

GEORGE HUNTER

Weather balloons, like the one this plane is approaching, explain some "disks," but not all.



ACME

Kenneth Arnold, Idaho flier, twice saw groups of "saucers," set off coast-to-coast excitement.

WHAT YOU CAN BELIEVE ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS

By SIDNEY SHALETT

Is there "something funny" about the silence that still envelops the mysterious disks that alarmed us all and lured three military pilots to crash deaths? Were they missiles from Russia? From Mars? Air Intelligence probed 250 reports and here, for the first time, are its findings.

PART ONE

DATING as far back as the eighteenth century, and possibly earlier, the annals of our race bulge with solemn reports of queer things seen undulating through the sky. Except in publications frankly devoted to fantasy, American literature and journalism have until recently been relatively free of such frightening accounts. But the Great Flying Saucer Scare, coming like a long-delayed and violent reaction, showed us to be, when frightened, as credulous as anyone else.

The scare had its origin in June, 1947. On the twenty-fourth day of that month, at one minute before three P.M., Kenneth Arnold, of Boise, Idaho, piloting his three-place cabin plane in the state of Washington, from Chehalis to Yakima, saw what appeared to him to be nine shiny disks. They seemed to be flipping and flashing along over Mount Rainier. Arnold reported his experience, and the Great Flying Saucer Scare began.

Within a few days it had achieved a rich, full-blown screwiness. Observers in practically all the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia reported seeing "saucers." Descriptions of the mysterious sky-borne objects achieved a lush variance. Besides disks, there were flying doughnuts and flame-spurting teardrops; there were wingless fuselages and balls of fire which streaked through the heavens at supersonic speeds, or hovered like a helicopter, or oscillated like an electric fan.

In speculation, oral and published, the saucers—as the fearsome freaks came to be widely called—were attributed variously to the machinations of the Russians, of our own secret military research and even of men from Mars. The deaths of three military aviators stemmed from the scare; one actually losing his life in pursuit of one of the so-called saucers. The furor grew to such proportions that the United States Air Force—with considerable and understandable reluctance—finally set up a special project to investigate the reported phenomena. To date, those in charge of the projects have collected reports on some 250 instances of "unidentified flying objects," and, though the scare has subsided considerably in late months, the list of incidents continues to grow.

The hardiness of the scare suggests that it might break out again in full bloom at any time, maybe at an embarrassing moment in our international affairs, and, with this thought in mind, I have spent the better part of two months investigating it. I have had what seemed to be the wholehearted co-operation of the Air Force in Washington and in other parts of the country. I have found that if there is a scrap of bona fide evidence to support the notion that our inventive geniuses or any potential enemy, on this or any other planet, is spewing saucers over America, the Air Force has been unable to locate it.

In reaching this finding, I am necessarily accepting the assurances of the highest officers of the Air Force, and those of its research and development experts, that they have nothing concealed up their sleeves. Of course, there are a lot of people, some of them quite sober citizens, who insist that there is "something funny" about the saucer business. These will probably insist that the Air Force is kidding me. But I don't think it is.

One of the men who would be hard to convince that the Air Force is being completely frank is Kenneth Arnold, who saw those first famous nine. Arnold describes himself as sole owner of a small concern which distributes fire-fighting apparatus in five Western states. He also acts as Northwestern distributor for the type of plane he was flying on the day he spotted the saucers.

Arnold was flying at 9200 feet when he first saw them, he later wrote in the first of a series of articles he did on the subject for a Chicago-published magazine called Fate. His first article, titled *I Did* See the Flying Disks, happened to appear in the maiden number of Fate, which styles itself a "cosmic reporter." The maiden issue also included articles titled Behind the Etheric Veil and Invisible Beings Walk the Earth.

Arnold did a number of things to get a fix on the strange objects. He concluded (a) that they were "saucerlike disks" with no tails; (b) that they flew extremely fast and "in a rather chainlike line, as if they were linked together," and (c) that, at a distance which he estimated as between twenty and twenty-five miles, each appeared somewhat smaller than a DC-4 airliner. Arnold said he had the flashing objects in sight for two and one half to three minutes, then they got away from him.

It was the immediate newspaper reports of Arnold's unusual experience which set off the excitement of June, 1947. Between then and the following Fourth of July, the newspapers and public officials were deluged with saucer reports from all over. The newspapers, on the whole, played the thing big, most of them mixing a little nervous whimsey with the upsetting reports.

The baffling thing about the reports was that, although some of the later ones obviously came from hoaxers and publicity seekers, others were coming in from persons whose standing in society was respectable. Army officers assigned to scientific projects, sane and sober commercial-airline pilots, Air Force test pilots and intelligence officers, police officers and deputy sheriffs, businessmen, astronomers and weather observers had incidents to describe.

One of the earliest of the more perplexing cases occurred on July 8, 1947, two weeks after Kenneth Arnold's experience, at Muroc Air Field in California. Muroc is the Air Force's most hush-hush sanctum, where the Air Force and Navy test their secret supersonic models, so it's not a place where you would expect the personnel to get unduly excited by strange things in the sky. But something did occur at Muroc, and the Air Force maintains that no experimental craft was involved.

It was Lt. Joseph C. McHenry, the billeting officer, who, walking toward his office at 9:30 A.M., first saw "two silver objects of either spherical or disklike shape, moving at about 300 miles per hour at approximately 8000 feet." He yelled at a couple of sergeants and a stenographer, who were near by, and they saw them too. Three more witnesses were summoned, but the objects had disappeared by this time. However, a third object hove into sight, and five out of the seven witnesses saw it. Everyone was certain that, because of the apparent speed and the fact that they seemed to be traveling against the prevailing wind, the objects couldn't have been any type of weather or cosmic-ray balloon.

At noon the same day, Maj. Richard R. Shoop, attached to the office of the Chief of Technical Engineering Division, had his attention directed by a Colonel Gilkey to "what appeared to be a thin metallic object," which played lazily over the field, diving, climbing and oscillating for eight minutes. At the same time, a test pilot in the vicinity saw a strange whitish object floating to earth from a high altitude. And another test pilot recalled that, on the previous morning, he, too, had seen a roundish object whirling around at 12,000-feet altitude.

Four days prior to this, on the Fourth of July, the city of Portland, Oregon, had fairly erupted with saucer sightings. It began when Patrolman Kenneth A. McDowell was feeding the pigeons on the parking lot back of Precinct I. "I noticed," he reported later, "that the pigeons became quite excited over something." He looked around to see what had disturbed them and saw five large objects, disk-shaped and of undetermined color, in the air. They dipped up and down in an oscillating motion at great speed and disappeared quickly. McDowell notified the police radio, which broadcast an alert to all patrol cars.

At exactly the same time in another part of the city, two other Portland patrolmen, W. A. Lissy, who is a private pilot, and D. W. Ellis, saw "three flat round disks which flew at terrific speed in straight-line formation, the last disk fluttering very rapidly in a sideway arc." They saw no evidence of what made the things go, no vapor of smoke trails and no sound. They estimated altitude of the disks as 40,000 feet. In still another part of the city, Patrolman Earl E. Patterson, a former Air Force pilot, saw one disk, and a harbor pilot, backed up by two witnesses, reported seeing "three to six" objects which resembled "a shiny chromium hub cap off a car." Various citizens also saw the things, including one housewife who described it as looking "like a new dime flipping around."

The Geese With a Humming Sound

IN near-by Vancouver, Washington, a crew of deputy sheriffs heard the Portland police broadcast. They ran out to look at the sky and, sure enough, over Portland they saw "twenty to thirty objects . . . like a flight of geese." The deputies even heard "a low humming sound."

That evening Capt. E. J. Smith, of United Air Lines, was piloting his ship from Boise, Kenneth Arnold's home town, to Seattle. According to a report published in Fate, Captain Smith, before taking off, had remarked, apropos of the disk stories, "I'll believe 'em when I see 'em." Over Emmett, Idaho, he said he did see nine strange objects, and his story was corroborated by Copilot Ralph Stevens and Stewardess Marty Morrow. First there were five "somethings" which were "thin and smooth on the bottom and rough-appearing on top," Smith told investigators. Later, four more came into view. In all, they were observed for some twelve minutes, silhouetted against the sunset.

One of the strangest and most tragic of all the saucer cases on record was the incident of January 7, 1948, at Godman Field, an Air Force base at Fort Knox, Kentucky. It was early afternoon—between 1:45 and 1:50 P.M.—when T/Sgt. Quinton A. Blackwell, chief operator in the Godman control tower, first saw the object appear over the south portion of the field. Fifteen minutes earlier the sergeant from the commanding officer's office had telephoned him to be on the lookout, saying that Fort Knox military police and the state police had warned that "a large, circular object, *(Continued on Page 136)*



GENERAL MILLS RESEARCH LABORATORIES

A flying disk at rest? Expansion in the stratosphere makes gleaming monsters of these translucent plastic balloons used by the Navy for cosmic-ray research. They have floated over all parts of the U. S.

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about 250 to 300 feet in diameter," had been seen over Madisonville, Kentucky, only ninety miles away.

Technical Sergeant Blackwell began telephoning and radioing, and in thirty minutes his control tower was jammed with practically all the brass hats on the airfield, including the C.O. himself, Col. Guy F. Hix. For the next two hours and fifteen minutes there was a lot of confusion. Everybody in the control tower had something to say about the object. Lt. Paul I. Orner, the detachment commander, thought it was hovering, and that it was shaped like a parachute, but with some strange red light reflecting from it. Capt. Gary W. Carter, the operations officer, thought

it was "round and white," and noted that it could be seen through the clouds. Lt. Col. E. Garrison Wood, the executive officer, was sure it was "at least several hundred feet in diameter." Colonel Hix reported, "It seemed at times to have a red border at the top and at the bottom.... I just don't know what it was."

Into the middle of all this confusion came a flight of four P-51 fighter planes. The fighters were Kentucky Air National Guard planes returning from Marietta, Georgia, to home base at Standiford Field near Louisville. The flight was led by twenty-five-year-old Capt. Thomas F. Mantell, Jr., a husky six-footer who had flown in the Normandy invasion and who had some 3000 military and civilian flying hours to his credit. Mantell, married and father of two small sons, had been a partner in a G. I. flying school since the end of the war; he was skilled and courageous, but not foolhardy.

In the control tower, Captain Carter, the operations officer, suggested that the P-51's be asked to chase the object. Sergeant Blackwell relayed the suggestion by radio. One of the P-51's peeled off and headed for Standiford, but Mantell and two other pilots, Lieutenants Clements and Hammond, roared upward.

At 2:45—five minutes after he began the bizarre chase—Mantell reported by radio: "Object directly ahead and above and moving about half my speed." At 3:15, he reported: "Object is above and ahead, moving about my speed (360 MPH) or faster. I'm trying to close in for better look."

By now, the three fighters were approaching the layer of the sky where the air is thin, and they had no oxygen equipment. Five minutes later two of the ships turned back. Mantell kept climbing.

Mantell's wing man said afterward that he lost the flight leader between 18,000 and 20,000 feet. On the ground, the last word they had from Mantell was: "Going to twenty thousand feet. If no closer, will abandon chase."

Somewhere at this point—as investigators since have reconstructed it—Mantell began to suffer from lack of oxygen. At 25,000 feet, Mantell, his eyes fixed on the gleaming object, must have lost consciousness. His plane, now pilotless, continued climbing to about 30,000 feet. Then it went into a dive.

Somewhere between 20,000 and 10,000 feet, the P-51 began to disintegrate. Pieces of it were found scattered over the landscape as far as six tenths of a mile from the place where most of it fell.

What was it that lured Mantell to his death? I believe, as a result of my research, that it was either the planet Venus or a giant plastic balloon escaped from a Navy cosmic-ray-study project near Minneapolis, which is some 650 miles away.

In Mantell's case, the Venus theory is a strong probability. Dr. J. A. Hynek, professor of astronomy at Ohio State University, who has been retained as a consultant by the Air Force to help unscramble some of the confusion, estimates conservatively that 25 per cent of the so-called saucer sightings can be blamed on planets, comets, shooting stars and other cosmic fireballs. Venus, the closest major planet to the earth, is a prime offender. In World War II, hundreds of rounds of antiaircraft ammunition were wasted on Venus at times of the calendar when the planet was particularly close to the earth and was picking up rays from the sun.

Doctor Hynek, after carefully checking the position of Venus on the day Mantell was killed, reported that "nearly all of the sightings check approximately with the position of Venus," though he thought it "a little surprising that it was so easily picked out during daylight by the naked eye." On August 19, 1948, when another silvery spherical object came into sight over Godman Field, an astronomer was consulted before the fighter planes were called out. The astronomer reported that the object clearly was Venus, then only three weeks from its period of greatest brilliancy.

However, a responsible naval-research official in Washington told me unequivocally that one of the Navy's giant plastic cosmic-ray balloons was known to be loose in the Godman Field area the day Mantell was killed, and he is firmly convinced that the pilot met his death chasing it. It is entirely possible that both Venus and the balloon were rampant in the area that day, because the thing—or one thing—was reported seen over a bewildering course, stretching through Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio.

Some weeks before the Mantell tragedy, the Air Force had already made the decision that the saucer business must be investigated. Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, then Vice Chief (now Chief) of Staff for the Air Force, was instrumental in making the decision.



"To think that all I said was 'I think I'll wash the car!'"

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What You Can Believe About Flying Saucers

Science growls "Bunk!" But in nervous times like these the air-borne disk scare can—and probably will—flare up again. If you see a "saucer," just do what Air Chief Vandenberg did.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

CONCLUSION

THE men who constitute the high command of the United States Air Force do not believe in flying saucers, disks, space ships from Mars—or Russia—which citizens of the United States have been reporting with increasing frequency since the atomic age burst upon the world. But they are not surprised that people are seeing them. The Air Force generals have seen saucers themselves—or, rather, what would have passed for saucers with less knowledgeable observers. No one knows better than an experienced airman what strange tricks the sun, stars and senses can play upon you in the wild blue.

Less than a year ago, Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, the Air Chief of Staff, who was responsible for the decision to set up an Air Force project to sift the saucer reports, was piloting a B-17 bomber on a night flight when a strange, disk-shaped, lighted object streaked by somewhere over to his right. If the general had rushed into print with his experience, it would have been another incident in the Great Flying Saucer Scare. Instead of getting rattled, he just experimented a bit by moving his head at different angles, and, sure enough, he could reproduce the saucer at will. It was merely a reflection of a ground light on his window.

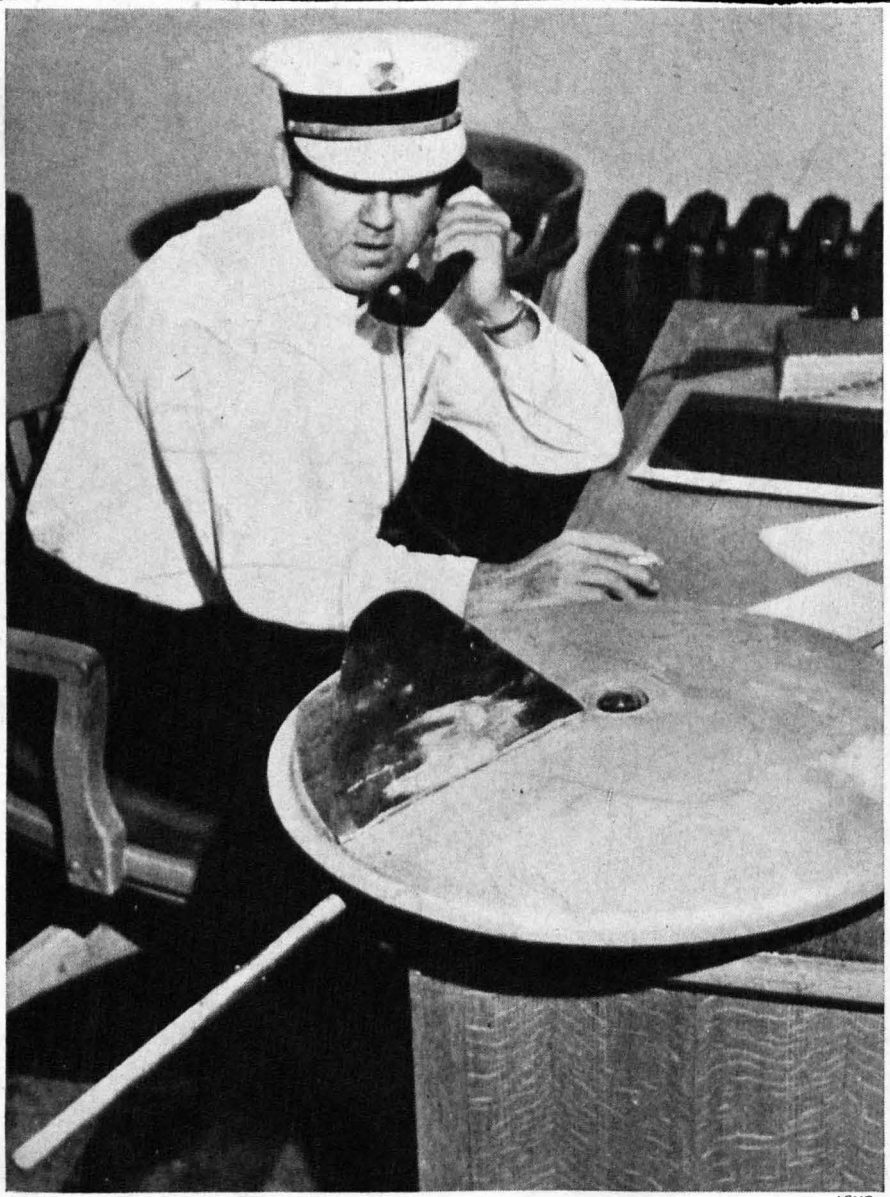
Lt. Gen. Lauris Norstad, who has served both the Air Force and Army as director of Plans and Operations, was flying back from Maxwell Field one night when both he and his copilot noticed a strange large object pacing them above. It failed to answer their identification signals. A little calm reconnaissance, however, established that the aircraft was nothing but the reflection of a star on a cloud.

Other generals have been bewildered—but not for long—by highly realistic illusions from ground air beacons and searchlights. Even Col. H. M. McCoy, who heads up the intelligence division at Air Materiel Command headquarters at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, where saucer reports are screened, once thought he saw a disk while flying a P-51 fighter in broad daylight. It turned out to be a glint of sunlight from the canopy of another distant P-51.

Lt. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, now the tough-minded Strategic Air Command boss, was particularly rough on saucer reports when he headed up the Air Force's research-and-development program at the height of the scare. He put his weather expert on the trail, and substantial proof was uncovered that one out of six of the then current crop of reports could be traced to a certain type of aluminum-covered radar-target balloon then in wide use. LeMay said nothing for publication, but soon thereafter, when a certain lieutenant colonel gave out a lulu of a story on how he, too, had seen flying saucers, the general rebuked him blisteringly by telegram . . . and sent it collect.

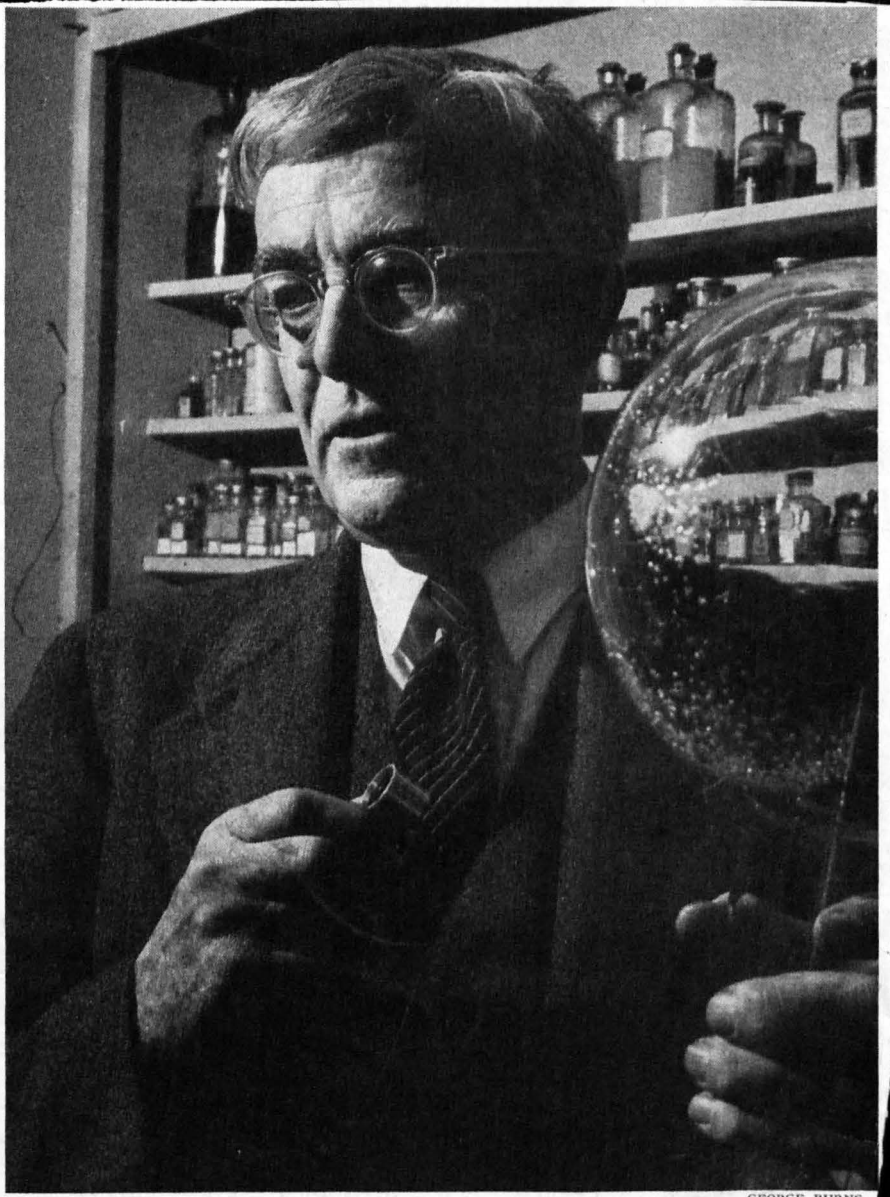
Gen. Carl Spaatz, the retired Air Chief, is another who gets indignant when he thinks of saucer hysteria. "If the American people are capable of getting so excited over something which doesn't exist," Spaatz told me, "God help us if anyone ever plasters us with a real atomic bomb." He added, "I can tell you unequivocally that the reported sightings of so-called saucers were completely unconnected with any form of

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ACME

Among the many hoax "saucers" was this fraud found in a North Hollywood yard. It was made of galvanized iron, a radio tube, a piece of pipe.



GEORGE BURNS

First to point out the planet Venus illusion, Nobel Prize scientist Langmuir says no real proof of "saucers" exists. His friendly advice: "Forget it."

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secret research that the Air Force was conducting during my term as Chief of Staff."

It is no secret, of course, that the Russians are experimenting with supersonic aircraft and guided missiles just as we are. But if any of the things which have popped up over America for a few seconds or minutes are Soviet gadgets, the cold brain of Air Intelligence—which painstakingly sifts reports—would like to know how they do it and then return to home base without being seen by more people. It also is reasonable to wonder why, out of more than 250 reported saucers, not one has crashed so we could lay hands on a tangible bit of evidence; so far, Air Intelligence does not have so much as one loose nut off any unexplained object to examine.

The officers and technical experts assigned to Project Saucer—a nickname for the top-secret Air Force investigative effort—sometimes get to feeling they're living in a dream world, so utterly unfettered and mysterious are some of the reports they are assigned to evaluate. One of the most fanciful came from a Montana man who wrote in to tell of sighting a large, blue-white ball that had beamed a bright light at him. "I am perfectly sincere and do not drink," the Montanan said, "so the foregoing is absolutely the truth."

An Army pilot at Dayton, Ohio, had three or four teardrop-shaped objects come so close to his plane that he had to duck to avoid collision. Asked to describe them, he replied, "Take about one half gallon of water and dump it two hundred yards in front of an approaching aircraft about two hundred feet above it, with the water taking the shape of a teardrop ——" In San Francisco, an aviation student strolling in Golden Gate Park said he was attacked by a mysterious light "like an electric arc," which seemed to have the power to "lower my hand like a sack of shot"; he said he had delicate skin and that it even left a bruise on him.

One of the main solutions to the reported phenomena lies in the aero-medical field. Both Air Force and Navy aero-medical experts have prepared volumes of research findings, spelling out in detail how vertigo, hypnosis and other sensory illusions affect pilots traveling at high altitudes and extreme speeds.

Vertigo is a loose term used to describe a condition of dizziness and stupor which pilots themselves call "the leans." Case histories set down by the Navy's School of Aviation Medicine at Pensacola have established that vertigo and self-hypnosis brought on by staring too long at a fixed light have caused pilots to dogfight with stars, to mistake ground lights for other aircraft, flying saucers or what not, and to have outright hallucinations about things which weren't even there.

Wright Field aero-medical experts confirm these findings. In general, they feel that when a flier starts chasing an illuminated weather balloon or a star, and vertigo or hypnosis sets in, the pilot can come down and practically tell you how many rivets were on the nose of that Martian space ship.

The trouble with all the logical explanations, however, is that the person who has had, or thinks he has had, a sufficiently vivid encounter with a saucer is absolutely certain none of those explanations can apply to him. And in a number of the cases it is pretty hard to apply any of the logical explanations to the reported facts. You have to keep reminding yourself that even an experienced pilot laboring under strain and excitement finds it difficult to judge distances, altitudes and speeds accurately.

One particularly baffling case was the encounter of twenty-five-year-old George F. Gorman, of Fargo, North Dakota, a second lieutenant in the North Dakota Air National Guard, with an apparently disembodied and soundless white light that could climb, swoop and outmaneuver any jet plane now operating. I flew to Fargo to interview Gorman.

Gorman, a native of Fargo, is an employee of a farm-machinery company. He bears a good reputation for veracity and personal habits. During the war he instructed French flying cadets. He is articulate and above average intelligence. He has had several years of college education, and describes himself as an amateur student of Freud, physics and other subjects. Gorman insists he was not particularly conscious of the flying-saucer craze at the time of his reported experience, October 1, 1948, though the saucer excitement had been bubbling since June of the previous year.

At nine o'clock that evening, Gorman, who had been flying with his outfit, the 178th Fighter Squadron, decided to take a turn over the local stadium and watch a night football game which was in progress. The other planes landed, leaving him alone in the air in a fast P-51 fighter. He had been watching the game for about five minutes, which perhaps is significant. The aero-medical people would hold that concentration on the floodlights for that period might bring on vertigo or autohypnosis, but Gorman told me emphatically he was certain the lights had not disturbed his vision.

He first saw the light pass over the football field. He was at 4500-feet altitude and the object, he said, was "a little below." It was "a small ball of clear white light, with no physical form or shape attached." It was perhaps six to eight inches in diameter, Gorman figured. It seemed to be making about 250 MPH at an altitude of 1000 feet. The light varied in intensity; it never was extremely bright and it blinked on and off.

To his surprise, he couldn't overtake it. He pushed his speed up to the limit, but the thing, which he thought had been traveling relatively slowly, exceeded him by at least 160 MPH. It seemed to Gorman, he said, that the light could outmaneuver and outrace him, though several times during the twenty-seven minutes he "fought" with it, he thought he came fairly close to the object. At one point he determined to ram it. He made a head-on pass, but lost his nerve and dived under it. During this pass, the object passed not more than 500 feet over his canopy, he estimated.

Later, the object initiated a pass at Gorman—"I had the distinct impression that its maneuvers were controlled by thought or reason," he said—and he tried to ram it again. This time it pulled up and streaked to 14,000 feet, with Gorman following. He said that he blacked out several times during the violent maneuvers, but not for long. He also said he eventually climbed to 17,000 feet without oxygen, but is certain it did not make him groggy. Vertigo, he stated, was "absolutely out of the question."

The object finally pulled away from him, climbing straight up until it was out of sight, Gorman said. Gorman was in touch with the Fargo airport tower during the encounter, broadcasting an account of his dogfight with the light. His story has partial corroboration. A sixty-seven-year-old flying grandfather, Dr. A. D. Cannon, an oculist, was in the air at the time in his plane. Cannon and a passenger, Einar Neilson, also had flown over the floodlighted football field. They saw a light in the air. It was "moving fast," Doctor Cannon said, and he thought it might be a Canadian



"I'm going to have them throw the book at me."

Vampire jet plane from Stevenson Field near Winnipeg, some 200 miles from Fargo. After landing, Cannon saw a light twice from the ground; it seemed to him to keep a constant altitude, and definitely changed its direction from east-west to north-south.

Also, Lloyd D. Jensen, the airport traffic controller, and Manuel E. Johnson, his assistant, Civil Aeronautics Administration employees and both extremely nonflighty citizens, each saw a strange light once, moving over the airfield.

I learned from the weather observer at the Fargo airport, George Sanderson, who is a member of Gorman's National Guard squadron, that a black weather balloon carrying a lighted candle had been released shortly before Gorman's strange encounter. But Sanderson, Jensen and Johnson, all experienced hands, insisted it couldn't have been the balloon-borne candle that perturbed the pilot. Sanderson said the balloon was being tracked by a theodolite, an observer's instrument, and that the wind direction and velocity were all wrong in relation to the course of the object Gorman said he was chasing. Sanderson said his assistant tracked the balloon until it disappeared, just before Gorman landed, at 12,000 feet.

Another solution suggests itself: Fargo is only about 200 miles away from the Operation Skyhook base near Minneapolis, where the Navy is releasing giant, light-bearing plastic balloons as part of a project to study cosmic rays. These balloons travel high and fast, and have frightened the wits out of observers wherever they have drifted. Navy scientists in Washington said it is entirely possible one of their balloons drifted over Fargo that night.

The Air Force checked across the border to determine if any Canadian jets had been skylarking over North Dakota that evening, and were assured that such was not the case. None of the ground witnesses heard the banshee whine typical of Canadian jets, anyway. Investigators even tested Gorman's fighter with a Geiger counter, but got a negative reaction for atomic radiation.

So it adds up to a sweet mystery. Was Gorman suffering from a combination of vertigo and confusion with a balloon or ground light? If so, how is the testimony of the ground witnesses, who certainly didn't have vertigo, to be explained rationally? Or did Gorman actually stumble onto something that has been kept secret successfully by the Air Force, or some other nation, or our friends up on Mars? Personally, after my investigation, I'll vote for the balloon and vertigo.

An encounter similar to Gorman's occurred as recently as last November eighteenth at the Air Force's great Andrews Field base on the outskirts of Washington, D. C. At 9:45 P.M., Henry G. Combs, a twenty-five-year-old second lieutenant in the Air Force reserve, was returning from a night mission with his squadron. Combs, a quiet, serious physical-culture enthusiast, is a young man who trained with the Air Force during the war, but never got overseas; he is so anxious to get back on active duty that he even has written President Truman asking if anything can be done.

As he was preparing to land, Combs spotted something. It was a "dull gray globe" six feet thick and twelve to fifteen feet across. It gave off a sort of frosty light and had rough edges; no blinking, no exhaust flames.

Just as Gorman did, Combs gave chase. For the next ten minutes the thing led him through astounding maneuvers, changing its air speed, Combs related, from seventy-five to 600 MPH and varying its altitude from 2000 to 7500 feet. In the back seat of his T-6 trainer was 2nd Lt. Kenwood W. Jackson, who was unhappy about the whole business. Jackson confirmed that a light was seen and chased, though his description of what happened differs somewhat from Combs'. He wanted to radio the control tower, but Combs wouldn't let him.

Combs' encounter ended, he said, when he stood his T-6 practically on its tail and flashed his landing lights squarely on the thing. At this point, Combs said, the thing streaked away toward the East Coast at 600 MPH and disappeared.

Here again it is a distinct possibility that a pilot was mixed up by a combination of vertigo and a balloon. However, the continued testimony of pilots that these "things" could outmaneuver them bothered me, as balloons are notoriously nonmaneuverable. So, while at Wright Field, I asked a pilot to go up and make a few passes at a weather balloon and see how it looked to him. He came down and told me, with some surprise, that, when he turned around the balloon, it definitely appeared to be turning at the same rate as his plane, and at times it even seemed to be turning faster than his aircraft.

Another wide area through which Project Saucer investigators have had to plow is the rich, intangible field of hallucinations, hoaxes and mass hysteria. For example, a man from Zelienople, Pennsylvania—who said he was "strictly scientific" in his thinking—wrote to the Air Force: "I am prepared to state that careful study and research has absolutely CONVINCED me that these 'Objects X' are creations of realms above or beyond our sphere; are, if you please, GHOST objects or craft, propelled by paranormal teleportion (the telekinesis of the poltergeist manifestation). . . . They are controlled by intelligent, ghostlike, invisible beings or animals bearing, I believe, very little likeness to human beings."

As for hoaxes: Near Black River Falls, Wisconsin, at the height of the Great Flying Saucer Scare, a "flying disk" was found at the county fairgrounds. The finder obligingly placed it on exhibition at fifty cents a look until the local chief of police confiscated it. FBI agents flew all the way up from Milwaukee in a chartered plane to see it. It was found to be a crude concoction of plywood and cardboard, with pieces of propellers and radio cells mounted on it—strictly an opportunistic fake.

A "flying disk" fell in the street in a Southern city. It was composed of aluminum strips, fluorescent-lamp starters, condensers, rivets, screws and copper wire. A little investigation resulted in a confession from the culprit, the superintendent of an electric-fan factory, who said he concocted the device and threw it from the roof of the factory, hoping to scare his boss, who was getting into his car.

Mass hysteria is a phenomenon that has fascinated philosophers and psychologists for ages; there is no limitation on what impressionable people will think they've seen if someone starts a sufficiently convincing rumor. Even an honest rumor will do the trick.

It is a jittery age we live in, particularly since our scientists and military spokesmen have started talking about sending rockets to the moon and about experiments to by-pass the law of gravitation by creating a man-made planet

that will streak off the earth at 25,000 miles per hour or so and start circling in our orbit. Though we have not yet produced the rocket-to-the-moon and the homemade satellite, it is small wonder that harassed humans, already suffering from atomic psychosis, have started seeing saucers and Martians.

Perhaps the most outspoken foe of the flying saucer in the United States is Dr. Irving Langmuir, the distinguished scientist and Nobel Prize winner. Doctor Langmuir, associate director of General Electric's Research Laboratory at Schenectady, has spent a lifetime debunking what he calls "pathological science"—that is, untruthful scientific theories which were carelessly accepted as truthful until someone came along to prick a hole in them—and he lumps saucers in this category. He also happens to be a member of the Air Force's Scientific Advisory Board. Though Doctor Langmuir speaks on saucers in his nonofficial capacity as a scientist, he has given the Air Force an earful on the—as it appears to him—absurdity of it all.

Doctor Langmuir was one of the first to point out that Venus was close to its peak brilliance the day an unfortunate National Guard pilot killed himself chasing a saucer in Kentucky. When shown a picture that someone took of a heel-shaped "saucer" flying over Phoenix, Arizona, he acidly inquired if anyone had taken the trouble to determine whether there was a violent squall over Phoenix that day.

"To me," he said, "the picture has all the scientific aspects of a piece of tar paper, or a torn blanket, or a collapsed balloon, tossing in a high wind.

"One of the characteristics of a thing that isn't so," Doctor Langmuir continued, "is the impossibility of bringing it out into the open. If a man tells me that two and two equal five—or that he has seen a flying saucer—I don't feel I have to prove he is wrong. I feel the burden is on him to prove that he is right."

I asked Doctor Langmuir what he would advise the Air Force to do about flying saucers. He snapped his answer, "Forget it!" The Air Force, I suspect, would like to forget it. But then something new comes along like the strange adventure of two Eastern Air Lines pilots with what seemed to be a flame-shooting, double-decker space ship, and Wright Field has to send out another team of investigators.

Of all the so-called saucer stories, the most difficult to rationalize is the account of what Eastern Air Lines pilots Clarence Shipe Chiles and John B. Whitted said they saw twenty miles west of Montgomery, Alabama, on the morning of July 24, 1948. At 2:45 A.M., the two men were flying a DC-3 airliner into Atlanta, Georgia. Chiles, a thirty-one-year-old Tennessean, wartime lieutenant colonel and former commanding officer of the Air Transport Command's Ascension Island base, was captain of the ship. He has had 8500 hours in the air and has flown more than 1,000,000 miles. Whitted, a thirty-year-old North Carolinian, a wartime pilot of B-29 Superfortresses, was his copilot.

Chiles and Whitted told me their story during an interview I had with them in Atlanta. "We were flying at five thousand feet on VFR—visual flight rules," said Chiles. "That meant we were even more alert than normally for stray aircraft, for we were on our own rather than at a specified altitude assigned by the CAA.

"I saw the thing first. 'Here comes a new jet job!' I yelled to John. He saw it too. Then we knew it was like no jet job we'd ever heard about. We had five to ten seconds to look at it. The moon was full and the object came quite close—not more than a mile away, I thought, and John here thought it was even closer. It was traveling on a southwesterly course—exactly opposite to our direction. Its velocity, allowing for our own air speed, could have been anywhere from five hundred to seven hundred miles per hour—I'm sure it was faster than any jet I've ever seen flown."

Despite the flashing speed with which the airliner and the reported object would have passed each other, both pilots noted a wealth of details.



They agreed the object was at least 100 feet long. Chiles thought the fuselage was somewhat more streamlined than that of a B-29. Whitted, on whose side of the cockpit the object passed, thought it was nearly twice the diameter of a Superfortress. But the hair-raising thing to them, they said, was that the thing looked like a plane, flew like a plane, but had no wings.

"We couldn't have been mistaken about it—the illumination from both the moon and the thing itself were too good for that," Chiles continued earnestly. "There were two rows of windows, or 'breathers,' along the fuselage. A highly intense white light—it was much too bright to be used for interior illumination, so it may have been from a power plant—came through these windows. And a fluctuating blue flame danced along the belly of the thing. From an exhaust in the tail of the object came a trail of red-orange flames that shot out for some fifty feet."

Chiles and Whitted agree on the above details. Chiles also paid particular attention to the nose of the thing, and observed that it had a radarlike

protrusion from its snout that "looked like a swordfish," and that there were four to six metallic-looking objects in front that resembled streamlined windshields, or louvers.

As soon as the thing had disappeared, by pulling up sharply and climbing, Chiles and Whitted said, they started gaping at each other. They said they couldn't believe it. Chiles went back in the darkened interior of the plane and started asking the passengers if they'd seen anything. Apparently, the only one who had been looking out of the window at that hour was Clarence L. McKelvie, of Columbus, Ohio. He had seen a bright streak of light whiz by the window, but had observed no form



or details. He told Air Force investigators that Chiles seemed genuinely excited when he came back into the cabin.

Chiles and Whitted still say they do not know what to think; they say they are certain that they were not suffering from hallucinations and that what they saw was a manufactured object—not a meteor—and unlike any aircraft or missile known to them. They immediately checked with the nearest control tower to ascertain if there were any commercial or Army aircraft in their vicinity, and were told there were not. The Air Force has confirmed it had nothing flying in the area at the time.

Both men are married and fathers. They had nothing to gain by their story, for it was bad publicity. Neither has tried to profit by the incident, nor were they responsible, so far as I could learn, for the story being given out to the newspapers. Chiles told me he didn't even report the incident to his superiors until the middle of the next day, and that he did so then only because he was worried that if the Army had any experimental craft flying in those lanes it might collide with some airliner.

The high command and the research-and-development chiefs of the Air Force gave me unequivocal assurance that nothing tested at Eglin Field, which is 130 miles to the south, possibly could answer the description of the Chiles-Whitted object. Not even the slow V-1 buzz bomb has been launched from there within the past two years, they said. They also pointed out that a guided missile does not perform in the manner described by the two pilots, and that a V-2 rocket would travel so fast they couldn't have seen it from their cockpit. As for aircraft, they said, maybe a wingless fuselage could fly, but it would have to have nothing short of atomic power to lift it from the ground.

While the Air Force finds it difficult to believe that the heavens are populated with inexplicable skimming saucers, diving disks, bounding balls or spooky space ships, even when the testimony comes from such excellent witnesses as pilots Chiles and Whitted, it does want to know about such things.

So, if you're standing out in your back yard or flying your plane some afternoon or evening, and see one of these things in the sky, here is what the Air Force would like to have you do: Before running for the telephone to call your favorite newspaper, take some mental notes on what and where the object is, and what it is doing. If possible, try to estimate how far it is from you by making comparisons with some fixed object, such as a town or mountain. If there is a mountain handy, you may be able to make some guess as to the object's altitude. Try to estimate its apparent angle above the horizon; if you're viewing it from the ground, hold your arm straight up—that's ninety degrees—and guess the angle of the object in relation to the ninety-degree mark. Try to estimate its size; if you have a rough idea how far you are from it, you can get a "fix" on its size by holding up a dime—or any small object, such as the blunt end of a pencil or the tip of your thumb—and seeing how much of the object is obliterated by the dime.

Take a photograph or make a sketch if you can; if not, remember all you can about its appearance and whether it has any protuberances. Carefully note its color and whether or not it reflects or projects any lights. Note what maneuvers it engages in and what it appears to be made of; whether it makes any sound, spurts flames, sparks or smoke or gives out an odor. If it is in horizontal flight, try to estimate its speed by timing how long it takes to travel between two points. Note weather and cloud conditions, and observe how it disappears—whether it explodes, fades or vanishes behind clouds. And, of course, if it is obliging enough to crash or shower down any fragments in front of you, by all means secure the pieces—if they seem harmless.

Then sit down and write a letter containing all this information to Technical Intelligence Division, Air Matériel Command Headquarters, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio. At the same time, maybe you'd better buttress yourself with an affidavit from your clergyman, doctor or banker.

If you've really seen something and can prove it, you may scare the wits out of the United States Air Force, but it will be grateful to you.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Shalett.

[True magazine, January 1950]

PAGE 11

THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL

by

DONALD E. KEYHOE

This is the most interesting and the most important true story we have ever published. It is utterly true. We can document every occurrence reported here. It is our sober, considered conviction that the conclusion arrived at in this story is a fact, that...THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL

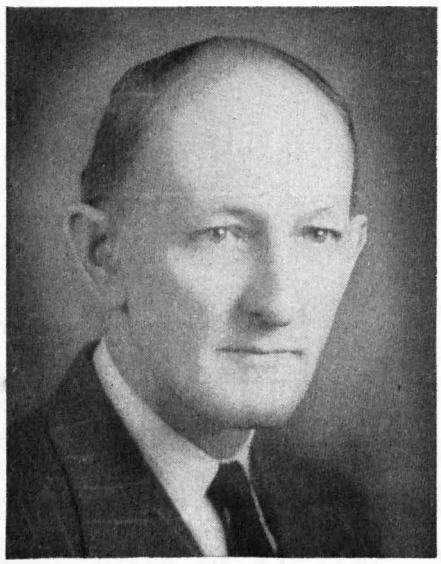
After eight months of intensive investigation, the following conclusions have been reached by TRUE Magazine:

1. For the past 175 years, the planet Earth has been under systematic close-range examination by living, intelligent observers from another planet.

2. The intensity of this observation, and the frequency of the visits to the Earth's atmosphere by which it is being conducted, have increased markedly during the past two years.

3. The vehicles used for this observation and for interplanetary transport by the explorers have been identified and categorized as follows: Type I, a small, nonpilot-carrying disk-shaped aircraft equipped with some

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Donald E. Keyhoe, who sums up the flying-saucer evidence for TRUE after sharing in the investigation that made this story possible, writes with twenty-five years of experience in observing aeronautical developments. A Naval Academy graduate, Pensacola-trained in aviation, he flew in active service with the Marine Corps, managed the U. S. tour of the historic plane in which Bennett and Byrd made their North Pole flight, was aide to Charles Lindbergh after the famous Paris hop, and was chief of information for the Aeronautics Branch, Department of Commerce. He has lectured and written extensively; of the many notable articles he has done for TRUE, none has been so significant and timely as this one.

form of television or impulse transmitter; Type II, a very large (up to 250 feet in diameter) metallic, disk-shaped aircraft operating on the helicopter principle; Type III, a dirigible-shaped, wingless aircraft which, in the Earth's atmosphere, operates in conformance with the Prandtl theory of lift.

4. The discernible pattern of observation and exploration shown by the so-called "flying disks" varies in no important particular from well-developed American plans for the exploration of space expected to come to fruition within the next fifty years. There is reason to believe, however, that some other race of thinking beings is a matter of two and a quarter centuries ahead of us.

The only other possible explanation is that the "saucers" are extremely high-speed, long-range devices developed here on Earth. Such an advance (which the Air Force has convincingly denied) would require an almost incredible leap in technical progress even for American scientists and designers.

Startling at first glance, TRUE's conclusions are logical and reasonable in the light of the full facts. They have long since been fully accepted by informed authorities.

After the first flurry of excitement attending the sightings of the so-called disks or saucers in July, 1947, various explanations were put forward: hoax, hallucination, hypnosis, weather balloons, the planets Neptune, Venus, or Mercury, and optical illusions. Some hoaxes and mistakes naturally occurred; such things usually follow highly publicized events. But none of these explanations will stand up in the important, most authentically reported cases. However, most people were satisfied, and the great flying-disk mystery was generally forgotten. An important magazine published two strangely inconclusive and contradictory articles, stated to have been prepared with the co-operation of the Air Force, purporting to dismiss the disks as of no basic significance.

In two fields, however, interest in the strange phenomena rose instead of declining.

The United States Army Air Force investigators operating "Project Saucer"—the official investigating agency charged with solving the mystery—kept on with their work. Today they are receiving and evaluating sighting reports at the rate of twelve a month.

Various scientists, thinking independently, began to search the records of the past. They discovered reports of strange, air-borne, disklike objects in the sky as far back as 1772. They began to ponder the tremendous implications of that discovery.

There was fortunately a good deal of current material with which to work. For a beginning, let's consider the Mantell case. About 1:15 p. m. on January 7, 1948, a round object, estimated to be at least 250 feet in diameter, was sighted over Madisonville, Kentucky. At 1:30, state police alerted Fort Knox, as the disk appeared to be heading in that direction. Fifteen minutes later, an observer in the Godman Air Base tower, ninety miles from Madisonville, saw the disk over the field. It appeared to be hovering and was clearly seen by most of the officers on the base. At times it gave off a reddish glow. The commanding officer on the base, Colonel Guy F. Hix, ordered radio contact made with a flight of three F-51s passing over Fort Knox, near Godman Field, en route to Louisville. The flight was led by Captain Thomas F. Mantell, Jr., an experienced pilot with a distinguished ETO combat record. Mantell called in shortly and reported contact with the thing.

At 2:45, Mantell radioed Godman that the object was at 12 o'clock high (directly ahead and above him). He said: "I'm closing in now to take a good look. It's directly ahead of me and moving at about half my speed. The thing looks metallic and it's tremendous in size." For twenty-five minutes, Mantell and the two F-51s with him tried vainly to close in. Mantell reported that the thing was climbing and making speed equal to his, which he said was 360 m.p.h. In broken clouds at 18,000 feet, the other two ships lost sight of Mantell and could not find him again. After five minutes, they broke off and landed at Godman. At 3:15, Mantell called in to say that he was not gaining on the object and that if he were no closer when he reached 20,000

feet, he would abandon the chase. This was reasonable because the F-51 was carrying no oxygen.

That was the last heard from Captain Mantell. His body was found near Fort Knox, and the wreckage of his plane was scattered for half a mile around him. Obviously, the ship had disintegrated in mid-air.

Later that day, a similar disk—in all probability, the same one—was sighted over Lockbourne Air Force Base at Columbus, Ohio. "It was traveling faster than 500 m.p.h.," the report said. "It glowed from white to amber, and it showed an amber exhaust trail five times its own length."

Inexplicably, the Columbus sighting was omitted from authorized magazine reports of the Mantell case.

Confusing, contradictory explanations followed the Fort Knox affair. Papers carried stories that the mysterious visitor had been a balloon half obscured by clouds. The magazine article prepared with Air Force aid said the object was Venus. Then the Air Force denied this answer.

The magazine had an out. An alternate guess was that Mantell and his pilots had chased a Navy cosmic-ray research balloon. This was widely repeated by readers unfamiliar with balloons. Few thought to check the speeds and distances involved.

Cosmic-ray balloons are not powered; they are set free, to drift with the wind. To fly the ninety miles from Madisonville to Fort Knox in thirty minutes, a balloon would have required a wind of 180 m.p.h. After traveling at this hurricane speed, the balloon would then have had to come to a dead stop, in order to hover over Godman Field for more than an hour. As the F-51s approached, it would have had to speed up again to 180 m.p.h., then to more than 360 to keep ahead of Mantell.

This writer, as a Navy-trained balloon pilot, as well as a Marine Corps airplane pilot, is reasonably familiar with free (drifting) balloons. But it doesn't take a balloon pilot to see that the recorded performance of the Fort Knox "saucer" is impossible for a balloon.

The three fighter pilots chased the mysterious object for half an hour—Mantell for thirty-five minutes. (I have several times chased balloons with a plane, overtaking them in seconds.) In a straight chase, Mantell would have been closing in at 360; any wind pushing the balloon would also have been a tail wind on his fighter plane, nullifying the balloon's forward drift.

The only way to have eluded him would have been through lightninglike maneuvers—impossible for even the fastest dirigible, let alone an unpiloted free balloon. By the same token, the thing reported flying at 500 m.p.h. over Lockbourne Air Base could not have been a balloon. Even if there had been several balloons in this general area (and there were not, by official record) they could not have covered the courses reported. In some instances, they would have been flying *against* the wind, at terrific speed.

The published "balloon" explanation also requires incredibly poor vision on the part of all the observers—the pilots, Air Force observers on the ground, state police, Army MPs, and civilians. Captain Mantell was a wartime pilot, trained to identify a distant enemy plane in a split second. The vision of all three pilots was excellent. In broad daylight, they could not fail to identify a balloon during their thirty-minute pursuit.

But even if that reason is ignored, the object could not possibly have been a balloon. The fast flight from Madisonville, the abrupt stop and hour-long hovering at Godman Field, then the quick bursts of speed the pilots recorded make it completely impossible.

Then what was the mysterious object? And what caused Mantell's F-51 to disintegrate in mid-air?

Both the Air Force report and the authorized magazine version speculate that Mantell carelessly let himself black out from lack of oxygen, after which his plane dived out of control and went to pieces.

Not only is this completely at variance with Mantell's habits and intelligence, but it is explained with a peculiar difference in the two stories.

The magazine version, using the later denied "Venus" theory, pictures Mantell as climbing on up, watching the gleaming star, unaware of his dangerous altitude. At 25,000 feet he is presumed to have blacked out. His pilotless plane is pictured as going on up to 30,000 feet, then diving at full power and tearing itself apart.

The Air Force report, retracting the Venus idea, says that Mantell "probably" blacked out at 20,000 feet and died of suffocation before the crash.

Since *some* public explanation had to be given, this might seem a good answer. But Mantell was known for cool-headed judgment. As a wartime pilot, he was familiar with the signs of approaching anoxia (oxygen starvation). That he knew his tolerance for altitude is proved by his firmly declared decision to abandon the chase at 20,000 feet, since he lacked oxygen equipment.

He had his altimeter to warn him. More important, he would recognize from experience the first vague blurring, narrowing of vision, and other preliminary symptoms of anoxia. It would not have come on him with no warning at all.

Despite this, the speculation of "blackout" was published and accepted as a plausible explanation by many Americans.

It is the opinion of several engineers and pilots whom TRUE has questioned that an F-51, a sturdy war-tested fighter, starting a dive from 20,000 feet would not have disintegrated so thoroughly.

"From thirty thousand, yes," said one engineer. "If the idea was to explain it away, I'd pick a high altitude to start from. But a pilotless plane doesn't necessarily dive. It might slip off and spin, or spiral down, and a few have even landed themselves.

"Also, if the plane started down from twenty thousand, the odds are the pilot would come to when he got into thicker air—admitting he had blurred out temporarily, which is only an Air Force guess. I don't see why they're so positive Mantell died before he hit the ground—unless they know something we don't."

One of the pilot group put it more bluntly.

"It looks like a cover-up to me. I think Mantell did just what he said he would—closed in on the thing. I think he either collided with it, or more [*Continued on page* 83]

The Flying Saucers Are Real

[*Continued from page* 13]

likely they knocked him out of the air. They'd think he was trying to bring them down, barging in like that."

So there is the Mantell case, to date. It seems to give a new, significant meaning to the following Air Force statements:

"No definite conclusive evidence is yet available to prove or disprove the existence of at least some of the remaining unidentified objects as real aircraft of unknown and unconventional configuration. . . . The mere existence of some yet unidentified flying objects necessitates a constant vigilance on the part of Project Saucer personnel, and on the part of the civilian population. . . . Report incidents as soon as possible to the nearest military installation or to Headquarters, Air Materiel Command, direct." This statement, released fifteen months after Mantell's death, also said: "The mysterious object which the flier chased to his death is still unidentified. . . ."

A TRUE investigator discussed this report (A Digest of Preliminary Studies by the Air Materiel Command on 'Flying Saucers,' dated April 27, 1949) with the chief design engineer of a major aircraft manufacturing company. In view of the statements to be quoted from this man, who must necessarily be anonymous, it should be said that he is a hard-headed practical engineer of long experience, responsible for the design of aircraft known by name to every literate American.

"Certainly the flying saucers are possible," he said. "Give me enough money and I'll build you one. It might have to be a model because the fuel would be a problem. If the saucers that have been seen came from other worlds, which isn't at all Buck Rogerish, they may be powered by atomic energy or by the energy that produces cosmic rays—which is many times more powerful—or by some other fuel or natural force that our research hasn't yet discovered. But the circular airfoil is quite feasible.

"It wouldn't have the stability of the conventional airplane, but it would have enormous maneuverability—it could rise vertically, hover, descend vertically, and fly at extremely high speed, with the proper power. Don't take my word for it. Check with other engineers."

TRUE went then to the nation's most authoritative source of aerodynamic knowledge, the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Two official N.A.C.A. reports, Technical Note 539 and Report 431, discuss tests on circular and elliptical Clark Y airfoils which proved they were feasible aerodynamically. At N.A.C.A. headquarters, one of their top engineers stated that a disk with variable-direction jet or rocket nozzles around the rim could rise and descend vertically, hover, fly straight ahead, and make sharp turns. Its direction and velocity would be governed by the number of nozzles operating, the power applied, and the angle at which they were tilted—toward the ground, rearward, in a lateral direction, or in various combinations. A disk flying level, straight ahead, could be turned swiftly to right or left by shifting the angle of the nozzles or cutting off power from part of the group. This method of control would operate in the Earth's atmosphere and also, using rocket power, in free space, where conventional controls would be useless.

The aircraft designer quoted above shared the general views of the group which believes the disks are interplanetary. He pointed out sentences in the Air Force report:

"'The possibility that some of the incidents . . . may represent technical developments far in advance of knowledge available to American engineers and scientists has been widely considered . . . observations based on experience with nuclear power-plant research in this country label as highly improbable the existence on Earth of engines small enough in size and weight to have powered any of the capricious saucers.'

"Look at those words, 'on Earth,'" he said. "They're not the normal way of discussing power possibilities. They must have been put there for some reason."

A motive for the speculative scope of the lengthy Air Force report was offered by another aeronautical authority.

"It says that 'In the next fifty years we will almost certainly start exploring space.' Then it goes on to mention a thesis accepted by astronomers that there could be at least one ideally habitable planet for each of twenty-two certain stars known to us outside the solar system. It names Wolf 359 as one of the near stars. And here's the tip-off line: 'The chance of space travelers existing on planets outside the solar system is very much greater than the chance for space-traveling Martians. The one can be viewed as almost a certainty (if you accept the thesis that intelligent life is not peculiar to the Earth.)'"

"That's a very strange admission. *'Almost a certainty.'* I think that explains a lot. I think it explains the public statements about our own space-exploration plans: the talk about our plans to build an Earth satellite vehicle, a huge space-platform to circle the Earth about five hundred miles out. The public has been told about plans for a five-thousand-mile guided missile, cosmic-ray research, our hopes for atomic-powered aircraft, even a Moon rocket—stuff that not long ago was pure fantasy.

"I think that the American public is being gradually conditioned to think in terms of space travel. I think we are being prepared for what Project Saucer probably already knows: that the Earth is under surveillance by interplanetary travelers.

"Remember the New Jersey panic over the Orson Welles 'Men From Mars' broadcast?" he said. "I think the government may believe that disclosure of the disks' probable origin would set off a nationwide hysteria. Personally, I doubt it would. I think Americans could take it."

TRUE learned that a rocket authority stationed at Wright Field has told Proj-



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ect Saucer personnel flatly that the saucers are interplanetary and that no other conclusion is possible. In the light of some of the sighting reports on the record, it is hard to disagree with him. Take the Chiles-Whitted case, for example.

At about 1:45 a. m., on July 24, 1948, a strange, flaming object came hurtling southward through the night skies over Robbins Air Force Base, Macon, Georgia. Observers at the base were astounded to see a huge, projectilelike craft race overhead, trailing a varicolored exhaust. It disappeared swiftly from sight.

About an hour later, an Eastern Airlines DC-3 was west of Montgomery, Alabama, en route to Atlanta. At the controls were Captain Clarence S. Chiles, a former Air Transport Command flyer, and Pilot John B. Whitted, who had flown B-29s during the war. It was a bright, moonlit night, with scattered clouds overhead.

Suddenly a brilliant, fast-moving object appeared ahead of them. At first, the two pilots took it to be an Air Force jet plane.

"We saw it at the same time," Chiles told Project Saucer men later. "Whatever it was, it flashed down toward us and we veered to the left. It veered sharply, too, and passed us about seven hundred feet to our right and above us."

"The thing was about a hundred feet long, cigar-shaped, and wingless," Whitted described it. "It was about twice the diameter of a B-29, with no protruding fins."

Captain Chiles said the cabin appeared like a pilot compartment, except for its eerie brilliance. Both he and Whitted agreed it was as bright as a magnesium flare. They saw no occupants, but at their speed of passing this was not surprising. It was later suggested that the strange glare could have come from a power plant of some unusual type.

"An intense dark blue glow came from the side of the ship," Chiles reported. "It ran the entire length of the fuselage —like a blue fluorescent factory light. The exhaust was a red-orange flame, with a lighter color predominant around the outer edges."

(This description paralleled the reports of observers at Robbins Air Force Base.)

Both pilots said the flame extended thirty to fifty feet behind the ship. As it passed, Chiles noted a snout like a radar pole. Both men glimpsed two rows of windows.

"Just as it went by," said Chiles, "the pilot pulled up as if he had seen the DC-3 and wanted to avoid us. There was a tremendous burst of flame from the rear. It zoomed into the clouds, its jet or prop wash rocking our DC-3."

Chiles' later estimate of its speed was between 500 and 700 miles an hour.

As the object vanished, Chiles went back into the cabin to check with the passengers. Most had been asleep or were drowsing. But one man confirmed that they were in their right senses. This passenger, Clarence McKelvie of Columbus, Ohio, told them (and a Project Saucer team later) that he had seen a brilliant streak of light flash past his window. It had gone too swiftly for him to catch any details.

During the careful checkup by Project Saucer, Air Force engineers computed the probable speed and lift of the mystery craft. The ship was found to be within the bounds of aerodynamic laws. Here is the Air Force statement:

"Application of the Prandtl theory of lift indicated that a fuselage of the dimensions reported by Chiles and Whitted could support a load comparable to the weight of an aircraft of this size, at flying speeds in the subsonic range." (Subsonic speed is equivalent to Chiles' estimate of 500-700 m.p.h.)

As interpreted by the N.A.C.A. for True, this statement simply means that an aircraft without wings, of the size described by the Eastern pilots, could fly and maneuver as reported, if propelled by sufficiently great force.

The publicized story of this "space ship" set off another scare—also the usual cracks about screwball pilots. But regardless of how much Project Saucer already knew, this evidently was a jolt. Chiles and Whitted were highly respected pilots. The passenger's confirmation added weight. But even if all three had been considered deluded, the Air Force could not get around the similar reports from Robbins Air Force Base.

The authorized magazine version omitted all mention of the Robbins airbase sighting. It made no attempt to explain what the Eastern pilots saw, but stated that both men were sure they had not suffered hallucinations. The net effect was one of skeptical disbelief.

The Air Force report clearly indicates acceptance of the ground and air observers' testimony that they did see some mysterious craft. It flatly admits that what these witnesses saw has not been identified.

Several other "ships" of the same type, reported by veteran pilots, also remain unidentified.

In August, 1947, two pilots for an Alabama flying service had a strange encounter with a huge, black, wingless craft, as reported to Project Saucer. It swept across their course, silhouetted against a brilliant evening sky. Shaped like a C-54, but larger, it had no wings, motors, or visible means of propulsion. The two pilots watched it cross their path, then swung in behind and attempted to follow. But at their speed of 170 m.p.h., they were soon outdistanced. Careful checking showed there were no other planes near by which could have been mistaken for the mystery ship.

Another wingless aircraft was later sighted at Jackson, Mississippi. Described as rocket-shaped, it speeded up from 200 to about 500 m.p.h. and swiftly disappeared. This ship was reported by a former Air Force pilot and his passenger.

Sightings of flying disks and rocket-shaped craft have not been confined to the United States. Both types have been reported all over the globe—Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Turkey, Newfoundland, Paraguay, Rumania, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, New Guinea and many other places.

To avoid ridicule, most pilots and observers now make reports privately; these have been averaging twelve a month, and Project Saucer, in its own words, is making a "serious, scientific evaluation" of the entire picture.

Several of those interviewed by True believe that the project experts do not have the full answer, but are anxiously trying to fit the puzzle together. The project's suspicions, however, are clearly evident. Planes whose pilots report close encounters with "flying saucers" are checked with Geiger counters for radioactivity. Astronomers, rocket experts, guided-missile consultants, aero-medical men and other specialists work on a hush-hush basis. Teams of Air Intelligence officers and technicians fly to any scene of a reliably reported sighting.

One case that apparently baffled project men was the mystifying "dogfight" which occurred one night at Fargo, North Dakota.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, October 1, 1948. Lieutenant George F. Gorman, former wartime instructor and now a National Guard pilot, was returning to Fargo Airport after a routine F-51 patrol flight. He had been cleared by the tower to land when he saw below him what appeared to be a taillight of a fast-moving plane.

Gorman called the tower to recheck his clearance. He was told the only other plane near by was a Piper Cub. Gorman could see the Cub plainly outlined below him—there was a night football game going on and the field was brightly lighted.

But the Cub was nowhere near the strange light.

The light, blinking on and off, raced above the football field at a speed Gorman estimated at 250 m.p.h. Then he discovered a queer phenomenon. Instead of seeing the silhouette of a plane, he saw no shape at all around the light. By contrast, he could see the Cub's outline clearly.

Meantime, the airport traffic controller, L. D. Jensen, had also spotted the mystery light. Concerned with the possibility of a collision—he said later he had supposed it to be the taillight of a swift-flying plane—he trained his binoculars on it. The light was also seen by another Civil Aeronautics Authority employe in the tower with Jensen. Both men saw it pass swiftly over the airport and watched the strange maneuvers that followed.

Up in the F-51, Gorman tried to close in on the light. It was still blinking on and off.

"As I approached," he told Project Saucer men later, "it suddenly became steady and pulled into a sharp left turn. It was clear, white and completely round—about six to eight inches in diameter.

"I thought it was making a pass at the tower. I dived after it and brought my manifold pressure up to sixty inches, but I couldn't catch up with the thing."

Gorman reported his speed at full power as 350 to 400 m.p.h.

"When I attempted to turn with the light, I blacked out temporarily due to excessive speed. I am in fairly good physical condition, and I don't believe there are many if any pilots who could with-

stand the turn and speed effected by the light and remain conscious."

During these sharp maneuvers, the light climbed quickly, then made another left bank.

"I put my F-51 into a sharp turn and tried to cut it off in its turn," said Gorman. "By then we were at about seven thousand feet. Suddenly it made a sharp right turn and we headed straight at each other. Just when we were about to collide I guess I got scared.

"I went into a dive and the light passed over my canopy at about five hundred feet. Then it made a left circle about a thousand feet above and I gave chase again."

When collision seemed imminent a second time, the object shot straight up in the air. Gorman climbed after it at full throttle.

Just about this time, two other witnesses—a private pilot and his passenger—saw the fast-moving light. Both later agreed on its speed; the pilot supposed it to be a Canadian jet fighter from over the border. This was later proved unfounded. After landing at the airport, the pilot again watched the light and saw it change direction.

