



Major Donald E. Keyhoe contends saucers come from outer space.

FLYING SAUCER FAKERS

By A. SMITH-HENDERSON, Ph.D., D.Sc.

According to the Air Force, the theory that saucers come from outer space is the biggest myth of the 20th century



Frank Scully, shown with wife, authored a best-seller on "space visitors in discs."

NOW that President Eisenhower has personally assured the nation that "little men" are not invading the earth from the planetary system, it looks as though many so-called flying saucer "experts" are eligible for membership in the "Association of Hot Air Artists."

Several widely-read books by these "experts" (who flatly announced the saucers were piloted by strange creatures from Mars, Venus and other planets) can now be classified among the greatest fairy tales of history. Scientists agree that there has never been the slightest proof that saucers are whirling down to earth from other planets.

Perhaps the most notable of these "weird-little-men" books was by Frank Scully, who claimed two flying saucers from the planet Venus had crashed in Southwestern United States. In his volume entitled, *Behind the Flying Saucer*, Scully quoted two geophysicists who "discovered" the bodies of several "little men" in the saucer wreckage. Scully, by innuendo, suggested that the Air Force had

quickly removed both the wreckage and the bodies to a secret location for analysis.

Book reviewers and magazine articles tore into Scully's book and concluded the "saucers from Venus" report was a pipe-dream which belonged on the science fiction shelf. The book was further discredited when Scully's informants, the two geophysicists, became involved in an oil well exploration scandal in Colorado.

ANOTHER book which claimed saucers were invading the earth from the planets was written by Donald E. Keyhoe, a retired major of the U. S. Marines. Keyhoe's volume, *Flying Saucers from Outer Space*, was also branded in many quarters as being written in a cloud of fantasy without ample evidence to support the conclusions. Keyhoe asserted that the world must prepare for saucer landings, and "we must accept the possibility that the saucer creatures may differ from us in form. . . Those first meetings with beings from another world could be the greatest adventure of all time. But we must

Sir, Apr, 1955

guard against fear, panic and violence by our own people, so that no tragic blunder will change peaceful visitors from space into deadly enemies."

Keyhoe backed up his "saucers from outer space" theory by quoting an official Air Force letter, dated January 26, 1953, which stated in part: "The Air Force and its investigative agency, Project Bluebook, are aware of Major Keyhoe's conclusion that flying saucers are from another planet. The Air Force has never denied that this possibility exists. Some of the personnel believe that there may be some strange natural phenomena completely unknown to us, but that if the apparently controlled maneuvers reported by many competent observers are correct, then the only remaining explanation is the interplanetary answer."

The letter was signed by the Air Force Press Desk in Washington, and Keyhoe insisted this was an official Department of Defense admission that the saucers came from outer space. He based this on the assumption that saucer maneuvers were controlled.

IN his recent press conference statement, however, President Eisenhower said the Air Force has assured him that saucers are not coming from the planets. The President added that 90 per cent of flying saucers sightings are known and identifiable objects such as balloons, aircraft, atmospheric reflections or even migratory birds.

Other "saucers" may be merely pieces of paper wafted high through the air on a windy day; advertising blimps hanging listlessly in the sky, sighted from a distance by people afflicted with "sauceritis"; or box-kites flown to great heights from twines of cord in the hands of small boys.

Renewed emphasis on the study of flying saucer phenomena was touched off recently by photographs from Sicily showing local denizens gazing at two disk-shaped objects in the sky. Many books have also published "pictures" of saucers, but the Air Force says still photographs in general are "worthless as evidence."

Books that claimed the disks were swarming to earth from planets caused a wave of "little-men" hysteria in the rural areas of France and Italy.

Housewives told of saucers swooping low over clotheslines, and the mayor of Neuf-du-Pape, France, a village of 16,000 population, issued a decree forbidding flying saucers



The Air Force admits that images like these seen in Sicily are real, but officials say that such phenomena are now explainable.

to land. He ordered the village constable, to impound any saucers which disobeyed."

Jean Darcy, a highway worker of the Haute-Marne section of France, told newsmen he was riding his bicycle to work when he saw a be-whiskered man only four feet tall standing in a wheat field. Darcy said "good morning," and the little man replied, "I'll be seeing you," then jumped into a small flying saucer that made a buzzing sound as it whirled away into the clouds.

From all over France other fantastic reports came rolling in. Some of the "little men" even came in ships resembling "flying chamber pots."

The mayor of another French village solemnly told newspaper re-

porters that he had entertained two visitors from Mars at his home for one entire week!

In Italy, Signora Rosa Dainelli said two dwarfs wearing capes stopped her in the woods near the Tuscan village of Bucine, snatched a silk stocking and several carnations from her arms, then escaped in a spool-shaped flying machine. And the social columns of an Austrian newspaper reported: "Mustached Martian spends weekend at Vienna."

The stories were too fantastic to be taken seriously, but they did prove that human imagination knows no bounds after "experts" write books on saucer "invasions" of the Earth.

(Continued on page 69)

Eddie stared at the boy, who was just finishing a plate of ham and eggs. He tried to read the answer to his question in the boy's manner, but he seemed to be eating normally, casually, like anyone else who had been travelling all night.

What had happened during the trip? Had they stopped? Where? How long? Had the girls . . . ?

He wanted to ask, but what would he say? How could he put the question so that he wouldn't sound like a darn fool?

At the counter, the blonde kid had finished his. He fumbled in his pocket and brought out some coins, then he got up and went to the cashier's desk.

EDDIE couldn't stand it any longer. He slid out of the booth and crossed the restaurant. The boy saw him, frowned, and remembered.

"Hi. I thought you said you weren't going any farther."

Eddie stuttered, "I changed my mind."

"Well, I'm glad you got a ride." The kid was turning toward the door.

Eddie blurted it out, "What happened?"

The boy looked puzzled. "What do you mean, what happened?"

"I mean, on the trip. How did everything go?"

"Oh, that. Okay. Why?"

Eddie sighed. He felt his shoulders drooping. "Nothing. I just wondered."

The big blonde kid stared at him for a moment. He reached into his pocket, drew something out, and snapped it at the floor. He winked at Eddie and walked out of the restaurant.

Eddie looked down.

The pearl-handled knife quivered in the floor at his feet.

THE END

FLYING SAUCER FAKERS

(Continued from page 15)

THE "sauceritis" craze began shortly after the end of World War II when atomic bomb explosions caused people to look into the sky for answers to everything strange.

As one Air Force official put it: "If you look up at the sky long enough, you can almost always make out something that appears strange. Kids don't count freight cars anymore, they count airplanes. Everybody is looking up at the sky these days, and many people trained in aerial observation during the war haven't stopped looking for strange aircraft."

People have seen flying dishes, flying ice cream cones, flying hub-caps and even flying street-lights. This is understandable in view of the fact that the sky is full of many different types of things these days.

In addition to commercial and military aircraft whose numbers are greater than ever before, more than 500 organizations send test balloons up into the air from time to time. These balloons are of all sizes, ranging from that of a basketball to a box-car, and from a distance appear as strange "disks in the sky" to many people.

A new U. S. Navy experimental plane, which is actually shaped like a pancake, is often mistaken for a flying disk. Around the edge

of its saucer-like fuselage is a series of jet openings which frame blinding lights from the exhaust. At night, the flat, round-shaped plane looks like a series of flaming windows, flying ghostly through the darkness.

As reports of flying saucer sightings poured in by the hundreds, special clubs were organized and members spent their spare time sweeping the skies with binoculars, looking for weird aircraft. A flood of books, magazine articles and newspaper stories about flying disks rolled off the nation's presses.

EVER since the saucer uproar began on June 24, 1947, when a private pilot reported seeing nine disks flying near Mount Ranier, Washington, a gullible nation has been fed an unending stream of cock-and-bull stories about weird aircraft menacing the earth.

Astronomers, have repeatedly pointed out that aircraft, going at even a speed of 2,000 miles per hour, would have to travel through space one million years to reach the earth from the nearest planet (the sun excepted).

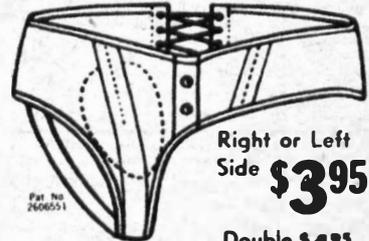
This certainly would tend to prove that reports of flying saucer arrivals from outer space are something for the birds.

THE END

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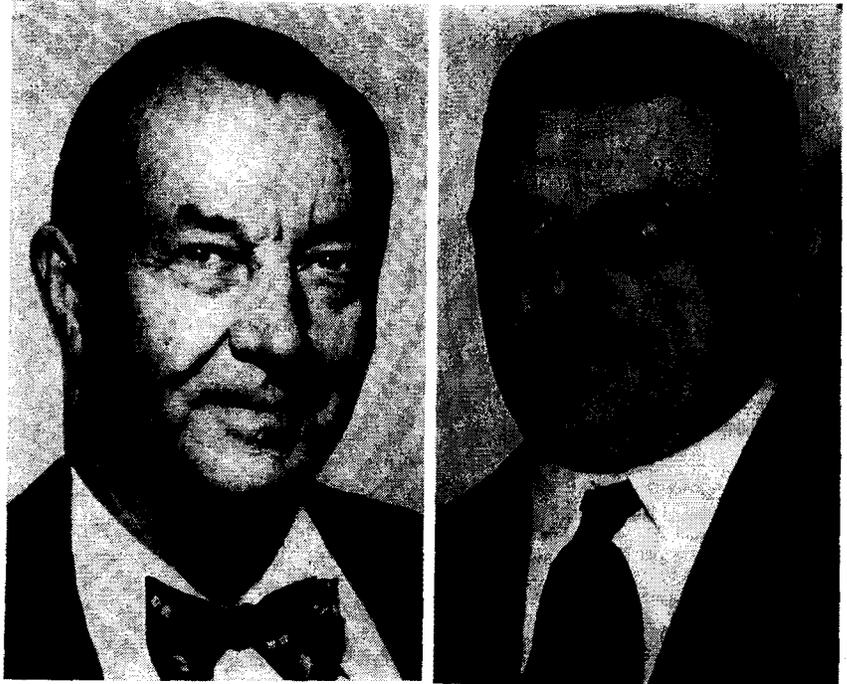
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"Doodlebugs" deluxe, Silas M. Newton (left) and partner Leo A. GeBauer, conned an amazing flock of suckers into buying non-producing oil leases.

Maybe these con men didn't know a flying saucer from a hole in the ground. But they used both to sucker their victims. They were almost \$400,000 ahead when TRUE's reporter broke the amazing case of the...

Flying Saucer Swindlers

By J. P. CAHN

BACK in 1952, the September issue of TRUE ran a story of mine titled *The Flying Saucers and the Mysterious Little Men*. It was an exposé of a best-selling book that maintained flying saucers from Venus, manned by 3-foot characters in blue suits, had landed on earth. Despite solemn prefaces by both the author and publisher, the book was a complete hoax. I rounded up proof that the little-men-from-Venus yarn was as phony as a headwaiter's bow and smile.

Digging into the story of the bogus flying saucers, I learned that two men—Silas M. Newton and Leo A. GeBauer—had manufactured the hoax and fobbed it off on a gullible author. When we broke the story, TRUE and I had

DENVER

some pretty good ideas why Newton and GeBauer had dreamed up their yarn, but we couldn't prove our suspicions. And what you can't prove you don't print. So we said what we could, and hoped for the rest. Thanks to TRUE's vast readership, we got the new leads we were hoping for, and now we can give you the wrap-up story on as slippery a pair of swindlers as ever came down the pike. It happened like this:

As we had suspected, while chasing the flying saucer story to earth, Newton and GeBauer were more than a couple of fun-loving pranksters. Newton had a record that went back to 1931. It started with an arrest for conspiracy in Montclair, New Jersey, and worked its way through grand lar-

ceny, false stock statements, and interstate transportation of stolen property. He had never been brought to trial on any of these charges, but he hadn't been bucking for Eagle Scout for the last 20 years either. Newton happened to be a man with a flair for getting off the hook.

GeBauer had a suspended sentence for violation of the Federal Housing Act.

It was a pretty safe bet that this pair wouldn't have taken time and trouble to pull off the flying saucer bit—complete with "pieces of the saucers"—if there hadn't been a pay-off for them. The pay-off was simple, we found.

Newton and GeBauer were "doodlebuggers," a term used in the oil industry for men with mysterious devices of one sort or another that are supposed to locate oil.

Newton, the front man for the team, was a doodlebugger deluxe. He set up the Newton Oil Company with offices in Denver, traveled in the right circles, maintained a lavish suite at the Brown Palace Hotel, and drove only a Cadillac. His golf game was good; at one time he was amateur champion of Colorado.

