies of our dead youth, and, even as Columbus, would come in peace, not in war. This, in spite of the fact that our fliers, conditioned to the techniques of gangsterism which require them to shoot first and think afterward, have been reported as attempting the childish feat of shooting down space ships with machine guns.

"The only intelligent answer to a possible invasion from outer space, for governmental authorities and for individuals, would be to greet these beings as friends, to welcome them into our midst, and to gain from them the creative lessons which they would undoubtedly be prepared to teach."

## "FROM DISTANT STAR"

Arthur Joquel II, director of "Project Spaceward" for the Reaction Research Society and recognized rocket expert, believes. . . "A large spherical mother ship sends out smaller saucer-like vehicles to explore the planet and in turn guides by remote control observation discs. Since it is apparently unlikely that there is another inhabited planet in our solar system, these mysterious space

ships must come from a planet of some more distant star using a means of ultra rapid propulsion which we have not as yet achieved." He continues, "The reason for their activity may be the mining of certain mineral deposits which may possibly be found on the back side of the Moon. There has been much speculation as to what is on the back side of the Moon. So far we have not 'discovered' it. Uranium may be up there."

Walter Riedel, designer of the V-2 bomb and presently head of Civilian Saucer Investigations stated recently, "it's inconceivable to believe that these 'mysterious objects' seen by competent observers are from this planet."

Dr. George Sperti, director of Cincinnati's Institutum Divi Thomae, stated on this subject, "with the piercing of the ultrasonic barrier, there seems to be little reason to doubt the possibility that objects can travel at any of the speeds reported for 'flying saucers'."

## RELIGIOUS LEADERS COMMENT

The writer continued his search for facts by finding out what the Churches had to say regarding space ships and people on other planets. The Very Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., dean of Sacred Theology Department of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., has stated, "neither revelation, the common teaching

# *rs demand a practical plan*

of the Fathers, tradition, nor the solemn pronouncements of the Popes rule out the possibility of life, perhaps similar to ours, on another planet.

"Theologians have speculated on this problem long before Orson Welles frightened America with dreams of 'Men From Mars', or before Buck Rogers and 'space ships' became standard fantasies in the Sunday comics.

"More than 70 years ago the question was discussed by Rev. Angelo Secchi, famous Italian Jesuit astronomer, and Rev. Jacques Monsabre, prominent French Dominican orator. Both admitted the possibility of rational creatures existing on another planet.

"Theologians never have dared limit the Omnipotence of God to the creation of the world we know," Father Connell stated. "A possibility is that these supposed extra-terrestrial beings received both the supernatural and preternatural gifts of Adam and Eve and did not lose them through sin. Thus they might still be living in the conditions of a primordial 'paradise of pleasure' such as Genesis says Adam and Eve enjoyed before they ate the forbidden fruit. They might be intellectually and physically far superior to us. With their preternatural gifts, it would be reasonable to suppose that they would be far ahead of us technically.

With their superior intellect they might well have mastered interplanetary travel. It is reasonable to surmise that such beings would never wage war against men on earth or harm us in any way. In fact, it would be unlikely that such beings should have conflicts among themselves, or should ever have invented weapons to destroy each other.

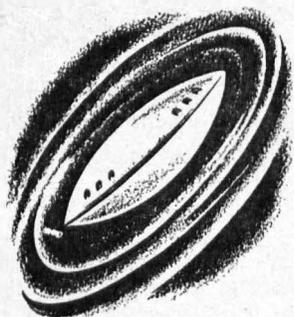
"If these supposedly rational beings should possess the immortality of body once enjoyed by Adam and Eve it would be foolish for our super-jet or rocket pilots to attempt to shoot them. They would be unkillable," concluded Father Connell's statement.

It was pointed out by other Catholic Church authorities that the Church solemnly teaches that a great multitude of intellectual beings exist in addition to human beings — angels in Heaven and devils in Hell.

Bishop Roy Utley, Latter Day Saints Church, Los Angeles, stated that if "flying saucers" are from another planet and do land, he advised the people to "go to the Lord in supplication for understanding and wisdom in knowing what action to take," and as an afterthought he said he also "would repent."

## **GOVERNMENT MEN MUM**

The following Federal, Los Angeles County, and City officials were contacted and asked "if Los Angeles was invaded by 'flying



## *We must face ev*

saucers' what action would you take?"

Mayor Fletcher Bowron's office failed to issue a statement after two days.

Los Angeles Chief of Police William Parker's office did not wish to make a statement.

Los Angeles County Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz's office stated sheriff was out of town, and only he could issue a statement on subject.

Los Angeles Civil Defense office, headed by Admiral Berry (USN Ret.): Office had no knowledge of "saucers" and feels that no statement should be made.

Civil Air Patrol: "No statement."

Air Force: "No comment. Washington has to issue statements of this kind."

Los Angeles City Councilman Edward Roybal: "There should be coordination of efforts between the military and civilians to determine what the 'saucers' are." He added that he does not believe

in them and considered them "natural phenomena."

Los Angeles County Supervisor John Anson Ford: "If 'saucers' do exist they are probably friendly—having an obviously superior intelligence to ours, having conquered space. And as a result they have recognized the futility of war. Again, if they do exist, they are probably just curious and friendly."

Los Angeles Red Cross Disaster Service: "We would alert all civilian and disaster committees. In case 'invaders' might be 'unfriendly' the Red Cross urges all civilians to take Red Cross courses in 'self-help' technique, first-aid and home-nursing."

### **LOTT COMPLAINS**

Commander Dave Lott (USN Ret.), former deputy commanding officer of the Armed Forces Radio Services in Hollywood: "We have apparently been invaded already! Planes should be put on a 24-hour alert basis patrolling the skies with cameras." (Ed. note: They have already done this in the East.) Lott is forming an organization of civilians called DISC—Disc Investigating Screening Center—to act as a collection center for "Flying Saucer Information."

Commander Lott recently returned to inactive duty. One minute after he regained his civilian

# *idence and act immediately*

status he sent out telegrams listing his complaints against the services and the FBI to President Harry Truman; Air Force General Hoyt Vandenberg; Defense Secretary Robert Lovett; FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover. Lott charged "gross injustices." He remarked that the Air Force's handling of the flying saucer investigation was one of the most inept, disgraceful and downright ludicrous displays of inefficiency ever displayed in a governmental operation." Lott emphasized that he was not criticizing the FBI, but rather the conditions under which it is forced to operate.

## **MAN ON THE STREET**

Air Corps Reserve Officer (name withheld): "My Commander says there are no 'flying saucers.' He didn't say there are no 'unidentified objects.' However, he followed up his statement with 'and they are not detrimental to us'."

Albert Davis, store clerk: "It's frightening to think that people like Admiral Berry of our Civil Defense here in Los Angeles have no plans or suggestions to offer the people.

Frank Dowdle, salesman: "If these space ships come from another planet and may be able to cross magnetic lines of force, I am definitely worried. I understand

that noted scientists have said if these people possess that answer we could not cope with such a weapon. I think it's about time our government officials take proper steps to communicate with these visitors and let them know that we are friendly. Above all, let's stop immediately such ridiculous blanket orders as 'shoot down all unidentified objects'."

## **BARRAGE BALLOONS URGED**

The writer believes that if we are to assume that there are such things as "flying saucers" controlled by men from another planet, it should behoove us to prepare ourselves for such an eventuality as an invasion. Perhaps barrage balloons equipped with telescopic cameras synchronized with radar to track the "saucers" is one suggestion. These balloons should be placed in all strategic areas. The balloons could be of the same type as used during World War II. Here, it seems, is an answer to the 24-hour vigil that evidently is required. We might call it a 24-hour photographic vigil.

Qualified authorities have assured us there are "flying saucers" and in some cases they have already landed here in America. The question now arises how intelligent are we and how will we handle the situation?

October 6, 1952

Dear Alice:

Just a hurried note at this time. I surely wish Si would file his suit and have it spread across the headlines of the nation's papers. It would be a big help to thousands of people besides being a vindication of Frank and Si himself.

People everywhere took Frank's book as a foundation for their belief in our visitors from space. Then TRUE threw them off their foundation and they are floundering. We are writing letters as fast as possible telling every one to whom we write just to sit tight. The space men are here. They are real. That Frank's book is true fact and that before too long all will be proven.

Now comes the big news. Radio contact has been made with the space men. We had heard the report of such contacts some time ago but Prof wanted verification before he said he knew this to be true. Now he has them. Some of those making the contacts were up last week and spent four days with us. They brought with them all their data and proof of actuality. While they were here Prof made some experiments with them using his radio and the T V set. The results were amazing. Space ships - cigar-shaped and saucers - were shown on a darkened screen with the power off and the antenna disconnected. It would take a small book to give detailed accounts of what has been given and its proof, but as Frank protects his sources of information at all times, so does Prof and he can't give the names nor locations of those making these contacts. Suffice it to be that these contacts are with men from other planets from this system and from other systems.

A prophecy made by Prof that something of great importance will take place between now and the 1st of December, this year, has been substantiated by information these others had. Other contacts and more experiments will be made from time to time and information passed on to Prof that he may give it to the people for their enlightenment.

Hoping you and Frank are getting a little breather and feeling better than when you returned to the city to get the family back in school. Take care of yourselves, don't work too hard and come down when you can. We always enjoy visiting with you far more than you realize.

Best of wishes to you both,

*Lucy*

—IN TODAY'S POST:—

VOL. 61, NO. 73

THE VOICE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPIRE

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5 CENTS

DENVER, COLO.—Climate Capital of the World—TUESDAY, OCT. 14, 1952

# Denverite, 'Saucer Scientist' Charged in \$50,000 Fraud

# 'Magnetic Energy' Scheme to Find, Measure Oil Told

See story on page 1 also.  
By CHARLES ROOS.  
Denver Post Staff Writer.

The scheme was to discover and measure oil deposits by magnetic energy, said Herman A. Flader, Denver manufacturer.

That scheme cost Flader \$50,000 in one series of investments and several times that amount altogether, he told District Attorney

Bert M. Keating. Here is Flader's story of his dealings with Silas M. Newton, Denver oil promoter, and Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix, Ariz., businessman—dealings that resulted Tuesday in filing of a confidence game charge against Newton and GeBauer:—

Flader met GeBauer early in 1949. GeBauer, using the title of "doctor," said he was a top re-

search scientist who had headed an ultra-secret government project seeking to locate submarines with magnetic devices in World War II.

(Such a project actually did exist, but a Denver Post investigation showed that GeBauer had no connection with it).

### CALLED FEDERAL DEVICES.

GeBauer advised Flader he was no longer working for the government, but said he had access to instruments from federal laboratories that could not only locate oil but also could determine the number of barrels underground.

Within two weeks of the GeBauer-Flader meeting, Newton introduced himself to Flader, claiming to be interested in certain electrical experiments Flader was conducting at his Denver manufacturing plant.

Flader then introduced Newton to GeBauer. According to Flader, they gave no indication they had met before.

When the conversation drifted around to "Doctor" GeBauer's oil locating devices, Newton hinted he had a similar machine of his own, a device he said was enormously

successful in discovering oil at Rangely, Colo. Newton said one of the world's leading physicists had developed his machine, at a cost of \$800,000.

Newton's machine, at first glance, looked much better than GeBauer's. It was encased in a handsome mahogany cabinet, fitted with rows of dials and meters. GeBauer's "doodlebug" was in a plain metal box, from which extended two whip antennas tipped with metal "beads."

### GE BAUER'S "WINS."

When the two machines were pitted against each other in a field test, GeBauer's device "proved" itself. Newton was forced to admit his \$800,000 beauty didn't compare with GeBauer's machine.

Then GeBauer revealed the true secret of his device. The metal beads on the antennas, he said in hushed tones, were really plutonium. GeBauer said he could obtain this rare metal from government stockpiles because of his outstanding war work.

Flader still wanted more proof of the machines' efficiency. GeBauer agreed to prove his on Flader's terms.

The crucial test took place on Flader's ranch near Denver, where GeBauer calculated the exact depth of five new water wells. (Flader now believes the information had been obtained from the drillers or the company that installed the pumps.)

Soon afterward, Newton told Flader that GeBauer had surveyed an oil lease near Mohave, Calif., owned by Newton's oil company, and had found large petroleum deposits. Flader bought a 12½ per cent interest for \$50,000.

The California property failed to produce, however, and Flader's interest was diverted to other oil fields. The eventual cost was about \$300,000.

Recently, acting on a tip from The Denver Post, Flader took his troubles to Keating, along with two machines the "doctor" had left behind. He cautioned Flader not to open them or they might explode.

Keating and his staff opened an immediate investigation. It was climaxed Tuesday by the filing of criminal charges.



Denver Post Photo.

LEO A. GE BAUER.

Named in oil exploration swindles charges.

# Swindle Alleged In Oil Tests

By CHARLES ROOS.

Denver Post Staff Writer.

Silas M. Newton, the "Mr. X" lecturer of flying saucer fame, and a Phoenix, Ariz., radio parts merchant were charged Tuesday by District Attorney Bert M. Keating with operating a \$50,000 confidence game swindle.

Keating accused Newton, an oil promoter, and Leo A. GeBauer of Phoenix of defrauding Herman A. Flader, Denver industrialist, out of \$50,000 in a swindle involving oil well exploration tests with electronic "doodlebugs," one of them represented as costing \$800,000.

Two similar machines have been examined and declared to be war surplus items worth about \$3.50, the district attorney said.

## BOTH MEN SOUGHT.

Keating said the two men were being sought in a nationwide hunt Tuesday. The charge was filed with Municipal Judge George McNamara in justice of the peace court.

McNamara set bond at \$15,000 for each man. The case will be transferred later to district court.

Newton is president of the Newton Oil company of Denver. GeBauer heads the Western Radio & Engineering company of Phoenix. Flader, the alleged victim, owns the Stayput Clamp and Coupling company of 3975 York street. His home is at 1606 Locust street.

Newton was the so-called "Mr. X" who gave a sensational lecture to a basic science class at the University of Denver March 8, 1950. He told the class that three flying saucers, apparently from Venus, had been impounded by military authorities—together with the bodies of thirty-four "little men"—men about thirty-six inches tall who had "piloted" the machines to the earth.

Those same "disclosures" were emphasized in a best selling book, "Behind the Flying Saucers," by Frank Scully, a Hollywood writer.

## INTEREST IN OIL LEASE.

Scully's book, released six months to the day after Newton's speech at D. U., boosted Newton and a mysterious "Dr. Gee" while accusing Pentagon officials of covering up the true story of the flying disks. "Dr. Gee" subsequently was identified as GeBauer.

Keating said that Flader, in addition to the \$50,000, invested about \$250,000 in oil fields surveyed by Newton-GeBauer instruments. The \$50,000, Flader told Keating, was for a 12½ per cent interest in an oil lease near Mohave, Calif., late in 1949.