Despite the F-51's fast climb, the light outclimbed him. At 14,000 feet, Gorman's plane went into a power stall. The mysterious light then turned in a north-northwest direction and quickly disappeared. Throughout the "dogfight," Gorman noticed no deviation on his instruments, no sounds, odors, or exhaust trails.

An astronomical check ruled out stars, fireballs, and comets—which the testimony of the witness precluded in the first place. As the Air Force stated, the only other conventional answer was hallucination—or a light on a balloon. In view of all the testimony, hallucination also was ruled out. And even the investigators pointed out that a balloon could not achieve the high speed and swift maneuvers of the light.

So, once again, a serious, competent report remains unanswered. The mystery light is, officially, unidentified.

What was it?

Among those who believe the flying disks exist, there is one group which clings to the idea that they are a highly secret U. S. Air Force experiment. It has been suggested that this was a remote-control disk with a transparent rim, fitted with a television or radar "eye" to scan whatever area it passed over.

Gorman described an odd fuzziness around the edge of the light. This could have been a blur reflected from the transparent airfoil rim. The glowing light would serve to conceal any central mechanism—Gorman said the light appeared to have "depth." This would explain why Jensen's binoculars also failed to reveal anything behind the light.

Assuming the existence of the flying disk, the rest would be fairly simple. We have already used remote-controlled planes with radar and television units to "observe" distant areas and flash back information.

This same group mentioned has a similar answer for the other authentic sightings. In this case, Project Saucer's job would actually be to explain away or cover up accidental sightings in long-range tests. However, the Air Force has repeatedly denied any such operations, and TRUE believes the evidence makes it impossible.

The other group among the flying-disk believers accepts the transparent light-disk answer—but is convinced it was controlled from an interplanetary craft hovering at high altitude, not by an Air Force plane.

Either explanation is in line with Gorman's strong feeling that there was "thought" behind the light's maneuvers.

"I am also convinced," he said, "that it was governed by the laws of inertia. Its acceleration was rapid, but not immediate. And although it was able to turn fairly tight at considerable speed, it still followed a natural curve."

Here are a few more of the unsolved, authentic disk sightings:

Muroc Air Base, supersecret test center. High-speed disks seen by test pilots, air-base personnel.

Fort Richardson, Alaska. Disk seen flying at tremendous speed by Army officers.

Philippine Islands. Lieutenant Robert Meyers, 67th Fighter Wing, sighted high-speed mystery craft, able to make 90-degree instant turns.

Nine flying disks sighted by Captain E. J. Smith, his copilot, and stewardess, United Airlines.

Five disks, sighted by Fred M. Johnson, in Cascade Mountains. Watched through telescope; compass hand on his watch weaved wildly as disks banked overhead.

Approximately 300 reports have been made to Project Saucer. In an interview with Dr. J. A. Hynek, a project astronomer, a TRUE investigator learned that 17 per cent have been ascribed to stars, planets, meteorites, etc. Dr. Hynek believed that perhaps more could be thus explained. However, he refused even to hazard a guess as to what the remaining large number of sighted objects might be.

The Air Force says that some 30 per cent of the saucer sightings have been explained, and more probably will be. But most of the solved cases have been the obvious hoaxes, illusions and hysterical reports which follow any widely discussed news. A request for access to Project Saucer's 1947-48-49 sighting reports was denied, as expected. TRUE was informed that only certain approved officers and officials were allowed access to any project files.

During interviews with Pentagon officials, including Air Force Secretary Stuart Symington, a TRUE investigator confirmed reports of a confidential photograph file. The objects shown in the pictures were described as either too distant or blurred to be identified accurately. Some were said to be round, others were shadows on clouds.

If a flying disk were traveling at high speed, a blur could be expected. That all the pictures were not blank seems significant.

Later, another TRUE investigator put this question to several Air Force officials:

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"If all the flying saucers are bunk (as one top official declared) what is Project Saucer doing? Why wasn't this costly unit closed long ago?"

The replies varied. Some were not answers at all. But they all boiled down to this:

No one will take the responsibility for closing Project Saucer—in case it turned out he was wrong.

"I think they're in a spot," one service pilot summed it up. "They've obviously got a hot potato and don't dare drop it. But one thing puzzles me. If the saucers are interplanetary, why haven't they landed—or tried to make contact?"

TRUE put the question to a number of those who believe the disks come from space. Here is one suggestion from a former intelligence officer.

"The Air Force report says that if spacemen were visiting the Earth without establishing contact, it could be assumed they had just recently progressed to space travel. In other words, they'd be not far ahead of our space plans—say forty to fifty years. Why don't you just reverse it—list what we intend to do when we start exploring space? That'll give you the approximate picture of what visitors to the Earth would be doing."

Though our space explorations are only in the planning stage, the general program and some of the technical problems have already been indicated.

The Earth satellite vehicle will be the first attempt at a space base. It is expected to circle the Earth 500 miles out. Once in its orbit, with centrifugal force balancing the Earth's gravitational pull, no fuel will be required except to correct its course. The next probable step will be a similar space base farther out. The Moon rocket is expected to add to our information about space, so that finally we will emerge with a long-range space ship.

The Air Force estimate of fifty years may be too small. It may take that long to establish the Earth satellite and launch our first Moon rocket. Our V-2 rockets indicate some of the problems. On the take-off, their present swift acceleration would undoubtedly kill anyone inside. When re-entering the Earth's atmosphere, they get red-hot. Both the acceleration and deceleration must be controlled.

Escape from the Earth's gravity is possible with present rocket motors, according to Francis H. Clauser, an authority on space-travel plans. (See: Flight Beyond the Earth's Atmosphere, Society of Automotive Engineers Quarterly Transactions, Vol. 2, No. 4, October, 1948.) But the cost would be prohibitive, and practical operations must wait for higher-velocity rocket power, atomic or otherwise. Already, the V-2/Wac Corporal combination rocket has gone 250 miles out from the Earth—the V-2 dropping off when its power is exhausted, the Wac Corporal then proceeding on its own fuel.

But to escape Earth's pull, a space vehicle must reach a speed of about 25,000 miles per hour. The necessary speed would be less for escaping from smaller planets (about 5,000 m.p.h. for the Moon). Once in free space, there would be no gravitational pull. Other possible sources of trouble, however, must be analyzed first—among them, the effect of cosmic rays, solar radiation, and collisions with meteorites.

Shielding is expected to offset cosmic or solar ray problems. The danger from meteorites has already been discounted in one scientific study. (See: Probability That a Meteorite Will Hit or Penetrate a Body Situated in the Vicinity of the Earth, by G. Grimminger, Journal of Applied Physics, Vol. 19, No. 10, pp. 947-956, October, 1948.) In this study, it is stated as improbable that a meteorite would penetrate the thick shell our space vehicles are expected to have. However, this applies only to the Earth's atmosphere. Further study, probably with non-piloted vehicles in free space, might be necessary to complete this investigation.

The Earth satellite vehicle will have to prove itself as a practical base, a sort of aerial aircraft carrier from which rocket ships can operate on the Earth shuttle. Before we are ready for interplanetary travel, we will have to harness some tremendous power not now available—perhaps cosmic rays. There may have to be other space bases established as refueling stations or navigation check points. Incredible as this sounds, intelligent scientists and engineers expect to do it in a few decades.

Which planet will be explored first? The Air Force says that Wolf 359 is a near star which may be found to have a habitable planet outside our solar system. To illustrate the steps involved, let us assume that a planet of Wolf 359 will be the one we shall explore first.

It will be a formidable undertaking. Once in free space, where there is no resistance, fantastic speeds are expected. Eventually, some researchers believe, free-space travel may achieve an appreciable percentage of the theoretical limit—the speed of light, which is about 186,000 miles per second. But Wolf 359 is eight light-years from the Earth. Assuming the attainment of as much as half the limiting speed, our space explorers will have to dedicate at least thirty-two years to the hazardous, lonely round trip. However, there has never been a lack of volunteers for grand undertakings in the history of man.

No one expects the attempt to be made until we have a space vehicle able to make the round trip and report back. One-way trips would tell the Earth nothing.

The most likely step will be to establish a space base which will circle the chosen planet in an orbit, like the proposed Earth satellite. Once in the orbit, it could circle indefinitely.

From this space base, unmanned remote-control "observer" units with television "eyes" would be sent down to survey the planet at close range. If it then seemed fairly safe, a manned unit could be released to make a more thorough checkup.

Such preliminary caution would be imperative. Our explorers would have no idea of what awaits them. The planet might be uninhabited. It might be peopled by a fiercely barbarous race. Or it might have a civilization far in advance of the Earth.

The explorers would first try to get a general idea of the whole planet. Then they would attempt to examine the most densely populated areas, types of armament, any aircraft likely to attack them. Combing the radio spectrum, they would pick up and record sounds and signals in order to decipher the language. As on the Earth, they might hear a hodgepodge of tongues. The next step would be to select the most technically advanced nation, listen in and try to learn its language—or record it for deciphering afterward on Earth.

To find out whether the planet's atmosphere would support their lungs on later landings, our explorers would have to get samples fairly close to the planet's surface. This would tell them whether they would need oxygen-helmet suits, such as we plan for use on the Moon.

But before risking flight at such low altitudes, the explorers would first learn everything possible about the planet's aircraft—their top ceiling, maximum speed, maneuverability, and if possible their weapons. Much of this would be done by sending down small "observer" disks—or whatever type we develop. A manned space craft might make a survey at night, or in daytime with clouds near by to shield it. By hovering over the planet's aircraft bases, the explorers would get most of the picture—and also decide whether the bases were suitable for their own use later.

If the appearance of our "observer" units and space craft caused too violent reactions on the planet, the explorers would probably withdraw to their orbiting space vehicle and either wait for a lull or else start the long trip back to Earth. Another interplanetary craft from Earth might take its place later to resume periodic surveys. In this way, a vast amount of information could be collected without once making contact with the strange race. If they seemed belligerent or uncivilized, we would probably end our survey and check on the next possibly inhabited planet. If we found they were highly civilized, we would undoubtedly attempt later contact. But, considering the long space trips involved, it might be decades before we would be ready to try it.

This, in general, is how some long-range planners believe our space explorations will develop. Now, if this program is reversed, it gives a reasonable picture of how visitors from space would go about investigating the Earth.

Such an investigation would tie in with the pattern of authentic saucer reports. Flying-disk believers list these points:

1. First, world-wide sightings. Then concentration on the United States, the most advanced nation.

2. The numerous small disks seen in the first part of the scare, which some think were "observers," remotely controlled.

3. The frequent sightings at Air Force bases.

4. Later sightings of larger disks, and space-ship types, after the first disks

outspeeded and outmaneuvered our planes.

5. Low-altitude appearances, over Lockbourne Air Force Base in Ohio, in Mississippi, etc., which could provide atmosphere samples.

6. The increase of mystery-light sightings, and night encounters, and decrease of reliably witnessed day sightings (when the scare had become nation-wide, and day operations might seem less wise).

"If they are spacemen," one air-transport official suggested, "they'd probably have a hard time figuring out this country. Listening to our broadcasts would give them one hell of a picture—what with A-bombs, jet bombers, germ warfare, strikes, espionage, the cold war, politics, the radio plays, soap operas and the rest. Seriously, though, it might take men from another planet many years to orient their thinking and grasp our way of life. And though most people don't know it, there have been saucer reports as far back as the eighteenth century."

Checking this angle, TRUE found that such reports have been recorded for more than 175 years. In the 19th century, British, French and other astronomical journals printed reports of round and torpedo-shaped objects and fast-moving lights seen in the skies. Official gazettes and scientific magazines carried similar reports. For example:

On March 22, 1880, several brilliantly luminous objects were reported seen at Kattenau, Germany. Sighted just before sunrise, they were described as rising from the horizon and moving from east to west. (British Nature Magazine, Vol. 22, p. 64.)

On December 28, 1883, a huge luminous disk was reported sighted in the Persian Gulf. It was described by the captain and third mate of the British India steamship Patna as whirling under the water. Apparently it had just fallen there, out of control (British Magazine of Knowledge, 1883).

In the U. S. Weather Bureau's Monthly Weather Review, 1907, page 310: on July 2, 1907, a mysterious explosion occurred in the heavens near Burlington, Vermont. Something round and luminous fell from the sky, said by some witnesses to come from a strange, torpedo-shaped object.

Monthly Weather Review, Vol. 4, page 599: on April 8, 1913, a strange shadow was sighted on the clouds at Fort Worth, Texas. It appeared to come from an unseen body above. As the cloud moved, the shadow remained in the same position. (This is similar to a recent report from Newfoundland, where a photograph of a reported saucer showed an odd cloud effect.)

In the last hundred years, there have been many such reports from all parts of the world. There was then no newspaper furore, no radio to set off hysteria. Most witnesses never heard of the other cases. Numerous reports were made by serious, reputable citizens. Even discounting 95 per cent of them, there is a solid core hard to dismiss.

Advocates of the "long observation" theory believe that only a few round trips by space visitors have been made in the past, because of the travel time required. Yet such trips might not seem long to spacemen, they suggest, since it is conceivable that these beings might have much greater life spans than ours, in which case such exploring trips would seem no more to them than two years at the South Pole to Admiral Byrd.

The sudden spurt of sightings in 1947 might indicate that we have attracted attention with our V-2 rockets, A-bomb explosions, and other experiments, and that an orbiting satellite base has been established, or re-established after an absence.

In its eight months' investigation, TRUE has not ignored the skeptics nor the sincere disbelievers in even our own long-range missile and space-vehicle plans. This group believes that all the saucers were mistakes, illusions, hoaxes, hysteria and mass hallucination. In the Gorman case, the Eastern Airlines sighting, and other authentic cases, they insist all the witnesses were either deluded or lying. They dismiss the whole thing as bunk.

It is the opinion of TRUE that the flying saucers are real and that they come from no enemy on Earth. It is also TRUE's opinion that the Air Forces and Project Saucer are doing a serious, important job to safeguard American security. TRUE accepts the official denial of any secret device because the weight of the evidence, especially the world-wide sighting, does not support such a belief.

There has been no sign of belligerence in any of the saucer cases—except perhaps in the tragic case of Mantell. If he was downed by spacemen, they could logically have feared they were in danger. Even the stoutest believers in the disks do not think any mass invasion from space is possible at this time.

It would seem wiser, if space visitors are suspected, to tell Americans the truth. Having survived the impact of the Atomic Age, we should be able to take the Interplanetary Age, when it comes, without hysteria. The idea of space travel is not nearly so fantastic as our present swift planes would have seemed to George Washington and other early Americans.

Even if the present saucers should prove of earthly origin, we should be prepared for the eventual relinquishing of the idea that we, men and women of the Earth, are the only intelligent species in the universe.

The Project Saucer frequency graph shows that sightings began in January, 1947, reached a peak in July, began again in January, 1948, hit another peak in July.

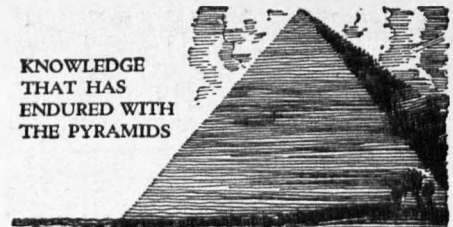
January, 1950, may repeat the cycle.

There is reason to think the Signal Corps' radar contact with the Moon proves their readiness to probe space and locate any approaching visitors. A surprise revelation might come in 1950. Again, we may not be contacted by spacemen for years—perhaps not until after our own explorations begin.

Meantime, no matter what you suspect is behind the secret curtain of Project Saucer, you can believe the laconic Air Force warning:

"The saucers are not a joke."

—Donald E. Keyhoe



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Flying Saucers



Mr Keyhoe has given this planet a *keyhole* view of the future. . . . I have been a newspaperman all my life, past 50 now, but the story is really the most interesting and thought-inspiring I have ever read. . . . Even in grade school when I first read about astronomy, and ever since, I have dreamed of living to see the implications of this article come to pass. . . .

—Robert M. Campbell, San Diego, Calif.

In your articles about the flying saucers [*Jan.* and *Mar.*] a very probable explanation has been left unmentioned: that the saucers were built here on earth by a small society of scientists, financed perhaps by some science-minded millionaire.

The notion that such research requires billions of dollars and the prestige of great nations fails to take into account the bungling, politics and graft, as well as espionage and counter-espionage activities, that consume almost the entire amount of any public grant for scientific research.

A small group of independents would not feel obligated to reveal their findings. . . . We have shown no indication that we can be trusted with knowledge, but seem to want to build a machine that will blow us all into oblivion. *—Nathan L. Smithson, Chicago*

Donald E. Keyhoe and Commander McLaughlin will, without a doubt, have great repercussions from their theories pertaining to the flying saucers. People of this so-called modern era are not prepared to accept such "fantastic and radical" ideas.

Spencer once said: "There is a principle which is a bar against all information, which is proof against all argument, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting ignorance. That principle is condemnation before investigation."

—Rudy A. Fahlbusch, North Chicago, Ill.

The best question I've heard on it yet: "If they are one thousand years ahead of us, what is *their* national debt? Bill Atkinson said it, not me.

—Bud Manning, Des Moines, Ia.

Confidential, Please!

This may or may not come as news to you now, but there are four pictures in existence of a Flying Saucer. They were made over a year ago. The Saucer was absolutely round, with an apparent airfoil cross-section. . . . If you want those photos, and if I stick my neck out to get copies of them, am I guaranteed your protection? . . . *—T. L. (no address)*

That you are, T. And anyone else having bonafide photos of a flying saucer.—Eds.

Flying Thoughts

Congratulations on the Dunninger article *(Feb.)* I have been telling my friends for years that not being able to explain his act doesn't prove that he is telepathic. Now, at least some of the skeptical ones can be convinced, but I am afraid that many people, having seen the act, will nevertheless be unconvinced, a tribute to their credulity. These are the horoscope buyers who believe in banshees, werewolves and "dark strangers."

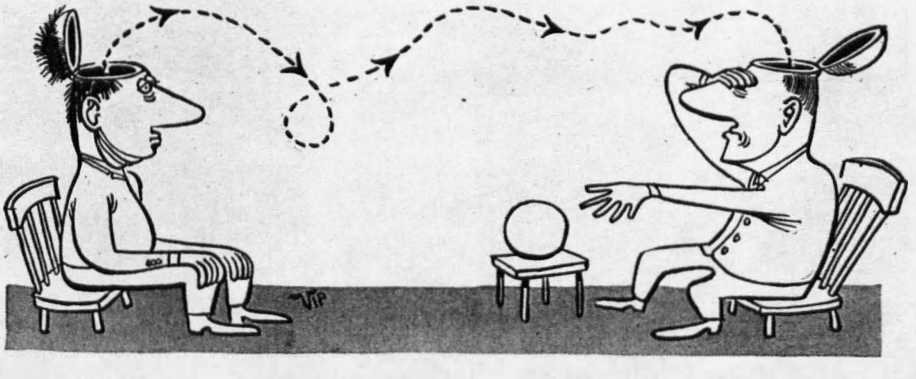
—Roy Morser, Williamsburg, Va.

I noticed the article about Dunninger. Well, I believe and know that mindreading isn't an impossibility at all. I was born with a veil. I do mindreading of my friends, but they never know it.

I find mindreading very easy among my acquaintances. I don't know whether I could read a stranger's mind or not. It's very interesting work, but I find out a lot I wish I never knew.

I have been told I could read cards, and mindreading goes along with card reading. I never learned to read cards, but I have had card readings a lot of times. They never miss to tell me about all there is to know. I am sorry for Mr. Dunninger if he is on the right track. *—A. J. T., Santa Fe, N. Mex.*

[*Continued on page* 6]



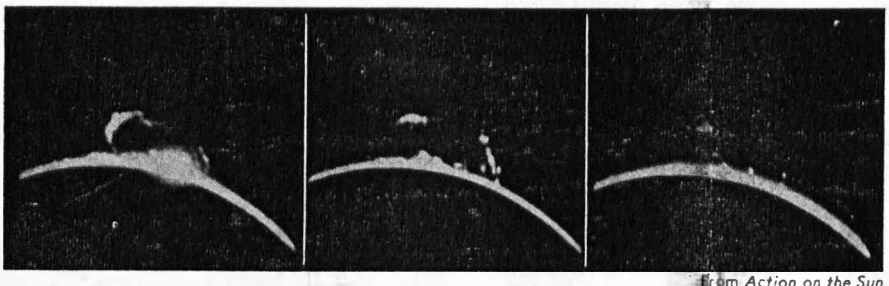
SCIENCE

15,000 Scientists

Time 1/9/50

New Yorkers got a good idea last week of what scientists look like. Fifteen thousand of them converged on Manhattan for the 116th convention of the "Triple-A S" (American Association for the Advancement of Science). They were predominantly male, on the average surprisingly young (thirtyish), and anything but grave. They streamed from meeting to meeting, interrupted the speakers, held sub-conclaves in corners. Even a casual glance at the Triple-A S gave proof that U.S. science is on its toes, confident and properly concerned with running down facts.

Only a few of the 2,100 papers presented were general enough to interest the general public. One of the most striking was a movie on the churning, boiling surface of the sun, shown by Harvard's Dr. Donald H. Menzel. Taken through a special telescope at Climax, Colo., the pictures showed enormous filaments of luminous gas spurting out into space (*see cut*).



From Action on the Sun

SOLAR PROMINENCES (FROM MENZEL'S MOVIE)
Off the churning surface, into space.

One subject looked tough, even to the A.A.A.S. In a secluded auditorium the mathematicians, happily browsing among stochastics and open Riemann surfaces, were cornered by reporters who wanted to know the exact meaning of Einstein's Super-relativity (TIME, Jan. 2). The mathematicians queried took to cover.

Visitors from Venus

The flying-saucer yarn was much too good to die young. Last week the U.S. was abuzz again with rumors about mysterious aircraft flitting around the sky. Latest rumor, presented as truth by the current issue of *True* magazine: "For the past 175 years the planet Earth has been under systematic close-range examination by living, intelligent observers from another planet." *True's* article set out to prove that the flying saucers carried interplanetary scouts who may have studied the earth's customs.

Hundreds of newspapers repeated this fascinating *True*ism; Frank Edwards, Walter Winchell, Lowell Thomas and other radio commentators trumpeted it over the air. Denials from Washington had little effect, though an Air Force spokesman stated: "Air Force studies of 'flying saucers' lend no support to the view that they may come from another planet."

The gaudy rumors were already well launched before *True* came into the picture. Four months ago, Los Angeles heard that rocket tests at White Sands Proving Grounds were being watched from above by interplanetary interlopers. Repeated from mouth to mouth with amplification and new twists, the story got fancier.

Unearthly Tongue. Some time ago, according to one version, a large space ship crashed in flames in New Mexico. Its 15 crew members were burned to a crisp, but luckily some of its instruments remained intact. One was a radio receiver, over which at short intervals came cryptic messages in an unearthly tongue.

While U.S. observers were studying the wreck, the story went, a second space craft crashed near by. Both of its two occupants were killed, but one of their bodies, thrown free, was found in good condition. The interplanetary visitor was about three feet tall and a bit primitive, even monkeylike, in appearance. His body was rushed to the Rosenwald Foundation in Chicago for expert examination.

Pressurized Prisoners. This fanciful tale was hardly in circulation when a bigger & better version caught up with it. The space ship's space men were not dead at all. Fifteen of them had been captured alive. They would not, or could not, talk (as earthbound creatures know talking), but one of them obligingly drew a map of the solar system and pointed to the second planet from the sun. Thereupon, at the suggestion of a smart Earthling, all the prisoners were hastily placed in a pressurized chamber filled with carbon dioxide to simulate the atmosphere of Venus.

The Air Force did not bother to deny this fantastic story. It repeated vehemently that no reported flying saucer had ever proved genuine. And it disbanded its Project Saucer, a group with headquarters at Wright Field, Ohio, that had been investigating all flying-saucer reports. Apparently its continued existence encouraged the growth of rumors by suggesting that there might be something back of them, after all. It was announced last week that Project Saucer's files including pictures (none of them genuine flying saucers) would be placed on public exhibition in the Pentagon. From now on, said the Air Force, its only similar activity would be the conventional military watch for unidentified flying objects which might enter the U.S. air from some other earthly country.

VOLUME XXVIII—No. 14 U.S. News & World Report WASHINGTON, D. C.

FLYING SAUCERS—THE REAL STORY: U.S. BUILT FIRST ONE IN 1942

Jet-Propelled Disks Can Outfly Other Planes

Observers of "flying saucers" aren't just seeing things. They're real—aircraft that conform to accepted laws.

Sky disks, manned by regular pilots, can hover aloft, spurt ahead at tremendous speed, outmaneuver conventional craft.

No official announcements are being made yet. But about the only big secret left is who makes them. Evidence points to Navy experiments.

The real story on "flying saucers" is finally coming to light. What the saucers are, how they operate, and how they have been tested in U.S., all can be told in detail at this time.

That story, without violating present security regulations, points to these basic conclusions by engineers competent to appraise reports of reliable observers:

Flying saucers, seen by hundreds of competent observers over most parts of U.S., are accepted as real. Evidence is that they are aircraft of a revolutionary type, a combination of helicopter and fast jet plane. They conform to well-known principles of aerodynamics. An early model of these saucers was built by U.S. engineers in 1942, achieved more than 100 successful test flights. That project then was taken over by the Navy in wartime. Much more advanced models now are being built. Just where present saucers are being built also is indicated by evidence now available.

In more detail, the story pieced together from nonsecret testimony of responsible U.S. scientists, private observers and military officials, is this:

Early models of the flying saucer, pictured on this page and the next, were built by U.S. Government engineers of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Similar flying-saucer projects were begun in Germany and Italy at the same time, in 1942.

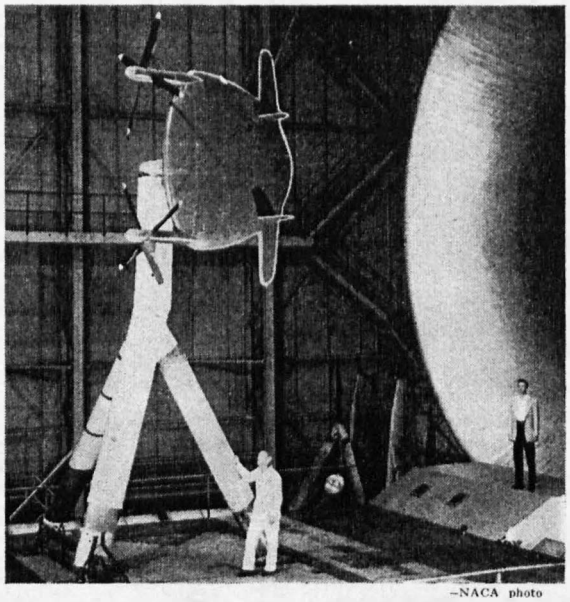
The first U.S. model, designed by Charles H. Zimmerman, of NACA, was elliptical in shape, powered by two piston engines and driven by twin propellers. It had a maximum speed between 400 and 500 miles an hour. More important, it could rise almost vertically and its minimum speed for landing was only about 35 miles an hour, a great advantage in military and naval aircraft. And it was far more maneuverable than conventional military planes.

Idea behind those original flying-saucer projects, both in U.S. and abroad in Germany and Italy, was to overcome basic drawbacks of conventional aircraft by new techniques. A plane that could rise almost straight would not need long airfields, could be used from any cleared area just behind front-line troops or from the deck of any Navy combat ship. If that plane, in addition, had great speed and more maneuverability, it could probably outfly any conventional aircraft. In United States, the first model seemed to fulfill these requirements, but the lessened stability of the wingless craft required more research.

Present flying saucers apparently have overcome this problem of stability by use of very advanced design. An analysis of reports submitted by competent observers show this:

What they look like, first, is described in well-documented accounts. Those accounts show saucers to be exactly 105 feet in diameter, circular in shape. They have what appear to be jet nozzles arranged all around the outer rim, just below the center of gravity. They are made of a metal alloy, with a dull whitish color. There are no rudders, ailerons, or other protruding surfaces. From the side, the saucers appear about 10 feet thick—there are no exact measurements from this angle in publicly available accounts. They are built in three layers, with the center layer slightly larger in diameter than the other two.

That is the picture agreed on by qualified observers of saucers in flight—commercial aircraft pilots, fighter pilots who have chased these aircraft, trained airplane spotters, high-ranking Army and Air Force officers. It is backed by exact measurement made by a group of scientists last April near White Sands Proving Ground base, with instruments set up to observe high-altitude balloons, who suddenly observed a saucer and tracked it for several minutes, thereby getting reliable data on its size, speed, altitude and maneuverability.



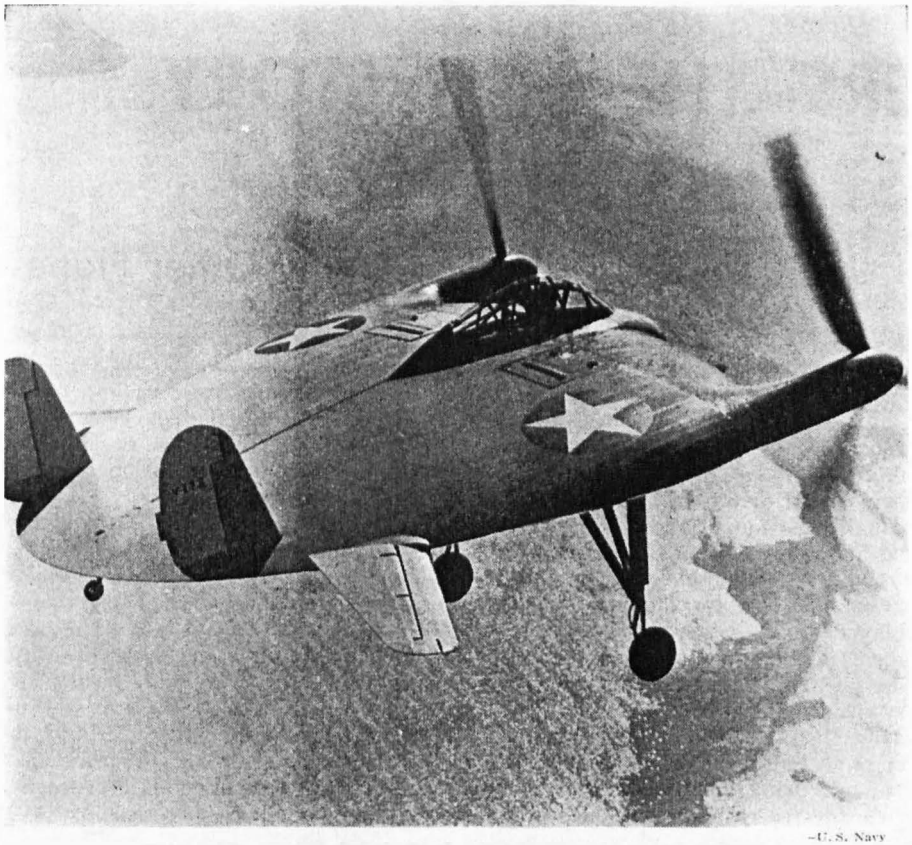
—NACA photo

U. S. 'SAUCER'—1942 MODEL
. . . a combination of helicopter and fast jet plane

How they operate now can be told in some detail, too. Based on this description, the probable technique used by current saucers is explained by a top-level Government aeronautical engineer in this manner:

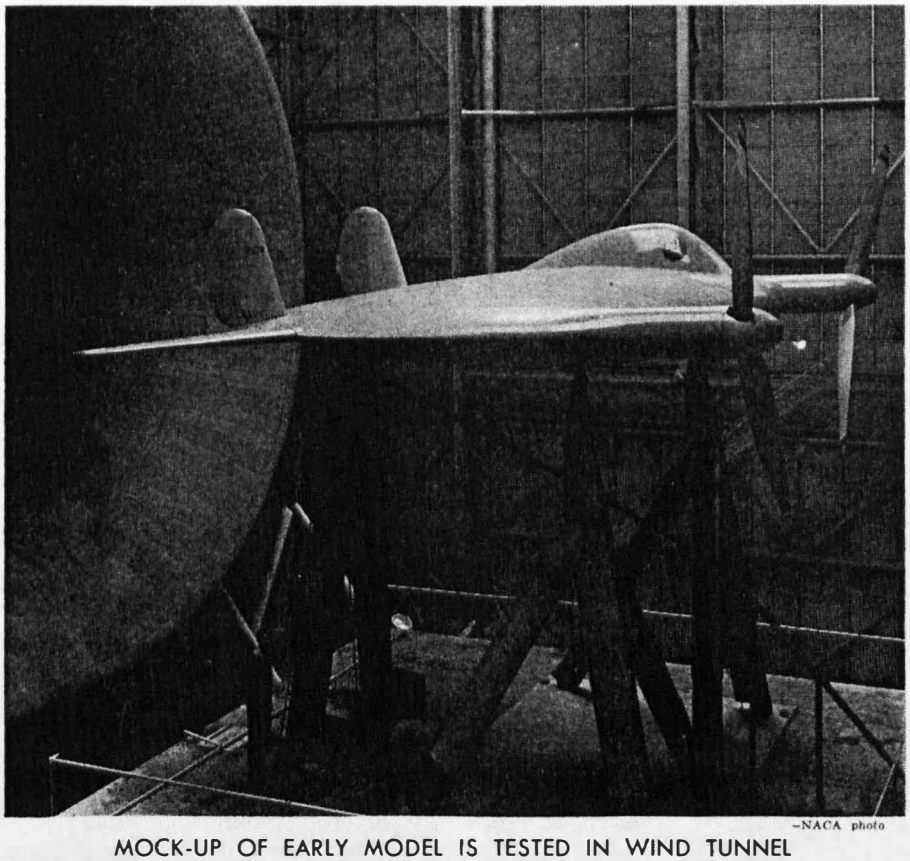
Power for these aircraft, at their present stage of development, obviously is supplied by jet engines. Each saucer appears to have a series of variable-direction jet nozzles around its rim, with a complicated central control system. Fuel used is unknown—the exhaust flame has been observed to be red-orange in some cases, blue in others, miss-

FACT: THESE DESIGNS, AND LATER ONES ARE REAL



—U. S. Navy

DISK-LIKE NAVY FLOUNDER PROJECT WAS 'DROPPED'



—NACA photo

MOCK-UP OF EARLY MODEL IS TESTED IN WIND TUNNEL

. . . latest models are circular, faster, more maneuverable

ing in still others. The saucers appear to have the power to "coast" long distances, thus saving on fuel consumption.

Direction of the aircraft and its velocity, in turn, evidently are controlled by the angle at which the jet nozzles are tilted, the number operating, the power applied. By choosing which nozzles to turn on or off and the angle of tilt, the pilot could make the saucer rise or descend vertically, hover, fly straight ahead, or make sharp turns. A right-angle turn, for example, could be made by turning off the rear jets, turning on the side and front nozzles. Great speed can be obtained by focusing to the rear all nozzles in the after half of the aircraft. With all nozzles pointed downward, the saucer could rise straight off the ground, and, with less power, could descend the same way.

That is the explanation, based on accepted principles of aerodynamics, given by an authoritative engineer as the likely answer to how these saucer aircraft operate. As evidence that this explanation is correct, there are these actual cases of publicly observed saucer behavior:

Rows of window-like openings around the rims of saucers traveling at more than 500 miles an hour are mentioned in several documented reports. In all cases, these "windows" glowed as if they were jet-nozzle openings. The most recent of these reports was made last month by two experienced pilots of the Chicago and Southern Air Lines, who passed within 1,000 feet of a saucer traveling over Arkansas. Another similar report was made by two Eastern Air Lines pilots who narrowly missed colliding with a saucer in July, 1948, while flying a DC-3 over Georgia.

Saucers' ability to hover in mid-air, accelerate at tremendous speed, and then rise almost vertically is described in several reports, one documented by Air Force officers at Fort Knox, Ky. That saucer, seen by dozens of officers at the post, was chased by three military pilots flying fast F-51s. The saucer quickly outmaneuvered the planes.

Speed of one saucer was measured by ground instruments in the White Sands case at well over the speed of sound, indicating the use of a number of jet engines. Cruising speed has been estimated in other cases at 200 to 600 miles an hour.

What it all adds up to is this: Flying saucers being observed in many parts of the U. S. are not mysterious visitors from Mars. They are actual planes, soundly engineered on principles developed by U. S. in wartime. By using this new design, they can do things that no conventional aircraft can be expected to approach.

Who's building the saucers now being observed in test flights over U. S.

is not yet publicly disclosed. It cannot be proved until a public announcement is made or until a saucer crashes away from its home base—which is highly unlikely because of its jet helicopter action that makes take-offs and landings almost completely safe. But there are these factors that point to an answer:

Official inquiry by the Air Force, in the face of overwhelming evidence that the saucers are real, was called off last December. This indicates clearly that top Air Force officials know where the saucers originate and are not concerned about them, as they would be if these aircraft were from Russia or Mars. These officials, at the same time, denied emphatically that a secret Air Force project is responsible.

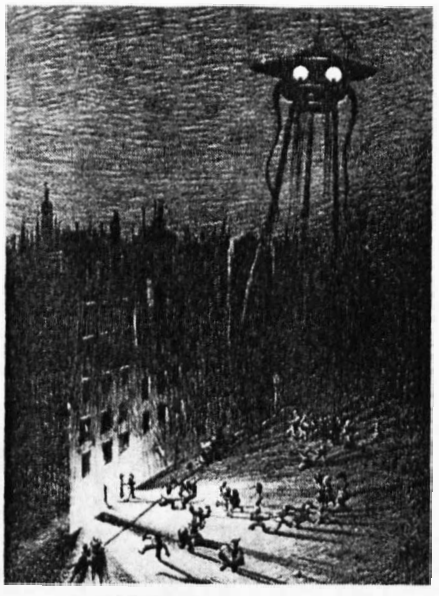
Best use of fully developed saucer aircraft, however, could be made in wartime not by the Air Force, but by the Navy. All fleet operations now require an air cover, even in antisubmarine warfare, and a plane that can rise like a helicopter could be used from any Navy combat ship, not only from big, expensive aircraft carriers. It was for that reason that the first U. S. flying saucer was purchased by the Navy after the original model was tested in 1942. That first full-size aircraft, built by Chance-Vought, was thoroughly tested by Navy engineers. Then a statement was released that this project had been dropped. Early experimenting with saucers, thus, centered in the Navy.

Big spending on missile aircraft centers in the Navy now, too. More than twice as many dollars were spent by the Navy last year as by the Air Force on secret guided-missile research. There is no public accounting for these millions, the only Government funds aside from atomic-energy dollars that still are being spent with great secrecy.

Surface indications, then, point to research centers of the U. S. Navy's vast guided-missile project as the scene of present flying-saucer development. That project has the scientists, the engineers, the dollars, the motive, and the background of early Navy development of saucer-type aircraft. This likelihood will remain, despite any future denials by the Navy front office, until secrecy is lifted on the big missile program.

But, regardless of just where these saucers are being built now, the evidence points to a U. S. development that will mean a radical change in aircraft design in coming decades. In war, this combination of helicopter and fast jet plane will easily outfly any present types of military aircraft. In peacetime, the safety of a nearly crash-proof aircraft may be expected to revolutionize civil air transport. It all points to a big advance in the science of flying.

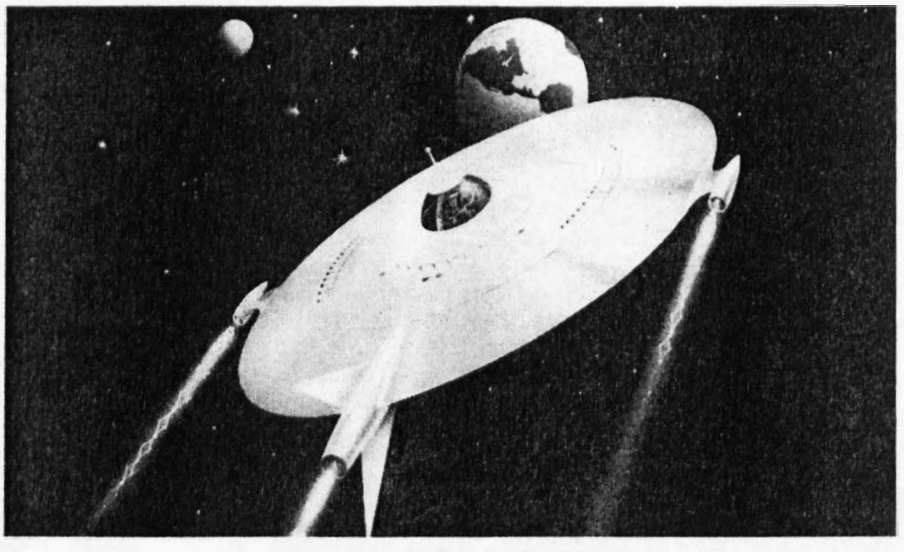
FANCY: SPACE SHIPS, MONSTERS, MARTIANS, MAYHEM



NOCTURNAL 'INVASION'



SURPRISE PACKAGE FROM MARS



A PLANE DESIGNER'S DAYDREAM



HOME-MADE SAUCER



?????

-photos fom Bettman, Acme, Wide World

The real thing is strictly a one-planet proposition



LOOKING SOMEWHAT LIKE A CHINESE COOLIE HAT, THE SAUCER HOVERS OVER TRENT'S FARM. HE ESTIMATED THAT IT WAS 20 TO 30 FEET IN DIAMETER

[Life magazine, June 26, 1950] Life June 26/50

FARMER TRENT'S FLYING SAUCER

Farmer Paul Trent of McMinnville, Ore. is a frugal man. Last winter he bought a roll of film for his camera and shot a snow scene. One month later he took a picture of a weeping willow in his front yard. Last May 11 he saw a flying saucer above his house and made two pictures of that. On Mother's Day he used up the last three negatives on his roll at a family picnic. Then he got the film printed up.

Somebody told Trent he ought to show the two flying saucer pictures to the editor of the weekly McMinnville *Telephone Register*. The editor thought the pictures were pretty good and printed them on page one together with everything Trent had to say about the saucer—that it shone like silver, made no noise nor smoke and after a minute or two whisked over the horizon to the northwest.

Herewith LIFE prints Farmer Trent's pictures. No more can be said for them than that the man who took them is an honest individual and that the negatives show no signs of having been tampered with, although there are people who would say that the object looks like the lid of a garbage can. If any other flying saucers turn up, Farmer Trent will photograph them if he can, and we may get a look at the pictures sometime around next Christmas.



FARMER PAUL TRENT

SECOND PICTURE SHOWS SAUCER MOVING AWAY. NONE OF TRENT'S NEIGHBORS SAW SAUCER, BUT HIS WIFE DID AND BACKS UP WHAT HER HUSBAND SAYS



THE FLYING SAUCERS— FACT OR FICTION?

By CURTIS FULLER
Editor of FLYING

When observers as experienced as airline pilots say they've seen strange objects in the sky, they deserve a respectful hearing.

THE night of March 31, 1950, was dark and clear. The Chicago and Southern Air Lines DC-3 had taken off a short while before from Memphis airport for a regularly scheduled flight to Little Rock, Ark. Off in the distance Capt. Jack Adams, 31, a veteran of 7,000 hours and seven years on the airline, could see the glow of lights that meant Little Rock, 40 miles away.

"There was only a small piece of moon showing," Adams said. "Our altitude was about 2,000 feet. Visibility and ceiling were unlimited. We could see 20 or 30 miles easily."

In the right hand seat was Co-Pilot G. W. Anderson, Jr., 30, a 6,000-hour veteran. Anderson and Adams knew the route perfectly, had flown it many times together.

At exactly 9:29 p.m. Adams' attention was caught by a lighted, fast-moving object. "My God, what's that?" he asked.

Anderson looked up. "Oh no, not one of those things!" he said.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind it was "one of those things."

The editors of FLYING have followed and investigated reports of "those things" for just short of three years—ever since Kenneth Arnold, a businessman-pilot and himself a contributor to FLYING, started the great modern flying saucer controversy on June 24, 1947.

Since then we have talked with men who believe they have seen flying saucers, with men who are equally sure they haven't, with Air Force investigators, with psychologists. For nearly three years no editor of FLYING has visited an Air Force base or talked with an Air Force officer without asking "What do you know about the flying saucers?"

The results, as you may suspect, have not been very fruitful. The answer has almost invariably been an unyielding:

"There isn't any such thing."

And yet in the minds of the editors there has always remained an unsatisfied, nagging doubt. If there isn't any such thing, what did Captain Jack Adams and First Officer G. W. Anderson, Jr., see?

Up to the time of issuing its first report about a year ago, the Air Force's Project Saucer had investigated 240 domestic and 30 foreign saucer incidents. FLYING has in its own records reports of more than 40 saucer sightings.

Most of the reports are from crackpots and come under what psychologists call "hallucinatory phenomena." But the crackpot reports do not detract from the validity of reports from qualified observers any more than the existence of medical quacks proves that trained doctors are also quacks.

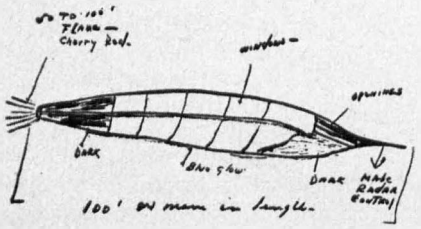
We have in our files enough material to write a book on flying saucers—a strange compilation, indeed, of "things that don't exist." Several (*Continued on page* 59)

AIRLINE PILOTS' OWN SKETCHES OF WHAT THEY SAW

CAPT. C. S. CHILES

The strange object seen by Eastern Airlines' Capt. Chiles is the only one reported by airline pilots that had the traditional rocket shape and appeared to have jet exhaust.



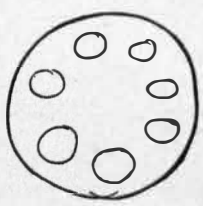


1948

CAPT. JACK ADAMS

C.&S.'s Pilot Adams would not swear that the ship he saw had circular shape indicated, but the circular arrangement of "portholes" seemed to indicate that it was a disc.



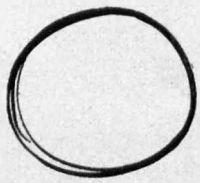


1950

CAPT. ROBERT ADICKES

Imagine a disc, 10 to 20 per cent as thick as it was round and the size and color of an orange at 20 feet—that describes the object observed by TWA's Adickes.





1950

Flying Saucers

(*Continued from page* 17)

of the accounts are more interesting and inexplicable than those described in this article, but we have confined this to only four reports.

All involve sightings by airliner crews —in each case by both pilots and co-pilots. We have confined the descriptions of saucer sightings to these four accounts because we know that airline pilots are trained observers. They are used to watching and interpreting sky phenomena and would be less likely to err in their reports than any other group we could think of.

No editor of FLYING has ever seen a flying saucer. But we adopt the position of Dr. Frank K. Edmondson, director of the Goethe Link Observatory of Indiana University at Bloomington.

"I have never seen a flying saucer," said Dr. Edmondson, "but after you discount all these explainable reports, there is a residue left that I cannot explain."

The sightings by airline pilots are part of that residue, and the strange craft that Captain Adams and First Officer Anderson saw near Little Rock last March was one of those unexplainable phenomena.

"It was about 1,000 feet above us and about a half mile away," Anderson told intelligence officers. "It zoomed at terrific speed (perhaps as much as 700-1,000 m.p.h.) in an arc ahead and above us, moving from south to north . . .

"This object remained in full view for about 30 seconds and we got a good look. It had no navigation lights, but as it passed ahead of us in an arc we could plainly see other lights—as though from eight or 10 lighted windows or ports—on the lower side.

"The lights had a fluorescent quality. They were soft and fuzzy, unlike any we'd seen before. The object was circular, apparently, and the lights remained distinct all the time it was in our view. There was no reflection, no exhaust, and no vapor trail. That's definite."

Captain Adams added that "there was a bright white light flashing intermittently from the top of the thing. The speed attracted our attention first, that and the blinking light. It was the strongest blue white light we've ever seen."

As the object passed, its underside apparently was then exposed to the pilots because the blue-white light was obscured. The object then continued in a straight line and disappeared.

"I've been a skeptic all my life, but what can you do when you see something like that?" Adams said. "We both saw it, and we were flabbergasted."

The night was so dark that neither Adams nor Anderson could detect any dark or solid outline to the object. They assume that it was circular only because the lighted "portholes" were arranged in a circle.

The two pilots told a Memphis Press-Scimitar staff writer:

"We tried not to be too fantastic in making our report. We sort of figured on the short side of everything. We never had been interested in these things before. In fact, frankly we did not believe in them.

"The thing was not a shooting star or a comet. We know a comet, and we see shooting stars between Memphis and Houston all the time."

★ ★ ★

It was 2:45 early one July morning in 1948. An Eastern Airlines DC-3 piloted by Capt. Clarence Shipe Chiles and co-piloted by John B. Whitted, was tooling along at 5,000 feet about 20 miles southwest of Montgomery, Ala., en route from Houston to New York.

The moon was bright and there were scattered light clouds. Thunderstorms had been reported en route and Chiles and Whitted were watching faint flashes of lightning way up ahead.

"We had our eyes focused on the point from which the thing came," Chiles told Louis Blackburn, of the Houston Press. "From the right and slightly above us came a bright glow and the long rocket-like ship took form in the distance.

" 'It's a jet job,' I said to Whitted.

"Then it grew larger and pulled up alongside. It appeared to be about 100 feet long with a huge fuselage three times as large as that of a B-29.

" 'It's too big for a jet, but what the devil is it?' said Whitted.

"There were two rows of windows and it appeared definitely to be a two-decker. The lights from the side were a ghastly white, like the glow of a gas light—the whitest we'd ever seen.

"There was a long shaft on the ship's nose that looked like it might have been part of radar controls. The ship acted that way too, for just after it pulled alongside us it whipped quickly upward at a very sharp angle."

Both craft veered to their respective left. The mystery ship passed about 700 feet to the right and above the airliner. "Then, as if the pilot had seen us and wanted to avoid us, it pulled up with a tremendous burst of flame from the rear and zoomed into the clouds, its prop wash or jet wash rocking our DC-3."

The wingless craft gave the impression of having a pilot's cabin at the front of a cigar-shaped fuselage. The cabin was brightly lighted but the fuselage itself approximated the brilliance of a magnesium flare.

"We saw no occupants," Chiles said. "From the side of the craft came an intense, fairly dark blue glow that ran the entire length of the fuselage, like a blue fluorescent factory light. The exhaust was a red-orange flame, with a lighter color predominant around the outer edges."

Both Chiles and Whitted agreed that the exhaust flame extended 30 to 50 feet behind the object and became deeper in intensity as the craft pulled up into a cloud. They estimated its speed as being about ⅓ faster than ordinary jets—that is, 700 to 900 m.p.h.

Immediately after the ship disappeared, Chiles turned the controls over to Whitted and rushed into the cabin to find out if any passengers had seen the object. He found all the passengers asleep except C. L. McKelvie of Columbus, O.

"I remembered saying to myself 'That's



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The Statesville Airport Commission is ready to receive applications from prospective operators to operate the Statesville Municipal Airport.

The airport has been completely rebuilt and will be officially opened in the near future. Its east-west runway is 300 feet wide and 3250 feet long. Its north-south runway is the same in width and 3750 feet long. All approach zones have been completely cleared of obstacles.

The field will be lighted. Included in the operator's lease agreement will be:

1 existing ten-plane hangar
1 existing two-plane shop hangar
1 existing office building

Prospective operators should address their inquiries to "The Statesville Airport Commission" in care of City Manager, City of Statesville, and they should include in their first letters a brief outline of their experience, their ability to furnish operating equipment such as tools, training planes, etc.

Field is closed at present time but will be opened upon completion of seeding runways, or about July 1, 1950.

Statesville Airport Commission
Fred Slane, Jr., Chairman

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the queerest lightning I've ever seen,' and I pressed closer to the window to see it," McKelvie said. "I was amazed at the brilliance of the flash of light."

McKelvie realized it was not lightning when the "light" flashed past in an unbroken line to disappear in a cloud. "It was much redder in color than lightning," McKelvie said. He did not, however, see any form of a ship.

The light from the object was so brilliant, indeed, that it caused "lightning blindness" to both pilots. They had to turn up their cockpit lights to read the instruments.

★ ★ ★

Nine circular disc-like objects were sighted by a United Air Lines plane west-bound from Boise, Ida., to Seattle, Wash., on July 4, 1947—just a few days after Kenneth Arnold reported the first chain of "discs" over the state of Washington.

There had been many other reports of "flying saucers" in the northwest but most persons were skeptical. "I'll believe 'em when I see 'em," said Capt. E. J. Smith of United Air Lines Flight 105. The plane took off at 9:04 p.m. and was only eight minutes out of Boise when Smith and his co-pilot, First Officer Ralph Stevens, saw five disc-like objects in "loose formation."

At first they mistook the objects for aircraft and blinked their lights as a warning. It was a dimly twilighted sky and they could see the objects silhouetted clearly. The two pilots called Marty Morrow, stewardess, to the cockpit to certify that they were actually seeing the discs and she too saw them.

Then they caught sight of four more of the objects, three clustered together and a fourth flying "by itself, way off in the distance."

"The discs were flat and roundish," Smith and Stevens said. "They definitely were not aircraft. But they were bigger than aircraft."

★ ★ ★

The most recent "flying saucer" sighting by an airliner was on the night of April 27, 1950, when occupants of a Trans-World Airline plane en route to Chicago saw a "round glowing mass" in the air as they flew over South Bend, Ind.

Capt. Robert Adickes, the pilot, and First Officer Robert Manning had the object in sight for six or seven minutes as it overtook their plane at about 2,000 feet and cruised along a parallel course. Adickes has been flying for 13 years and has been a TWA captain for six years.

He is a cautious man and is reluctant to say that he saw a "flying saucer." To him it was an "object" or a "guided missile."

"I had just had my dinner and was wide awake," says Adickes, "when this object flew alongside. It was definitely round, with no irregular features at all, and about 10 to 20 per cent as thick as it was round. It was very smooth and streamlined, and glowed evenly with a bright red color as if it were heated stainless steel. It was so bright it gave off a light. It left no vapor, no flame. It appeared to fly on edge, like a wheel going down a highway.

"I went back to show the passengers. Most of them saw it but they couldn't see it as clearly as we [pilot and co-pilot] did because cabin lights were on and their eyes weren't adjusted to darkness.

"I called South Bend air traffic control and asked if they had any record of unusual craft in the vicinity. They didn't."

Adickes banked north in an effort to get a closer look. "It appeared to be controlled by repulse radar," he said. "As I'd turn toward it, it would veer away, keeping the same distance.

"When I turned directly toward it, it took off at a speed judged to be about 400 m.p.h., twice my speed. It went down to 1,500 feet and streaked out of sight northward over South Bend."

Adickes had talked with other pilots who claimed to have seen strange sky phenomena before he saw the object over South Bend. He is careful to say that he did not see anything that could not be explained by physics, radar, or known aerodynamic principles. He examined it as well as he could and even opened the cockpit window on the right side so that he wasn't looking through glass. Because there was nothing to compare it with he hesitates to estimate its size or distance, but compares it in size and color with an orange about 20 feet away.

"It looked something like a spinning exhaust, all aflame," said Passenger Jacob Goelzer. Another passenger, C. W. Anderson, an International Harvester plant superintendent from Springfield, O., said "It looked like a big red light bulb, fading off fast. It was moving very fast. I didn't notice any details of the red ball."

★ ★ ★

There is a surprising correlation in all these four sightings. There is the feeling by several pilots that the objects are under a kind of repulse radar control. In the two seen closest there appear to be lighted openings or "portholes."

All the objects have been seen at night, except the United Air Lines group which was seen at twilight and showed no lights. Otherwise, all objects are associated with lights, two of them with exceptionally bright white or blue-white lights, and also with softer fluorescing lights.

Three of the objects were round and disc-shaped. The fourth, that of the Eastern Airlines pilots was cigar-shaped—yet it is obvious that a disc seen on edge throughout its flight would also look cigar-shaped. None of the three disc-shaped objects showed any evidence of reaction propulsion. That of the cigar-shaped object did.

The attitude of scientists everywhere is in almost universal agreement—there are no such things as flying saucers. It is a striking fact that astronomers and physicists universally discount their existence on the grounds that they are hallucinations, but that psychologists are inclined to credit them on the grounds that they cannot be hallucinations.

Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of Harvard Observatory, says: "No evidence that flying saucers are other than natural neurotic phenomena has been received at the Harvard Observatory."

Dr. I. S. Bowen, director of Mt. Palomar

and Mt. Wilson observatories says: "We have not observed objects in the air that could not be explained as natural phenomena." And Dr. Robert H. Baker, professor of astronomy at the University of Illinois in Urbana declares: "I would say it's hysteria. I never saw a saucer, and know of no astronomer who has."

Among physicists, Dr. Arthur Jaffee an atomic scientist of the University of Chicago, suggested: "Maybe the people who see things have motes in their eyes." Dr. James Arnold, former Manhattan Project worker and a chemistry professor at the University of Chicago: "There's no evidence. People can see a lot of things—some real and some caused by the power of suggestion."

And here's what Dr. Erwin Angres, a psychiatrist replied: "Pilots, who are trained observers, are not going to be fooled very often. There may be something to the stories."

There is a striking similarity between the attitude of scientists and newspapers toward flying saucers, and toward man's first attempts to fly.

People simply would not believe that the Wright Brothers had flown. The most important reason they would not believe it was that they had been told by scientists for years that heavier-than-air flight was impossible. Dr. Simon Newcomb, the distinguished astronomer and the first American since Benjamin Franklin to be made an associate of the Institute of France, declared just a few years before the Wrights flew that flight without gas bags would require the discovery of some new metal or a new unsuspected force in nature. Rear Adm. George W. Melville, then chief engineer for the U. S. Navy, proved convincingly in the *North American Review* that the attempts to fly heavier-than-air craft were absurd.

During 1904 and 1905, the Wright Brothers conducted numerous experimental flights at Simms Station, eight miles from Dayton. They flew from Huffman Field, alongside the interurban line, and people who watched the flights from the interurban cars used to flock into the *Dayton Daily News* office and demand to know why there was nothing in the newspaper about them.

Dan Kumler, city editor, explained in 1940 why they didn't publish the stories. "We just didn't believe it. Of course you remember that the Wrights at that time were terribly secretive."

He was asked: "You mean that they were secretive about the fact that they were flying over an open field along the interurban line?"

Kumler hesitated and replied, "I guess the truth is that we were just plain dumb."

All the evidence suggests that orthodox scientists don't believe there can be such things as flying saucers because they don't behave in accordance with the conventional physics they know—just as the Wright Brothers plane did not accord with the physics of Simon Newcomb and therefore couldn't exist either.

FLYING does not have any secret sources in the Government who are able to give us confidential reports on how the saucers are powered, and who is behind them, such as one national magazine has published.

We are convinced that they have nothing to do with the Chance Vought V-173 configuration pictured on the cover of FLYING, nor with the Chance Vought XF5U (*Flying Pancake*) as stated by another national magazine. Only one of each of these airplanes was ever built, and the XF5U never even flew. The V-173 did fly but had no performance comparable with that attributed to the mysterious objects described here.

We do not believe that the saucers are a Soviet development. If the Russians did have anything so revolutionary they would hardly risk their secret by conducting training flights over the United States.

Are they then a United States development?

Airline pilots and businessmen pilots who do a lot of flying, and who talk with pilots who have seen strange objects in the sky, generally believe that they are. But if so, note these contradictions:

1. If they are indeed a secret U. S. development, that secret has been better kept in peacetime than the atomic bomb was in wartime.

2. They seem to involve a revolutionary type of fuselage, of flight theory, and also perhaps even a revolutionary type of propulsion. This seems to be the reason the physicists questioned do not believe they exist. The editors of FLYING keep well abreast of late aviation developments and know of no airframes or power plants, atomic plants included, that perform as these objects are reported to perform.

3. Like the Russians, it hardly seems likely that U. S. researchers would be experimenting with the saucers at random spots all around the country where there would always be the danger of their secrets becoming known.

4. The Government itself does not just evade answers on flying saucers. In every case it denies they exist. While certain denials are to be expected, it seems to the FLYING staff that the type of denials are fairly conclusive.

Before Project Saucer was "officially" terminated it reported that "no definite conclusive evidence is yet available that would prove or disprove the possibility that a portion of the unidentified objects are real aircraft of unknown or unconventional configuration."

This, it seems to us, is an evasion. Even taking the four reports cited here, it is obvious that skilled pilots, trained observers of sky phenomena, saw *something*. If they saw it, it must exist. They are not all victims of hallucinations despite the ready explanations of the physicists.

But what the strange phenomena are, the editors of FLYING do not pretend to know.

We can only say what they are not. They are not anything the glib radio commentators and the sensational magazines say they are. They are a mystery and a contradiction, and we know little more about what they are than when we started our investigation. But it's been interesting, hasn't it? END



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Born to Die

(*Continued from page* 21)

reputation of being above average in aptitude and skill and had no record of previous reckless or illegal flying. No one thought he would pull a buzz job, but he did. And apparently no test would have revealed that fact.

Psychologists know that when a man has one accident he is more likely than average to have a second one, and after a second he is more likely to have a third. But that seems to be about as far as they can go at present. Most psychologists at last seem to have decided that nearly all accidents are, indeed, *accidents.*

The reason the buzz-boys have accidents is that they are buzz-boys. They take chances at low altitude. If anything goes wrong they are dead pigeons because they have no chance to recover. The slightest miscalculation means death.

One afternoon in January, 1949, Ledel Clayton, a farmer of Shaw, Miss., was cutting wood back of his house when he noticed an Aeronca flying down the railroad tracks just a little above the wires. "When he got to the general store across the tracks from my house he made a dive at it," Clayton later told the accident investigator.

"He turned away from the store in an easterly direction, then turned and came west alongside the store and flew under the electric wires and pulled up to go over the telegraph wires in a steep climb. The engine was popping some. He climbed to about 50 feet and then nosed down. He was in a vertical dive when he hit."

James Clyde Martin, a student pilot, and Clyde Sims, both of Boyle, Miss., were killed in this unnecessary crash.

Out at Pierpont, S. D., John Jay Otis, 30, a commercial pilot, should have known better when he buzzed in a Fairchild PT-26 with Alfred Tastad. They took off south from the strip at Pierpont which runs north and south, circled the airport, buzzed the strip north to south, pulled up after crossing the south end of the strip, and levelled off. Then, at an altitude of only 200 feet, they completed a snap roll to the right.

It appeared to witnesses that the plane was partially stalled at the completion of the snap roll. Apparently it started to nose over progressively until it reached an angle of 45° downward. It continued straight on into the ground.

Buzzing is the most lethal kind of airplane accident because there is no chance of recovery. The figures are terrifying.

Forty-four per cent of buzzing accidents are fatal—compared with only 7½ per cent of other accidents. Buzzing accidents are six times as death-dealing as the average accident.

More than half of the fatal buzzing accidents killed innocent victims—bystanders as well as friends and relatives of the show-off.

Of 9,253 accidents reported to the CAB in 1947, 518 were caused by buzzing. Nearly half of the 518 crashes killed one or more persons, while many other persons were seriously injured.

Practically every airplane involved in a buzzing accident was washed out. Of the 518 buzzing accidents in 1947, 435 planes were destroyed and all the rest were "substantially damaged."

Here's what happened in the 267 fatal buzzing accidents in 1948.

Kind of Recklessness	Number Accidents	Number Fatalities
Stalled	152	249
Collision with objects	39	60
Collision with ground	38	56
Collision with other aircraft	4	11
Exceeded stress limits —pulled off wings	1	1
Intoxicated pilot	33	53
Total	267	430

Of course, buzzing may not kill you if your license is suspended or revoked before the law of averages catches up with you. In 1947, the Civil Aeronautics Board suspended the pilot licenses of 347 buzzers. The CAB itself cannot send you to jail for such violations, but more and more states are beginning to prosecute buzzers. Jail terms are becoming increasingly common.

One student flew low over a park where many children were playing. He executed dives, banks, steep climbs, pull-outs and steep climbing turns at altitudes of 10 to 200 feet from the ground. He flew so close that one child hit his plane with a hunk of clay. After about 30 minutes of this insane behavior, two other planes appeared and persuaded the pilot to land. His student certificate was revoked and he was forbidden to fly for two years. It seems like a light penalty.

"I was running my boat at low speed alongside a cabin cruiser," testified Allen Walda, Fort Wayne, Ind. "This plane 'buzzed' over us. Being so low he couldn't clear the trees ahead of him. The pilot rolled the plane over and suddenly it dropped, bursting into flames as it hit the water. . . ."