Newton's contribution to the art of doodlebugging was based on the principle that people are inclined to believe what they see in print. As president of the Newton Oil Company, he would persuade petroleum trade publications to print articles he wrote. These inevitably contained one of Newton's own geophysical theories couched in elaborate, pseudo-scientific double talk.

Newton used the articles as convincers. He would line up a prospect, treat him to the floor show of the Cadillacs, the offices of the Newton Oil Company, the suite at the Brown Palace and at some point casually hand him the most recent article by that renowned authority on geophysics, Silas M. Newton.

After that, when Newton's doodlebug indicated the presence of oil on a piece of property, it wasn't hard to believe there was a fortune underfoot. Newton conned an amazing number of suckers into buying oil leases on some of the nicest scenery in the country.

But the technique had its limitations. The only magazines that would print Newton's articles were trade publications. Oil men who thumbed through them shrugged off Newton's weird geophysical double talk as the scribblings of an eccentric.

What Newton needed was some method of presenting his theories to large numbers of people who knew nothing about oil. If he could manage that, he'd have his prospects coming to him.

The book about the flying saucers was the answer.

Si Newton is the kind of salesman who could peddle a steam calliope to a funeral parlor. The story he palmed off on the man who actually wrote the book set Newton up as a world-famous geophysicist and multimillionaire. It gave him a perfect background to operate from.

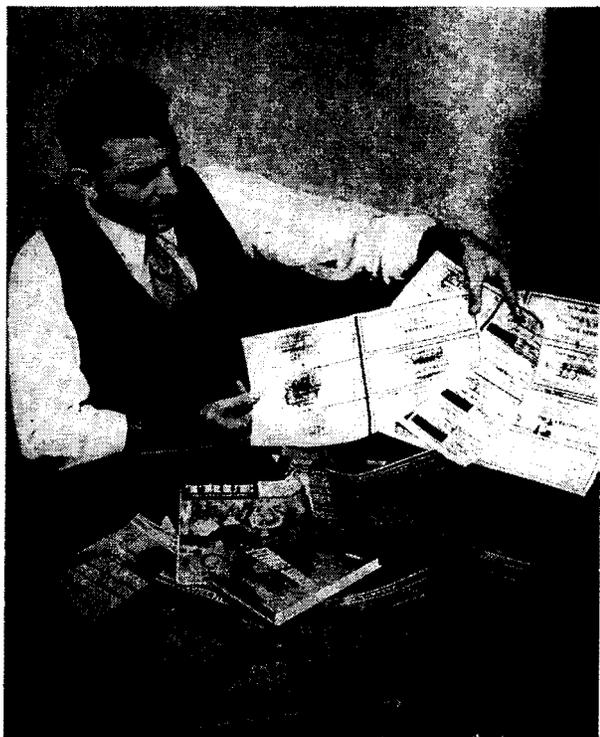
The flying saucer yarn was bait. When you got through reading the book, you might still have your doubts about the saucers, but you believed Newton was a genius when it came to locating oil—unless you happened to know something about the subject. And Newton wasn't interested in people who knew anything about oil.

GeBauer, Newton's side-kick, appeared in the book merely as "Dr. Gee," the mysterious and anonymous electronic wizard who had masterminded submarine locating devices for the government. He was now supposed to be on Newton's payroll, developing oil-locating instruments.

The book was just fantastic enough to become a best seller. With access to the letters [Continued on page 69]



Millionaire manufacturer Herman Flader (left) and Dr. A. D. Kleyhauer both paid through the nose to learn that oil-locating machines such as this one were worthless.



Eventually Herman Flader was taken for over \$230,000. Here author Cahn examines some evidence—Flader's canceled checks and his correspondence with the con men.

Flying Saucer Swindlers

(Continued from page 37)

that came in to the author, Newton was able to build up a sucker list that was a con man's dream.

Officially, the law couldn't do anything about Newton until someone filed a complaint. And there were no complaints. It takes a lot of character to admit publicly you've been taken for a sucker—and that's the best protection a con man has.

What I needed was someone who had been clipped by Newton and GeBauer and wasn't afraid to admit it. With the help of the editors of TRUE, I put as much of Newton and GeBauer's background as I could prove into *The Flying Saucers and the Mysterious Little Men*, hoping some reader would turn up the lead we needed.

We hit the jackpot with the first letter that came in.

It was from a Mr. A. J. C. Bernard who enclosed a want ad clipped from a Los Angeles newspaper. The ad read:

"URGENT NOTICE—All persons having dealings with SILAS M. NEWTON, NEWTON OIL CO., formerly of Denver, Colorado, New York, Illinois, Wyoming, Calif., Ariz., etc. relative to oil investments, 'Cosmic Rays,' and/or 'Flying Saucers,' kindly contact Box M5743 by letter or wire. THIS IS MOST URGENT."

I wired.

While I sweated out the answer the mail poured in from all over the country, confirming what we already knew about Newton and GeBauer: that individually, or as a team, they had been hawking phony stock and fake machines in a dozen states for the last 25 years. But in all the letters, there wasn't one that looked like it might turn into a valid complaint.

I was still waiting for an answer to my wire when I got two phone calls. One was from a man named Flader in Denver. The other was from a Herman Corsun in Phoenix, Arizona. Both men had had Newton-GeBauer trouble. The answer to my wire, when it came, was also from Denver, surprisingly enough. A Dr. Kleyhauer there had been placing the ads in newspapers all over the country. He wondered if I could come and see him immediately.

Since it appeared that it was going to be a Denver story, I made arrangements with the Denver *Post* to work on it for them on special assignment.

Dr. Kleyhauer turned out to be a meek-looking

optometrist who had been clipped by Newton for \$9,000 on the strength of an oil-locating machine Newton had. It was exactly what I wanted—except for one thing. There is a legal time limit on filing complaints. It's fixed by a law called the statute of limitations, and in a case like this one, if you're going to file a complaint, you've got to do it within three years of the date of the last transaction. Thanks to Newton's glib tongue, the statute had run out on any case Dr. Kleyhauer might have had.

The doctor knew it, but he had kept right on running those ads in the hope he could keep Newton from clipping somebody else. Kleyhauer knew Flader, my other Denver lead; Flader had answered one of the doctor's ads.

"You ought to talk to him," Kleyhauer said. "I understand he lost quite a piece of money to Newton, some of it as recently as the fall of 1949."

It was now September 12, 1952. If Flader had a case, the three-year statute might run out any minute—if it hadn't lapsed already. I had to get busy fast.

I went out to see Herman Flader at his Stayput Clamp and Coupling factory, an impressive two-story glass brick and tile structure on the edge of Denver. Meeting him was quite a shock. From the research I'd done on Flader—a millionaire who'd invented and now manufactured a wire clamp used to attach hose to pipe—I expected the man to look something like the Hollywood version of a tycoon. Instead I found a man wearing baggy, oil-stained suntans, a work shirt and a pair of shoes the Salvation Army would have thought twice about accepting. Flader is in his late 60's; his gray hair is cropped close. Only in the thrust of his jaw was there anything to indicate that this man was the boss.

Herman Flader arrived in this country before World War I. His assets consisted of a mechanical talent bordering on genius and a pair of hands with an un-

canny facility with machinery. He calls his hands his "mallets."

The mallets kept clenching and unclenching while he told me about Newton and GeBauer. Flader's story was a classic example of the old con game known as "the cross fire." Early in 1949 he met GeBauer through some smalltime oil operators. They gave him the old routine about GeBauer being a topflight ex-government scientist who had developed a fabulous electronic device for locating oil.

When GeBauer turned up at Flader's, he had his machine with him, a metal box about 18 inches square with antennae protruding from either end. The antennae were tipped with small metal balls about the size of marbles. These, GeBauer confided, were plutonium and worth \$3,800 apiece. One side of the box was covered with dials, knobs and small lights.

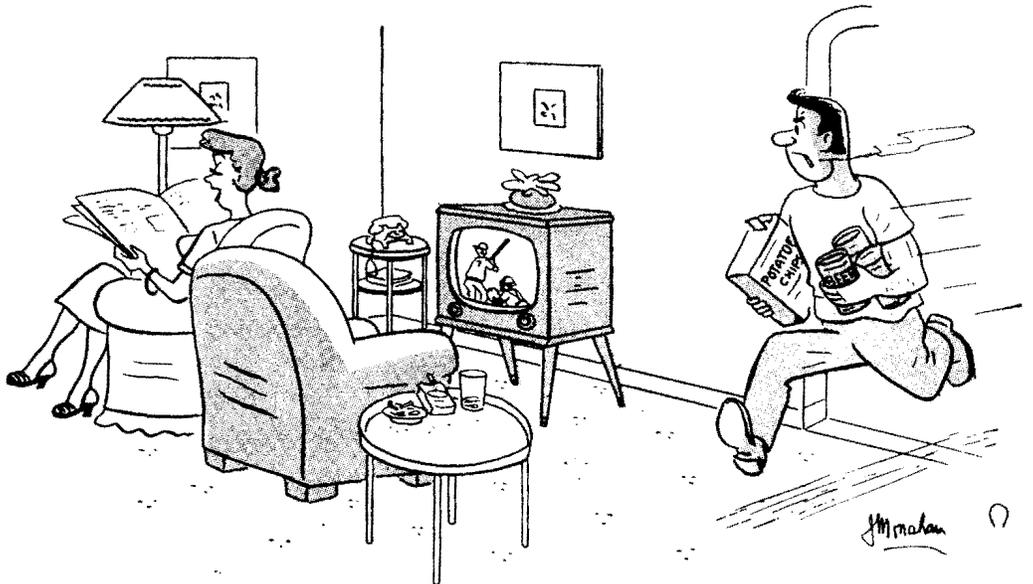
GeBauer didn't tell Flader what the box could do. He showed him. Flader had recently dug five water wells on one of his ranches. Just by twirling the machine's dials until the lights lit, GeBauer located each well and read its exact depth. A couple of times a red light on the machine flared and GeBauer announced they were over oil, reeling off the precise depth of the deposit. It was an impressive demonstration.

Flader wasn't one to be taken in so easily. Having memorized the readings, he zigged and zagged so he managed to drive GeBauer over the same spot a couple of times. Each time the reading was exactly the same.

"Old Betsy," GeBauer's pet name for his machine, was apparently infallible. It never occurred to Flader that GeBauer could have found out the depths of his water wells in advance.

When Flader tried to buy "Old Betsy," it was not for sale. The machine, according to GeBauer, was a version of a submarine detector he had developed for the government and was, in fact, U.S.

TRUE MAGAZINE



"Somebody cleaned off the bases while the umpire was loaded."

Government property. However, GeBauer would be glad to do some extensive surveys of Flader's land as soon as he got the chance.

By coincidence, the next fascinating character to enter Herman Flader's life was Silas Newton, the president of the Newton Oil Company. When Newton turned up, oil was apparently the furthest thing from his mind; he wanted a few treatments for his arthritis. Flader had rigged up an electrical gadget in his shop that he felt was beneficial to a number of ailments including arthritis. He didn't charge anything for the use of the machine, nor did he solicit any business.

Newton and Flader's conversation led from one thing to another and finally wound up with—you guessed it—oil.

When Flader told Newton about GeBauer and his miraculous machine, Newton laughed. In his years in the oil fields, he'd seen thousands of oil-divining machines. All of them, with one notable exception, were worthless doodlebugs. The exception was a machine Newton now had, a device built for him by a great physicist at a cost of \$800,000.

It wasn't long before Flader and Newton were out testing Newton's machine, a great gleaming dial-studded affair in a handsome mahogany box. When GeBauer and "Old Betsy" also turned up one day, considerable technical discussion led to a field test between the two machines.

In the course of the tests, GeBauer revealed—confidentially, of course—that "Old Betsy" operated on the same magnetic principles as the flying saucers. As a matter of fact, he added casually, when the first saucer had landed on earth, he had been called into consultation by the government because of his outstanding work in the field of magnetics.

The result of the battle of the doodle-

bugs was that Silas Newton, president of the Newton Oil Company, had to admit humbly that Flader had found a scientist with an oil-locating device far superior to the one he had paid \$800,000 for. And not only could "Old Betsy" locate oil, gas and water; by taking a firm grip on her plutonium-tipped antennae, GeBauer could give you a reading on the state of your health.

Caught in the cross fire between Newton and GeBauer, Flader was sold.

He bought a sister machine to "Old Betsy" for \$4,000 and then set up the Colorado Geophysical and Development Company, Inc., so he and GeBauer could realize the full financial advantages of GeBauer's equipment.

Ultimately, Flader paid GeBauer \$28,552.30 for one-half interest in three more machines. One of them, in the hands of the master, GeBauer, could take what GeBauer liked to call an underground photograph—a chart-like affair that showed exactly where the oil was. The only hitch was that every time GeBauer made one of these photographs, one of the tubes in the machine had to be exploded—at a replacement cost of \$517.