A drilling crew actually sank a 500-foot hole on the Mohave location, Keating said, but converted it to a water well early in December, 1949. After the conversion, Newton and GeBauer continued taking payments—installments of the \$50,000—from Flader, the district attorney declared.

Scully may be called to Denver as a witness in the Newton-GeBauer case, Keating said.

## "SAUCER METAL" HOAX.

Assistance to the district attorney's office was provided by J. P. Cahn, a San Francisco newspaperman who has been investigating Newton and GeBauer more than a year. Cahn termed the Newton-Dr. Gee story in Scully's book "one of the greatest scientific hoaxes to hit the country since the old Car-

Among the items checked by Cahn was a piece of mysterious flying saucer metal he obtained from Newton. The metal, described by Newton as having withstood temperatures of 10,000 degrees.

In a test made for Cahn at the Stanford Research institute, the metal melted at 657 degrees Fahrenheit. It was discovered to be a type of aluminum used to make pots and pans.

("Magnetig energy" plan to find oil told, page 18, col. 3.)



Denver Post Photo by David Mathias.

**CHARGED WITH SWINDLE**—Silas M. Newton (left), Denver oil company executive who two years ago announced three flying saucers and the bodies of little men from Venus had been impounded by the government, has been charged with operating a \$50,000 confidence game swindle. Shown with him is Frank Scully, Hollywood writer who may be called as a witness.



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# FBI SEEKS DENVER 'FLYING DISC' MAN

—STORY ON PAGE 5

# Prosecutor and FBI Hunting 'Saucer Scientist' in Fraud

By AL NAKKULA and LEE TRAINOR  
Rocky Mountain News Writers

Federal authorities yesterday joined local officers in a search for Silas W. Newton, Denver's "flying saucer" man, and a partner, both charged in an alleged \$50,000 swindle.

FBI agents were seeking Newton and a Phoenix, Ariz., man after U. S. District Attorney Charles S. Vigil filed federal charges against them.

Federal authorities jumped in right behind District Attorney Bert M. Keating, who earlier filed confidence game charges against Newton, a Denver oil promoter, and Leo A. GeBauer, a Phoenix radio parts merchant.

## \$50,000 SWINDLE CHARGED

Mr. Keating charged that Newton and GeBauer had swindled Herman A. Flader, owner of the Stayput Clamp and Coupling Co., 3975 York st., out of \$50,000.

The swindle allegedly involved oil well exploration tests using electronic "doodlebugs," one of which was represented as costing \$800,000.

Mr. Keating said examination of similar machines—war surplus items—showed their worth to be about \$3.50.

But no sooner had the Denver district attorney filed his charges than Mr. Vigil stepped in with new charges—charges that sent FBI agents out in search of the pair.

In a complaint filed with U. S. Commissioner Harold Oakes, Mr. Vigil charged Newton and GeBauer with knowingly transport-

**Newton's business associates shocked by charges. See story on Page 8.**

ing across state lines monies or securities which were gained by fraud.

## \$10,000 BOND URGED

Commissioner Oakes immediately signed warrants calling for the arrest of Newton and GeBauer.

Mr. Vigil recommended they be placed under \$10,000 bond each when arrested.

Such was the one-two punch against the man who made national headlines about "flying saucers from Venus."

Newton is the so-called "Mr. X" who broke his flying saucer story in a sensational lecture March 8, 1950, at Denver University.

He told students that three flying saucers, apparently from Venus, had been captured by U. S. military authorities. Found in these "saucers" were the bodies of 34 "little men," he said.

Newton said he was led to the saucers indirectly through research in magnetic oil detection.

## INVESTED IN OIL

It was this same "magnetic oil detection," however, that led to the rapid-fire filing of charges by both state and federal officials yesterday.



Assistant District Attorney Max Melville examines the Army Signal Corps surplus radio transmitter frequency changer, which Herman A. Flader, wealthy Denver industrialist, claims were sold to him for \$32,000 by Silas Newton, Denver oilman, and Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix radio parts dealer, in an alleged oil swindle. The surplus radio devices retail for \$3.50 each in Army surplus stores.

—Rocky Mountain News Photo by Bill Peery.

Mr. Keating said that Flader, in addition to the \$50,000, invested some \$250,000 in oil fields surveyed by Newton-GeBauer instruments.

Mr. Flader told Mr. Keating he paid the \$50,000 for a 12½ percent interest in an oil lease near Mohave, Calif., late in 1949.

The well was drilled, he said, but was converted into a water well in December, 1949—while he continued to pay installments on the \$50,000.

Newton is president of the Newton Oil Co. of Denver. GeBauer

heads the Western Radio and Engineering Co. in Phoenix.

The checks and money paid by Mr. Flader to Newton and GeBauer were the basis for the federal charges, too.

Mr. Vigil said both men are charged with transporting \$39,500 in these checks across state lines. In addition to these charges, both also are charged with conspiracy.

If convicted on both counts, Newton and GeBauer would be liable to a \$20,000 fine or 20 years in prison, or both.

Authorities late last night still were trying to locate both men.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

5—ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS—Denver, Colo., Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1952



Herman A. Flader



Silas Newton

# Swindle Charges Shock Oilman's Denver Friends

## Newton Known as Golfer and Civic Leader

The federal and state charges filed yesterday against Silas Newton, Denver oilman, sportsman and civic leader, came as a shock to his business associates.

The opinion was expressed that Mr. Newton will surrender as soon as he hears about the charges.

Since coming to Denver 14 years ago, his name has been often mentioned on newspaper sports pages for golfing achievements, or on other pages of the newspapers for his civic activities.

In more recent years, he made newspaper headlines for his theories regarding flying saucers. His latest and most sensational publicity was received on his "disclosure" that this earth was visited by "little people from Venus."

A NATIVE of Texas, Newton came to Denver in early 1938 and the following year established the Newton Oil Co., with offices in the Equitable Bldg., 730 17th st.

Among oilmen, Mr. Newton's firm was known as a "small capital investment business," dealing in oil well leases in Colorado, Wyoming and California. One of the biggest deals undertaken by the firm was the drilling of several oil-wells on the fringe of the Rangeley oil field.

Mr. Newton had great success in Western golfing circles. He at one time held the Colorado amateur championship and once served as president of the Colorado Golf Assn.

He was active in the fund drive campaigns for construction of the Rocky Mountain Osteopathic Hospital more than a year ago. A director of the hospital, he pledged \$15,000 toward its construction.

His most sensational saucer story was told in an address before a science class at Denver University March 8, 1950.

HE RELATED that three flying saucers had landed on earth, but the saucers and the passengers they contained—3 little men about three feet tall—were taken into custody by the military. He advanced theory that the saucers can land on this planet on magnetic p from Venus.

In a subsequent interview with Rocky Mountain Writer Pasquale Marranzino, Newton maintained the "3 men" story was true and they were being studied by a group of magnetic science whom he had met.

When asked by Mr. Mazino, "Did you see the men Newton?" the oilman replied:

"Don't ask me that question. For a reason I can't explain I can't say."

Mr. Newton's magnetic theories are the crux of charges filed against him yesterday in a complaint made by Herman A. Flader, well known Denver industrialist, who

cuses him and Leo A. GeBauer, radio parts dealer in Phoenix, of bilking him of \$50,000.

MR. FLADER, who heads the Flader Land Co. and the Stayput Clamp and Coupling Co., accuses the pair of foisting on him three "magnetic oil detection devices" for approximately \$32,000.

District Attorney Bert Keating described the machines as Army Signal Corps radio devices

used to change the frequencies on radio transmitters and which are sold at Army surplus stores for \$3.50 each. What were described to Mr. Flader as "plutonium tipped" divining rods on the transmitters are merely nickel-plated antennas, Mr. Keating said.

Informed of the charges against Mr. Newton, Harry L. Jewell, secretary-treasurer of the Newton Oil Co., expressed surprise and shock and was

convinced that Mr. Newton would surrender to answer the charges.

"I talked with Mr. Newton Sunday night and he mentioned nothing about the matter," Mr. Jewell said. "Nor has anybody been around the office inquiring about him."

Other members of the Newton Oil Co. are Max P. Zall, Denver attorney, and Paul Beam, both vice presidents.

# GeBauer and Newton Free On Bail in \$50,000 Fraud

By LEE TRAINOR  
Rocky Mountain News Writer

Arizona authorities clamped a strangle-hold on assets of Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix businessman, yesterday as both GeBauer and Silas M. Newton, Denver's "flying saucer" man, won temporary freedom in an alleged \$50,000 swindle.

Rapid-fire developments that spanned half a continent in the fascinating case of "doodlebugs," oil wells and "men from Venus" were these:

1. In Phoenix, a superior court judge appointed a conservator to take over the assets of two GeBauer-operated firms, the Western Radio and Engineering Corp. and the Lubauer Petroleum Co. The state charges GeBauer sold securities, without registering them with the Arizona Securities Commission.

## BOTH FREE ON BOND

2. In Los Angeles, Newton, a Denver oil executive, was freed on \$5000 bond on a habeas corpus writ after his arrest by local police late Tuesday night at his fashionable home in Hollywood. "It's all news to me," Newton said of the federal and state charges. These allege he and GeBauer bilked Herman A. Flader, Denver businessman, out of \$50,000 on a California oil well that turned out to be a water well.

3. In Phoenix, GeBauer posted two \$10,000 bonds—one each for the state and federal charges—and was freed. He was arrested by FBI agents late Tuesday as he stepped off an airplane after a flight from Grand Junction.

4. In Denver, U. S. District Attorney Charles S. Vigil gave the green light to District Attorney Bert M. Keating to "take jurisdiction, if he wishes to."

5. Mr. Keating said he plans

to take over. He said that should either GeBauer or Newton refuse to waive extradition "we will set in motion extradition proceedings at once."

Thus, the wheels that were set furiously in motion Tuesday continued to spin yesterday over state and federal teletypes.

Mr. Keating pulled the switch when he filed state confidence game charges against Newton and GeBauer.

This was because Newton and GeBauer allegedly represented a \$3.50 war surplus machine—the "doodlebug"—as an \$800,000 magnetic oil detector to Mr. Flader and allegedly continued to accept installments on the \$50,000 interest in a Mojave, Calif. oil well after it was converted into a water well, Mr. Keating said.

Mr. Keating said his office can prove that Newton and GeBauer misrepresented the "doodlebug" to secure funds from Mr. Flader. He said he can prove that the pair continued to accept payments for the California "oil" well from Mr. Flader after it was converted into a water well.

A few hours later, Mr. Vigil filed charges against the pair, for allegedly transporting across state lines "monies or securities obtained by fraud"—supposedly \$39,525 that Mr. Flader paid them.

**ARIZONA COMMISSION ACTS**  
Four hours after federal warrants were issued here, GeBauer

was picked up in Phoenix, and Newton was arrested in Los Angeles.

Yesterday, the Arizona Securities Commission got into the act.

Earl Hastings, securities division director, told The Rocky Mountain News by telephone that the assets of GeBauer's two firms were "conserved" because he allegedly sold securities for participation of interests in oil leases without registering them with the state of Arizona.

A Maricopa County superior court appointed Carl Dale of Phoenix to take over and hold the assets of both firms.

Mr. Flader, a wealthy Denver industrialist, told Mr. Keating he had invested an additional \$250,000 on advice of Newton, who heads the Newton Oil Co. here, and GeBauer.

5—ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS—Denver, Colo., Thursday, Oct. 16, 1952

# Newton's Son Confident Father Is Innocent and Will Return Here

By LEE TRAINOR  
Rocky Mountain News Writer

The son of Silas M. Newton said yesterday he's confident his father will voluntarily return to Denver "to fight" state and federal charges "with everything he's got."

"I can't conceive of his being guilty," said Fred D. Newton, 40, sales manager of a Denver trucking concern.

The younger Newton said he had raised \$5000 from Denver friends of his father to provide bond—a bond that would free from a Los Angeles jail a man who once was considered a millionaire.

The elder Newton, a Denver oil promoter and self-styled flying saucer expert, is charged in an alleged \$50,000 oil fraud case.

## HARD WORKING DAD

Mr. Newton, who said he hasn't known his father intimately for "many years," pictured him as a "hard working oil man who hasn't had the breaks."

He pictured him as an oil producer who gained fame and riches, only to be wiped out by the Wall Street crash of 1929; as a man who "came back" to start building an-

other oil empire—but apparently never finished it.

His father, he said, developed oil wells—"many were just dry holes"—in Pennsylvania, Kansas and Colorado after the 1929 financial debacle.

He told how the elder Newton built the Oriental Refining Co. here in 1937, but "he had to sell it, he told me, to get out of debt."

## BROKE OR RICH

"But that's the oil business. When you're speculating and all the money is going out, there's none coming in. If you bring in a gusher or two, your worries are over. If you don't, then you're broke," the younger Newton said.

"If dad hit one or two with those so-called 'doodlebugs,' they would be called the greatest thing in the world," he said.

The "doodlebugs," or magnetic oil detectors, figure in the charges against the elder Newton.

"I don't think he's got a thing in the world to hide," Fred Newton said of his dad. "I'm sure he'll come back and fight."

He said the bond money was on its way to California.

"I haven't seen much of Dad for the past four years," the younger Newton said. "But he

can't fight this thing if he's still in jail."

## TROUBLES MULTIPLY

"This thing" is both federal and state charges involving alleged bilking of a wealthy Denver industrialist on a California oil well deal.

Meanwhile troubles continued to pile up for Silas Newton, a man who caused a stir in national scientific circles with a Denver University lecture on "men from Venus."

First, he was re-arrested on a federal charge in Los Angeles a short time after he was freed on a confidence game warrant issued by District Attorney Bert M. Keating. He posted \$5000 bond for this.

FBI agents lodged him in Los Angeles County Jail on a warrant requested by U. S. District Attor-

(Concluded on Page 8)

# Silas Newton's Son Sure Father Is Innocent

Continued from Page 5)

ney Charles S. Vigil. The federal charge alleged he and Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix businessman, transported across state lines "monies or securities obtained by fraud."

### OIL FIRM IN COURT

This money allegedly is the money paid to both men by Herman A. Flader, Denver businessman, who charges he lost \$50,000 to the two men in a swindle.

Secondly, the Newton Oil Co. faced a contempt hearing in the court of District Judge Clifford H. Darrow in Glenwood Springs.

On Oct. 24, the oil firm must show cause why it shouldn't be cited for contempt in a case concerning oil and gas leases in the Rangely oil field.

Court records show the Newton firm took over leases from several holders in August 1942. It agreed

Mr. Keating said it was actually worth \$3.50.

They also are charged with continuing to collect payments on a \$50,000 interest in a Mojave, Calif., oil well from Mr. Flader after it was turned into a water well.

Mr. Newton, a famous figure in Eastern financial circles during the 1930s, hit the front pages when he told a DU science class the U. S. Government had seized three flying saucers. He said there were the bodies of 34 little men in them and that they apparently came from Venus.