Paul D. Eyster, Angola, Ind., gives more details of the accident. He is a commercial pilot and could interpret what he saw. The *Ercoupe* first entered shallow dives which took it within about 25 feet of the lake's surface. There was a series of long gentle dives and zooms, climbing to an altitude of 250 feet. "Then the pilot engaged in a series of violent dives and zooms, the maneuvers being centered along the north shore of the second basin of Lake James," Eyster said.

"These increased in violence until the airplane became completely stalled in a nose-up position at approximately 250 feet altitude. The pilot did a left wing-over and in diving to regain speed did a 270° turn to the left before striking the water at approximately a 70° angle."

In the crashed plane were Walter J. Bockman of Decatur, Ind., and his passenger, James Lawrence Valerius, Grafton, O. Walda raced to the scene in his boat, and with the help of two men who had run down the beach lifted the men into the boat and rushed them across the lake to a dock. An ambulance took them to Angola. Both died.

How can we get rid of the buzz boys before they get rid of themselves?

To some it may be a superfluous question. Their attitude is that it might be a good idea just to let them continue to exterminate themselves. Eventually, it can be argued, the inexorable process of evolution would eliminate them because so few live long enough to reproduce themselves. But that would take a long time. For instance, compare them with chickens on the highway. Comparatively few chickens get killed by automobiles on the highways any more even though automobiles travel much faster than formerly. It took 25 generations or so, but eventually the accident-prone chickens were pretty well killed off by cars.

The trouble with this view is that 25 generations of human beings is a long time, and in addition, a few humanitarians argue that the buzz-boys should be saved from themselves. However that may be, it is certain they should be saved for the good of aviation.

Buzzing gives aviation the bad reputation of being full of hot rocks. Every flat-hat job adds a few enemies to the close-in airport, and tends to drive airports farther and farther away from the city. Buzzing makes every man's flying more expensive by reducing volume, raising transportation costs, and increasing insurance expenses.

Every pilot ought to declare a personal war against these foolish, senseless, bloody accidents.

What can you do to support an anti-buzz campaign? Support enforcement at every opportunity. Report every buzzing airplane on sight. Be willing to testify against buzzers in court. Everyone will be better off if they are driven out of aviation. That goes for them, their relatives, for you, for your operator—and for FLYING magazine too. END

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Exclusive!

Point Aug 25 1960

MAN FROM ETHERIA

Few San Diegans know that a small office on Adams Avenue harbors almost as much data on flying discs as the Air Forces.

There, behind a desk piled high with reports, sits a weary, heavy-jowled man who has long waged a battle with Washington to release "the truth" about mysterious sky objects. This week he produced what the Air Forces have not yet come up with: photographic evidence.

Released to the general public exclusively in POINT, one of the pix would have the Air Forces up in the air or down in the mouth: a 27-inch "aluminum" man, purportedly captured after crashing near Mexico City last spring.

Although not himself the man behind the camera, Meade Layne offers the photographs as unchallengeable proof that men of disc-tinction are real.

Layne is director of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, and his office serves as a clearing house for disc data.

According to Layne, the pictures were suppressed in this country. Smuggled to Germany, they appeared in a Cologne newspaper. An associate in that city dispatched reproductions to Layne.

Layne's report tells him a disc appeared over Monument Valley, Arizona, at 9:45 p.m. last March 21, and was photographed by Flak Sgt. D. Ussel, of the 13th Airborne Division. Seconds later, flak rockets hit the object and it disintegrated in a shower of fireworks.

Don't turn the page without reading the words below. There's a shocker waiting for you . . .

"About 20 silvery capsules fell to the ground," Ussel declared.

Enter the Aluminum Man.

He was sealed in one of the silver capsules that fell when a similar disc cracked up in Mexico, reported Layne's source, identified as "eye-witness G-Man McKenerich, of Phoenix."

Said McKenerich: "I was astounded by the importance of this great moment. For the first time I was seeing a being from another world. His body was covered with a shiny metal foil—presumably protection from cosmic rays."

The 27-inch man, however, was no pushover. It took five men to overpower him, according to Layne's data. Then, exhausted, the invader passed out, was put in chains and given a stimulant. (The captors, some think, had taken a stimulant too.)

The critter put up a second fruitless fight after coming to, then died suddenly—two hours from the moment of his landing.

Where did he come from? Layne has an answer:

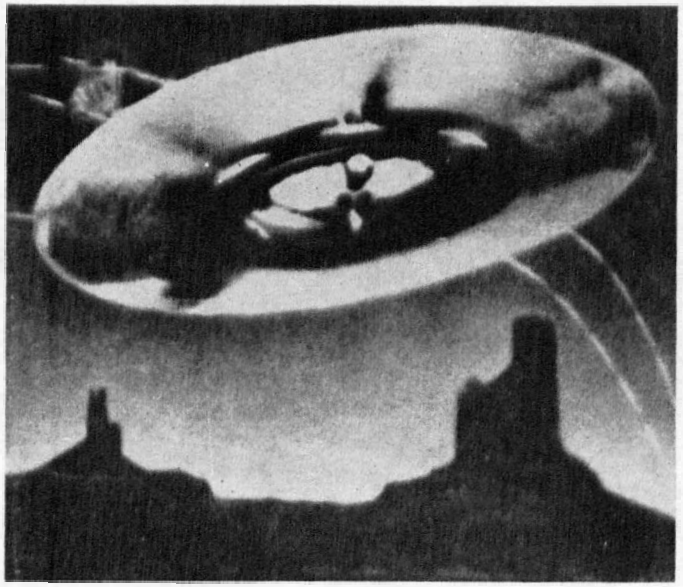
He was a man from Etheria.

Explains Layne, who has spent a lifetime probing the twilight zone between science and fiction: "We are inhabitants of a globe within the giant world of Etheria. San Diego happens to be situated smack in the center of a great Etherian lake in the heart of a great Etherian city. Why, waves are breaking over our heads at this moment."

If you wonder why we can't see or touch this world, Layne has the answer. He reasons Etheria is entirely beyond the spectra of sound, of sight, of touch.

Peering at you with gentle eyes, Layne rounds out this theory: "The Etherians keep archives on dying civilizations, such as ours. They send out so-called flying saucers to reconnoiter and

This Is the 'Evidence'



Over Arizona, seconds before the crash

collect information. Why, they are so far in advance of us technologically, they merely "think" a disc into existence—and there it is."

Although Rand-McNally has not yet shown interest in mapping Etheria, Layne is prepared for skeptics.

"Remember," he says pointedly. "They called Galileo crazy in his time."



Plainclothesmen escort 27-inch "disc jockey" from the scene of his wrecked space ship. ⟶

PHOTOS COURTESY THE SPHYNX AND BORDERLAND SCIENCES RESEARCH ASSOCIATES

SEPT. 8, 1950

POINT

10c

San Diego NEWSWEEKLY



2nd Exclusive!

Point Sept 8 1950

MORE ON ETHERIA

Puffing a panatella in his bare Adams Avenue office, thin & scholarly Meade Layne found himself the center of controversy this week.

Question: Was the first known photograph of a flying disc-man, which he released to POINT (Aug. 25), an honest lens job, or was it a retoucher's hoax?

Layne, who is director of the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, faced the challenge by letter and even long-distance phone call. News of the 27-inch "aluminum man" (reprinted on the opposite page to meet the demand that sold out POINT's earlier issue 36 hours after publication) spread across the nation when Frank Edwards, Mutual's Washington newscaster, described him to millions of listeners.

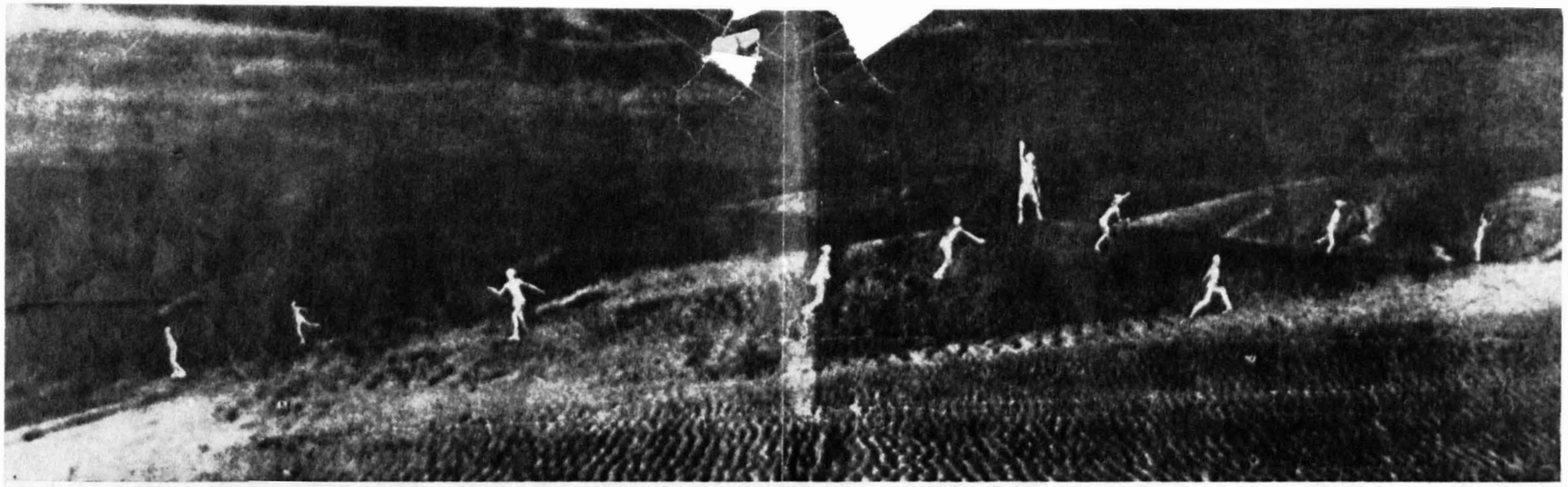


'I'm convinced . . .'

The result: requests from all over the US poured into POINT's offices, and Layne was being pressured for more information on the land of flying saucers—Etheria.

Layne, this week, came up with something better: more pictures.

Cautions Layne, whose office has received in excess of 2000 reports of mysterious sky objects from the far-flung membership of his organization: "There seems reason for accepting these pictures as genuine. I am personally convinced that disc-shaped craft, with their operators, have made a number of landings, and that these photographs are not to be too hastily dis-



This was the sight described (and purportedly recorded) by geologist David Shantz in Death Valley

credited."

Layne's information on the photograph reproduced above was sketchy. To supplement it, POINT put in a phone call to the photographer, David K. Shantz, an amateur geologist of San Francisco. This is his story:

"I was camping near the sand dunes of Death Valley, last April 17, when a blistering hot wind came up suddenly. I awoke and looked at my watch. It was three minutes after 10. Then I saw a bluish light streak across the sky, slow down and poise overhead.

"I recognized it immediately as a flying saucer, which landed silently at the edge of the sand dunes. I grabbed my camera and ran. Reaching the crest of a dune a few minutes later, I came upon several tiny men frolicking about — less than 30 feet away. They appeared luminous and ghostlike. As I focused my camera, one of the creatures spotted me and held up his hand as though warning me to stop. I triggered the shutter anyway, and caught him in that pose. When the flash bulb went off, all appeared stunned for a moment. Then the leader shouted orders in a language I couldn't understand (it was very gutteral, though high-pitched), and the whole crew raced back to their ship. I didn't see or hear it take off, but when I went over, it was gone.

"Later, I got a flashlight and examined the area. There were no footprints to be seen. I thought it was all my imagination until I developed the film. I sent the negative to Washington and haven't heard a word about it since. Fortunately, I kept a print."

Layne's position on all reports that reach him is (1) don't judge **a priori** until all the evidence is in, and (2) because a report is in his files is no guarantee of authenticity.

"Flying sky craft are nothing new," he explains. "There are ample references in the Bible, such as the flaming wheel of Ezekial. Space ships have been spotted in every possible shape. Why, I recently had a report of a squadron of 'flying bananas' over Fort Worth. They were photographed, too."

Another unusual reference in Layne's archives is that of a flying pig spotted in Virginia more than 50 years ago.

There is a major error, Layne

maintains, in the eye-witness accounts of space ships that suddenly dart away at so terrific a speed that they vanish within seconds.

"They are not withdrawing at all, but dematerializing. As the space ship shrinks to nothingness, it gives the illusion of speeding away."

The important thing, declares Layne, is to understand that flying discs do not come from Russia "or any other country." The logical answer, he warns, sounds most illogical of all—to the layman. Flying discs & 27-inch men come from Etheria.

Quite hardened to the sneers of cynics and indifference of the press to his Etherian explanation, Layne never allows himself to grow discouraged in his mission of public enlightenment.

Etheria, as Layne describes it, is invisible and untouchable. It exists beyond the ranges of human sight, hearing and feel.

"The earth has its own Etheria," he continues, "which surrounds and penetrates it like a wind. Each heavenly body has its own private Etheria. According to our information, Earth Etherians are great godlike creatures 8 to 10 feet tall. Their life span is between 200 and 300 years, and they reproduce themselves much as human beings."

Etherians manufacture a flying machine, he adds, by "thinking it into being." The result is an apparatus harder than steel.

"Etherians are constantly experimenting with new shapes and sizes and types of power," he explains with an offhand gesture. "That's why there are so many conflicting eye-witness reports."

At the same time, Etherians like to "think" themselves down to about 27-inches in physical size for disc flight. "The small size facilitates maneuverability of the craft."

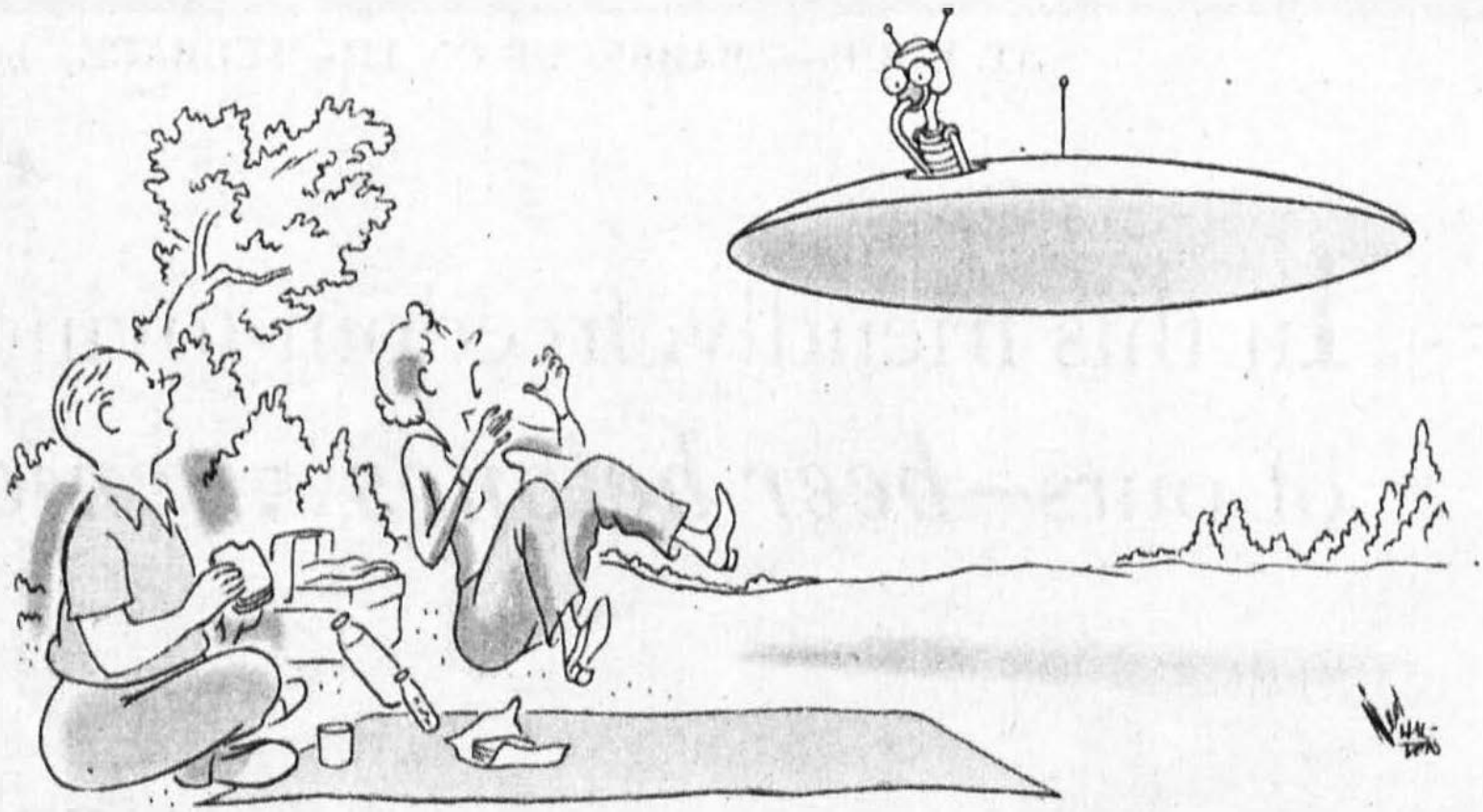
So powerful and advanced are Etherian thought processes, he adds, they can enlarge their bodies by pure thought to the size of a mountain.

"You think this sounds crazy," Layne says, probing you with faded blue eyes. "But listen, this is a deadly serious business. Etherians are friendly, but at the same time very dangerous. They are greatly concerned over the threat of another war, with its

[Missing page]



Here, by demand of POINT's harassed newsstand dealers, is a reprint of the now famous photo purporting to show a 27-inch man who survived the crash of a flying disc near Mexico City. The "interplanetary" visitor, said to have died within a few hours, posthumously boosted POINT's circulation to an eight-weeks' peak for the Aug. 25 issue.



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"According to the authorities, it's just one of our own balloons"

NED HILTON

Collier's for May 5, 1951



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ON THE COVER



Jean Moorhead, 17, is the second sunkist Californian (Lynn Roebuck was the first) to make SEE's cover this year. Under contract to 20th Century Fox, she attends school on the lot, lives in Santa Monica.

Standing 5'4½ , Jean measures an ideal 34-24-34, but continues to improve on perfection by swimming and dancing. She is also studying voice, often appears on television.

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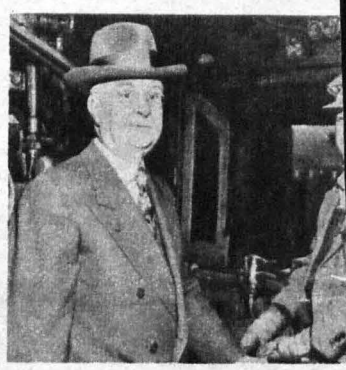
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IS ANOTHER



The latest on the Flying Saucers— Greatest Mystery of Our Times

by Gerald Heard

THE Flying Saucer Mystery, in my opinion, is the biggest mystery modern man ever has had to face. Here, briefly, is how it began:

On June 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold, a Boise, Idaho, business man, flying his own plane near Mount Rainier, Washington, sighted a fleet of nine gleaming disks skidding above and along the snowy mountain chain. He judged they were going 1700 mph.

Since then, there have been similar sightings from Southern California to Newfoundland—in fact, all around the world. Commander Augusto Orrego sighted a group of such saucers spinning high in the air above the Chilean Navy base in Antarctica. They have been seen over the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines; over the Arabian Red Sea; over the Mediterranean; over France and Britain. New sightings are taking place week by week.

And what do the sighters say they see? A disk, a thing like a huge quoit — sometimes one, sometimes several. The disk travels faster than any jet—the best observers report the highest rate of speed—yet it can hang as still as a star. Then, without warning, they testify, off it shoots, so fast that the eye can hardly track it.

It can make a right angle turn at this headlong speed and can stop dead. It makes no sound. Often it travels on edge, as though it were a car wheel rolling along the sky. Most eerie of all, the whole disk glows with its own uncanny light. So at night it can be seen by its own phosphorescence. Seen in daylight, observers report, the rim of the disk "shimmers."

Some trained observers also report another kind of mystery air ship—a long black tube with rows of strange lights.

What is the explanation of these sky-craft? "War-fear-hysteria" was the first. "The whole thing's hallucination caused by international jitters." But, if that were true, the sightings since 1947 should have been the first, and they were not. Long before there were planes or dirigibles, observers now and then did notice strange vessels flying in the high sky. Away back in the last century, there were solitary visitors, looking us over. Today we have flotillas of them.

The second explanation was advanced last February by the Office of Naval Research. What observers had taken for flying saucers, we were told, were really plastic weather balloons.

Does this explanation cover the facts? It does not. Some of the objects were balloons, no doubt. Many certainly were not. From scores of first-rate observations, let us quickly review six cases that prove the saucers are not balloons but a new kind of super-sky-craft with prodigious powers.

First there is the well-known case of Naval Commander Robert McLaughlin and a number of his fellow workers at White Sands Rocket Proving Ground in New Mexico. A flying saucer actually rushed into view while a team from that base, equipped with a theodolite telescope, was observing a drifting balloon. Their special instruments enabled this team to gauge the height and the speed of such visitors, which were seen several times. On was 56 miles high and was going 18,000 mph.

Or take Case Two. In July 1948, Pilot Clarence S. Chiles and his co-pilot John B. Whitted were flying an Eastern Airlines passenger plane near Montgomery, Alabama, on their standard course. Suddenly a huge black cigar-shaped object, lit down its length with uncanny lights and giving out a great wake of flame, rushed at them head on. By a masterly maneuver the huge cigar swung up and out of their way and they felt their own plane heave in the stranger's wash.

The third, fourth and fifth cases also involved airline captains and co-pilots—all unusually reliable witnesses. While flying over Arkansas,



In this report, based on the latest eye-witness and circumstantial evidence from all parts of the world, the eminent British scientific writer Gerald Heard offers an astonishing explanation of what has been called the greatest mystery confronting modern man. He rejects the Navy's recent announcement that the disks are weather balloons.

The four-year-old Saucer mystery has been enlivened by sensational new sightings this past spring and by the appearance of two new best-selling books— Frank Scully's *Behind the Flying Saucers* (Popular Library, 25¢) and Heard's *Is Another World Watching?* (Harper, $2.75.)

An internationally-known author and lecturer, Heard formerly broadcast over the B.B.C., pioneered many of Britain's significant psychical experiments, now lives in California. Among his published works are *Pain, Sex and Time, God in History* and *The Eternal Gospel.*

WORLD WATCHING US?



Captain Jack Adams and co-pilot G. W. Anderson of Chicago and Southern Airlines saw a disk sweeping around them in a great curve of inspection. A blinding blue-white light flashed from its top; along its rim, fluorescent patches made it glow.

This Disk Was Seen by Passengers and Crew

Case Four—that of Captain R. Adickes and co-pilot R. Manning—is even odder. These two pilots roused their passengers near South Bend (Ind.) to watch a bright red disk that had rushed up beside them, rolling along on its edge like a glowing cartwheel.

The fifth case is that of two pilots—Captain W. T. Sperry and Co-pilot W. Gates—who, between Washington, D. C., and Nashville, saw a disk shining dazzling blue-white and racing around them.

The sixth case, however, beats all of these in the uncanny. It concerns Aviation Editor Janssen of the Morristown (N. J.) *Daily Record*, who one day took a photo of four "disks" in flight. A few weeks later two other disks approached a plane in which he was flying and —they held him up! He says his engine stopped as two disks poised above him and yet, he was surprised to learn, his plane did not fall. When the disks made off, his plane's nose went down, the engine started and he flew back to his field.

This story tends to confirm the account of Captain Charles Lane and a co-pilot who in 1945, flying at 24,000 feet over The Hump between China and India, suddenly saw a white disk-shaped object rushing up behind them, at terrific speed. It rose above them. Lane's instrument board "went haywire." He switched off the motors but the plane's nose did not go down. The two pilots felt a slight joggle. The plane had been stopped.

Then the disk above them suddenly swooped off into the sky. Lane switched on the engines and they started up.

Captain Lane has no doubt he had the same experience as Mr. Janssen and co-pilot.

Here, then, are six cases that blow the balloon theory to pieces. Obviously these men are not frauds, hysterics or ignoramuses. It would be hard to find better witnesses.

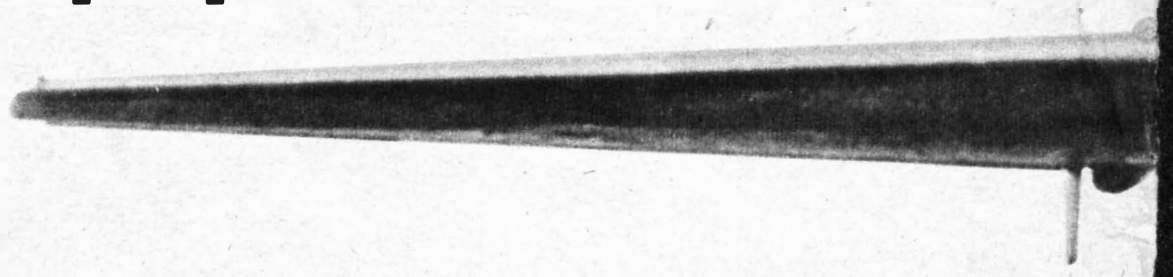
Are "All" Saucers Really Weather Balloons?

Interest in flying saucers is like undulant fever, high one day, subnormal the next. The latest slump occurred last February following the Office of Naval Research statement that *all* saucers were really weather balloons. Since February, however, sightings have continued to come in, as fast as snowflakes in a storm.

Naturally, the Naval Research Office report dealt only with the balloons the N.R.O. sent up. These only travel some hundreds of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

anding in africa called possible as "saucermen" step up surveillance of life on earth



AIR FORCE JET-PROPELLED "FLYING WING," DESIGNED FOR PHOTO-RECONNAISSANCE, IS ONLY KNOWN U. S. AIRCRAFT RESEMBLING OFT-SIGHTED, MUCH-MOOTED SAUCER

miles and then burst. That is what they are supposed to do, since they are a loss if they fall outside the U.S. What, then, are we to make of two of the latest reports, from Central Africa! These certainly give new confirmation to the saucer saga. Indeed. these two reports are the most striking evidence we have had so far.

Take, first, the sighting made just as the N.R.O. was trying to debunk saucers. It was from Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo, and the sighting was made by dozens of people. This is a key spot on the world map, for here is one of the world's biggest deposits of Uranium.

Two glowing saucers suddenly appeared, circling over the pits from which Uranium is mined. Suddenly they shot off, zigzagging like snipe.

When Elizabethville authorities sent up a pursuing Spitfire plane, the saucers let the pilot get so close that he could not only judge their size—they were the standard model some thirty-six feet across—he could even see the whirling rim. After fifteen minutes the saucers accelerated and the Spitfire was left hopelessly behind.

Eleven People Watched This Skycraft

News of the second of the big recent sightings comes from East Africa. A week after the N.R.O. issued its "explanation—on the 19th of February, at 7:20 A.M., in weather of perfect visibility—a Captain Bicknell and his co-pilot were flying the East African Airways plane *The Lodestar* with nine passengers on board. Approaching Mount Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest (19,300 feet), they saw a dazzling object hanging in the sky some 10,000 feet above the peak. The pilots alerted the passengers. For seventeen minutes, eleven people watched—and they had strong glasses with which to do so.

The object, they agreed, was two hundred feet in length, a giant tube with a hind fin. This type has been seen a number of times. It hung there some time quite still. It had three bands or rings around it, but apparently it had no windows. Suddenly it shot away. In three minutes it covered sixty miles, a pace of 1200 miles an hour. There was no vapor trail or exhaust.

At last the watchers lost sight of the tube as it rose still higher. Fortunately, however, a cinema camera with a telephoto lens was on board and a shot was taken. The film, flown to Johannesburg, has been developed and has been shown at Durban, capital of Natal. All who have seen it are convinced. It shows a craft that no earthly air-manufacturing base could dream of making. And it shows this giant craft maneuvering as no one has ever seen a man-made airship sail. That film when shown publicly should, if not settle the controversy, at least debunk the debunkers.

But if the flying saucers are not balloons, what are they? Consider what they can do. They can fly at 18,000 mph. That means that someone has solved the "speed-heat problem." At 2000 mph, we know the friction of the air on any plane's surface would heat it until it would fry the crew inside. So whoever has made these saucer-craft has some metal that will resist intense heat and, even more important, will not conduct it.

But wonderful as that is, far more wonderful is the power that drives these craft—at a speed that would send a saucer around the earth in an hour. As it happens, we can make a rather better guess regarding this miraculous power than we can regarding the saucer's metal.



First book on mystery of interplanetary space spies: ***Behind the Flying Saucers*** (Popular Library, 25c).

That blinding blue-white light shooting from the craft, those dotted bands of dazzling fluorescent glow around them, suggest a new sort of power. Up till now we have only been able to power our engines by burning fuel. We realize that there could be better ways—atom power, for example. All radiation, we know, is energy. The most powerful rays are the short rays—the ultra violet, "invisible light." When we see an X-ray tube in action we are watching a light that can pierce solids. When we are in the dark with such a tube, although we cannot see the X-rays themselves, we do see the odd violet-blue glare that accompanies them. And that is precisely the kind of light which observers have seen pouring from the saucers.

Radiation energy also would be soundless, as the flying saucers are. For, while our engines move things by a series of explosions, radiation does so by steady pressure.

But even if we knew exactly how a radiation engine works, we probably could not use it. X-rays taught us that. It is safer to tease a rattlesnake than to let short-wave radiation play around you. Thick layers of lead alone can stop invisible light from burning us, making our skin scorch and rot off our bodies. And that fact brings us to the most exciting question regarding these saucers: the question of who is inside them, who drives them.

If the force that powers them is direct radiation power, then the crew must be the crowning wonder. For just see what crew members have to stand. First they have to live inside a shell radiated all through with intense, deadly short-wave energy. So, unless they have some screen inside that protects them, they must be creatures immune to X-ray burns. No human being is—indeed nothing made of protoplasm is—as far as we know.

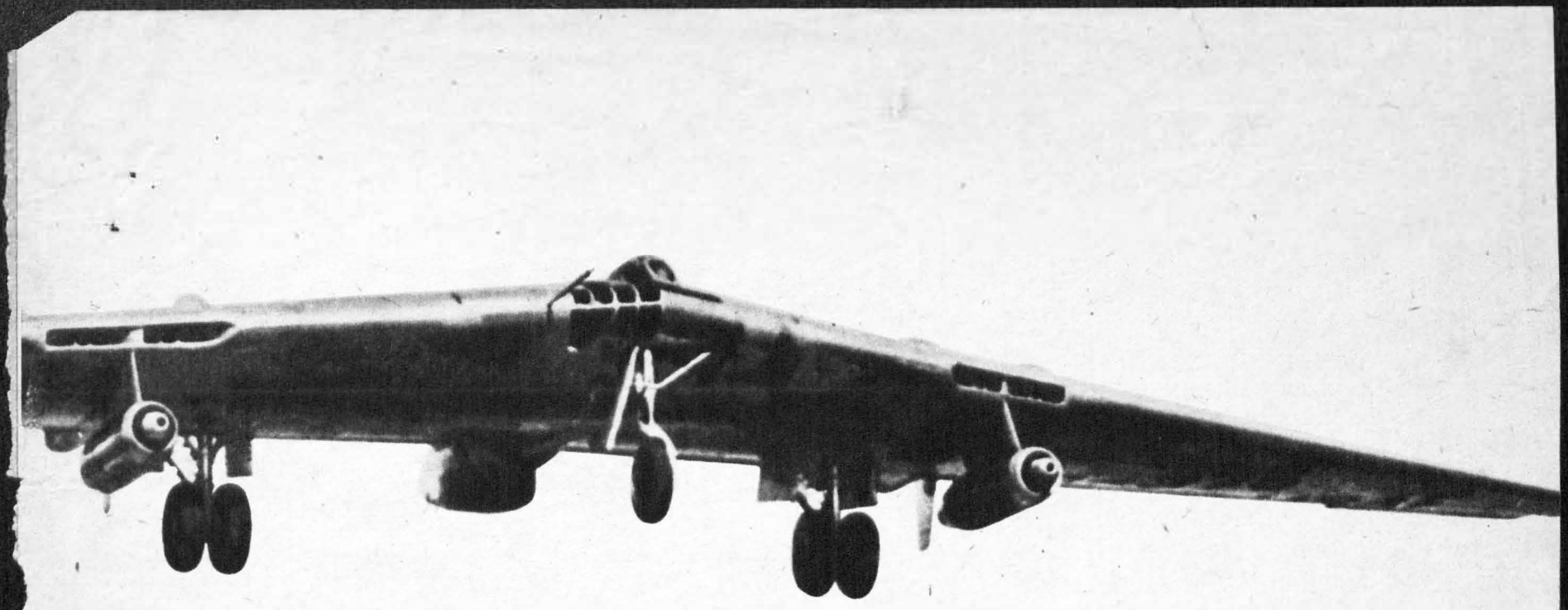
Who Could Live Inside a Saucer?

Again, the observers at White Sands who gauged the speed to be 18,000 mph pointed out that here was a prime puzzle. For these craft not only were going at speeds that would make any plane burn up; they also turned, flicked around, shot up, in a way no plan can. If any plane behaved in that manner, it would kill anyone inside it. What is called the Gs—the amount of pull we can stand when our bodies are kicked about, wrenched too quickly from the grip of Gravitation—that anchorage limits how fast we can be moved without coming to pieces.

So we have to face the fact that no human being—indeed no animal, even the size of a cat—could live inside a saucer when it is at full spin.

Then what *is* inside them? There are only two possible answers. The first is that, though the Gs (the increases of gravitational pressure) cannot be withstood by large animals, they *can* be by insects. A bee, for example, would not be incommoded in a saucer. But bees (we say) of course couldn't be the controllers! No one would have dissented till recently. But now Von Frisch (the great bee expert) has found that bees can and do draw maps, make calculations, describe directions and distances to each other. And if bees can do such things, why shouldn't super-bees "man" a saucer—say, bees from such a planet as Mars where, it is now conceded, insects could be living. and insects far ahead of ours.

The only other explanation of the way the saucers lunge is that they have no one inside them—they are "remote controlled." But remotely controlled from where? Last



October, four men of a house-building team were sitting at lunch on a fine noon-day looking out over the great estuary, the Solway Firth on the west Atlantic coast of Scotland. They saw a saucer come rushing up from the ocean. It was going at prodigious speed, but dived, hit the water, rose unhurt, zoomed in a grand curve and went off south.

Remote control? Who could be controlling that? But on the other hand who could live inside it? Wouldn't even a super-bee die of shock?

That brings us to two other questions. One asks: Are the saucers, perhaps, magnetically powered? The other asks: What is their origin?

Where Do They Come From?

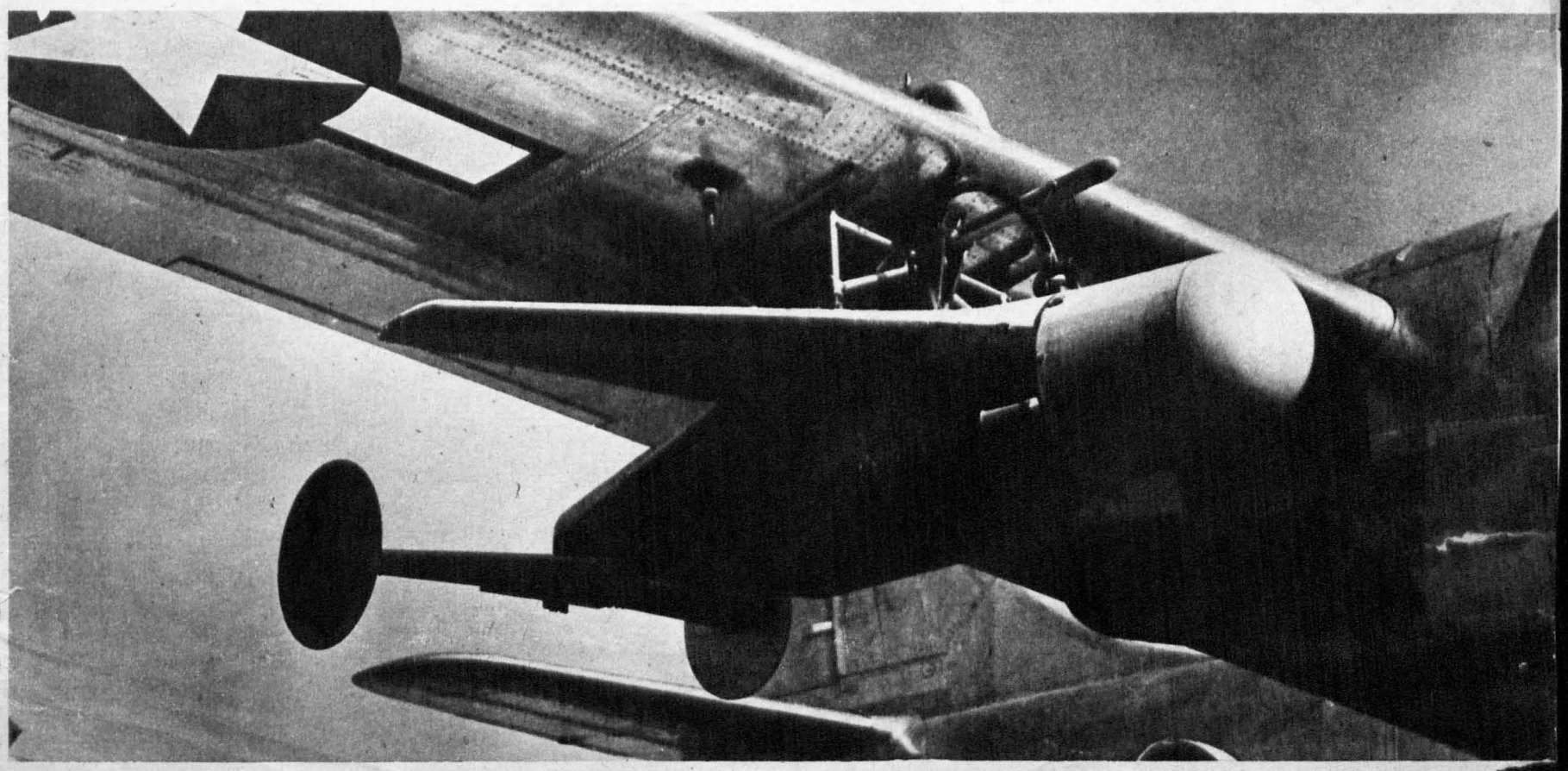
If the saucers are magnetically powered, that would mean that they would have plenty of energy, but it would also mean something far more remarkable. For if the saucer flies in a magnetic field which it generates, then the saucer itself, and whoever might be inside it, could be in a small gravitational field of its own. Each saucer would then be a little planet by itself, *unaffected by the pull of the earth!* For research today seems coming to the conclusion that gravitation and magnetism may be the same thing. So, however much the saucers might spin, the crews would be no more upset than we are by the spinning of the earth on which we stand. And it is that hint that they do fly in a little field of their own (which would account for the saucer that hit the Scotch sea and was quite unhurt) that brings us to the final, highly interesting question—"Whence"? Where do they come from?

If they are magnetically powered, then not only could living creatures inside them remain unaffected by their appalling speed; such craft with such speed would compel us to look further afield than any part of the earth for their home base. In short, the saucers are the only craft that come up to the demands of a space ship. Remember again their speed, their power to resist shock, the heights they fly at, their magnetic energy—All these things point in one direction: The saucers need not come from this earth. They can be visitors from another planet.

One further question is worth answering. What are these sky craft doing over Equatorial Africa? I think the reason for their visit to the Congo is quite clear. Since we began experimenting with the atom, our "out of this world" watchers naturally have shown particular interest in our sources of atom bomb ore.

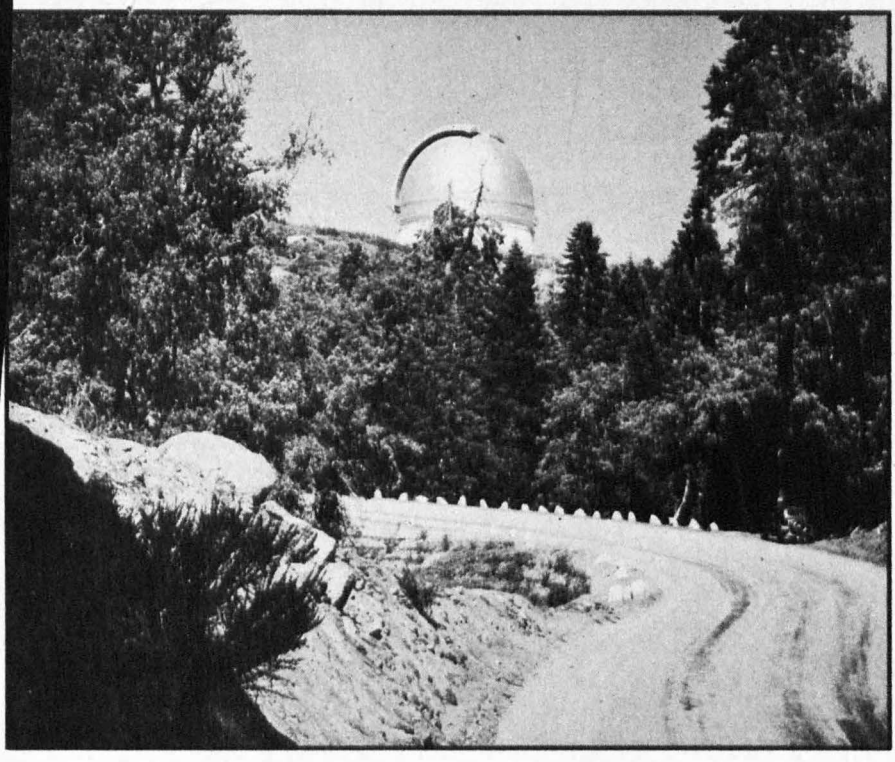
Their inspection of Mount Kilimanjaro is even more interesting. We have seen that their craft may be magnetically powered. Now the earth's magnetic field here and there shows oddities, oddities that upset our visitors' craft. These oddities are most obvious near great geological "faults" (fissures in the earth's crust). The greatest of these is The Great Rift, a crack which runs from the Red Sea in Palestine down to the great mid-African plateau out of which Kilimanjaro rises.

Our visitors are mapping our magnetic field, it may be. Perhaps they are fiddling with the zipper that holds the earth's coating of rock over its volcanic heart. Perhaps—interesting thought!—they are getting ready for a landing.



"BAT BOMB," LAUNCHED FROM NAVY PATROL BOMBER, GUIDED BY RADAR TO TARGET, IS SAMPLE OF "BUCK ROGERS" WEAPONS. SOME BELIEVE SAUCERS ARE ALSO U.S. IN

TRAVEL



Palomar is a great lure for tourists.

THE GATEWAY TO THE STARS

Escondidoans Lead the Happy Life— With All the World Around Them

THOSE proverbial Spanish explorers were, of course, the first to see the area which they called Escondido—meaning "hidden." It was a fitting name, for the valley was surrounded by hills. And hidden it stayed for many years, as travelers wore paths up and down the coast. It wasn't until 1835, when there was a secularization of the missions which broke up properties and made them open to private ownership, that the community began to flourish. Then Juan Alvarado received a grant to the land in 1843 after some political dickering with Mexican Governor Manuel Micheltorena. He ended up with a neat parcel of land measuring out 12,653 acres and settled back to the comfortable life of a don.

In 1855, when the old don had died, the huge rancho was again parceled out and divided as the heirs began to sell pieces to Judge Oliver Witherby, San Diego's Collector of the Customs. It all ended up with the judge owning most of the property, which he turned around and sold for $8,000—enough to send any modern-day real estate man into a tizzy.

The rancho changed hands a few more times and then was subdivided and—smack in the center of the old rancho—the town of Escondido was laid out.

The new small landowners went busily to work with such sundry projects as irrigation, cultivation and the other sordid aspects of ripping a living from the soil. By the time of the bustling land boom of the '80's in Southern California, Escondido was a thriving agricultural community. When the great break in values came, the community, like the rest of those in the lower half of the state, felt it and felt it bad. But it recovered, paid off the big bonded indebtedness for the irrigation project the community leaders had started and—by 1906—was on its own with no bills due.

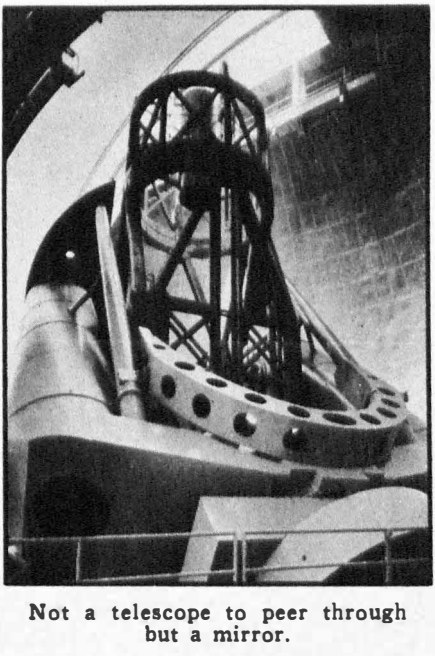
Oranges became a prime crop and more and more settlers arrived to take up the happy business of growing them. Soon poultry and dairying came into their own. Grapes, too, became a profitable enterprise. Escondido had its roots firmly in the rich soil of Southern California.

Today the population is a stable 7000 in town, and another 30,000 live on the farmland around Escondido. Old folks favor the

soft climate of the inland town which nestles in the heart of San Diego County. It's a peaceful enough community, yet there's enough going on to keep people hustling.

There's a scad of things for Escondidoans to boast about and, with pardonable pride, they are prone to do it on occasions. It's just 15 miles to the beaches of the Pacific; a few miles in another direction is fine fishing; four miles the other way is Lake Wohlford; the desert resort of Borrego Springs is just off down the road a spell. For those interested, there are also the historic San Luis and Pala Missions. And, not to be forgotten, Del Mar racetrack is a hop over the hill. Being the focal point for such diversified goings-on is a source of satisfaction to the local folk.

One of the biggest lures for a weekend motorist out of LA is Mt. Palomar, which Escondido seems to feel is just another feature set up to make the town more interesting. The local boosters have dubbed the town Gateway to the Stars as an ex-



Not a telescope to peer through but a mirror.

pression of their feelings about Palomar.

The 200-inch telescope is the world's largest camera for studying the stars. It's four times as large as the next biggest but —so that no one will be disillusioned— it's not a gadget which you can peer through. It's for photo work only. Visitors view the telescope from a glass-enclosed cage—getting too close can raise havoc, as the heat from one's body can throw the adjustments off!

The telescope does enlarge the stars some. But its prime task is to collect light from the most distant star which—aimed at a photographic plate for hours—sometimes can give astronomers a permanent record of what's going on in the heavens. It's a $7 million camera.

So Escondido sits happily back, pleased that it's surrounded by farms and resorts and seashores and mountains and science and history. It knows where it's been in the scheme of things and knows where it's going—and is happy with the outlook.

[Fate magazine, Issue no. 26, Vol. 5 - No. 2, February-March 1952]



THE MYSTERY OF THE

Crawling Fireballs

By Henry S. Galus

ARE flying saucers real?"

This question has ignited controversy in every neighborhood in the United States, bringing comments and analyses from ditch-diggers to generals to meteorological experts. The scientifically minded search back into the records, looking for authority to bolster their beliefs. In this search some may stumble upon stories of "crawling fireballs" which fascinated and terrorized Europeans at various intervals for at least 150 years — up to the early 1900's. This mystery of the "crawling fireballs" was then as much a topic of everyday wonder and discussion as the flying saucers are today.

Most of the awesome incidents occurred in France. In Marseilles, during October, 1898, an adolescent girl was seated at a table when suddenly a spherical shape of fire darted into the room, paused in the corner farthest from her and gradually moved toward her along the floor. Terror stricken she drew

back against the wall. The fireball followed her, starting to ascend close to her body. Then abruptly it changed its course, circled about her several times and shot toward the ceiling. It flung itself at a paper-covered stove-pipe hole, cleanly burning a ring in it on its way up the chimney. Minutes later a loud crash shattered the chimney top.

A similar occurrence was reported in Paris on July 5, 1852, in the shop of a tailor on the Rue Saint Jacques, near Val de Grace. This time the fireball crawled over the window sill into the room and came at the man in a floor-skimming action. Horrified, he retreated as the globe of blazing light climbed to the height of his face. It was too much for him. The tailor collapsed. A little later he revived to hear a tremendous explosion atop the shop, which scattered bits of chimney brick over surrounding rooftops. Proof that the fireball had fled up the chimney appeared again in the form of a burnt paper cover over the stove-pipe hole.

In one of a series of volumes published around 1898 by the *Association Francaise*, M. Wander, a scientist, wrote: "A violent storm has descended upon the commune of Beugnon. I happened to be passing through a farm in which two children of about 12 and 13 were playing. I saw these children take refuge from the rain under the roof of a stable, in which were 25 oxen. In the courtyard grew a poplar.

"Suddenly there appeared a globe of fire, the size of an apple, near the top of the poplar. We saw it descend branch by branch, and then down the trunk. It moved along the courtyard very slowly, picking its way, and came to the door where stood the children. One of them touched it. Immediately a terrible crash shook the entire farm to its foundations. The children were thrown back, uninjured — but 11 of the oxen were fell dead."

This is not the only story which tells of human life spared amid other destruction, and people came to believe that the mysterious spheres were *heavenly bodies capable of pity for man!* Of course, this idea was scoffed at by many others.

In the town of Gray, on July 7, 1886, a luminous ball from 30 to 40 centimeters in diameter jumped to the roof of a home and ripped off the corner. In this case, unlike so many others, the fireball didn't disintegrate after a single act of destruction. It rebounded to the home's outside stairs, crushing the slates. Still it retained its shape, crawled into the midst of a group of passers-by who had stopped to watch the queer sight. These persons, in a body, took off down the road. The perverse object seemed to pursue them momentarily; then it vanished without a sound.

Bishop Gregory of Tours, in his *La Gloire des Confesseurs*, told of a dedication ceremony before an oratory he had built. Priests, deacons and sub-deacons, town officials and citizens were witnesses to the phenomenon in this instance. They were stopped in their singing of litanies when a ball of brilliant fire appeared overhead. It remained suspended above them for a few minutes. "This globe of fire did no damage and burnt nothing," the report concluded.

According to the Abbe Spallanzani, on August 29, 1791, a young peasant woman was in the field during a storm when a previously unnoticed fireball reached her feet. It "caressed them," then rose up into her garments, blowing up her petticoats "like an umbrella." It issued again from the center of her bodice, darted upward and exploded in the air. Two witnesses ran to her. She complained of no pain. An examination showed a slight erosion of the skin, reaching from her right to her left breast.

The following incident appears in the *Memoirs of DuBellay:* "On March 3, 1557, Diane of France, illegitimate daughter of Henry II, then the Dauphin, married Francois de Montmorency. On the night of their wedding an oscillating flame came into their bedroom through the window, danced from corner to corner and finally to the nuptial bed, where it burnt Diane's hair and night attire. It did no other harm."

There's scant if any scientific substantiation that these fireballs really existed. But before we label these stories as fabricated in the mill of European superstition let us examine the story of a reliable American, M. Laurence Roth, director of the Blue Hill Observatory in 1903. He was visiting Paris on September 4 of that year. At 10 p.m. he happened to be looking toward the Eiffel Tower from the Rond-point of the Champs Elysees. The tower was suddenly struck by white lightning — simultaneously he spied a flaming sphere edging downward to the second platform. Roth claimed the ball was about a yard in diameter, and that it covered some 100 yards in a matter of seconds and then vanished completely.

Careful study of the subject of fireballs has led other learned men to conclude they must be some form of lightning not yet understood, for hadn't they usually appeared during storms? But Roth's story caused researchers to scratch their heads. Scientists already understood that lightning was atmospheric electricity, capable of being conducted safely to the ground by simple metal rods or metal structures. In the case of the Eiffel Tower, a next-day checkup by Roth revealed it had been struck two times by lightning which undoubtedly had been grounded

instantly. Why had the fireball independently refused the attraction of the steel in the tower?

This is not the only instance in which fireballs have ignored conductors. The spherical flames have skipped over bells, steeples and telegraph wires even when almost close enough to touch the objects.

Dr. W. J. Humphreys reported in 1936 that supposed fireball witnesses were "subject to optical illusions." He said the glare of light from a lightning flash was retained in the retina of the eye. When a person's eyeball moved, he would imagine the sphere moved before him, seemingly yards away. The scientific assumption is that the crash said to follow the gamboling of a fireball is "probably due to another lightning stroke nearby."

A few years earlier in Hamburg, Germany, another investigator, Walter Brand, decided to probe, carefully and objectively, 600 reports of what he called "ball lightning." He discarded many of the reports as hallucination — but 215 reports seemed to prove the reality of the phenomena.

Probably no other group today is doing more research on lightning than the General Electric Company in its observatory at Pittsfield, Mass. Engineer Julius H Hagenguth declares, "We have taken thousands of photographs of lightning and as yet have to obtain one of ball lightning." Based on his own experience Hagenguth has only skepticism for the existence of fireballs.

If they are real, are they electricity or some other undiscovered atmospheric phenomena? Do they occur in time cycles only? Is the same perhaps true of flying saucers? We are all capable of listing our own questions — plenty of them! One question might well be: can so many people have been wrong?



LUCK OR FATE?

RECENTLY I filled two baskets full of discarded papers and set fire to them a few hundred feet from the office. That night I missed a valued memorandum essential in the formation of a forthcoming document. Immediately I concluded it had fallen amid the discards and had been destroyed.

Early the following morning a voice seemed to advise, "Go look around your bonfire." I did. And there, fully three feet removed from the edge of the completely burned area, lay my precious, unharmed memorandum. It was the sole survivor from among 400 or 500 miscellaneous sheets of paper.

Was it luck or fate? — *Roy Clyde Weidler*

[Fate magazine, Issue no. 26, Vol. 5 - No. 2, February-March 1952]



I could see a large shiny object resting on the water. . . . It looked like two saucers stuck together.

Steep Rock Flying Saucer

Reprinted from the Steep Rock Echo

A flying saucer that lands on water, apparently is manned by robots, and that behaves mysteriously in other ways, is reported in one of the most remarkable accounts of strange aerial phenomena to come our way.

The following article consists of a letter published in the Steep Rock Echo, a house magazine of the enormous Steep Rock Iron Mines, Limited, of Steep Rock Lake, Ontario. It has been reprinted elsewhere, as far as we know, only in a few Canadian newspapers, including the Port Arthur News Chronicle and the Fort William Times-Journal.

The article was originally published in the September and October 1950 issues of the Steep Rock Echo, and is reprinted with the permission of B. J. Eyton, editor, who is also chief chemist of the big mining company. Mr. Eyton comments as follows:

"I cannot verify the story one way or the other. It was written by a senior employee of the mine. However, about that time flying saucers were seen by a number of people in this locality . . . Men in groups working in the mine at Steep Rock saw them at night, and many residents of the town of Atikokan gave eye-

witness accounts of the saucers. They were seen in different localities all the way from here to the Lakehead cities of Fort William and Port Arthur 140 miles away. One was flashed by Canadian National Railways station operators all along the line until it reached here. Then it turned back again. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of eyewitnesses that what they had seen were flying saucers."

Dear Editor:

We have refrained from reporting this before, as people make so much fun of one who reports these things. However, all the ballyhoo about "flying saucers" has passed, and people perhaps have time to think more calmly. Attached is what my wife and I saw in the dusk of the evening of July 2, 1950.

"For the last couple of years my wife and I have done a lot of fishing on the flood waters, and this year was no exception. We invariably fish up into Sawbill Bay, and end up at a tiny cove, a very pretty place — for the flood waters. The location of this cove, in my opinion, plays an important part in our being able to see what we did.

"As you enter this cove off the main bay the land narrows, with great rock outcrops, till it is only a hundred yards or so wide. The rocks on the left or west side curve away after you enter into typical rough timber shoreline; the land on the right 'hooks' away so that immediately after entering the Bay and going a short distance you can keep going right, like turning into the curve of the letter 'C'. From the bottom end of the C the shore then sweeps around to the northeast, curving perhaps a mile away to join the western shoreline that curves in to meet it.

"We had drawn the boat well up on the small sandy shore of the cove, the barriers of rocks rising on all three sides around us. Small trees and brush hid the boat from overhead should anyone have been looking from the air. We had our snack and a thermos of tea and were talking about getting home, as it would be dark by the time we landed, when we felt the air vibrate. My first thought was blasting, as it was like a mine blast that pushes the air. My next thought was that it couldn't be, as we were too far away. Something — I don't know what — made me climb up, maybe 10 feet, to look over the Bay.

"Looking through a cleft in the rock I could see a large shiny object resting on the water in the curve of the far shoreline, not a quarter of a mile away across the top end of the narrows. I made a dive back to where my wife was — she took one look at me and said, 'What's wrong?' I tried to be calm and told her of what I had seen. We both climbed back up and looked out through the opening. It was still there. It looked like two saucers stuck together, one upside down on top of the other. Round, black-edged ports appeared to be

about four feet apart around the edge. As the bottom was resting on the water or close to it, it was impossible for us to see the under side.

"The top had what looked like hatch covers open and moving around over its surface were about 10 queer-looking little figures. Rotating slowly from a central position and about eight feet in the air was a hoop-shaped object. As it rotated to a point directly opposite us it stopped — so did the figures. Everything seemed to concentrate on the opening we looked through. We instinctively ducked at that moment. Looking over my right shoulder to see how fast we could get down, I caught a movement in the bushes. Beyond us, on the upward side of the cove, a deer came out to the water's edge and stood there. We took another peek. Figures and circle were pointed at the deer. As the circle began to move to the left we ducked, counted 20 and peeked again. The thing was circling and the figures moving and every time it passed the deer it kept on as if they were quite happy about it — then we ducked. We believe to this day that we were shielded from the ray or whatever it was by the wall of rock we ducked behind.

"We could then see that the whole thing seemed to be operated from a central point below the circling ray, by a figure on a small stand. This figure had a red skull cap on — or maybe paint. All the other caps were dark blue. These figures I estimated to be roughly 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet high and all were the same size. All were dressed the same, with a shiny metallic substance over the chest, while the legs and arms were of a darker material. It was impossible to see their faces — if they had any — it looked like blank surface to me.

"The most noticeable thing was that they moved like automatons, and did not turn around — that is right around — they just changed the direction of their feet. Walking on the angle of the surface the leg on the high side seemed to go shorter so that they did not walk with a limp. I watched one of these figures pick up the end of a hose (a very vivid green), lift it while facing one way, and start off to walk the other. During all this a very quiet "hum" filled the air and they seemed to be drawing in water and discharging just as much. Whether they were extracting something from the water I can't say.

"The next time we looked everything had disappeared from the surface of the machine and it was about eight feet in the air. A red-and-blue tinged-with-gold color shone on the surface of the water. At this point it looked to be about 15 feet thick at the center and about 12 feet at the edges. It tilted to about a 45° angle; there was a rush of wind (like the wind before a storm), a flash of yellow, red-blue

and it was gone, heading northward faster than the eye could follow.

"It was almost dark but I turned the boat into the Bay, passing near where the object had been — I had lined up two trees to give me some idea of its diameter. I estimated this to be 48 feet.

"I've been back twice since and the last time as I came out through the narrows I felt the wind (like the wind before a storm) again, and something flashed beyond the trees. We didn't see what it was and my wife said, 'Let's go home and never come back here again.'

"I had no intention of doing that and on the way home the flying saucer kept coming into my mind.

"After thinking it over for a day or two, I decided to take a friend into my confidence. He agreed to go with me and look the place over. We did this under the pretext of fishing and I pointed out the bay, the cove, the cleft in the rock and even the paper cups we had used for our tea.

"We each had a camera and our idea was to take pictures. This was not as easy as we thought, as it meant dashing from work, when we could get away, to Camp 5, loading up the boat and going to Sawbill Bay. That made it late by the time we got there. After three evenings of lying peering through the cleft in the rock we decided to quietly row along the shore.

"I'd say I rowed that boat 100 miles in the next few weeks. At first the slightest breeze made us jump and reach for a camera but in the finish it was just hard work. By this time we had given up all idea of sneaking up on anything. Our idea was to cut across the mouth of the Bay with the outboard going and take a chance on seeing the 'Saucer'.

"A fairly strong wind was blowing out of the Bay — from the north — making the water quite choppy across the narrows and I suppose this was part of the reason why we weren't heard sooner.

"It all happened in split seconds. There was the 'Saucer', in the same spot. I swung the boat into the wind, my friend made a dive for his camera and I for mine, while trying to hold the boat into the wind. My hand was so stiff from the cold and from holding the steering control that I couldn't manage the camera. My friend was trying to stand up while the boat bobbed up and down. The result was neither of us even had a chance at a picture. All my friend could keep repeating was, 'By George, at least I've seen it!'

"They must have heard us just before we came in sight. At the second I spotted it figures were disappearing into hatches. The circular affair that rotated had disappeared, the hose, reeling in, was just a flash of green. There was a terrific high pitched whiz, almost a blast, and it was gone. One little

figure that had been near the water's edge on the thing, and I imagine by the end of the hose, was only about half way back when it took off. Our impression was that something fell off when it was half way down the Bay.

"Our motor had conked out and after we did get it going, it ran hot and we had to come home at slow speed. We were late getting in. Both our wives were upset, so that since then we've given it up — for this year at least."

Editor Eyton then added this:

"Some months ago a Steep Rock fisherman, who goes up to the flood waters to Sawbill Lake quite frequently, mentioned casually to the editor a couple of things which at the time seemed not particularly important. However, in view of the Flying Saucer account, they might be worth passing on.

"He said that one night, returning home during the flood waters in the dusk, he saw what he thought was a meteorite streak down in the direction of Sawbill Bay and disappear. He also remarked upon the queer fluorescent, greenish color in one of the inlets in upper Sawbill Bay where he was fishing one afternoon. He wondered if the coloration was due to some particular mineral in the vicinity. He said he couldn't catch any fish there at all, though they were biting everywhere else in the lake.

"Another frequenter of the same flood waters wrote as follows: 'When I was leaving Sawbill Bay in the dusk one evening, I heard a sound like the noise a flock of ducks make, and at the same time what I thought was a shooting star flash across the Bay.' He goes on to say that a week later, while fishing in one of the coves, he noticed the water had a curious greenish tinge, and he was mystified to find a number of dead fish floating around in the water."