GeBauer was a little leary of letting Flader have the machines. He told Flader that their circuits were so secret the government had insisted he put demolition charges in each machine. GeBauer was concerned about his new friend and business associate. If Flader so much as tried to peek inside the machines, he would be blown to bits.

Flader promised not to peek.

He insisted, however, that GeBauer show him how to operate the machines. GeBauer obliged with a set of instructions that might have been lifted out of the cabala.

The Colorado Geophysical and De-

velopment Company was an interesting business venture. With a few exceptions, all its clients for whom GeBauer did geophysical surveys were friends of Flader's who had known and trusted him for years. Flader also supplied all the capital in the company.

All the income, however, was immediately drawn out by GeBauer who was always a little short on his plutonium payments or something equally as important.

Newton wasn't part of the Colorado Geophysical Company—except as a kind of non-paying client. He had some property up on Dutton Creek in Wyoming that he felt was practically oozing oil. GeBauer zipped up there with his machines and tuned in more oil than even Newton had dreamed existed.

Flader was allowed to put up some capital and provide drilling equipment. Dutton Creek eventually cost him \$152,000.

In the middle of the Dutton Creek operation, Newton sold Flader an oil lease near Newhall, California, for a piddling \$1,500 and began hinting that GeBauer and "Old Betsy" had tuned in on one of the most tremendous oil fields on earth just outside Mojave, California. When GeBauer was sure of his data, Flader was cut in. It ultimately cost him \$49,400.

All told, Newton and GeBauer drained \$231,452.30 out of Flader before they were through with him, and they didn't produce as much oil as you can wipe off the mainspring of your wristwatch.

When Flader began to show signs of being disillusioned, Newton and GeBauer poured on the double talk and got out of range. The Newton Oil Company in Denver closed its doors. Herman Flader decided all he could do was write it off to experience.

For a minute right after he finished his story, Flader looked like a tired, old man.

"How could a man who knows as much about machinery as you do, fall for a deal that was built on phony machines that didn't work?" I asked.

"When I build a man a machine," he snapped, "it works. I never thought that the other fellow wouldn't do the same!"

I asked Flader if he could prove the story he told me. He produced a pack of canceled checks, every one of them endorsed by Newton or GeBauer. Then he dragged out a pair of black boxes with dials on them.

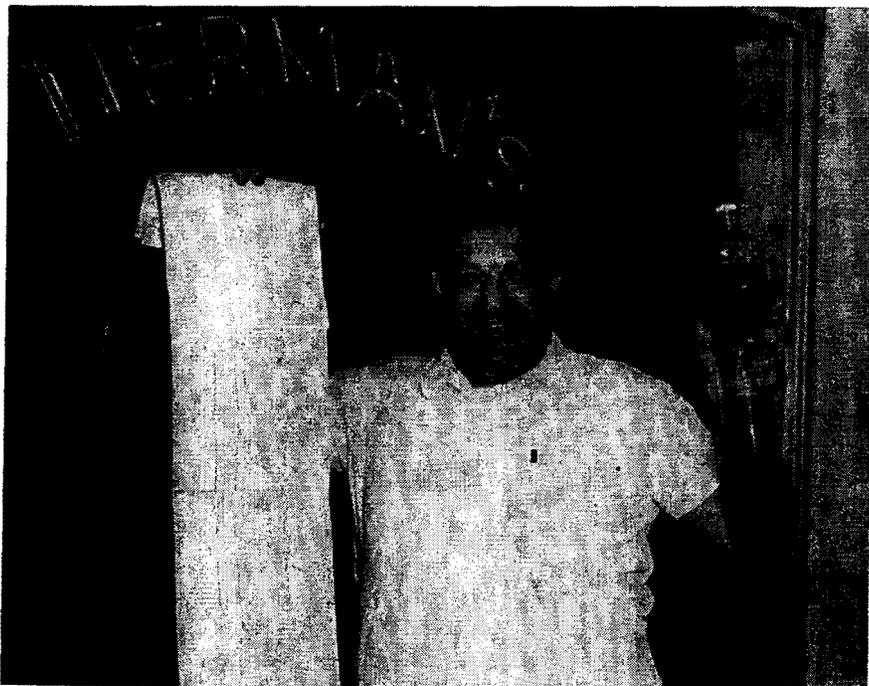
"These are GeBauer's machines. . . Look here."

Inside one of the boxes was a small battery.

"There's the joker that worked the lights. It wasn't plutonium—just this little battery. I got tired of waiting and pried the damn thing open one day. That business about dynamite was just more of GeBauer's lies. This is what I found, a little 20-cent battery that cost me all that money."

The machines turned out to be the tuning units of U.S. Army radio transmitters. They still had the Signal Corps identification plates on them.

I checked through the dates on the canceled checks. Flader's case was within the three-year statute—just.



Herman Corsun, another Newton-GeBauer victim, displays the oil samples and "underground" photograph which convinced him he was buying into a good thing.

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There was just one more question, but it was the big one. "Would you file a complaint, Mr. Flader, even if it meant admitting publicly you'd been taken for a sucker?"

The mallets began working again. "I'll do anything if it helps stop Newton and GeBauer."

We went to see the Denver D.A.—Bert Keating. He listened to Flader's story, and charted a plan of action. Witnesses had to be located and the actual site of Flader's leases in the Mojave had to be pinned down. Flader had never seen the operation that had cost him nearly \$50,000 and the D.A.'s office wanted to know what really happened out there. Since I was going to check in both Phoenix and Mojave, I agreed to do a little unofficial leg work. The assignment was to gather as much information as possible without tipping Newton or GeBauer that an investigation was under way.

Herman Corsun, the man who had telephoned me in San Francisco, met me at the Phoenix airport. Corsun, the proprietor of a delicatessen, apparently was given to sampling his wares. He stands 6' 3" and weighs 285. At his place, between mouthfuls of four-layer pastrami sandwiches, he told me his story.

It was the same old routine—flying saucers and super-secret government instruments converted to locate oil. The only difference was that GeBauer had conducted this little foray on his own. Corsun had only seen Newton once when GeBauer had introduced him as a multi-millionaire oil associate.

Corsun paid GeBauer \$3,350 for a nebulous oil lease near Casper, Wyoming. For this investment, GeBauer gave him a couple of jugs of oil, supposedly samples from the well, one of his \$517 underground photographs, (valued for Corsun's benefit at \$1,500) and a trip to Casper during which GeBauer waved a lordly hand at an oil storage tank and announced grandly, "That tank is yours, Herman!"

Corsun never did find out who owned the tank. The only thing he's sure of now is that it wasn't his, or GeBauer's either.

Corsun was boiling mad and ready to have his attorney take action against GeBauer. Which was exactly what the Denver D.A. was afraid of. The Denver case, if it worked out, stood a good chance of putting two con men out of circulation. Corsun's case only involved one. The Denver case involved enough money so it would be almost impossible for Newton and GeBauer to raise the cash to repay Flader and quash the suit. Corsun's case involved only \$3,350.

One rumble out of Corsun would set Newton and GeBauer to inspecting all their fences. They would certainly find out what was going on in Denver. If that happened before Keating and his office had all the information they needed, there was a good chance Newton and GeBauer could so thoroughly cover up their tracks the Denver case never would come to trial.

I asked Corsun if he was willing to postpone his complaint until the Denver case was set.

[Cartoon removed due to adult content]

It was a tough decision for him. If he hit GeBauer right then, his \$3,350 was as good as back in his pocket. If he waited, there was no telling when he'd collect.

Finally Herman Corsun nodded. He agreed to wait.

Two days later I was in California, checking at the Mojave lease sites. I located a Slim Appleby who had worked as a driller for Newton. Appleby—a tall, windburned man—has a reputation for being on the level. Although he only worked for Newton for wages, he regrets the association.

"This country's been surveyed by experts," Slim said. "It's full of test holes. Old ones. Anybody who knows anything about this desert knows that a few hundred feet down there's a layer of granite that runs for miles. And here we were drilling right into the middle of it. That's what I couldn't understand about those fellows."

Appleby had heard the flying-saucer story, too, the identical story Flader had been told. He had seen Dr. GeBauer and his machines, and hadn't thought much of them; he'd been around oil fields too long.

Appleby wasn't impressed with Newton's drilling either. Under Newton's supervision, they lost their drilling tools down the hole, and occasionally, thanks to cave-ins, lost the hole itself. As Appleby put it, "At one time or another, we had everything down that hole but the rig itself. Everything, that is, but oil."

At least I knew Newton had actually done some drilling. I had scout reports, so I knew when and how deep. I knew where the holes were and I knew how to get in touch with Slim if he were needed for a witness.

That night I was back in Phoenix on my way to Denver. I checked to see how Herman Corsun was holding up. He was still sitting tight, but I could see the strain was awful.

Our time was running pretty short. On Friday, October 10, charges were quietly filed in Denver's Justice of the Peace Court instead of the District Court where they would normally have been filed. Warrants were issued for the arrest of Newton and GeBauer. By filing in an out-of-the-way court there was a chance the charges wouldn't be spotted before Newton and GeBauer could be picked up.

For three days investigators from the D.A.'s office quietly checked with police departments all over the West, trying to locate Newton and GeBauer without alarming them. It was a tough assignment.

About 9:30 on the morning of the 14th, an attorney strolled into the District Court and asked if there were any charges filed against Newton. Obviously, someone had got wind of what was up.

But a few minutes later the FBI, up to this point not very enthusiastic about the Newton-GeBauer case, had received authorization from the U.S. Attorney's office to file charges.

"Denverite 'Saucer Scientist' Charged in \$50,000 Fraud," was the headline on the Denver Post for all editions.

With no more need for secrecy, an all-points bulletin went out for Newton and GeBauer. That night—October 14, 1952—FBI agents in Phoenix grabbed GeBauer. Newton was picked up the same evening in Hollywood.

The trial date was set for June 9, 1953. But before the case actually got into

court, the trial was postponed more times than the wedding of the bearded lady. Newton and GeBauer, out on bail, were cooling off as many irate citizens as they could by returning their loot. Herman Corsun, for example, wound up by getting \$2,300 and a couple of 17-inch TV sets. The boys paid off with anything they could get their hands on.

The day after the story broke, there were 11 civil suits against Newton totaling over \$137,700. They included everything from failure to pay for drilling equipment to a claim for a year's back rent from his landlady.

By now I had been able to figure out why Newton and GeBauer had gone to all the expense of drilling a pair of holes into solid granite. All the leases Newton and GeBauer peddled in the Mojave were dutifully described by section, township and range. But out in the desert itself, it's pretty hard to pin-point any given location unless you know exactly what you're about. None of the Newton-GeBauer clientele did.

If a sucker who had already felt the gaff needed assurance his money was actually being spent for drilling, he could be calmed by the sight of the rig chugging away out in the sage brush. If the location described on his lease happened to be five miles away, how could he tell?

For two years Newton and GeBauer used that pair of tired holes in the granite as window trimming. And a good thing they were in granite too. If they had ever struck oil and all the lease holders who thought they owned a piece of those wells turned up at once, the doodlebuggers would have been tromped to death in the rush.

Once a sucker had been taken, Newton and GeBauer cooled his fervor with sad stories of collapsed casings, expensive cement jobs and any number of costly mechanical horrors. If that didn't work and a client showed signs of becoming belligerent, he was promised an interest in a sure-fire field in another part of the country, Kansas or Wyoming, anywhere sufficiently inaccessible. And then the cooling-off process started all over again until the sucker finally gave up in despair.

On November 10, 1953, a year and a month after they were arrested, Newton and GeBauer were brought to trial in the District Court in Denver. The charges: conducting a confidence game and conspiracy to commit a confidence game.

Herman Flader, the state's first witness, was on the stand for almost a week. He told the court the same story he had told me, flying saucers and all. And he stuck to it through four solid days of rugged cross-examination.

The slugging began in earnest when Howard Hill, the professional archer who was brought to Denver as a witness for the state, was snagged by the defense through a legal maneuver. Hill wound up testifying that GeBauer's doodlebug had unerringly located a tank of fuel oil in his back yard.

District Attorney Keating evened it up when the defense produced a photostatic copy of an agreement between

Flader and GeBauer bearing a date that would put the case outside the three-year statute. Keating produced the original document, stated that the date on the photostat had been altered and called in a handwriting expert who flatly testified the defense photostat was, "just a plain forgery."

An electronics expert appeared for the state. With the help of a new battery he got GeBauer's apparatus to indicate oil under the court room. Under oath, he then identified the machine as a surplus radio-transmitting tuning unit that "couldn't indicate the presence of anything."

The district attorney produced a doodlebug of his own, identical to one GeBauer sold Flader for \$18,500. Only Keating got his at a more reasonable rate—\$3.50 at a local surplus store.

The trial was delayed a week when GeBauer, genuinely ill, was unable to appear. When he returned in a wheel chair, he was accompanied by a nurse who spooned medicine into him so regularly that the judge was moved to suggest GeBauer receive his medication in the hallway, out of the jury's sight. He took his medicine in the hall all right, but at the exact moment the jury was filing by.