Fred D. Newton  
—Rocky Mountain News Photo

to pay them a total of \$250,000 out of the sale of oil and gas.

These holders allege the firm collected \$67,317 from the oil producers, but failed to pass it on to its clients.

If found guilty, the firm could be fined.

### SENDS FUGITIVE WARRANT

Mr. Keating said he has forwarded a fugitive warrant to Los Angeles for Mr. Newton, with a recommendation that the Denver oil man post \$15,000 bond. This is in addition to his other two \$5000 bonds.

Mr. Keating and Mr. Vigil will meet at the latter's office at 11:30 a. m. today to discuss jurisdiction in the case. Earlier, both had tentatively agreed that Mr. Keating would take jurisdiction, but Mr. Vigil might step in if Mr. Newton and Mr. GeBauer refuse to waive extradition.

Mr. GeBauer was arrested by FBI agents in Phoenix. He posted two \$10,000 bonds—one each for the federal and state charges—and was released.

The assets of two firms owned by him in Phoenix have been put under a conservator by court order because Mr. GeBauer allegedly failed to register securities with the Arizona Securities Commission.

Mr. Newton, now 84, and Mr. GeBauer are charged with selling Mr. Flader a magnetic oil detector allegedly worth \$800,000.

## Newton and GeBauer Face Both Federal, State Charges



District Attorney Bert M. Keating, right, and Howard Roberts, research engineer at Denver University's Industrial Research Institute, examine a "doodlebug," or magnetic oil detector, involved in an alleged \$50,000 oil fraud. Mr. Keating charges that Silas M. Newton, Denver oil producer, and Leo A. GeBauer of Phoenix sold this "doodlebug" to a Denver man for \$6250. Mr. Roberts said the machine actually is worth \$3. —Rocky Mountain News Photo.

Federal and state authorities yesterday readied a one-two punch for Silas M. Newton, Denver oil producer, and his partner, Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix, Ariz., businessman, charged in an alleged \$50,000 oil well fraud,

In a joint announcement, Denver District Attorney Bert M. Keating and U. S. District Attorney Charles S. Vigil said it is "very possible" that both federal and state charges will be pressed against the two men.

They said that federal authorities, instead of state, will attempt to return Mr. Newton and Mr. GeBauer to Denver.

Mr. Vigil said, too, he will present the federal case to the U. S. grand jury here. This action, however, is routine. It is taken in case the men refuse to waive an indictment.

### BOTH FREE ON BOND

Mr. Newton and Mr. GeBauer both were free under state and federal bonds yesterday in Los Angeles and Phoenix, respectively.

Each faces state charges of confidence game and federal charges of transporting monies and securities gained by fraud across state lines.

Mr. Newton and Mr. GeBauer are charged with bilking Herman A. Flader, wealthy Denver industrialist, out of \$50,000. Mr. Flader charged they collected money from him for a Mojave, Calif., oil well which actually was a water well. They allegedly sold him a "doodlebug" or magnetic oil detector

worth \$3 for \$6250—or a half interest in the machine, Mr. Keating said.

Mr. Keating conferred yesterday with Mr. Flader and Howard Roberts, 35, research engineer for the Denver University Industrial Research Institute.

### MACHINE WORTH \$3

Mr. Roberts told the district attorney that the machine allegedly sold to Mr. Flader actually was worth only \$3. Mr. Flader appeared to identify the machine.

Mr. Keating said that his office is preparing extradition papers to send to Los Angeles and Phoenix in case attempts to bring the men back to Denver on federal charges run into a delay.

Mr. Newton is head of the Newton Oil Co. and gained notoriety for his sensational lecture at DU in 1950 on flying saucers from Venus, which he said U. S. military authorities had captured.



Denver Post Photo.

**WHICH IS WHICH?**—Howard Roberts of the University of Denver engineering staff holds a war surplus radio transmitter tuning unit he bought in a local store for \$1.50. Below it, on the desk, is a device turned over to District Attorney Bert M. Keating (right) by Herman Flader, alleged victim of a \$50,000 oil field swindle. Flader said Leo A. GeBauer, charged with confidence game, represented the bottom machine as capable of finding hidden oil fields and worth several thousand dollars. Roberts says both devices are essentially the same.

# Oil Promoter to Fight Charges Over Doodlebugs, Lawyer Says

By CHARLES ROOS.  
Denver Post Staff Writer.

The "doodlebug" issue in an alleged \$50,000 Denver oil field exploration swindle widened Saturday.

The attorney for Silas M. Newton, oil promoter charged with confidence game, declared that Newton will return to Denver to fight "every allegation" made against him.

The lawyer, Frank L. Ross, also stated that Herman A. Flader, wealthy Denverite who is the alleged victim of the swindle, was not bilked by electronic "doodlebugs" because he already had one of his own.

Flader sharply denied Ross' statement but said he does own a different type of electrical device which he believes has the beneficial effect of "cleaning the blood" of sufferers from such diseases as arthritis, asthma and diabetes.

## ENGINEER TESTS DEVICES.

Flader complained to District Attorney Bert M. Keating last week that Newton and Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix, Ariz., radio parts dealer, defrauded him of \$50,000 in an oil field venture based on exploration by "doodlebugs"—electronic devices supposedly capable of finding and measuring underground oil deposits.

Two machines left with Flader

by GeBauer have been tested by Howard Roberts, an engineer on the staff of the University of Denver. Keating said Roberts found them to be war surplus radio transmitter tuning units—worth less than \$5 each.

Roberts bought an almost exact duplicate of one of the gadgets in a local surplus store for \$1.50, Keating said.

Ross said Newton will return to Denver from Los Angeles, Calif., where he is free on bond, to answer the two cases against him—a state charge of confidence game and a federal charge of transporting money obtained illegally across state lines. GeBauer, on bond in Phoenix, is a codefendant in both cases.

Ross was uncertain when and how Newton would return. Both Keating and Charles S. Vigil, United States attorney in Denver, are prepared to bring him back.

Newton's attorney conceded that Newton accepted money from Flader but said it was used in drilling operations in Wyoming and California. Ross described the criminal cases as "an attempt to collect a civil obligation through the criminal courts."

Newton, who is president of the Newton Oil company, gave a sensational lecture on flying saucers in 1950 at the University of Denver. He said three saucers and thirty-four little men from Venus had been impounded by military authorities.

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5—ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS— Denver, Colo., Sunday, Oct. 19, 1952

# Silas Newton Flatly Denies Fraud Charge

By LEE TRAINOR  
Rocky Mountain News Writer

Silas M. Newton, Denver oil producer, yesterday flatly denied that he swindled a wealthy industrialist out of \$50,000.

In an exclusive telephone interview with The Rocky Mountain News from Los Angeles, Mr. Newton declared:

1. "Directly or indirectly I am not, and never have been, in any way connected with such a proposition."
2. He will waive extradition and will return to fight the charges. "I want to get back as soon as I can. I've never run away from anything in my life and I don't intend to start now with this preposterous charge."
3. That he never misrepresented a \$3 "doodlebug" or magnetic oil detector, as an \$800,000 machine to Herman A. Flader, Denver industrialist, and did not sell any such machine to Mr. Flader for a large sum of money.
4. That he once owned oil properties valued at several million dollars, but now is nearly broke. "That's as far as cash goes. We still have a number of valuable oil properties."

## Wife and Son Raise Money for Bond

The interview was conducted a few hours after Mr. Newton was released from Los Angeles County Jail where he had been held since Thursday because he couldn't post \$5000 bond.

His son, Fred, of Denver raised \$4000 from his father's friends here, Mr. Newton said. His third wife, Sharon, 36, secured an additional \$1000, apparently by disposing of her jewelry. Earlier reports said Mr. Newton had been released Thursday night.

For the first time, the fabulous self-styled flying saucer expert, a former Colorado Amateur golf champion, told his side of the story that has been highlighted by swindle charges against him.

"I'm pretty unhappy about this," Mr. Newton, 64, told The News. "We don't even know exactly what the charges are. We're trying to find out."

He was told that Mr. Flader, owner of the Stayput Clamp and Coupling Co., 3975 York st., had charged that Mr. Newton and Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix, businessman, bilked him out of some \$50,000 on a Mojave, Calif., oil well deal.

## Flader Charges Misrepresentation

He was told that Mr. Flader charged both he and Mr. GeBauer continued to accept payments on a 12½-percent interest in that well even after, unknown to Mr. Flader, it had been converted into a water well.

He was told that Mr. Flader charged both he and Mr. GeBauer continued to accept payments on a 12½ percent interest in that well sum of money to buy an interest in some of these machines.

One charge, he was told, was that he and Mr. GeBauer sold a half-interest in a doodlebug, which they allegedly valued at \$12,500, to Mr. Flader for \$6250. And that Mr. Flader claimed he lost another \$250,000 by investments on Mr. Newton's advice.

He was told that the federal government had filed charges against him and Mr. GeBauer for allegedly transporting money gained by fraud (from Mr. Flader) across state lines.

Mr. Newton answered the charges in detail.

He said he first met Mr. Flader in 1949, and that Mr. Flader expressed an interest in investing in some oil properties.

## Wanted to Drill Rangely Properties

"He brought up the question," Mr. Newton said. "First, he wanted to drill some of our Rangely (Colorado) properties. But we examined his equipment and told him it couldn't drill it."

Mr. Newton insisted that Mr. Flader paid for what he termed "a small interest" in the California well before the drilling began, and that no money was received from him for that purpose after the drilling was discontinued.

Turning back to the Wyoming oil well deal, which concerned properties west of Laramie, Mr. Newton went on:

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## 'Casing Collapsed,' Newton Says

"When he (Flader) drilled, he struck oil at 5472 feet. When we all rushed up there, we found he didn't have any pipe. It took him 11 days to round up the pipe—the steel strike was on then and it was scarce.

"Well, he found this pipe in Nebraska and it was cheap and no good. So what happened? The casing collapsed.

"We warned him about that, but he told us: 'This is my well. I'll do as I please.'

"Instead of plugging the well, he fooled with it four or five months. He must have spent \$40,000 or \$50,000. Then, without any notice to anyone, he throws up his hands and walks away. 'I'm through,' he said.

**"He left us holding the bag. He left us (Newton Oil Co.) with an enormous mess to clean up—a mess that cost us plenty of money.**

"Now he did this—he entered into the deal—completely of his own volition."

"We suggested he investigate our Wyoming properties, because we had some producing properties there. We, as well as a large number of other oil experts, were convinced that much oil lay deep down in the sands.

**"I told Flader to take his engineer and go up there and look it over. He asked me to come along, but I told him, 'No, you go look. You decide for yourself. If it's what you're looking for we'll make a deal for a quarter interest.'**

"Our talks went on for two or three months during the summer of 1949. We suggested that he look over one of our present wells. I told him that, if he wished, he could take that over and drill deeper instead of starting a new well. That would save him, and did, about \$50,000 or \$60,000.

"Well, he went up there with his engineer and looked it over and

then came back and said he wanted to complete the deal."

Mr. Newton said it was at about this time that the deal for the Mojave well also was completed.

"As I recall—and I'm not positive about it, but reasonably certain, however—it was at this time that Flader expressed an interest in some of our California properties. He paid for that in the summer of 1949.

"We drilled into that property and drilled into granite. The hole was so crooked it had to be abandoned."

Mr. Newton steadfastly maintained he did not know Mr. GeBauer until Mr. Flader introduced him to the Phoenix man.

"I had heard about him from Flader. His claim was that this man's (Mr. GeBauer) relations with the government were such that he had the latest information on improvements in magnetometer equipment.

"This equipment, by the way, is an integral part of the oil business. It is duly recognized and not as 'doodlebugs.'"

### **Flader Introduced Him to GeBauer**

Mr. Newton said that Mr. Flader introduced him to Mr. GeBauer. As to the sale of the interest in the doodlebugs, he said:

"That's 100 percent untrue in every respect. As I recall at the moment, Flader undertook at his own volition to make a deal with GeBauer. I didn't know whether GeBauer got \$1 or \$150,000 from Flader.

**"I find now that they (Mr. GeBauer and Mr. Flader) had their own geophysical company. Flader pictured GeBauer as a great friend of his and a business associate. I'd heard about GeBauer from Flader a few months before I met him."**

District Attorney Bert Keating claims that he can prove that Mr. Newton and Mr. GeBauer knew each other before the dealings with Mr. Flader.

Mr. Newton charged that "certain people outside law enforcement" were behind the prosecution of him. "I know who they are—they've been running want ads in Denver and Los Angeles papers seeking information about me." He would not, however, disclose the identity of such persons.

"Not now, anyway," he said.

### **Sworn Statements Being Prepared**

His Los Angeles attorney, Brigham Rose, confirmed Mr. Newton's statement that he will return to Denver to fight the charges, which were filed early this week.

"We will waive extradition if the warrants are backed up by sworn statements by Mr. Flader," Mr. Rose said. Mr. Keating said yesterday these sworn statements are being prepared.

In addition to operations in the oil industry and his fame as a golfer, Mr. Newton made headlines with a lecture on flying saucers at Denver University. He caused a stir in the nation's scientific circles by saying that U. S. authorities had captured three saucers with the bodies of 34 "little men" in them and that presumably came "from Venus."

A book, "Behind the Flying Saucers" later was written about his and other theories by Frank Scully.

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# Lost \$15,000 in Newton Oil Firm, Medic Says

By CHARLES ROOS,  
Denver Post Staff Writer.

A Denver optometrist said Monday that he lost \$15,000 on oil field investments with Silas M. Newton, petroleum promoter and self-styled flying saucer expert, after Newton showed him pictures of two electronic "oil detectors."

Dr. Alfred D. Kleyhauer of 459 South Gaylord street told the district attorney's office he invested \$15,000 in oil leases from Newton's firm, the Newton Oil company, in



Denver Post Photo.

**INVESTOR**—Dr. Alfred D. Kleyhauer, an optometrist of 459 South Gaylord street, Monday said he lost \$15,000 in oil field investments with Silas M. Newton, oil promoter, after Newton showed him pictures of two electronic "oil detectors." (Details on page 1).

1947. The investment, representing leases in the Rangely, Colo., field and in a Kansas field, is a "total loss," Kleyhauer said.

District Attorney Bert M. Keating was investigating Kleyhauer's story.

Newton and Leo A. GeBauer, Phoenix, Ariz., radio parts dealer, are charged here with confidence game in connection with an alleged \$50,000 swindle of another Denverite, Herman A. Flader, wealthy rancher and industrialist.

#### SHOWED DEVICES.

Flader claims both men showed him electrical devices they said could discover and measure underground oil. Newton, on bond in California, has denied misrepresenting any such devices. GeBauer, free in Phoenix, has made no comment. Keating was preparing extradition papers against both men Monday.

Kleyhauer said Newton showed him photographs of two machines which the oil man described as "oil detectors." One of them, a fancy-appearing device with mahogany and chrome, was represented as having been developed for Newton by Dr. Robert Millikan, physicist at the California Institute of Technology, the optometrist stated.