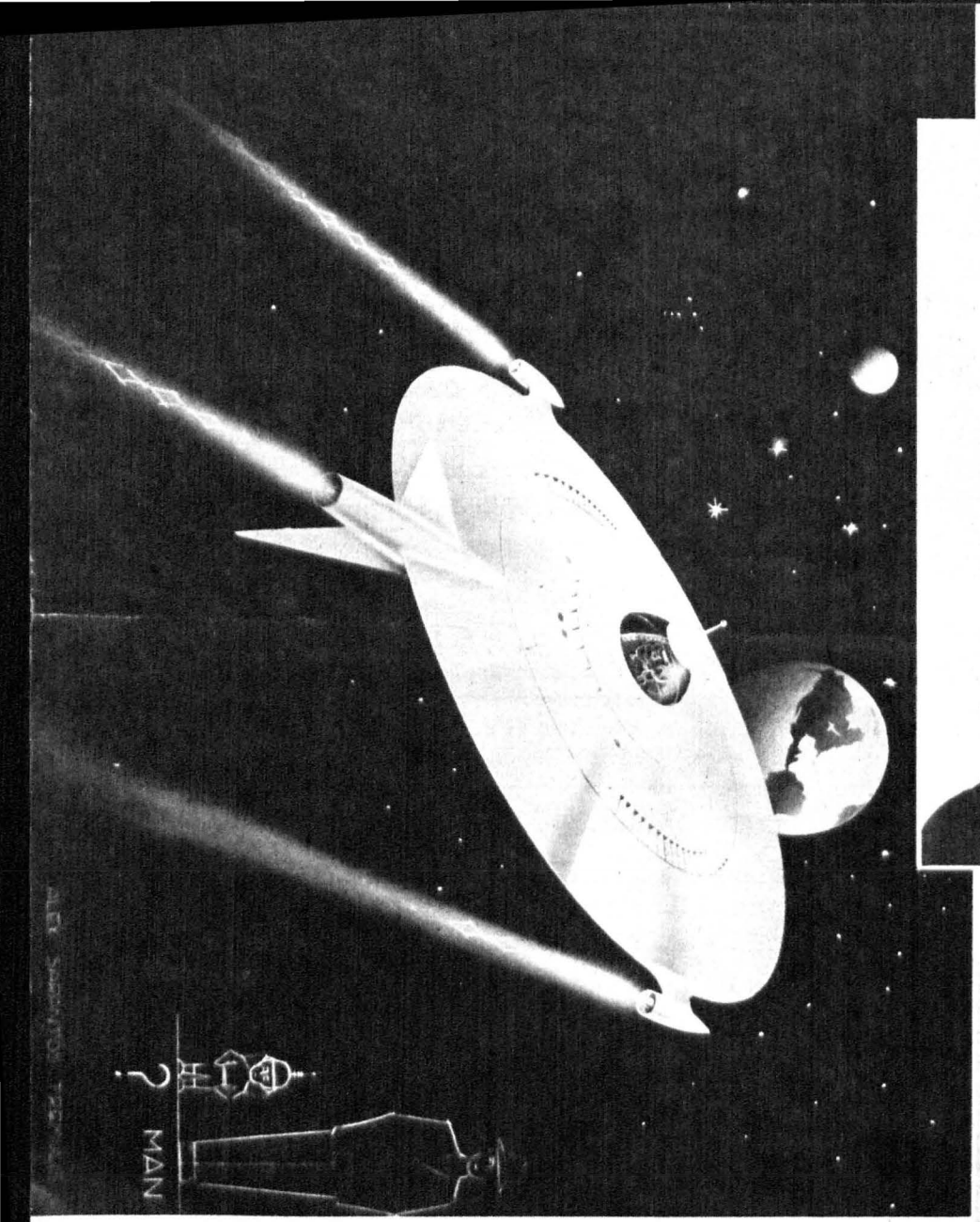
BAD LUCK OPERA

CERTAIN works of music seem to bring bad luck to their performers. One of Jacques Halevy's operas, *Charles IV*, has become so feared by singers that it has practically disappeared from European repertoires. Eugene Massol, a French tenor, sang the title role three nights in a row and at each performance a person in the audience suddenly died. In 1858 Napoleon II expressed a desire to see the work and Massol finally agreed to sing the role again. On the evening of the performance, with the Emperor in attendance, a bomb exploded in the auditorium killing several people. Again the opera had been an omen for bad luck. — *Paul Steiner*

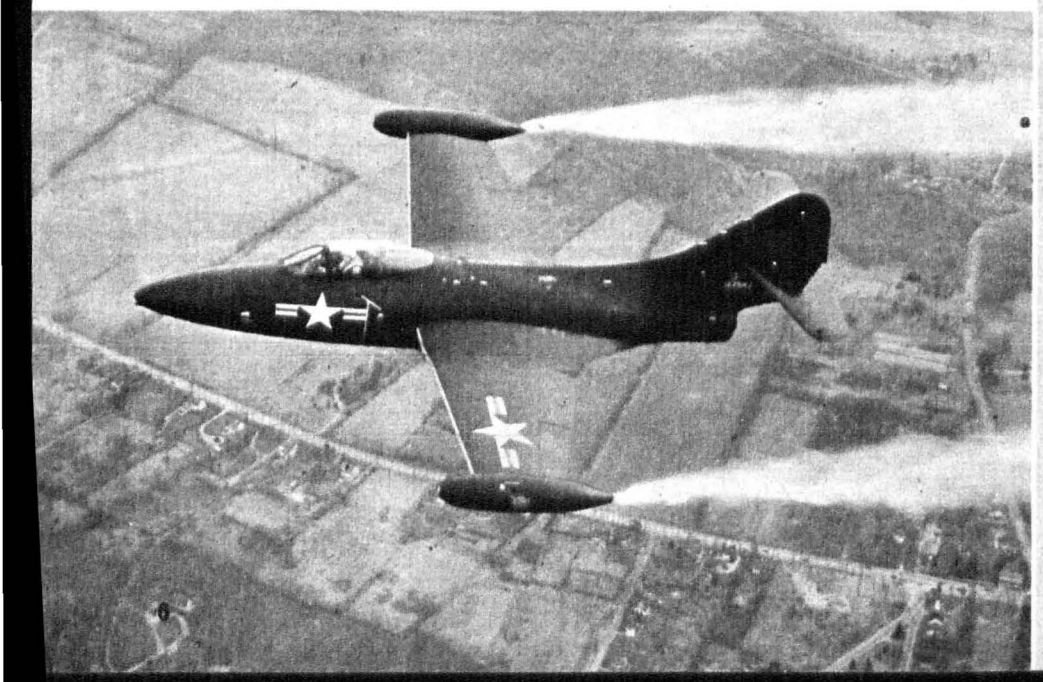


"Seymour, don't pick that up. You don't know where it's been."

[Sir magazine, April 1952]



Even the Navy's Panther jet wasn't fast enough to catch up to a flying saucer. Designer Alex Tremulis sketched the above saucer



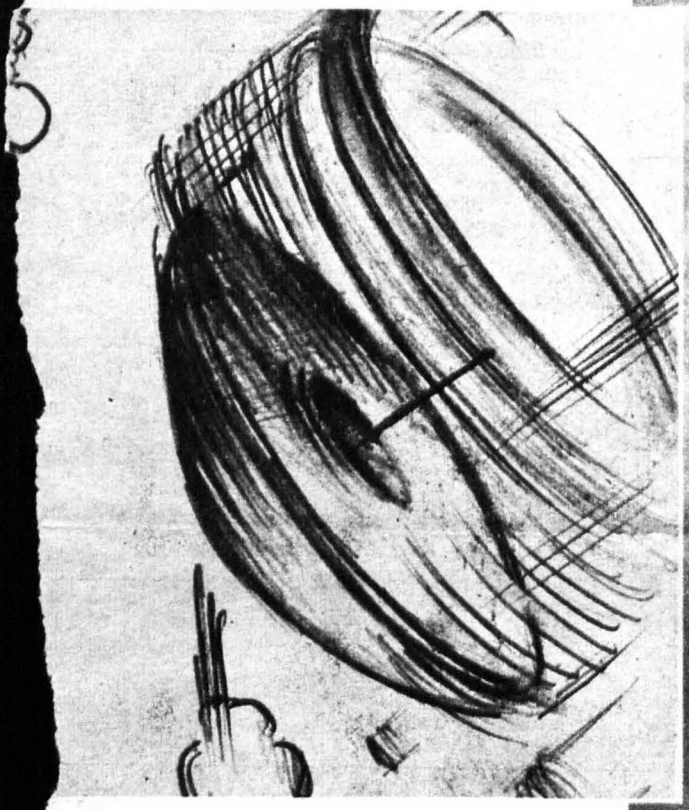


Capt. Thomas F. Mantell lost his life chasing flying disc.

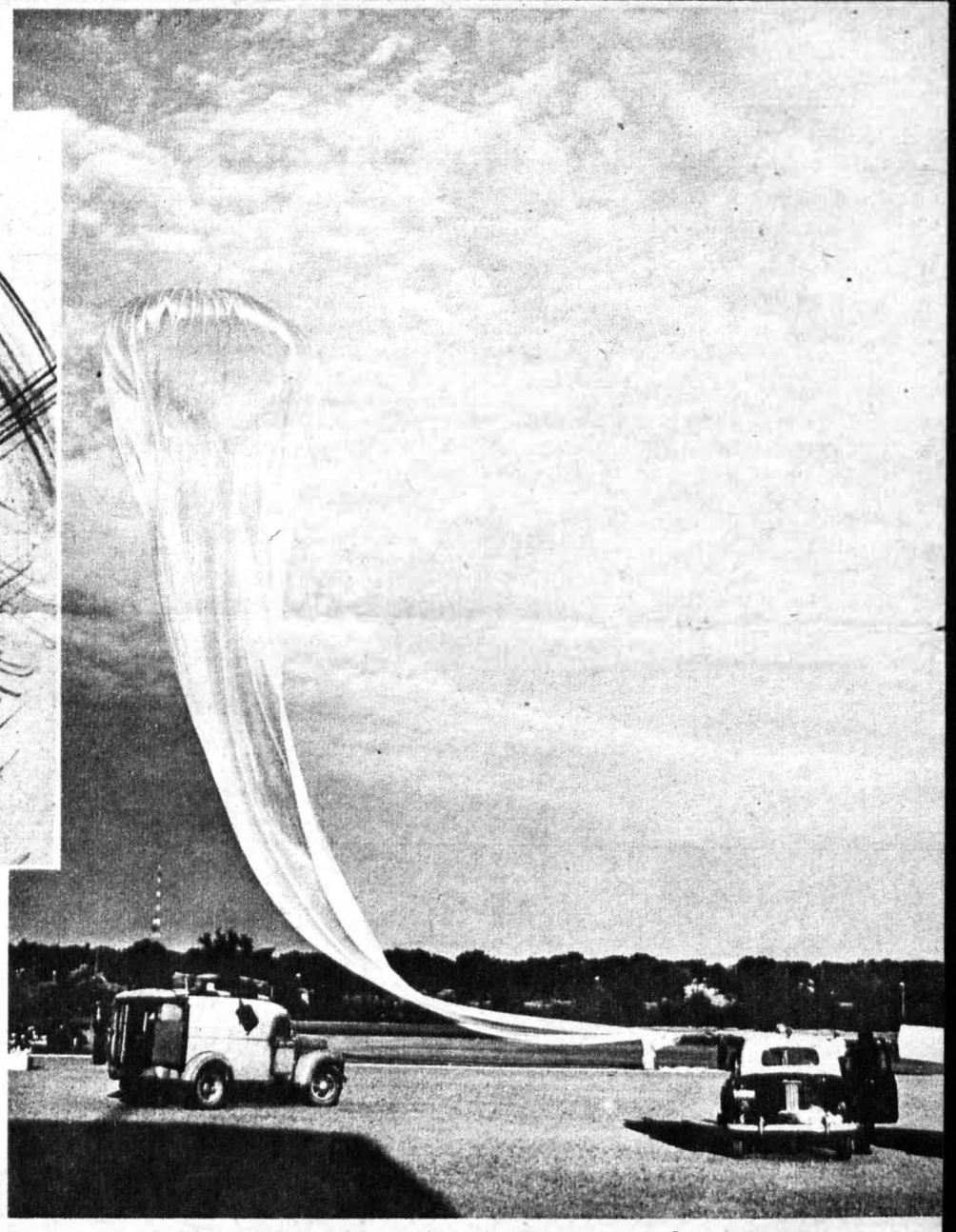
Flying SAUCERS ARE BACK!

By THORP McCLUSKY

American scientists are now really worried about flying saucers — these weird machines have been sighted more and more— hovering over our biggest secret atomic experiments



The flying saucer as seen by an eye witness artist in Washington.



Many theories were given when the saucers were first seen. Most popular—weather balloons like the above; this theory was wrong.

LAST fall, under due circumstances of secrecy, U. S. military authorities conducted a series of atomic-weapons tests—presumably involving "midget" atomic bombs and atomic warheads—in the vicinity of White Sands, New Mexico.

The tests extended over a period of several weeks, and were presumably highly satisfactory.

Concurrently occurred a phenomenon which received very little attention in the public press—but which may be even more important.

There was a display of "brilliant, hurtling objects" in the New Mexico-Arizona skies that has not been satisfactorily explained.

"What is happening is almost incredible," stated Dr. Lincoln La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteorics at the University of New Mexico, in Albuquerque.

Dr. La Paz was referring to the sighting of at least seven brilliant and fast-traveling celestial objects —generally assumed to be meteorites "of major calibre"—within a period of 11 days.

"This is the most remarkable concentration of meteorlike objects reported in historic times," Dr. La Paz said flatly.

The question asked now is: Were the objects sighted by literally hundreds of observers meteorites or something else — something far more sinister?

We are immediately struck by several oddities concerning the celestial display witnessed last fall. For one thing, the tremendous number of brilliant objects in the sky—more in a *few days* than are ordinarily reported in two years!

For another thing the reluctance of scientific observers to flatly identify the objects as meteors. The ambiguous phrase "apparent meteors" was common. One astronomer, Dr. C. H. Cleminshaw of the Griffith Observatory, was careful to emphasize that the objects differed greatly from the well-known Leonid meteoric display—which occurs annually in the fall. Unlike the Leonids, they came "from all directions" and were much more brilliant.

One of the "meteors"—which was seen by airlines pilots and airport ground personnel—was described as spouting "pretty flames" in rocket-like fashion.

Some gave off a peculiar greenish light—seldom if ever a meteoric phenomenon. Dr. La Paz said that his staff had never recovered the remains of a "green fireball."

On one occasion—November 8, to be exact—two objects so brilliant as to blind observers on the ground temporarily blazed across the sky a few minutes before noon. They were sighted by observers as far apart as 350 miles.

Meteors just don't behave in that fashion.

All in all, the display added up

FLYING SAUCERS ARE BACK!

to a mystery that "puzzles science," according to one newspaper headline at the time.

WERE these so-called meteors actually new-type aircraft or space-ships, and if so, where did they come from?

Careful study of the reported appearances of so-called flying saucers reveals some amazing facts. In this country, they have been reported *most frequently* after atomic-weapons tests, and in the vicinity of such tests. The visitations of last fall merely conformed to this established pattern.

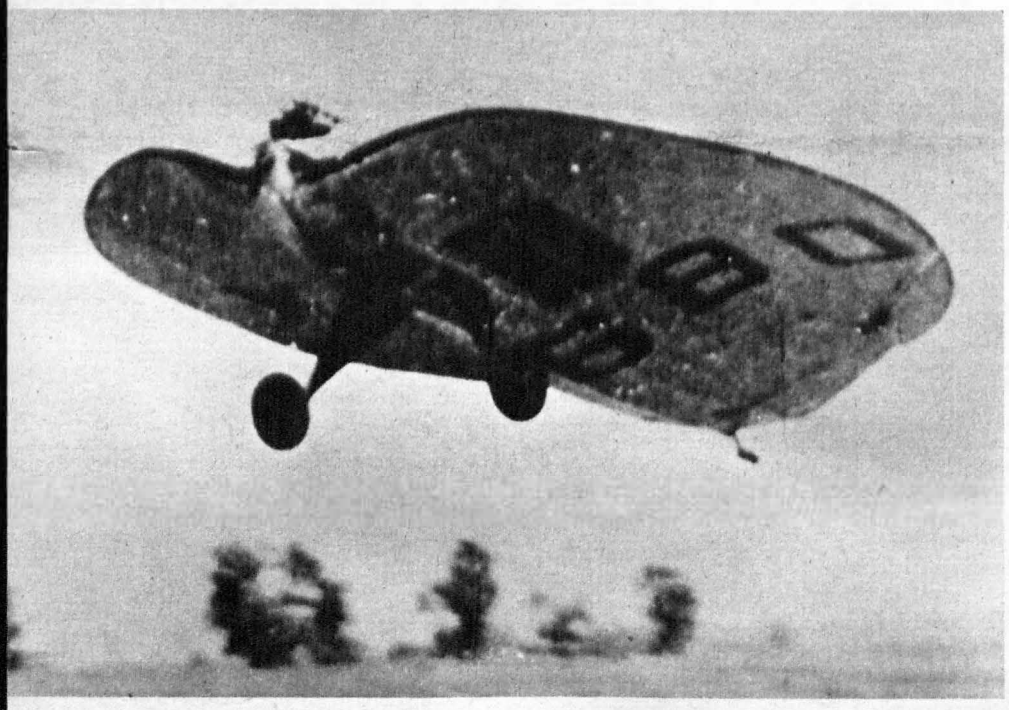
In addition, flying saucers have been reported with considerable frequency in the block of "square" western states where we have been conducting experimentation with rockets. Many have been sighted in the Pacific Northwest area; we are conducting atomic-energy experimentation in the state of Washington.

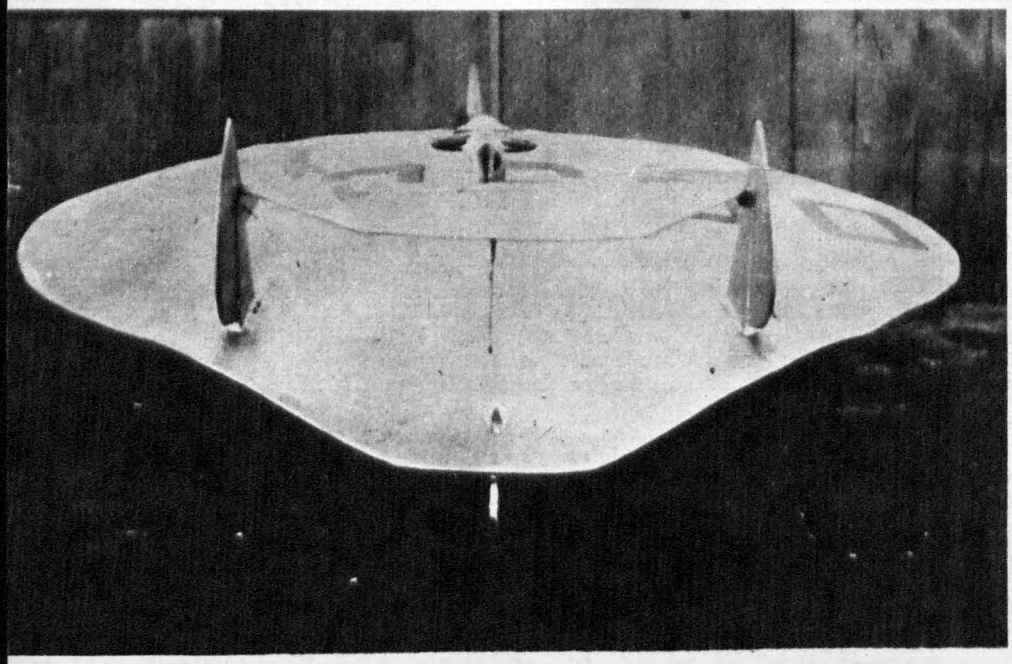
Quite a few flying saucers have been reported from the southern and south-eastern "Gulf" states and somewhat northward, where there are many military-training establishments of various sorts.

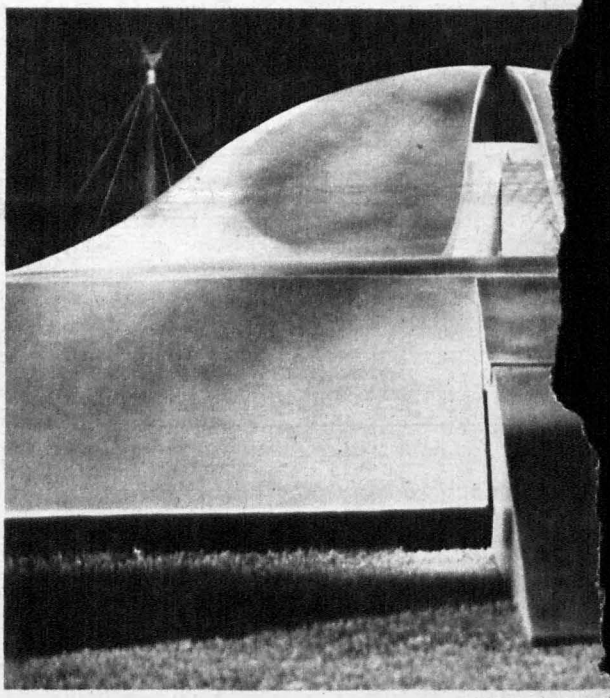
Oddly enough, few if any flying saucers are reported in the north-eastern industrial states, in the Great Lakes states, or, for example, California. Below the Mexican and above the Canadian borders sightings fall off so markedly as to be unexplainable by mere chance.

Outside the United States, there are far fewer reports of flying saucers, though they have been sighted over practically every nation of the globe. There have been many unverifiable reports of the sighting of flying saucers over the Lake Baikal and mid-Siberian regions of Soviet Russia, where atomic experimentation is known to be underway.

Assuming for the moment that the flying saucers are real, and not "cosmic balloons"—as the Office of Naval Research implied in a statement to the effect that all "reliable reports" of such objects were attributable to the big gas-bags—or "weather balloons"—as the Air Forces blandly warned, then what are they?







A forerunner of any "saucer-shaped plane" that might be flying is this craft, built and flown 15 years ago by Richard B. Johnson.

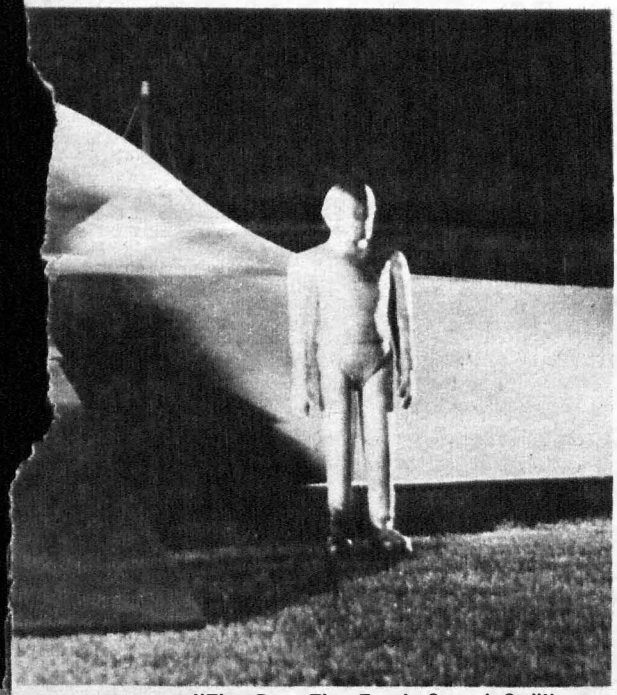
The evidence is overwhelming that they are flying machines of some sort. Too many competent observers have identified them as such for any doubt to remain on that point. Take, for example, the experience of Captain Lawrence W. Vinther, a pilot in the employ of Mid-Continent Airlines, who tangled with one of the things not so long ago.

Captain Vinther was in charge of a DC-3; his co-pilot was James F. Bachner, a veteran flyer of World War II with 6,000 hours of commercial flying to his credit. They were about to take off from Sioux City, Iowa airport at 8:30 P.M. when the flight-control tower requested that they investigate a brilliant light in the sky, traveling north-to-south at an altitude of about 8,000 feet. The light was to the west of the airport.

Note the detail of this request, which was quickly verified. The light was approached and found to be where it was first located, allowing for the fact that it was traveling at a leisurely pace. But as the DC-3 closed in it abruptly dived over the nose of the approaching plane, whirled about or reversed its direction of flight almost instantaneously, and flew *in formation* with the DC-3 at a distance of about 200 feet, maintaining the same altitude and speed. It kept this up for about five seconds, after which—as though satisfied with its investigation—it zoomed away.



The Army's new cargo aircraft container, made of rubber, was also thought to be the mysterious "saucer." This theory was ruled out.



"The Day The Earth Stood Still" made movie-saucer headlines.

The mysterious craft was seen clearly, as there was brilliant moonlight. It was cigar-shaped, larger than a B-29, with an intense light shining from beneath the hull. Note that it was not the saucer shape most frequently reported, although unidentifiable craft of similar shape have been reported fairly frequently. It was definitely no known type of aircraft, and it was seen in detail by at least five persons—three men in the DC-3 (including one passenger) and two men on the ground.

The above example is given for two reasons; first because it indicates the reliability and exactitude of many witnesses who have reported sighting flying mystery-craft, and second because it is not as well-known as some of the other sightings.

It adds more proof to what has already been proven conclusively—that, despite many undoubted instances of hallucination, mistaken identification (such as confusing Venus for a flying saucer), and even hoaxes as well as wishful thinking, flying machines of unknown origin *do* haunt the skies.

At first thought, the widely expressed assumption that the strange objects are new, top-secret U. S. flying-machines seems to carry considerable validity. But it is easy to shoot this hypothesis full of holes.

We can take for what they're worth such announcements as President Truman's that he has no knowledge of flying saucers being developed by this or any other nation. Or the detailed statement of the Navy that it "is not experimenting with or doing research on any type of plane or guided missile that resembles in any way a

• (*Continued on page* 68)

MEN PAST 40

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READING for MALES

How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business, by Ken Alexander

Reviewed by Jack Parker

Believe me, I feel a healthy respect for mail order, having seen a friend, a former $30-a-week clerk, acquire a Cadillac and a country estate in the business. Questioned about his success, he explained, "Mail order! You just slice open the mail and extract the dollar bills."

But perhaps he is to be taken more literally than his facetious reply implies. I feel so since reading "How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business," a book which dissipates the mystery about mail order.

Beginning with the idea, the author shows what makes a product suitable for mail order, giving many illustrations such as hair colorings, medicines, cosmetics, jellies, novelty jewelry, picture albums, etc. One can operate from home or if in business by adding a mail order department for just the cost of printing and stamps.

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113 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

FLYING SAUCERS ARE BACK

(Continued from page 9)

flying saucer." Or a ditto statement by the Air Forces.

There is stronger evidence than that. For one thing, the appearance of the craft over the entire surface of the earth at different times. No nation—unless it were utterly foolhardy—would send experimental aircraft on such flights, incidentally violating international boundaries, and chance the possibility of one "cracking up" and its secrets being disclosed. And it's highly unlikely that we—granting our technical skill—have already developed a new-type aircraft that's capable of sustained globe-girdling performance without a single forced landing.

One point that's frequently forgotten is that flying saucers have been sighted for hundreds of years—long before we had gasoline engines and long before the Wright brothers.

Whatever we think of the late Charles Fort—who made a hobby of collecting news reports of inexplicable occurrences—we must admit that he certainly detailed many decades-old reports of strange objects in the sky. For example: lights in the sky over Dhurmsalla, India, on July 28, 1860, that moved like fire balloons but that were not such balloons; eight lights seen simultaneously over Wales, moving in formation, in 1877; two large bright lights moving over Inverness, Scotland, in 1848; a large, bright light seen over Canada and the United States at various times in November and December, 1913; moving lights sighted in the sky on February 24, 1904, by three crew-members of the U.S.S. Supply—and so on and so on.

The files of almost any large-city newspaper will give plenty of similar examples.

There is still another reason why the flying saucers cannot be ours. That is the fact that, when challenged, they have not hesitated to destroy American planes and flyers.

Still unexplained is what happened to five U. S. training planes that left Pensacola, Florida one day in 1946 and were never heard from again, though there was perfect flying weather. A sixth plane, sent out to search, also vanished, though several others were unharmed.

Were those six planes destroyed by flying saucers?

Many other planes have been destroyed or rendered powerless by flying saucers. Charles F. Lane, while flying over the "hump" of the Himalayas some years ago, sighted a bright object which mysteriously stopped the engines of his plane and "froze" the instruments. After a moment of investigation, the craft sped away, and simultaneously Lane's plane resumed functioning.

Perhaps the most widely publicized incident of this sort was the death, on January 7, 1948, of Captain Thomas F. Mantell. Let him describe what happened in his own words, as spoken to the control tower of Goodman Air Force Base, Ft. Knox, Ky., as he attempted to approach a flying saucer:

"I'm closing in now to take a good look. It's directly ahead of me and still moving at about half my speed. The thing looks metallic and is of tremendous size . . . I'm going up now and forward as fast as I can . . . I'm going up to 20,000 feet and if I'm no closer, I'll abandon chase."

Those were the last words of Captain Mantell heard by human ears. His plane suddenly crashed—some said it "disintegrated" and he was killed.

This tragedy was witnessed by many persons, including men in three other planes. All four pilots saw the object Mantell sought to investigate.

It is unthinkable that this nation would destroy its own men to preserve a top secret—even the "flying saucer" secret.

ARE the flying saucers Russian, as many have conjectured? Again definitely not. The same objections apply as in the case of the U. S., and with even more emphasis, for Russian technology is far behind ours, and the flying saucers have been around for years.

One highly sensational viewpoint is that they are spaceships from the planet Venus, crewed by little men around 36 inches tall. In the

humble opinion of the writer, this solution of the mystery contains many flaws. For one thing, the atmosphere of Venus is incapable of supporting life as we know it. There are other objections too numerous to mention.

Perhaps the best-thought-out "explanation" of the flying saucers may be found in the excellent book "Is Another World Watching?" by the Englishman Gerald Heard, which has been published in both English and U. S. editions.

For one thing, it takes into consideration the fact that the mysterious craft fall into several different categories. One often reported is no more than two or three feet in diameter; automobile drivers have complained of being "buzzed" by these Lilliputian annoyances.

The next size is a saucer or disc shape, somewhere around 100 feet in diameter, more or less. Then there is a globe of tremendous size, strangely reminiscent of one reported half a century ago that was five times as big as the disc of the full moon. Finally there are the cigar-shapes, with dazzling lights along the sides, such as the one that passed an Eastern Airlines plane sometime ago as though the plane were standing still.

Heard conjectures that the smallest model is a crewless device, packed with instruments, that is used solely to record information obtained, perhaps, through some form of television and other fact-gathering devices. The medium size carries a crew, and is used for reconnaissance. The monster is the "mother ship,," perhaps the only one of the assortment that is capable of interplanetary flight. The cigar-shape seems to be a special-purpose, crew-carrying craft.

The reason why the mother ship has been sighted so infrequently, Heard conjectures, is because it remains customarily at a considerable distance from earth. As a matter of fact, it could remain perpetually invisible within the cone of the earth's shadow by circling the earth every 24 hours in an orbit slightly less than 24,000 miles from our planet. No power, of course, would be required to maintain it in this orbit.

Heard further conjectures that the flying saucers come from Mars, if their point of origin is within our Solar System at all. As a matter of fact, Mars is probably the only planet in our system that is capable of supporting any form of life akin to ours(See SIR, March issue). Heard even suggests that the two very small "moons" of Mars, which circle the planet with great rapidity at only a few thousand miles above the surface, are not natural satellites at all, but are artificial constructions used as "way stations" on the road to space.

Finally, Heard speculates that the crews of the flying saucers are not humanoid in physical construction, but are some form of insect life of considerable size as compared with our insects, but quite small as compared with humans. Insects, of course, are generally highly intelligent, while the insect structure, lacking a skeleton but completely enclosing the soft organs in "armor plate," would be capable of withstanding the many gravity accelerations, decelerations and changes of direction observed in the flight of the flying saucers.

That is one theory. All factors considered, it seems to be the best one advanced so far. It seems likely that Earth has been under scrutiny by visitors from another planet for some time. These visitors seem to be particularly interested in our military - scientific development, notably in the fields of aircraft and atomics.

Whether they are hostile or friendly is difficult to say. Generally they have avoided making hostile acts: It may be that they are studying our planet with a view to conquest and colonization, but a happier alternative is that they are "mining" our atmosphere for oceans of oxygen-hydrogen (water) of which Mars is in short supply. There have been reports of attempts to establish telepathic communication, but verification of these reports is currently impossible, although they keep cropping up.

There are several reasons why Martians—if there are space-traveling Martians—would not find our planet a very desirable habitation. Our much greater gravity, our much thicker atmosphere, would make life very difficult for them here, perhaps impossible. We could adjust much more easily to Martian conditions than Martians could do Earth conditions.

Perhaps, ultimately, the Martians will suggest the establishment of interplanetary relations, and trade between the two worlds.

That's the way the "flying-saucers mystery" shapes up at this writing. Viewed globally and with some knowledge of conditions on the other planets, it doesn't seem so much a mystery after all!

THE END



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Roundup on the Flying Saucer mystery



—I—

Have We Visitors from Space?

Condensed from Life

H. B. Darrach, Jr., and Robert Ginna

On June 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold, a private pilot flying from Chehalis to Yakima, Wash., saw nine "saucerlike things, flying like geese in a diagonal chainlike line," approaching Mount Rainier. They swerved in and out of the high peaks at a speed Arnold estimated to be 1200 m.p.h.

Arnold's story flashed across the country and within a month flying disks had been reported by people in 40 states. For the public the saucers provided the biggest game of hey-diddle-diddle in history. Any man, woman or child with talent enough to see spots before his eyes could get his name in a newspaper.

Buried in the heap of hysterical reports, however, were some sobering cases. There was the inexplicable experience of Lt. George F. Gorman of the North Dakota Air National Guard. On October 1, 1948, Gorman was coming in at dusk to land his F-51 at Fargo when he saw an intense, bright light pass 1000 yards away. Curious, Gorman took after it. For 27 hair-raising minutes he pursued the light through a series of intricate maneuvers until it flashed away into the upper air. He said it was about six inches in diameter and going faster than his F-51 (300–400 m.p.h.). It made no sound and left no exhaust trail. After Gorman landed, he found support for his story — the chief of the control tower had followed the fantastic "combat" with binoculars.

Life (April 7, '52), copyright 1952 by Time Inc., Time & Life Bldg., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

As saucer reports continued to come in at a rate of about one a day, officers of the U. S. Air Force began to show concern. "The higher you go in the Air Force," conceded one Intelligence officer, "the more seriously they take the flying saucers."

Air Force Intelligence maintains constant investigation and study of unidentified aerial objects; military aircraft are alerted to attempt interception; radar and photographic equipment are used in an effort to obtain factual data. Their records show that the years since 1947 have produced literally dozens of incidents defying simple explanation. Here are five cases which provoke incredible questions.

At 9:10 p.m. on August 25, 1951, Dr. W. I. Robinson, professor of geology at Texas Technological College, was chatting in his back yard in Lubbock, Texas, with two colleagues; Dr. A. G. Oberg, professor of chemical engineering, and Professor W. L. Ducker, head of the petroleum engineering department. Suddenly all three men saw a number of lights race noiselessly across the sky, from horizon to horizon, in a few seconds. They gave the impression of about 30 luminous beads, arranged in a crescent shape. A few moments later a similar formation flashed across the night. A check the next day with the Air Force showed that no planes had been over the area at the time.

Between August and November of last year Professor Ducker observed 12 flights of the luminous objects. Some of his colleagues and hundreds of nonscientific observers in a wide vicinity around Lubbock saw as many as three flights in one night. On the night of August 30, 18-year-old Carl Hart, Jr., managed to get five photographic exposures of the flights. His pictures show 18 to 20 luminous objects arranged in one or a pair of crescents. In some photographs, off to one side of the main flight, a larger luminosity is visible — like a mother craft hovering near its aerial brood.

The Air Force has found nothing fraudulent about Hart's pictures. The lights are much too bright to be reflections, and therefore must be bodies containing sources of light. Professors Ducker, Oberg and Robinson agree, along with other scientists, that to explain the silence of the objects, it must be assumed they were at least 50,000 feet in the air and going 18,000 m.p.h.

One night in the summer of 1948 Clyde W. Tombaugh, discoverer of the planet Pluto, was sitting in the yard of his home at Las Cruces, N. M., with his wife and mother-in-law. All at once something rushed silently overhead, south to north, too fast for a plane, too slow for a meteor. All three witnesses agreed that it was a solid "ship" of a kind they had never seen before. An oval shape, it "trailed off at the rear into a shapeless luminescence." There was a blue-green glow about the whole thing. About half a dozen "windows" were clearly visible at the front of the ship and along the side.

This object bore a resemblance to a "long rocketlike ship" with double rows of windows reported by two Eastern Air Line pilots, Capt. Clarence S. Chiles and Co-pilot John B. Whitted, in July 1948. It bore resemblance to no known aircraft.

On May 29, 1951, at 3:48 p.m., three technical writers for the aerophysics department of North American Aviation's plant near Los Angeles were chatting on the factory grounds. They were Victor Black, Werner Eichler and Ed J. Sullivan. Sullivan describes what they saw: "Approximately 30 glowing meteorlike objects sprayed out of the east at a point about 45° above the horizon, executed a right-angle turn and swept across the sky in an undulating vertical formation that resembled a tuning fork on edge. It took them about 25 seconds to cross 90° of the horizon before performing another right-angle turn westward. We estimated their diameter at 30 feet and their speed at 1700 m.p.h. They appeared as round, intense blue lights, and moved with the motion of flat stones skipping across a smooth pond."

No known natural or optical phenomenon makes the peculiar light, in bright day, attributed to these objects; nor can any natural object, hurtling at such speed, execute a right-angle turn.

On January 20, 1951, at 8:30 p.m., Capt. Lawrence W. Vinther of Mid-Continent Airlines was ordered by the control tower at the Sioux City, Iowa, airport to investigate a "very bright light" above the field. He took off in a DC-3 with his co-pilot, James F. Bachmeier, and followed the light. All at once the light dived at the DC-3 almost head-on; it passed silently and at great speed about 200 feet above its nose. Both pilots wrenched their heads back to see where it had gone, only to discover that the thing had somehow reversed direction in a split second and was now flying parallel to the airliner, about 200 feet away. It was a clear moonlight night and both men got a good look at the object. It was as big as or bigger than a B-29, had a cigar-shaped fuselage and a glider-type wing, set well forward, without sweepback and without engine nacelles or jet pods. There was no exhaust glow. The white light appeared to be recessed in the bottom of the plane. After a few seconds the object lost altitude, passed under the DC-3 and disappeared.

One fact alone — the astonishing reversal of direction performed by the object — suffices to classify it as a device far beyond the known capacities of aeronautical science.

On the night of November 2, 1951, a ball of kelly-green fire, blazing more brightly than the moon, flashed eastward across the skies of Arizona. It raced, straight as a bullet, parallel to the ground, and then exploded in a frightful paroxysm of light — without making a sound. At least 165 people saw the incredible thing. Hundreds more have witnessed similar flights of countless other fireballs that since December

1948 have bathed the hills of the Southwest in their glare.

The belief that a strange meteor shower was under way has been blasted by Dr. Lincoln La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteoritics at the University of New Mexico. He points out that normal fireballs do not appear green, that they fall in the trajectory forced on them by gravity, are generally as noisy as a freight train and leave meteorites where they hit. The green southwestern species does none of these things.

When asked to indicate the approximate color of the fireballs on a spectrum chart, most witnesses have touched the band at 5200 angstroms — close to the green of burning copper. Copper is almost never found in meteorites. However, a curious fact has been recorded by aerologists. Concentrations of copper particles are now present in the air of Arizona and New Mexico, particularly in "fireball areas." These were not encountered in air samples made before 1948.

What these flying saucers, luminous fuselages, green fireballs are may be adduced partially by reviewing what they are *not*. They are not psychological phenomena. To doubt the observers in the foregoing cases is to doubt the ability of every human being to know a hawk from a handsaw. They are not products of U. S. research. U. S. science has no source of power that could put a flying machine through such paces as the saucers perform. Neither are they distortions of the atmosphere resulting from atomic activity. The Atomic Energy Commission and every other Government agency connected with weapons development deny responsibility for them.

Dr. Walther Riedel, once chief designer and research director at the German rocket center in Peenemünde and now engaged on secret work for the United States, is convinced that the saucers have an out-of-world basis. Dr. Riedel points out that "the skin friction of the missile at those speeds at those altitudes would melt any metals or nonmetals available."

Dr. Maurice A. Biot, leading aerodynamicist, says the saucer shape makes very little sense if the machine is to travel in the atmosphere. A disk has a high drag and "wobbles" when whirled at high speed through the air. However, for space travel, where there is no atmosphere to oppose, the disk has significant advantages. "The least improbable explanation is that these things are artificial and controlled," Dr. Biot concluded. "My opinion is that they have an extraterrestrial origin."

Why do these things make no sound? What power urges them at such terrible speeds through the sky? Who, or what, is aboard? Where do they come from? Why are they here?

Before these awesome questions, science — and mankind — can yet only halt in wonder. Answers may come in a generation — or tomorrow.



By James R. Aswell

DECADES BEFORE 1947, when people started reporting "saucers," there were epidemics of seeing swift lights and fire-rimmed objects in the sky. The name saucer hadn't been invented, but change the date, and reports from the past sound strangely similar to modern tales of spinning disks and green fireballs flashing through the heavens.

American Naval Lt. Frank Schofield would have found many of our modern saucer stories perfectly familiar. "From the USS *Supply* at sea" he reported the affair of the three meteors sighted at 6:10 a.m., February 28, 1904. "The leading meteor, which had an area of about six suns, was egg-shaped. The smaller two seemed round. They appeared to be traveling in echelon, and so continued as long as in sight. The near approach of the meteors to the surface and the subsequent flight away from the surface appear to be most remarkable."

Astronomer E. Walter Maunder described in *Observatory* magazine the "strange celestial visitor" viewed by thousands of Britons on the night of November 17, 1882. At the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, Maunder was watching an aurora die after a violent magnetic storm. Suddenly "a great circular disk of greenish light appeared in the E.N.E." Smoothly it moved from horizon to horizon, taking about two minutes in transit. Its round initial appearance was probably due to foreshortening, Maunder said, for "when it crossed the meridian and passed just above the moon, its form was that almost of an elongated ellipse. Various observers spoke of it as 'cigar-shaped,' 'like a torpedo,' or a 'spindle' or 'shuttle.' "

Its height was estimated as 133 miles, its speed as ten miles per second, "much slower than the average of bolides." (Bolides are giant meteoric chunks of stone or nickel-iron whose speeds have been clocked as high as 50 miles per second.)

In April 1897, U. S. newspapers from coast to coast gave front-page space to a huge, cigar-shaped "airship" supposed to be cruising around Chicago. Late in March dispatches from the West had described a "cigar-shaped object, with no motive power, certainly not steam," first reported near Sacramento, then Denver. On March 29, according to the New York *Herald*, it was seen "by a majority of the residents of Omaha. It was in the shape of a

bright light, too big for a balloon." The New York *Sun* stated that Kansas City trolley cars stopped "and soon the whole population was watching it from the street and rooftops. The light was as great as that produced by 20 stars."

Stories poured in to the Chicago *Tribune*. "Reputable citizens (of Eldora, Iowa) say they observed the gigantic airship. One man said it resembled an immense bird of polished silver." In Milwaukee "thousands of people saw it. The machine floated over the city until it reached directly over the City Hall, where it stopped for a quarter of an hour." Witnesses said that the light was suspended from "a large, dark, oval-shaped body."

Just before nightfall on March 22, 1870, as the British barque *Lady of the Lake* was spanking along in mid-Atlantic a few degrees above the equator, Capt. Frederick Banner and the crew observed a curious cloud — rigid, light-gray, circular in form, transparent but distinctly defined. It came up obliquely against the wind, turned at a right angle into the teeth of the wind, and "finally settled down right in the wind's eye" before it was lost in the darkness. An extract from the ship's log, later published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society*, reproduced the captain's sketch. It shows a startling resemblance to the saucer drawings made in the United States in recent years.

On Sunday night, February 9, 1913, thousands of watchers were awestruck by a fiery formation which swept in a straight line from Saskatchewan, Canada, across part of the United States to Bermuda. At first, observers thought it was a giant skyrocket, but it did not fall. As it grew larger, the fiery, furnace-red body was seen as either one object with a triangular arrangement of three tails or three distinct bodies in V formation. The pace was peculiarly deliberate for a meteor. "Majestic," it took "a perfectly horizontal path to the southeast where it simply disappeared in the distance."

Then, one after the other, four or five spaced groups emerged from precisely the same point in the northwest sky. They followed exactly the path blazed through the heavens by the first. Several witnesses declared that "near the middle of the great procession was a fine, large star without a tail and that a similar body brought up the rear."

Speed was estimated at between five and ten miles per second and time of passage over any particular point as about 3.3 minutes — very slow for meteors. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* calculates the altitude at some 35 miles throughout the observed course from Canada to Bermuda. As it was later reported, "many observers compared them with a fleet of airships, with lights on either side and forward and aft; others likened them to great battleships attended by cruisers and destroyers."

One of the original saucer enthusiasts was Charles H. Fort, who died in 1932, 15 years before the term "saucer" came into use. After spending a lifetime compiling volumes of strange aerial lore, he concluded that supercreatures from somewhere else have been visiting our earth for centuries. But whether his conclusions were correct or not, stories of flying phenomena from the past indicate that "saucers" in some form or other will be with us for a long time to come.

In Search of a Quip

All she got out of the evening was rum and coax (Jack Kofoed) . . . As nervous as a pedestrian going through a change of light (William T. Goodwin) . . . She put a couple of blue bullets into me with her eyes (Raymond Chandler) . . . My British car is so small I feel like I'm wearing it instead of riding in it . . . So shapely, she couldn't have fallen flat on her face if she tried (Ferguson Findley) . . . Going to the beach is like going to the attic — you are surprised at what you will find in trunks (*The Prison Mirror*)

Overheard: About a local politician, "He's like a swamp bullfrog — all stomach, except what's head, and that's all mouth" . . . Such a wonderful day — it makes me feel the way I wish I did (Charles W. Ferguson) . . . Man selling soil, "It's good loam and it's pasteurized — had horses on it" (*The Countryman*) . . . Weary mother's comment after her baby's first birthday party, "It was a great success — there wasn't a dry seat in the house" (Betty McCracken) . . . Doleful actor, "I can't get this check cashed — I don't know of a single place where I'm unknown!"

Define points: Neurotic — one who believes the world owes him a loving (Morris Bender) . . . Summer camps — those places where little boys go for mother's vacation (Jamestown, N. Y., *Post-Journal*) . . . Perfume — bottled mating call (M. E. Chaber) . . . Heckler — a guy who ribs you the wrong way (Dorothy Sarnoff, quoted by Earl Wilson)

Radio-TV topics: Jane Ace, "It was a case of assault and flattery" . . . Contestant improving on old proverb, "Laugh and the world laughs with you — snore and you sleep alone" ("Share the Wealth") . . . Red Skelton, "The only thing that kept me from going to college was high school" (quoted by Jack Shafer)

In a forward area in Korea, an artillery outfit posted this sign, "Brassiere Fire Direction Center — We Support the Whole Front" . . . As training exercises for NATO's top brass got under way, officers nicknamed it, "Operation Venus de Milo — no arms but plenty of SHAPE."

What have you read or heard lately that deserves a wider audience? To the first contributor of each item used in this department a payment of $10 will be made upon publication. *The source must be given.*

Address Quips Editor, The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York.



"Mommy says you saw a flying saucer"

In October, 1908, the gales of the last few days were abating and the fishermen of Prince Edward Island once more were setting their nets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They noticed a large box floating on the still angry waves. It must be very heavy, they thought, for it lay deep in the water. It must have been in the water for a long, long time, too, for it was encrusted with sea mollusks and hung with waving green weeds and barnacles.

After strenuous efforts the box was anchored safely on the shore. The men worked for hours chipping off the thick crust of shells so that it could be opened. Only then did the fishermen disappointedly discover that they had found a coffin containing the well-preserved body of a middle-aged man. A silver plate gave his name as Charles Coghlan, his profession as actor, his birthplace as their own village.

The name of Coghlan was still remembered on Prince Edward Island and the great actor was reburied with respect near the church where he had been baptized. He had come home to the place he had loved so well in his youth.

The waves of the sea had fulfilled the prediction of a gypsy fortune teller.

Fate June 52

[Fate magazine, June 1952]

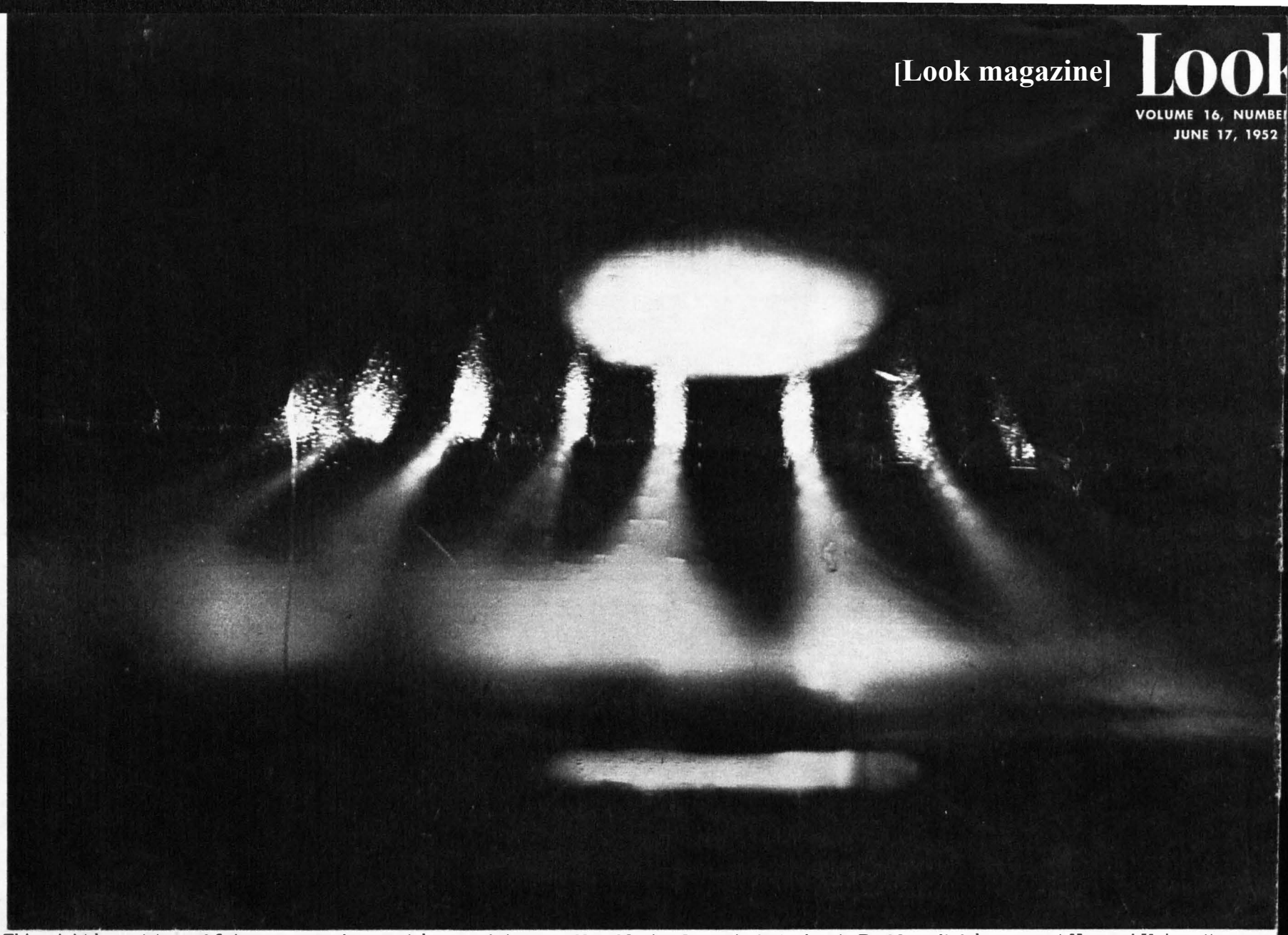
EXPLOSIONS FROM SOMEWHERE

MYSTERIOUS blasts jolted Los Angeles and San Diego last January 4 and authorities have been at a loss to explain them. One of the blasts was too strong to register on a San Diego seismograph. The first blast came at 3:33 a.m. in the Los Angeles International Airport area. The second was reported in San Diego's Mission Hills area at 8:30 p.m., followed by a third a half hour later at Point Loma and a fourth two hours later in the Chula Vista area. Police said there was nothing to indicate that an explosion had been set off. Scientists were inclined to attribute the blasts to meteors although none had been reported in the area. In Northern California on the same day, however, a glowing cigar-shaped object was reported flying over Del Monte about 1,000 feet off the ground. It apparently dropped into the Fort Ord military reservation but officials at Ford Ord had no knowledge of the object — they said. Deputy Sheriffs Al Bollman and James Matney, who saw the objects while on patrol, checked Monterey Airport to learn if a plane were in trouble. They were told that a United Air Lines pilot had just reported to the control tower that he too had seen the unknown object. The object was observed by scores of people in a period confined to an hour. The blasts and the object may have been unrelated.

SHEEP 10,000 YEARS OLD

SWISS lake dwellers who lived about 8000 B.C. shared their huts with domesticated sheep archeologists have recently discovered.

[Look magazine] Look
VOLUME 16, NUMBE
JUNE 17, 1952



This might be a picture of flying saucers taken at night over Arizona or New Mexico. It was in fact taken in Dr. Menzel's laboratory at Harvard University.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS

One of America's leading astronomers goes into his laboratory at Harvard and disposes of the flying-saucer myth. He adds simple instructions for making flying saucers in your own kitchen

By Dr. DONALD H. MENZEL



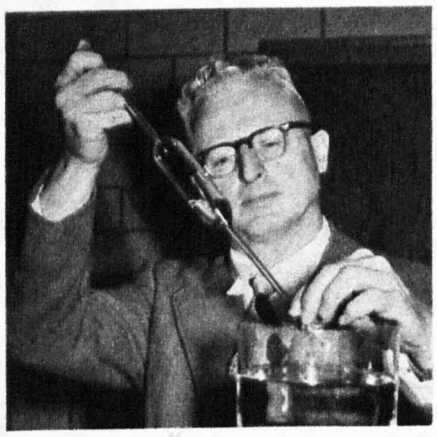
Donald H. Menzel is professor of astrophysics and associate director of solar research at Harvard University. His work on flying saucers was done in response to a request from LOOK. The Air Force has expressed a lively interest in it.

I SUPPOSE that I should be especially well qualified to write about flying saucers since I happen to be one of the few persons who has actually seen one.

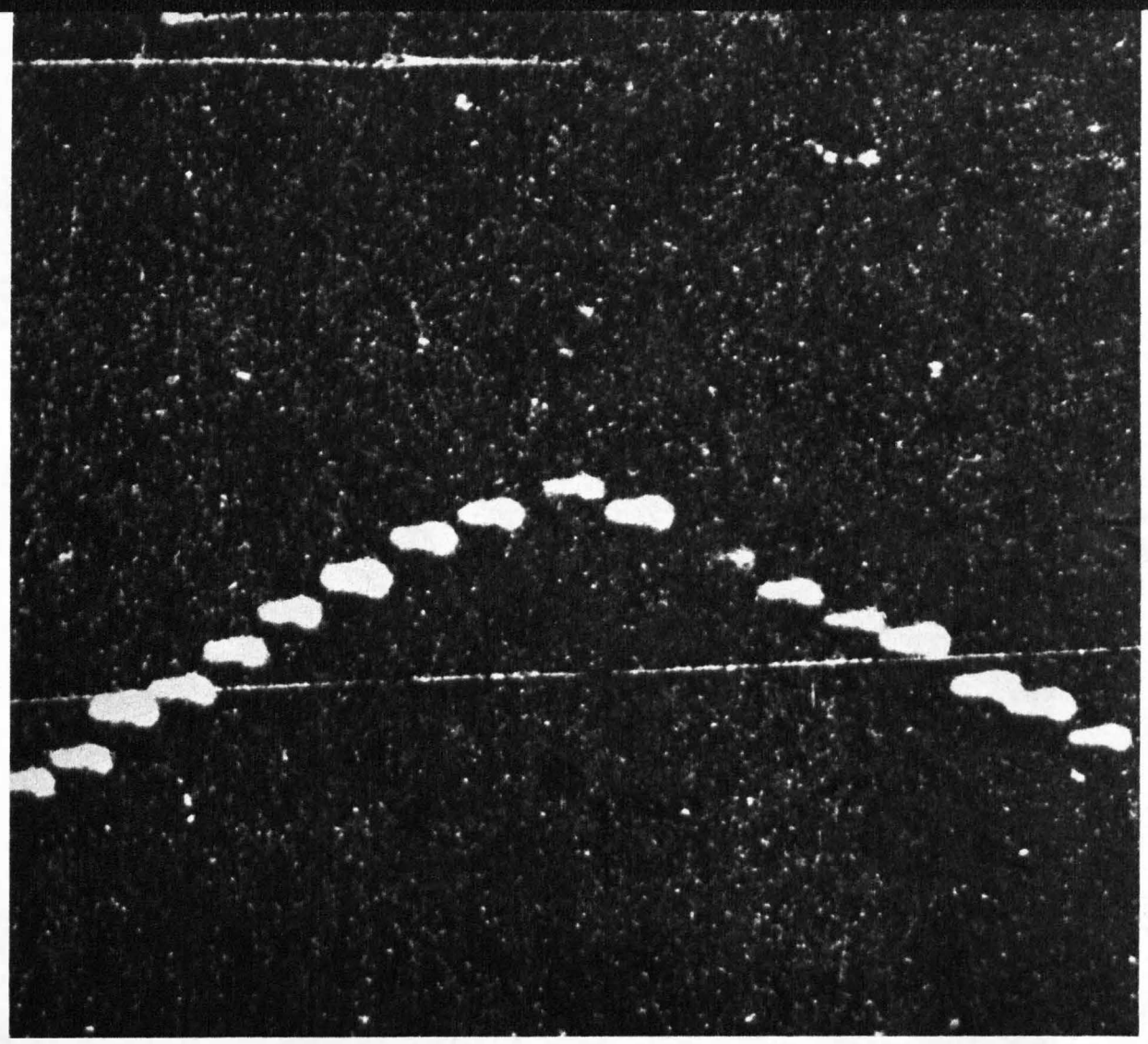
My solar studies take me frequently to Colorado and New Mexico, and I was at the Holloman Air Base, near Alamogordo, N. M., at the height of the flying-saucer scare. That very morning, I had glimpsed what seemed to be several saucers moving overhead—until I focused my eyes more clearly and recognized the objects as weather balloons. That afternoon, I expressed my belief that most of the saucers could be thus explained. But others in the group—including several well-known scientists—indicated that there was probably more to the saucer story than that.

Early that evening, I had my second attack of saucers. I was in the back seat of an automobile, being driven toward Alamogordo and admiring the full moon as it rose over Sacramento Peak toward the east. A few degrees north of the moon, I noticed what seemed to be a bright star, and then a second star not far from the first. Casually, I assumed that they were Castor and Pollux in the constellation of

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Orderly processes of natural laws explain saucers



These are the Lubbock Lights, as photographed Aug. 30, 1951, over Lubbock, Texas, by 18-year-old Carl Hart, Jr.

Gemini. Then, very suddenly, I realized that Gemini was a winter object; the two stars had to be something else.

Like most astronomers, I am always hopeful of finding a nova (exploding star) which can be seen with the naked eye, so I rapidly opened the window of the car for a better look. I could bring neither of these objects into clear focus, although nearby Antares was sharp. Both hazy disks shone with a slightly bluish light. They were, in a sense, "flying" simply because they were elevated. Suddenly, alive to the fact that I was seeing something unusual, I asked the driver to stop. We climbed out of the car just in time to see the saucers literally fade away as mysteriously as they had appeared. I reported the occurrence in detail to the Air Force.

I later found that an English meteorologist, Edward J. Lowe, had recorded a similar phenomenon as long ago as 1838—similar except for the fact he saw four instead of two ghostly images flying near the moon.

Perhaps you expect me to say, at this point, that I can explain exactly what I saw that evening. I am sorry to disappoint you. I cannot. I have certain ideas on the subject, but they are only hypotheses—reasonable but not yet fully confirmed.

I shall explain those ideas, but first let me say what I do NOT believe. I do NOT believe that what I saw, or anything anyone has reported seeing, were missiles or messengers or vehicles from the moon or Mars or space. I do NOT believe they were missiles or messengers or vehicles from Russia or any other foreign country.

Indeed, how simple science and life would be if every time we encountered some seemingly inexplicable fact, we could blame it on some outside force over which we have no control. Such a mode of thought is as old as man himself. Our prehistoric ancestors personalized *all* the forces of nature. Gods blew the winds, threw lightning bolts and stoked the fires that belch forth from volcanic craters.

Brilliant showers of meteors have made men fear that the end of the world was imminent. The ancients have interpreted a solar eclipse as a dragon devouring the sun and rejoiced when their beating drums and weapons frightened the dragon away.

How simple this type of science. No laboratory experiment to prove or test the hypotheses. No complicated mathematics to study the details of the process. Nothing to argue about here. For each new and unexplained fact, we invent a new god—or assume the existence of a superintelligence.

How simple—and how wrong!

Centuries of civilization have taught us the futility of inventing mysterious forces and superhuman beings. You could explain *anything* that way. Such explanations, however, are completely useless and nature falls into chaos, subject to the whim of a pagan deity instead of to the orderly processes of natural laws.

"An Uncivilized Attitude"

As a scientist, I am not bothered if I cannot give a complete, iron-clad explanation for every phenomenon I meet. Unraveling the puzzles of science is my business—as well as my pleasure. I find the world still full of unsolved problems. I look for the explanations, but I do not arbitrarily invent forces that make explanation unnecessary.

Why, then, have so many civilized people chosen to adopt an uncivilized attitude toward flying saucers? I think there are three reasons:

First, flying saucers are unusual. All of us are used to regularity. We naturally attribute mystery to the unusual.

Second, we are all nervous. We live in a world that has suddenly become hostile. We have unleashed forces we cannot control; many persons fear we are heading toward a war that will end in the destruction of civilization.

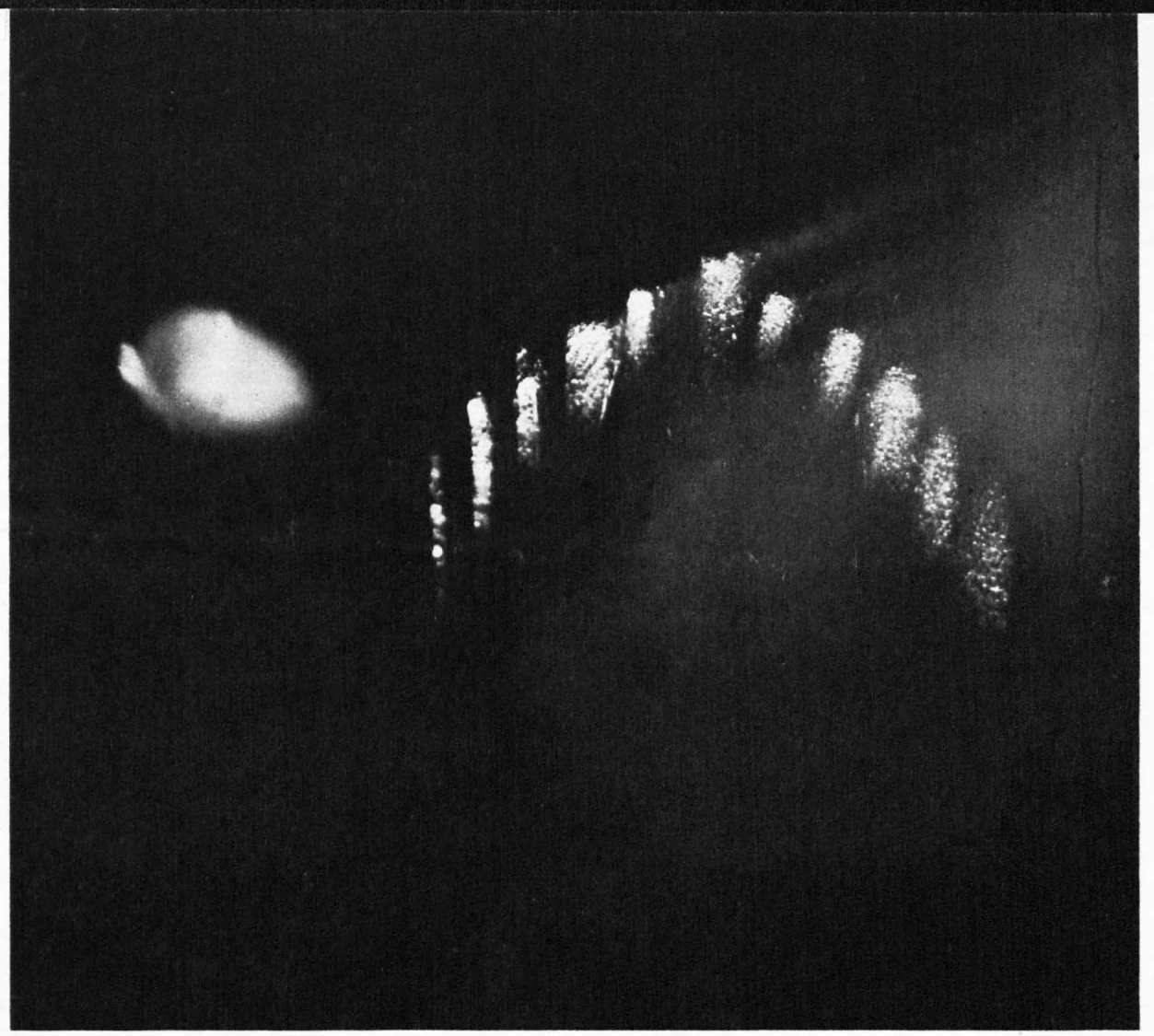
Third, people enjoy being frightened a little. They go to Boris Karloff double features.

But such analysis should concern the psychologist rather than the natural scientist, so let me hasten back to our flying saucers.

First of all, we must recognize that "flying saucers," in the public mind, cover a wide variety of objects and phenomena. Some of them, we can almost immediately dispose of, although the mere fact of their misinterpretation has been one of the chief difficulties men have encountered in getting at the basic truth.

A man sitting in the park on a calm summer afternoon scarcely realizes how intense the winds aloft may be. Perhaps real gales exist, with speeds in excess of 60 miles an hour, different layers moving in opposite directions. Light, flat objects such as newspapers or kites can be caught in an occasional whirlwind and lifted to enormous heights, where they may fly for hundreds of miles before they again reach the ground. Weather balloons, which are often released in groups rather than singly, are not at all uncommon. Indeed, most such objects lose their true identity when viewed against the sky. And it is extremely hard to recognize them.