Newton distinguished himself in testimony by being unable to recall whether

IN NEXT MONTH'S TRUE

With Germany's secret weapon poised to destroy England, espionage agents race to solve the war's deadliest puzzle.

he owned five or seven Cadillacs between 1945 and 1949 and then got into a corner where he had to admit he hadn't paid an income tax in 12 years. The next day a gentleman from the Bureau of Internal Revenue quietly joined the spectators at the trial.

GeBauer took the stand and explained he had spent six months in the arctic regions studying the northern lights and that his oil-divining instruments were powered by the same magnetic energy that causes the aurora borealis. But when GeBauer tried to explain his scientific theories and the defense wheeled in a huge doodlebug to substantiate his statements, the trial turned into a complete rout.

District Attorney Keating produced a scholarly geophysicist from the Colorado School of Mines who calmly dismantled GeBauer's machines and his theories along with them.

The jury arrived at its verdict in less than five hours. They found both defendants guilty on both charges. Newton and GeBauer faced maximum sentences of 30 years in prison.

On April 12, 1954, their motion for a new trial was denied, whereupon both Newton and GeBauer applied for probation. It was granted June 20, the terms

being that Newton and GeBauer make restitution to Flader and pay court costs. In all, the con men were to get up \$82,186.77, starting with an immediate cash payment of \$3,000 and a percentage of their incomes thereafter until the full amount was paid.

Newton claimed he didn't have a cent. GeBauer scraped up the \$3,000 cash for both of them and dutifully began making small payments to Flader. Not Newton.

On February 7, 1955, less than a year after he was put on probation, Newton made the front pages in Denver again—this time for hawking \$14,900 worth of stock certificates in a Utah uranium claim known as the Tennessee Queen. Eight residents of Denver charged the Queen wasn't the bountiful lady Newton claimed.

A summons was issued for Newton but attorneys who tried to have it served ran into a snag. Although Newton is required to report to Denver's probation officers each month, the process servers were somehow unable to locate Newton to hand him the summons.

It was found that Newton was permitted to report by mail instead of making a monthly trip from Utah to Denver, on the theory that the more time Newton could spend at the Queen the more chance he had of making some money and thus repaying what he conned out of Herman Flader.

But, two years after his conviction, Newton had as yet to make his first payment. His excuse was that he had no income. He claims all he got for promoting the Queen was an expense account. Since the terms of his probation only require him to pay a percentage of his income—no income, no payments.

At least Newton is consistent. Although it is possible he may have filed elsewhere, the records of the Department of Internal Revenue office in Denver fail to show any income-tax returns filed in 1954 by Newton, the Newton Oil Company or the Tennessee Queen either, for that matter.

As one probation officer succinctly put it, "Newton isn't an ordinary con man. I've been hoping the SEC would grab him. I told them all about his new stock deal a long time ago. I figure now it's up to them."

The Securities and Exchange Commission whose function, among other things, is to scan the sales of new securities for possible violation of the federal law, is conveniently inscrutable behind a lattice of red tape. Silas Newton is at least listed in the securities-violation files of the SEC district office in Denver. However, the most recent entry on his card is dated June 15, 1935. A placid SEC official assured me that any time his office wanted to spring into action he could apply to Washington for more current violations. Aside from that, no information is available to the public. The SEC may be taking some action against Newton and again they may not.

The fact is that since he was convicted no one has done anything to stop Si Newton in what at least eight people in Denver consider to be a one-man crusade to prove Barnum was right.—J. P. Cahn

FLYING SAUCERS

and

The Desert

A PALM SPRINGS
FAUBOURG HAS AN
ANNUAL AL FRESCO
CONVENTION FOR
BELIEVERS IN TOURISTS
FROM OUTER SPACE

●
By Frank Scully
●



Snapshot taken in July, 1956, by 16 year old Michael Savage of San Bernardino. Mike, trying out his new birthday camera, heard a whirring noise overhead and saw the mysterious flying object at left. That Mike is now a "believer" is evidenced in his statement to The VILLAGER, "This subject needs more clarification. Why does the Air Force not make public all data they have? If the public is to understand something, it must be well informed."

London has its Hyde Park, New York its Columbus Circle, Los Angeles its Pershing Square, and Palm Springs? Well, America's topmost desert resort has its sounding board, too. It happens to be outside the city limits but we're claiming it as an annual attraction.

It's called Giant Rock, where every year just when clocks and watches are being changed to daylight-saving time, all shades of opinion gather to air their views over a loud speaker in a two-day convention. Though primarily designed to report what's new in the field of interplanetary travel, anything seemingly goes.

People—as many as 5,000—come from as far east as Detroit and as far west as Los Angeles to attend this convention. They come in all sorts of conveyances, and hundreds camp out Saturday night in trailers, portable tents, sleeping bags and their cars, for there are no hotels or motels at Giant Rock and the road, in and out, is one long sand trap.

Giant Rock is owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Van Tassel. He

formerly was a test pilot for Lockheed, but several years ago he migrated to the desert outpost because it had an air strip and was hard to reach otherwise. It gave him privacy. Plenty of it. At least until he said he saw some flying saucers and talked to one of their pilots.

Soon he was attracting persons of similar mind and in time he set up a week-end seminar called the College of Universal Wisdom. This didn't leave room for all the pilgrims, so he decided to hold a space-craft convention each spring. Then they came in thousands, some even to take sunbaths, as well as to listen to the speeches.

The Van Tassels have a small lunch room but during the conventions they close it, being too busy to feed themselves or anybody else. Others moved in to fill the cavity. Trucks loaded with soft drinks, hot dogs, ice cream and other aids to sure-fire indigestion took over feeding those who were not smart enough to bring their own provender.

The press, news reels and tape-

recording radio commentators usually come early Saturday, scoop what they can by noon and hit out for home before sundown. This assures them of not hearing the most startling revelations or photographing the biggest crowds because cars keep coming in Saturday night and the speakers get hotter by Sunday. The press naturally plays it safe. They write with tongue-in-cheek, which is fun if they would write that way about other conventions as well, which they rarely do.

Giant Rock is about an hour's run east of Palm Springs, up on the plateau of Morongo Valley, miles in the desert beyond Joshua Tree. It is far beyond where the pavement ends, 17 miles in fact. There the pro-Saucerians air their experiences, laying bare everything from the latest personal encounter with unidentified flying objects to the religious and social significance of these interplanetary phenomena.

Every year surprise speakers break out with hair-raising tales and the Van Tassels give them all a chance to sound off. The speak-

ers climb a stairway to a watch tower and after a brief introduction by George Van Tassel, the microphone and public address system are theirs.

Radio and television stations frequently pride themselves on their spontaneous and unrehearsed programs but Giant Rock is the mostest in spontaneity I ever heard.

Myself referred to at the al fresco clambakes as the "Dean of Flying Saucers" because I seem to have written the first book on the subject, I am exhumed each year to talk, (no time limit is imposed on any speaker by Chairman Van Tassel, no matter how far the speaker or Van Tassel may wander from the subject) and then asked to remain on the elevated platform for the question and answer period, which ends each day.

Observers from the FBI, the Air Force, the Sheriff's office and I guess from Patton are on the grounds, checking on what I believe is the nicest lunar fringe in this far-flung land of lovable screwballs.

There's a story, (which I just made up) of a saucer landing near Patton and blowing a tire of its landing gear. While effecting a change, three nuts of a tire rim fell into a stream and were lost. The pilot looked around.

"Mister," called an inmate from behind the high wire fence, "take one nut from each of your other three wheels. That will hold your fourth wheel till you get back where you came from."

The pilot from outer space was amazed at this simple solution.

"We're crazy here," the inmate explained, "but we're not stupid."

The same could be said of those who gather each spring at Giant Rock, except that with each passing year their company gets bigger and it is not hard to tell who is crazy and who isn't. The latest to join their number are two men who were once big wheels in the Air Materiel Command, the division of the defense which had been assigned in 1949 to check on this flying saucer craze.

They now admit that there are such things as flying saucers, that the Air Force after evaluating some 4,000 sightings have at least 400 which could not be explained away as (1) conventional objects wrongly identified (2) a mild form of mass hysteria (3) hoaxes. They have movies, still photographer's shots and the personal reports of trained pilots, astronomers and radar specialists.

When I first plumped into this mystery in 1949, the Pentagonians, a strange race holed up in an odd-shaped building in our nation's capital, dismissed the whole inquiry as so much nonsense. However, they were stuck with 34 sightings which would not disappear when they rubbed an eraser over their blackboard.

For things which did not exist to increase from 34 to 400 in five years seems to me an amazing feat in legerdemain.

When I first put down the findings of magnetic research scientists in a literary trinket called *Behind the Flying Saucers*, I soon found myself in a war between the Saucerians (believers) and the Pentagonians (non-believers). Like all neutralists I found myself being pressured into one camp or the other, and in the end rather preferred the company of the Saucerians.

I dealt with grounded saucers and dead crews and so in a sense was more like a pathologist than

a surgeon who would be dealing in live tissues and live issues.

In time I was followed by writers who reported personal interviews and flights with people from outer space. One reported he made eleven visits aboard a saucer north of Las Vegas. It was manned by a crew of more than 30 men and captained by a luscious number, billed as Aura Rhanes. She looked like a fugitive from a Vegas chorus line but said she actually was a grandmother where she came from. And where was that? Well, Clarion. You never heard of this planet? Neither have astronomers but the man's wife heard so much about it and this dame who captained the space ship that she divorced him last year.

Another, while working at White Sands, a government proving ground for rockets, found himself approached one night, invited aboard a saucer and flown to New York and back in less than you could say "It went that-a-way!" He, however, reported no female aboard and so his domestic life continues comparatively serene. He first told his tale at Giant Rock two years ago.

Still a third has reported be-

tween hard covers of several trips aboard saucers. He has photographed many of them. One of his photographs was credited by him to a contemporary who subsequently denied he took it. This has caused a continuous controversy in Saucerian circles but his other pictures have had confirmation by photographs of a similar design taken by observers as far away as England.

I was particularly interested in these photographic documents, because in *Behind the Flying Saucers* I had described a grounded object of similar design. It had three huge ball-bearings as a landing gear and was shaped like a giant sun-lamp.

Some scurrilous characters claim the photographs of my contemporary were sun-lamps, and not so gigantic either, but I have not joined the scoffers who believe because a thing can be simulated the original never existed.

Indeed in a television debate on the issue in Los Angeles, I pointed out to a former Air Force Captain, and head of Project Bluebook, the name of the defense arm's interplanetary inquiry, that I had seen Paramount make

a beautiful miniature of an A-bomb explosion and if he thought that because of this an actual A-bomb was a fake, brother, he was in for some lethal radiation one of these radioactive days. He saw the point and dropped the role of a doubting Thomas.

At the Giant Rock convention on Saturday night George Van Tassel transformed his retreat into an outdoor movie theatre. Andy Vale, a Hollywood cameraman, flew a film in that showed shots of unidentified objects in flight.

One shot was of one of these circular mysteries flying over Mulholland Drive, a highway familiar to the Hollywood inhabitants.

In my home in Hollywood I had seen more and better footage of this phenomenon about two years ago. Indeed I had run the films at least fifteen times in one night before top cameramen, experts in special effects and aerodynamic engineers, civilian and Air Force reserve pilots. And none could explain the film away.

It is almost impossible to fake in color, they agreed, and it would have cost a fortune to have shot by special effects what these men got on film. They had returned

(Continued on Page 32)

PHOTO BY DICK HOFFMAN



Looking toward the landing field of Giant Rock near Palm Springs where 5,000 gather yearly. On the speaker's platform is George W. Van Tassel, former Lockheed test pilot, saucerian believer and owner of the place where convention is held each Spring.

(Continued from Page 29)
 from shooting a picture in the Andes. Their cameras were badly banged up. Repaired, they were testing them for "pan shots" about Hollywood when this object looking like a white Mexican hat came into view from the left. They followed it until it reversed itself, making a 180 degree turn, and flew back over Nichols Canyon.

One of the cameramen being an old White House newsreel photographer even changed to a telephoto lens to get a closeup of the object. It was mighty convincing stuff.

The first question that entered our minds was what would an object like that be doing near 2,000,000 people? We checked the terrain and ran into a bunch of terrestrial anomalies. Those living deep in the canyon for an area about 1200 feet wide got perfect television reception. Outside those limits they had to run their cables to the top of the mountain.

Checking with geophysical instruments we found they went dead from noon to two in the afternoon. Those walking inside this zone soon developed a nau-



This photo was taken September 18, 1954, by D. W. Fry. The "saucer" appears to have two decks and conning-tower. At convention, Fry, an electronics worker from White Sands, told of his trip in saucer from the government proving ground to New York and back.

sea. Along the cliffs were circular formations like giant mudpies which had been petrified thousands of years ago. We found all the earmarks of a vortex.