Kleyhauer said he has a letter from Dr. Millikan's office—a letter now in Keating's possession—stating that Dr. Millikan does not know Newton. The Denver man said Newton told him the machine was "a cosmic ray oil detector."

#### "REDISCOVERED" FIELD.

One of the two devices supposedly had "rediscovered" the Rangely field and the other had located oil in Kansas, according to Kleyhauer's recollection of Newton's conversations.

The optometrist said the photographs were of different machines than those turned over to the district attorney by Flader, who said he got them from GeBauer. Those devices, says a radio engineer at the University of Denver, are war surplus radio tuning units worth less than \$5.

(See picture on page 24.)

## 'Doodlebugs' Compared at Swindle Trial



Denver Post-Photo.

Harold Hastings (right), court reporter for the "doodlebug" swindle trial, holds one of the machines purchased by the district attorney's office for \$3.50 which prosecutors charge is the same as the oil divining device Leo A. GeBauer and Silas M. Newton sold to Herman Flader for \$50,000. Defense attorneys (left to right) Isaac Mellman, Theodore Epstein and Gerald Mellman, stand behind the machine which GeBauer claims can locate oil, gas and water below the surface of the ground.

Kramer singled out for special mention State Sen. Charles Bennett (D) of Denver, who charged last week that the governor "ought to be court-martialed" for denying state employes a half-day off to Christmas shop after the governor spent "a couple of months" on vacation this year in California.

"Senator Bennett's statement is at complete variance with the facts," Kramer charged. "Our records show that the governor actually spent less than a month on vacation this year.

### BENNETT ABSENT, TOO

"And I have just compiled Senator Bennett's own record in the legislature which shows that he was absent more than 30 per. of the time in the last general assembly. He was absent 17 days out of 56 days of the session.

"If Senator Bennett wants to toot his horn, he had better go back to his orchestra because his new notes sound a little flat in the light of his own record in the senate."

Bennett's many absences from the senate during the last session occasioned considerable criticism from both his Democratic and Republican colleagues, statehouse observers recalled.

### 3 DAYS AT CONFERENCE

Reviewing Thornton's record of out-of-state trips, Kramer said that he took 10 days off after the last session in April but spent three of those days conferring on governmental reorganization with Gov. Howard Pyle in Arizona.

Kramer said that on his recent trip, Thornton left Denver Oct. 7 to attend the western governor conference at Albuquerque. He did not actually begin his vacation until Nov. 5 and returned to Denver Dec. 1, the secretary explained.

"While in California, he (Thornton) took care of much state business, attending the western conference of state gov-

October 22  
1952

Dear Reverend Nothdurft:-

Thank you so much for your friendly letter of Sept 15. It is good to know when the True article did not throw the readers for a loop. The amazing thing, however, is how few people realize what a character assassination went on, without being able to prove or disprove a thing about flying saucers.

You are so right about the publishing of certain letters that might pretty well prove the "little men" story, but in one case the name must still be withheld, for several months now, which would greatly detract from the credibility of the story. In the case of the chaplain, we're still trying to chase him down.

With all the very best wishes, and thank you,

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. Frank Scully

Laimon A. Mitris  
129 Main Street  
Apt. 17-30  
Rouyn, Quebec, Canada

October 22, 1952

Dear Mr. Scully:

I have not heard from you since several weeks and can imagine how busy you are with the new book. I hope we will see it soon and it will be as good as the first one. Many people still don't like it, but many others keep it on the same shelf where the Bible and dictionaries are kept. I am among the second group.

I have collected several new reports from Australia and am enclosing them with this letter. I hope you can use them and are satisfied with them.

Recently I received a letter from Prof. Adamski, and he promises some great news in the next two months. He told me about the radio contacts made, and the messages he has received. It is about time to show the unbelievers that we have not been chasing "reflections" and "spider webs" all the time. As it has been considerably quite up here during the last two months, many of my 'enemies' have a grin on their faces every time they meet me.

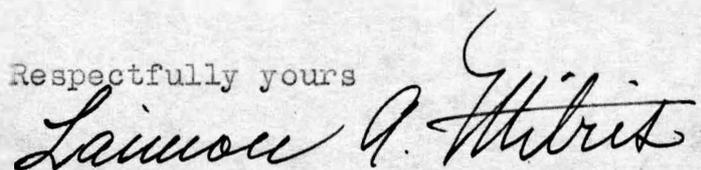
I would be very thankful if you could inform me when the book comes out and where I can get it. I am not the only one up here who wants to get it and as we could not get the last one, I am afraid we might miss this one again.

There are a couple of new Canadian sightings but I cannot enclose them this time as I am very busy with other things. I will send them as soon as I can.

Your press release has been sent to all of my friends and I am very thankful you sent it to me. I really has helped a lot, as it puts the TRUE magazine in a strange light together with that Cahn fellow.

I hope to hear from you someday when you are finished with your work.

Respectfully yours



Laimon A. Mitris

To Mr. Scully

DAILY TELEGRAPH 22/7/1952  
Sydney, Australia

MYSTERY LIGHT IN NIGHT SKY

People in Sydney and Newcastle last night reported seeing a swift-moving green light in the sky.

Times at which they saw the light varied between just before 8 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.

In Sydney, Albert Thomas, 33, of 21 Regent Street, Redfern, a night watchman at the N.S.W. Railway's tarpaulin factory, Enfield, said he believed that the light was a flying saucer. He said he saw the light when he stepped outside the factory at 7.54 p.m. It was travelling about 400 mph. in a westerly direction over Enfield.

"As soon as I stepped out of the door my arms started to tingle," Mr. Thomas said. "THEN AN ELECTRIC SHOCK RAN THROUGH THE WHOLE OF MY BODY. I looked up and saw the contraption flying overhead."

Mr. R. D. Mitchell, of Kingsgrove Road, Kingsgrove, said he saw a very bright object travelling across the sky at about 8.30 p.m.

"It seemed to be shaped like a ball and at first I thought it might be a meteor, but it was travelling slowly," he said. "It was very bright and had a green glow, with a long and brilliant tail. It appeared to be coming from the west and travelled in a northerly direction towards the horizon."

People in Newcastle and Hexham saw the light a few minutes before 8 p.m. Two T.A.A. truck drivers saw it as they drove from Williamstown airfield to Newcastle. One of them, Clyde Burgess, 26, said: "I saw a green ball of light flash through the sky and fall to earth. It lit up the sky in the west for ten seconds."

A hire-car driver, Mr. Norman Swan, who was returning from Williamstown, said: "It was like a Verrey light, but it was much bigger and brighter and travelled very fast."

The Government Astronomer in Sydney (Mr. H. W. Wood) said last night the appearance and behavior of the object were not inconsistent with its having been a meteor. The greenish color and brilliant tail were characteristic of meteors he said.

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THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH 27/7/1952  
Sydney, Australia

DARWIN SAUCER "BRIGHT GREEN"

Many residents of Darwin saw a strange object "like a flying saucer" flash across the sky tonight.

They said it moved across the sky at "terrific speed". Residents who have seen shooting stars or comets agree that the object was much more brilliant. It was bright green in color, and appeared to change to red and gold as it gained momentum and flashed away in the distance.

The chief pilot of a Qantas Constellation, Capt. J. Murray, of Sydney, said he also saw the object. He said he was taxi-ing the Constellation towards the hangar at Darwin Airport when he saw the object flashing across the sky. He said: "It certainly was not a shooting star or a comet. You can quote me that, I believe in flying saucers, and I think this may have been one."

The flash was not a natural phenomenon because of its horizontal flight, its brilliance, and unusual green color. "The object was quite unlike any shooting star or comet I have ever seen," he said.

He added that other members of the plane's crew did not see the flash because they were not facing that way or were sitting back in the cabin.

(Darwin saucer...)

Darwin residents, including a police constable, said they saw a brilliant green light flashing from east to west some distance south of the town at terrific speed.

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THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH 3/8/1952

Sydney, Australia

The Tokio newspaper Yomiuri says that flying saucers appeared over Japanese territory for the first time last night.

Residents of the western suburbs of Tokio saw various lights moving in the sky.

One person described one light as "like a lump of the moon and travelling very fast."

Officials at the Central Weather Bureau reported that they saw strange lights which could not have been fireworks or shooting stars.

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THE SUNDAY HERALD July 27, 1952 tells about a saucer that was seen over Wellington, N.S.W. Australia.

Last Monday night (July 21, 1952) many people saw a bright object moving in the sky north-east of Wellington, N.S.W. Some said it looked like "a heart-shaped flying saucer". Sydney scientists have no doubt it was a meteor and hope to find where it fell.

Further they give different old U.S.A. reports including Mantell's saucer, Gorman's report, Lubbock, Tex. lights, Sioux City "winged cigar", Chiles and Whitted ship and others.

My correspondent did not send me the original Wellington report.

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Oct. 22/1952

L. G. Whitcomb

(I don't know the date of this report because the clipping arrived here without it. My correspondent says that it is from end of August. I feel quite sure that the date of the sighting is 24th of August but will try to find out in the near future)

FLYING SAUCERS SEEN ABOVE TWO SUBURBS.

People in two Sydney suburbs saw "flying saucers" in the sky yesterday.

The suburbs are Naremburn and Northbridge. Mr. Leo Haylen, of Adolphus Street Naremburn, and his son Brian, 14, saw the "saucers" from the gardens of their home at 10 a.m. Mr. Haylen said: "Brian and I watched them for 3½ to 4 minutes. The first saucer had the form of a white circle or disc. When we first saw it, it was due west of us and travelling north-west at a great height.

It seemed to be travelling about the speed of a fast aircraft and rising. Our attention first was drawn to the saucer because of a noise like a plane, but when we saw it the noise had stopped. The object we saw was distinct. Behind it was a similar disc or circle, much less distinct. Both objects disappeared to the north-west. I would say they were the size of an average aircraft. The first object glistened when the sun caught it."

A Northbridge man said he and his two young daughters, 11 and 9, saw a strange object in the sky yesterday morning. The man said he was in his kitchen when his children called him about 10 a.m.: "Daddy, come and look at the flying saucer." The man went into the garden and saw a large whitish object in the western sky. He said: "I am not an expert on heights or speeds, but I can make a rough estimate that the object seemed about 11 000 feet up and travelling more than 600 mph. I base the speed estimate on the jets I have seen from my house. The object was roughly egg-shaped, whitish in color, and made no sound that any of us could hear. It was not an ~~airplane~~ aeroplane or an optical illusion like a "spot in the sky". I have often seen both these. The children and I watched the thing travel from south to north, then suddenly turn left and disappear."

The man gave the Daily Telegraph his name and phone number, but did not want his name published.

Mr. George Clark, of Burra Road, Artarmon, said he saw two Vampire jet fighter planes flying high north-west of Artarmon between 10 and 10.15 a.m. yesterday. Mr. Clark served in an anti-aircraft unit in the war.

R.A.A.F. headquarters last night said that Vampires were on training flight yesterday from Williamstown, north of Newcastle.

The Northbridge observer said: "The objects I saw definitely were not Vampire aircraft - nor any other kind of aircraft."

THREE PEOPLE SEE "SAUCER" OVER SYDNEY

Two young women and a man said they saw a flying saucer over Sydney last night.

All three said the saucer travelled over the city in a southerly direction. The young women are Miss Joan Harrison, 21, shop assistant, of Bligh Street, ~~Epp~~ Epping, and Miss Marlene Johnson, 19, receptionist of Clarence Road, Rose Bay.

They were standing together on the steps of Mark Foy's, Liverpool Street. Miss Harrison said: "It was a long oval thing, sort of flat, and it had a glow about it. It made no noise, and passed over Foy's in a southerly direction about 9.50 p.m. It was ~~not~~ not very high - about as high as the A.W.A. tower.

(Three people....)

Miss Johnson said: " It ~~was~~ had an oval shape and glowed yellow-green with mauve tints. We watched it for perhaps five seconds before it disappeared behind the buildings. A lot of people in the streets must have seen it."

The man, Mr. Herbert Barker, accountant, of Holdsworth Avenue, Elizabeth Bay, said he saw the object about 9.25 p.m. He said: "I was driving my car along Elizabeth Bay Road when I saw this oval shape—a yellow glow with purple edges and a dark centre. It seemed about 10 feet across. It was travelling south. I watched it fly toward the sea and out of sight."

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Oct. 22/1952

L. G. Miles

October 24, 1952

Dear Lucy:-

Thank you so much for your lovely letter, asking that the suit be filed and spread across headlines of the nation's papers. The sad part of the whole thing is that aside from being told you would never know whether the suit were filed or not, because the papers do not publicize such suits. Who knows, they might be on the receiving end themselves sometimes. So they play the news down as much as they can.

Since then, don't know if you have read about the rousting Si has been subject to. It has been ghastly, and is by now way cleared yet. So at the moment, there is very little we can do beyond being moral support and wait till the smoke clears.

As for the news you wrote about. Oh, how wonderful. Of course I'm dying to get more information, and jump in the car and get down there, but life holds us here at this moment. I do hope either you come up or we can make it down there soon or I'll bust with excitement. So if you can drop some lines with more I'm all eyes and ears, but know what lack of time is and keeping certain information protected and all that. But you certainly could qualify for writing serial stories. Every time you write you throw us up in the air with some exciting episode, with the promise of when we come down we will hear more. Have a heart.

Frank's stomach kicked up again. Can you blame it with all this going around? You have no idea what Si was up against. I am getting to be a human being again, and it's a wonderful feeling, even though I sort of ~~wax~~ woke up to the horrible fact that there are horrible people in this world as well, and so much suffering and pain and grief and frustrations all around us. But don't take this that I'm down. I have finally gotten up enough that I don't feel I'm on the bottom of the heap anymore. And the more people dissemble from towns and get in the open country of God's creation the happier the world would be. Not more luxurious, but far more happy.

All our best to all of you at Palomar Gardens, and we hope to see you in the not too distant future.

[From Alice Scully]

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From THE UPPER STORY of

## FRANK SCULLY'S BEDSIDE MANOR

2071 GRACE AVENUE  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

October 27, 1952

Dear Mr. Mitris:-

Thank you so much for your letter to Mr. Scully and more reports from Australia. You have been most wonderful in your letters and research, and we are most grateful.

As for the coming book. There is some delay. First, Mr. Scully has again been sick. Then that Cahn of the True article must have felt he went out on a limb with the article in case he was sued, so he started advertising for anyone who had had dealings with Mr. Newton, and got some disgruntled person, and together they must have cooked up some rousting. Anyway, that's what it looks like at this moment. Why a person would want to make a career out of trying to get some other person in trouble, and even seeing evil where there isn't, is something that I just can't understand. But it seems a wiser thing to wait till the smoke clears before going on. So far, evidence is piling up that the book was so definitely right. Do I understand you correctly that you still have not been able to get books of "Behind The Flying Saucers" in Quebec? It seems strange that your bookstores couldn't get them through Henry Holt publishers, at 383 Madison Ave, New York. The pocket edition is put out by Popular Library, 10 East 40th street, New York, and cost a quarter a copy.