Occasional reflections from distant planes or even from the backs of high-flying birds account for some of the reports. The planet Venus has, on many occasions, produced its own series of sensations. Few people seem to realize that this planet, when at greatest brilliance, can be plainly seen in the daytime. If floating cirrus clouds overlie it, the planet may give the illusion of being in rapid motion. Most people find it difficult to focus their eyes on a distant object; hence, they see a bright blur in the sky and thus give rise to another flying-saucer story.



These "lights" were one of many sets of "saucers" made by Dr. Menzel in his laboratory. Note the "mother ship."

But by no means all of the objects can be so dismissed. After we have eliminated the false saucers and the erroneous reports that we trace to misidentification, there do remain a number that we cannot completely write off. Such as the ones I saw myself.

The first question we are called upon to answer is this: If these objects are natural objects, why did they suddenly appear for the first time in 1947? An honest question and a basic one; for if it cannot be answered, we are in difficulties. But the answer is simple: They were seen in the skies long before 1947. Scientific literature is full of them.

England Had Durham Lights

Take, for example, the Lubbock Lights, which appeared in the sky near Lubbock, Texas, last summer and were photographed. Similar phenomena have been long reported. England was mildly excited over the Durham Lights almost a century ago.

In 1897, our papers were filled with stories about a mysterious cigar-shaped airship seen at odd places over the country. The lights and men aboard were clearly visible. Finally, the great inventor Thomas A. Edison himself disposed of the rumor.

Here is a quotation from the magazine *Nature* for May 25, 1893: "During a recent wintry cruise in H.M.S. *Caroline,* a curious phenomenon was seen. . . . Unusual lights were reported by the officer of the watch. They appeared sometimes as a mass, at others spread out in an irregular line. They bore north until I lost sight of them about midnight. . . . The globes of fire altered in their formation . . . now in a massed group with an outlying light, then the isolated one would disappear and the others would take the form of a crescent of diamonds."

The account also mentioned a "looming mirage," of which I shall have more to say later. This report interests me for two reasons: First, it would almost serve as a description of the Lubbock Lights. Second, my own theory of the Lubbock Lights was developed, and tested in my laboratory, before I found this account in *Nature*—and my theory directly associates looming mirages with the lights.

The next question is quite natural: Even granting that these phenomena have a long history, why are they so much more frequent today than in the past?

List the places where flying saucers have been seen, and you will notice that the great majority were reported in very hot areas, over deserts—in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. For years, these states were sparsely settled.

But since the war began, they are the areas in which the most startling population growth has been tallied. Irrigation has brought farmers in. The dry heat has made tourist havens of Phoenix and Tucson. The air age has made these flat, clear-skied areas the natural locations for great bomber and fighter bases. Finally, atomic energy has chosen New Mexico as its headquarters.

In brief, there are more eyes to scan the heavens. Hence, more is seen. The answer is as simple as that. The clear skies are themselves a partial answer. Beyond two or three miles, especially toward the horizon, the milky haze cuts down visibility in Eastern areas. In the West, one is accustomed to seeing a mountain peak more than 150 miles away.

Finally, the most important question of all: If the saucers aren't superhuman or controlled by superhumans, what are they?

First, we must study the reports.

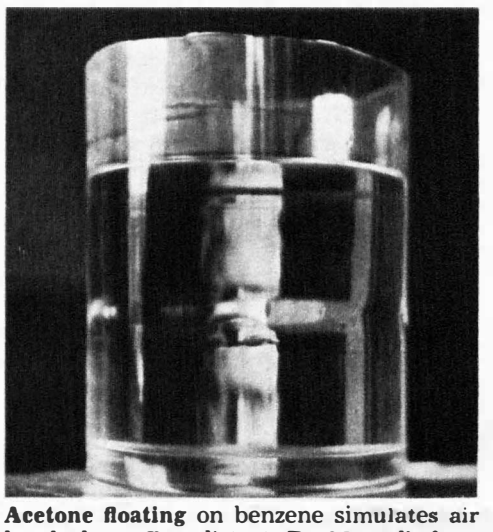
A careful analysis of all the available data indicates that—after we have subtracted the balloons, papers, distant planes, Venus and the like—a substantial amount of reliable but unexplained material still remains. This falls into several definite patterns: ovals, disks or other patterns, either shining silver by day or

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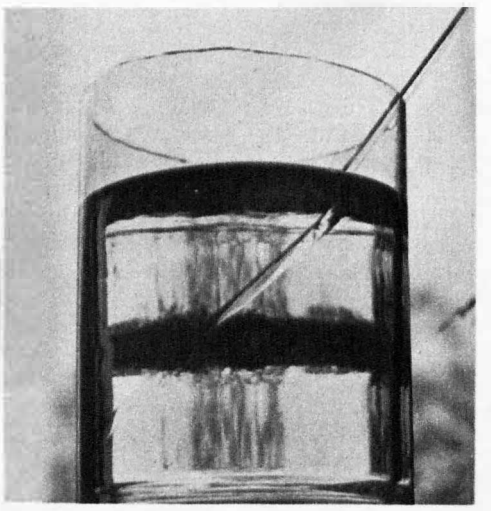
Photographed by Arthur Rothstein



Dr. Menzel begins setting up his apparatus, using a large glass jar, benzene and acetone.

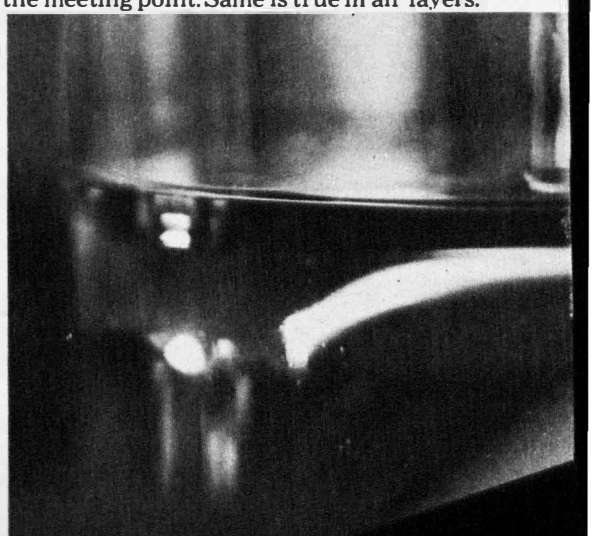


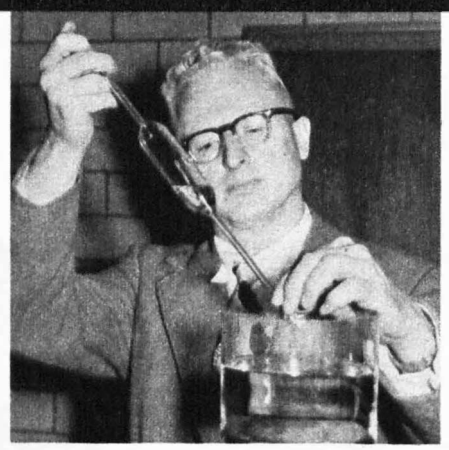
Acetone floating on benzene simulates air levels; lens effect distorts Dr. Menzel's face.



A glass rod seems to bend as it passes from one liquid to other. Light bends in this way.

A light shining through the liquids bends at the meeting point. Same is true in air layers.





FLYING SAUCERS continued

Wherever certain well-known air

luminous by night. They may appear singly, in clusters or fly in precise geometrical formation. The best-defined patterns of this type have been called the Lubbock Lights, since their best-known appearance was in Lubbock, Texas. They have, however, appeared elsewhere. Next, we have the mysterious balls of green fire. Are they or are they not related to the luminous "Foo Fighters" that occasionally seem to accompany a plane or even engage it in a mysterious sort of shadowboxing? Finally, there are the "ghost" saucers that seem to hover suspiciously around a freshly launched balloon, and rush off at some unprecedented speed—presumably to report their findings. At least four such ghosts have been reliably reported.

Many of the records refer to some tremendous distance or speed. And here I ask this question: How can an observer on the ground, from a single station and with his eyes alone, give a reliable estimate of all three figures: distance, size and speed? If you think that this is easy, try it sometime—on the moon, for example.

The reported saucers move at varied *angular* speeds, either sideways or vertical. Their unknown actual speed depends on how far away they actually are. They may "veer" sharply at any given moment. At times, the images are extremely brilliant. Sometimes, they show a trace of structure, which some observers have associated with "windows" or "portholes" of a space craft.

They move without sound and hence seem to be controlled without any normal forces of power that we would ascribe to a craft on earth. The objects are generally round or oval and bear no resemblance to any known aircraft already built or being built on earth.

But are we justified in reversing these arguments and saying that, since no terrestrial craft could have such properties and since no human beings could withstand the tremendous buffeting that the flying saucers seem to get, the objects must perforce be space ships manned by beings of decidedly nonhuman characteristics? I ask again: Is this sweeping conclusion justified? Or shall we accept temporarily what seems to be a much more reasonable alternative: that the flying saucers are not material objects at all?

The one thing that can respond instantaneously to force is a light beam. You can stand at the foot of a high mountain and with a hand mirror flash a signal from base to peak and back again, a distance of more than 10 miles, in a tenth of a second or less. But, if we see something flashing over cliff and forest with a speed of 100 miles a second or accelerating with a force 1000 times greater than that of gravity, must we conclude that it is a manned craft?

An Optical Phenomenon?

Let us, then, accept as a working hypothesis the idea that saucers may be an optical phenomenon—though nonetheless real.

To me as a scientist, this was the only course along which to proceed. And the hypothesis that these were optical phenomena, taking place primarily in desert regions, inevitably brought the next logical consideration to my mind.

In the science of atmospherics, there is a well-known condition known as "temperature inversion." It is simple enough. Normally, the air grows colder as one goes farther up from the surface of the earth. But sometimes the reverse is true, and a layer of warm air overlies layers of colder air.

During the war, I was a member and later chairman of the Wave Propagation Committee of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, which conducted a series of tests on the desert. We were studying radar images; but light behaves, in many ways, like radar. What we learned about the desert applies as much to light as to radar.

We learned that temperature inversions were, as we had expected, extremely common on the desert. During the day, the desert is extremely hot. At night (or even during the day under certain cloud conditions), the ground rapidly cools off. But the air cools more slowly. Thus, the air cools more quickly where it actually is in contact with the ground, but for some distance continues to get warmer with height. Then, well away from the ground, it begins to become cooler again.

Scientists have long known that regions of the atmosphere wherein the temperature changes rapidly with height can cause a mirage.

Mirage. That is the key to the whole problem of saucers. And, working on that assumption, I have been able to reproduce in the laboratory most of the essential features of the saucers. Much more study, both theoretical and experimental, is necessary before we shall understand this complicated problem in all its details. I am confident, however, that we can eventually produce and observe the phenomenon at about any time we wish to.

Mirage. A mirage is fundamentally an image caused by a lens of air. Since air lenses are almost never perfect, the world we see through them is distorted and unreal. Like seeing through spectacles that do not fit your eyes. Or looking in one of those highly curved mirrors in an amusement park.

And yet you see mirages every day, without really knowing it. As you drive along a highway on a hot day, the dark asphalt in the distance seems to be covered with water—a film that evaporates as the car advances. This is the ordinary mirage we familiarly associate with the desert: the thirsty traveler, the vision of a receding lake, and only sand. The water, of course, is an image of the sky, projected against the distant landscape. The light rays that produce the illusion traverse a path that is concave upward.

But give us a cool layer of air at the ground, as in the desert at night, and light rays will curve in the reverse direction, following along the surface of the earth.

City Lights Become "Saucers"

Where the daytime mirage projects the image of the sky against the earth, the nighttime desert variety projects the image of the earth against the sky. And hence, if we have distant lights—such as those of a city—these lights will appear to float in the sky. Moreover, if the intervening air contains waves or is turbulent to any degree, the lights will appear to move, riding in on the crest of a wave, like ripples of moonlight on the ocean. If the source is a line of distant street lamps, the images appear to fly in formation—the Lubbock Light phenomenon.

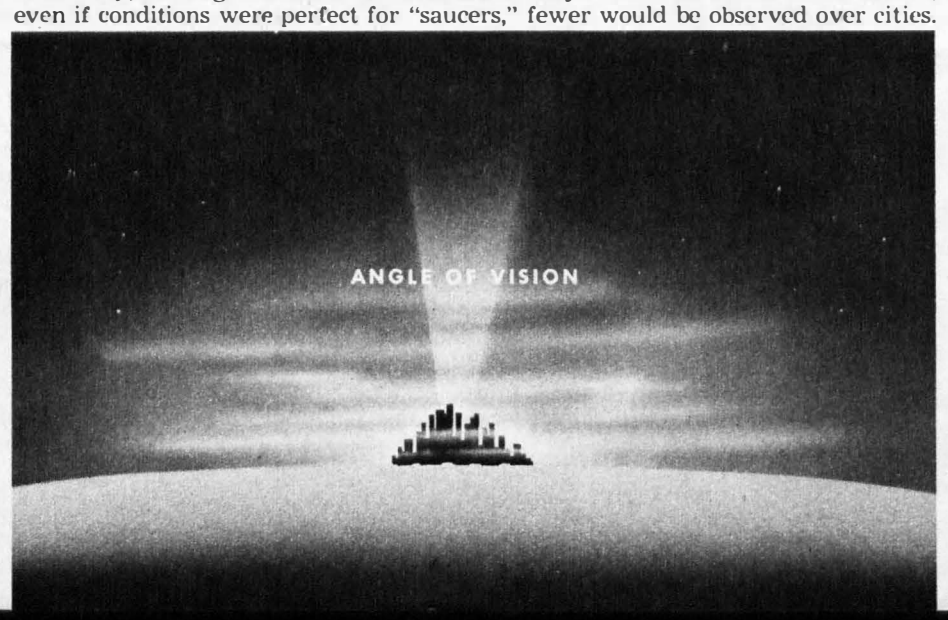
One further property of these temperature inversions serves to emphasize the effect and undoubtedly contributes to the daytime saucers. Daytime inversions are fairly common, but they usually lie higher than the ones that occur at night on the desert. You can often see them—or at least recognize their existence.

A column of smoke from a distant chimney will sometimes rise smoothly upward and then

The clear air of the desert, and the lack of buildings or of hills, make it possible to see long distances, increase the number of observed events.



In the city, the angle of vision is small and the sky is full of smoke and dust. Thus, even if conditions were perfect for "saucers," fewer would be observed over cities.



conditions exist, flying saucers become likely

spread out horizontally to form a thin layer of smoke and haze. This ceiling occurs at the point of highest temperature. Smoke, dust and all kinds of general haze tend to collect in this layer. From below or above, you may not be aware of its existence. But as you pass through it, you see a fine black line extending from horizon to horizon.

On that famous day in June, 1947, when Kenneth Arnold of Boise, Idaho, spotted from his private plane nine distant saucers moving at "fantastic speeds" along the slopes of Mt. Rainier, he may well have been flying not too far from one of these layers of inversion haze. His was the observation that touched off the saucer scare.

Let us turn to the official Air Force release and quote Arnold himself: "I could see their outline quite plainly against the snow as they approached the mountain. They flew very close to the mountain tops, directly south to southeast down the hog's back of the range, flying like geese. I watched for about three minutes —a chain of saucerlike things at least five miles long, swerving in and out of the high mountain peaks. They were flat like a pie pan and so shiny they reflected the sun like a mirror."

In Arnold's own story, there are several clues that should have pointed out the answer long ago. Anyone familiar with mountains knows that the ridges, where ascending currents of air from opposite sides meet and mix, are subject to the most violent drafts. From the Harvard and University of Colorado observatory at Climax, Colo., I have observed with a telescope the blowing snow on the ridges of 14,000-foot peaks, and have noted the billowing gusts rage along the "hog's back." It is indeed highly probable that the slopes of Mt. Rainier are equally turbulent. And, if their turbulence reaches upward into the haze, the warped layers would reflect sunlight and a progression of moves would make the crests seem to move with phenomenal speed.

And if you doubt whether mere bending or crinkling of a hazy layer could cause the bright reflection, note how a fold of a lace curtain—or piece of cheesecloth—similarly reflects the light. The reflection is brightest when the curvature is sharpest. Most daytime saucers are a variant of this phenomenon. The mirage effect is here of secondary importance.

The "ghost" balloons are perhaps the simplest of all mirage phenomena. The balloon itself is responsible. As it "punctures" some fairly high inversion, a large bubble of colder air settles down from above, forming in effect a sort of supermagnifying lens or telescope. This imperfect lens of air forms an image of the balloon. And, as the lens changes its size and shape, the distorted image darts wildly around, with phenomenal speed -like a reflection of the sun from a hand mirror.

To demonstrate some of these effects — chiefly those associated with the luminous night saucers—I prepared a simple laboratory experiment, as follows: I filled a cylindrical jar half full of benzene and carefully floated a layer of acetone on top. Gentle stirring produced a narrow region where the chemical composition changed slowly upward. Benzene has optical qualities analogous to those of cold air and acetone to those of warm air. I thus reproduced in a small space what would ordinarily require miles of terrestrial atmosphere. The liquids produce remarkable effects.

A beam of light, focused diagonally upward from a small slide projector, would ordinarily strike the ceiling. But caught in the "inversion layer," the beam obediently curved downward. Tiny globules of glycerine emulsified in the benzene scattered the light and made the beam visible. The original circular pinhole used in the projector was distorted into an oval shape and clearly marked with some pattern suggesting a surface structure.

Laboratory "Saucers"

Any motion of the liquid—produced as the result of a rocking—made the saucer slip about. Turbulence, caused by a delicate stirring of the medium near the light beam, gave dozens of flying disks. The color effects, resulting in part from the glycerine globules, were startling and beautiful. Finally, when I replaced the single pinhole with a row that simulated distant street lights, the resulting images behaved and looked like the Lubbock Lights.

These considerations do not explain everything. The green fire balls are still something of a mystery, though many will prove to be meteors. Prof. Fred L. Whipple of Harvard has called my attention to the fact that the color probably arises from the presence of magnesium in the meteor itself. This metal, well known to be an abundant constituent of the rock meteors, emits green light when incandescent. The reported slowness of motion may be due to great distance, associated with the clarity of the desert skies.

This mirage-phenomena theory includes the flying saucers seen on radarscopes. The same sort of conditions which cause optical mirages cause radar mirages as well, as any radar expert will hasten to tell you. They cause television mirages too. Everyone knows cases where a television station, normally miles out of range, suddenly comes in powerful and steady.

Also, the stress laid on the optical peculiarities of air over deserts should not be misleading. The temperature inversions of which I speak are common over the desert (and over coastal waters) but they are not limited to such areas. They can appear anywhere, and do. A bad smog, for example, is usually a sign of a temperature inversion. But they are more frequent over deserts, which explains in part the fact that saucer reports are more frequent over deserts.

You, too, can have flying saucers in your home. Perhaps not as elaborate as the ones I have just described, but nevertheless adequate to demonstrate some of the effects. You may simulate the gradual bending that causes a mirage by using a sharp reflection at a water surface.

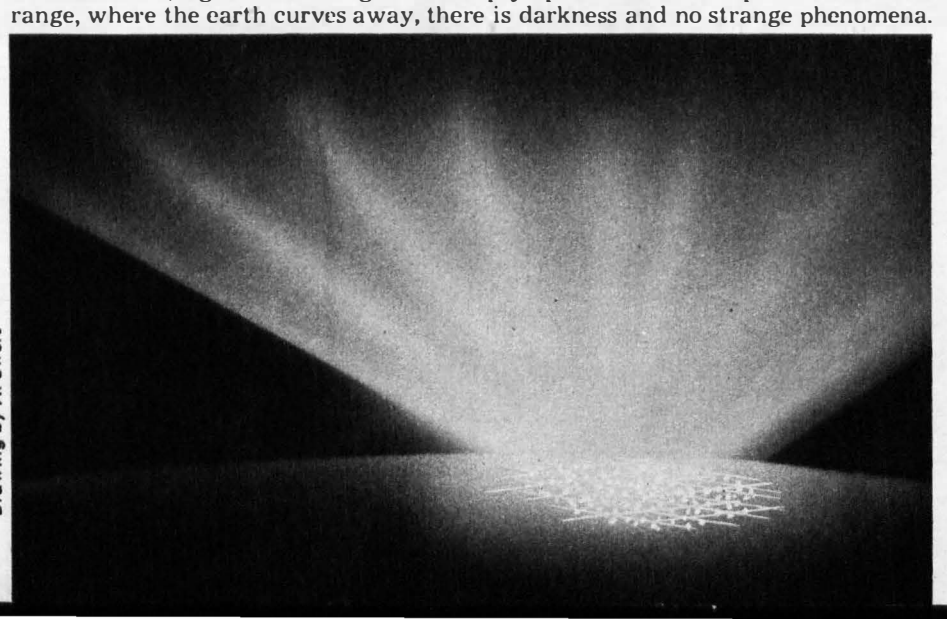
Fill the kitchen sink to the brim and set up a candle or row of candles close to the edge along one side. A box with a series of pinholes illuminated by a light or candle is even better. Now face the lights from the opposite side of the sink, keeping your eye close to the water surface and see the bright reflections. Now have someone gently stir the water and produce waves. The lights will float and travel—and even show the disklike form characteristic of a reflection from the trough of a wave. One can even reproduce the saucers with light reflected from the surface of coffee in a cup.

As I have said earlier, these experiments are suggestive rather than definitive. More work is necessary to prove the phenomenon. The analysis indicates, however, a clear plan for future study and research. I believe that these experiments will eventually cause the saucer scare to vanish — most appropriately, into thin air, the region that gave birth to it.

END

The forces entrusted with the defense of the U. S. from the skies still must look for "flying saucers." In its next issue, Look will tell the story of this secret hunt by our aerial defenders.

In normal air, light from the ground simply spreads out into space. Outside its range, where the earth curves away, there is darkness and no strange phenomena.



Drawing by Al Ewers

With a temperature inversion, light bends in refracting layer of air. A ray of light will thus be seen in areas far distant from its source.



[Life magazine]

June 9 1952

LIFE'S REPORTS



PICTURE OF "SAUCERS" was submitted to LIFE by reader of April 7 article. But geophysicist has established it as a special type of cloud formation.

SAUCER REACTIONS

They range from plausible theories to nonsense

by ROBERT E. GINNA JR.

The April 7, 1952 issue of LIFE, in which Bradford Darrach and I examined "the case for flying saucers," provoked a tremendous barrage of letters. Some have been nonsensical, some philosophical, some have contained provocative and plausible theories. Not only has the story prompted an unprecedented response from the readers, but more and more letters are still coming in.

Many readers are apparently resigned to visitations from space already and expect a landing momentarily. "We should start construction of a suitable landing field for them," declared one reader. Others believe flying saucers to be far more than a study for scientists. "God is trying to tell the world something," says one reader. Another adds darkly, "He has sent the final sign. . . ."

From the chief of the U.S. Air Force's saucer-investigating project the article brought a note of appreciation for helping their investigations. "A considerable number of observers have written to us with valuable information," he wrote, "because they were encouraged by the LIFE article." And the further reports that have since come in will continue to help the project. One in particular concerns the celebrated "Lubbock Lights," which LIFE reported as having been seen racing frequently over Lubbock, Texas. The professors who saw them assumed the altitude was 50,000 feet, noted their rate of change was 30° of arc per second, and accordingly estimated the lights' speed at 18,000 mph. Now Dr. R. S. Underwood, of the Department of Mathematics at Texas Technological College, has written LIFE that he was able to triangulate them on a September night last year and concluded that their altitude was about 2,100 feet. This means that the lights' speed was about 750 mph—a piece of information that may bring the Air Force one more solid piece of evidence.

Another contribution was in the form of a series of photographs which Robert Retzinger took near Palm Springs, Calif. last March. Dr. Ronald Ives, distinguished geophysicist of Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, studied the pictures and concluded that they showed the generation of a *Cumulus lenticularis*, or lens-shaped cloud. This type of cloud, common in the area, is formed when compressed and heated air pushes up moist air so that it condenses into lens-shaped clouds. The clouds are often sheared into sections by higher winds, as can be seen in the picture at the top of the page. It is easy to see how a cloud like this, reflecting the lights below, might be taken for a flying saucer.

There was, of course, a minority of readers who dissented from the conclusions in the article. Some still argued that the saucers were super-secret U.S. weapons; LIFE's article had dismissed this argument on the ground that the government would hardly allow one branch of the service to spend vast sums of money on a saucer investigation which would have the primary effect of fooling another government branch even more completely than the enemy. Others maintained that the evidence was not precise enough, although the article had pointed out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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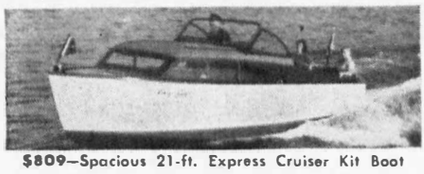
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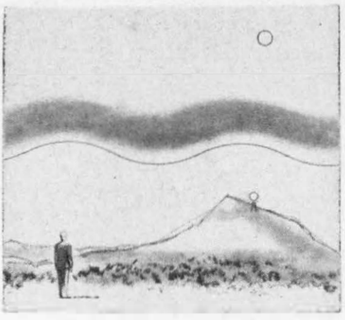
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"MIRAGE" occurs when light on land is reflected by air surfaces and made to appear as a bigger light in sky. But this phenomenon would explain only a few saucer sightings.

LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

that nearly all the people who made the measurements LIFE reported were experienced observers. In any case, out of the more than 800 reports in the Air Force files, too many are too convincing to be brushed off.

It is only natural that many theories about the nature and *modus operandi* of the flying saucers have been offered since the article appeared. The greatest temptation, of course, is to explain them by attributing the evidence to natural phenomena. And one of the most interesting of the natural phenomena theories is that of Frank Bryan, a geologist of Groesbeck, Texas. He points out that great strata of air of different temperatures —*i.e.*, inversion layers—occur over the flat, arid plains of West Texas and southeast New Mexico known as the Llano Estacado. It is Mr. Bryan's theory that mirages are caused when light is reflected from an inversion layer as from a great mirror. Actually most authorities agree that mirages are caused by refraction or bending of the light through the layer and over the horizon as if by a series of prisms. At any rate, Mr. Bryan believes that such a layer may be like rolling waves, with concave undersurfaces, which act as reflectors, catching and magnifying the images of certain light sources on the ground or in the sky.

The theory is not a new one; it was mentioned in the April 7 article. But because it sounds so convincing, the reflection and refraction theory has become an extremely popular one with certain of those people who are not yet prepared to believe the evidence of flying saucers.

LIFE took the reflection theory to Dr. Ronald Ives, the Cornell geophysicist who recognized the lens-shaped cloud shown on page 20. Dr. Ives is also one of the nation's outstanding authorities on mirages and has spent many years in the areas of the Southwest where the reports of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

flying saucers have been most frequent. He makes clear that he has not seen a flying saucer himself, but he is convinced that reflections or refractions of even the most remarkable nature will not satisfactorily account for many of the sightings.

Dr. Ives points out that the reflectivity of temperature disparities in the air is so slight (much less than 1%) that it reduces the intensity of the light source to a negligible degree—far less bright than the brilliantly luminous objects that have so frequently been seen. Mr. Bryan and a few other dissenters have speculated that these inversion layers may ripple along like the surface of a lake, catching the light from some source like a headlight and making the image appear to race across the sky. But Dr. Ives notes that this would require ideal circumstances. First, assuming that the reflectivity of the layer were great (and it is known to be small) and that a concave reflector effect could be achieved by an exact curving of the layer, the "saucer" would not race by the viewer; it would give an instantaneous flash, and then disappear as soon as the observer or light source moved. The intensely bright light and regular maneuverings of some saucers sighted cannot very well be explained by refraction either.

Strange reflections or refraction mirages have undoubtedly been responsible for a certain number of flying saucer tales, but it is inconceivable that they could satisfactorily explain the 10 sightings that LIFE reported in detail, or most of the still unsolved sightings in the Air Force's bulging files.

•

The number of reports of new flying saucers did not increase after the LIFE article, but it has not diminished either. Newspapers have since carried the news that unidentified, cigar-shaped objects have been winging over Australia. A similar report came from Arizona. The Air Force has noted other saucer accounts from as far away as Malaya.

Meanwhile the Air Force is continuing its investigation and, in fact, is enlarging it—a considerable change of heart from 2½ years ago when the Air Force announced the project was closed and implied that flying saucers were nonsense. The extent of renewed interest is indicated by the fact that Secretary Finletter had his first briefing on the subject by the project officers only a few weeks ago. To aid in the undertaking LIFE is making its widespread news services available to Air Force Intelligence for the gathering of pertinent data.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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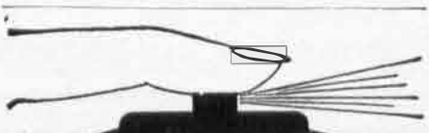
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LIFE'S REPORTS CONTINUED

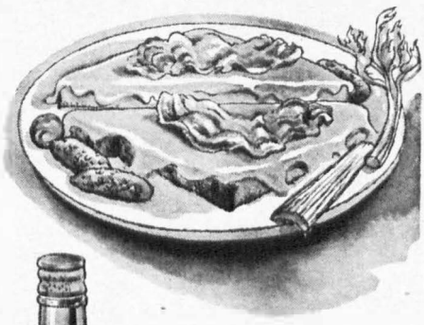
The most interesting of the new reports are accounts of sightings prior to 1947, when the saucer epidemic started. Edwin M. Hudson, an experienced navigator who was in the Merchant Marine during World War II, has offered a detailed description of a remarkable fireball which he observed over Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in July 1943. His description agrees in nearly every respect with the bizarre green fireballs seen in the American Southwest five years later. Assuming that these are not the common variety of noisy, blue-green meteors, it gives pause to those who say that they are American or Soviet weapons. It seems incredible that our technology or Russia's could have produced them by 1943.

LIFE readers can aid the search for the answer to the mystery by reporting the sighting of any strange aerial objects to the nearest Air Force representatives. If you possibly can, photograph any such object you see. At least try to note down all the details you can—color, shape, brightness, kind of motion and direction. If you have time, hold a coin out in front of you until it just hides the object. Measure the distance from the coin to your eye. Try to judge the elevation of the object by moving the coin up to it from the horizon and counting how many coin widths it takes. Note the object's relationship to clouds, and what the clouds look like, and whether the object passes between or in front of any landmarks of a known distance. Try to time how long it takes for the object to pass from one point to another on the horizon. From such notes the Air Force experts may be able to make rough but useful determinations of the size, distance and speed of the object, all of which will help in their effort to find an eventual explanation.



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[Look magazine, July 1, 1952]

Whatever it is,
the Air Force must

HUNT FOR THE FLYING SAUCER

Aero Service Corporation Relief Map

This map scared the Pentagon. It pinpoints unexplained "flying saucer" sightings across the nation with concentrations near vital defense installations.

Fearful of danger from the skies, the United States Air Force is launching a secret scientific search to discover once-and-for-all what is the mysterious, unbelievable thing Americans keep sighting overhead

By J. ROBERT MOSKIN

The U. S. Air Force, entrusted with the defense of the United States from the skies, is mounting a new hunt for the mysterious, seen-but-never-caught "flying saucers" which for five years have had Americans excited, baffled and even terrified.

During the past two weeks, Air Force officials have begun experiments to verify the radically new theory of Dr. Donald H. Menzel of Harvard University. This nationally-known astronomer suggested in the last issue of LOOK that flying saucers are actually optical illusions caused by "temperature inversion" which projects images of earthly lights on the sky. This has already proved one of the most exciting explanations of flying saucers offered to the Air Force.

Asked about the Air Force's revived concern over flying saucers, after almost ignoring them for two years, Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, chief of staff, in his first public statement on the subject, told LOOK:

"The Air Force is interested in anything that takes place in the air. This includes the aerial phenomena commonly known as 'flying saucers.' Many of these incidents have been satisfactorily explained. Others have not. With the present world unrest, we cannot afford to be complacent."

The Air Force has collected more than 800 sightings of flying saucers, and reports continue to flow in from our outposts like Alaska and Newfoundland and from our vital atomic installation sites. They are spurring the Air Force to seek answers to the saucer puzzle in a hurry.

This is a job for the detectives of the Air Force, the officers of the Air Technical Intelligence Command, working behind a shield of secret planning and classified documents at heavily-guarded Wright-Patterson Air Force Base outside of Dayton, Ohio. Now for the first time exactly what Air Force Intelligence is doing about flying saucers can be revealed.

As one highly placed intelligence officer put it, "Our job is to detect any weapon that might be used against the United States. In the future, a weapon that 'probably was a meteor' may prove to be a global rocket."

Visual sighting reports can never give Intelligence accurate data on speeds, altitudes, size and composition of the objects seen. To get these facts, a methodical and scientific plan of great breadth has now been blueprinted. It includes these steps:

1. Under ATIC direction, a physicist at the University of California at Los Angeles is developing and testing a special camera to photograph flying saucers. Key to the new apparatus is a defraction grid consisting of a piece of glass etched with infinitely fine lines. Placed over the camera lens, this grid breaks down the image into slivers from which scientists can determine its composition. If the saucers prove to be bodies which glow, the grid will record the material they are made of. If their light comes from a fuel supply or a reflection, the grid will identify the light.

CONTINUED



Lt. Ruppelt, saucer hunt officer.

FLYING SAUCER continued

Special camera

Among the first to be tested will be Dr. Menzel's theory that saucers are, in reality, lights bounced upward from the earth's surface. As Dr. Menzel independently suggested, the first defraction-grid cameras will be located in the southwestern U.S., which has had a concentration of saucer sightings. Two hundred cameras will be built and distributed to atomic-plant guards, airbase tower operators and radar men. Pictures will be sped to scientists who will then be able to give the world its first incontrovertible word on flying saucers.

2. Cine-theodolites, the instruments with which the Air Force tracks guided missiles, are also being converted to the hunt for flying saucers. Tracking crews will be able to fix their exact location and movement patterns and then photograph them with cameras built into the theodolites. Equipment and personnel at established guided-missile stations have already been alerted.

Secret Pictures Shot

Theodolites attempted to track saucers on at least three occasions during the spring of 1950 at Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico. One crew, after completing a guided-missile problem, was closing up shop when it picked up an unexpected object. The crew tracked it but could not fix it because no other instrument was operating. Four weeks later, two tracking crews caught an unexpected image, but checking proved that each had been following a different object. At least eight unknown objects were in the air at that time. Pictures were taken but have not been made public.

3. The Air Force hopes to put radar in the flying saucer hunt on a big scale. Radar sightings have been recorded at key places like Oak Ridge, Tenn., and Goose Bay, Labrador. ATIC can never be certain whether such reports actually stem from a sighted object, weather conditions or equipment malfunctions. By combining existing radar, telescopes and cameras, photographs can be taken of any solid objects spotted in the daytime and of glowing objects at night.

4. Modified Navy sonar sound-detection equipment will be used. The absence of any reported sound is one characteristic of most reports on flying saucers. All known aircraft can be heard even when they are too distant to be seen. This strange pattern led one intelligence officer to suggest, "Someone may have discovered a new type of propulsion."

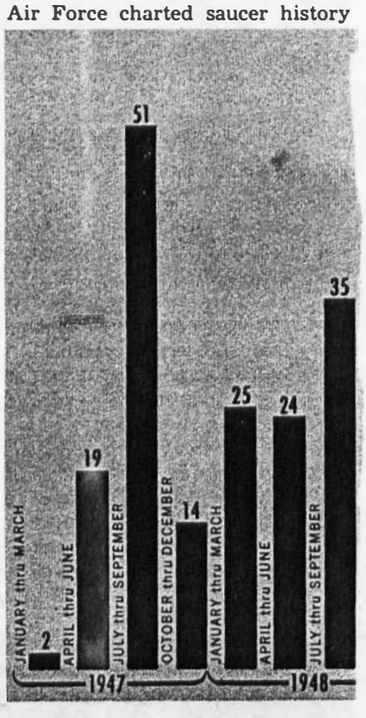
Whatever results are obtained from the electronic and mechanical genius of cameras, theodolites, radar and sonar the Air Force will place before a special board of scientists. This panel will cut across scientific fields and will be established from among 200 scientists and engineers at a Midwestern research institution already doing secret work.

The brand-new search for original scientific data is the climax of five years of official Air Force knowledge of the saucers. Air Force officers were aware of the phenomena well before they sprang into public print. During World War II, mysterious objects were reported seen over German rocket plants. Flying saucers blossomed into a national and international scare in June, 1947, when Kenneth Arnold of Boise, Idaho, reported sighting nine disks while piloting his private plane over Mount Rainier, Washington. But even 15 days before this nation-rousing event, flying saucers (then called silver balls) were seen over certain rural areas of communist-occupied Hungary.

When flying saucers, after Arnold's report, threatened to cause a national panic, the Air Force grew alert. General Vandenberg, chief of air staff, Army Air Forces, became interested and Project Grudge (first known as Project Sign) was organized. This was a special $34,000 hush-hush project under which reports from all over the world were collected and analyzed for two years.

On January 7, 1948, the death of Capt. Thomas F. Mantell, Jr., caused a stir. Captain Mantell was

Air Force charted saucer history



will test Menzel's theory

killed chasing an unknown object in his P-51 near Godman Field, Ky. (A drawing of this incident by Look artist Leonard Jossel is on the cover of this issue.)

In August, 1949, the Air Force decided to close down Project Grudge. It compiled the data on 375 sightings in a report which asserted that flying saucers did not exist and attributed sightings to "misinterpretation of various conventional objects," mass hysteria, war nerves, hoaxes, hypnosis, illusions, vertigo, publicity stunts and psychopathological persons.

The report gave these reasons to all of the 375 sightings but 34.

These 34, the report said, were "good reports that could not be explained." They still baffle Intelligence today. But the 1949 report put Project Grudge on the shelf.

Some of the scientists consulted did not agree with the Air Force decision. Their recommendation, stated in the report, was that the search be continued. Two scientists felt that no conclusions could be drawn from the evidence.

Then, last October, two intelligence men in the Unconventional Aircraft Group, Aircraft and Propulsion Section, Technical Analysis Division of the Air Technical Intelligence Command, discovered that they had nearly 800 reports gathered in their files—more than twice the number on hand when the 1949 report was written. Interest and activity spurted forward and have now reached the highest levels of the Pentagon.

Project Grudge was revised (its name was changed to Project Blue Book on March 25 of this year) and in charge was placed 1st Lt. Edward J. Ruppelt of Ames, Iowa, a World War II B-29 bombardier with two Distinguished Flying Crosses, 33 combat missions and a degree in aeronautical engineering from Iowa State College.

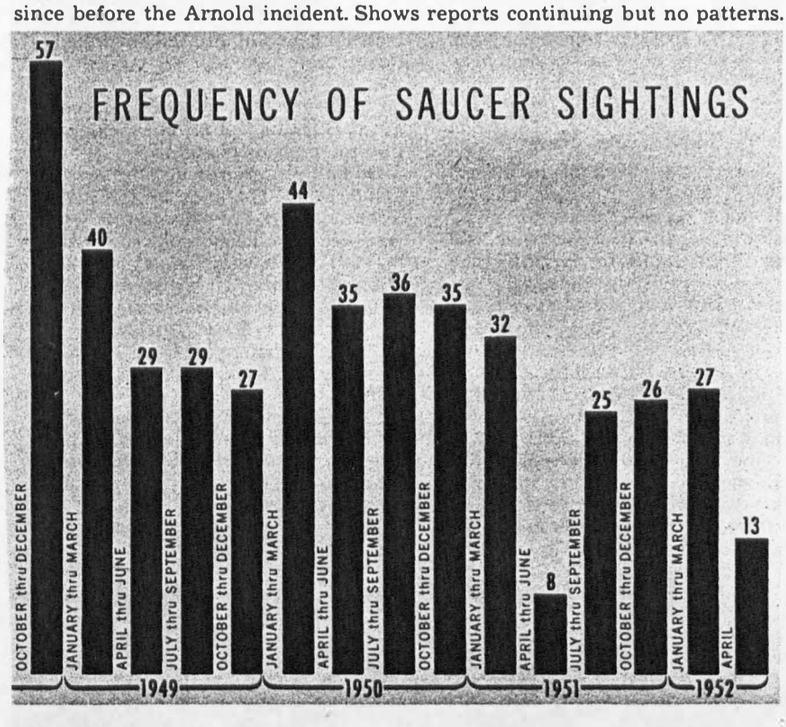
Project personnel immediately set about studying their 800 sightings. They found that the reports have come from scientists, airline pilots, plain civilians, Air Force fliers, balloon observers and radar operators. Most have come from the United States but others from Russia, Africa, Japan, India, Australia and even Antarctica.

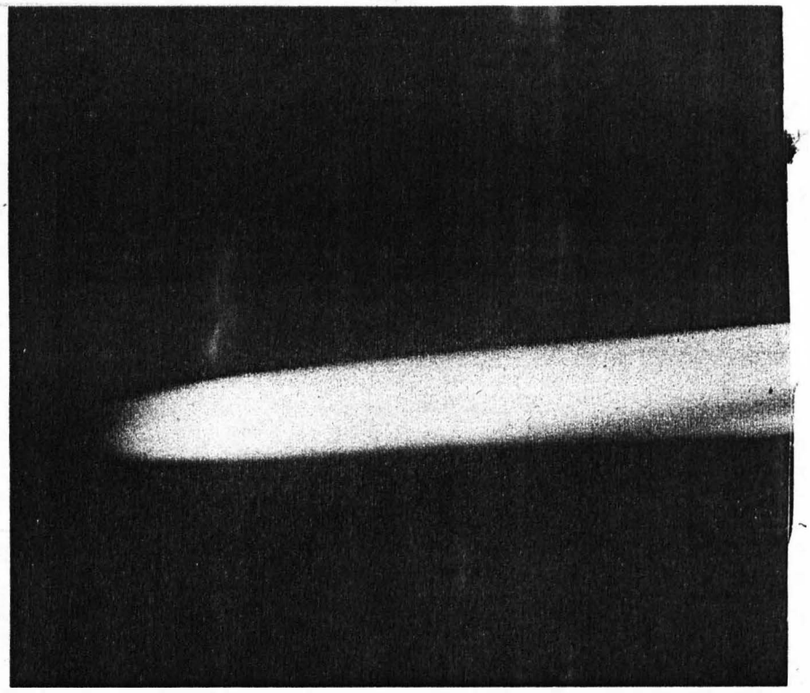
One intelligence colonel put ATIC's feelings bluntly, "These reports came from sincere people. They are not crazy; they are not crackpots. They are seeing something; we have to find out what."

Analysis of the 800 sightings aims at discovering clues about the saucers. The reports have been broken down on 16,000 cross-filed cards and have already been analyzed for frequency of sightings, types of informants and reported shapes. The Air Force now knows, for example, that 18.03 per cent of the reports came from general military personnel, 11.02 per cent from Air Force pilots while aloft. Surprisingly, untrained civilians have been responsible for only 57.08 per

CONTINUED

since before the Arnold incident. Shows reports continuing but no patterns.





Flying saucer, shot with special defraction-grid camera, will look like this.

FLYING SAUCER continued

Mirage, missile, Martian?

cent of the reports over five years.

The Air Force has also learned that 23.54 per cent of the reports noted disk or sphere shapes, 8.25 per cent cigar or rocket shapes, 2.55 per cent flying wings and 0.6 per cent groups of lights.

They also found that 38 per cent could be classified as astronomical bodies, 13 per cent as balloons, 10 per cent as too nebulous to be valuable, 22 per cent as birds and aircraft, etc., 2 per cent as hoaxes and 15 per cent as "unexplained." The unexplained 15 per cent puzzle the Air Force.

ATIC officials permitted me to go through hundreds of these reports. Most of them are rather simple to figure out or are too incomplete to be useful. But the reports called "good, unexplainable" completely stump Air Force Intelligence. Lieutenant Ruppelt says, "We just don't have the facts to know. We don't know enough to sluff them off and we can't reach conclusions. We have to find out."

Ideas Seem Crazy

Useful reports continue to arrive at the rate of 10 per month; all saucer reports received at ATIC total three times that number. The Air Force continues to urge anyone who wants to report an unknown object in the skies to reach the intelligence officer or operations officer at the nearest Air Force base. Such reports are teletyped immediately to Washington and Dayton. All informants' names are kept confidential.

One high intelligence officer explained, "We want all the information we can get all the time. We will consider the seemingly craziest ideas. Someone may spot something important."

To this General Vandenberg added, "The Air Force greatly appreciates the effort of many sincere and public-spirited individuals who have offered their assistance."

Lieutenant Ruppelt keeps 63 sightings on the top of his file. These are the most detailed and most mystifying. They come from pilots, ship observers, an Air Force colonel, civilian scientists, weather observers and intelligence officers. None of these 63 can be identified with any certainty. If the Air Force tosses them off with some easy guess, there is always the fearful chance that they will be missing a dangerous bet.

These sightings were pinpointed on a map. Soon afterwards, it was seen by a Pentagon representative who noted that a number of concentrations duplicated exactly the area of atomic energy installations. The Pentagon man excitedly reported back to his headquarters. A conference was called immediately in Washington.

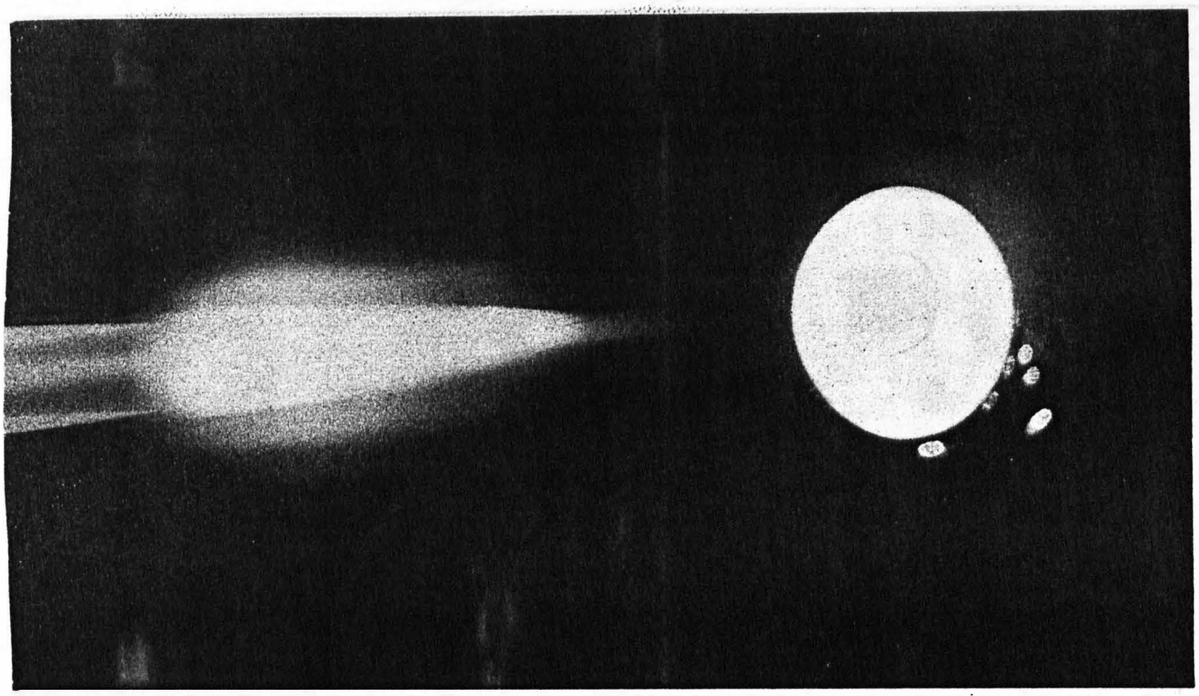
Do Saucers Spy?

Intelligence had to tell the Pentagon that they had no evidence that the flying saucers are spying on or threatening our atomic program. But this fear still lies deeply in some responsible minds.

One intelligence officer, thinking aloud, said, "This may be Russian reconnaissance but why would they want to risk a weapon like this just to look at Atomic Energy Commission plants. If we could fly 5,000 feet over Russian atomic installations and observe the shapes, sizes and locations of their buildings, we could tell what's going on inside.

"The joker is that just about all of this information has been made public about our atomic work. The Russians don't have to fly over our A-bomb plants."

In their search for an answer, intelligence men have tried, without success, to correlate the unexplained sightings with publicity about flying saucers, increased war tension, tides, or atomic bomb detonations. None of them fits. They offer no pattern, no explanation that satisfies the experts. And long



Saucer's light (right) breaks down into fine lines from which scientists can figure out where saucers come from.

—Intelligence officers don't know

ago, the Air Force gave up the easy idea that all the excitement is just the result of mass hysteria.

Arrangements have now been made for ATIC headquarters to receive immediate word of every new sighting. If early reports, replying to a carefully designed questionnaire, suggest that a trained investigator might gain more facts from first-hand checking, an intelligence officer is sent to the scene. In recent weeks, trips have been made to Minneapolis, New Jersey, Columbus, Chicago, Detroit, Long Island and Texas.

Especially puzzling have been the horizontal-flying "green fireballs" which have been reported at Roswell, N. M.; Falls Church, Va.; Cedar Keys, Fla., and Albuquerque, N. M. Another branch of the Air Force, the Air Research and Development Command, with headquarters in Baltimore and laboratories in Boston, has been studying them in a secret project called Project Twinkle. Although work on this project has been completed, the ARDC refuses to make public its findings. All a spokesman for the ARDC will say is, "We have nothing that proves the existence of flying saucers." But something called "green fire-balls" does exist, many Intelligence officers insist.

Stuck with Mystery

Some Air Force officials feel the inconclusive Project Twinkle report will never be made public; they won't explain why. Some suggest it would expose a foul-up.

The Air Force refuses to jump at any conclusions on saucers. As the colonel in command of the ATIC put it recently, "Sometimes this project sounds like it belongs to the Air Defense Command, sometimes like the National Inventors Council. But we get stuck with the mysteries."

Air Force officers feel the final solution to the flying saucer mystery will be found under one or more of the following headings:

1. Flying saucers can turn out to be misinterpretations of known objects. These have already caused many reports. People sighted balloons, jet planes and such and excitedly called them saucers.

But such misinterpretations cannot explain many of these sightings. Even the most cautious Air Force authorities feel certain that many people are not describing the behavior of any conventional form of aircraft, not even an aircraft on the most experimental drawing boards. No aircraft known, they point out, travels at such high speeds, gives off no noise, and maneuvers with the high acceleration and sharp, even square, turns that have been reported.

Trick of Nature?

2. The mystery may prove to be caused by phenomena of nature or optics. Most promising is the theory proposed by Dr. Menzel that saucers are aerial mirages created by light reflections. Other natural possibilities are: electrical discharges in the upper atmosphere; unusual meteorites, or a new position of the earth in the universe, causing phenomena which mankind has never before experienced and therefore cannot identify.

Lieutenant Ruppelt says, "We expect Dr. Menzel's theory to solve some of these cases. We hope it will solve all of them.

"If the saucers turn out to be natural phenomena, we will drop out and hand the problem over to the scientists. But if they turn out to be 'hostile vehicles,' we will keep after them."

3. Saucers could prove to be man-made. They may turn out to be a foreign development, most possibly Russian, although no one will rule out scientifically advanced nations like Sweden, Switzerland, England, France or Italy. Lt. Ruppelt adds, "If these are man-made, whoever is making them is way ahead of us technologically."

Or, although this is constantly and emphatically denied, they may be part of a secret U. S. development project. Intelligence officers admit that if a project were secret enough they would deny even its existence. But an informed intelligence officer said recently, "I'm quite sure there is no secret project. There is more chance that they are from Mars than from a project of ours. But we don't know. This could all be an elaborate cover-up for something no one wants explained, but I doubt it."

Could Be Spaceships

4. Flying saucers could be interplanetary spaceships or missiles. Air Force intelligence men say they are continually astounded by the number of trained scientists who believe they are interplanetary in origin. Lieutenant Ruppelt says he has talked with hundreds of scientists and heard many such theories.

He adds, "We can deal with these things if they are from Russia. If they are from Mars, I don't know what we will do. We have no proof that they could not come from outer space and must include this among our possibilities."

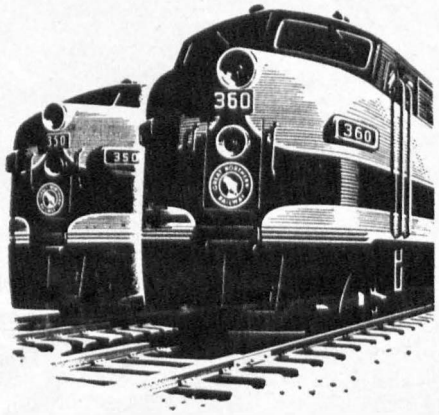
Air Force Intelligence says, whatever the flying saucer is—mirage, misidentified aircraft, freak of nature, enemy weapon or spaceship—the Air Force cannot move to counteract it until it has determined accurately what people are seeing. This is the hunt being mounted now.

Lieutenant Ruppelt sums up, "The only conclusion we have come to so far is that 'flying saucers' are not an immediate and direct threat to the U. S. They have been around for five years and haven't struck yet. But that doesn't mean they are not a potential threat."

END

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SCIENCE

The Ox of Cambodia

Last year Zoologist Charles Wharton, an adventurous young (28) scientist financed by the Coolidge Foundation, set out for Cambodia to study the kouprey, an elusive and nearly extinct wild ox. Back in the U.S. last week, he had learned a lot about the kouprey, despite the hazards of scientific research in Indo-China's guerrilla-infested jungles.

With an American photographer, a French guide and an escort of 70 Cambodian soldiers, Wharton established a study camp close to the kouprey country. There are only about 500 koupreys left, and although they are big animals (5 ft. 6 in. at the shoulders), they are as shy as deer. During the day they hide in the thickest jungle, grazing only at night. "They are so elusive," says Wharton, "that you might almost call them ghost animals. But they are the kings of wild cattle. They have grace and elegance not found in ordinary beasts."

Wharton found that young koupreys are red, later turn grey. The males later turn jet black. The horns of the cows grow in graceful lyre shape; the bulls' horns spread wider, and they wear them to frazzles by stabbing them fiercely into the ground.

Wharton decided that koupreys are about the toughest cattle alive. For half the year they contend with drought; for the other half, with monsoon rains. But they thrive better than domesticated breeds. He suspects that some of man's earliest cattle (*i.e.*, the long-tailed, lyre-horned cows of Egypt) may have descended from the kouprey or a close relative. When Cambodia is deloused of Communists, he hopes to bring out red kouprey calves as the start of new strains of hardy cattle for hot climates.

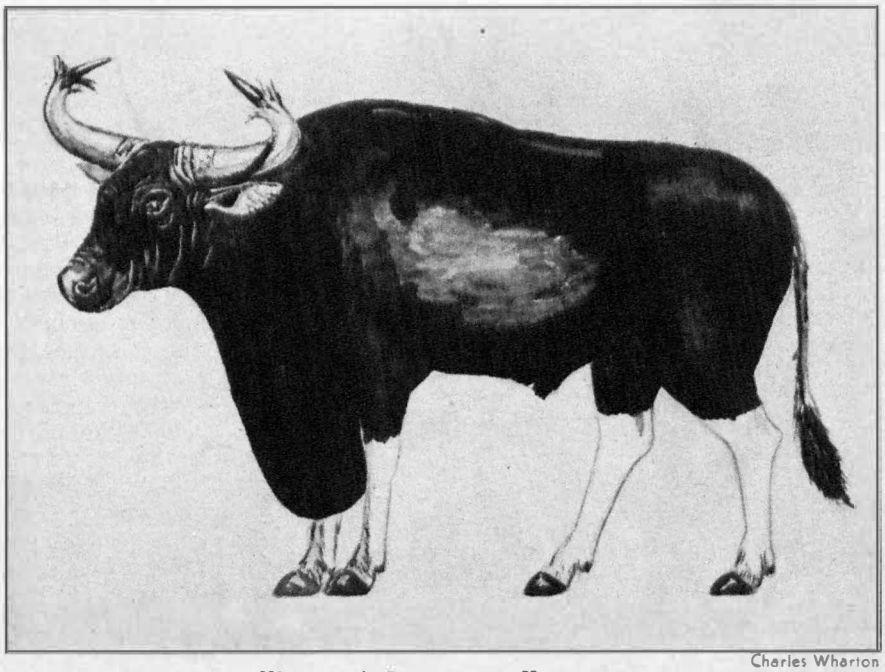
Blips on the Scopes

Air traffic was light at Washington Airport one midnight last week, and the radar scope of the Civil Aeronautics Authority was almost clear. At 12:40 a.m. a group of bright blips showed. The operator estimated that they were about 15 miles southwest of Washington. Then the blips disappeared abruptly and reappeared a few seconds later over northeast Washington. The operator called his boss, Senior Controller Harry Barnes, 39, a graduate of the Buffalo Technical Institute who has worked for the CAA as an electronics expert since 1941. The operator told Barnes: "Here are some flying saucers for you."

Barnes laughed at first, but the blips kept popping up all over the scope. They sometimes hovered, sometimes flew slowly and sometimes incredibly fast. Technicians checked the radar; it was in good working order.

Over the White House. Barnes began to get worried when he saw the blips apparently flying over the White House and other prohibited areas. He called the airport control tower. Sure enough, its radar showed the strange blips too. When the towermen measured the speed of a fast blip, they found that it had flown for eight miles at 7,200 m.p.h.

Now the blips on Barnes's scope were moving toward Andrews Air Force Base about ten miles to the east. Barnes called the Andrews tower. Nothing strange showed on its radar, but both towermen and an enlisted man on the field saw a single, round, orange light drifting in the southern sky. That was enough for Barnes. He called the Air Defense Command and reported an unidentified object was over the Washington area. Then he



Charles Wharton

WHARTON'S SKETCH OF A KOUPREY
They are ghost animals and kings of wild cattle.



Robert Phillips

RADARMAN BARNES
In Washington, a terrific Saturday night.

told an airline pilot, C. S. Pierman of Capital Airlines, who was about to take off for Pittsburgh, to watch for mysterious objects. Pierman climbed to 6,000 ft. and headed northwest. Barnes & Co. saw a group of strange blips cluster around the blip made by Pierman's plane, and Pierman spotted a white light "like a falling star." It sped away, and its blip disappeared from Barnes's scope.

Air Force to the Rescue. Over from a Delaware base came a flight of radar-equipped F-94 jet fighters. Before they reached Washington, all the blips vanished. The jets saw nothing at all. But when the jets departed the blips reappeared, playing all over the scope. Barnes said, "like a bunch of kids." He called all airliners flying near Washington, asked their pilots to report any strange objects. One pilot saw a white light, moving fast. But during all this uproar, other radars near Washington (*e.g.*, Quantico and Fort Meade) saw nothing unusual.

All the rest of the week, a few strange blips appeared now & then. Then on Saturday night they broke out all over, criss-crossing the capital as they had the week before. This time, the radar at Andrews was seeing the things too. One blip hung over Bolling Field, across the Potomac from the airport, but observers at Bolling saw nothing in the sky. Some airline pilots saw mysterious lights; others saw nothing.

The Saucer Flies Again. Down from Delaware roared another flight of night fighters. This time the blips did not vanish. They stayed on the ground scopes while the jets screamed among them. But only one pilot saw a light; another saw a doubtful blip on his scope. It vanished before he could shoot.

What were the mysterious blips? The Air Force, unless it was trying to conceal some mysterious gadget of its own (*e.g.*, a radar countermeasure), was as baffled as everyone else. As might be expected, the phantom invasion touched off a whole new rash of flying-saucer stories. But if the men from Mars were really overhead, the oddest part of the whole strange story was the fact that among all the conflicting reports, no radar outside of a ten-mile radius in Washington reported seeing anything unusual at any time.

Protein Puzzle

One way scientists hope to learn more about the mysteries of the human body is by analyzing the structure of proteins, of which the vital parts of all living creatures are made. The job is complicated by the fact that the typical protein molecule is built up of hundreds or thousands of amino-acid* units which link together in complex ways. They form long chains, they branch, they tangle, they join together in rings. Even to identify the amino acids in a simple protein is a difficult task for the most skillful chemist. To figure how they are arranged in the protein molecule has baffled chemists completely. At last week's Second International Biochemistry Congress in Paris, Dr. Fred Sanger, 33, a Quaker chemist from Britain's Cambridge University, told how he and a group of associates had solved one protein puzzle.

Chemist Sanger worked with crystalline insulin, a comparatively simple protein. First he broke the large molecules by oxidation into two fragments, one containing 21 amino-acid building blocks, the other 30. Then by other methods (*e.g.*, hydrolysis) he broke the two parts down until he had fragments that contained only a few amino acids each. These were compounds familiar to biochemists. Sanger identified them by paper chromatography,† and the first and easiest part of his job was done.

Finding out how the pieces fitted back together was much harder. Sometimes Sanger and his group would find in their analysis some substance that does not appear in the known chemistry of living things. This, they decided, must be a tail-like fragment knocked off some larger fragment. They would shift it around, like a piece in a jigsaw puzzle, until they found a spot where it could be placed to form a familiar compound. Little by little, their picture of the insulin molecule took on detail. At last they were sure they knew where each building block belonged.

Dr. Sanger points out that he has not synthesized insulin; he has only charted its structure. The importance of this work is that other chemists may now chart other proteins, find out whether certain groupings of amino acids in their molecules confer certain vital properties. Eventually, for instance, they may find that a small knot of amino acids makes a protein drug, like insulin, act as it does in the human body. Then perhaps a superior insulin substitute can be synthesized.

* Compounds containing an amino (NH_2) group and a carboxyl (COOH) group.

† An analytical method which separates and identifies similar substances by the rate at which they creep through treated filter paper.

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Things May be Slow During the Summer Dog Days, but Flying Saucers are Frisky as Ever!

SAUCERS—be they fact or fancy—were causing quite a stir these hot, summer days. In LA the show manager on the Home Show offered to sign a $1 million contract with the first outer-space pilgrim who could show a properly drawn birth certificate and custom's clearance. There was no taker. Around some of the lake resort areas, where sea serpents were the stock in trade to lure vacationers, flying saucers were sighted. In Canada one newspaper cried "Enough! We shall publish no more news of flying saucers until one lands," the announcement said. Paul Coates, *LA Mirror* columnist, took advantage of the August dog days to serialize the chronicle of a small one-eyed man who landed out Van Nuys way and caused quite a fuss *(see picture)*. The *New Republic* turned its attention from McCarthyism and the body politic long enough to growl cantankerously that no other planets in the solar system could support life and that was that. What's more, it hinted, people should be thinking about serious matters, instead of this spacemen tommyrot. Motion picture organizations had a long list of recorded titles for saucer movies which had been filed by imaginative writers in hopes that some producer might want to get in on the act. Scientists reproduced the phenomena in laboratories and they were explained as the result of both temperature inversion and light reflection. Pro-saucer authorities wanted to know how pilots pursuing the objects could be tossed around in the air current backwash if they were just light rays. Hat designers who had tried to cash in on the flying saucer phenomena two years ago found that the well-dressed lady still wouldn't buy. The Air Force admitted that it was again investigating the sightings, after previously declaring that it was all nonsense, and said 80 per cent of the sightings had been satisfactorily explained. Radar sightings around Washington, D. C., were announced and as quickly dropped from front pages. Revival ministers ran huge ads in Saturday newspapers telling the public to hurry over to the big tent meeting and find out what flying saucers really were. Letters from saucer fans were published in newspapers. While the US seemed to be getting most of the attention, other countries recorded saucer lightings, also. The voice-of-doom set predicted the world's end. Saucers were: (a) Men from Planet X who were about to wipe out the earth by fire; (b) Fallen angels who had escaped hell's fire; (c) Returning souls from someplace.

L.A. Mirror



Paul Coates' Saucer Visitor.

One Leonard Wibberly — who identifies himself as a pro-sea serpent man — blew down the whole saucer myth in a series of articles in the *LA Times*. The Western Amateur Astronomers' convention assembled in Berkeley to stroke its collective chin as learned professors discoursed on light years and oxygen supply. Theologians pondered the problem of original sin. If the beings piloting the flying saucers were living they were the work of God. Unless they, too, had experienced a counterpart of Adam and Eve they were still in a state of eternal life. Therefore if they landed they couldn't be killed.

On a more material level, science-fiction fans speculated that the creatures piloting the saucers might breathe nitrogen, ammonia or any number of things. This offered all kinds of frightening possibilities.