The object ran along high tension wires from Boulder Dam. Could the object be a scouting ship that was mapping the area to see if it was a magnetic fault

zone? Was it from a large cigar-shaped space ship, sent out from beyond our atmosphere for this scouting and controlled by it?

We turned our findings over to Cal Tech but they were so busy working on projecting a satellite about the size of a basketball into outer space they couldn't be bothered by nonsense such as ours.

That Bill Russel of U.S.F. probably could have heaved a basketball into outer space and saved us taxpayers \$10,000,000 was not suggested by us because this was before he became the champion of the court game.

Being part-time researchers, we did not pursue the inquiry further as all of us had to get back to our more prosaic jobs. Later that film disappeared as if it had been a garden hose and had been swallowed by the earth.

I have had to take a lot of joshing because in my contribution to a solution of this mystery I reported that the crews of three grounded saucers were little men. That was hard to believe. If I had said they were built like Tarzan I would have had no trouble with doubters.

On a television program with Ken Murray I gave a possible explanation. "Maybe", I said, "they sent down their jockeys the first time. It was a long trip, and on long rides, as any horse-player will tell you, weight counts." That got a laugh. Logic usually does. As said before, a lot of us are crazy but not stupid.

City Hall At A Glance

By PHIL STONE

WHILE YOU WERE AWAY—All summer, Palm Springs' City Administration just kept rolling along . . . and so did the current of business and personal activities which creates the need for civic services.

The Waste Disposal Department collected garbage as usual, the City Street Department tried out a new type of oil surfacing, the Fire Department answered an average of four calls a week, and the Police Department added two special summer activities to its regular protection of life and property.

Property was given extra-protection by the Unoccupied List, under which some 400 homes were regularly checked while their owners were away . . . and life and peace of mind was protected by long-suffering patrol officers who on an average of four times a week were summoned by anxious homeowners to coax black widow spiders (which generally weren't black widows) out of mailboxes or kill rattlesnakes glimpsed briefly under oleander hedges (which generally were not rattlesnakes at all, but harmless king snakes, which help keep rattlesnakes down).

COUNCIL STAYED ON THE JOB—That conscientious conglomeration of unpaid public servants, the members of City Council, also kept right on rolling along . . . juggling their own vacation plans to assure quorums for City business during three formal meetings in June, two in July and one in August, and maintaining majority attendance at all informal luncheon conferences, which during summer were moved from El Mirador hotel to the Palm Springs Biltmore.

In line with the traditional easy desert living summer days, Council's meetings for July, August and September were held in the afternoons, starting at 3 p.m. . . . but council members, City officials and newswriters agreed that walking out even into a temperature of 110 degrees was heaven after spending two or three hours in the stuffiness of the old War Surplus building used

as a Council Chamber . . . which no amount of evaporative blowing can keep cool.

Mayor Florian Boyd, a veteran of eight years Council service, voiced a vivid personal reaction when City Manager Robert W. Peterson reported that the June steel strike had not delayed construction of the new City Hall, which is scheduled to be finished this year.

Said the Mayor: "I just can't believe we'll be out of this sweat-box by next summer . . . it's too good to be true."

Incidentally, for July, August and September, the usual meeting day of Wednesday was changed to Tuesday . . . to make it easier for Council members spending part of the summer out-of-town to drive back Mondays for the Council luncheons and then stay over only one night for the afternoon meetings Tuesday.

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O'DONNELL GOLF COURSE—This column is indebted to the Mayor, a couple of Councilmen and more than a dozen long-time desert resident and cover-to-cover Villager readers for friendly corrections on a couple of facts about Palm Springs' picturesque, palm-shaded O'Donnell Golf Club.

Most valuable of the clarifications was a letter from Long Beach attorney and villager Henry H. Clock . . . which seems eminently worthy of being quoted verbatim because of its clear presentation of a situation which puzzles many Villagers.

Mr. Clock writes that he was one of the original incorporators of the O'Donnell Golf Club and also did the legal work on the incorporation, at the request of the late Tom O'Donnell. Then, he explains, in these words:

The O'Donnell Golf Club was organized in June of 1944. Subsequently, on December 26, 1944, Mr. O'Donnell made a lease with the O'Donnell Golf Club covering most of the present land operated by the corporation, this lease being for a period of ninety-nine years and ending on October 31, 2043. Subsequently, in December, 1944, Mr. O'Donnell made a gift of the property, subject however to the lease to the O'Donnell Golf Club, to the City of Palm Springs. Consequently, the article appearing in your magazine is not quite correct, since the management of the golf course is vested entirely in the Board of Directors of the O'Donnell Golf Club which holds a lease on the property for the ninety-nine year period.

The Committee of Twenty-five referred to in your article has no special connection with the Golf Club and is a separate corporation. It holds a sublease on certain portions of the property leased by the O'Donnell Golf Club from Mr. O'Donnell, but the Committee of Twenty-five has no control or operation of the O'Donnell Golf Course or the Golf Corporation.



Jan 14, 1957, Gene Dorsey came by on his way back to L.A. We hadn't seen him for many months and there was much to be caught up on. He showed two PROCEEDINGS magazines, July and Nov with pictures of saucers. The Nov issue had pictures that seemed of saucer identical with those that George Adamski had taken. These however were not taken in California.

Gene also told us about a Colonel in the AF, the youngest Col that had been, getting the rating at 23. He ~~did it~~ was the leader in sorties, when the general wasn't doing it, ^{of famous Eighth Air Force} He also was chief briefing officer for General Norstad. He told how a friend of his, a general whom he didn't care to give the name, natch, had told that he had gone through Wright Patterson Field laboratories and had seen himself the bodies of small men - pickled. This was in 1949 or early 1950. Also he had been the pilot for the Sec of Navy and other high ~~off~~ officials on a ~~tour~~ over Mexico. They had landed where a saucer had been crashed. The space was roped off. The Colonel was not among those to be allowed to go inside the enclosure, but when they vips came back with crates and crates of stuff that they loaded into the plane, one of them had a piece of metal in his hand that was from the saucer. It looked like lead, but was light and very hard. They talked freely with him, and told him many things. This must have been around 1949.

Gene also told about a scientist or engineer friend of his who has been working on a new machine, which proves he is getting the secret of suspension in air of certain metals. ~~xxxxxx~~ The machine itself is only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 feet wide, and has slots in it. When the machine is on, he can feed for instance a slug of silver to it, and the silver, or copper, does not drop through the slot with gravity, but is suspended in the air, and - oscillates - like the typical action of flying saucers. Steel and other metals just fall straight through and is is not affected by the machine.

Lt. Colonel Robert E. Davies, USAFR
Commanding Officer
9356th Air Force Reserve Squadron
17000 Van Owen Street
Van Nuys, California
April 15, 1957

Mr. and Mrs Frank Scully

2096 Colle Felicia

Palm Springs, California

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to extend an invitation to you, to be the guest of the squadron on the night of Wednesday, April 24, 1957 at 7:30 P.M.

The 9356th Air Force Reserve Squadron will be holding an "Open House" for members of industry, community and civic groups, radio and television, and the press.

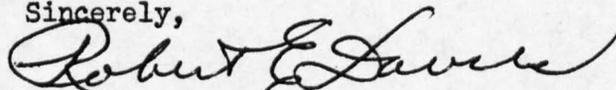
It is our express desire to get better acquainted with the various organizations from whence come many of the Air Force Reservists who belong to our very active squadron.

This informal get-together we hope will provide an impetus to our current nation wide Air Force Reserve Recruiting campaign and, at the same time, enrich the close association we have had in the past with the organizations you represent.

Major Harry May, USAFR, a member of our squadron and an instructor of technical skills with Rocketdyne, will highlight the evening with a preview of a 16MM color film titled: "We've Seen the Saucers". This semi-documentary type film is being loaned to us by a private civilian group interested in this phenomena. We offer this film purely as an entertainment feature knowing full well that you realize the subject matter does not represent our thinking or that of the Air Force. Following the film, refreshments will be served. After our usual "coffee break", Major May will conduct a brief symposium on this unusual topic.

We are looking forward to our "Open House" the night of April 24, and we sincerely hope that you can find time to permit us to get better acquainted with you.

Sincerely,



Lt. Colonel Robert E. Davies

DATE: Wednesday, April 24, 1957 TIME: 7:30 P.M.
LOCATION: 17000 Van Owen Street, Van Nuys

(Old Birmingham General Hospital)

GIANT ROCK

May 14/57
Riverside
Zuckerpress

Space Chief to Seek Presidency

YUCCA VALLEY, May 13. — of a New Age. Help Prepare Our Climaxing the fourth Annual Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention yesterday at Giant Rock Airport north of Yucca Valley, George Van Tassel announced to a crowd of more than 4,000 he will be a candidate in the 1960 U.S. presidential race.

He is the originator and founder of the IS convention, and operator of the Giant Rock Airport.

Van Tassel said he had made many contacts with space people. They have trained him and only recently informed him that he is to be a candidate for President of the United States, he said.

Space people have indicated he may lose the race, he added. However, he said, they hint he would fill the presidential post when the person who is holding the position dies.

"There will be changes made in Washington when I get there," he said.

The IS conventions each spring since 1954 have tended to draw fewer and fewer persons. Each group seems more fervent though smaller, according to a reporter who has covered most of the conventions.

On May 1, 1956, Van Tassel played a tape recording he said was made by a person from Arcturas. The space person, speaking slowly with a rather hollow sounding voice urged the conventioners to oppose war, work for peace, and unlimited happiness and prosperity would be theirs.

The Arcturian warned:

"The people of the Earth have not chosen wisely. In their religions, governments. . . they have been subject to custom and class distinction. . ."

Right in line with that theme was a large sign inviting volunteers for "Peace, Plenty and Prosperity, With Prior Choice. Join the Economic Security Party. A New Economic System

World for the Interplanetary Era."

Last year a table was set up where a sign invited people to become petitioners "To End Destructive Nuclear Explosions." Copies were to be sent to the President of the U.S., president of the U.N. and the U.S. secretary of state, the sign added.

'At Giant Rock

Deputy Takes 'Saucer' Picture

YUCCA VALLEY — A reserve deputy of the San Bernardino County Sheriff's Department—who maintains that he is "no spaceship crackpot"—apparently took a picture of a flying saucer at Sunday's Sixth Annual Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock near here.

Deputy Franz Ackerman said that he didn't know he'd gotten anything in front of his Polaroid lens "except about 1,500 people and Giant Rock."

"It's an odd picture."

SAN BERNARDINO County Sheriff Frank Bland said he had utmost faith in Ackerman's "ability and integrity—as I have in all my officers—but I'd have to see a saucer myself before I'll believe in them."

Sheriff's Sgt. Don Meyers, in charge of the substation at Twentynine Palms, said it could have

been a bad piece of film, "or something."

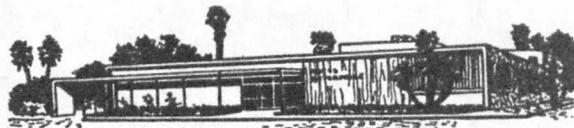
THE PICTURE is reported to show the crowd of convention attendees listening to a lecturer in front of Giant Rock. In the Ackerman photo, a circular object appears to be hovering above the rock with white "rays" shooting downward.

"I don't want to tell you what's in the picture," Ackerman said. "I'm not sticking my neck out. I'm not a crackpot. But it sure does look like what people say saucers look like."

The two-day meeting brought such speakers as Dr. George Hunt Williamson, Frank Scully, Truman Bethurum, G. W. Van Tassel, Mike Probert—who talked "in trance"—and others before audiences estimated in excess of 3,000 by the sheriff's department.

The Press-Enterprise Company

Publisher of:
RIVERSIDE DAILY PRESS — THE DAILY ENTERPRISE



FOURTEENTH AND ORANGE GROVE
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA
OV 4-1200 - P. O. BOX 792

13 November 1957

Mr. Frank Scully
2096 Calle Felicia
Palm Springs, Calif.

Mr. Scully:

With the Sputniks out there, circling the earth, there has been a sudden increase in the reported sightings of "flying saucers"--and I have begun re-reading books in my library on the subject. Naturally, I have re-read "Behind the Flying Saucers" by Frank Scully.

And I wonder--have you found out anything new since the book was published in 1950? Then, you wrote: "Having given ~~the~~ about every devil his due, I have been debating the next step. Should I Tell All? Or am I, too, bound to exercise discretion?"

Okay, here's the pitch: I'd like to do a feature story about flying saucers, and I'd like to quote from your book. May I?

And, could you answer a few questions?

- 1) What do scientists think today about magnetic propulsion?
- 2) Are they working to solve the problems?
- 3) Have any experiments been made along this line?
- 4) With any success?
- 5) Has the Air Force learned anything about the principles of magnetic propulsion and destruction?
- 6) Have any more saucers landed in the United States?
- 7) Are there any good guesses as to the origin of the saucers, revising the Venus explanation or further confirming it?