Prof. Adamski showed us some terrific pictures last time we saw him. He seems to have gotten some later information of great import. And still the saucers carry on, let themselves be photographed, let people squabble and denounce each other because of them, but nobody can prove they just aren't.

With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

November 7, 1952

Dear Alice:

Well the elections are finally over and now maybe the air can get a little cleaner. Also maybe our friends from other worlds will get a little more recognition in the papers and over the air. They are still around and their numbers are increasing. Prof believes that before the end of this month they will make their presence known in no uncertain ways so that they can no longer be denied. But just where and how this is to take place, he isn't saying at this time. I guess we will all know when it does and until then we will have to bide our time in patience.

When is Frank's next book coming out? We are getting inquiries about it. What is it going to be about - other than the general subject of saucers? That is, is it going to fill in some of the information left out of the first book? What will be the title? And any other pertinent information that you can think of. With this information we can build up a market in anticipation and the demands will be waiting at the bookstores. Frank should get a better deal from this one than he did with the other. At least we are hoping he does.

Si is certainly having to face the storms of man's darker side, isn't he? Martha sent us a clipping telling of his wife suing him for divorce. Of course this came as no surprise. After meeting her down here, the surprising part is that this hasn't taken place before now.

Of course Prof gets inquiries about Si and Gebauer in many of the same letters that question him about Frank. He has never met Gebauer so makes no comment on him, but he has staunchly supported Frank and Si. But Si could help himself and everybody else who has stood staunchly by him if he only would. One way in which he could do this is to show the little radio - which he told me is now in his grandchildren's room, and operating, there in Denver - to you and Prof and a selected few others. He could demonstrate how it works and perhaps have a few copies made that could work equally as the one that was taken out of the saucer.

Not only would such a showing be very convincing and helpful to you and Prof in your support of Si and of Frank and his book, but it might also furnish some information that would make contact with the space men a little easier and might even open the way for a personal contact with them. Even though we are all firmly convinced of other world visitations, we don't know for sure just what their purpose is. And even though we feel sure that they are coming from several other worlds and other systems, this too can't be proven until we either are able to contact them regularly

by radio or through personal meetings. The radio contacts which have been made have all been over very low frequency but there is constant interference from earthly sources. This interference might be able to be overcome or eliminated through use of one of their own radios or a copy made of it. There just might be something about it that we haven't yet learned to use in ours.

Si was to have come down here before this, but of course with all the troubles besetting him, this has been impossible. If I could see him, I would make this suggestion to him direct, but lacking that opportunity, I am sending it to you that you might pass it on to him at the first opportunity. I know that Prof is very much interested in this little instrument, in seeing it and handling it - not because he doubts its existence but because he feels within himself that if he could see it and handle it he could get some guidance that might facilitate contacts between us and them. Such would not only strengthen Frank's writings and Prof's words, it might be of great benefit to the world of men as a whole.

Prof has been hoping to get into L. A. but so far has not made it. If and when he does, he will at least call you to say "hello." He always enjoys visiting with Frank and all of you more than you realize.

Also through the contacts that have already been made, the space men have promised to make personal contact if such is possible and without interference. When and where this will be of course has not been given and Prof is daily waiting word giving more definite information. He is somewhat being kept up in the air by having to wait in this way, and realizing that it is also very possible that necessary arrangements will be impossible to work out for quite some time yet. But he is expectant and hopeful. If and when any such thing does take place, I promise to write you as quickly as possible, for I don't know anyone who would appreciate knowing about it more than you. Maybe even Frank's stomach would settle down and act as a stomach should if something like an interview with men from other worlds could be worked out, either for Prof or/and Frank and some of the rest of us. Wouldn't that be fun? Of course they are no more than men, but then from another world, that would be something! Yet actually it might not be too much different than meeting people from other nations right here on this world.

Keep up the good work of feeling like a human being and know that until a Christian world learns to live the teachings of the Christ, all the sorrows and pains and so forth that man is suffering today will continue to be his companions. Until man learns the lesson of life, he will reap the rewards of ignorance. This has been so for centuries for it is the Universal Law which cannot be broken. Joy and peace reap rich rewards in many ways. May these be yours always.

Best of wishes to all of you from all of us.

*Lucy*

November, 13, 1952

Adamski

Dear George:-

Most probably Mr. Baker is with you by now, and we had been hoping to make the trek down to Palomar, but things seem to pop up over which we have no control. At this moment it seems we cannot get ourselves free to make the trip, mostly because our housekeeper Mae has to leave us tomorrow to go to take care of her Mother who is ailing in Oklahoma. So we have to stay home and keep the homefires burning the for the school children.

Things are moving in a very slow, cockeyed way at the moment, but it looks like it might be slowly ambling in the ~~the~~ right direction anyway. Which helps. And your news seem terrific. Please let us know what happens and when.

Will you be up this way, and will Mr. Baker be coming in this direction? We certainly hope so, and much regret we can't go in your direction. All the best to all of you.

[From Frank Scully]

Rouyn, Quebec  
November 14, 1952

Dear Mr. Scully:

I have collected some new saucer reports and am enclosing them with this letter. You may have some of them but I am sending them just to be sure you don't miss them.

The France report of a "cigar-shaped" object in the company of 16 saucers seems to be one of the most important reports since quite a while. As the objects were seen for 10 minutes and by over a hundred persons, people like Dr. Menzel with their reflection and mirage theories, will have to keep quiet for some time. There is a similarity between Prof. Adamski's photos and this French "cigar".

About a week ago I received a couple of photostats of the pictures taken by a Frenchman last summer in France. The photos are not too clear, but they remind me the saucer that landed in the Soviet Zone of Germany this year. If you have seen these French pictures, you will notice that there is some kind of dark spot on the bottom of the saucer and this spot makes me think that it is caused by the conning tower on the German saucer. It is possible that a hollow is formed when the tower is on the upper side of the saucer. The rim of the French saucer looks like the one of the German "pan without a handle": it is glowing while in flight.

There have been 5 saucers over this city not so long ago, but have not been able to find time to translate the report in English. The report appeared in the local French newspaper. Will send you this report with my next letter. Several persons saw the round, flat objects with turning rims during daytime.

Hoping my reports will be useful to you, I remain

Respectfully yours

*Laimon A. Mitris*

Laimon A. Mitris  
129 Main Street  
Apt. 17-30  
Rouyn, Quebec  
Canada

*P.S. I have received several U.S.A. reports but I don't enclose them because you probably received them from somebody else. L.A.M.*

The Alliston Herald - August 28, 1952 (Alliston, Ontario)

#### FLYING CONES CHEAPER BY DOZEN?

Flying saucers! Why, they are things of the past! At least, if what two Allistonians saw on Tuesday is any indication. These two youngsters, together with several bystanders were at Everett at the time and report having seen silver and black cone-shaped object, which, for about twenty minutes kept ascending and descending.

Last week several persons reported having seen about a dozen of these objects above Everett.

Of course, we can't vouch for the "cone" story but we are sure the young men in question were quite sober at the time. Perhaps if they had seen the same thing at Loretto it would have been a different story.....

The Montreal Star - Tuesday, October 28, 1952

#### All Flat and Shiny FLYING SAUCERS "APPEAR" AGAIN.

Flying saucers are back, claims a Rosemount resident. He called the Star today to report seeing five of them at 7.45 a.m. on his way to work. All flat and shiny, they were. Just like jet planes. He said they were going from northwest to southeast and not making a sound.

"Could they have been a jet formation?" he was asked.

"Well, I don't know" he said "They were about 10 000 or 15 000 feet high".

"How accurate are you at judging the height?" he was asked. "Have you ever flown?"

"No, but I can judge height" he answered. "I had a brother-in-law in the Air Force."

St. Hybert reported that none of its aircraft were up at that time. Planes may have been airborne from Ottawa, but this could not be immediately checked.

The Montreal Star - October 28, 1952

#### Noise, Flash Terrifies Town. Phenomenon Occurs Along North Shore.

A tremendous noise and a bright flash visible 39 miles away was reported today to have terrified residents Les Escoumains, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, 150 miles east of Quebec City. The phenomenon, which occurred at 5.10 p.m. last Friday, was seen by many residents of the town. Men loading trucks at a lumber camp of the Consolidated Paper Company were reported to have been thrown from the vehicle

Residents of the area speculated whether the noise and the light might have been caused by an earthquake, a falling meteorite or an aircraft travelling at the speed of sound.

Mayor Raoul Savard of Sacre Coeur, 35 miles from Les Escoumins, said the noise was "a bit different from that of a dynamite explosion".

"I felt the earth shake several seconds after the blast" he said.

Mr. Savard quoted several residents as saying they saw "a ball of fire" race ~~xx~~ under overcast skies just before the loud noise.

"It was about a foot in diameter and left a trail of smoke behind it. It gave off a bright light."

Mr. Savard said inquiries showed the explosion could not have come from any construction work in the area. He did not think the "ball of fire" could have been a meteorite. Nobody saw it fall.

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#### Astronomer Upholds Meteorite Theory.

At Ottawa, the Dominion astronomer Dr. C. S. Beals, said he had received no direct report on the occurrence, but said it could have been a meteorite. The previous explosion at Montreal was believed to have been a meteorite and Fridays blast at Les Escoumins "might be a big meteorite".

Dr. Beals said the Dominion Observatory would like to receive any information about the phenomenon.

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The Montreal Star - October 20, 1952

#### SPARK "CART WHEELS" REPORTED IN KOREA.

Pacific Stars and Stripes reported today that U.S. troops saw a half-dozen mysterious, spark-throwing "cart-wheels" over the western Korean front, Friday night. "I don't believe they were flares," the service newspaper quoted one observer, Cpl. John A. Lajoie. "What they did look like were these revolving cart wheels you see in the Fourth of July." They were described as 18 inches in diameter, moving in a 15-foot circle

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The GAZETTE - October 24, 1952 (Montreal)

#### ITALIAN CLAIMS FIXING SAUCER PHOTO SNAPPED.

Milan, Oct. 23 (Reuters) - A 29-year-old Italian draftsman Gian Pietro Monguzzi, told Italian reporters today he had photographed a flying saucer and its pilot.

He claimed the saucer landed on a glacier in the Italian Alps some two months ago. Monguzzi said he was climbing with his wife at the time in the Bernina Alpine group.

"The flying saucer touched for a few minutes and a figure of human shape wearing a sort of diving suit got out, and walked around the saucer as inspecting it." Monguzzi said.

"The figure then reentered the saucer and it took off without a sound at breath-taking speed. It disappeared in the direction of Switzerland." Monguzzi said he has already sold his photographs to a French magazine.

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The Montreal Star - October 28, 1952

16 Flying Saucers Spotted in France

Gaillac, France Oct. 28 (Reuters) - This south of France village claimed something of a flying saucer record today.

More than 100 residents saw 16 saucers flying in formation around a larger "flying cigar" yesterday.

The saucers were "circular with a raised part in the center, giving out a bluish glow from the edges as they revolved."

The "flying cigar" in the middle of the formation "gave off whitish filaments like glass wool"

One report said the "glass wool" floated down on to tree tops but disintegrated before it could be taken to a laboratory for analysis.

The report said the saucers approached from the southeast, cruised over Gaillac, 30 miles northeast of Toulouse, for about 10 minutes and disappeared in single file towards the northwest.

.....  
November 13, 1952

L. G. Mitnik

The above reports are copied from the original clippings word by word and nothing has been changed.

L. G. M.

STATE OF COLORADO )  
City and County of Denver )

ss.

In the Justice of the Peace Court  
of

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION FOR  
REQUISITION ON THE GOVERNOR OF  
CALIFORNIA FOR THE ARREST AND  
SURRENDER OF S. M. NEWTON, FUGITIVE  
FROM JUSTICE OF COLORADO.

GEORGE M. McNAMARA

Affidavit of Principal  
Complaining Witness as  
to Commission of Crime.  
Flight of Fugitive, etc.

I, H. A. FLADER, sometimes known as HERMAN A. FLADER, of  
lawful age, being first duly sworn upon oath depose and say:

I am the complaining witness in the criminal case of the  
People of the State of Colorado against Leo A. GeBauer and S.  
M. Newton instituted in the Justice Court of George M. McNamara,  
a Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Denver  
and State of Colorado, and charging said Leo A. GeBauer and S.  
M. Newton with having committed the crime of confidence game,  
a felony, in the State of Colorado, against me, Herman A. Flader  
of the City and County of Denver and State of Colorado.

I am making this affidavit in support of the warrant and  
demand of the Governor of the State of Colorado for the extra-  
dition from the State of California of said S. M. Newton, as a  
fugitive from the justice of the State of Colorado, and as defend-  
ant in the criminal case described in the preceding paragraph.

I have identified, in the presence of one Howard L. Roberts,  
whose affidavit is also attached to these extradition proceedings,  
two photographs, Exhibit A. on Page 2, and Exhibit B, on Page 3,  
of said affidavit of Howard L. Roberts, as being photographs and  
true representations of the No. 1 device hereinafter referred to  
in this affidavit. Said device was then and there intact in the  
condition in which I received it from defendant Leo A. GeBauer,  
as hereinafter described, and was then and there opened in the  
presence of said Roberts and myself. Said photographs were taken  
in the presence of myself and said Roberts and correctly depict

the device in question. I have identified this device pictured in said photographs to said Roberts in his presence as being the No. 1 device or apparatus acquired by me from the defendant Leo A. GeBauer in January, 1950, in the City and County of Denver, State of Colorado, and as being the identical device which the said Leo A. GeBauer had previously represented to me in said Denver, Colorado, to be the identical apparatus by means of which he had located 117 producing oil wells, upon which representations I relied in paying the \$50,000 hereinafter described, and also as being the identical device which the defendant S. M. Newton, in the City and County of Denver, State of Colorado, fraudulently represented to me as having discovered oil in place on property, hereinafter described, under gas and oil lease in California, which said lease S. M. Newton proposed to, and eventually did, by means of this and other false representations made to me by him and said GeBauer, sell me an interest for \$50,000, which sum of money is the basis for said criminal charge against the said Leo A. GeBauer and the said S. M. Newton.

In March, 1949, one Charles Marshall and one Don C. Jacobson came to my office in Denver, Colorado, on several occasions and told me of a great scientist who had a machine that could tell me where to drill for water, oil and gas, stating that it would determine the exact underground location.

In April, 1949, said Marshall and said Jacobson brought the defendant Leo A. GeBauer to my office in the City and County of Denver, State of Colorado, and introduced him as the expert they had been telling me about. The said GeBauer told me he was with the United States Government in highly secret work, that he had graduated from Berlin University, Unter-den-Linden, and that he was presently the chief consulting geologist for the University of Southern California, which representations were false.