Meanwhile, the sightings went on almost nightly and radar screens were squeaking all over the nation. But, at fortnight's end, no one actually knew what flying saucers were. And summer was nearly over.

I See by the Papers . . .



Greet Us Monthly

WE have what we know will be good news to most of you. FATE is going monthly. The July-August issue will be the last hyphenated issue of this magazine. All issues will be dated monthly from now on but we will not actually start on a monthly schedule until the November issue. Takes us until then to get caught up. Thereafter FATE will appear on sale on or about the first of each month. Of course you will get it earlier if you are a subscriber.

A Note On Green Fireballs

I HAVE been asked why scientists — particularly astronomers — are so especially interested (I think "concerned" is too strong a word) about the mysterious green fireballs which have been seen in the Southwest since last fall. "Aren't they just ordinary meteors?" is the most frequent question I get.

My answer is, "No, they are not."

Ordinary meteors do not appear green. They are exceptionally noisy — if they are large — and they fall in a conventional trajectory predetermined by gravity. The green fire balls are silent and they proceed along a path that appears to ignore gravity.

One explanation of their silence could be that they are above the atmosphere and that atmosphere is necessary to conduct sound. But if that be true, why do they burn? Another explanation is that they are electrical phenomena of some sort.

Two explanations have been advanced to explain their apparent defying of gravity. One is that they are lighter-than-air. Another also is that they are electrical phenomena.

Dr. Lincoln La Paz, director of the Institute of Meteorics at the

Fala Dec/52

University of New Mexico, who we have often quoted in this column, says they have characteristics that rule both these explanations out.

Life Magazine has pointed out that eye witnesses checking the greenness of the objects have compared their color on a chart to the band at 5,200 angstroms. This is close to the green of burning copper, which is almost never found in meteorites. Aerologists say, however, that concentrations of copper particles are now present in the air of Arizona and New Mexico where none were encountered in air samples made before 1948.

We find this latter a most curious statement, particularly since it is hard to believe that air would stay around very long to be tested. Air has a restless habit of moving about the earth. Wind, you know.

A different idea of the cause of the green color is advanced by Prof. Fred L. Whipple of Harvard. He believes that the color probably arises from the presence of magnesium in meteors. Magnesium, says Whipple, is an abundant constituent of rock meteors and emits green light when incandescent. Their reported slowness may be due to their great distances.

A FEW weeks after *Life's* article saying that there probably are such things as Flying Saucers, out comes *Look* saying, of course, that there probably are not.

The *Look* article of June 17 deserves a respectful hearing if only because the author is Dr. Donald H. Menzel, professor of astrophysics and associate director of solar research at Harvard University.

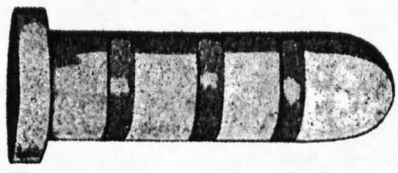
Dr. Menzel's answer is that the saucers are actually mirages. People see them but they're really not there at all.

Where are they then? Well, they're somewhere else.

A mirage, explains Dr. Menzel, "is fundamentally an image caused by a lens of air. Since air lenses are almost never perfect, the world we see through them is distorted and unreal. . . ."

Dr. Menzel's idea is that most of these objects are seen over the desert. During the day the desert is extremely hot but at night the ground cools rapidly while the air cools more slowly. Yet the air in close contact with the ground is cooler at night than the air above it and for some distance it actually gets warmer. Later it cools off again as more altitude is reached. Somehow these different temperatures and densities of air act as lenses which project various earth images against the sky. The lights of a distant city will appear to be floating in the air. And the air contains waves and ripples so the lights seem to

move "like ripples of moonlight on the ocean. If the source is a line of distant street lamps, the images appear to fly in formation — the Lubbock Light phenomenon."



Bullet-shaped object was seen in cloudless sky over Mt. Kilimanjaro, Africa, last year by Plane Capt. Jack Bicknell.

This is an engaging idea but it seems to me to make the same error that so many other scientists have made in proposing solutions to the saucer mystery: it explains some of the sightings very well, but cannot possibly explain them all.

What would Capt. Shipe Chiles say about Dr. Menzel's theory? What about some of the other airline captains? They know that what they saw bears little relation to mirages.

Another trouble with the theories of scientific observers, however responsible the men themselves may be, is that the theories have the disconcerting faculty of being different. The Flying Saucers cannot all be Venus; they cannot all be weather balloons; they cannot all be mirages.

Some of them cannot be any of these things.

Let's Visit Canada

We could fill this magazine with reports on Flying Saucer phenomena which have recently come our way. To our many good friends who have sent in reports we can only apologize for not beginning to cover them all. But before we leave the subject this month we want to describe sightings in Canada during the spring.

The *Toronto Star* printed a story titled "Can't Laugh Them Off; Saucers May Be Real Canada Scientists Say." The article went on to report that Canada's top scientists now admit that flying saucers are a "definite possibility."

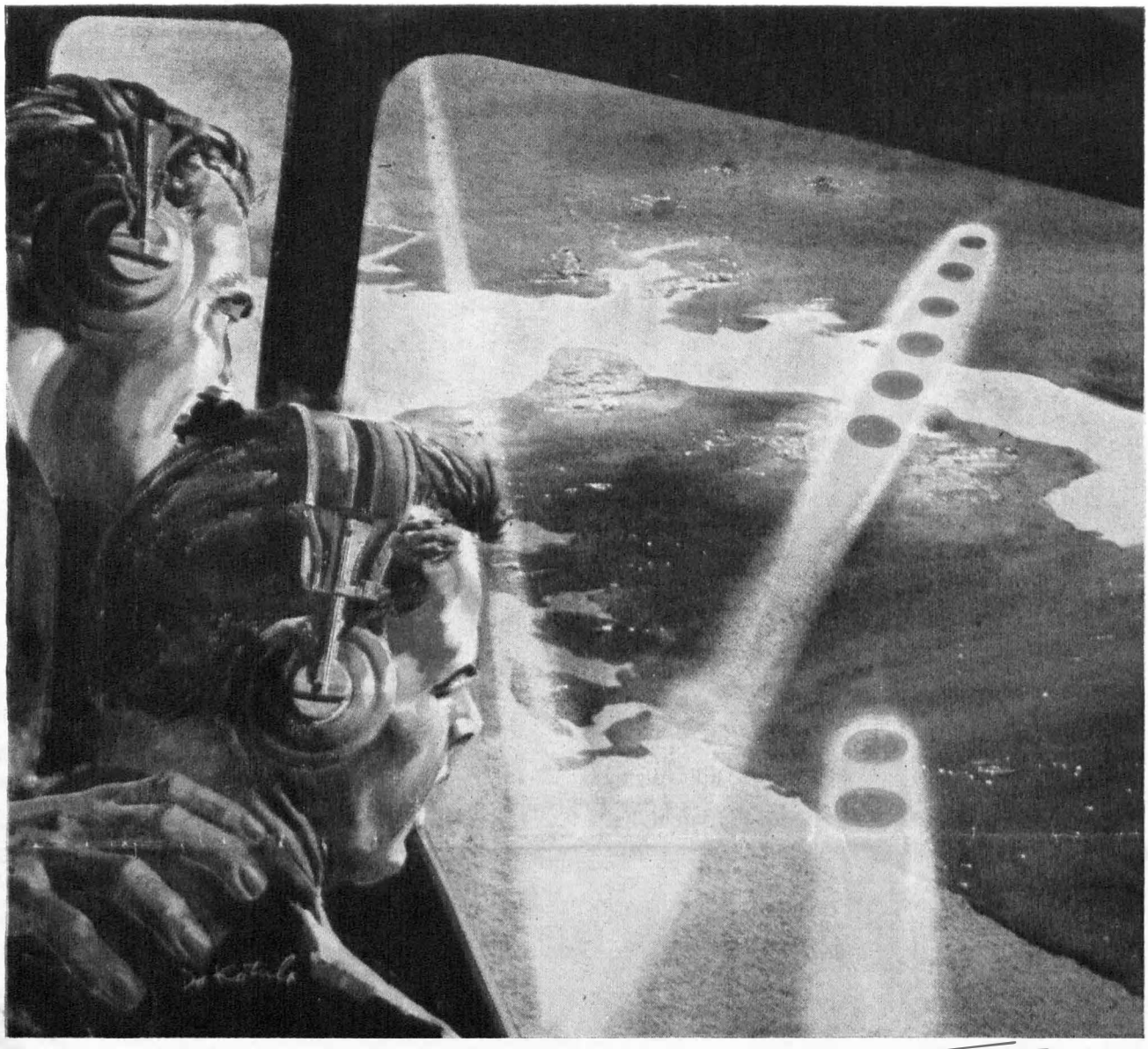
Dr. Peter Millman, Dominion astro-physicist, said, "We can't laugh off these observations."

And Dr. J. C. Mackenzie, chairman of the Atomic Energy Control Board and recently president of the National Research Council, stated: "These reports cannot be ignored as nonsense."

Group Capt. D. M. Edwards, director of Air Intelligence, admitted that one of his intelligence officers had investigated every case of a flying saucer in Canada. The result of each investigation had been submitted to Air Force headquarters and had then been

[True magazine, October 1952]

Illustrated by Joe Kotula



The Pan American airliner was flying at 8,000 feet when its pilot and co-pilot saw the flying saucers, in formation, at 6,000 feet below. After the airplane landed, the Air Force wanted to know all about it

WE FLEW ABOVE FLYING SAUCERS

by 1st Officer William B. Nash and 2nd Officer William H. Fortenberry

How does it feel to see flying saucers? Like most people, we had never consciously expected to face that question, but now we have an answer. When you see "saucers" from the angle and nearness that we did, and watch them go through the astonishing maneuver that we witnessed, you feel humbled.

Sitting in the complex cockpit of a fast four-engined airliner, we had the deflated feeling that we and our modern airplane were so far outclassed by somebody and something else that it wasn't at all funny.

On the night of July 14, 1952, we were ferrying a Pan American World Airways DC-4 from New York to Miami. There was a crew of three—Captain Fred Koepke and ourselves—and ten passengers, company personnel and their families. The night was clear and visibility unlimited. The only clouds, practically invisible to us, were reported to be thin cirrus, three-tenths, at 20,000 feet.

Occupying the pilot and co-pilot seats, we flew at 8,000, cruising on the automatic pilot over Chesapeake Bay, as we approached Norfolk, Virginia, [*Continued on page* 110]

For Discriminating Users



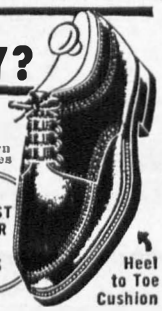
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order the circuits wired off, though National Airlines had belatedly cut off R/P's.

The public hearings on the Elizabeth accidents were concluded—successfully, from the CAA-CAB point of view, for there were no embarrassing revelations. The pilots had reluctantly kept silent about R/P's, perhaps afraid of losing their jobs—more than one line would share the blame if the scandal broke.

There remained only the hurdle of expressing official opinion in the publicly issued investigation reports. The CAB confirmed that the National DC-6 "settled rapidly" because of a reversal of No. 3 prop and feathering of No. 4, but in the case of the AA Convair crash declared that "there is insufficient evidence available at this time upon which to predicate a probable cause."

Meanwhile an ALPA committee official wired Horne, asking for approval of a new Hamilton prop system with a manual lock—a system ready for test. Horne deferred action by inviting the industry to submit comments on the proposal.

Clinging to piecemeal practices the CAA began issuing new propeller Airworthiness Directives, which are instructions to aircraft users for modifications of installation and maintenance. Wholesale propeller-system changes—despite a four-year history of R/P malfunctionings—apparently still are not considered urgent. Presumably it would be an inconvenience, and a financial handicap, for airlines to make modifications immediately, therefore pilots and passengers must continue to take their chances while "progressive programs" are undertaken. Some Airworthiness Directives issued in July of this year specify compliance dates ranging from December 15, 1952, to as late as November 1, 1953. And these are merely modifications—not the positive prop lock sought by the pilots which must still await industry approval and CAA action.

And so the propeller gamble goes on—part of the larger gamble that, in too many forms to describe here, pervades CAA-CAB safety supervision. Two examples may help to illustrate the extent of laxity.

Lives have been lost through failure to compel operators to respect regulations, or to penalize violators sufficiently. In April, a North Continent nonscheduled transport crashed near Los Angeles, killing all twenty-nine on board. The CAA has indicated that pilot exhaustion caused this accident. By regulations, pilots are limited to eight hours a day. These men had been kept on duty eighteen hours. The CAA had known for months that North Continent made this a practice, for six pilot-overtime violations were already on file against this irregular carrier. In addition, it had thirteen for serious overloading, three for unauthorized flights with passengers, and two for flying passengers without proper seats and belts. After twenty-nine people were killed, Administrator Horne grounded the line.

The nonscheduled operator, Miami Airlines, whose overloaded C-54 crashed with a burning engine in the first Elizabeth tragedy of December 16, 1951, killing all fifty-six persons aboard, had a record of sixteen previous violations, fourteen of them for overloading, for which the CAA had accepted a compromise fine of $1,800. To date, the CAA has taken no further action against this carrier.

Some time ago, another irregular, Air Transport Associates, had a fatal night crash in Seattle. Their converted C-46, losing power on a take-off, crashed into a house, killing five people there and two in the plane. Fuel of 91 octane instead of 100 had been used for take-off. No penalties were asked by the CAA.

Another peril, sanctioned by the government, is the failure to install safety equipment because of extra cost and weight. One item is the self-inflating life raft that can be released from aircraft externally. On January 19, 1952, a Northwest DC-4 was forced down off British Columbia. Two months later, a Pan American DC-4 went into the sea near Puerto Rico. Many or all of the eighty-nine people who drowned in these two crashes might have lived had adequate life rafts been available.

On February 20, President Truman, in writing to General Doolittle, expressed his serious concern about airplane accidents and the anxiety and loss of life in cities adjoining airports.

Had he known it, he could have found the answers just across the Ellipse, in the long gray buildings that house the CAA and the CAB.

For many lower officials in those buildings, afraid to speak, could have told him the way to end crashes in cities. The technical steps required were already known to pilots and the airlines. Only one thing was needed to put them into effect:

Men with the courage to place public safety above economic considerations.

Perhaps, someday, such men will take over and finally end the long gamble with death.—**Donald E. Keyhoe**

We Flew Above Flying Saucers

[*Continued from page 65*]

which lay about 20 miles in front of us on our compass course of 200 degrees magnetic—a little west of south. We were due to overhead the V.H.F. radio range station at Norfolk in six minutes and make a position report then. The sun had set an hour before, and though we could still make out the coast line, the night was almost entirely dark. The distant lights of the cities stood out plainly, undimmed by any haze. One of us pointed out to the other the city of Newport News, which lay forward and to our right.

Suddenly a red brilliance appeared in the air beyond and somewhat eastward—that is, to our side—of Newport News. We saw it together at practically the same moment. The remark of one of us

was, "What the hell is that?" It hadn't grown gradually into view—it seemed simply to have appeared, all of a sudden, in place.

Almost immediately we perceived that it consisted of six bright objects streaking toward us at tremendous speed, and obviously well below us. They had the fiery aspect of hot coals, but of much greater glow—perhaps twenty times more brilliant than any of the scattered ground lights over which they passed or the city lights to the right. Their shape was clearly outlined and evidently circular; the edges were well defined, not phosphorescent or fuzzy in the least. The red-orange color was uniform over the upper surface of each craft.

Within the few seconds that it took the six objects to come half the distance

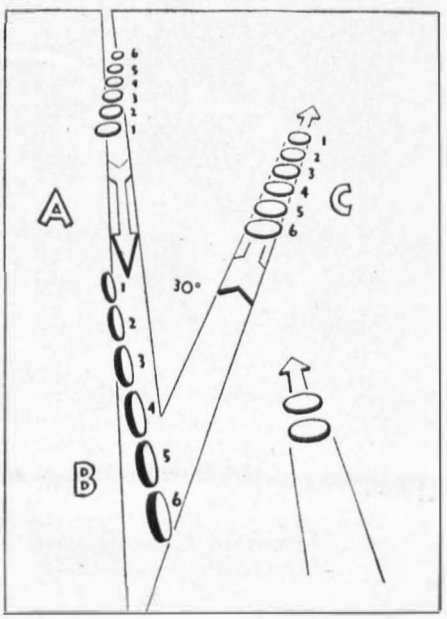


Diagram shows saucers' maneuver in stages. At "A," during approach, six held stepped-up echelon. Flipping on edge at "B," followers overrode leader until, in reverse order at vee point, they flipped flat again and echelon darted in new direction, appearing aligned from observers' point of view. At "C," after brief blink-out, six were joined by two from behind airliner.

from where we had first seen them, we could observe that they were holding a narrow echelon formation—a stepped-up line tilted slightly to our right, with the leader at the lowest point and each following craft slightly higher. At about the halfway point, the leader appeared to attempt a sudden slowing. We received this impression because the second and third wavered slightly and seemed almost to overrun the leader, so that for a brief moment during the remainder of their approach the positions of these three varied. It looked very much as if an element of "human" or "intelligence" error had been introduced, in so far as the following two did not react soon enough when the leader began to slow down and so almost overran him.

We judged the objects' diameter to be a little larger than a DC-3 wingspread would appear to be—about 100 feet—at their altitude which we estimated at slightly more than a mile below us, or about 2,000 feet above ground level.

When the procession was almost directly under and slightly in front of us—the pilot had to rise hurriedly from the left-hand seat and lean to see them—the objects performed a change of direction which was completely amazing.

All together, they flipped on edge, the sides to the left of us going up and the glowing surface facing right. Though the bottom surfaces did not become clearly visible, we had the impression that they were unlighted. The exposed edges, also unlighted, appeared to be about 15 feet thick, and the top surface, at least, seemed flat. In shape and proportion, they were much like coins. While all were in the edgewise position, the last five slid over and past the leader so that the echelon was now tail-foremost, so to speak, the top or last craft now being nearest to our position. Then, without any arc or swerve at all, they all flipped back together to the flat altitude and darted off in a direction that formed a sharp angle with their first course, holding their new formation.

The change of direction was acute and abrupt. The only descriptive comparison we can offer is a ball ricocheting off a wall.

Immediately after these six lined away, two more objects just like them darted out from behind and under our airplane at the same altitude as the others. The two newcomers seemed to be joining the first group on a closing heading.

Then suddenly the lights of all of the objects blinked out, and a moment later blinked on again with all eight in line speeding westward, north of Newport News, and climbing in a far, graceful arc that carried them above our altitude. There they disappeared, while still in view, by blinking out one by one—not in sequence, but in a scattered manner.

There had seemed to be some connection between the lights and the speed. The original six had dimmed slightly before their angular turn and had brightened considerably after making it. Also the two others were even brighter, as though applying power to catch up.

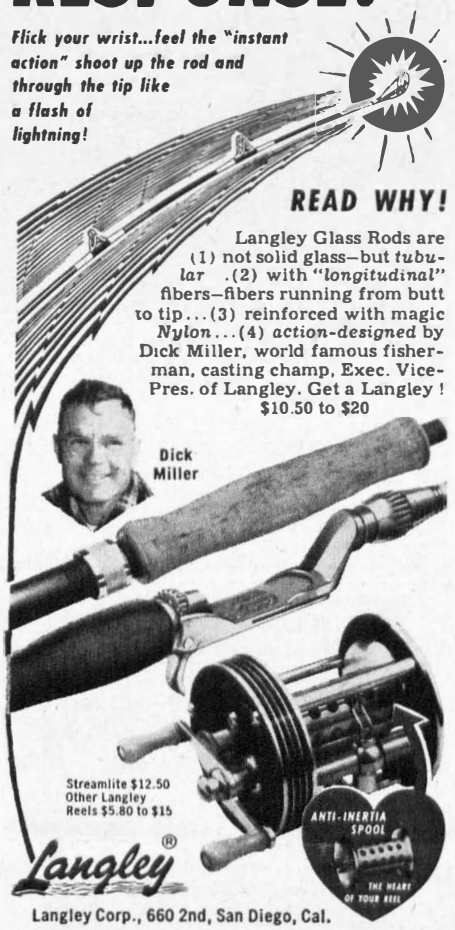
We stared after them, dumbfounded and probably open-mouthed. We looked around at the sky, half expecting something else to appear, though nothing did. There *were* flying saucers, and we had seen them. What we had witnessed was so stunning and incredible that we could readily believe that if either of us had seen it alone, he would have hesitated to report it. But here we were, face to face. We couldn't both be mistaken about such a striking spectacle.

The time was 8:12 Eastern Standard Time. The whole thing had occurred very quickly; we agreed on an estimate of 12 seconds. Now for the question, not too hopeful: had anybody else aboard seen it?

The co-pilot went through the small forward passenger compartment, where the captain was intent on paper work. In the main cabin, some of the passengers were dozing. A cautious inquiry whether

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anyone had happened to see anything unusual brought no results.

Back in the cockpit, we discussed and formulated a quick report. We called the Norfolk radio as we passed over it, gave our position according to routine, and upon receiving confirmation of that message added a second which we requested be forwarded to the military: "Two pilots of this flight observed eight unidentified objects vicinity Langley Field; estimate speed in excess of 1,000 m.p.h.; altitude estimated 2,000 feet." The captain came forward and was told of the incident and the message; he took over while we went to work figuring and writing notes on what we had seen.

With a Dalton Mark 7 computer, a kind of pivoting calculator, we swung the azimuth from the longitudinal axis of the airplane to the saucers' angle of approach toward the nose, as well as we could remember it, then did the same for their angle of departure. We found that the difference was only about 30 degrees; therefore they had made a 150-degree change of course almost instantaneously. The G force produced in such a turn we couldn't begin to figure, of course, even if we had known how, for it would depend on duration and speed—and there was where we really ran into something.

By reference to the chart, we estimated that the saucers' track, from the locality where we had first seen them to the place where they had disappeared, covered about 50 miles, and they had traveled it in 12 seconds. If we were conservative and allowed 15 seconds, that would mean that the objects were flying at the rate of 200 miles in each minute, or 12,000 miles per hour! If we were to be even more conservative and cut our distance estimate right in half, the speed would still be around 6,000 miles per hour!

Awhile later, while we were still discussing the matter, the lights of a northbound four-engined airliner came into view on a course about 1,000 feet above us. If any normal happening could have increased the effect of our night's experience on us, it was that commonplace event. Ordinarily the head-on approach of two airliners—their closing speed would be 500-550 m.p.h.—seems pretty brisk. This night the oncoming plane seemed to be standing still, after the streaking speed of the saucers.

We landed at Miami International Airport shortly after midnight. On entering the operations office, we found filed, from our New York dispatcher, a copy of the saucer message we had transmitted through Norfolk, with an addition: "Advise crew five jets were in area at the time." That didn't exactly apply; the things we had seen were eight in number, and we were dead sure they were no jets. Then we phoned the officer on duty at the Air Force headquarters on the airport and told him we had a report to make concerning some strange unidentified objects. He took our names and addresses and said we would be contacted by the proper authorities.

We were. At 7 a. m. we were telephoned by Air Force investigators and appointments were set for an interview later that morning. For a considerable time both of us were earnestly and diligently interrogated, separately and together. We were surprised by being told at the end that our particular experience wasn't by any means unique.

We have both been flying for more than ten years, we have had plenty of service drill on aircraft recognition, and in thousands of hours of flight time neither of us has ever seen anything even remotely resembling the strange and unforgettable objects we saw near Newport News on July 14.

Maybe there is some sort of confirmation in the fact that, following our sighting, the Washington radar twice picked up unidentified objects, on July 19 and 26, and that on the second occasion a pursuing jet flier reported being outdistanced by four disappearing lights.

What were the saucers we saw doing there? We have no idea. One of us





Pan American pilots Nash, Fortenberry.

thought that their sudden lighting up suggested that they may previously have been hovering. In any case, whether they saw us and came to investigate, or happened to move toward our position and took alarm, or rendezvoused there with the last two, or had some entirely different purpose, are about equally undeterminable guesses.

Though we don't know what they were, what they were doing or where they came from, we are certain in our minds that they were intelligently operated craft from somewhere other than this planet.

We are sure that no pilot, able to view them as we did, could conceive of any earthly aircraft capable of the speed, abrupt change of direction, and acceleration that we witnessed, or imagine any airplane metal that could withstand the heat that ought to have been created by friction in their passage through the dense atmosphere at 2,000 feet. Whether they were controlled from within or remotely, we can't say, but it is impossible to think of human flesh and bone surviving the jolt of their course reversal.

We have the usual reasons, too, for not believing that they were secret guided missiles. It is not logical that our own armed services would experiment with such devices over large cities and across airways, and another nation would not risk them here. Nor could anybody's science have reached such a stage of development without some of the intermediate steps having become public knowledge.

One thing we know: mankind has a lot of lessons to learn . . . from somebody.—**William B. Nash and William H. Fortenberry**

[Coronet Magazine, November 1952]

Picture Story

FLYING SAUCERS: MYTH OR MENACE?

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT



ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS

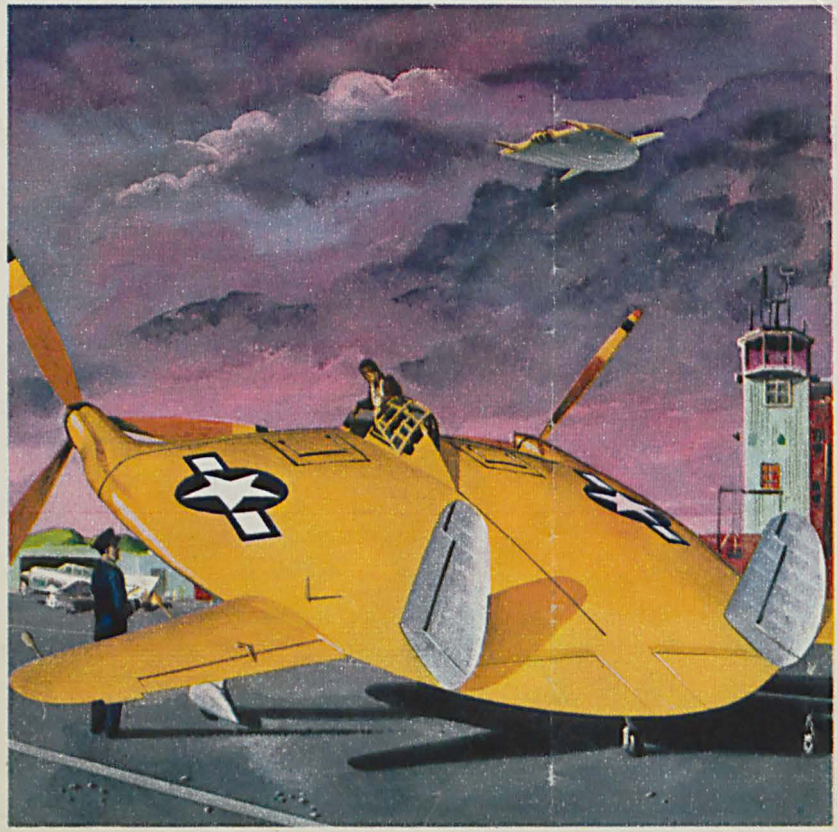
IT ALL BEGAN on a sparkling day in 1947. Businessman Kenneth Arnold, flying his plane past Mt. Rainier, saw a strange line of disc-like aircraft sweeping by with incredible speed and in perfect formation. They looked like flipped saucers in flight, he said later. Soon, the nation was deluged with reports of other unaccountable objects in the sky. Some called it mass hallucination. Others were sure the craft came from another world. There has, as yet, been no definitive explanation. So far, the answer lies hidden in the vast, trackless sky above.



It first appeared over Madisonville, Kentucky, in the early afternoon of January 7, 1948. State police called Fort Knox: "One of those flying saucers just flew over, headed in your direction." A few minutes later a lookout at nearby Godman Air Base spotted a red glow in the sky. It was then that Capt. Thomas Mantell got the order that sent him to his doom: "Investigate!" Roaring up to 18,000 feet, the pilot reported: "It looks metallic . . . of tremendous size." Then: "I'm going up to 20,000 feet . . ." That was his last message. Later in the day his shattered plane was found near Fort Knox. The Air Force guessed that Mantell had chased the planet Venus into the sky until he blacked out. But what of the other officers at Godman who had seen the "thing"? And wouldn't an experienced flier have recognized the oncoming effects of oxygen blackout, and descended? What was it, then, that killed Mantell? Fifteen months after his death came the official report: "The mysterious object . . . is still unidentified."



The sightings continued unabated. On the evening of April 27, 1950, Capt. Robert F. Manning, veteran TWA pilot, spotted a fiery red ball in the sky. Puzzled, he nudged his copilot, Robert Adickes: "What do you make of that?" Adickes looked, reached for his microphone and called Chicago: "Ask ATC if there's any traffic near us?" Back came a negative answer. Quickly Adickes alerted the passengers, while Manning tried to sneak up on the mysterious red craft. It was no use. No matter which way he turned, the fast-flying disc eluded him and, in the end, simply vanished into the night. When they landed, the fliers made a full report: never before had a saucer-viewer been solidly backed by 21 witnesses. Now the nationwide sightings reached a peak. Fireballs, discs and projectile-like flames were reported over areas as widely separated as New Mexico, Alaska and Korea. And more than one amateur photographer had an enduring pictorial record of what many persisted in referring to as mass hysteria.



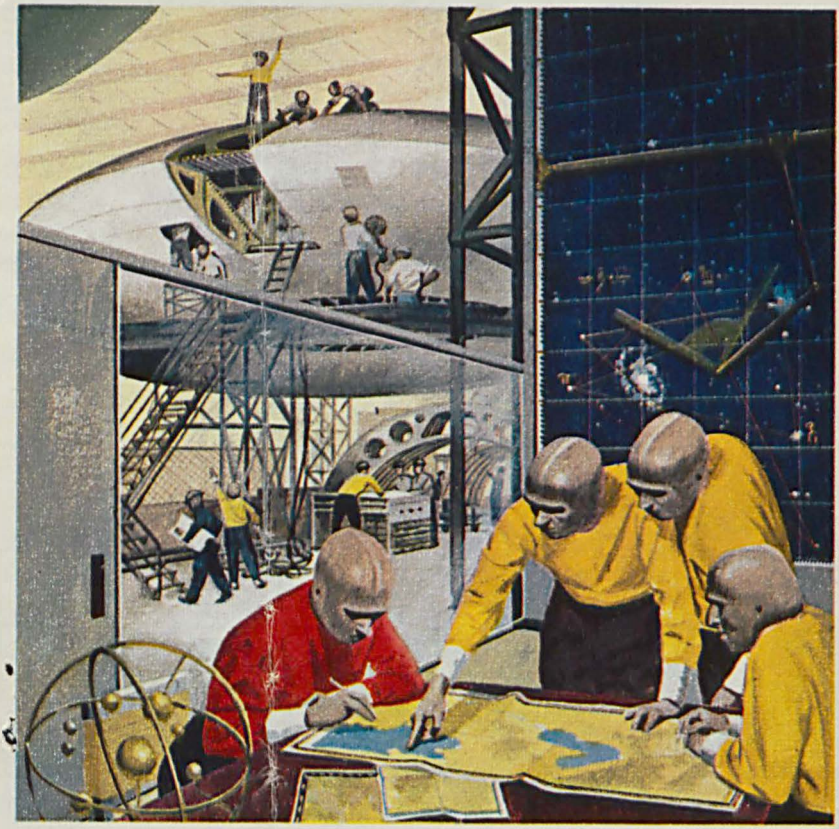
Reporters crowded into the summer White House at Key West. A magazine had just revealed that the flying saucers were really a revolutionary Navy aircraft, and word had gotten around that President Truman would make a statement. Was the mystery solved at last? Into the room strode a press secretary: "Gentlemen, the President has asked me to tell you that he knows nothing of any flying saucers being developed by this or any other country. We know nothing to support these rumors." Immediately a new flood of theories was unleashed: if the saucers weren't ours, that proved they came from another planet; they were really weather balloons; according to a respected astrophysicist, they were "optical ghosts," caused by a displacement of warm air. Whatever they are, sightings are constantly being reported—even on radar screens. Hidden somewhere in the skies from which the saucers come and into which they vanish, lies the answer. Some day soon, the truth may break in the greatest news story of all time.



On January 22, 1948, the Air Force assigned technicians to probe into some 270 saucer-sightings. On October 1, 1948, Lt. George F. Gorman pursued a light through the skies until it finally eluded him at 14,000 feet. On December 26, 1949, a balloon expert averred that the flying discs bore observers from the planet Venus. On December 27, the Air Force terminated Project Saucer, attributing the sightings to "a mild form of mass hysteria." The very next day, residents of Hamlet, North Carolina, spotted another odd-shaped craft in the sky. By now, the whole nation was asking: Are the saucers real? Where in the world—or out of it—do they come from? One group insisted that atomic explosions had disturbed a lost race of men who lived in Polar caves. These underground men, flying magnetically controlled craft, were trying to discover what had set the earth a-tremble. And even as people gasped at theories that dwarfed even the most lurid science fiction, new saucer reports poured in—and new theories poured out.



Soon, the inevitable question arose—could it be that the saucers came from Russia? Leo Bentz, a pioneer auto-builder, came forth with an answer: Almost 20 years before, he had witnessed a secret demonstration of crude, saucer-like craft. Their designer? An inventor named George De Bay, who had made detailed blueprints for space ships that would skip through the air like a flat stone. Where was De Bay now? No one knew, but Bentz made an ominous guess: "It is my belief that George De Bay went to Russia before the war and is still there." Instantly, a storm of controversy arose: "The Russians are using saucers to ferret out our deepest military secrets," said some. "If the Russians did have such a craft," replied others with heat, "they certainly would not be foolish enough to fly it over the U. S. and risk it falling into our hands if it crashed." In the end, the consensus was that the Russians were hardly equipped to have made such radical aeronautical progress, and men of science turned to other theories.



Between Earth and the planet Venus, some now said, seven mysterious "planes" travel through space. One of them, according to the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, is Etheria. Until now its very existence has eluded ordinary scientific investigation. Only when atomic blasts on Earth attracted their attention, did the Etherians evidence interest in us. In space ships whose outer skin was wrought of a metal tougher than steel, they flew along magnetic lines of force into the atmosphere of Earth. We saw their craft at night as flashing fire balls of red and green. We saw them by day as discs that flew at incredible speeds and executed fantastic maneuvers. Troubled and confused, we dubbed them Flying Saucers and went to weird lengths to explain their existence. We failed utterly to recognize the truth. Such is the elaborately worked-out theory of the Borderlanders. Does it hold up? Until there is a definitive report on the saucers, the Etherians can appeal to our credibility as well as anyone—or anything.

PIC

The Modern Magazine for Men

NOV. 1952

25c

HOW DO SAUCERS FLY?

By Nuclear Physicist John Campbell

Where Are The Ducks?

CANADA'S SHOCKING SURVEY

Roy Rogers' Empire

FIRST PRO GAME

Are The Records Wrong?

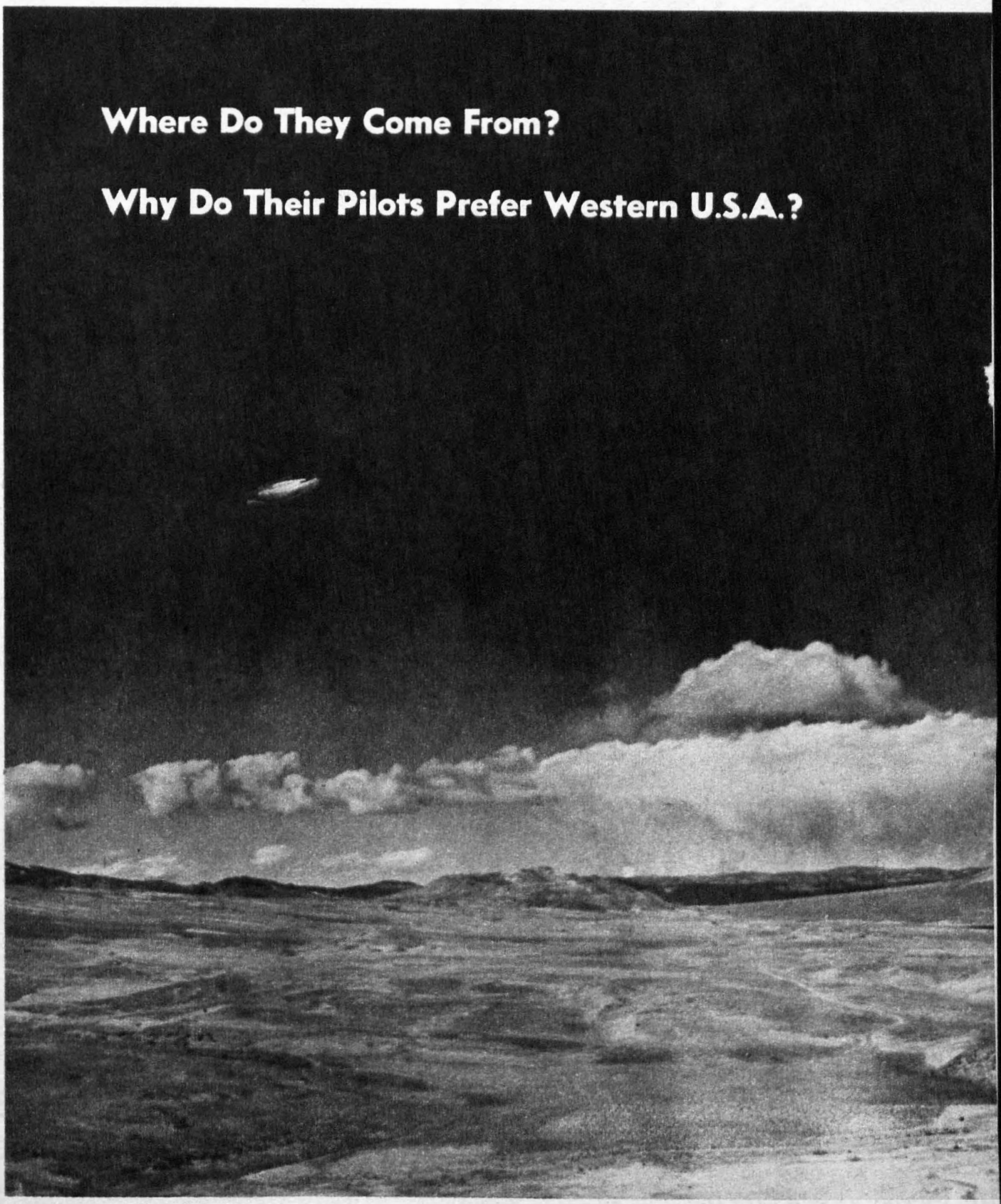


SEA-GOING JOBS
and a treasure hunt

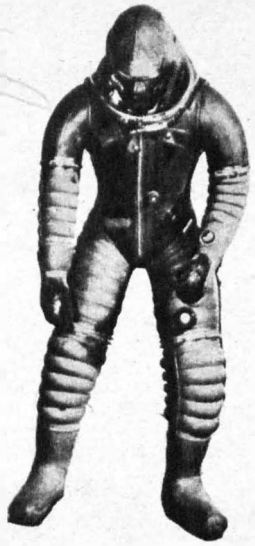
Jungle Party Unbelievable

PIC - Nov. 1952

HOW DO SAUCERS FLY?

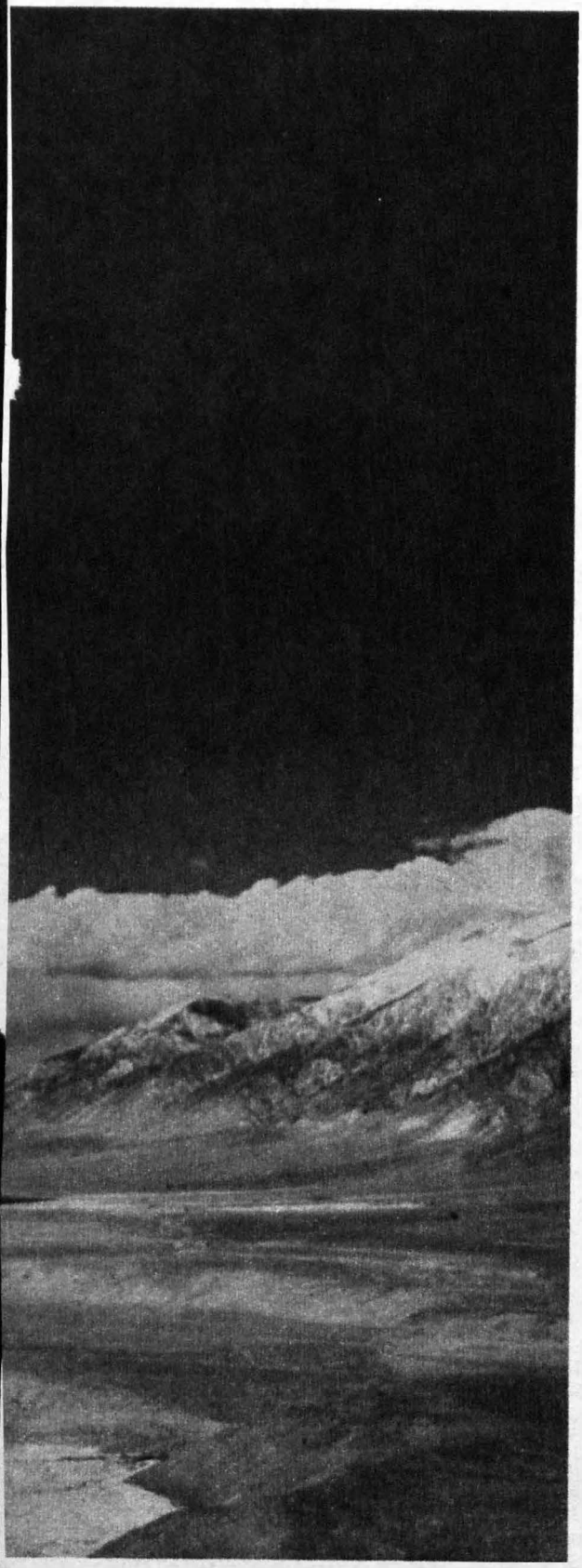


Most flying saucers have been reported seen in almost the same area, that of western United States.



By John W. Campbell, Jr.

NUCLEAR PHYSICIST
AND SCIENCE EDITOR



THE TROUBLE with flying saucers is that what they do doesn't seem to make sense, it's been difficult to get pictures of them or communicate with them, and yet anybody—any people—who can build such marvelous machines *must* be sensible—supremely sensible indeed. There *must* be some completely reasonable explanation for the purpose behind their curious behavior.

Those machines represent a science so far ahead of ours that it's on a different level. The workings of electronics and radar and radio would have thrown Isaac Newton, Michael Faraday, and the great scientists of the 1850's-1880's for a complete and total loss. The electron wasn't discovered until after 1890; whole realms of science were unguessed at that time.

Of course, we, today, are much smarter. We know all those things . . . but no man can ever guess how much he *doesn't* know. Dalton, the English chemist who developed the atomic theory of chemical reaction in its modern form, never dreamed that the "atoms" he talked of were more complex structures than the chemicals he knew!

We don't know, and can't possibly guess, how much we do NOT know—until somebody goes blithely skimming along overhead in a flying saucer.

The saucer's don't have wings; they don't have rockets, jets, propellors, or any other known gadget. Quite literally, they have "no visible means of support." No law of nature known to present science can explain them. And people who know more science than we do are, quite evidently, not appreciably less intelligent than we are ourselves. (Nor are they, necessarily, any more intelligent. Without increasing our *intelligence*, another 100 years of science will yield a lot more *knowledge*.)

Flying saucers, by their very existence, indicate somebody with brains that really work is flitting around up in the sky. But their actions are so strange—so seemingly illogical! Why, if they can, don't they establish communication with us? And surely, minds that can figure out such marvelous machines can figure out how to establish communication.

No one has ever taken a satisfactory picture of the saucer. There have been some exceedingly poor, badly focused, blurred and distorted snapshots—but they're useless. Why—in view of the literally thousands of sightings—haven't there been pictures? Are the saucers real, after all?

They are real. The reason for lack of pictures is easy to understand; they fly either low and fast, or high and slow. A machine flying 600 to 1000 miles an hour at an elevation of 1,000 feet or so is in sight for a few seconds. At 10,000 feet, even if the ship is loafing along at 100 miles an hour, you can't take a photograph that's any good, unless you use an enormous camera with a 48-inch-long telescopic lens. And *that* (*Continued on page 73*)

HOW DO SAUCERS FLY?

(*Continued from page 17*)

kind of camera takes many long minutes to set up and focus. An ordinary snapshot camera would produce a film with a dust-spot on the negative.

We don't realize what an amazingly good optical device the human eye is. It can take a snapshot in 1/100th of a second; it's ready all the time, and it's always focused and loaded with film. At a ball game, you can follow the action of the players and see the ball shooting from outfielder to first base. Try taking a snapshot of that scene, sometime, and get a picture that shows all the important details of the ball in flight!

Another thing; a flying saucer can pass you, flying at 5,000 feet, only about two miles away, and you can look right at it, watch it loaf along nice and easy, and never even know it! You may have seen half a dozen flying saucers in the last two weeks. Look closely at the next ordinary passenger transport that flies by, two or three miles off, and consciously consider whether or not it's a saucer. You can't tell at that distance. Seen almost edge on, it could be a saucer, a plane, or a dirigible-shaped object of bright aluminum. You *think* it's a plane—but is it? If it's a flying saucer, and you're expecting a plane, would you notice any difference until it was right overhead, and relatively low at that? And would you, then, be able to photograph it?

I live in New York City area, but I have never consciously seen a jet fighter plane in flight, except right at the airfields.

Photographs of our own jet planes would be exceedingly hard to get—if the jet plane wasn't willing to cooperate!

Furthermore, the flying saucers have been sighted almost entirely in the "square states" area—in the area of the western central United States. Practically none have been seen elsewhere.

And that's the most mysterious part of the whole performance. No nation of Earth can have developed those machines; the science required is so great an advance over our knowledge as to indicate that the builders are a full stage of science ahead of us. They've evidently gone *beyond* nuclear science, nuclear power. Atomic energy is old to them; they've developed the next level of science, the one earthly beings haven't found yet.

If an Earthly nation had done so, and done it not less than five years ago, that nation by this time would have made such advances that they would be releasing a thousand other devices based on the new principles. When men invented vacuum tubes, they suddenly had a new tool, and progress in electronics zoomed. With the invention of the cyclotron, in 1932, it was only 10 years to the release of atomic energy. With the invention of the atomic pile, it was an immediate step to commercial use of radioactive isotopes. Further, in developing the atomic devices, we also developed new plastics, new pumps, new devices.

Any nation that advanced a whole step to a new level of science would inevitably advance in a hundred ways. It would show, and show quickly.

The Flying Saucers are NOT terrestrial secret weapons. They would have been the product of science that would inevitably manifest itself in a hundred other ways as well.

So—Earth is being visited by people from other worlds. Not Mars. Mars is too thoroughly inhospitable a world for a high life-form to develop and acquire intelligence. It's too cold and dry and arid and airless. Not Venus, it's too hot, too dry, and too dusty. Only Earth, of the planets of this Solar System, is hospitable to life as we know it. The Visitors must be from planets of another Star. Perhaps Alpha Centaurus, four and a half light-years away. Perhaps Sirius, 9 light years distant. But they certainly have science at least one full step ahead of us.

By a full step, I mean this sort of thing: The first modern science to develop was chemistry; the science of molecules. Electrical engineering-electronics-radio was the next level of science, the next step. It deals not with *molecules,* but electrons and forces like magnetism and electric charges—the particles and forces that *make up* molecules. Our most recent step has been atomic energy—the step beyond electrons, magnetism and electrical charges. We've only begun to work with it.

The Visitors ships do things that are self-evidently impossible by any of the laws *we* know. Since we don't believe in supernatural or magical phenomona, we must accept that they've figured out the level beyond atomic energy.

I don't believe they can stand the reported accelerations of 35 times Earth's gravity a bit better than we could—but I feel sure they've conquered gravity, because their wingless, jetless, rocketless planes can hang as though they weighed nothing. And if they can neutralize gravity, probably they can concentrate it, or reverse it. If you could do that, you could accelerate at 10,000 times Earth's gravity and not be hurt a bit—not even feel it! Because instead of having the *ship* speed up, and *push* you along, the force would pull you-and-the-ship equally and together. You wouldn't even notice the pull!

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Now here is one strange thing, very hard for us of Earth to understand, perhaps. With a science a full step ahead of ours, with ships we can't even approach, having weapons we can't imagine—why haven't they contacted us? They can't be afraid of us; they are totally immune to anything we might try to do. Why don't they contact us? Why have their ships appeared only, or almost exclusively, over the western central United States? They know nothing of our terrestrial political geography; why stick to it, then?

It could be any one of three—or more—reasons:

1. They could be thinking that our westerners are hospitable people, devoid of hatreds and petty envies of Earth's more populated regions.

2. The western U. S. is the center of our atomic research and rocket development.

3. There's lots of room out in our wide open spaces for them to land, rest, and take off without any human ever seeing them.

I'll buy reason No. 1. And here's why:

Saucer men must be reasonable people; no people would be able to develop such devices as they have without keen, straight-thinking, powerful minds. Then we must start with the postulate that everything they have done is absolutely logical, sensible, and reasonable. Then the question is, under what conditions would their behavior be the simple, sane, and necessary answer?

They are not human; they do not have quite the same capabilities and limitations we have. Let's assume, for the moment, that the Visitors have one faculty, fully developed, that is very rare and sketchily developed in human beings: telepathy—direct sensitivity to the moods and feelings of other intelligent minds. Otherwise, let's assume they're very much like us.

Now if we went to visit a city built by people all of whom were 100% totally deaf, we might find it a rather apalling place to try to live. Screeching hinges would never be oiled. Rattling, screaming, banging automobiles wouldn't be tightened or fixed. A refrigerator motor that howled like a fire-siren would be perfectly acceptable to deaf people. A vacuum cleaner will work much better if you run it faster, and just let the shriek of the motor go on.

For anyone with ears, however, the place would be a perfect hell. We'd want to stay miles away from it, and have no desire whatever to try to live near such a people.

Even worse would be a bunch of people who were about 80% deaf, and didn't mind the shrieking and groaning of mechanical things, and invariably talked to each other in a shout. Their music might be on the order of a steam calliope for the living room, and riveting guns working on tuned boiler plate for an orchestra.

If the Visitors are telepathically sensitive—what must Earth "sound" like? Think of the shrieking, screaming, snarling hatred that hangs over Europe—the hate and venom that boils out along the Iron Curtain. The envy and greed and bitter defensive surliness of the score or so of small, jealous, angry nations in the Balkans and southern Europe. What sort of shrieking din of emotional bitterness must well up around Berlin?

Imagine yourself telepathically sensitive—so sensitive that the emotional pain felt by any nearby intelligent mind was an emotional pain echoed in yourself. The dull, steady, sullen resentment that hangs like a pall over every modern city would be unendurable.

The Eastern United States is packed with people each trying to grab a little more than his share, envying every one around him who seems to have gotten a little extra out of life. Keeping up with the Joneses isn't enough.

On the west coast, the same frantic, angry struggle goes on. In the great cities across this country and throughout the world, wherever people feel crowded and pressed by others.

The South Sea islands would not have that pressure; the telepathic "sound" there must be mild and peaceful. But, unfortunately for Visitors, this area also lacks an effective creative drive, the urge to build something finer and better. They might not be repelled by that pastoral quiet, but they wouldn't be attracted, either, by that total lack of exuberance.

Where, in all the Earth, might they find a group of people living well, with high determination to build and do and accomplish, and with a minimum of sullen, resentful hatreds like in our West?

Maybe the Visitors have picked the wrong area of the Earth, but at least they have been seen most in an area where strangers are traditionally welcome, where race rivalries are practically zero, and yet one where technical progress is understood and appreciated.

I have a hunch that if I were fully telepathic, I wouldn't want to stay around Europe, or even the coastal cities of the United States.

And that's where flying saucers have been extremely rare indeed.

I have a suspicion the one thing flying saucer pilots fear and loathe is precisely the thing that has poisoned all of man's greatest achievements—the corrosive atmosphere of hate.

MALE

HOW WE CLEANED UP PEORIA'S VICE

By FORMER MAYOR CARL TRIEBEL

25 RUGGED FEATURES

MARCH

25c

ATLAS

Mar 1953

P 11



FIRST POSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF

FLYING SAUCERS!

Jack Dempsey Says:

No Experience Is Needed To Train For Jobs In TV

Young Men With Ordinary Education May Prepare Now For TV Careers

CHICAGO—(SPECIAL) "If you were to tell most men seeking better jobs or a business of their own that they need only an ordinary education and no previous experience whatever to prepare for a thrilling, profitable future in Television, they would think you were handing them a line. Amazing as they may sound, these are the facts," declared Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight boxing champion, now associated with one of America's foremost television training centers.



Jack Dempsey

Seeks Men—17 to 45

"There are thousands of men," said Dempsey, "between the ages of 17 and 45 who are looking for such an opportunity, who could be trained at home in their spare time, but who are not aware of these facts. These are the men I am appealing to—these are the fellows I would like to hear from.

Big Opportunity Field

"I would like to tell them," Dempsey further stated, "of the big chance that awaits them in the field of Television, especially since the F.C.C. has ended its 4-year freeze — permitting the increase in the number of TV stations from 108 to 2,053.

Aid In Armed Forces

"This training," Dempsey also pointed out, "will be of great value to those men who face service in the armed forces. It may help them win promotions and receive other special considerations."

"Take my word for it," Dempsey concluded, "you can get all the facts, without obligation, about how you may get the break you have been waiting for—your chance to be somebody and get somewhere — plus two information-packed folders, by filling in the coupon below." . . .

DeForest's Training, Inc.—Dept. CMG-3-53
2533 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.

I would like valuable, information-packed folders showing how I may get started toward a good job or my own business in Television-Radio-Electronics.

Name_____ Age____

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MALE

MARTIN GOODMAN, Publisher

VOL. 3, NO. 3 MARCH, 1953

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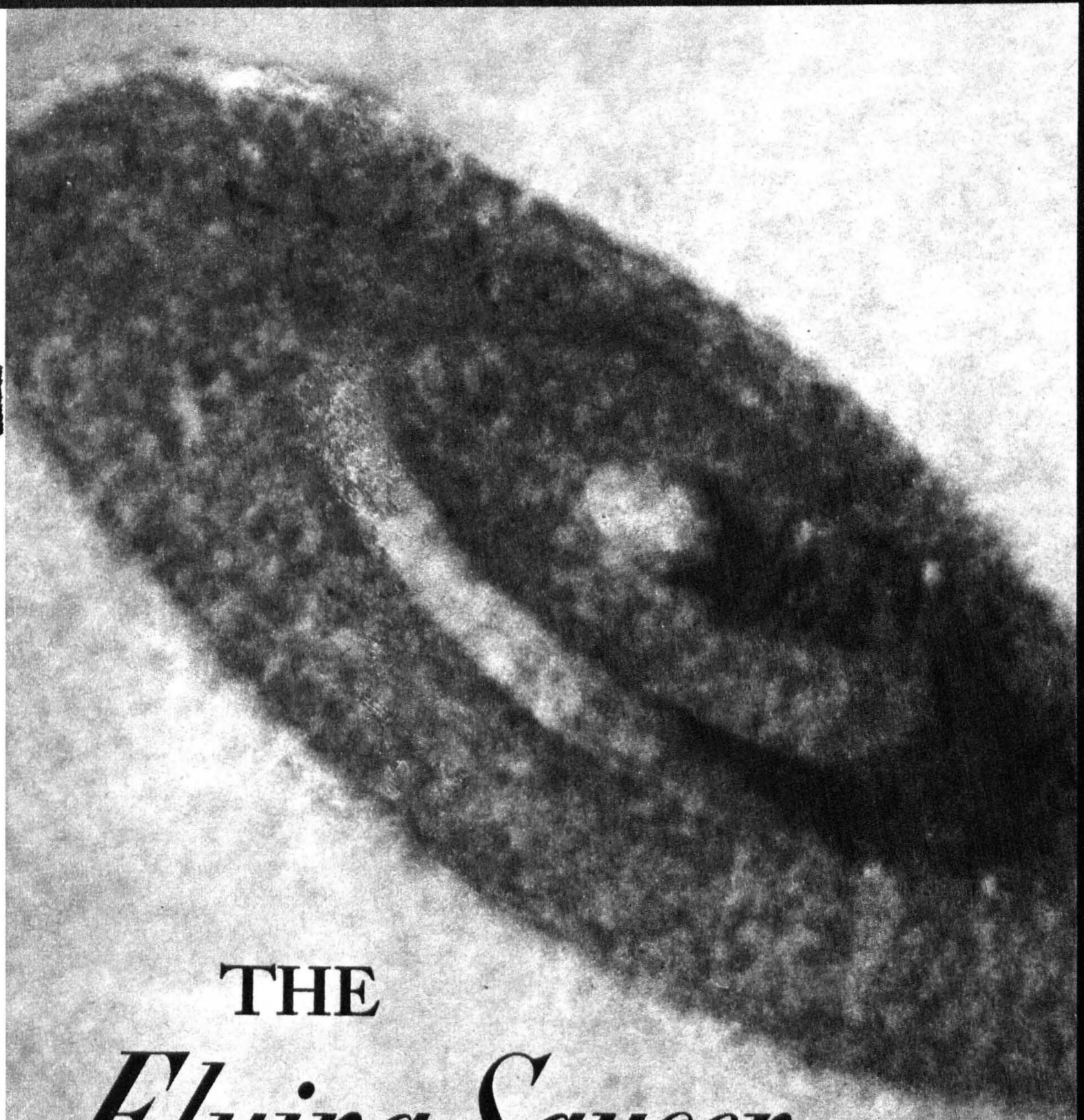
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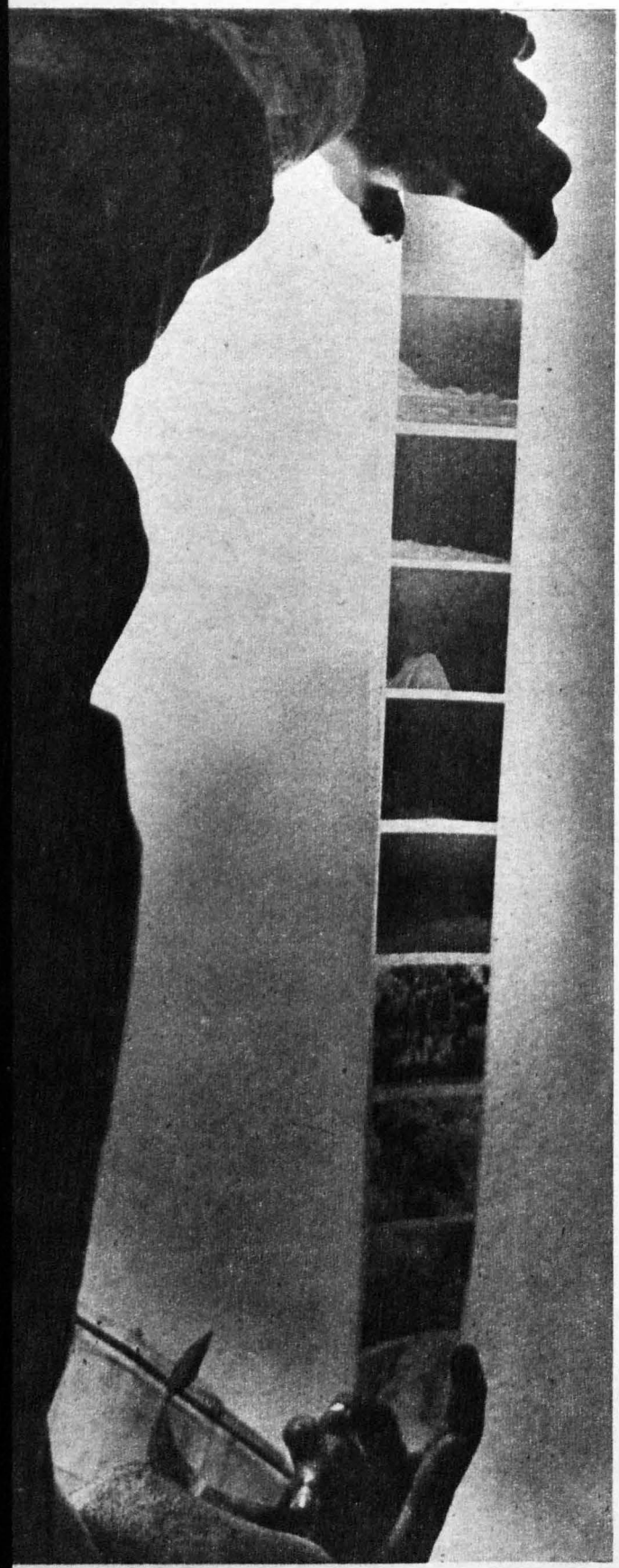


THE *Flying Saucer* HEADS SOUTH

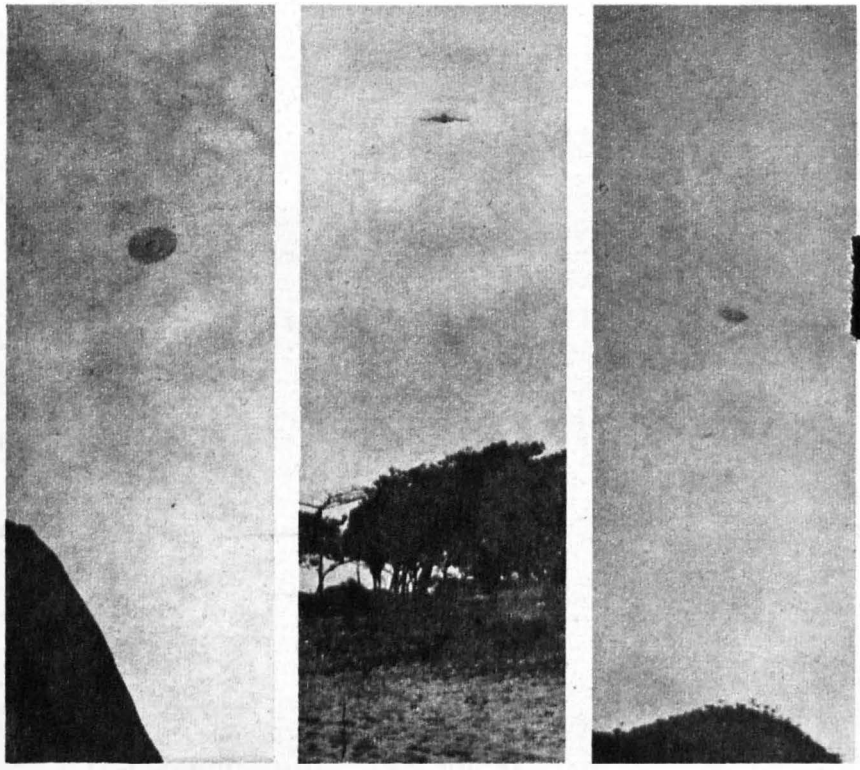
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Flying Saucer

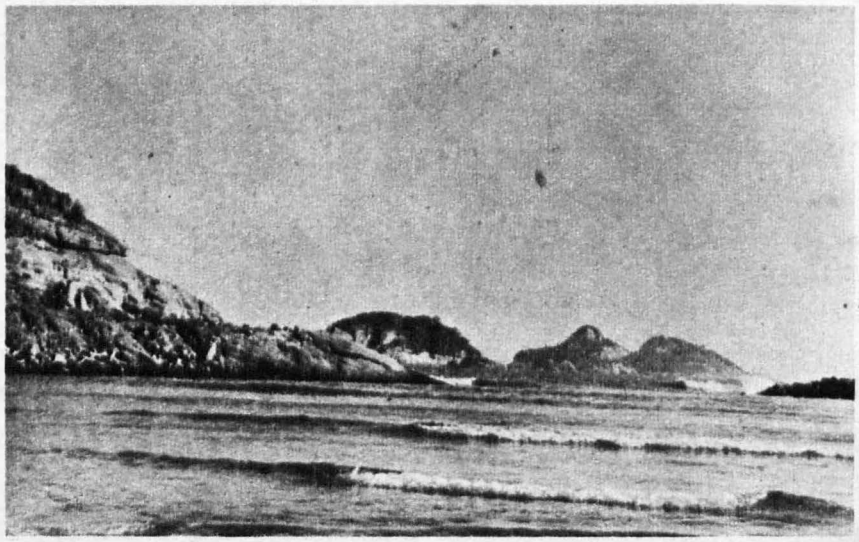
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Roll of negatives containing the five frames of Brazilian saucer now reside in *O Cruzeiro's* safe.