I realize that you probably have not been invited to sit in on top level scientific discussions--but you obviously know people who do get such invitations.

We could do a real service, I believe, if we stir things up some more.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Don" followed by a horizontal flourish.

Donald L. Wilson

Flying Saucers

2096 Calle Felicia
Balm Springs
Nov 18 1957

Don Q Wilson Pannangle Editor Riverside Enterprise
Dear Don:

Having just returned from La Jolla where I (1) was a pest of honor of doctors, lawyers and other mistaken idealists who work at night (burlars, newspapermen, etc. etc.) 2 addressed a meeting on the subject of Do Democrats know How To Vote? , a question that could be answered in one word, "No," and (3) to have some doctors check on how with one lung, one leg and scarcely more than one idea I can keep going at all. Well, as I say, having gone through all that I come home to find a letter from you which practically asks me to re-read Behind The Flying Saucers so I can be at least as smart as you are in answering questions , you dreamed up.

But to cut to the chase, of course you can quote from Behind The Flying Saucers ~~by me~~ And be a pal and say it was the first book on the subject, written by an author who thinks when youve said it once that's enough. I know this is practically subversive in this or any other field. The formula seems to be to regurgitate the stuff and chew it over again and again for people still awed by the magic of print.

On the Jack Paar show "Tonight" about a month ago Jack asked me about the status of the saucerian saga and I told him that like girls flying saucers were here to stay and though I had files of unused data I wasn't writing another book until some character from out of space came to me and said, "we want to thank you for being our first hard cover press agent. "

Because it seems that everybody including illiterate truck drivers

2 Scully

truck drivers have had personal contacts with visitors from Venus whereas I have got nothing but the brushoff for deciding in favor of believers in UFOs in the issue between the Pentagonians (a strange breed of tax eaters holed up in the Pentagon) and the Saucerians, visitors from Elsewhere.

One guy said he didn't understand half what I wrote in the book but he thought it was the most valiant defense of civil liberties he had ever read. One guy, a prof at Yale, questioned one of my statements about magnetics, threw four pages of math formulas at me and ending by writing, "By George, you're right."

As to your questions:

1. What do scientists think today about magnetic propulsion.? As it's only about two weeks since they have been allowed to think at all, or at least to tell each other what they thought, the only ones I have talked to have pointed out that the Russians are not using our old horse and buggy power thrust to get their sputniks off the ground and they might well be using magnetic propulsion.

2. As far as I know the believers in this force have not been called in to solve our problem, the krauts having so far won this war as they have World War II.

3. Aside from independent research no government research has been along this line. I mean in the direction of power. Of course a lot has been done and is being used in radar and detection and also guiding missiles to a target.

5. If they have they have not been telling those of us who pay the bill. Generally speaking one of our freedoms is to learn what we are paying for after another country has put a similar idea in operation and announced it. I think the general idea is that while it does hurt Ike with his bum heart to know these things it would

3 Scully

send the rest of us screaming to the hills in panic and millions of us would die of shock. Personally I can't imagine any news which a politician could take that I couldn't take better. But of course that's Un American, isn't it?

6. I have heard personal testimony from many who have seen saucers land and of course guys like Adamsky, Frey, Angelucci, Bethurum and Van Tassel have written or caused to be written, books relating their personal joy rides on saucers from outer space. I got off the subject when the objects reached ground with dead crews. There's a character named Menzel, a Harvard and horse's astrophysicist, who believes everything but everything anybody has seen in our atmosphere is a reflection. This Johnny One Note is quoted every time it rains. His press agent must have the easiest racket of them all. No reflection on him but plenty on his herrn professor. Even the Air Force repudiated him.

The last time I sat in with about fifty reserve fliers who were being briefed on how to identify these objects which didn't exist, the briefing officers admitted the Pentagonians were stuck with about four hundred that could not be explained away. When I quit chasing them the number was around 36. So I said, "That's seems to be a helova jump percentage wise for something that does not exist at all. we all laughed.

Up to a few years ago I had never seen an UFO but one summer night in 1954 two of our adult daughters sleeping on a porch of a ranch we have at Desert Springs were awakened by a passenger plane flying east. They then saw a light heading west from George Air Base. They called to us and five ~~xx~~ of us watched the object move till it reached over Palmdale. Then it made a 180 degree

4 Scully

turn, passed by us, veered left, went over George Air Base again and then shot into the blue and out of sight. My horse's astrophysicist would write it off as a controlled reflection but who was controlling it and what was it reflecting?

I also saw some color films taken by top cameramen above Mulholland Drive in Hollywood that defied all techniques for proving they were fakes. We ran the film back and forward as many as fifteen times for ace cameramen and special effects experts and all agree it would have cost 250,000 to attempt and even then could not be faked in color. That went into the Air Force for further study and hasn't ~~xxxxxx~~ been heard of since.

Ruppelt, a great scoffer when he was with the Air Force, became a believer when there was money in it and even got a picture out of what he remembered from the Pentagonian files. It was not a bad picture but the examples of authentic film of UFOs taken from official files and including ed in the movie were laughable compared to film I saw before it was presumably turned over to them.

I could write all day on this item but I have columns to turn out and a play to polish for Broadway for next spring. And if you want to know all about it, it's a play about a guy who conquered the world trying to get away from two days and the more of the world he conquered the more depalidated his tent became and it's called "What Made Alexander Great." I'll bite, what?

Fax et Bonum.

Ever

SIR FRANCIS SCULLY
Secretary to
Lady Alice Scully

2100 Calle Felicia
Palm Springs

May 23 1958

Dear George:

I have every intention of joining those of us who are still on earth at Giant Rock during the weekend of May 30. It will be a lot of fun to see the old bunch and of course the new ones that come up each year. You never fail to produce at least one humdinger.

Give our best to Mrs Van Tassel and the family.

Ever,

FRANK SCULLY

NATIONAL INVESTIGATIONS COMMITTEE

ON AERIAL PHENOMENA

WASHINGTON 6. D. C.

TELEPHONE: NORTH 7-9434

CABLE ADDRESS:
SKYLIGHT

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES:
1536 CONNECTICUT AVE., N. W.

MAJOR DONALD E. KEYHOE
USMC (RET.) DIRECTOR

July 8, 1958

Mr. Frank Scully
% Henry Holt & Co., Inc.
257 Fourth Avenue
New York 10, New York

Dear Mr. Scully:

I have recently reread your 1950 book "Behind the Flying Saucers" and I would like to know whether or not you are still endorsing the many interesting details given in your book. Have you had a new book published and/or do you contemplate putting out a revised edition of your book?

Please get in touch with us as soon as possible.

Very truly yours,

Rose Hackett Campbell

Mrs. Rose Hackett Campbell

RHC:Encl.

July 29 1958

Dear Mrs Campbell:

Thank you for your inquiry of July 8. It was sent from Holt's to Palm Springs, to Desert Springs and ultimately met up with us in Hollywood.

Yes, in general I am still endorsing what was written in Behind The Flying Saucers. At the present time there is a suit filed against True, Fawcett, Cahn etc etc for \$12,000,000 by Silas M Newton and me. The defendants managed to wiggle out of Arizona and the case will now be tried in Connecticut where they do business or in Delaware where they are incorporated.

I havent got beyond the note taking and research of another book on UFOs and before I get my present commitments out of the way the whole thing may be solved, thus requiring certainly no other book from me.

A recent Variety column reported a visit to Giant Rock and the most spontaneous and unrehearsed seminar dealing with the saucerian saga. Every year a new dilly breaks out there. Among these men and their personal histories I feel like a patholgist, for I dealt only with dead crews and grounded saucers.

I note from the Investigator that the Major is still treating the Pentagonians as if they were our allies instead of a race apart, now blowing hot, now cold on how square to play with us who pay their bills.

All success to you in your researches.

Faithfully,

FRANK SCULLY



(Photo by Jim Tillinghast)

This is an overall scene at the weekend Fifth Annual Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock Airport north of Yucca Valley. An estimated 3,000 persons showed up for the conclave about flying saucers and such. Identifiable flying objects on the ground are airplanes which transported some to the convention.

Discord Livens Spacecraft Confab

Earthman Van Tassell Leery of Prince From Far Planet

By DEE RIDPATH

GIANT ROCK, May 24. — They came in droves to hear and gaze and to wonder and they were still at it late today as the Fifth Annual Spacecraft Convention came to a close after two days.

And those who were not skeptics "saw" outer space visitors and oohed and aahed at the phenomena.

It was a great day in the great out-of-doors at the Giant Rock Airport 17 miles north of Yucca Valley as thousands of flying saucer enthusiasts gathered with their portable chairs and their sunglasses — the better to observe outer space visitors who many swore were there.

AND GEORGE W. Van Tassell, owner of the airport and sponsor of the annual affair, was harrassed by a visitor from outer space who split the audience into two camps.

Van Tassell's claim to fame of flying saucers and his many interviews with their crews at Giant Rock.

He was kept busy today trying to ascertain and to refute the claims of a self-styled visitor from the planet Tythan — which, the visitor claimed, is eight and a half light years into the darkness of space.

Drawing hundreds of space fans away from the main speaking platforms was Tythan's Prince Neasom and his wife, Princess Negonna. They were garbed in

elaborate space suits with needlework designs of crosses, rainbows and sacred hearts.

PRINCE Neasom, claiming to be 250 years old — he did have snagged teeth — told his fans that "the Master" sent him to Earth and gave him the down-to-earth name of Lee Childers.

His wife, Princess Negonna, is 10 years younger, he said, and she looked it.

And the Prince and his wife live as common, ordinary earth people in the town of Toledo, Ohio.

But Prince Neasom spends a lot of time traveling and he said that he made his first journey into outer space at the tender age of eight years. His teeth, he said, are his second growth.

Prince Neasom said he had made many trips since. He told his audience that Planet Tythan has 40 billion Tythanites on it and that the animals there all look like sheep.

TYTHAN'S weather is much like that on earth, said the prince.

He said a lot of other things — things that did not set well with Van Tassell, the leader of the flying saucer folk here on earth.

And Van Tassell kept his top aide, Daniel Boone, busy running back and forth to find out what the prince was saying.

Boone, who has lived at Giant Rock for six years, said he remembered the time some years

back when a flying saucer landed on the roof of Jefferson Elementary School in Riverside.

VAN TASSELL, who has been presiding over outer space visitors and such earthly things as gassing up earthly airplanes at the airport for 11 years now, claimed that Prince Neasom was an interloper. People from outer space, he scoffed, have good, strong teeth and they drive — when they're forced to make earth their abode—Cadillacs.

Van Tassell said Prince Neasom fit neither of these authenticities — because didn't the prince drive some van-like vehicle with a foreign car trademark on it and didn't the prince have car trouble three times during the annual weekend convention.

THIS ATTACK on the slender prince left not one of his gray hairs ruffled as he continued with his talks.

Why, the prince said, he would prove his point and summon one of the flying saucers that he had been hovering just over the horizon.

As he sent out his call for a flying saucer to come skimming in over the horizon to prove his point, everyone looked. And everyone saw it — everyone, that is, except the die-hard skeptics and they appeared to be a minority.

There were a myriad of outer space adventures told and retold by the believers.

ONE MAN avowed he had made 250 trips into the dark reaches. The first passage, however, left him unaware of what had happened because he was not adjusted to such time travel and he was overwhelmed to the point that he did not know what had happened. He made the trips with flying saucer friends who picked him up from time to time.

The spokesman, along with all the other travelers into outer space, found their saucer crews to be among the friendliest of people.

Van Tassell came up with an amazing project for which the crowd expressed not a little enthusiasm. He plans a four-story structure on the desert, he said, to house his "revitalizing" machine which will revitalize folks and make them live longer. "And if you're revitalized," he says, "you can't help but live longer."

There were many fantastic inventions described at the convention.

One man had an invention to recapture television shows that had been put into the airwaves five years ago.

Cynics suggested that they'd already seen films on television that were at least 25 years old.

As speakers told of their experiences the enthusiasm spread. As the afternoon wore on, many fingers pointed excitedly toward each tiny cloud that pushed its way across the bright sky. They were clouds — at least — to the skeptical.

July 12, 1961

Dear Friends:

While my telepathic abilities are not too good, I have been getting strong thoughts from many of you as to why you have not heard from us for such a long time. Many unexpected things have taken place during the past several months that have changed the courses of our lives considerably.

On April 8th Palomar Terraces was sold, most unexpectedly. Kserov was started on the 10th and we were asked to give possession on May 9th. That meant GA getting out and finding a place to move, packing all accumulated possessions and handling other important business matters involved, along with endeavoring to answer the most important letters.