At that time, in the said City and County of Denver, Leo A. GeBauer exhibited to me a machine or device he had with him (which was the identical device, No. 1, referred to above and shown in the photographs Exhibit A and Exhibit B attached to the affidavit of

Howard L. Roberts). He stated that he had perfected the machine during World War II and that this identical machine had been used by him personally to locate 17 Japanese submarines in one day, which submarines then were sunk by U. S. Navy Surface craft while he, GeBauer, flew over in an airplane. He further stated that the United States Government had placed at his disposal two million dollars during World War II for research, and that he had 600 people working under him. He stated that he still was with the government, but was able to get away for short periods of time, even though he was still perfecting certain devices used on the B-36 airplane - all of which representations were false.

I asked the said GeBauer if he would examine my ranch property near Denver and tell me if I had any water or oil. He said he could, and he, Marshall, Jacobson and myself went down to my ranch, where, by means of this device he claimed immediately to locate both oil and water on my property. I marked the areas where he told me water was located, but my drilling later on those spots produced only dry holes.

Leo A. GeBauer, in exhibiting the said device to me, stated that when the red light flashed on it indicated that oil was within the defined area, and that gas deposits would be indicated by the flashing of the white light on the device; and said lights did flash when said GeBauer manipulated the device on my land and claimed it was locating oil and gas, respectively. Said GeBauer also told me that his device would shoot a subsurface picture of the underground structure, saying it cost \$517 for such picture because the operation would blow up an expensive tube. I asked him to shoot a picture, but he said he did not have sufficient tubes, but would go back East and make some more. He said that when he returned he would shoot a subsurface picture for me, which he never did. He left, promising to return in two weeks.

Before the two weeks had expired, Silas Mason Newton, or said S. M; Newton, came to my office in Denver and introduced himself as an oil man and geologist with many major oil holdings.

He stated he had a machine which would locate oil in place, and said he had about 40 producing wells at the time. I then told him I wanted his advice about Leo A. GeBauer and his machine, and I related to him what the said GeBauer had told me about himself, and he agreed to inspect the machine and advise me.

Within a day or so, said GeBauer came back to my place of business with Marshall and Jacobson and I telephoned Newton and he came to my place. He brought with him his own oil-detecting device. It was in a mahogany box about 18 inches long, 20 inches high and 8 inches thick. It had no lights, but had a large dial on top and contained some mechanism.

I had leased some property near Kiowa, Colorado, but had not yet drilled it for oil. I suggested to said GeBauer and said Newton that they accompany me to the property and we would see if their respective machines would give us any readings indicating oil or gas in place. On the Kiowa property, Newton set up and manipulated his machine, and GeBauer set up and manipulated his own device. On this trip, both GeBauer's and Newton's devices were in the automobile in which we were traveling and GeBauer kept manipulating the dials of his machine, and, as we approached my Kiowa land, both the red and the white lights flashed on intermittently. When the red light flashed, GeBauer pointed out various places in the surroundings where he said oil was in place and estimated the number of barrels of daily production of oil. Newton scrutinized the land and stated that its contours made it certain to him as a geologist that oil was in place at the spots indicated by GeBauer. GeBauer took a number of readings, and Newton then stated that he was amazed at the accuracy of GeBauer's machine; that he had spent more than \$800,000 in developing his own device, but that it could not approach GeBauer's in efficiency and accuracy. GeBauer then offered to take Newton's machine to a laboratory in Chicago and look it over for him, but I do not know whether Newton took advantage of that offer.

GeBauer then told us that the aeriels on his device which is shown in full at the lefthand side of the photograph Exhibit A,

UNION BIKIN  
RAG CONTENT

Page 2, of the affidavit of Howard L. Roberts) were tipped with plutonium and were valued at \$3,800. S. M. Newton then told me privately that said GeBauer was a great scientist and geologist and that his machine was "sure-fire" and infallible in locating oil.

Shortly thereafter I talked privately with the said GeBauer about purchasing one of his machines, being convinced by what he and Newton had told me that GeBauer's apparatus was the real thing. GeBauer then stated that he could get me a machine for \$4,000, but pledged me to secrecy. He said he had some old plutonium tubes which had been entrusted to him by the United States Government, and that he could turn them in to it, and that the government, because of its faith in him, pretty well left it up to him as to who could be trusted with these vital instruments. I gave him \$2,000 in cash in my office in the City and County of Denver and State of Colorado, as a down payment, and GeBauer said this money was needed in advance to speed up the government's interest in getting him the additional materials with which to construct a machine for me. He told me that said Newton had approached him to incorporate the GeBauer machine into the Newton Oil Company and was pressing him on this matter. He said, however, that he would not let Newton come between us, and that he and I should stick together because we were of the same blood and he liked me and wanted to continue working with me.

Two weeks later said GeBauer brought me a new machine, differing from the device previously described, but he told me it would do the same work and was just more simplified and compact. He collected \$2,000 from me at that time in the City and County of Denver, Colorado and told me never to tell anyone that I had a machine.

At various times after he left I tried to get the machine to work, but was unable to do so. Finally said GeBauer wrote out some instructions for me to tell me how to operate it. These directions were unsuccessful, and I repeatedly called him regarding

the matter late in June or early in July of 1949, but could not locate him at his home in Phoenix, Arizona.

Shortly thereafter said GeBauer and I went into a 50-50 ownership of three of his machines, one of which was the No. 1 machine first exhibited to me. The payments were made intermittently, the checks therefor being dated supposedly at the exact times when, according to GeBauer, he had bank loans coming due in Phoenix, Arizona. He said that he owed the bank these various amounts on loans he had negotiated there to obtain money with which to build the various machines and that payment thereof was necessary to enable him to obtain release of the devices. One of the three machines under this agreement was the identical device originally displayed to me by GeBauer and pictured in the affidavit of Howard L. Roberts. GeBauer warned me not to open any of the machines, saying they would explode.

Said Newton and GeBauer began telling me in the City and County of Denver, State of Colorado, that they had been making trips into the Mojave Desert, where they were working on a major oil development which they had discovered solely by means of said GeBauer's device which he had displayed to me. They said that by means of this device they had located in the Mojave Desert one of the largest deposits of natural gas ever known, and that the land would also produce 18,000 barrels of oil a day. They asked me to come in with them for a 2% interest for \$7,500. Newton told me in GeBauer's presence in said Denver, Colorado, that there was a pipeline directly across the said property which they had acquired, and that the company which had installed the pipeline had left a connection which could be hooked onto. Newton displayed a big book of large drawings and showed me the certain depths and locations, determined by use of GeBauer's said machine, where they were going to sink wells to get gas. Believing and induced by these representations, and the representations by said Newton and GeBauer as to the absolute ability of GeBauer's machine to locate oil and gas in place, and relying and acting thereon, I paid them \$7,500 at the City and County of Denver; and GeBauer repeatedly told me that this gas field

was one of the greatest things ever located, saying it was the biggest gas field ever known and not to let anyone talk me out of it -- that I would never again get anything like this.

The said Newton again came to my office in said Denver, Colorado, saying he had just returned from what he said was an exploratory trip to the Mojave Desert property and told me how GeBauer's machine had performed on this Mojave property of ours. He reiterated that said GeBauer was one of the greatest scientists in the world -- undoubtedly the greatest in the West; and that while he was in California he had met some man who had worked with GeBauer during the war and they described him as a genius. He said that GeBauer was a far greater scientist than even he, Newton, had realized.

About two weeks after I had paid Newton the \$7,500, he came to me and said that he and GeBauer had just lined up a contract with a California company that was going to use the gas from our project, and he said that he had entered into a contract with the company to take all of the gas output at great profit to us. On these representations, together with those previously described herein as being made by said Newton and GeBauer, I made further payments to Newton at said Denver, Colorado, for an additional interest in the project. Thereafter on numerous occasions, Newton dunned me for more money, saying it took more than peanuts to finance an operation like this. On one of these occasions when he approached me for money he told me in said Denver, Colorado, that the drilling casing was full of gas and that the pressure was so great that when the valve had been opened at the top of the casing the noise of escaping gas could be heard a quarter of a mile away.

On one of these last approaches for money to be invested by me in the said Mojave Desert project, in said Denver, Colorado, Newton and GeBauer told me in Denver, Colorado as aforesaid, that the well on the Mojave property had been drilled to a depth of 2300 feet. The description given me by said Newton and GeBauer, of the land in the Mojave project is the N $\frac{1}{2}$  of Section 12, Township 11 North, Range 12 West, S.B., containing 320 acres more or less.

All together, by means of these false representations upon which I fully relied and acted in paying to said Newton and GeBauer the money hereinafter mentioned, that the GeBauer device was capable of discovering, and had discovered, oil and gas in place in the Mojave Desert, that the property had been developed so that large quantities of gas were available for sale, and had already been sold, on an income-producing basis, and that 18,000 barrels of oil a day would be produced, I paid to S. M. Newton, otherwise known as Silas Mason Newton, in said Denver, Colorado, the total sum of \$49,400, no part of which has been recovered by me in any manner, and \$39,400 of which was paid by me to said Newton after October 26, 1949.

In truth and in fact, as said GeBauer and Newton well know, the device of the said GeBauer which was represented to me by said GeBauer and said Newton as having located oil and gas on our said Mojave property was and is utterly inert within itself, and functionally incapable of radiating or receiving electromagnetic energy, or, specifically, of locating oil, gas or other mineral deposits in place, or of receiving or emanating electric or electrical information to anything inside of said unit, and was, and is designed for the sole possible use and purpose of adjusting radio frequencies when fitted into, and deriving power from a radio transmitter, as will more fully appear in the affidavit of Howard L. Roberts, also attached to this extradition demand.

In truth and in fact, as said GeBauer and Newton well knew, said GeBauer and said Newton drilled no well on said Mojave project property to a depth of 2300, or to any other substantial depth. In truth and in fact, as said GeBauer and Newton well knew, no oil or gas was discovered on said project; nor, in truth, as they well knew, or in fact, did said GeBauer or said Newton, or either of them, or anyone acting for them or in their behalf, have any contract with any company, as represented, to purchase gas from said Mojave project.

The primary thing upon which I relied and which induced me to pay out said \$50,000 was my confidence in the capability of the said GeBauer machine to locate, define and measure oil and gas in place, which confidence was established in my mind by the knowing and designed false representations of said GeBauer and Newton, made to me in the

City and County of Denver, State of Colorado, that said machine infallibly had and would so locate, define and measure oil and gas in place, and had done so on other occasions, and specifically had done so on said described land in the Mojave Desert, in which they were selling me an interest.

Immediately below, marked Exhibit C is a photograph of Silas Mason Newton or S. M. Newton. This photograph clearly depicts and represents said Newton.

(EXHIBIT C - Photograph of)  
( S.M. Newton )

I hereby state that the ends of public justice require that the said S. M. Newton, otherwise known as Silas Mason Newton, be brought to the State of Colorado and stand trial for the crime committed, that he may be dealt with according to the statutes of the State of Colorado in such case made and provided.

I hereby further state that this application for requisition is made in good faith, and for the sole purpose of punishing the accused, and that I do not desire or expect to use the prosecution for the purpose of collecting a debt, or for any private purpose.

/s/ H. A. FLADDER

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of November, 1952.

/s/ GEORGE M. McNAMARA (SEAL)  
Justice of the Peace in and for the City and  
County of Denver, State of Colorado.

Nov 27 1952

From FS [Frank Scully]  
To ABR [A. Brigham Rose]  
Re SMN [Silas M. Newton]

According to H A Fleder head of the Fleder Land Company he claims he paid to Silas M Newton personally \$50,000. At no time did Fleder personally pay to Newton personally a dollar in all their dealings from July 1949 to date.

After Fleder made his drilling operation deal with the Newton Oil Co in July 1949 he encountered an oil zone in his drilling operations about October 22 1949. He then sought before completing the well to purchase from the Newton Oil Co a quarter interest in the deeper zones of the 640 acre tract in Wyoming where he was then drilling, and a quarter interest on a 1000 acres in Kern County California from the Newton Oil Co on the recommendation of his own engineers and on which a test well had just been started on the recommendation of Fleder's engineer.

He agreed to pay \$50,000 for his quarter interests in these two projects and to complete the payment over a period of five weeks. He paid a down payment of \$5000 to the Newton Oil Company at the end of the conference. The check was turned over the treasurer of the company, not to Silas M Newton.

He made partial payments from time to time but not completing the payments within five months. In fact he had not completed his payments up to four months after his first payments, claiming he couldn't complete the payments as agreed due to his season's wheat crop failure.

As late as February 1950 he claimed he was unable to pay any more of this obligation to the Newton Oil Co due to his lack of available cash. He never at any time repudiated his deal with the Newton Oil Company. Months later he was still attempting to save the well he had ruined on the Wyoming property of the Newton Oil Company. While he was making payments on his purchase he actually began a second well on the Wyoming property.

He later abandoned both wells without notice to the Newton Oil Company and violated the rules and regulations of the Wyoming Oil and Gas conservation regulations in his manner of doing so. He left unpaid bills on which judgments were later taken against him in Wyoming. The sum of \$9100 of the Oct 22 1949 obligation has not been paid to the Newton Oil Company to this date and he owes the company thousands of dollars for material and equipment supplied him in his drilling operations.

Thus he never paid \$50,000 to the Newton Oil Company and never paid a cent to Silas M Newton personally as his complaint alleges.

# NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:  
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

Dear Frank:-

Have stepped into a hornets nest  
for sure -

It is evident on all sides that  
this is a smear campaign with no  
hands barred.

The DA, has an ass't DA, in the Judge - all of his acts  
show it. This means he will let the state develop  
all kinds of grounds that have no relation to the  
case or the charges of the states concerning witnesses

Hader -

we have a list of the witnesses summoned by  
the state. Most of them I never heard of - none  
of them can testify to any dealings I or  
the Newton Oil Co had with Hader -

They have J. B. Kahn as a witness -

in the matter stands - Mellman my atty  
here says he sees a big grandstand show and  
he thinks it most advisable that I get Rose  
if possible, even if he can only appear as  
assoc counsel at the opening tomorrow  
Dock and Mellman that it so unfair  
Dock came up with the RR. Plane fare and  
his expense here & back

I talked to Arthur and he said he had  
to go San Diego 7 AM. to call him there  
at 3 PM. To day - to see if he is there

Sunday night  
Mon am Early

# NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:  
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

<sup>2</sup>  
That means hell have to get  
a plane and get here around  
1:30 tonight - I only hope & pray he can  
make it -

I'll have to have you here as a witness!  
As matters stand - Wednesday is a holiday  
and the jury should be selected by Thursday  
noon and the state start its case. They have  
20 witnesses listed. We don't know when  
they will get to Huber, but he may be  
2 days on the stand, because our side will  
grill him for ever - this is where I need  
Rose.