Ed Keffel and Joao Martins spotted saucer at Ilha dos Amores, Barra da Tijuca. Keffel shot photos as it flew over mountain.



Saucer made half-circle over coast, then headed towards ocean at great speed. It was estimated as twice the size of a DC-3.

What it is, where it comes from, how it flies no one knows. The only thing that is known is that it exists; and the only thing that everyone seems to agree on is that it looks somewhat like a plate. Beyond this, speculation runs the gamut of foreign weapons, ships from another planet, weather disturbances, remote-controlled missiles and odd saucers looking for cups. The disc-shaped objects are claimed to have been seen by persons in all parts of the United States, by flyers in Japan, citizens in Germany, Labrador, and most recently in Brazil.

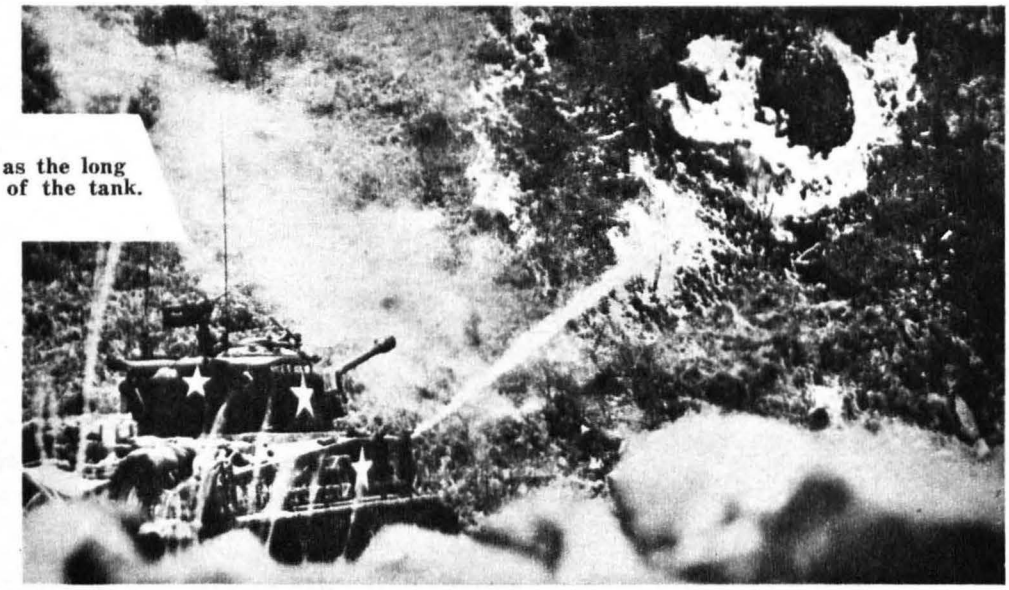
It was at 4:30 P.M. on the seventh of May, 1952, that *O Cruziero's* Joao Martins and Ed Keffel, on assignment some 18 kilometers west of Sugar Loaf, saw "an object moving in the air, on the side of the sun . . . at a distance it looked like an airplane, but it moved to one side at tremendous speed." According to the photographers, "The circular, bluish-grey object decreased its speed, lost altitude like a falling leaf and, like an arrow, took off again towards high seas."

On these pages are Keffel's pictures—proof that the men were not suffering from hallucinations. ***



Clear picture shows raised section and small dome in center of whirling disc.





We heard the Reds yell as the long spurt of fire shot out of the tank.



Streaming down the hill, the enemy surrendered en masse—129 strong.



Our second skirmish brought another bag of prisoners into the fold.

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Little Men and Flying Saucers

Loren C. Eiseley

TODAY as never before, the sky is menacing. Things seen indifferently last century by the wandering lamplighter now trouble a generation that has grown up to the wail of air-raid sirens and the ominous expectation that the roof may fall at any moment. Even in daytime, reflected light on a floating dandelion seed, or a spider riding a wisp of gossamer in the sun's eye can bring excited questions from the novice unused to estimating the distance or nature of aerial objects.

Since we now talk, write, and dream endlessly of space rockets, it is no surprise that this thinking yields the obverse of the coin: that the rocket or its equivalent may have come first to us from somewhere "outside." As a youth, I may as well confess, I waited expectantly for it to happen. So deep is the conviction that there must be life out there beyond the dark, one thinks that if they are more advanced than ourselves they may come across space at any moment, perhaps in our generation. Later, contemplating the infinity of time, one wonders if perchance their messages came long ago, hurtling into the swamp muck of the steaming coal forests, the bright projectile clambered over by hissing reptiles, and the delicate instruments running mindlessly down with no report.

Sometimes when young, and fossil hunting in the western badlands, I had thought it might yet be found, corroding and long dead, in the Tertiary sod that was once green under the rumbling feet of titanotheres. Surely, in the infinite wastes of time, in the lapse of suns and wane of systems, the passage, if it were possible, would have been achieved. But the bright projectile has not been found and now, in sobering middle age, I have long since ceased to look. Moreover, the present theory of the expanding universe has made time, as we know it, no longer infinite. If the entire universe was created in a single explosive instant a few billion years ago, there has not been a sufficient period for all things to occur even behind the star shoals of the outer galaxies. In the light of this fact it is now just conceivable that there may be nowhere in space a mind superior to our own.

If such a mind could exist, there are many reasons why it could not reside in the person of a little man. There is, however, a terrible human fascination about the miniature, and one little man in the hands of the spinner of folk tales can multiply with incredible rapidity. Our unexplainable passion for the small is not quenched at the borders of space, nor, as we shall see, in the spinning rings of the atom. The flying saucer and the much publicized little men from space equate neatly with our own projected dreams.

II

WHEN I first heard of the little man there was no talk of flying saucers, nor did his owner ascribe to him anything more than an earthly origin. It has been almost a quarter of a century since I encountered him in a bone hunter's camp in the West. A rancher had brought him to us in a box. "I figured you'd maybe know about him," he said. "He'll cost you money, though. There's money in that little man."

"Man?" we said.

"Man," he countered. "What you'd call a pygmy or a dwarf, but smaller than any show dwarf I ever did see. A mummy, too, a little dead mummy. I figure it was some kind of bein' like us, but little. They put him in the place I found him. Maybe it was a thousand years ago. You'll likely know."

Our heads met over the box. The last

paper was withdrawn. The creature emerged on the man's palm. I've seen a lot of odd things in the years since, and fakes by the score, but that little fellow gave me the creeps. He might have been two feet high in a standing posture—not more. He was mummified in a crouching position, arms folded. The face with closed eyes seemed vaguely evil. I could have sworn I was dreaming.

I touched it. There was a peculiar, fleshy consistency about it, still. It was not a dry mummy. It was more like what you would expect a natural cave mummy to be like. It had no tail. I know because I looked. And to this day the little man sits on there, in my brain, and as plain as yesterday I can see the faint, half-smirk of his mouth and the tiny black hands at his sides.

"You can have it for two hundred bucks," said the man. We glanced at each other, sighed, and shook our heads. "We aren't in the market," we said. "We're collecting, not buying, and we're staying with our bones."

"Okay," said the man, and gave us a straight look, closing his box. "I'm going to the carnival down below tonight. There's money in him. There's money in that little man."

I think it may have been just as well for us that we made no purchase. I have never liked the little man, nor the description of the carnival to which he and his owner were going. It may be, I used to think, that I will yet encounter him before I die, in some little colored tent on a country midway. Once, in the years since, I have heard a description that sounded like him in another guise. It involved a fantastic tale of some Paleozoic beings who hunted among the tree ferns when the world was ruled by croaking amphibians. The story did not impress me; I knew him by then for what he was: an anomalous mummified still-birth with an undeveloped brain.

I never expected to see him emerge again in books upon flying saucers, or to see the "little men" multiply and become so common that columnists would take note of them. Nor, though I should have known better, did I expect to live to hear my little man ascribed an extra-planetary origin. There is a story back of him, it is true, but it is a history of this earth, and of all unlikely things it involves that great man of science, Charles Darwin, though by a curious, lengthy, and involved route.

III

Men have been men for so long that they tend to take the fact for granted. All their experience tells them that their children will precisely resemble themselves; that kittens will become cats and cats will have kittens, and that even caterpillars, though the pattern seems a little odd, will become butterflies, and butterflies will produce caterpillars. It is so habitual an event that we do not stop to ask why this happens, nor to consider that this amazing precision in results implies a strange ordering of life in a world we often think is chanceful and meaningless.

A few wise men since the time of the Greeks have found it a source of wonder, but they have been a minority. Most people have shrugged and spoken indifferently of the gods, or contented themselves, as the Christian world for so long did, with the idea of special creation of each species. Nevertheless the wise ones kept on wondering.

They found, as they began their first groping attempts to classify and arrange the living world, that in spite of the assumed individual creation of every living species by the supernatural intervention of divine power, a basic similarity of structure existed among many forms of life. This was a remarkable thing to find among supposedly individual creations. Offhand one would say that a much greater degree of spontaneous novelty would have been possible. In fact, man once innocently believed himself part of such a creation. The fabulous animals of the ancient bestiaries, the mermaids, griffins, and centaurs, not to mention the men whose ears were so large that their owners slept in them, would have been the natural, spontaneous products of such uncontrolled, creative whimsy.

But there was the pattern: the ape and the man with their bone-by-bone correspondence. The very fact that one can add a plural to the word *reptile* and so suggest anything from a Brontosaurus to a garter snake shows that a pattern exists. Birds all have feathers, wings, and claws; they are a common class in spite of their diversities. They have been pulled into many shapes, but there is still an eternal "birdliness" about them. They are built on a common plan just as I share mammalian characters with a small mouse who inhabits

my desk drawer. This is hard to account for in a disordered world, so that recently, when I came upon this mouse, trapped and terrified in the wastebasket, his similarity to myself rendered me helpless, and out of sheer embarrassment I connived in his escape.

Now so long as these remarkable patterns could be observed only in the living world around us they occasioned no great alarm. Even after Cuvier, in 1812, made a magnificent attempt to reduce the forms of animal life to four basic blueprints or "archetypes" of divergent character, no one was particularly disturbed—least of all from the religious point of view. In the words of one great naturalist, Louis Agassiz, "This plan of creation . . . has not grown out of the necessary action of physical laws, but was the free conception of the Almighty Intellect, matured in his thought before it was manifested in tangible external forms."

It was not long, however, before *pattern,* the divine blueprint, first recognized in the existing world, was extended by the geologist across the deeps of time. The animal world of the past was in the process of discovery. It proved to be a world of strange and unknown beasts, and it was a world without man. Curiously enough, it was soon learned that extinct animals could be fitted into the broad classifications of the existing world. They were mammals or amphibia or reptiles, as the case might be. Though no living eye had beheld them, they seemed to mark the continuation of the divine abstraction, the eternal patterns, across the enormous time gulfs of the past.

The second fact, that man had not been discovered, was a cause for dismay. In the man-centered universe of the time, one can appreciate the anguish of the Reverend Mr. Kirby discovering the Age of Reptiles: "Who can think that a being of unbounded power, wisdom, and goodness, should create a world merely for the habitation of a race of monsters, without a single, rational being in it to serve and glorify him?" This is the wounded outcry of the human ego as it fails to discover its dominance among the beasts of the past. Even more tragically, it learns that the world supposedly made for its enjoyment has existed for untold cons entirely indifferent to its coming. The chill vapors of time and space are beginning to filter under the closed door of the human intellect.

It was in these difficult straits, in the black night of his direst foreboding, that the doctrine of geologic prophecy was evolved by man. For fifty years it would hold time at bay and in one last great effort, its proponents, by clever analogies, would attempt to extend the human drama across the infinite worlds of space; it echoes among us still in the shape of the little men of the flying saucers. No braver mythos was ever devised under the cold eye of science.

In an old book from my shelves, Hugh Miller's *The Testimony of the Rocks,* I find this passage: *"Higher still in one of the deposits of the Trias we are startled by what seems to be the impression of a human hand of an uncouth massive shape, but with the thumb apparently set in opposition, as in man, to the other fingers."*

There is only one way to understand this literature. The biologists of the first half of the nineteenth century had recognized that the unity of animal organization descends into past ages and is observable in forms no living eye has beheld. It was, they believed, an immaterial, a supernatural line of connection. They refused to see in this unity of plan an actual physical relationship. Instead they read the past as a successive series of creations and extinctions upon a divinely modifiable but consistent plan. "Geology," said one writer, "unrolls a prophetic scroll, in which the earlier animated creation points on to the later."

It is in the light of this philosophy that the hand, "massive" and of "uncouth shape," must be interpreted. It foreshadows, out of that slimy concourse of sprawling amphibians and gaping lizards, the eventual emergence of man. Splayed, monstrous, and mud-smeared, it haunts the future. That it is the footprint of some wandering salamandrine beast of the coal swamps may be granted, but it is also a vertebrate. Its very body forecasts the times to come.

It would be erroneous, however, to conceive of salamanders as being the major preoccupation of our geological prophets. They scanned the anatomy of fishes, birds, and reptiles, seeking in their skeletons anticipations of the more perfect structure of man. If they found footprints of fossil bipeds it was a "sign" foretelling man. All things led in his direction. Prior to his entrance the stage was

merely under preparation. In this way the blow to the human ego had been softened. The past was only the prologue to the Great Play. Man was at the heart of things after all.

It was a strange half century, as one looks back upon it—that fifty years before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species.* It was dominated by a generation that saw the world as a complex symbolic system pointing in the direction of man, who was foreknown and prefigured from the beginning. Man, who comes last, is the end of this strange cycle. With him, in the eyes of many of these thinkers, the process ceases and no further changes in the world of life are to be expected. Since the transcendental "evolutionists" were man-centered, questions involving divergent evolution and adaptation did not come easily to their minds. Working with an immaterial and abstract Platonic concept, it was inevitable that they should seek to extend their doctrine across the wilds of space. Because the pattern was capable of modification, the possibility of the existence of small men, large men, or men of different colors upon other planets did not trouble them, but men they ought to be. There was little comprehension of the fact that man had acquired his particular bodily structure and upright posture through a peculiar set of evolutionary circumstances, not easily to be duplicated.

IV

The theory of the plurality of worlds is a very ancient one; that is, the notion that the lights seen elsewhere in space may be bodies like that which we inhabit. After the rise of the Copernican astronomy and the growing realization that our earth is part of a planetary system revolving around a central sun, it was often contended by philosophers that the other stars seen in space must be similar suns with similar planetary satellites.

Quarrels arose between those who believed God's power infinitely and creatively extended among the stars, and those who regarded it as heresy and dangerous to Christian belief to imply that the infinite mind might be concerned with more than the beings of this planet. It was a struggle heightened by an enormous extension of man's vision into the worlds of the infinitely far and the infinitely small, the telescope and the microscope having momentarily stunned the human imagination. Some clung frantically to the little tight-fenced world of the Middle Ages, refusing to acknowledge what these instruments revealed. Others, with greater willingness to accept the new, tried, nevertheless, to equate what they saw with old beliefs and to elaborate an "astrotheology."

In the fifties of the last century there was a great outburst of interest in the possibility of life on other worlds. The recently discovered life history of our own planet and improvements in astronomical apparatus had all excited great interest on the part of a public wavering in its loyalty between old religious dogmas and the new r[illegible] of science. Speculation, in many instances, was roaming far in advance of actual observation.

"The inhabitants of Jupiter," wrote William Whewell in 1854, "must . . . it would seem, be cartilaginous and glutinous masses. If life be there it does not seem in any way likely, that the living things can be anything higher in the scale of being, than such boneless, watery pulpy creatures. . . ."

This remark is not intended as merely innocent theorizing. In this work, the *Plurality of Worlds,* Whewell indicates his definite opposition to the idea that the other planets, or the more remote worlds in other galaxies, are inhabited. At best he is willing to grant the existence of a few gelatinous creatures such as he mentions in the above passage, but that man is to be found elsewhere, he denies. He argues that there are superior and inferior regions of space. Man, preceded by endless eons of lower creatures in time, is yet a superior being. He calls attention to the fact that "the intelligent part of creation is thrust into the compass of a few years, in the course of myriads of ages; why not then into the compass of a few miles, in the expanse of systems?" On this earth a "supernatural interposition" has introduced man; the planet is unique.

Whewell's essay generated a storm of discussion. His was not the popular side of the controversy. Sir David Brewster countered with a volume significantly titled *More Worlds Than One,* in which he bluntly asserts: "The function of one satellite must be the function of all the rest. The function of our Moon, to give light to the Earth, must be the function of the other twenty-two moons

of the system; and the function of the Earth, *to support inhabitants,* must be the function of all other planets." He dwells on the "grand combination" of *"infinity of life, with infinity of matter."*

Brewster, moreover, calls attention to the invisible domain revealed by the microscope and argues from this that God has all along been attentive to forms of life of which we had no knowledge. So intriguing became the relativity of size that one author even produced a work whose subtitle bore the query *Are Ultimate Atoms Inhabited Worlds?* Stories like Fitz-James O'Brien's "The Diamond Lens," or Ray Cummings' "The Girl in the Golden Atom," stem from such thought.

Another writer, William Williams, in *The Universe No Desert, the Earth No Monopoly,* strikes more directly at the heart of the argument. He invokes geological prophecy and extends it directly across space: "The archetypal idea of man, revealed in the lower vertebrated animals, proves God's foreknowledge of man's existence; and it equally applies to vertebrates on Jupiter or Neptune as to those on the Earth; and still farther, to the Universe, as these animals were within its precincts."

Williams was not the first nor the last man to utter these sentiments but he did so with a fierce singleness of purpose. The life plans were immanent, prophetic, and immaterial. They could thus be projected across space. Why, he argues with the same horror that the Reverend Mr. Kirby had exhibited toward the Age of Reptiles, should God "banish his own image to one diminutive enclosure and surround . . . the residue of His immense Person with unintelligent, half-formed, crude monsters?" If man is regarded as a good production here he must be found in endless duplication throughout the worlds. The pattern in the rocks of this earth is the pattern of the whole.

The shattering of this scheme of geological prophesy was the work of many men, but it was Charles Darwin who brought the event to pass, and who engineered what was to be one of the most dreadful blows that the human ego has ever sustained: the demonstration of man's physical relationship to the world of the lower animals. It is quite apparent, however, that there is an aspect of Darwin's discoveries which has never penetrated to the mind of the general public. It is the fact that once undirected variation and natural selection are introduced as the mechanisms controlling the development of plants and animals, the evolution of every world in space becomes a series of unique, historical events. The precise accidental duplication of a complex form of life is extremely unlikely to occur in even the same environment, let alone in the different background and atmosphere of a far-off world.

In the modern literature on space travel I have read about cabbage men and bird men; I have investigated the loves of the lizard men and the tree men, but in each case I have labored under no illusion. I have been reading about a man, *Homo sapiens*, that common earthling, clapped into an ill-fitting coat of feathers and retaining all his basic human attributes including an eye for the pretty girl who has just emerged from the space ship. His lechery and miscegenating proclivities have an oddly human ring, and if this is all we are going to find on other planets, I, for one, am going to be content to stay at home. There is quite enough of that sort of thing down here, without encouraging it throughout the starry systems.

V

The truth is that man is a solitary and peculiar development. I do not mean this in any irreverent or contemptuous sense. I want merely to point out that when Charles Darwin and his colleagues established the community of descent of the living world, and observed the fact of divergent evolutionary adaptation, they destroyed forever the concept of geological prophecy. They did not eliminate the possibility of life on other worlds, but the biological principles which they established have totally removed the likelihood that our descendants, in the next few decades, will be entertaining little men from Mars. I would be much more willing to consider the possibility of sitting down to lunch with a purple polyp, but even that has unfortunate connotations with the life of this planet.

Geologic prophecy was based on two things: first a belief, as we have seen, in the man-centered nature of the universe, and second

the assumption that since the animals of the past had no physical connection with those of the present, some kind of abstract, immaterial plan in the mind of the Creator linked the forms of the past with those of the present day. The early nineteenth-century thinkers perceived a genuine relationship, but their attachment to the idea of special creation prevented them from recognizing that the relationship arose out of simple biological "descent with modification."

Man could not be proved preordained or predestined from the beginning simply because he showed certain affinities to Paleozoic vertebrates. Instead, he was merely one of many descendants of the early vertebrate line. A moose or a mongoose would have had equally good reason to contend that as a modern vertebrate he had been "prefigured from the beginning," and that the universe had been organized with him in mind.

The situation is something like that of walking through a hall of trick mirrors and being pulled out of shape. The mirror of time does that to all things living, and the distortions stay. Nevertheless, there is a pattern of sorts so that if you have come by the mirror that makes men, and somewhere behind you there is a mirror that makes black cats, you can still see the pattern. You and the cat are related; the shreds of the original shape are in your bones and the shreds of primordial thought patterns move in the eyes of both of you and are understood by both. But somewhere there must be an original pattern; somewhere cat and man and weasel must leap into a single shape. That shape lies inconceivably remote from us now, far back along the time stream. It is historical. In that sense, and in that sense only, the archetype did indeed exist.

Darwin saw clearly that the succession of life on this planet was not a formal pattern imposed from without, or moving exclusively in one direction. Whatever else life might be it was adjustable and not fixed. It worked its way through difficult environments. It modified and then, if necessary, it modified again, along roads which would never be retraced. Every creature alive is the product of a unique history. The statistical probability of its precise reduplication on another planet is so small as to be meaningless. Life, even cellular life, may exist out yonder in the dark. But high or low in nature, it will not wear the shape of man. That shape is the evolutionary product of a strange, long wandering through the attics of the forest roof, and so great are the chances of failure, that no pseudo-human thing is likely ever to come that way again.

THE picture of the little man of long ago rises before me as I write. As I have hinted, he was simply a foetal monster, long since scientifically diagnosed and dismissed. The small skull that lent the illusion of maturity to the mummified infant contained a brain which had failed to develop. The describers of two-foot men forget that a normal human brain cannot function with a capacity, at the very minimum, of less than about 900 cubic centimeters of capacity. A man with a hundred-cubic-centimeter brain will not be a builder of flying saucers; he will be less intelligent than an ape. In any case he does not exist.

In a universe whose size is beyond human imagining, where our world floats like a dust mote in the void of night, men have grown inconceivably lonely. We scan the time scale and the mechanisms of life itself for portents and signs of the invisible. As the only thinking mammals on the planet—perhaps the only thinking animals in the entire sidereal universe—the burden of consciousness has grown heavy upon us. We watch the stars but the signs are uncertain. We uncover the bones of the past and seek for our origins. There is a path there, but it appears to wander. The vagaries of the road may have a meaning however; it is thus we torture ourselves.

Lights come and go in the night sky. Men, troubled at last by the things they build, may toss in their sleep and dream bad dreams, or lie awake while the meteors whisper greenly overhead. But nowhere in all space or on a thousand worlds will there be men to share our loneliness. There may be wisdom; there may be power; somewhere across space great instruments, handled by strange, manipulative organs, may stare vainly at our floating cloud wrack, their owners yearning as we yearn. Nevertheless, in the nature of life and in the principles of evolution we have had our answer. Of men elsewhere, and beyond, there will be none forever.

[Stag magazine, April 1953]

HE WAS BURNED by

Stag Apr., 1953

By George X. Sand

"You are the only man in the world who has come within reaching distance of a flying saucer." That was the thought-provoking statement which Florida newspapers claim was made recently by a serious-faced military officer to Scoutmaster J. D. Desvergers of West Palm Beach. The high-ranking Washington official had hurried south to interview Desvergers, following the Scoutmaster's amazing experience in a dark woods nearby.

The incident took place on Tuesday, August 19, 1952. The still night lay upon the land much the same as any other typically peaceful Florida midsummer evening. A million jewel-like stars glittered from their settings in the great velvet showcase overhead. The customary light southeast trade wind whispered through the pines and cabbage palms, launching an occasional misty cloud ship across the gleaming night skies. There had been a few scattered seasonal showers during the day and some restless summer lightning had played across the heavens around 9 P.M. There was nothing about the peaceful night to indicate that history was about to be made.

Following a meeting with his boys, Scoutmaster Desvergers was driving three of them home. The time was approximately 10:30 P.M. The scene was a lonely spot along the Military Trail, about five miles west and a dozen miles south of West Palm Beach.

Suddenly, through the trees on his side of the road, the scoutmaster saw what appeared to be a bright glare, as though something were burning. The glow seemed to be about 300 yards off the



a FLYING SAUCER

highway, at a place where there were no houses.

"Looks like a plane has crashed," he told the boys, quickly stopping the car and turning it around for a better view of the glare. "You fellows stay here. If I'm not back in 10 minutes, go for help." With that he plunged into the dark pine woods.

Used to moving through the Florida woods, where thick palmettos and other growths are often encountered, the scoutmaster had remembered to bring a machete with him.

The going here was fairly easy, however, and Desvergers was mainly concerned with avoiding the low hanging branches that threatened his face and eyes. Hurrying through the dark woods, he was not acutely aware of the light up ahead. It was there; he was going in the right direction, and it became brighter as he approached the scene of the supposed crash. It was not until he had almost reached the site, however, that the (*Continued on page* 58)



The sheriff was about to leave when a bright object caught his eye. It was the scoutmaster's flashlight.



There is no doubt that the scoutmaster was singed by the "thing." But for reasons that can only be guessed at, he's keeping his lips tightly buttoned-up.



HE WAS BURNED BY A FLYING SAUCER

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perspiring Scoutmaster realized something was amiss.

There were no cries of injured people; no crackling sounds from burning wood and metal; no flickering shadows cast by the leaping flames. Instead, the eerie, rosy glow that illuminated the pine woods was of a steady intensity. And it was coming from somewhere *above.*

The Scoutmaster looked up. *There, humming and spinning a few feet over his head, was a 30-foot-wide flying saucer!*

"I saw the saucer in every detail as it hissed and hovered horizontally about 10 feet from the ground," Desvergers says. "It was about three feet thick and rimmed with a phosphorous effect."

Startled, the scoutmaster ducked and swung instinctively at the strange machine with the machete he carried. No sooner had he done this, than a misty flare blossomed from the belly of the whirling saucer and came floating down straight at his face.

Too late, Desvergers threw up his hands to protect his eyes. The ball of fire struck him and he felt himself blacking out.

"It had a sickening, nauseating stench; worse than rotten eggs—more like burning flesh."

Meanwhile, back in the parked automobile, the three Scouts had gotten worried. The 10 minutes had already stretched into 18, with no sign of their leader. Furthermore, they'd each seen lights flare up on three different occasions —strange-looking lights, that glowed weirdly and caused the dark trees to stand out in stark silhouette each time before they died away again.

The boys, David Rowan, Bobby Ruffing and Charles Stevens, got out of the car and ran northward along the highway until they came to the home of J. D. Brynteson. Here, breathless and scared, they blurted out their story.

BRYNTESON telephoned Deputy Sheriff Mott N. Partin, whose home is at Boynton Beach, a half-dozen miles away. Racing to the scene, Partin spotted the abandoned car, its light still on, pulled off onto the shoulder of the highway where Desvergers had left it. As he got out to inspect the car, the sheriff heard sloshing footsteps stumbling towards him through a waterfilled ditch beside the road.

Partin swung his flash beam towards the sound. It was Desvergers. "Here—over here," the scoutmaster gasped. He lurched drunkenly, the machete before him.

"His face was pale and he had the look of a man who is suffering from shock," the sheriff said later.

Jerkily, the scoutmaster blurted out the details of his strange experience. "When the thing finally knocked me down, I tried to scream and run at the same time," he concluded. "But I couldn't do either."

"Did it burn you?"

"Look." He held up his hands for the officer's inspection. The hair was singed from both forearms, as would be the case had he held them protectingly before his face.

"What happened then?"

"I don't know. The next thing I knew the lights from your car were shining in my eyes. I don't even remember walking out here."

The scoutmaster had been in the dark woods one and a half hours.

AFTER they had rounded up the three boys and he'd listened to their confirming accounts concerning the strange, "Roman-candle-like" lights, Sheriff Partin found himself staring thoughtfully at the black woods from which the scoutmaster had staggered. There was only one thing to do. Probing his light beam before him, the officer went in to investigate.

The woods were quiet—hushed and waiting for him, it almost seemed. Desvergers' route was easy to follow, and at every step the sheriff's ears strained for some foreign, warning sound. His sharp glance followed expectantly each new jabbing finger of light from the torch in his hand. There was nothing. Only silence.

When he reached the small clearing where the scoutmaster said he'd encountered the hissing saucer, the sheriff studied the ground. "The grass seemed to be scorched or blistered," he admitted later.

He was about to turn away when a tiny, bright object against the earth caught his glance. At first he thought it must be the reflection of his flash beam from a shiny stone. It turned out to be the scoutmaster's flashlight. It had been imbedded into the earth so that only a small portion of the top was visible.

Back at the car the sheriff inspected Desvergers' cap. Three small holes—about the diameter of BB shot—had been burnt into it. Two were on the top and one in the brim. The hole in the brim had not burned all the way through.

The scoutmaster did not appear in need of hospitalization, so he was taken to the office of the West Palm Beach sheriff instead. Here he repeated the story he had told the investigating deputy. His second story differed from the first in only one detail. That small detail, however, fell like a bombshell upon the ears of his listeners.

The hissing saucer had contained *beings,* he told them grimly, "who were as afraid of me as I was of them. That's why they projected the ball of fire at my head."

Next morning, Deputy Sheriff Partin returned to the site with three Air Force officers from nearby Morrison Field. In the clearing they found a spot where a body had definitely lain in the grass.

The newspapers, meanwhile, were in a quandry about how to handle this seemingly fantastic story. They made a careful check of the scoutmaster's background. A Marine and naval intelligence veteran of World War II, the 30-year-old hardware clerk had a clean record. He was happily married, the father of three small children.

No sooner had the story hit the news wires when telegrams, phone calls and letters began to descend upon the area from all parts of the nation. People who ordinarily might have paid no attention to the hapless scoutmaster now clamored at his door night and day. The public seemed to *want* to believe that the strange ship had come from another world. And there was no evidence to prove that it had not.

The Air Technical Intelligence Center at Dayton, Ohio, quickly flew an officer to the scene. This center has the responsibility of analyzing reports of unusual aerial objects. Officials from Washington, too, conducted inquiries and combed the wooded area with a Geiger counter.

"We cannot tell yet just what it was there," an Air Force spokesman said. "We are going to continue to check and get all the facts together, however."

Whatever those "facts" may have been, they were obviously not being made known. Instead, it was reported that the Government investigators had spoken to Desvergers "like a Dutch uncle."

Desvergers, meanwhile, sleepless and harried after several consecutive days of contact with a curious and wearying public, decided to disappear for awhile. The parents of the three Boy Scouts, who had been along that fateful night, also had grown irritable with those who seemed prone to misquote and ridicule their youngsters. Grimly, they shut the door against further interviews.

Deputy Sheriff Partin, unfortunately, could not escape so easily. He continued to receive long distance calls, letters from as far away as Australia. One determined voice on the phone insisted that the harassed sheriff make a statement for the British news services.

Ten days passed. Public interest gradually waned. Then, at 7:30 on the evening of August 29th, *another* saucer was sighted.

THE incident took place beside the same highway, only eight miles farther north, Wendell Wells and his family, of Belle Glade, a small farming town located 40 miles due west of West Palm Beach, were driving to a movie in the city when they noticed the big, yellow-white light. It appeared to be drifting—slanting down from the sky.

"Then it got over into the woods on the side of the road and dropped straight down. We turned down Military Trail to

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get closer. Soon we could see where the bushes were all lit up. There are no houses around there, so it was evident that's where it had landed."

The landing spot couldn't be reached by car and the family did not investigate afoot because of the Wells' small children who were in the car.

By September 14th, still another eerie night visit had taken place, this time at Belle Glade itself. Floyd Brown, a dependable employee of the Everglades Experiment Station, was enroute to the station's milking barn before daylight, when he heard a high-pitched whistling sound and was startled to observe a large, red light hovering about 100 feet above the barn.

As Brown stared unbelievingly at the strange contraption, it settled to within approximately 40 feet of the ground—as though to get a better look. Frightened by the screaming whistle it gave off, 13 of the cows bolted.

The saucer thereupon shot past and away. It was circular, about 35 feet in diameter, with alternate amber and red lights in a row along the outside rim and on its underside. The glow from it was bright enough to light up the ground as it passed the Experiment Station employee, and an acrid, ammonia-like odor caused his eyes and nostrils to smart and burn.

No sooner had Brown rounded up the cattle than the thing whistled in from a new direction, causing the cows to bolt all over again. This time the strange airship kept on going.

Two weeks later, on September 28th, DeWitt Upthegrove and three adult members of his family spotted yet another of the strange sky craft. Upthegrove, a quiet-mannered frog hunter, lives at the edge of the great Everglades swamp, 20 miles north of the spot where the scoutmaster encountered the original saucer. Like Brown of the Experiment Station, Upthegrove is regarded as a stable citizen, not the type to tell imaginative tales. He'd been sitting on his darkened porch after dinner when the thing appeared.

The sharp-eyed outdoorsman and his son-in-law, both experienced at piloting their airboats through the great swamp during the night-long hours when froggers stalk their quarry, and hence well acquainted with falling stars and similar unusual lights in the sky, tried to reach the saucer as soon as they saw it descend to earth a quarter-mile away. It must have been resting against the earth, for they could see the tops of the low mangrove trees clearly silhouetted by the strange, rosy light it gave off. Yet, before they could cover the intervening distance, it had zipped upward and disappeared.

What were these phenomena? Floridians, just as residents of other states to the north had already been doing for months, began to ask themselves uneasy questions. The frequency and similarity of the saucer appearances ruled out such theories as falling meteors, "fire balls" (usually present only during electrical storms), or even simple hallucinations.

Desvergers, following his final interview with the "high brass," had clammed up. He admitted that the Government had no legal hold on him, yet he indicated that a "gentleman's agreement" obligated him to hold back part of the story.

"It's not foolish to say that it will determine the future of all of us some day," was the scoutmaster's final statement. "I know what it is and it's of vital importance. But it is better for me not to go any farther because it may cause another Orson Welles panic." ♦♦♦



A PULI IS A COP

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duck retriever unless you expect to have him gun and cook 'em for you too.

In addition to all these qualities, the Puli is an attractive and flashy-looking breed. His coat is black, a pale or silver gray or white. The hair is fine. If left ungroomed it gives him a corded appearance. This thick coat keeps out heat as well as cold and he's at home in any climate.

The Hungarians have a lot of old traditions and some cute sayings about their Pulik. One of their most ancient jokes concerns a recipe for preparing a Sunday chicken dinner. You start by stealing a chicken unless the owner happens to have a Puli in which case it is wiser to go without the dinner.

In ancient Hungary a Puli was never sold to a stranger but given to a friend as a highly cherished gift. What was sold, and is even today, are high-priced scarves, mittens, caps and jumpers made from the Puli's fine trimmed-off hair.

Pulik were never given names which in Hungarian would be the equivalent of our own familiar Rover, Towser or Mike. They were named after statesmen and famous soldiers—it being considered an honor to the man and a compliment to the pooch—and also after cities, rivers, lakes and mountain peaks.

An ancient breed, the origin of the Pulik is unknown. They came to Hungary and in lesser number to Germany with returning Hun warriors after invading Russia. The Russians, in turn, according to the most accepted theory, are believed to have acquired them in Tibet. The head of the modern Puli is in many ways similar to the little Lhasa Apso, a species which is native to Tibet.

The adult Puli is of medium size or about 18 inches in height. The maximum weight of a male is 40 pounds, females a bit less. His hair may be straight, wavy or curly. Extremely active, he looks alert and intelligent, and his courage is unquestioned. He is clean and easily housetrained. He eats in moderation and knows when to stop. And, among other qualities, when kept in the city he is also hardy and resistant to disease.

It wasn't many years ago that the Puli, for centuries almost unknown beyond the borders of Hungary and Germany was discovered as a pet in this country. For this reason there are still comparatively few Puli kennels. The four leading breeders include the Skysyl Puli Kennels, Lyme, New Hampshire; Trinity Farm Puli Kennels, Frenchtown, New Jersey; the Kiss Puli Kennels, Marlboro, N.Y., and Mrs. Alice T. Preinitz, Bellingham Studio City, California.

Mrs. Schuyler Owen, owner of the Skysyl Puli Kennels, and one of the pioneers in introducing the breed to this country, has plenty of evidence of the Puli's readiness when required to tangle with anything you can name. Smart as he is, the dog is not invulnerable to the bane of most outdoor pooches' lives, the porcupine.

"During the early spring of 1949," she says, "three of our adult Pulik, Juli II leading as usual, brought home a huge mangled porcupine with, of course, millions of quills in themselves.

"A quick drive of 15 miles to see our veterinarian and friend, Dr. E. M. Powers in Bradford, Vt., resulted in their having to be put to sleep while the quills were extracted. For 24 hours afterwards they were the most crestfallen dogs I have ever seen—thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

"But since then, there have been no encounters and for the past three years, for some strange reason, all porcupines have given this 165-acre farm of ours a wide berth."

Just why this porcupineless situation now exists at Skysyl, in view of the fact that porcupines are plentiful on neighboring farms in Lyme, is for a naturalist to explain.

Or maybe, as Pulik owners fondly believe, the news of the dogs got around fast in porky circles, just as it did on the Hungarian *pustas*, the high pastures of Idaho and wherever else the Puli is to be found.

A peaceful, gentle dog under most circumstances, he can't be intimidated by anything or anyone when he's protecting his master's property. You're really burglar-proof when you own a Puli. ♦♦♦

[Fortnight: The First Newsmagazine of California, August 17, 1953]

Who Is Inside The Flying Saucers?

By Gerald Heard

THE SAUCERS are soaring again. Not that these unidentified aerial objects had ceased to scour the sky, but our attention wanes. We get tired of any mystery, even the most thrilling, if it will not give itself away. And till now the saucers have been silent. Even as they swoop across the heavens, very seldom does the faintest sound come down to us. On the few occasions that it does it is no more than the high piercing note we might expect our atmosphere would admit when slit by a flying blade.

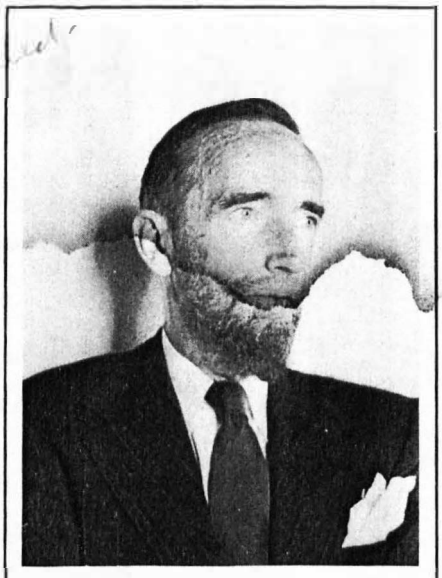
But now we are again sitting up and taking notice of saucer reports. Why? Because many people, who have for six queer years (since in the summer of '47 saucers first made front page news) been critical collectors of this baffling data, have in the last few months begun to face a new question. Are the saucers so dumb as they seemed? Till now opinion among collectors was divided, precisely as it is divided in that other thorny subject, psychical research. On the one hand were lined up the stern but open-minded critics who said "Unidentified aerial objects exist. They are mainly disk shaped. They dodge like snipe (or humming birds). They speed like meteors: some have been timed at 18,000 m.p.h. There is also some undeniable evidence that they are radioactive or surrounded by a radioactive field. For Geiger counters double their discharge, tick twice as fast, when a disk is overhead. Beyond this we know nothing. All else is empty speculation shot through by the impudent fireworks of fraud."

On the other hand there were the impetuous will-to-believers. They passed 'round stories which provided spiced food for the hungry minds longing for thrilling incident. The trouble about these narratives is that when anyone wanted to digest them, nothing stood up to the gastric acids of necessary criticism. The stories would not endure investigation. Plenty of saucers, yes (and tubes and strange giant cones), had been seen in the sky, but had anyone ever seen one on the ground? Had one report of a landing endured careful scrutiny?

And yet if these craft were earth-made they must in the end return to earth and if they are not from this earth why in heaven's name should they come to earth or just off it and never land? If Christopher Columbus had coasted along the shores of the Americas and returned home with a story of a new continent but not a scrap of actual evidence his reception on his return would have been cold enough to have immobilized him for good. If, then, unidentified aerial objects exist they must time and again in the last few years have come down to earth.

Where, When, How? So those who accept that such objects exist (and no one who has investigated the official evidence can doubt it) are bound also to sift as critically and as patiently any evidence for landings. Such a thing could have taken place. Then where and when and how many people saw it? Here are reports which come in sequence, that is to say the first is from the early days of the saucer saga and they also would indicate that as time has gone on the investigation has become more intimate, closer-up. And when we think it over that surely is what we should expect. If the disks are from out of this world they would be bigger fools than their design-power indicates, if they thrust their attentions on us before being as sure of our intentions as long distance investigation could make them. They should assume that our powers are explosive, our conventions inexplicable, our reactions unforeseeable and violent. Anyone a thousand miles up above Hiroshima would have learned that. They may also assume with high probability that our viruses are deadly—a single sneeze from us might mean a Black Death pandemic for them — everyone of their crews wiped out by our breath of death more effectively than by the most prodigious sky-defense barrage. No further proof is required to account for their preliminary caution. There can be little doubt that the hollow rings that descend, scan the earth and then rise again vanishing in the sky are sounding instruments. These hollow rings are clearly managed but not manned—they are remote controlled fact finders. One of the best observations of these was made by a large number of people when such rings came down over the bridge over the Forth Estuary near Edinburg, Scotland on September 25, 1950. A month later three good witnesses who were seated on a hill above the other great Scotch estuary (the Solway Firth that cuts into Scotland from the Atlantic side), saw a disk come racing in from sea and twice dip to sea surface, making the water rise in a violent wave: after which the disk made off. This was the first occasion when a disk was seen to come so close to earth. We may assume that this marked an advance in their investigations. Water, so common to us, may be a fascinating, powerful and anomalous liquid to any creatures from a waterless world. And a world from which could come creatures so ahead of us as the disk drivers certainly are, would surely be a world so ahead of ours as to be as dry as we are wet.

Stepping Out. The next step for the wary watchers would be to set foot outside their disks. The tank crew sooner or later must come into the open. And



Gerald Heard, a Cambridge man, born in 1889 in London, spent his youth in the agricultural cooperative movement in Ireland and England and was a BBC commentator on science in the early days of radio. His mind having turned more and more toward ethical and metaphysical inquiry, he lectured on these subjects at Oxford University and became a member of the council of the Psychological Research Society.

At the age of 48, Mr. Heard came to this country and is now a resident of L.A. His Sunday morning lectures at Hollywood's Vedanta Temple (see FORTNIGHT, May 11, 1953) have aroused increasing interest even among the sceptical and sophisticated. He is the author of numerous books on metaphysics, religion and science fiction. His latest, "Is Another World Watching?", is a summary and highly speculative interpretation of published reports about the "flying saucers."

there the fog of fraud comes down over our reports like an impenetrable miasma. Are there any cases which will stand investigation?

The first good case undoubtedly comes from Germany. Oskar Linke (48 years of age) was mayor of Gleimershausen near Meiningen in the German Eastern district (under Russian occupation). He and his wife and six children escaped into the Western Zone in the first week of July 1952. That week Herr Linke, accompanied by West German officials, went before a judge and swore the following affidavit: "I was riding home in the evening by motorcyce with my eleven-year-old daughter. A tire burst near the village of Hasselbach. As we pushed the cycle towards the village my daughter pointed to something 150 yards away. I approached to within some 60 yards, then realized the something was really two apparently human figures." They were dressed in faintly glowing metallic overalls. For a moment we mistook them for some sort of animal because they were bent down looking at the ground."

Linke, now crawling, made his way to within 30 feet of them. On reaching the top of a small rise in the ground he saw in the dip below him a disk some 35 feet in width. Round the disk's rim were two rows of holes, each a foot in diameter and each a foot and a half apart. At a cry from his daughter who was following behind, the figures swarmed into the disk. The rim of the disk then glowed green, next red. A humming sound became a whistle. The craft went straight up into the air. A belt of light was now round it. Suddenly it swerved and disappeared over the hills.

Why? Why should this man choose to swear to this statement if it is a fabrication? He was a responsible person, having been senior official of the East German Farmers' Association. Would such a story improve his reception as a refugee? Would it not rather raise the question "If this man is sane then may he have been sent to plant such a tale so as to increase the fear of Russian might?" The feature in the story that is remarkable is the mistake the mayor made when he first saw the pair of creatures. It is clear that they were small. "Little men" stories have today a very suspicious smell. Too many fraudulent accounts have come to hand. Besides, some biologists say that the human form is the result of so many rare flukes, strange sports and odd accidents that to expect it to have emerged else but on *terra firma* would be nonsense. On the other hand a very eminent biologist, Professor Darlington F.R.S., has pointed out that, in spite of all its rather slap-dash construction weaknesses—abdominal wall, etc.—the human body is the best of fact-finding structures and not a few anthropologists believe that several different species and perhaps genera may have converged to have produced modern man.

West Virginia Incident. The other story which has stood up well to very considerable investigation is at the other extreme of size. For in the case from Flatwoods, West Virginia, we have to deal with a figure that appeared to be eight or nine feet tall! On September 11, 1952, at 7 p.m. a disk ("it looked like a silver dollar riding through the sky") had been sighted over this small township and was thought to have alighted a little distance off behind a hill. Gene Lemon, aged seventeen, with his friend Neil Nunley led two other boy friends named May up the hill where a pulsing reddish glow could be seen at the spot where the disk had



"Little men" stories have today a very suspicious smell. Too many fraudulent accounts have come to hand.

gone over. As they came near the hilltop they entered a mist which smelt like a pungent gas. When they reached the crest they saw only some fifty feet away down to their right a big pulsing and glowing mass. Then to their left, not fifteen feet distant, they saw an object some eight or nine feet tall, standing near a tree, with two green spots at the top. Lemon turned his flashlight on it. The object was like a muffled statue, the "head" round and deep red edged with some dark material, had two greenish "eyelets." The rest of the muffling was dark. The pungent smell was now very strong. There was some noise—first a hissing and then a pulsing throb. This upright object was moving toward them but even when Lemon dropped his flashlight the object could be seen by the light given off by the pulsing glowing mass they had first seen. Not unnaturally the whole body of investigators fled. On getting home they found that the whole thing could not have been illusion. The skin of several of them carried a rash. Investigation of the spot made the day after brought evidence that some irritant oil was still clinging to the grass.

Investigative Approval. These two cases—one from East Germany and the other from West Virginia—have stood up under careful investigation. It is therefore inaccurate to say that there is no evidence that any kind of "creature" has ever been seen outside a disk. We cannot then dismiss offhand such reports as the Brush Creek miners' story from Northern California which made the news columns on June 25 of this year. John Black and John Van Allen, two miners, told the sheriff's captain Fred Preston that not only had a disk alit on a sandbar at the junction of Jordan and Marble Creeks near which they work but that a dwarf had got out and collected some water. This happened first on May 20 and next on June 20. As they hoped the visitor would return on July 20 (there is no news to date) they asked permission to shoot next time. They were told they must not shoot but should try to make a live capture. They said they found the marks of the object's three-legged landing gear on the sand which was retracted when the disk (only seven feet across and four thick) took off. Mayor Linke also saw a landing base retracted when the disk he viewed made off.

What are we then to say about our present state of information in answer to the question "What if anything is inside a saucer?" We have to follow the most difficult of mental disciplines, we have to keep an open mind. We have to take all the evidence and test its probability. In this particular question it certainly is not yet strong enough for anyone to make up his mind. Disks do exist. There the probability is high enough. The weight of evidence is heavy enough to tip the scales in favor of that conviction. But as to who or what guides and maybe cruises in them all we can say is it is not true to say there is no evidence that no one is inside and no one has ever been seen outside. Then such scraps of evidence may be added to until there is enough to make the next step in disk detection fairly certain. Meanwhile we must continue to collect and sift every case we can. Now that we know that bees talk, and so do ants and termites, now that we know space travel is a possibility, the possibility of coming in touch with another form of life that is intelligent, and, we may hope, also already ahead of us in its knowledge and behavior, is far too promising a proposition for us to lose any chance of gaining more insight into so fascinating a mystery.

[True magazine, December 1953]

Flying Saucers From Outer Space

By MAJ. DONALD E. KEYHOE, U.S.M.C., Ret.

The Air Force can explain most saucer sightings, but some remain mysteries

The flying saucer, which whizzed onto the American scene in 1947, continues to be a subject of active interest to the United States Air Force. The Air Force employs scientists and maintains an Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, to investigate saucer reports. Since January 1, 1952, the center has analyzed about 2,000 reports received through military channels and has found an explanation for 62.1 per cent of the saucer sightings.

The data submitted in 23.6 per cent of the cases, according to an official statement, were insufficient to make an evaluation. In the remaining 14.3 per cent—the ones that keep the flying saucer a burning issue among outer-space-machine believers—the ATIC's frank verdict is: "Unsolved."

The Air Force says that reports are improving and that, in 1953, it has been able to explain 90 per cent of all saucer sightings in terms of known phenomena, as against a percentage of 80 in 1952. It currently is making an exhaustive statistical analysis which should be "very significant in explaining past and future reports." Saucer reports dropped 50 per cent this year.

"The Air Force," according to a new official statement, "believes that it has the responsibility of assuring itself and the public, with as much conclusiveness as possible on a sometimes nebulous subject, that nothing unforeseen or mysterious is going on in our skies.

"After reviewing its mass of reports and presenting the better documented ones to highly competent scientific advisers, the Air Force has found that there is absolutely no proof in these reports that space travel from another planet is going on."

The Canadian government also conducts a continuing flying-saucer investigation. Although Canada, like the United States, has its machines-from-outer-space enthusiasts, on the highest level of the Dominion's saucer-investigating project there is no disposition to fear an invasion from any other planet in the foreseeable future.

But despite all attempts, official or unofficial, to debunk flying saucers, the subject continues to fascinate Americans. LOOK, therefore, publishes these excerpts from a forthcoming book, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space*, by Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe (U. S. Marine Corps, Retired), who has pursued the subject from the earliest sightings. He is the author of an earlier book, *The Flying Saucers Are Real*, published in 1950. Major Keyhoe soberly believes that flying saucers are vehicles from outer space and insists that some Air Force officers are attempting to conceal the facts from the public. —THE EDITORS

BEHIND the scenes at the Pentagon, I have watched the Air Force struggle with an explosive problem: What shall the public be told about the flying saucers?

Since 1951, a selected group of high Government officials has been secretly briefed on the saucers by Air Force Intelligence. More than one former skeptic, after these closed-door sessions, has emerged badly jolted by the intelligence officers' disclosures.

In the last nine months, I have seen most of the evidence used in these secret briefings. Confidential sighting reports by Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps pilots have been cleared to me with the conclusions of Air Technical Intelligence. Other important clues, unknown to most Americans, have been released by Project Bluebook, the saucer-investigating agency at Wright-Patterson Field, near Dayton, Ohio. Little by little, the curtain has been raised to reveal a sobering picture.

So far, there is no proof of hostility. But several times, these weird machines have come dangerously close to planes—foreign as well as American.

I wrote an article in 1949 stating that the saucers were interplanetary machines. Within 24 hours, the Air Force was swamped with demands for the truth. To end the uproar, the Pentagon announced that the saucer project was closed. The saucers, the Air Force insisted, were hoaxes, hallucinations or mistakes.

Later, in a book called *The Flying Saucers Are Real*, I repeated my belief that the Air Force was keeping the answer secret until the country could be prepared. Several times, officers at the Pentagon tried to convince me I'd made a bad mistake. But when I asked them to prove it by showing me the secret sighting reports, I ran into a stone wall.

Then suddenly, in August, 1952, the Air Force changed its sphinxlike attitude. In the last six months, I've seen the most baffling cases in the ATIC's secret files.

A Strange Encounter

On the night of December 4,1952, a frightened Air Force pilot landed at Laredo, Texas. Since actual names are deleted in clearing intelligence reports, I call him Lt. Earl Fogle.

Twelve miles from the field, Fogle told air-base officers, a blue-lighted object had almost crashed into his fighter. It had been no accident. The strange device had raced head-on at his lighted F-51. At the last instant, it had flipped to one side, streaking by at terrific speed.

Badly shaken, Fogle watched it flash up in a vertical climb. After a moment, the object turned, circling back as if for another pass. Fogle hastily switched off his lights, nosed down in a steep spiral. The unknown machine dived to 2,000 feet. Apparently missing Fogle's plane in the dark, it circled toward Laredo air base, then swiftly turned away. Again climbing straight upward, the machine disappeared in the night.

Three years before, many Air Force officers would have scoffed at Fogle's report. He was not ridiculed now. For two hours, intelligence officers grilled him on every detail. Did the UFO (unidentified flying object) seem to be piloted or under remote control? What was its size and shape? Its speed compared with a jet? Did the blue light blink or pulsate? On and on went the questions, worked out by the Air Technical Intelligence Center to identify UFO types. Then secret reports were put on the wires for the ATIC at Dayton, Ohio, and intelligence headquarters in Washington, D. C.

The intelligence report of the Laredo encounter was cleared for me by Albert M. Chop, the Air Force civilian expert on UFO's. Two years before, as acting press chief at Dayton, Chop had learned most of the flying-saucer story from Project Bluebook. When he transferred to the Pentagon, he had become the Air Force press specialist on flying saucers.

(The Air Technical Intelligence Center summary of the Laredo incident was seen by a LOOK researcher in September after Major

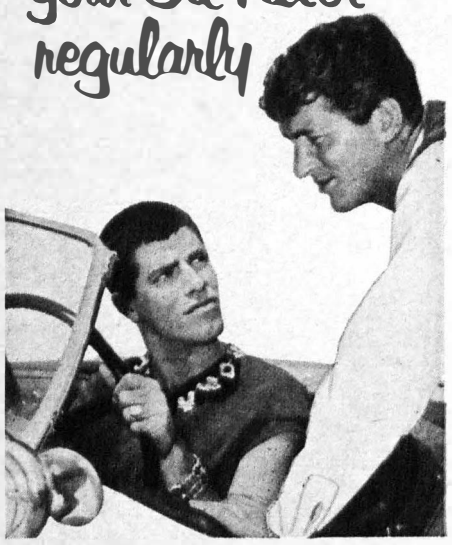
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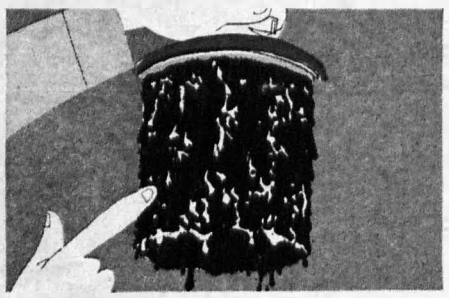
DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS, starring in the Hal Wallis production "MONEY FROM HOME" in 3-D Technicolor, take time out to look at a high-powered sports car.

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"The group was making over 5,000 miles an hour"

Keyhoe's book was in print. It followed the Keyhoe version in substance but commented: "ATIC believes that it was an aircraft and that the maneuvers were exaggerated." The official conclusion on the case was: "Possible aircraft.")

It was the latter part of January, 1953, when I saw the Laredo report. At the Pentagon, I skimmed through intelligence reports which had just been cleared. With them was an ATIC statement bluntly refuting the theories of Dr. Donald Menzel, a Harvard astronomer, who had tried to debunk the saucers as mirages and other illusions.

Weeks before, I'd been told what most officers thought of Menzel's theories. But to make it official, I'd put some pointed questions to Project Bluebook. This was the ATIC answer:

"These explanations were known to the Project, and carefully considered, long before Menzel published his theories. They explain only a small per cent of the sightings. . . . At the request of ATIC, prominent scientists analyzed Menzel's claims. None of them accepted his answers. . . . Dr. Menzel was invited by Project Bluebook to apply his theories to any or all of the unexplained sightings, using Project records cleared for this purpose. He has not availed himself of this offer. . . ."

The Sky Seemed Empty

The new sightings looked important. The first report was dated January 9, 1953. Early that evening, a B-29 bomber, with Capt. George Madden at the controls, was flying over California on a routine mission. Lt. Frank Briggs, the co-pilot, had the right-hand seat. (As in all these official cases, witnesses' names have been changed.)

It was a clear night. They could see Santa Ana, some 16,000 feet below. Except for the B-29, the sky seemed to be empty. Captain Madden was checking his instruments when a flash of blue suddenly caught Briggs' eye. He stared out to the right. Coming toward them, at fantastic speed, was a V-formation of blue-lighted objects.

Briggs gave a shout of warning. Madden took one look, hurriedly swerved to the left. For a split second, the strange craft seemed to hold their speed. Then they abruptly slowed down, the V-formation twisting as if a few of the machines had overshot. Banking away, they slanted upward and vanished.

Though Madden knew of no supersonic test plane that could make such speed, he cut in his mike and called air-traffic control. The answer came back: No experimental aircraft—no planes of any kind — were known to be in the area.

Another strange sighting occurred over the Gulf of Mexico as a B-29 bomber was returning to its base in Texas. It was just before dawn on December 6, 1952, less than 48 hours after Lieutenant Fogle's near collision at Laredo, Texas.

Approaching the end of a night practice flight to Florida, the B-29 was cruising in bright moonlight at 18,000 feet. At 5:24 a.m., the big bomber, piloted by Capt. John Harter, was 190 miles from Galveston and about 100 miles south of the Louisiana coast. A minute before, Harter had called the radar officer, Lt. Sid Coleman, and asked him to turn on the set, so he could check the coastline on the auxiliary scope in the cockpit.

At 5:25, Coleman was watching the main radarscope. The blip of some unknown object appeared at one edge of the screen. When the sweep made its next revolution, Coleman jumped. In that brief moment, the unknown craft had gone 13 miles!

Another blip leaped onto the scope as the oncoming object streaked toward the B-29. For an instant, it seemed that they would meet head-on. Then Coleman saw their paths were diverging. He yelled for the flight engineer: "Help me track this thing!"

Before the blips faded, Coleman and the staff sergeant swiftly computed the unknown's speed. It was 5,240 miles an hour.

"That's impossible," snapped Harter. "Recalibrate the set."

By the time Coleman finished recalibrating, the blips of four UFO's were racing across his screen. "They're on all three scopes," said Coleman. "I've recalibrated. It's no malfunction."

Master Sergeant Bailey leaped to the right waist blister and peered out into the night. He saw a blue-lit object streak from front to rear. Moving so fast it was only a blue-white blur, the saucer vanished under the bomber's wing. The strange machine had hardly disappeared when another group of blips came into all three scopes. Like the other machines, the new group was making over 5,000 miles an hour. To make it worse, they were all coming from almost dead ahead. Though their course still diverged enough to miss the bomber by miles, the slightest change might have put the crew in instant peril. At those terrific speeds, they wouldn't have a prayer, and every man aboard knew it.

Six minutes after the first sighting, there was a sudden lull. The tense airmen were beginning to relax when a third group of blips flashed onto the scopes. The radar officer bent over the screen. Two of the UFO's were rocketing by on the right. "Unknowns at four o'clock," he bawled.

Staff Sergeant Ferris beat Bailey to the blister. He watched two machines streak by, mere blurs of blue-white light. Up in the cockpit, Harter's eyes were glued to the auxiliary scope. Forty miles away, five of the saucers were racing behind the bomber. Suddenly, the saucers swerved, headed straight for the B-29. Before Harter could move the controls, an incredible thing happened. The onrushing UFO's slowed to the bomber's speed. For 10 seconds, they kept pace. Then, swiftly picking up speed, the unknown machines pulled off to one side. At the same moment, Harter caught sight of a

Continued

OFFICIAL ATIC REPORT—NORFOLK, VA.

A DC-4-type aircraft, piloted by 2 airline pilots, was approaching Norfolk, Va., 14 July 1952, about 20-25 miles out on NE leg of range at 8,000′ when 6 unidentified objects were first sighted approaching a/c on heading about 60 deg at approximately 2,000′. When objects reached point under & slightly to right of a/c, one of the observers saw them roll up on edge and instantly shoot off on heading 270 deg. After change of direction, two more objects appeared from behind and joined formation. Speed of discs was estimated at well over 1,000 mph. When first seen, they were glowing on top side, with intense amber-red light. Diameter was approximately 100′ (estimated) and they appeared perfectly circular. They approached DC-4 in narrow echelon and appeared to decelerate before changing direction. With deceleration, dimming of glow was noted; immediately after changing direction and flattening out, glow disappeared entirely. They reappeared at once, glowing brilliantly again, and began climbing on heading of 270 deg. Their glow was extinguished again, this time in sequence rather than simultaneously, and they were lost from view.

ATIC comment: Five jet a/c were in vicinity of Langley AFB at the time. After various checks, it was concluded objects were not the 5 jet a/c. Other checks for known airborne objects were made with negative results. Sighting occurred at 2012 EST for a period of 15 seconds.

Conclusion: Unknown.

answers at bottom of page

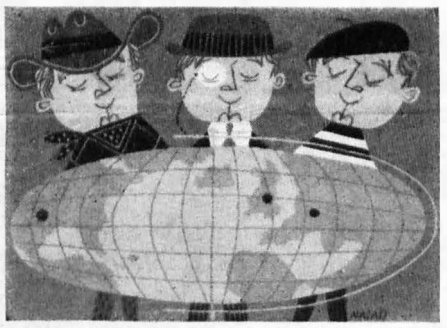
pix puzzle



1. Best luncheon cocktail is:
a. Hammer and tongs
b. Dubonnet on-the-rocks
c. Pile Driver



2. Dubonnet has been enjoyed for:
a. 25 years
b. 50 years
c. Over 100 years



3. Dubonnet is a favorite in:
a. Paris
b. London
c. Broken Bow, Okla.



Dubonnet

ANSWERS:
1. b It's the mid-day cocktail that makes good business sense.
2. c In fact, Dubonnet's been a favorite since 1846.
3. a-b-c Dubonnet is as international as the UN.

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE, PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
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"The discs have been launched from a huge

huge blip—a half-inch spot on the scope. Amazed, he saw the most fantastic thing of all.

Still moving at more than 5,000 miles an hour, the smaller craft merged with the large machine. Instantly, the huge blip began to accelerate. It flashed across Harter's scope and was gone.

The meaning of what they had seen was inescapable. The discs had been launched from a huge mother ship for some type of reconnaissance mission. After the B-29 was sighted, one group had been diverted for a brief observation. Then, flying at 5,000 mph, they had been taken back aboard the mother ship. It was almost unbelievable. But the radar set had been working perfectly, and the visual confirmation, as Bailey and Ferris saw the machines flash by, was final, absolute proof. Three separate times, saucers had been seen exactly where the three radarscopes showed them.

Checking Coastline Returns

The ATIC summary, written by the pilot, follows:

"On the return leg from Florida to Galveston, Texas, training mission, natural-gas burnings from oil refineries on the Louisiana coast were noted. To check student navigator's celestial, I requested the student radar to turn on the scope, which had been off from 30 miles W of Tampa, and see if he could pick up the coast there on the 100-mile range. After the set was on for a sufficient time to warm up, I was given permission to turn up the brilliance on the aux. scope, and both student and I checked for coastline returns and found none. At this time, the set had not been calibrated. My attention then was attracted from the scope for a period of time. At 0525 CST, radar called for my attention to the scope, and I first noted small bright blips returns, approximately 4, with no specific grouping such as a radar beacon transmits. Azimuth stabilization was on. As the sweep rotated one revolution, the blips moved SE across the scope, more than one range marker.

"Radar stated at that time he had 50-mile range on, indicating a movement of 12-14 miles. With each successive revolution, the blips continued SE to a point 15-20 miles from the ship at a bearing of 70 deg. and then out of the scope. At 150 deg., radar gave the instructor flight engineer the time and distance, which was computed as over 5,000 mph. These groupings of blips occurred for about 5 minutes and speeds were recomputed. During this period, student navigator and instructor radio viewed the aux. scope and confirmed my observations. At this time, I called for radar to calibrate his set to eliminate any possibility of malfunction. He did this speedily, and when he scanned the scope once more, the blips reappeared moving SE across the scope. I called off two separate blips track and position in relation to the aircraft by the clock system over interphone of the ship, and as they passed at 3 o'clock, the instructor engineer visibly saw a blue-bright white flame go from front to rear under our wing. Contact was broken off at 0535 after a group of the blips merged into a ½-inch curved arc about 30 miles from our aircraft at 320 deg. and proceeded across the scope and off it at a computed speed of over 9,000 mph. At all times during the contact, the aircraft was level and stable, the weather was clear, not a cloud in the sky, and visibility was excellent. There was a full moon, giving excellent water reflection. The aircraft was flying long-range cruise at the time. Radar checked the blips at all scan tilt angles full up and down and didn't lose the blips until the scanning antenna was pointed down. One group of blips after the scope was calibrated were noted, after moving from 330 deg. to 150 deg. across the scope, to arc about and swing in behind us at approximately 30 miles and maintain speed and distance for approximately 10 seconds and then disappear."