For some time I have had a feeling that I must find a way to be able to follow my own impressions rather than subjecting them to those of GA - (or anyone else) - for whom I have been working for so many years. Those of you who have met GA know that he is a very dominant personality. If you know me, you would realize that I too am of similar nature. But my idea has always been that a worker must follow the directions of the leader. The program was that of the Space Brothers, conducted by GA, for sharing knowledge with people throughout the world. For this reason I purposely subjected my own impressions to those of GA although I have written thousands of letters telling people that one of the most important factors in self-growth is learning to recognize and follow one's own impressions. In this way alone can one learn to distinguish true impressions from wishful thinking. Please understand, this was not GA's doing, but entirely my own wilful subjection of myself for the purpose for which we were working.

During a conversation GA and I were having after his return from abroad in 1959, he said to me, "Lucky, how in the world do you think you can help others when you can't help yourself?" I thought this an excellent question and immediately began seeking an answer. This question put a new perspective on everything I had been trying to do.

After that, little by little, things began to change in many ways, but I did not feel free to leave GA while he had such an inaccessible place (in the mountains, 23 miles from the nearest town, no telephones, no public transportation and no car when Alice went into town without him. Furthermore, since he did not drive, he had to depend upon one of us to drive him wherever he wanted to go. In the summer there was always the fire hazard, and at no time did GA like to leave the place alone for more than a couple of hours. While I remained, there were two cars and one of us could stay home while the others went. So I waited and did my best to continue subjecting my own impressions to his for the benefit of the work we were doing. Then it seemed things all culminated at the same time. GA decided the mail must be minimized to the utmost that he might concentrate on working on more books; my very old dog who looked to me more than to anyone else went to his happy hunting grounds; and the place sold.

For the past two years also, GA has told you that more and more the responsibility of carrying on the work was to be your own. He has given you the latest information from time to time, and that long letter early this year was nearing the end of frequent letters from him since you have been told to study Telepathy and learn to work on your own impressions, while he will be devoting ever more time to writing books, doing scientific experimentations, and in giving personal instruction through class work.

I felt the above instruction also applied to me for he has given me little more than what has been sent to you in the co-writer letters since his return from abroad in 1959. During this time Alice has been taking the dictation for his most important letters and has been working with him on the books, which I have not. Thus the passing of my pet and the sale of the place gave me the release I felt I so sorely needed.

GA and Alice Wells moved to the Coast where they are enjoying the freshness of the ocean during this summer. They are close in town so that GA can walk to anywhere he wishes, even to the bus station, and always find someone with whom to talk. He can walk to the beach

...or a stretch and relaxation in the sands, should be so desire. The stores are just across the street, or around the corner -- so different from the 25 miles distance which we have had for the past 17 years -- and they are enjoying every minute of it.

I chose to remain with friends in Reum Valley, close to our former home. Here I am free to follow whatever impression I may receive. Naturally there will be mistakes as I misinterpret wishful thinking for impressions. I have so much yet to learn! But there will also be the true impressions, and in time I will learn to differentiate between them. And I am sure this can be learned only through experience.

Immediately after leaving Palmer Terrace on May 5th I took a two week trip which proved very valuable to all concerned. Now I am completing the required length of time for my Social Security which will give me at least a little income a few years from now when I won't want to spend all of my time working, earning a living. As you know, during all the years I was with GA, I volunteered my services. Thus my Social Security was dropped during those years. I haven't too many years left in which to build for my future welfare. This, I believe, is important.

Through the years I have learned a great deal from GA. I must put this knowledge to work in the work-a-day world the same as each of you is doing. The space people have not seen fit to identify themselves to me, although I have been told I have talked with several of them during the years. Yet without recognizing them, I cannot truthfully say to you that I have met them and received information from them. Therefore, any information I could give you would be that which I learn from personal experience by following my own impressions. GA naturally will continue being able to pass on to you information received directly from the interplanetaryans.

Please understand that this separation is due only to the strength of the urge within me to practice that which I have preached for so long a time. GA's experiences through the years I was with him, those reported in ESRL and HNS and our innumerable letters I will support so long as I live. I was a witness to his first contact, remember, and I could never denounce that which I know to be true. I have no proof upon which to base this "knowing" but I do have that inner conviction that no outside force will ever be able to shake. There will be reports to the contrary, but do take this from me as the fact. There have been false reports in the past, many of them. We cannot help this. We can only be true to that which we know to be truth. The three of us are still staunch friends and I have visited in their home a number of times since we have separated. They have called on me only twice because of the heat in the Valley, which they do not enjoy, and they have telephoned me several times. I enjoy both the Valley and the beach.

Understandably, GA has been much upset by my decision. It hasn't been easy on any of us. Yet the urge within me is so strong that I can no more disregard it than I can stop breathing and continue to live. I am sure time will bear me out on this and a year from now even he will admit the change was for the best of all concerned and even worth the emotional suffering we are now enduring to see it through. I believe we have accomplished that for which we were brought together so long ago. New paths are now opened to fulfill the Father's will for which we were brought into being. My prayer is that we will travel onward courageously and wisely, freeing ourselves of those personality traits to which we are all heir. Yet which are so destructive in their forces.

During the years that we have all worked together with GA, I have grown to feel a very close friendship with each of you. I would consider it a pleasure to continue our friendship and correspondence. You are all very busy people I know, and some of you may feel that you prefer not to write to me any more since I will be unable to give you information from our interplanetary visitors. Should this be your decision, I will understand, and will continue having a deep feeling of affection in my heart for you from our past associations. Others of you will want to continue our correspondence. Of this I am sure. To you I can only say that I will do my best to answer all of your letters as promptly as possible and only hope that my personal experiences may help you solve some of your problems, while your

July 12, 1961

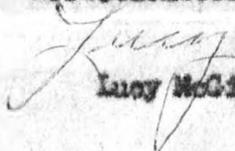
experiences will also prove valuable to me as I travel along the way, learning by the trial and error method.

I am still hoping that sometime in the not too distant future things will work out so that I can do some traveling and meet each of you, but at my own expense and not at yours. And maybe some of you might find it possible to visit southern California and me. I would love that! But however it works out, for me it will be the fulfilling of a long dream to personally meet you dear friends of long standing.

My present address is: "Pauza Chiquita", Star Route, Pauza Valley, California, U. S. A. I shall await word from you before writing again. GA has all of the letters with him and will undoubtedly answer your questions. If he does not, and if you wish to repeat your questions to me, I will do my best to answer them from the knowledge I have learned through the years.

My love and best wishes to each of you always.

Affectionately,


Lucy McInnis

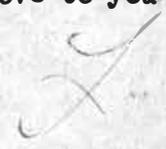
Dear Frank and Alice:

I have thought of you many times since the last time I was over. Do hope you are both feeling fine and all is well with you and all of the family.

I had hoped to get this letter done and mailed to you before you left the desert, but didn't make it. Didn't even make it for the date on the letter because my duplicating equipment didn't work and I had to make all copies on the typewriter, four copies at a time, and that took a lot of time. Naturally there were many unexpected interruptions and delays, but eventually I am finishing the stack I intended sending them too and am near the bottom of the pile. I sent the overseas ones first and this was primarily written for them since they have been cooperating with us for so many years and I know have been wondering why they have not heard from me for so many months. Most of those in the States are being sent to people or groups who could either stimulate or spike false rumors. Knowing people as I have learned to know them, I know without a doubt there will be many rumors started as time passes and I am no longer seen with GA, nor are my initials any longer on his letters. The rest are to personal friends like you who are interested in all of us individually and I know will be interested in being kept informed of what is going on. So here it is.

If you have time, please drop me a line to let me know how you all are.

My love to you both.



SAN FRANCISCO INTERPLANETARY CLUB

P. O. BOX 5064
SAN FRANCISCO 1, CALIF.
TELEPHONE: OVERLAND 1-5077

September 13, 1961

Mr. Frank Scully
2100 Calle Felicia
Palm Springs, California

Dear Mr. Scully:

Permit me to introduce myself. I am the Corresponding Secretary for the above club. Have just had two public lectures by Adamski and he speaks so highly of you. Naturally you are no newcomer to me as I've been in the work since 1946 and your book Behind the Flying Saucers was one of the first few I read--and enjoyed immensely.

Mr. Adamski was gracious enough (when given credit for being practically the 'father of the Saucers') to concede the same spot to you. He said you were also one of the first, and you were the only one he DID put in that category. He knows my problem: it is extremely difficult now, to find sound lecturers. Naturally. We are now scraping the barrel whereas at the start, Saucers were still a novelty.

As you well know, all the four flushers are now being exposed. Much to my chagrin, but also comfort, as the imposters have made the work a hundred fold more difficult.

Between you and me and the gatepost, I rather stand alone, with but perhaps two or three in my club, who fight for SOUND lectures. I am not speaking against my members. They are fine people--only they don't know UFO work. Many of them want the love and light sort of thing. Sweetness and religion. And our President, fine a man as he is--and his wife, are more or less this type. I am worn out through the years, trying to hold my own, and what energy and time I have, should never be wasted on this issue. So naturally whenever opportunity presents itself, I make hay as it were. Endeavoring to have democratic operation, of course I do not have sole say. Occasionally, through accident, I might be out-voted, but thanks to the Great Mind, I am usually successful in inspiring a certain vote.

But to the point: I wonder if you would care to come up and speak for us in November? I know it's a long trip and if you cared to speak for other groups at the same time--to make the trip worthwhile, we could send you a list of those interested and you could make arrangements yourself. Naturally, the pivot is us--and we hold our lectures on the 2nd Friday of each month. This would make it the 10th of November. On occasion, we switch our date to help someone out, but we don't like to do this unless we absolutely have to.

Some speakers don't want to bother, or else they don't have the time and strength to cover a circuit. Others demand a circuit. I do feel sorry for the smaller towns as you and I both know that every city and hamlet is important in the objective. Without occasional speakers, the life line dies. My motto is to keep pounding, with lecturers that carry weight.

However, the smaller towns CAN occasionally have speakers that would be disastrous for us. On the other hand, when we can give them an occasional boost with a speaker of note, it naturally carries them for some time.

In the old days, I tried my hand at all coordinating and I got ill doing it as I have a regular outside office job and am terribly pressed for time, despite the fact that I have done nothing for years, but Saucer work. Naturally also, when I carried a lecturer through from start to finish, it was duck soup so to speak, for the lecturer. And I was glad to do this, but we soon discovered that this would take an otherwise unemployed person. And the headaches were terrible. Back and forth, back and forth. Misunderstandings, as it was a three way deal. So much to cover--dates, place, etc. Then I toyed with the other extreme: the idea of simply giving a lecturer the names and addresses of all the clubs for him to contact by himself--but this works a great hardship on a speaker. He would be spending much time on contacting clubs who might not be interested or who couldn't manage the date element. So we are now hitting on the idea of at least SCREENING for a speaker--ascertaining what clubs would be interested, then when a speaker contacts them himself, he is not wasting his time. We are discussing this at our business meeting on the 22nd of Sept. and if we can find someone to do this, it will undoubtedly be most beneficial to both speaker and clubs.

Our terms are 75% of the gate receipts to the speaker, AFTER expenses are deducted and naturally we try to keep expenses at a minimum, commensurate with a successful hall. Naturally with less known speakers, and when the travel distance is negligible, we can never make any promises but we do have a rule that NO speaker--even one in our own city, shall receive less than \$50. We have paid as high as \$225. for a single lecture. It all depends on the caliber of the speaker. And in order to cut expenses for a lecturer, our President is very gracious about putting up a speaker in his home. Some speakers prefer to be completely independent. 'hat's up to them. Our President has always said that he does not do this merely by way of cutting expenses. He says it gives him the chance to KNOW the lecturer. Personally, I don't think there can be any hard and fast rule for this. There are speakers who might be quite lonely in a foreign place. On the other hand, were I speaking anywhere, I would want to be by myself as I think too much pre-talk dissipates the force necessary for a successful lecture. Adamski is one of the few I know, who adheres to this rule. He will not put up in anyone's home. There are speakers who can stay with our President and still give a good talk. It all depends on the type of speaker. This is up to you, and is understood by all. We just like our lecturers to know that they are really welcome to be house guests at Mr. Dachner's home (our President).

Many problems enter into this issue. Some speakers are vegetarian. Not a single libation..?! Not an ounce of tobacco. That's our President's style and I am not criticizing. Other speakers eat meat, smoke and take highballs. Naturally for a speaker like this to put up in the 'high flying' type of home, presents a problem. I'm afraid poor dear Georgie's style (Adamski), knocks 'em cold as he is so honest.

Frankly, I personally, was extremely pleased at his campaign...! I repeat-- I am not here to judge. I only say that while the high fliers think I'm going to the dogs because I do everything in moderation, I note that I, have the most experiences in the space field. Frankly, I don't give a tinker's damn what ANY earth person thinks. I answer only to my higher self. On a one night stay in town, most any speaker can afford to put up at a hotel, but should anyone be in town for 2 or 3 nights, I'm happy to put him up myself, though I live alone. I have the room and the freedom some

contactees desire and if a woman 59 in a four room place has to worry about public opinion--she's not the dame for the work. Enough said on this issue. However, some speakers are closely watched, and I suppose in such cases it's foolish to start gossip. Consequently, our President's home poses no such problem.