Talked to Gene - He talked to Smith Saturday  
and Smith assured him that money would  
be in today or Tuesday at latest - If so I can  
really fight, if not - I'm down the hatch,  
because I don't think I'm going to have any  
lawyer here - I've got to have a lot of cash  
I've known this for months, so it's not  
new -

Doc has 20 witnesses some here today  
Harvey Steele is here - I'll have 7 or 8 -  
so it goes - Thanks for all your  
good work - I'll

## Transcription

Dear Frank

Sunday night

Have stepped into a hornets nest for sure.

Monday AM early

It is evident on all sides that this is a smear campaign with no holds barred.

The D.A. has an asst D.A. in the Judge – all of his acts show it. This means he will let the state develop all kinds of yarns that have no relation to the case or the charges of the state's complaining witness Flader.

We have a list of the witnesses summoned by the state. Most of them I never heard of. None of them can testify to any dealings I or the Newton Oil Co had with Flader. They have J. A. Kahn [sic] as a witness.

As the matter stands, Mellman my atty here says he sees a big grandstand show and he thinks it most advisable that I get Rose if possible, even if he can only appear as assoc counsel at the opening tomorrow. Dock and Mellman that it so significant Dock came up with the RR. Plane fare and his expense here and back.

I talked to Arthur and he said he had to go to San Diego 7 AM to call him there at 3 PM today to see if he is thru. That means he'll have to get a plane and get here around 1:30 tonight. I only hope he can make it.

I'll have to have you here as a witness! As matters stand, Wednesday is a holiday and the Jury should be selected by Thursday noon and the state starts its case. They have 20 witnesses listed. We don't know when they will get to Flader, but he may be 2 days on the stand, because our side will grill him for ever. This is where I need Rose.

Talked to Gene. He talked to Smith Saturday and Smith assured him that money would be in today or Tuesday at latest. If so, I can really fight. If not, I'm down the hatch because I don't think I'm going to have any lawyer here. I've got to have a lot of cash. I've known this for months, so its not new.

Dock has 20 witnesses some here today. Horace Steele is here. I'll have 7 or 8 – so it goes. Thanks for all your good work.

Si

Dec. 1, 1952

Wednesday = 28<sup>th</sup>

Dear Frank =

Have had an hours talk with Isaac Mellman our atty here. He is in the mood of motions and arguments - His position is that they may all be denied regardless of the law or merit - Each being true, when he comes to his final shot of dismissal due Statute of Limitation each that is denied or overruled, then we must prepare for trial -

If as Mellman points out the law clearly supports our motions, where are we if all are overruled. Are we being trail-baited in to trial regardless -

This seems to be the case here, and since of the opinion a trial is ahead of us -

Have just learned thru direct contact that our bank is prepared to produce evidence in my behalf if a trial results, Flader banked there during the Fall of 49 when we dealt with him and the bank was fully advised by both Flader and ourselves as to our contracts and relations. Beyond this I understand Flader made direct and positive statement to the bank officials

as to his valuable findings at Denton  
Creek and his great fortune in  
getting his interests there - The Bank  
threw him out in Dec '49. as they had  
had trouble with him for many  
years -

Personally I'm up and down mentally  
and spiritually - Delay, delay, at home  
Frank almost drives me crazy. It looks  
like things will close here this week  
if so I can begin to see relief from  
week to week, but its still a long  
road.

I'm glad you were able to see  
Sharon and Howard and reported them  
etc. I of course do not hear from  
here in any manner - She knows  
I'm here, but she doesnt show me  
the courtesy of even a line about the  
baby.

Very frankly we are all scared of this  
Doc - He doesnt seem to be able to stick  
to plain truth - He wanders at the  
slightest suggestion and I dont see how  
he will face a tough prosecutor  
and not mess himself all up.

For example he says he remembers  
going shopping with Flaher 2 or 3

times in '49 and because he got  
Nungs Wholesale Flader used him. He  
said he recall Flader asking about  
this unit they picture - and that he  
said him the deal was worth more  
than the cost - then he said there was  
something inside that cost \$80. Then  
he said Flader bought this device  
used Ev 1 - up on Broadway last  
Fall before the suit started and the  
healer would swear sworn and was  
looking for the salarip - Steele-Jacobson  
and I then jumped down Po's  
stroat, but he swore it was true -  
so where are we -

He said before Steele & Jacobson and  
myself that he was still sworn  
to secrecy on some Gov matters -  
I said, "You had better get unsworn  
damn quick," So there you are - I  
told him there was enough leeway  
in the Flader affidavit that the DA  
would ask him a million questions  
and the court would make him  
answer - so he had better brief us -

With good luck. See you by L.A. this  
week and enroute to Oakland

Love to all

Doc Newton

## Transcription

[Handwritten note added: Dec. 1, 1952]

Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup>

Dear Frank

Have had an hours talk with Isaac Mellman our atty here. He is in the midst of motions and agreements. His position is that they may all be denied regardless of the law or merit. Such being true, when he comes to his final threat of dismissal due Statute of Limitation card that is denied or revoked, then we must prepare for trial.

If as Mellman points out the law clearly supports our motions, where are we if all are overruled. Are we being railroaded in to trial regardless[?] This seems to be the case here, and I'm of the opinion a trial is ahead of us.

Have just learned thru direct contact that our bank is prepared to produce evidence in my behalf if a trial results. Flader banked there during the Fall of 49 when we dealt with him and the bank was fully advised by both Flader and ourselves as to our contracts and relations. Beyond this I understand Flader made direct and positive statement to the bank officials as to his valuable findings at Dutton Creek and his great fortune in getting his interests there. The bank threw him out in Dec '49 as they had trouble with him for many years.

Personally I'm up and down mentally and physically – delay, delay, at San Fran almost drives me crazy. It looks like things will close there this week. If so I can begin to see relief from week to week, but it's still a long road.

I'm glad you were able to see Sharon and Howard and reported them O.K. I of course do not hear from her in any manner. She knows I'm here, but she doesn't show me the courtesy of even a line about the baby.

Very frankly we are all scared of this Doc. He doesn't seem to be able to stick to plain truth. He wanders at the slightest suggestion and I don't see how he will face a tough prosecutor and not mess himself all up.

For example he says he remembers going shopping with Flader 2 or 3 times in 49 and because he got things wholesale Flader used him. He said he recall [sic] Flader asking about this unit they picture – and that he told him the dial was worth more than the cost. Then he said there was something inside that cost \$80.00. Then he said Flader bought this device now Ex 1x up on Brdway last Fall before the suit started and the dealer would swear same and was looking for the sales slip. Steele, Jacobsen and I then jumped down Doc's throat, but he swore it was true. So where are we.

He said before Steele & Jacobsen and myself that he was still sworn to secrecy on some Gov matters. I said "You had better get unsworn damn quick." So there you are. I told him there was enough leeway in the Flader affidavit that the DA would ask him a million questions and the court would make him answer – so he had better brief us.

With good I'll get by L.A. this weekend en route to Oakland.

Love to all

Si [Newton]

From THE UPPER STORY of

## FRANK SCULLY'S BEDSIDE MANOR

2071 GRACE AVENUE  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

December 1, 1952

Dear Si:

It took me till nearly 11:00 o'clock Sunday night to find out that you were out of town for a few days, and where you were. I knew something was wrong Friday night when we went to Frazers at 6:00 o'clock and waited till 7:00 for a call. They were having supper and we left our spaghetti at our house down the hill to cool off. As it was below freezing you can imagine how well it cooled! When no call came by 7:00 I tried the Brevoort and when your room didn't answer I tried Roses'. They were out too. So I tried it again around 8:00 and then we went back to our cold spaghetti.

The next day the car wouldn't start and soon it was raining at our level and snowing all over the mountains. So we packed up our stuff and headed for home. The horn wouldn't work and the motor sputtered, so we layed over and had both those repaired. Then we started on home again and learned that Rose was in San Diego and our hope was that you were either with him or with Mr. Rogers.

As I said, it wasn't until 11:00 o'clock that we learned you were in the company of neither of the distinguished gentlemen. I had hoped to get down to see you this afternoon, but the weather is terrible and the only car we have around here is the one I cannot drive. So everything around here is bluer than Willow China, but by now, however, I hope that Arthur has fixed things and that we will be seeing you tomorrow.

With affectionate greetings,

Faithfully,

Sven  
Frank

FS;dd

FS Copy

Dec 2 1952

Dear Mr Jewell:

As you will probably know before the arrival of this letter Mr Newton is on his way to Denver, a writ of habeas corpus having been denied by Judge Richards in the L A Superior Court this afternoon. There was little chance it would be granted as an extradition warrant had been accepted by Governor Warren several days ago. A Brigham Rose, Si's attorney, made a long and valiant pitch for what is usually a two minute turn down in that court in a matter of this sort.

Last Friday the U S Commissioner continued Si's case till Dec 12, indicating if something substantial didn't come down to him from Denver by then he was dismissing Newton. Then he went over to the Superior Court where the extradition papers were signed and waiting for him. Rose got a stay till Tuesday to argue his writ.

He quoted from Fleder's affidavit and the loosely worded character of the charges, indicating that they did not involve Newton as a person at all. The Judge agreed if the charges could not be substantiated Newton had a good case of malicious prosecution but that his job was not to try the case but only to pass on the identity of Newton and the validity of the papers.

I asked Si if he had an overcoat and warm clothes when I learned that the officer taking him to Denver was driving over land and had to pick up another man in Riverside. It developed he didn't have these things with him. Mrs Newton was there and offered to go back to the Brevoort Hotel and get them for him. I do not know if she succeeded and can't ask since she has no phone.

But if Si wants anything done he had better write to me and authorize me to do it, from getting his clothes to garaging his car. If this arrives by airmail it will give his friends ample time to arrange his bail, etc. I don't know who his lawyer is now but whoever he is he better ask for separation; that is a separate trial and get off this Siamese twins hook.

With all best wishes I remain,

Faithfully,

FS  
FRANK SCULLY

Rose reminded Judge 288A was declared unconstitutional and this case seemed to him fitted that description.

FS

December 2, 1952

Dear Alice and Frank:

The enclosed is for your information as well as for your reading pleasure. As you see, the pictures didn't turn out so good, but Prof is hoping for a fine detailed photo one of these days. And we all are thinking along the same line. It is most important for such a picture would prove BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS by Frank Scully absolutely correct. It would also prove that these craft are coming into our atmosphere and observing us at will and that they are beyond any doubt craft from other worlds since earthlings haven't yet learned to use the power that propels these craft so easily through space from planet to planet.

Prof hasn't yet written up his story of the experience but his arm is still sore from too close contact with the craft. Even though he was warned not to get under it, in his excitement he forgot the warning and his shoulder and arm got slightly under the edge of the flange ring. Instantly his arm was jerked up and then thrown back by the power being used for hovering because that particular part of the saucer was about six feet or a little more above the earth. The craft was kept hovering against the side of a hill so that the back part was only about a foot and a half or two feet above the ground, while the front portion was much higher. The man used a three step ladder arrangement that lowered from the ship and returned into it in some way when the ship started into motion.

There is much more to the whole thing than the witnesses gave to the paper. This will all be in Prof's story when he gets it written up - we hope this week. Then it will be a matter of getting multiple copies made. When this is done we will send one to you.

Jerry asks me to be remembered to you and to tell you that right now things are working so fast that it looks as though he will be coming to Los Angeles in the very near future. When he gets there he will call you and try to get out to see you, for he surely appreciates your writing to him. He is a very nice young man and most interested in listening to and learning from Prof. When he isn't doing this, he is either doing something to help here or writing letters to his friends in an effort to convince them of the reality of the saucers and their origin in other worlds. But he is most eager to know you both.

By the way, give us some info on Frank's new book. We are gettin questions on when it will be out, what will the title be and will he fill in some of the gaps of the first book with information now that he wasn't able to give at that time?

Incidentally the scout ship that brought the man in to contact Prof had three ball bearing landing gear which were about half lowered and plainly visible to Prof as he stood talking with the passenger. As the ship was started in motion in taking off, these balls were - or apparently were - drawn back up into the craft.

It's great to know that things are working out well so quickly for Si. Prof has staunchly maintained this would be the case and has written so to all inquirers who asked about Si's reliability since the TRUE article and the following paper reports of these other cases. It will be good to have the boomerang started. Keep us informed of its progress since it probably will get no more publicity than the other case clearances have received. Those of us working on the truth of the saucers and other world visitors will have to publicize it through our correspondents and by word of mouth as best we can.

All for now. More later as time allows but letters to you always get priority.

Best of wishes from all of us to all of you and keep yourselves well so that you won't have to miss any of the fast working developings that seem to be due for the very near future.

As always,

*Lucy*



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Dear Frank Thurs PM

Heres first favorable press  
of any kind -

The Judge evidently was made  
for he called D.A. & oute attys to  
come to chambers, an unprecedented  
thing and said give us hell,  
when can we have this hearing  
and argument, D.A. said I havent  
even seen the motions - they  
went in caucus - Judge wanted it  
next week - no dice - Finally  
March 22<sup>nd</sup> was fixed and  
bonds continued. My bondsman  
looked fat even tho I havent  
paid him - must settle with  
him Friday or else



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

So it goes - Am busy and I  
hope making some headway  
Saw Skip & his wife a moment  
last night - He looks better  
than I ever saw him - His skin  
100% clear -

So long -  
Yours  
A

The Cahn stuff was horrible  
beyond words. I hope you have  
the whole series Monday - Home Friday

## Transcription

Dear Frank:

Thurs PM

Here's first favorable press of any kind –

The Judge evidently was mad for he called D.A. & our attys to come to chambers, an unprecedented thing, and said grim as hell, when can we have this hearing and argument. D.A. said I haven't even seen the motions. They went in caucus. Judge wanted it next week. No dice. Finally March 22<sup>nd</sup> was fixed and bonds continued. My bondsman stood pat even tho [sic] I haven't paid him. Must settle with him Friday or else. So it goes. I'm busy and I hope making some headway. Saw Skip & his wife a moment last night. He looks better than I ever saw him. His skin 100% clear.

So long

Yours

Si

The Cahn stuff was horrible beyond words. I hope you have the whole series Monday thru Friday.

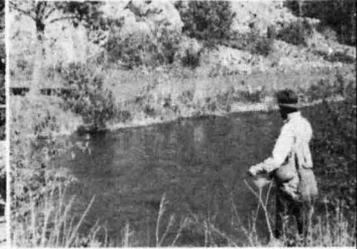


THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Thursday 5 P.M.