And before I forget: I never put DONATION on my announcements. I had this out a long time ago. Many of the groups use this term, and that's something you'd have to settle with them. Personally, I feel that the term 'donation' suggests that the public MIGHT not be getting due value--hence it's only honest for a club to charge accordingly. But! Sad but true--earth has not evolved to the place where you can depend on a high moral code. There are always those who will drop a quarter or 50¢ in the kitty. 'Donation' to me, suggests a seance. Church. I have always made it a point to be as selective as I can and when we have given our best, I see no moral offense in stating right out that the admission is \$1.00. I am sorry for those on limited means but on the other hand, many people do not value what comes free. I am very proud to state that our S.F. club has about the finest reputation over the States when it comes to financial reimbursement. The laborer is certainly worth of his hire.

As I say, Mr. Adamski spoke very highly of you and with a twinkle in his eye, he said you also had a sense of humor. Thank God!!

Incidentally, I was most happy to find (according to Mr. A.) that your story about the little bodies found, was true. I recall how they tried to discredit this. Natch.

So, Mr. Scully--there's the Philadelphia story. Our President would shoot me at sunrise if he saw the length of this letter. He says I write much too much, and use the personal pronoun to excess. I only know that I write from the heart and the proof of the pudding, is in the eating. I've done all right through the years....

Also, I do not feel that you are a complete stranger. Mr. A. has brought you closer, and I'd appreciate as early a response from you as possible as I'd like to get into operation if you care to come up.

A word about publicity: the negative elements are certainly after my skin--to say nothing of sabotaging the movement in general. I don't say I'm the world's best publicity agent, but I've done all right. I built up relations until the press and air lanes were knocking on my door at all hours. I have never let my outlets down and they know this. I don't give them slop. When I have nothing of any account--I skip them entirely.

But this last trip of Adamski's takes the cake. It was too irregular to be natural. Every single outlet let me down. Played me along for a few days. Then cancelled, or turned a cold shoulder. Naturally I was puzzled as I work so hard and have so many friends in the field. I am now told that someone deliberately sabotaged, and with the help of our space friends, I may get the score. Mr. A. had one of the longest interviews I've ever witnessed with the S.F. Examiner--and not a word was published! TV out. Radio out--except for one station which evidently stood by me. I mention publicity, because when a man is known, I usually like him here a day or two before lecture time which gives me air and press time. Naturally you're a big name also. I wonder if I'd have the same trouble again? I don't pretend that I'm omniscient enough to uncover this situation by myself, but with the unseen help I usually get--I expect to know more.....

EMMA P. MARTINELLI
1709-A BOUGH STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 9
CALIFORNIA

Naturally I'm human enough to have taken this to heart personally. Why anyone would want to do this to me, I can't imagine. Why they would want to do it to ADAMSKI, I can't imagine. But what I feel worse about, is to think of all the people who were deprived of Mr. A.'s last appearance in these parts. The people who were deprived of TRUTH. The people who are hungry for Saucer information....

All I've got to say is that this is not my problem. It has now fallen back onto the shoulders of the wrongdoer.....I release the party with my own type of prayer. God knows--they'll NEED it.

And when you write, please address me at the above--my home.

Until then, kindest regards from us all,

(Miss) Emma Martinelli

P.S. Ha ha. Mr. A. did me incalculable good this trip. I've been trying to make order out of chaos for years, but you know the old saying-- "a prophet in his own country goes unheeded..." or words to that effect. Well, Georgie boy really laid it on. If there's a phoney psychic who can still lift his head, I've seen everything.

Now if I can just get a few good men on the platform to follow up, I think I see the dawn.....

I am not begging. I do need your help, Mr. Scully, but you know your own business.

Have been toying with the idea myself, of going down your way for a week or so the end of October. I'd naturally have to manage my space work so that everything would be in order for you, but I think I could swing it. I'd allow a week back here in S.F. to take care of any publicity and I'd have my announcements done before I took off. I'm really bushed! And I'm mad about desert country as I like to sketch. Naturally I'm not in the Palm Springs bracket! But I'm looking into little places around there. 29 Palms or Mojave, etc. Something not too expensive. I want SAND, and lots of these places only have brush and rock.

Ha ha again. Last year! I had a run in with the 7th Day Adventists at Monument Valley. My god! They wanted to save my soul. Oh, they believed in Saucers all right--but the pilots were old Moloch himself.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

BY

GEORGE ADAMSKI, 314 Lado de Loma Dr., Vista, California

Some of you may have read the statement by C. A. Honey in his October issue of the Newsletter.

Yes, I accepted his offer to help me after my secretary left. But the space people that I work with were not in full accord with my choice. However they allowed me to proceed as I did, but they placed him on probation. And they have been observing his actions even though he did not know it.

I did make the statement that I was going into the field of teaching and he would be my representative in the United States. But I have never made the statement that I would leave the space program. In fact I am more active in that now than ever before.

So naturally to have him work with me in the beginning, I turned my files over to him. But after he had these and settled down to where things were moving well, he began to change. I said nothing but observed his actions and statements closely.

Whether he had a contact with space people or not, I cannot say. But I definitely know that he has not had a contact with the group that I work with. For this group did not come here to cause trouble with our people and cause confusion among the workers. And the group that he is claiming he is working with does these very things, as you can see.

At the beginning of my association with C. A. Honey a verbal agreement was made that I would have space in the Newsletter for philosophical expression. And financial help was given him by my long time correspondents to get the Newsletter on its way.

In the October, 1963, issue of C. A. Honey's Newsletter the following appeared. Quote; "Now I would like to clear up a point which has arisen during the past few weeks. One party in particular asked: "What are you trying to do Mr. Honey, take over?" Her general impression seems to be that I was trying to ease Mr. Adamski out of the picture and take over in his place." End of quote.

Any one can now see that this has taken place — a betrayal of purpose or a stab in the back.

At the bottom of page 4 of the October issue, in reference to Mr. Honey being with me on the lecture trip let me say that he was not given any information. And he does not know to this day the message that I received telepathically and through gestures from the individual that we saw in the restaurant. What else could I have done but have him come into the restaurant with me since he was driving me in his car?

The opposition known as the silent group has been trying to shut me up for a long time. They have tried every means possible including influencing my former secretary to disassociate herself with the work. They hoped to cripple my efforts through this move.

Now Mr. Honey is in the saddle, hoping to accomplish what others have failed in doing. And he has already warned me that if I do not keep silent he will turn out a lot of propaganda against me. He has even now gone further than any one did previously to get me out of the way.

He now insinuates that I am under a hypnotic spell and not capable of handling my own affairs. So he appointed himself to save me and the program. I would say this in reverse — to wreck it if he can.

But those who work in opposition to Cosmic Law usually trap themselves. i.e. In his October Newsletter he advertizes a course in Telepathy, utilizing my Telepathy, The Cosmic or Universal Language. This is a violation for all of my work is copyrighted and he does not have a written permission to use any part of it.

It would seem that he intends to pervert my teachings to suit his purpose in order to discredit me. This is what the silent group has been trying to do for a long time.

Their procedure will be explained later. And also all of those who have been involved in their conspiracy against the space program. I will not reveal it now for it would give them the upper hand if I did.

My course on the Science of Life will be ready by the first of next year. It will include everything necessary for the layman as well as the advanced student of Cause and Effect.

As a teacher of experience through many years, this will be a new and thorough explanation of life in relationship to the Cosmos as given by the Brothers.

Any one interested may write for a questionnaire. Also state if you would be interested in a bulletin from time to time regarding the activities of the space brothers.

I wish to make an apology — I did not sanction The Origin Of Religions which C. A. Honey published in the Newsletter. For the space brothers that I work with did not come here to impose a new religion upon us or to change the one we may have. The publication was contrary to the Brother's wishes. They came with the purpose of alerting us to the changes in our system, which are many. As well as to prove to us that we also can travel space which we are undertaking to do.

People of all faiths have a right to know what is going on above our heads. The two moons of Mars are huge space platforms. The U.S. Government Scientists are working on a fantastic, around the clock investigation to learn their purpose. The opinion of scientists is that one of the platforms is a least five miles in diameter. I have information regarding their purpose and this will be released in my forthcoming book.

All of my literature including books can be purchased at this address from Mrs. Alice K. Wells.

At present we are in the major transition stage so many things will be happening from now on. And I will be given information by the space brothers from time to time. These are THE SAME ONES I made contact with some 11 years ago who have served the men of earth so well.

The way to know the true space people whose purpose is to help us is; they do not create trouble between peoples or friends. Nor do they find fault with any of our religions. They are not here to expose our ignorance. Any that do contrary to this as Mr. Honey's group is doing, are not here for a good purpose. And all space people are not benevolent. Many have weaknesses like we have and especially the majority of the Martians.

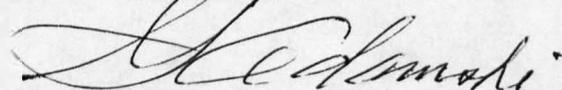
The individuals known as Orthon, Firkon and Ramu as described in Inside The Space Ships warned us against hostile space visitors. In a recent meeting with Orthon he told me that these hostile ones are confusing many people, either by impressions or direct contact.

So to be alert to such, use the information given above. They do use a fine philosophy as a bait to cover their motive. The so-called devil will use the wisdom of God to lure his victims. We are living in very crucial days where some people will sell their soul for a dime.

I trust this letter will give you an insight into present conditions.

Sincerely yours

GEORGE ADAMSKI



The George Adamski Foundation

Headquarters — 314 Lado de Loma Drive
Vista, California 92083

On the evening of April 23, 1965, a call came from Silver Springs, Maryland, that George Adamski had been rushed to the hospital with a heart attack, that I would be called as soon as his condition was determined. The call came and the Doctor said they had given him every emergency treatment but he did not respond and he was gone. This did not come as a complete shock to me for I had been forewarned that this might happen and George Adamski had told me exactly how he wanted his body cared for after he no longer had use for it.

On the morning of April 24th I flew back to Washington D.C. to carry out his wishes. His mortal remains were cremated as requested and the essence of his Earthly form was placed in an Urn and interned in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia. He would have preferred to have his ashes scattered but this is no longer permitted by law. There was no funeral, just a simple graveside service with Chaplain Capt. David F. Tate, from Fort Myer officiating.

This prayer, which had been handed to the Chaplain, was read with deep feeling at the conclusion of the service.

We gather here in humble gratitude to the Creator of all forms for the privilege of knowing and working with so great a servant of the Divine Father.

As the essence of the mortal form returns to the Earth from whence it came we reverently dedicate our lives to the Cause for which George Adamski so nobely lived.

We ask our Heavenly Father for the wisdom and the courage to continue to bring to mankind the understanding and the beauty granted to each individual and so simply taught by His obedient servant.

Our lives are richer for knowing George Adamski, the man, for he shared his understanding of Cosmic Intelligence with all who would listen. And now, as he lives in a greater field of service, may we as mortal be ever mindful of the symbol of Life for which he so unselfishly lived and died.

His name is a symbol of hope, of understanding in the midst of confusion, a promise of happiness and Life Eternal when Nature's Cosmic Laws are obeyed. Amen.

The Science of Life Headquarters here in Vista, California, will continue as before. There will be no break in the handling and distribution of G.A.'s work. We have a strong unit of cooperation throughout the world, determined to carry on the work he so nobely started. I will act as coordinator of the George Adamski Foundation, under the guidance of G.A. and the Brothers.

The Cosmic Bulletin will continue, issued every three months. Subscription by donation.

Sincerely

Alice K. Wells
Coordinator of the
George Adamski Foundation

Heart Attack Fatal To George Adamski

Vista World War I Vet Claimed To Have Visited Other Planets

George Adamski, 74, the Vista man who gained prominence claiming he visited other planets, is dead.

Dr. Beldon Reap, deputy medical examiner for Montgomery County, Md., said Adamski apparently died of a heart attack April 23 after entering a sanitarium at Takoma Park, Md., near Washington.

Adamski, who lived at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Alice Wells, 314 Lado De Loma Drive, Vista, told newsmen only a month ago he had visited other planets aboard craft from outer space. He made the claim during a news conference in Washington.

Born in Poland, he came to the United States as a child and during World War I served in the U.S. Army.

At the news conference in Washington last month, he warned that a large fleet of interplanetary space vehicles will converge soon on the nation's capital.

Adamski, who lived in Vista about four years, spent considerable time at a restaurant operated by his daughter at Palomar Mountain.

Adamski wrote books dealing with his self-proclaimed space travels.

He was buried after a private service at Arlington National Cemetery.