Sharon dear:

This has been a mean tough day - at 8<sup>30</sup> this am I talked to atlys and they said go about your business. We will hear from the DA in a few days and meet with Judge to fix day for arguments - about 10<sup>30</sup> the Judge began yelling for atlys & DA to come pronto. an unprecedented move. and we sat on our well knows 1 1/2 hrs until he showed up. DA swore he couldn't figure what it was about. Judge came in and without hardly a civil word said "where can we argue these motions" DA said "I haven't even seen them" Mellman fished out a copy and said "look at this"



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

<sup>2</sup>  
No Da. said "will I see you here  
your honor & may want to submit  
written motion about -" Judge  
said how about next week, all  
attys said - No we cant get ready  
we have cases, Da. said I have  
jury cases - These things took  
up all of Feb - and Judge was sitting  
atton, In to March and finally  
got to Moh 22 - as being 1st  
day all could agree on, so that  
was the late set - Every body  
walked out, Oyes - Judge said Bonds  
continued - Out side D.A. & Millman  
& Epstein all said whats the matter  
with that So & So - Nobody knew  
but here is the paper white was on



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

the stands and this is the first word we've had in years that even pretended to give us a break =

So when I got loose at 3 PM - I was exhausted. Came over here and sat down - The mining congress is in session and the place is packed. All tomorrow will be uranium, so I'll try to get all I can absorb -

Am going out now and try to get some money to send you here's 4 bucks

Tell that Howard and Joe to look after you, and love you for sure - Yours  
D.J.

## Transcription

Thursday 5 P.M.

Sharon dear:

This has been a mean tough day. At 8:30 this AM I talked to attys and they said to go about your business. We will hear from the DA in a few days and meet with Judge to fix day for arguments – about 10:30 the Judge began yelling for attys & DA to come pronto, an unprecedented move and we sat on our well knows 1½ hours until he showed up. DA swore he couldn't figure what it was about. Judge came in and without hardly a civil word said "when can we argue these motions." DA said, "I haven't even seen them." Mellman fished out a copy and said "look at this." The DA said "will I see one here your honor I may want to submit written motion about." Judge said how about next week, all attys said – no we can't get ready we have cases. D.A. said I have Jury cases. These things took up all of Feb. and Judge was spitting cotton. In to March and finally got to Mch 22 – as being 1<sup>st</sup> day all could agree on, so that was the date set. Everybody walked out. O yes, Judge said "Bonds continued" – outside D.A. & Mellman & Epstein all said what's the matter with that So & So. Nobody knew but here is the paper which was on the stands and this is the first word we've had in press that even pretended to give us a break.

So when I got loose at 3 P.M., I was exhausted. Came over here and sat down. The mining congress is in session and the place is packed. All tomorrow will be Uranium so I'll try to get all I can absorb.

Am going out now and try to get some money to send you here's 4 bucks.

Tell that Howard and Poo to look after you, and I'm a grievin' for sure.

Yours

Si

[Silas Newton]

Philip H  
Richards  
Dept 41

Dep 2/52 2<sup>PM</sup>

at 1:40 Court  
packed like  
a convention  
prisoners lunches  
Baileys - could not  
be told one from  
another

## Transcription

Philip H.  
Richards  
Dept 41

---

Dec 2 / 52      2pm

At 1:40 Court  
packed like  
a convention  
prisoners lawyers  
bailiffs – couldn't  
be told one from  
another.

December 3, 1952

Dear Si:

By the time you read this you will I suspect survive a more memorable journey than "Stage Coach". Though you will be pounded with advice, please remember these following points:

1. To point out that the statute of limitations on this case ran out last October.
2. Demand in any case a separate trial.
3. Check on that 228A that Rose stressed when pitching for that writ of Habeas Corpus.

I suggest, too, that you press for not only a separate trial but an early trial, and waste no time getting your criminal libel actions going, not to forget the hint of Judge Richards about starting false prosecutions about false arrests.

Your case needs someone like Rose but I guess unless you can raise some money, that's out. It's fantastic to me that Doc who had only his government salary seems to be rolling in dough whereas you have to scrape for every quarter. Nevertheless, do not lean on his lawyer because your case is a great deal cleaner than his, and you have enough load carrying your own.

Mr. Rogers came up and spoke to me after you had left and I gather from a visit Sharon made here this morning that nothing was settled between you and him Monday morning.

What about your things at the Brevoort? Do you want them removed and do you want to give the room up? Or do you hope to come back between the preliminary hearing and the trial?

With all best wishes, and more later, I remain

Faithfully yours,

FRANK SCULLY

FS;dd

Geo Adawski

Dec 4 1952

Dear Lucy:

Thank you for your clipping from the Phoenix Gazette and the fantastic story it detailed. Only one thing was lacking and that more to stay the curiosity of a gal in Detroit named Majorie Morris. Were they tall or short? Not that it matters to me, but it certainly does to her.

We went up to the desert over the weekend and when we came home we found that three of our six friends (who has more?) really made headlines. One died, a second went to jail and a third became a cardinal. How is that for a three horse parlay?

By now St is on his way to Denver to clear himself of as foul and as phoney a collection of charges as ever wormed their way through a papier mache statue of Justice. One of the charges was heaved out of court in Phoenix, a second on the federal side got ~~xxxxxx~~ nowhere in 60 days and the third looks to me as if has died because of the statute of limitations. But I think he should demand a trial anyway on that one and so clear his name and then go after Cahn, True, Flader et al with as juicy a libel suit as we have read of in years.

Tell George that from week to week and day to day we pine to come down that way, but Mae had to go back to Oklahoma to take care of her 80 year old mother and will be gone for at least two months. That leaves us staffless.

You can tell Jerrold, however, if he comes up this way we can put him up for a night or two provided he makes his own bed and carries his own dishes. (What, in the Army again?)

We had Fr Wegner, head of Boys Town, and Fr Hugh who directs the Hour of St Francis radio program, to dinner last night and a hilarious time was had by all. Fr Wegner doesn't believe in flying saucers, Fr Hugh does. So you can imagine how they went at it. They had not met until last night.

Please try to come up soon.

Ever,

FRANK SCULLY  
Sec to Alice

F R E E

NEWTON DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Address

Chairman

COMMITTEE

Dear Friend:

As you know, Silas M Newton, who rocked the world by telling the truth about flying saucers in a lecture at Denver University, March 8 1950, is now an unwilling candidate to the railroad commission of the State Penitentiary of Colorado. He is charged with every thing from selling doodlebugs to being a fugitive from a place where he goes every week or two.

Though an oil man of good repute in a business where the biggest corporations report that 80 per cent of their operations turn out to be dry holes, he is attacked on the downbeat by a flock of wolves parading as guardians of the public interest.

What he does or doesn't do in oil-drilling operations has nothing to do with the presence or absence of flying saucers in our atmosphere, but his enemies riding the broomstick of "guilt -by- association" are determined to tie the two together in the hope of destroying them together. If that is the way it has to be that is the way it has to be.

So his friends are rallying to build a Newton Defense Fund, to get him off these vicious hooks and then give the enemy a dose of their own vile medicine by instituting a criminal libel action. Due to the cost of defending himself against these well-plotted attacks, Mr Newton lacks personal funds right now to carry this fight into enemy territory. Being an independent, he has no large corporations to which he can turn for contributions. So the money in this campaign for truth and justice will have to come from people like you who believe in people like yourselves. Every dollar will help. Please make your checks payable to the Newton Defense Committee -----  
Treasurer -----

Sincerely,

FOR THE COMMITTEE

8 December 1952  
Valley Center, Calif.

Mr. Frank Scully,  
2071 Grace Avenue,  
Hollywood 25, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

Having found myself reasonably caught up with much of the work here around Palomar Gardens, I am taking the liberty of writing you a few lines.

First, let me apologise for the long delay in writing you and offer my sincerest appreciation to you and your wife, Alice, who have been so kind and considerate in all respects. As Lucy informed you in her last letter, it appears likely that I will soon be in Los Angeles. In as much as plans are still being conceived, everything at the moment is tentative. Therefore, I cannot give you any idea as to the exact day such a dream will become a reality. I can say for certain that when indications do become definite, I will give you an advance notice.

Before I relate a few items of interest in the saucer field, I would like to offer what hospitality I can in return for your generosity. Alice Wells told me during one of our "fireside chats" that you have a daughter named Sylvia, who is attending a Catholic Girls College in New York City. If you recall from my last letter, I spent a week there with my girl friend's mother. Now here is the catch. My girl friend is attending Marymount, A Catholic Girls Finishing School, on Fifth Avenue (Opposite Metropolitan Museum of Arts) I would like for you to write Sylvia and ask her if she would be interested in making a tour of the United Nations. You see my girl friend's mother is Assistant to the North American Regional Director of the Food and Agriculture Organization (one of the five organizations under the UN) This tour on top would not be the regularly conducted tours conducted by the UN itself, but more of a personal affair. She could visit the various buildings, with Miss Banos, meet many of the delegates and see first hand how things function behind the scenes. Then too, I'm sure arrangements could be made for her to sit in on a meeting of the POLITICAL GROUP? possibly the GENERAL ASSEMBLY. I'm sure that if she were interested it would be a very educational, as well as a pleasant experience. I know myself, that just by anticipating the event I am almost carried there once again, and I get somewhat elated over the thoughts of Sylvia being equally so. If you think she would be interested, then I will only too glad to set up the arrangements.

In my letter of 28 August 1952, I explained much of the material I have been able to uncover on the Captain Mantell incident. Although by my lack of silence, one would believe all this died a slow death. By all appearances it did, but this has been to my advantage. I have still been pursuing the leads without mention

to anyone about them. On Friday, I received a letter from one of my old buddies who during his brief hitch as a civilian worked for the COURIER JOURNAL (Louisville, Ky) He was successful in obtaining the picture taken by Barney Coward of the Mantell plane when found. It was restricted for reprint but good boy he got it anyway. After the picture is in my possession I plan on having triplicates made. I will keep one, forward the second to you and the third will fly back to San Antonio for verification. If the officer I previously mentioned does not recognize it as the same ship which was forwarded to Washington with the Mantell report, then we have uncovered something for you to write about. If it does, well, it has just been one of those things. But still it is worth a try and regarding the outcome, I won't be disappointed.

Seriously, judging from all the contradicting stories on the seemingly long dead mystery, I believe that there is perhaps more to it than anyone is able to apprehend (even the crackpots who believe in "illusions.") If my suspicions have been correct and you are able to make an issue of entire scandal, then maybe something will come out of all this.

In checking my letter concerning the early Mantell information, I find that I made an erroneous statement. Let me clarify it at this time and also finish what I had begun then.

The officer who flew opposite Mantell was 1st Lt Albert W. Clemens and the entire group flew out of Sandiford AFB, Louisville, Ky. At that time they were attached to: 165th Ftr Sq, Hq 123 Ftr Wg, Standiford, On October 10th 1950 the Wing was activated from National Guard status and redesignated 165th Ftr Bar Sq, Hq 123 Ftr Bar Wing and assigned to GODMAN AFB, Ky. From there the outfit went to England and by now is probably in Germany.

There never has been mention of Lt Clemens proceeding with Mantell after the others turned back. But this was his testimony to the officer I talked with. He flew right behind Mantell but at about 18,500 feet turned back because he was beginning to black out from lack of oxygen. That is probably why the report of Mantell dying from lack of oxygen.

Incidentally, the postcard Alice sent me in New York caught up with me a couple of weeks ago. It wasn't mailed out of California until the 12th of November and had to be remailed to me here from New York. Thank you anyway even if it was somewhat belated.

You may be sure that I will drop you a line whenever the opportunity presents itself. So until later, the best to you and yours from me and "our gang."

Very Sincerely,

Jessie Baker

1ST LT ALBERT W CLEMINS: flew in formation with Mantell  
(IN 1948) →

(WAS MAJ IN 1950-51)

MANTELL'S SQDN IN 1948,  
165<sup>TH</sup> FTR SQ, HQ 123 FTR WING,  
(ANG) STANDIFORD AFB, LOUISVILLE, KY.

10 OCT 1950 ← changed to

165<sup>TH</sup> FTR BMR SQ, HQ 123 FTR BMR WING  
GODMAN AFB, KY.

7 JAN. 1948

10 OCT 1950 after.

?  
0

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"Suggested questions to ask concerning the death of Captell  
Thomas F. Mantell."

1. Was his ship and his body found disintegrated over a half-mile area?
2. How much of his body was recoverable if any for burial?
3. What insurance did he carry and if his body were not recoverable was the insurance paid?
4. Who signs such affidavit testifying how he met his death and why there was no corpus delectus to prove the point?
5. Did his widow or mother have anything presented to them by which to identify?
6. Or were they presented an empty coffin flag drapped and sealed?
7. Where was this buried?
8. Where did the report emanate from that his body was found "riddled with bullets?"
9. Was an Air Force or CAA report filed on this accident within 72 hours and what did that report contain?
10. What military security is involved in not making available full report on this case if his death were caused

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by "blackening out from lack of oxygen" since this is not a military secret but is know to all pilots everywhere.?

11. Why was not 1st Lt <sup>CLEMENS</sup> ~~Mullins~~ report published? And did it have anything to do with his being raised to Major and quickly shipped to England?

12. Was Lt <sup>Clemens</sup> ~~Mullins~~ report presented a year after the accident and did it run to 72 pages? none of which has been published to date?

13. Did Lt <sup>Clemens</sup> ~~Mullins~~, who was supposedly right behind Capt Mantell in the pursuit of the planet "Venus" say in his report that he was feeling the lack of oxygen and dropped out at 18,000 feet? I

14. If so, why wasn't Lt <sup>Clemens</sup> ~~Mullins~~ mentioned by name in the official report of the mantell case?

15. Were the neighboring farmers and onlookers who had watched the chase by Capt Mantell of a flying saucer sent to Washington at taxpayers expense and grilled singly, and in groups till some sort of suggested line became evident to them and have left them like Mantell Mummies ever since?

16. Were the reports of witnesses who first spotted the object called the police, who in turn called the AF who in turn ordered the Mantell's group to pursue the objects, were all these reports collected?

17. Did they indicate that at least an hour lapsed between the <sup>1st</sup> report of the sighting and the destruction of Mantell and his plane?

Note: Insert a question to exhume Mantell's casket!

Recife, 26th december 1952

Mr. Frank Scully  
2071 Grace Avenue  
Hollywood, California

Dear Sir:

Permit me to thank you for your kindness in arranging for me the loan of the book "Behind the Flying Saucers."

I am also pleased to say that, after receipt of your letter of Nov. 24th I wrote to Mr. Jacintho de Paula, in São Paulo, and have today received the book.

As to articles published by Luciano Carneiro about you, I have not yet sent any to you because I intend to go through all the older magazines. Anything I find I shall send to you immediately.

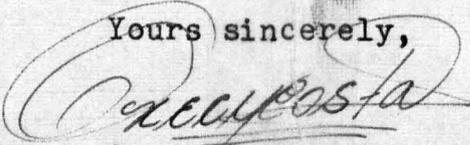
I don't know Mr. Jacintho de Paula personally, but I think he must be a very good friend.

Here I am entirely at your disposal so as to give you any further details that you may require.

I hope you received the Christmas card I sent you a short while ago.

With all the very best wishes, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

  
Onicy Costa