A Cluster of Lights

The ATIC comment was: "All possibilities were checked for known aerial phenomena. The conclusion was: "Unknown."

About 7:30 p.m. December 29, 1952, an Air Force radar base in northern Japan received a call from a B-26 crew: "We've just sighted a UFO. It looks like a cluster of lights—red, white and green."

Moments later, the radar men picked up the UFO. Because of the B-26's low speed, no interception could be made. At 7:45, an F-94 pilot radioed in, reporting the same type of device. The call was overheard by Col. Curtis Low, commander of a fighter-escort wing in Japan. (As he was mentioned in a news dispatch which briefly described the incident, I am using his right name.) He was flying his F-84 jet fighter at 27,000 feet. Three minutes later, he sighted the strange machine. He called ground control and was asked to try an interception.

As he climbed, Colonel Low switched off his lights. The object's lights did not change—proof that it was no canopy reflection. Keeping his own lights off to avoid detection, Low climbed to 35,000 feet. When he got closer, he saw that the saucer's lights were revolving in a counterclockwise direction—a steady rotation between 8 and 12 times a minute.

It Vanished in 30 Seconds

Low could see three fixed shafts of white light shining outward. Apparently, one part of the machine was rotating, but the change of colors was puzzling. At times, the saucer was one solid color—white, green or red. In between, the wing commander saw brief combinations — red-white, red-green and green-white. But the three white beams remained constant.

Colonel Low opened his F-84 to full power. Racing in at over 500 miles an hour, he tried to close the gap. Apparently, his unlighted plane was not seen for a second or two. Then the saucer increased its speed. It disappeared in 30 seconds.

Five minutes later, circling at 35,000 feet, Low saw the machine again. This time, as a test, he left his lights on when he tried to close in. Immediately turning west, the strange craft speeded up, so swiftly it vanished in five seconds.

Eleven nights later, another machine with similar rotating lights was sighted over Japan and tracked by radar. With the permission of intelligence, Low mentioned both cases to war correspondents, withholding the details I have just given.

"Don't dismiss these as the reports of a few imaginative peo-

OFFICIAL ATIC REPORT—EL PASO, TEXAS

An Air Force colonel flying a jet observed 2 objects in the vicinity of Hermanas, N. M. (31 deg 50 min N/108 deg 2 min W), Aug. 24, 1952. The objects appeared to be round in shape, silver in color and approximately 6′ in diameter. He observed them to be approximately 2 miles from him between the hours 1000-1100 MST. There was no visible means of propulsion. One object seemed to change its shape to a long gray object while in a right turn. The second object also seemed to change shape when it accelerated very rapidly. The objects disappeared 3 minutes from when first observed. After approximately 7 minutes, the objects reappeared, at which time observer was over El Paso, Texas. One object seemed to climb straight up 2,000-3,000 feet and was joined by the other in close formation.

The ATIC checked all possibilities of known objects in air in the vicinities of the two sightings with negative results.

Conclusion: Unknown.

mother ship for reconnaissance"

ple," he warned the reporters. "These were corroborated sightings by trained pilots and radar operators."

(The ATIC summary of this incident stressed the stability and reliability of the colonel and his persistence in seeking accurate details of the light he saw. Its comment was: "The tone of this report is very similar to previous sightings of the planet Jupiter. There is a great possibility this pilot saw Jupiter." The official conclusion on the case was: "Probably astronomical."—Ed.)

Since 1950, the engineer in charge of the first Canadian saucer project, Wilbur B. Smith, had given me several valuable leads. When I first learned of the Canadian interest in saucers, most Dominion officials and scientists had been openly skeptical. But early in '52, after a series of unusual sightings, their attitude had changed. Smith's project had been started by geomagnetic engineers and scientists in the Telecommunications Division, Department of Transport.

When I met Smith, he was in Washington to represent Canada at an international conference on wave lengths. He told me of the analyses he and his men had made. Then he gave me his opinion:

"I'm convinced they're real, that they're machines of some kind. We've weighed three possibilities: First, they're interplanetary. Second, they're a United States secret device. Third, they're Russian.

"The last two don't stand up. From the weight of evidence, I believe the saucers come from outer space. And I think their appearance is what suddenly increased your government's interest in space travel and an artificial satellite. Judging from our own operations, I'm sure your government also is vitally concerned with learning the secret of propulsion."

New Technology in Magnetics

Smith took a pad and sketched a rocket-shaped craft.

"First, let's consider the parent ship. From the high-altitude sightings, I think it must be a type like this. For power, it could use nuclear fission, mass conversion of energy or some other revolutionary source, such as cosmic rays. But our experiments indicate that the true discs, which are probably launched from large parent ships, utilize magnetic fields of force. And it's possible that the parent ships also use the same source of power."

At the start, the Canadian project was unofficial, though the research was done in a government laboratory with official approval. After his return to Ottawa, Smith rewrote my original draft of his information and sent it to the Canadian Embassy in Washington. The revised report was cleared for me by Arnold Wright, Defense Research member of the Canadian Joint staff, after a check at the Pentagon.

"A group of Canadian scientists," it said in part, "has been working for some time on certain problems connected with the earth's magnetic field. These investigations appear to point the way to a new technology in magnetics, and, if the initial conclusions are correct, they offer a ready-made explanation for many of the striking features which have been reported in connection with the sightings of flying saucers.

"The basic premise is that it is possible to produce a magnetic 'sink' (the name arbitrarily chosen by Smith and his engineers) within the earth's field; that is, a region into which the magnetic flux will flow at a controlled rate, giving up some of its potential energy in the process. Such a 'sink' would have many interesting properties:

"1. Electrical power could be obtained from the collapse of the earth's magnetic field into the sink.

"2. Powerful reaction forces could be developed in a conducting ring surrounding the sink and offset from it, sufficient to support a suitably designed ship and to propel it.

"3. If the rate of flow of magnetic flux is modulated, the resulting magnetic disturbances could be used for communication.

Observations Support Theory

"It is curious to note that most of the descriptions of flying saucers are in accordance with the design which would be necessary to exploit the properties of a magnetic sink. For example, the saucers are described as consisting of a large circular disc, with a small central cabin. The sink could be located in the upper central part of the cabin. The collapsing field, in cutting through the surrounding metallic ring, would induce in it an electric current which would react with the magnetic field which induced it, producing a force that would have a substantial vertical component. Support and propulsion of the ship would then be a combination of this resultant force, the airfoil action of the disc and the interaction between eddy currents induced in the disc by its rotation and main fields.

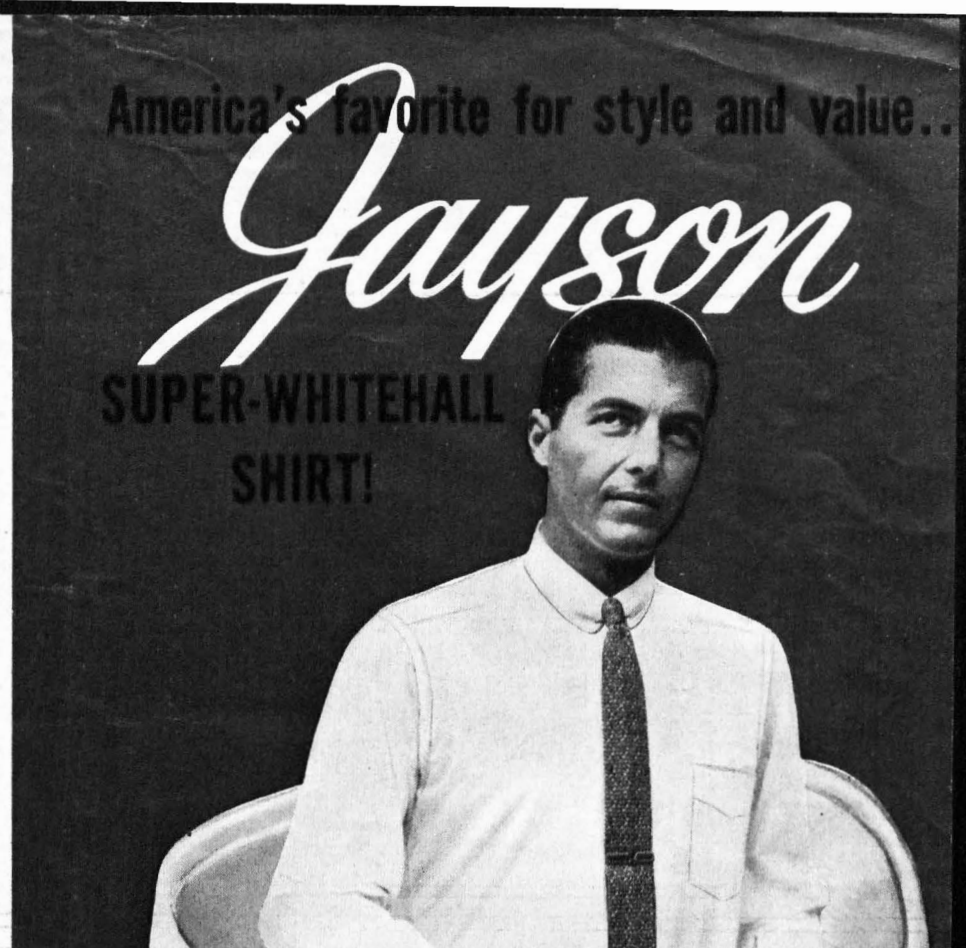
"Rotation of the disc may be either deliberate, for the induction of eddy currents, or may be incidentally caused by the electron drag of the very large current circulating around the disc. In any case, there is good evidence that the disc appears to rotate."

In Washington, I met an old friend, a former serviceman, whose contacts I'd often envied. Since I can't use his right name, for reasons which will be obvious, I shall call him Henry Brennard. I told him about the intelligence reports, and Brennard nodded. "I knew it was getting hot. What have they decided to do about the Tremonton pictures?"

"Tremonton? I never heard of them."

"I guess I talked out of turn. If you promise not to use it without

Continued



"I've been convinced the saucers are interplanetary"

Air Force permission, I'll tell you. Well, these pictures were taken by a Navy warrant officer back in July. They're movies, and they show several saucers maneuvering near Tremonton, Utah. The ATIC lab in Dayton and Navy Photo-Intelligence have been secretly analyzing them for months."

Next morning, I went to the Pentagon and sprang it on Chop. He gave me a few more details. They had been taken by Warrant Officer Delbert C. Newhouse during a trip he and his wife were making. At 11:10 a.m., July 2, Newhouse and his wife were driving seven miles from Tremonton, when they saw a formation of bright objects — round, brilliant spots, standing out against the blue sky. Getting out his 16-mm. camera, Newhouse put on a telephoto lens and shot 40 feet of film. In the last few moments, he trained the camera on one disc which had reversed its course, leaving the formation. After developing the film, he sent it to Project Bluebook.

"Your Tip Was Right"

"Fraud was completely ruled out," said Chop. "They tried every trick method to duplicate the film, but it couldn't be done. You got the dope, your tip was right."

I said, "This is it. You've finally got proof the saucers are interplanetary."

"The Air Force isn't admitting that. We're waiting for the Navy report; it's due January 15. But we're pretty sure they'll confirm the ATIC lab analysis. In fact, they've already done so informally. We just want it in writing."

"What happens then?"

"It isn't decided. Some intelligence officers want to show the film to a small group of the press. There's a lot of opposition. But if there is a press showing, we'll make it official with a public statement that there isn't any conventional answer. The things aren't planes, balloons or any other known object."

I asked him if the Air Force had any other movies of flying saucers.

"The only other movie," Al said, "was the Montana one. You know, the picture that was taken by a ball-park manager in 1950. It shows what looks like two round bright objects. Col. Harold Watson—he was intelligence chief at Dayton then—said they were reflections from a water tower. But ATIC hasn't any official conclusion, though they did analyze the film."

Later, Al told me two Air Force groups were deadlocked over the secret film.

"But I've resigned," he said. "I'm going out to California. This hasn't anything to do with the saucers. I've been wanting to get into private industry."

"How does the Utah deal stand now?"

"They're arguing over the statement." Al gave me a mirthless smile. "One group wants to say the objects might have been balloons or light reflections from gulls' wings."

"But the analysis," I said. "Those speeds and maneuvers proved the things couldn't be birds or balloons, or even jets. Both ATIC and the Navy agreed on that."

When I went to the Pentagon next day, I asked quickly, "Is it settled?"

Chop gave me a grim look. "It's settled all right. The whole thing's killed. Some of the intelligence people are pretty sore. They don't think the public's getting a fair shake."

It occurred to me that Brennard might have a lead. I found he knew about the Utah decision.

"I'm not surprised," he said. "I never really thought they'd let that out."

"It'll be out, all right," I told him. "I got it cleared."

"With that and all the other cases," said Brennard, "you've certainly got proof the saucers are interplanetary."

"Everything but an Air Force admission. I've got a hunch there's a secret report with that conclusion."

Brennard hesitated. "I heard one thing, but it isn't absolutely proof. A month or so ago, an official I know was secretly briefed on the saucers. He used to think they were a joke. But after that briefing, he told me he was convinced they were extraterrestrial."

When I saw Al, I told him what I'd heard about the briefing.

"Doesn't this prove there's a secret report?" I asked. Al was silent so long I gave up.

"I can't violate security," he said finally, "even if I am out of the service. But I can tell you this. Last fall, there was a detailed analysis of all the evidence. I can say that because it wasn't classified when I saw it. After ruling out all other explanations, it came to a definite conclusion. I can't tell you what that conclusion was—by now, it's probably top secret."

"Will you tell me your conclusion—as a private citizen?"

The Possibility Exists

"Maybe this will be even better." He took out the folded carbon of a letter. "This is what I was going to send you. It's our official answer to a letter from your publisher. Those ATIC cases you outlined must have scared them. They wanted an official O.K. They got it, also a statement that the Air Force regarded Major Keyhoe as a responsible, accurate reporter. But here, read it yourself."

"The Air Force and its investigative agency, Project Bluebook," I read, "are aware of Major Keyhoe's conclusion that the 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."

It was an official Air Force admission that the saucers came from space!

(Air Force spokesmen told Look's researchers that civilian Chop's opinion was strictly his own and was *not* an "official Air Force admission," as Major Keyhoe states.)

There wasn't the slightest doubt that the saucers' maneuvers were controlled, and Air Force Intelligence knew it. Hundreds of veteran pilots from Col. Curtis Low on down had sworn to that. And the simultaneous radar and visual tracking reports proved it beyond all question.

"We're Being Watched"

I drew a long breath. "This does it, Al. I've waited four years. I guess I don't have to ask what you believe now."

"I've been convinced for a long time that the saucers are interplanetary," Chop replied. "There's no other possible answer. We're being watched by beings from outer space. You've been right from the start."

We are nearing the possibly fateful year of 1954. According to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Russia will then be able to stage a mass A-bomb attack. Leaving the saucers officially unidentified adds to that grave danger. Prior to its D-day, the Soviet might suddenly claim these machines as secret weapons. By starting false rumors of Russian saucer attacks, they might cause stampedes from cities, block defense highways and paralyze communications just before an A-bomb raid.

It is imperative that we end this added danger. We should also try to forestall panic if the saucers should land. I believe four steps should be taken as quickly as possible:

1. The secret intelligence analysis should be made public, with all the evidence that led to the final conclusion.

2. The Utah film should be released, with the detailed statements by Air Technical Intelligence and Navy Photo-Intelligence.

3. Project Bluebook should be expanded, given the full-time services of top-level scientists and co-ordinated with foreign investigations. An integrated world-wide investigation will probably reveal new facts, especially clues to the motives of the unknown space race.

4. A plan for communication should be drawn up, to cover every possible development from the first message to the saucer landings.

If there is any hidden proof that attack or invasion is planned, we should be told at once. With our leading scientists working on the problem, perhaps some defense might be found. However, there is at least an even chance that the space race means us no harm—they may be waiting only for proof that landing here is safe.

We Must Be Friendly

We must accept the possibility that the saucer creatures may differ from us in form. Even if they are utterly friendly, their strange appearance could cause panic. But there may be no such problem. These beings from another world may resemble us closely, in form if not in size. Regardless of their appearance, we must be ready to match the friendliness of any strangers from space.

Those first meetings with beings from another world could be the greatest adventure of all time. But we must guard against fear, panic and violence by our own people, so that no tragic blunder will change peaceful visitors into deadly enemies.

For those first moments may decide the fate of the world.

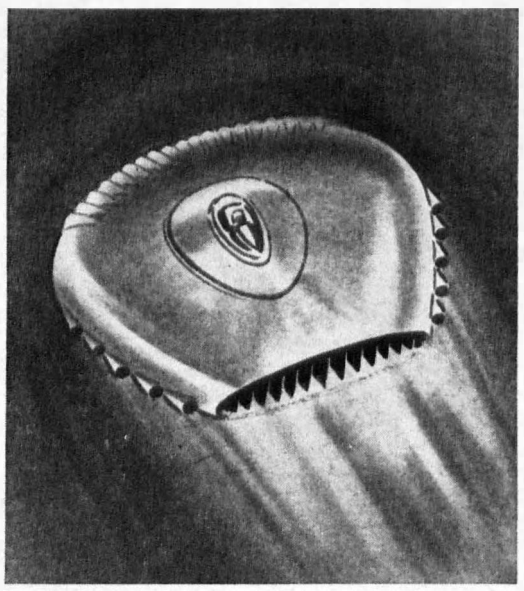
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OFFICIAL ATIC REPORT—MISAWA, JAPAN

At 1120 hours, 29 March 1952, an unidentified object was observed approximately 20 miles north of Misawa AFB, Japan. This sighting was made by an AF pilot flying a T-6 traveling at 6,000′ altitude on heading 0 deg. at 130 knots. Two F-84's were making practice runs on the T-6. The object was first noticed by T-6 pilot when it pulled abreast of him and reflected the sunlight. The object was a small, shiny, disc-shaped object. The object then appeared to make a pass at the F-84 at estimated 40 to 50 mph in excess of F-84's airspeed. It closed rapidly, and just before flying into his fuselage, it decelerated to his airspeed almost instantaneously. It flipped on its edge at approximately 90-degree bank. It pulled around starboard wing where it was caught in slipsteam and flipped once. Then it crossed in front of him appearing to accelerate and shot out of sight in a steep climb. The F-84 pilot didn't observe the object. No explanation can be proposed other than possible reflection and refraction of light through canopy of observer's aircraft.

Conclusion: Unsolved.

DRAWING SHOWS HOW A 40-FOOT FLYING SAUCER WOULD LIFT FROM AN AIRPORT WITH ALL ITS JETS OPERATING IN VERTICAL TAKE-OFF OR IN LANDING.



"PROJECT Y," Frost's semisaucer, was a disk-shaped craft producing jet blast out the rear only.

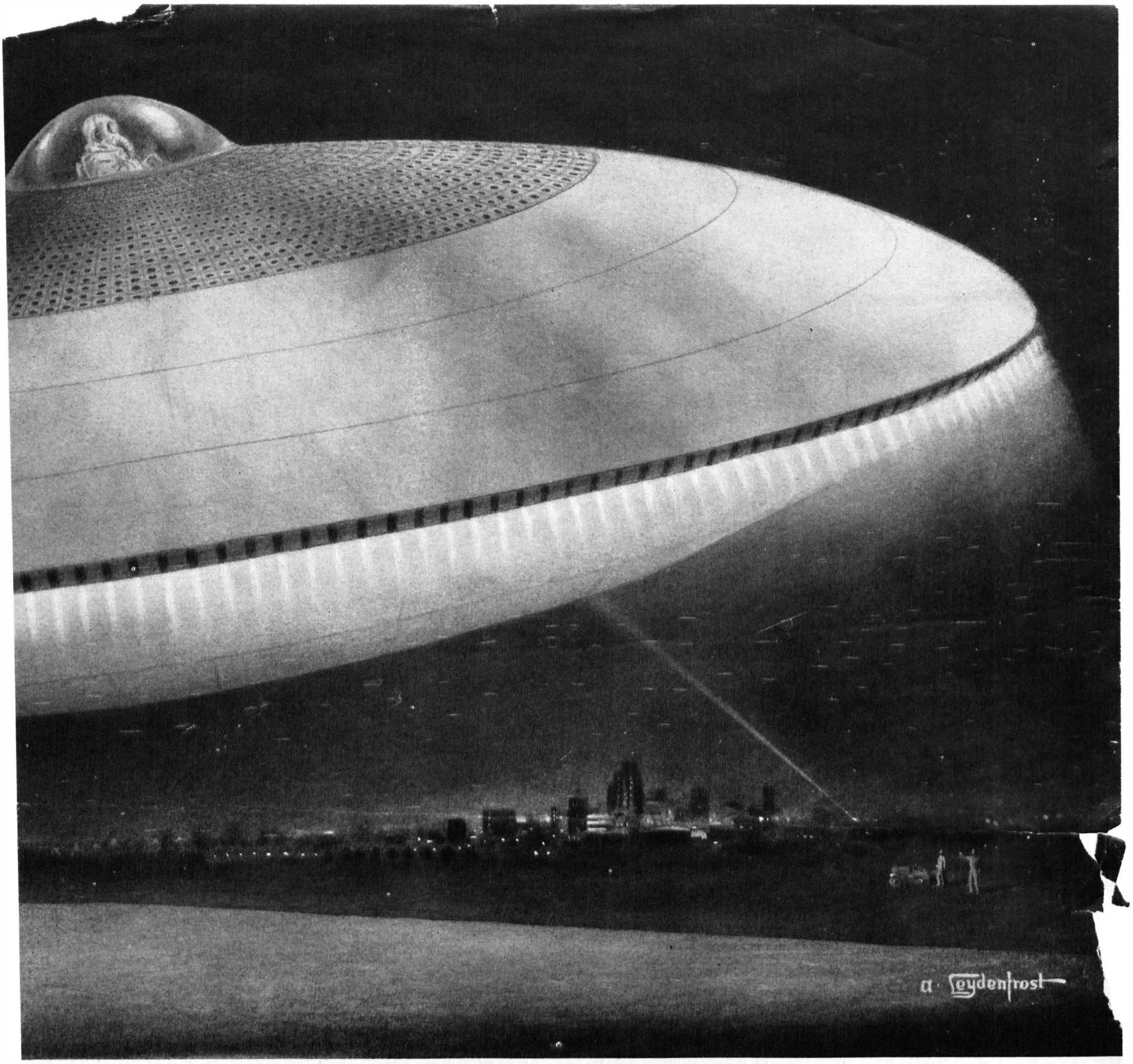
FLYING SAUCER BOUNCES OFF

The U.S. is seriously considering building a flying saucer. It would, if its designers' expectations are fulfilled, take off vertically, have a speed of 1,800 mph and combat radius of 1,500 miles. It could hover in mid-air and go sideways or backward. It would have a pilot. It would probably look much like the one shown in the drawing above. It is still, however, in a highly experimental stage and some aerodynamics experts doubt strongly that it is possible today to build any saucer which will have great advantages over more conventional planes now on the drafting boards.

The flying saucer into which the Air Force is expected to soon sink a wad of money was designed by a shy, 35-year-old English-born engineer named John C. M. Frost, whose passionate hobby is raising flowers. It is the outgrowth of a saucerlike craft called "Project Y" which Frost designed for his employers, A. V. Roe Canada Ltd.

The principle of Frost's flying saucer is based on the 1930s' jet-outlet experiments of a Frenchman named Henri Coanda and is expected to work like this: jets of gas are propelled down and out from vents in the edge of the saucer, pulling air down over the saucer's top and diminishing the air pressure on the top surface. When this pressure is sufficiently less than that on the saucer's under surface, the saucer rises. (This difference in pressure is what gives any airplane wing its lift.)

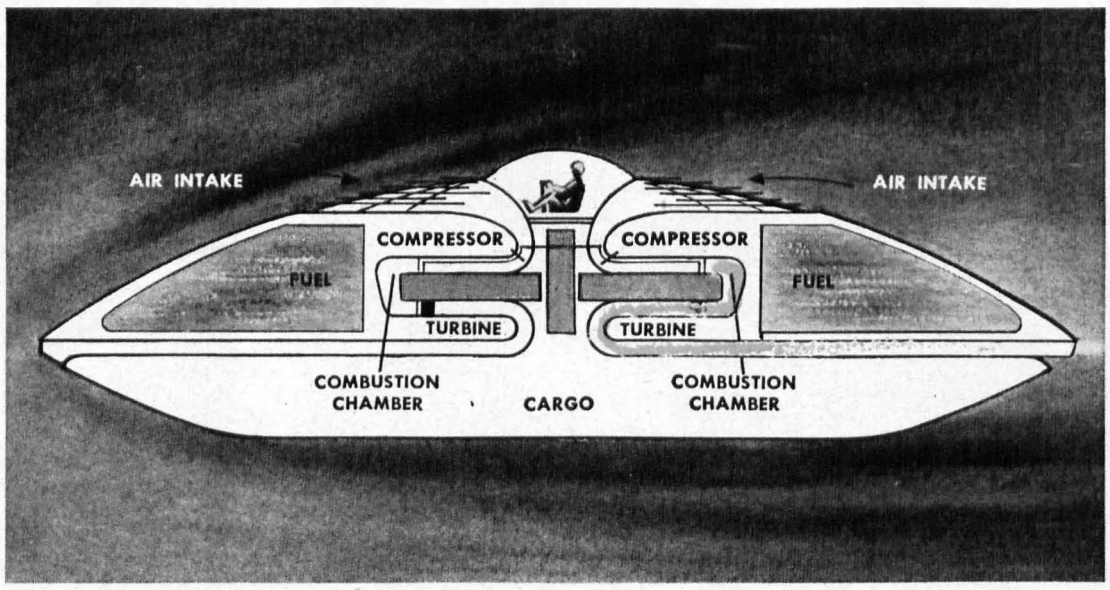
LIFE 1954 (Spring)



AIR FOR JETS COMES IN ENGINE THROUGH GRILLED INTAKES AROUND COCKPIT. OTHER SAUCERS IN HORIZONTAL FLIGHT HAVE ONLY REAR JETS WORKING

DESIGN BOARD

According to theory, the pilot—sitting in the center of the saucer atop the engine—will let go all 180 jet streams. Slowly the craft will rise. To level off, he cuts down power. By adjusting rear blasts to go out instead of down and then shutting all but rear ports he goes forward, the jets propelling the craft as in a conventional plane. As the pilot changes direction—shutting off ports on left to go left, or those in "back" to reverse—his cockpit will automatically revolve so he is always facing forward. He can, if he wishes, almost stop in mid-air, tilt it and have a look below. Even while the U.S. prepared for the saucer age, the Air Force received pictures of flying saucers, presumably Soviet, flying over Scandinavia.



CROSS SECTION shows how air enters compressor, mixes with fuel in combustion chamber. Leaving it, hot gases (*in color*) run turbine (which turns compressor), go through jets to propel craft.

AMERICANISM BULLETIN

W. D. Herrstrom, Editor — Faribault, Minn.

NO. 41. 10c. a copy. 25 for $1.00 SEPT. 1953

HISTORY OF THE "FLYING SAUCER" FROM 1925 TO 1953

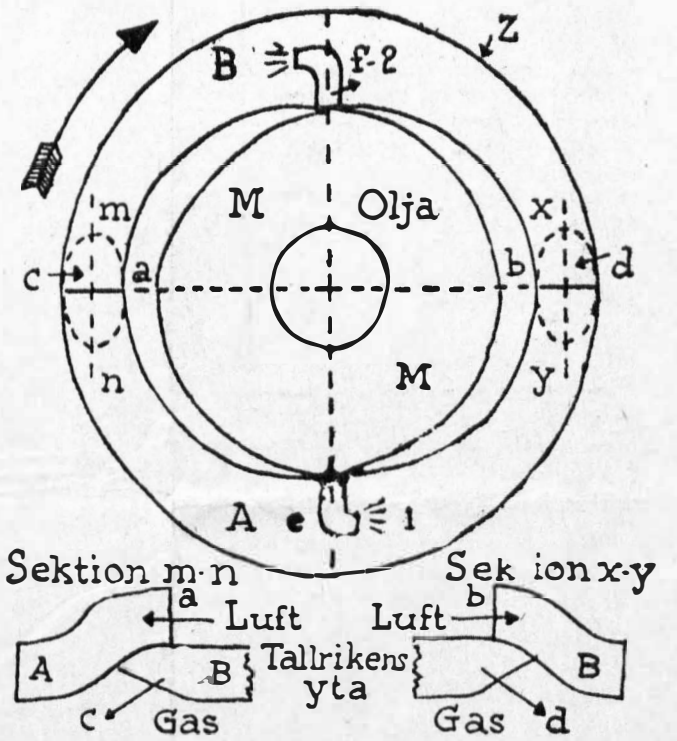
Some of us are becoming exceedingly tired of being ridiculed and laughed at because we have repeatedly published statements in which we claim that the flying saucers are actual war implements or experimental craft—and not just a hallucination.

The time has come to turn the tables on the critics and show the public that the critics are the ones who have been "hoodwinked."

****

The history of these craft goes back to 1925 when a German scientist, Werner von Braun, began scientific studies looking toward the development of robot weapons.

From a Swedish daily newspaper, "Aftonbladet," published in Stockholm, I qoute from the Dec. 16, 1952 issue. (Original item is in Swedish. The following is a translation):



Sketch of an Italian saucer project, partly as seen from above, partly as certain sections appear from the side. (Translations: Luft is "air". Tallriken's yta, "saucer's surface". "Olja is "oil". See story on page two of this Bulletin.)

"Who is Werner von Braun? He is a German scientist, son of an official in the Weimar district, who as early as 1925 together with his brother, studied the problems concerning robot weapons. As soon as he had finished his engineering course he organized the firm called, 'Weltraumsschifffahrtverien.' (i. e., World Navigation Union.) It looked for a rocket capable of interplanetary traffic. The first strong support to back him in his experiments was the city of Magdeburg, about 1928. A representative for Riechswehr, (Government Defense) major Dornberger, followed his experiments with great interest. Later he took active part in bringing them to a head.

"After many unsuccessful experiments, two were brought about in 1931 that succeeded, at Liebesinsel in Tegeler See in northwest Berlin. The production was a rocket, the pioneer of the V-2 weapon. These trial experiments were published in the New York Times in 1931.

"About 1932 the Reichswehr took over the economical responsibility and the directing of experiments to be undertaken at a new site at Juterbog, the governmental rifle-range south of Berlin. Here the A-2 project was brought to

completion, of a 12 km. reach in width and 800 kilogram in flying weight.

Hitler Took over the Projectile

" In 1934, after Hitler had taken over, nothing more was publicised about the Braun brothers. Greater possibilities for experiments were now at hand, and the planning of an institution at Peenemunde began. Von Braun now finished his doctor's thesis about certain thermo-dynamic problems in direct connection with the rocket motor of the A-4 project.

"Peenemunde was ready in 1936 and von Braun was granted a very independent position and almost unlimited funds. But yet it took eight years before von Braun was to see one of his constructions 'in the air' and on its way to England. In the summer of 1943 all the fundamental and experimental attempts were done, and the following spring the A-4, consequently Hitler's V-2 was ready to be used.

"Although the intelligence services of the world powers had a knowledge of what was going on at Peenemunde, the details about the V-2 were not known until a mishap overtook one as it streaked over the Baltic at a height of 110 km., where it turned over and dropped down at Backebo, in Kalmar province, Sweden, and a study of its construction was turned over to British authorities."

(I will discuss von Braun's work further, but first a word about the sketch on the front page.)

Sketch of the "Flying Saucer"

(Note: The sketch of the flying saucer on page one of this Bulletin is from "Aftonbladet," Nov. 10, 1952, and was accompanied by the following account:)

"A trial sample of a flying saucer existed in Germany towards the end of the war, the German chief engineer, George Klein asserts to the Aftonbladet, who some time ago turned his drawing for constructions over to the Swedish Aeronautics authorities. Klein is surprised that the Swedish experts declared his project to be impracticable without giving it a close examination.

"He says that he did not turn over a fully completed blueprint, but only a sketch, with the intention of giving them more details after they had studied the possibilities of the sketch, which he will give on invitation from the proper authorities.

"Swedish aeronauts have, since several months ago, blueprints for construction of flying saucers, the Aftonbladet states. Similar drawings and blueprints are also in possession of the Americans, and possibly the Russians, pertaining to a disklike vessel, powered by 'reaction turbines' placed in a circle on the inside of a rotating metal ring.

"The drawings, as stated by the Aftonbladet, were turned over to the Chief of Swedish Aeronautics, by the German Chief Engineer, Klein. Construction began as early as 1943, when a trial sample was used by the Germans. At the collapse of Germany this secret fell into the hands of the Russians.

"Klein's blueprint corresponds in essentials to the one a Mr. Miethe, a German, recently described in an Italian periodical. Its size is 14-5 meter. It was designed to be used either with a crew, or for remote control.

"Engineer Klein offered to meet the Swedish experts and give them further details in its construction but has not yet been invited. To an inquiry by the Aftonbladet, the Aeronautic technicians: declared that it appeared impracticable. But this does not correspond with the statement that one had been used already in flight."

German Flying Saucer Designers

(Aftonbladet, Dec. 16, 1952 gives the following account of the development of the flying saucers except that I have left the geographical points in the U. S. A. blank:)

"Shortly following the end of the war in 1945 it was not easy to get shipping space on seagoing vessels from Europe to America. The government initiated a sliding scale according to necessity or priority; but in spite of all this a certain number of Germans were transported across, from Le Havre, under the greatest secrecy. They were 90 designers and expert engineers of jet propulsion and guided missiles, with Prof. Werner von Braun in charge. Officially they were prisoners, but in reality they were teachers.

"Their blueprints, designs and drawings, besides written data and reports of their experiments weighed 20 tons alone. This and much more of their paraphernalia was taken along with them to the U. S. A. They have

now worked for seven ye ars in ----, together with American engineers.

"What is going on there is veiled in the deepest secrecy, but it is just in these areas around there that the 'flying saucers' have appeared most frequently. The solving of the problems regarding these latter might be found some place in ----.

"It is well known that the Germans had experimental fields, layouts and structures for construction of robot-weapons at Peenemunde in Pommern. When the Russians drew near, toward the end of the war, all these constructions and all important items, together with blueprints and the personnel were taken away and transferred to Harz. Later from there to Garnish-Partenkirchen in Bayern, where the Americans took charge of the whole expedition. As quickly as possible it was then taken to America."

Von Braun's 1944 Flying Saucer

"The interest of the Americans was in the first place directed to the 'V-weapons', comprising von Braun's A-series of ten different 'reaction-driven' weapons. The 'Saucer' was designated as 'A-7', of which an experimental construction had been made in April, 1944, with a diameter about six meters and a simplified power-plant of the same type as V-2 (A-4).

"The first intention of these experiments in Germany was to create a mechanical assembly or structure that could rise to a height of 300 kilometers and that could travel a distance of 6,000 km. The power for an elevation 700 meters a second, by which the ultimate elevation would be reached in 425 seconds. Consumption of fuel would be 200 kilog. per second, the fuel consisting of oxygen and alcohol."

(NOTE: The article states that the above was the "starting point" for experiments along this line in the U. S. I do not care to quote what the article says about America's progress in the development of this kind of craft. No doubt the public will be "informed" at the proper time. All I want to do is to show that flying saucers are something more than imagination.)

The 1953 Model Saucer

The Toronto Daily Star has released considerable information about Canada's flying saucer project and has even published an illustration of what it looks like. Aftonbladet, May 14, 1953 says-

"During the past winter it has been very quiet about flying saucers, but from Canada comes a communication stating that construction of a flying saucer is under way there. This is being done at the ---near ---, and has been mentioned in the Toronto Daily Star and reprinted both in the TIMES and ROYAL AIR FORCE REVIEW. The British Aerial Administration, however, has not officially confirmed this.

"During his visit in Canada, Field Marshall Montgomery examined a model of a flying saucer. According to the TIMES, construction for a real prototype for a usable sample has not yet begun, but is as yet only in the experimental stage.

TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND

"The Royal Air Force Review states; 'There are very obvious technical reasons for taking up work of building 'saucer-like' aircraft. When one has in mind a speed of twice that of sound and has to reckon with the resistance of wings and fusilage, then the form of a circular 'saucer' offers the best solution of the problem.

"Since the saucer, at least in theory, is acceptable, the ---Canada project is of great significance, and may bring an aircraft engineer a long step nearer to the realization of his pet dream.' (Unquote RAF Review.)

"The TIMES states about this contemplated saucer project that it is to have a diameter of 40 feet and to reach a speed of 1,500 MPH. It will rise vertically, straight up from a tripodlike stand, and is designed to land on its 'belly'. The plane is to be almost round in form and the pilot will be placed in the middle in a plastic cabin. Just outside the cabin is the rotating, stabilizing tower, a part of the inner mechanism. The outermost ring is stationary, acting as the plane's 'wing'. The rotating part is powered by a gas turbine, and the saucer as a whole is driven by a 'reaction-aggregate.' In the foremost edges there are vents for air intake and the same at the rear for exhaust.

"When such critical publications as those mentioned speak of these constructions in real earnest it is evident that it is not imagination only. If blueprint and construction stage have been arrived at in Canada, it is certain that they have gotten much further along in the U. S. A."

(Unquote "Aftonbladet".)

Russia and the Flying Saucer

It is easily possible that when Russia invaded Germany at the close of the war, that the Reds might have procured more blueprints and more German scientists than ever found their way to America.

Early reports of flying saucers were believed to be concerning Russian experimental craft.

In "The Mystery of Other Worlds Revealed," a Fawcett publication that was released about a year ago, Anton Terry, Berlin correspondent for the Kemsley Newspapers, London, tells of an eyewitness who issued a sworn statement. He tells of seeing a Russian saucer in the Russian zone of Germany.

The craft was about 50 feet in diameter. It arose from a 10-foot conning tower. It was piloted by two men whose apparel shimmered like some metallic substance. There was a low hum as the saucer arose. Then a sharper siren-like sound as it gained speed. Its outer edge glowed—first red; then green. The craft appeared to be spinning like a top.

Atomic Research

It is no secret that Germany was on the verge of using atomic weapons toward the close of World War II.

"Astrology" magazine, Aug., 1953, discussing Albert Einstein says that "at the BEGINNING of World War II . . . he wrote to President Roosevelt about the atomic research program in Germany."

Conflicting Reports

It should be remembered that every strange phenomenon seen in the skies is not necessarily a flying saucer—from Russia or anywhere else. Many are simply reflections in the skies.

There may be a dozen different types of craft in the experimental stage and once certain principles of propulsion are mastered there is no limit to what might be developed. When atomic power is used we might even travel to other planets.

Inter-Planetary Travel

A popular magazine recently published an article concerning a proposed trip to the moon and back in a rocket ship.

A few months ago I interviewed Jean Piccard, University of Minnesota professor emeritus, who holds the world's record in balloon ascensions to great heights, where with intricate instruments he makes tests and observations. I asked him if a trip to the moon in a rocket ship is possible. He replied that it could be done with proper equipment and preparation, as we already have the know-how. Predictions are that we shall make such a trip within 25 years.

What About Space Ships?

The fact that we can explain some of the flying saucers does not rule out the possibility that inhabitants of other planets are visiting the earth. Frank Scully, in his book, "Behind the flying Saucers," makes out a good case for this theory.

Behind the Flying Saucers

This is the most sensational book we have seen on the subject. The author quotes a purported eye-witness to interplanetary flying sacuers with their "little men" from other planets. He cites dozens of other eye-witness reports of flying disks (not necessarily from other planets.) He also discusses principles of propulsion including "magnetic force". The latter he believes is employed by the "little men" from other planets.

230 pages of sensational reading in this cloth bound volume.

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The American Weekly, November 22, 1953]

BY CAPTAIN WALTER KARIG
Special Deputy to Chief of Information, U. S. Navy

OPE

The Official Truth



Dan Kimball, then Secretary of the Navy, was convinced that "flying saucers" are not figments of the imagination after a UFO buzzed his airplane during a trans-Pacific flight.

Washington, D. C., radar scopes—like the one shown below—"saw" seven mysterious objects flying over the capital on July 20, 1952. Scientists were unable to explain the phenomenon.



RATION

about Flying Saucers

What are these things we call Flying Saucers, the mysterious objects which have been reported floating, zooming, wobbling and soaring glowingly over our heads these last few years? Are they optical illusions, guided missiles, maybe Russian, maybe men from Mars?

The Navy and the Air Force reject the popular name, Saucers, as well they might, because it belittles the subject. To those experts, the baffling phenomena are UFOs—Unidentifiable Flying Objects.

It has to be a doggone good unidentifiable flying object to earn the degree of UFO, but the percentage of those that pass the rigid examination runs pretty high. To surmount the test, the UFO has to be seen by persons of proved honesty and objectivity, who are able to report on the Thing's size, apparent shape, luminosity, speed and, if possible, radar return.

Persons like, for example, the then Secretary of the Navy Dan Kimball, and the officers of his plane flying the Pacific. A UFO buzzed his aircraft. It buzzed the accompanying plane some miles in the rear, seconds later. Mr. Kimball forwarded the data to Washington. With it went an order that the Office of Naval Research redouble its probing into the subject.

For the last six years, or ever since a sudden increase in reported sightings, UFOs have been the subject of a co-ordinated and integrated study. Employing civilian astronomers, military and naval experts in aerodynamics, meteorology and kindred sciences, the investigation is an Air Force project. The laboratory is in the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright-Patterson Field in Ohio. The Office of Naval Research, in Washington, is partner in the enterprise.

What have the experts learned?

An analysis of some 2,000 reports, many supported by photographs, eliminates 50 per cent of the sightings under the heading of "Insufficient Data," a sort of big garbage pail into which the ATIC dumps the accounts volunteered by persons who "saw something" but can't satisfactorily describe it, suspected hoaxes, possible self-delusions, and so on.

There go half the Saucers!

More than 30 per cent have proved, under study, to be accurately identifiable as weather balloons, airplane lights and flares, electronic and meteorological phenomena, including "Shooting Stars" and even newspapers borne aloft in a whirlwind.

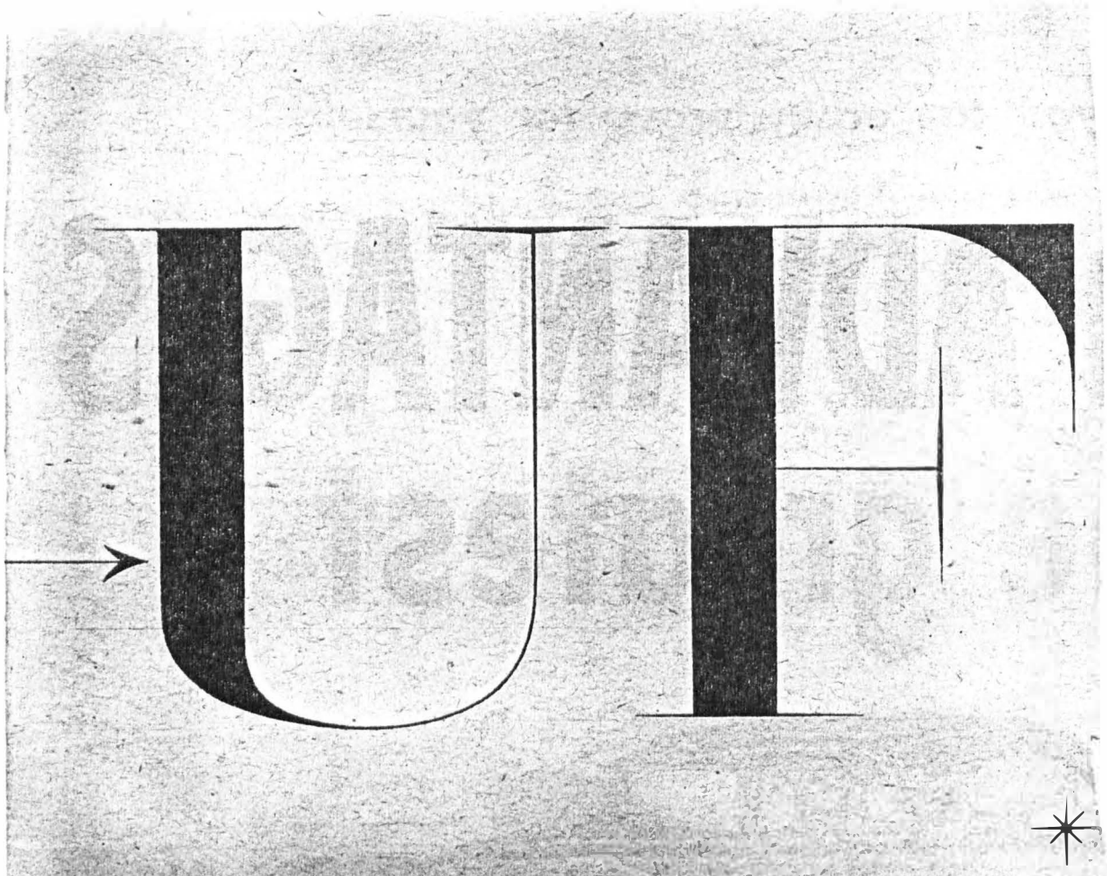
But about 20 per cent are labeled Unidentifiable Flying Objects. In short, objects proved beyond doubt to have been where they were seen for which ATIC has no explanation.

It is a high proportion of the total when nearly a fifth of the Things are officially certified to be — apparently — vari-sized illuminated shapes, evidently solids, that travel at speeds never achieved by human beings but giving every indication of being guided by intelligent minds. The descriptions, as furnished by the airplane pilots and aerologists upon whom ATIC places credence and confidence, are generally uniform.

They are reports of disc-shaped objects which emit an orange-hued glow that seems to increase as they accelerate, and travel at speeds which the fastest USAF jet can not approximate; discs which can execute a tight 90-degree turn or suddenly go into a reverse that would disintegrate any known aircraft and strip the flesh from the bones of its occupants; discs which travel as readily on edge, wheel-like, as they do horizontally. They have been seen, by credited observers, leaping up and down like a giant yo-yo, hundreds of vertical miles at a bound, and returning to the stratosphere for another jump.

A "phenomenon," not yet awarded the degree of UFO because it is still under study from the motion picture film shot by a Navy warrant officer, shows 10 blobs of light traveling across the sky in the most complicated (and, to Earth minds, meaningless) maneuver yet observed. One of the Things moved calmly ahead with an undulating motion like a ship plowing through ground swells. But its companions, while keeping forward pace with it, revolved about the nucleus (or guide ship, or whatever you want to call it) not in the flat orbit of planets around a sun but in a steep, tight, funnel-shaped spiral.

If—IF—the UFOs either carry or are directed by rational living creatures, why and for what purpose should one bounce like a child's rubber ball on an elastic string, others cavort in an intricate, dizzying maneuver?



Such variations from comprehensible motion cause some of the scientific minds to theorize that there is a logical, natural explanation for the UFOs. Something as remote from interplanetary travel as the bouncing of St. Elmo's Fire, or the Northern Lights.

Even the most prosaic descriptions of UFO maneuvers make one think of the actions of half-grown puppies rather than the operation of space ships. A group of the Things will appear on radar, evidently going places like a puppy-pack across a meadow, and then break up.

Some will loaf around, others dart hither and yon. A passenger plane bumbles into the field, and the nearest Flying Beagle will dart over like a brave pup going up to sniff at a cow, and then break away as if its curiosity was satisfied. But let the airplane, or some hastily summoned jets, try to get closer, and the UFO will go into reverse and scram out of there, with the whole pack streaking away—at 7,000 miles an hour.

The longest step toward solving the mystery will come when somebody gets close enough to a UFO to see it in detail. So far there is not even an acceptable photograph that shows more than a blur of light.

The author of this article guarantees that, at this writing, he never has seen anything like the UFOs except the "Brown Mountain Lights," which were eerie enough to satisfy him for all time.

In Avery County, in northwestern North Carolina, there rears on the fringes of the Great Smokies a rounded peak known as Brown Mountain, the source for many years of UFOs of its own. There, one night, I was taken to the top of a facing mountain by a friend, a professor of physics, at whose summer camp I was visiting.

We sat on a ledge on the west face of the opposite mountain crest, and waited a chilly half hour for the reward of observing a startling, spooky but beautiful manifestation of the mystery.

Suddenly, as we gazed across the broad, inky-black valley between, there soared from the crest of Brown Mountain a glowing ball, to my eyes at that distance, about the size of an orange. A second or two later another leaped into view, as if pursuing the first. The two rose vertically, at no superhuman speed, and vanished.

Twenty minutes passed, and then another light soared briefly into view against the faintly star-lit sky. Then, for an hour, they rose thick and fast, some rapidly, some mounting like a lazy rocket; some a dull orange, others greenish-white; some as clear in outline as a baseball held in the hand, but most as fuzzy as a ball of wool.

"Marsh gas!" I guessed bravely.

"There are no marshes anywhere on the slopes of Brown Mountain," said the physicist. "I've explored it many times."

Maybe Brown Mountain houses an industrial village of subterranean gnomes who build and launch Flying Saucers just for kicks. Anyhow, the photographs I've seen of UFOs certainly look exactly like the Brown Mountain Lights to me, which proves nothing, of course.

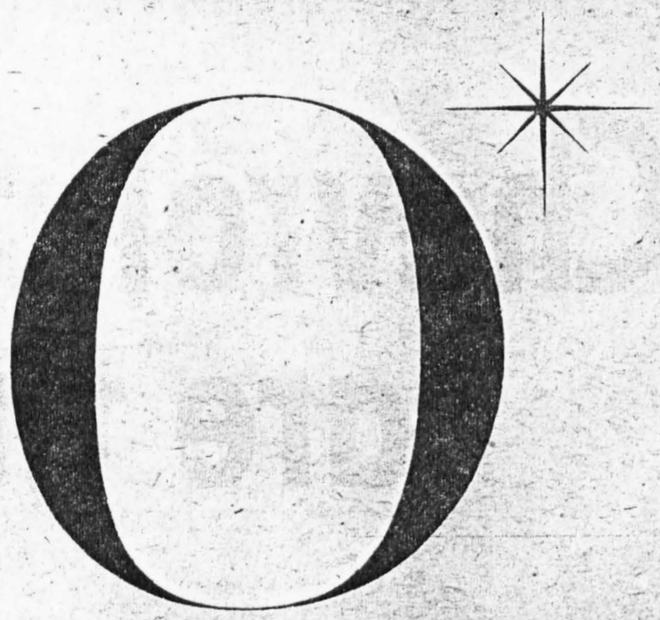
Not all UFOs studied by Air Technical Intelligence are disc-shaped. There was one shaped like an arrow-head, seen almost simultaneously over two widely separated cities in Texas. Another, followed for miles by a military aircraft, would be dubbed "Flying Breeches" if the scientists had a sense of humor. It was accompanied by a streaming wake that, from descriptions, resembled a three-mile long pair of baggy pants.

The sighting, however, that really convinced the authorities that Saucers (as they are *not* called in official circles) are nothing to jeer at, occurred over Washington, D. C., 40 minutes after midnight on July 20, 1952, and lasted for nearly five hours.

Seven "blips" appeared on a radar screen at the National Airport's Radar Center as if instantly materialized out of nowhere. The lone operator fiddled with his machine, but the blips couldn't be dislodged. He leaped across the room to a second radar console. The blips were there, too. Alarmed, he summoned his chief.

The operators called the Airport tower, a quarter of a mile away. The excited response was that the radar there showed the identical pattern. Andrews Field, the Air Force base across the Potomac in Maryland, was queried. The worried reply was that the radars there showed seven blips. With three "fixes" like that, the operators were able to compute that one of the UFOs was directly over the Capitol, while two hovered over the White House, many thousands of feet in the air, but visible to observers in the tower.

Every licensed pilot in America knows that the sky above the Capitol and the White House is forbidden territory. What did it mean—some sort of aerial Pearl Harbor blitz?



Unidentifiable Flying Objects

A hurried call was put in to New Castle, Delaware, the nearest point at which available Air Force jets were based. The planes did not appear over Washington until nearly two hours had passed. Meanwhile the air waves were filled with chatter from the observers.

Five minutes before the jets roared into the search area, the UFOs vanished. Five minutes after the jets returned to base, after a fruitless search, the UFOs returned and stayed until dawn.

Pressed that day by newspapermen for comment, the officials put forth their best guess. The lights were reflections from the earth on an "inversion," a dense and mirroring layer of air high above the city. A mirage, in other words.

Reflected lights, mirror images and the like, do not send back a radar return. It takes a fairly dense mass to do that. And radar scopes at three separate places had tracked the UFOs as clearly as if they were Flying Boxcars.

The radar operators checked and rechecked and computed the speed of the Things at 7,200 miles an hour. Nothing made by man, except guided missiles, travels at a tenth that speed. And neither rockets nor guided missiles can loaf around in one spot for hours and hours—not unless their makers had the Law of Gravitation repealed.

What were they?

Not "Saucers." Remember, officially there is no such Thing. Neither were there Saucers when "strange globes of light" maneuvered over Florence, Italy, on December 9, 1731. Or over Switzerland on November 2, 1761. Over London, March 29, 1845, and elsewhere in England in 1855, 1859, 1860 and 1864. They visited Bloomington, Indiana, on September 7, 1877; buzzed ships in the Yellow Sea in 1893, ships in the Atlantic in 1904.

They weren't Saucers then, nor even UFOs. Just something weird to be noted, discussed and exaggerated into "angels with flaming swords" and "dragons" in the sky.

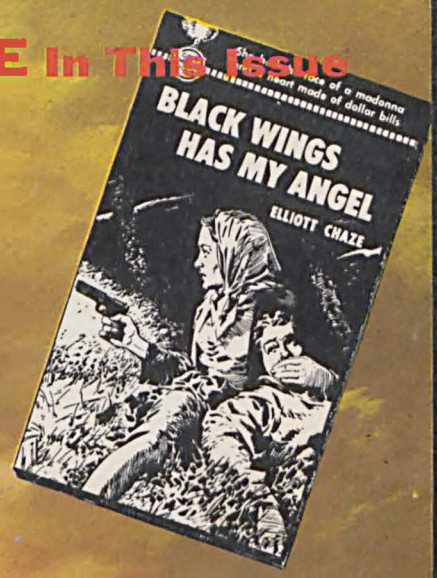
These phenomena are no help to us today except to prove, should you choose to believe that the UFOs are Visitors from Space or Soviet Spies, that the men from Mars and/or the Kremlin were scouting the skies hundreds of years ago.

For the time being, then, let's leave the Saucers in the categories where the official investigators put them—50 per cent phonies, 30 per cent of explainable origin, and 20 per cent Unidentifiable Flying Objects. ◀◀

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CANADIAN SCIENTISTS BUILD FLYING SAUCER

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Black Wings Has My Angel

by Elliott Chaze

Cover by HAMILTON GREENE

VOL. 2 NO. 1

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Canada's Flying Saucer



On the basis of information given out by the RCAF and other officials, this is what Canada's flying saucer will look like when it's completed.

by James Hornick
Aviation Editor
The Toronto Globe and Mail

Canadian scientists, after working for years under the most stringent military security, have designed a flying saucer—one which they say will leave the earth vertically and fly horizontally at speeds in the region of 1,500 miles an hour.

The goal of their research is to provide the Royal Canadian Air Force with a long-range, high-altitude, heavily-armed, supersonic fighter able to operate without the benefit of conventional airfields in the vast and vulnerable reaches of Canada's northland.

So far, the flying saucer has been proved only in the laboratory. But the research behind the blueprints has been so painstakingly thorough, according to one high government source, that no doubt remains that an aircraft of this radical concept is rapidly approaching reality.

The project has, in fact, reached the point where a full-scale wooden mockup is being built in a heavily-guarded section of the nation's largest aircraft plant. Smaller models have enabled engineers to conduct exhaustive wind tunnel tests, the results of which have never been disclosed.

The Canadian scientists have designed an almost-circular aircraft 40 feet in diameter in which the pilot is seated inside a plastic bubble. Around him, several hundred times a minute, revolves a powerful gas turbine of unconventional design.

The saucer's rim remains stationary. Air is sucked through inlets on the rim's forward surfaces and blasts of hot air are ejected through combustion chambers along the remaining perimeter and out the "tail"—a flat surface to the rear which is the craft's only control.

The swiftly revolving engine produces a gyroscopic effect so great, according to the designers' mathematical calculations, that it took several months to devise an efficient control system. Their success with this problem is attested by the claim that the saucer, as presently envisaged, can perform 180-degree turns without changing altitude.

For take offs the saucer utilizes a simple tripod undercarriage which is left behind on the ground. Like a sky-

At last—a *real* flying saucer, nobody's dream or hallucination.

Developed by the Canadian Air Force, it will revolutionize flying

rocket it soars into the air with sheer brute force, except that in this case the force is generated not by rocket propulsion but by a gyroscopic form of lift. Landings are made on a tough underbelly.

In Ottawa, Canada's capital, an official of the Canadian Defense Department had this to say about the saucer:

"The Royal Air Force is very keen on the project and suggested Canada should see it through to final development. It contains so many revolutionary features that the cost may be very high, but it would clinch Canadian prestige in the scientific world."

A spokesman for the British Air Ministry, which had studied the Canadian plans, told newsmen:

"This craft is so revolutionary that if it flies, anything now in the air becomes obsolete."

A colleague described the project as "coming closest to what everyone is looking for—a war plane independent of runways or carriers because it takes off vertically and is still able to fly at terrific speed.

In a statement to employees carried in the Avro Canada Ltd. plant newspaper, President Crawford Gordon, Jr., announced:

"For obvious reasons, neither the employees of Avro Canada nor the general public can, nor do I think they expect to be kept informed of what this or any other [aircraft] company is doing in the way of advanced design and development affecting national defense.

"All Avro has to say is this: like all aircraft companies that want to stay in business, we are directing a substantial part of our efforts toward new ideas and advanced designs. Like other firms we have a number of such projects under way. One of our projects could be said to be quite revolutionary in concept and appearance.

"That is all Avro Canada is going to say about this project now or in the future whether it proves to be practicable or whether it does not. Whatever the outcome, it must remain a secret."

The basic principle of operation of the saucer on which the Canadians are working was described by a Toronto consulting engineer.

"In the turbo-jet," he said, "compressed air passes from the front of the engine to the fuel and emerges as gas at the rear. In a flying saucer the compressed air comes from the center and passes through vanes to a fuel chamber encircling the rim like a doughnut.

"Exhausts on either side of the saucer eject the gases, giving the craft great push. By varying the direction in which the exhausts are pointed the craft can be made to go up and down.

"Mind you," he cautioned, "I said the principle is simple. Actually, the detailed engineering problems are definitely complicated. It will be years before a flying saucer can pass from the theoretical stage into actual flight."

Major General Roger Ramey, USAF operations chief in Washington, said:

"The Canadian project apparently has 'mass'; in other words it has substance. And our investigations so far show that whatever caused saucer reports was insubstantial—like electronic phenomena."

This, in the view of Ottawa officials, is the question to be decided: whether a country with the limited financial resources of Canada (population of 15,000,000) should proceed single-handedly with an engineering job which, by all reports, has not been attempted by any of her wealthier, more populous allies.

In its present state, according to the experts, the Canadian saucer could be ready to take to the air in two to 10 years—depending on the amount of money and the number of high-ranking engineers assigned to the task.

The need for such an unusual aircraft is evident with one cursory glance at a map of the Canadian Arctic. Airfields along the tundra belt are almost non-existent. Those in use by the Royal Canadian Air Force and commercial airlines are predominantly of the short-runway type, inaccessible to present-day jet fighters which require longer distances for takeoff and landing. A straight-up, straight-down saucer could operate in any area dictated by tactical necessity.

The main research is being directed by specially selected teams from Canada's National Aeronautical Establishment, the Canadian Defense Research Board, Air Force Headquarters at Ottawa and Avro Canada Ltd., a private company with substantial facilities for aircraft and gas turbine production at Malton, a suburb of Toronto.

Behind this program is a theory recently explained by Dr. Omond M. Solandt, wartime member of Britain's Army Operational Research Group and now chairman of the highly secret Canadian Defense Research Board.

"Military research in Canada," Dr. Solandt said, "must be limited to a relatively small number of projects. In selecting fields for research the Board attempts to choose ones of particular importance to the Canadian services and in which the work can be more effectively done in Canada than elsewhere.

"The Board has always regarded a new idea as a unique resource and consequently has backed important new ideas arising in Canada. It is a natural corollary . . . that we should try to concentrate our effort on the more speculative research and development that is likely to produce major improvements."

Avro Canada Ltd., to which Dr. Solandt has entrusted several phases of the saucer project, is one of the main segments of Canadian defense production.

It is at the Avro plant that the wooden mockup of the saucer is being constructed. Experts in the fields of electronics and armament are anxiously awaiting its completion. For, once they have something more tangible than blueprints to work with, they can advise the government as to the variety, weight and probable effectiveness of fire power that can be installed.

Only in the past few months has Avro even conceded the existence of a saucer project; previous enquiries were always answered with blanket denials.

Little detailed information, therefore, has emerged about Canada's venture into the aeronautical future. But if what information we have is reliable—and I'm satisfied that it is—Canada is on its way to making the most revolutionary advancement in aviation history. •



THE AIR FORCE LOOKS AT "SAUCERS"

by Allen Long

Condensed from Science News Letter

THE U. S. Air Force doubts that flying saucers come from outer space. But Air Force officials are keeping an open mind on the subject —just in case.

"You can never tell when one of the darn things will land," one spokesman said. But his chuckle showed disbelief.

The spokesman, who declined to be quoted by name, said 90 percent of the 1953 crop of flying saucer reports has been traced to such things as weather balloons, temperature inversions and jet planes. Only ten percent of the reports turned in during 1953 were unaccounted for.

He said he felt the Air Force could have explained the remaining ten percent as natural or man-made phenomena if more information had been available.

Flying saucer hysteria in the United States has been stimulated by sensational sightings reported from time to time in the press. And the mystery apparently is made to grow deeper by an Air Force policy of not discrediting a person or organization.

When a sensational flying saucer report is received, the Air Force investigates. If the experts conclude that the sighter had hallucinations or that he deliberately concocted a hoax, the Air Force remains silent rather than discredit the person who turned in the report. No official statement is issued saying the sensational sighting was bunk.

This assures the Air Force that other persons will continue turning in legitimate reports without fear of public ridicule. It also means the Air Force will continue receiving a certain number of red herrings.

Flying saucer hysteria has been stimulated by ambitious photographers who send in photographs of what purport to be machines from other worlds. The background in the picture probably is authentic, but the flying missile might be anything from a dishpan to a carefully placed drop of developer on the photographic negative.

However, a 40-foot strip of 16-millimeter film shot by Warrant

Officer Delbert C. Newhouse was pronounced authentic by Air Force photographic experts. No photographic trickery was involved, they said.

But the flying objects caught on the film reportedly showed up only as pinpoints of light that yielded no information as to the size or shapes of the objects. Air Force officials conjecture that the "objects" could have been rays of sunlight bouncing off ice crystals in clouds, or high-flying jet planes glittering in the sunlight.

Chances are small that objects unexplained by the Air Force are from outer space. Within the solar system, there is no planet that can support human life as it exists on earth. Although other solar systems are known to have planets, astronomers cannot yet say whether these planets can support human life as does the earth.

But even if some far-off solar system did have a planet populated with men and women, the chance of their sending spaceships to the earth seems incredible. It takes years for light—the fastest-moving of all things—to reach the earth from these solar systems. Presumably any spaceship would travel far more slowly than light.

The Rev. Francis J. Heyden, head of the department of astronomy at Georgetown University, said any such spaceship approaching the earth would have to decelerate at such a rate "it would produce a pyrotechnic display in the sky that would make a meteor look sick."

"The whole world would know about it," Fr. Heyden added, "and the people on earth would tremble with fear."

To launch an inter-solar expedition to the earth would almost require a life-long dedication to the cause by parents, and pledged dedication for their unborn offspring and perhaps even their grandchildren. If the space travelers lived to be 70, they most likely would die before reaching earth. Their children would have to carry on.

Equipping such an inter-solar expedition would be a staggering task, even for some unknown race of supermen. The fuel, food and necessities to sustain life on such a long journey probably would result in a spaceship so heavy that it could not take off to begin the first leg of its long, long journey.



A National Geographic Society expedition in the Mediterranean Sea off the southern coast of France has discovered and is now raising the oldest known cargo ship in the world, a Greco-Roman vessel sunk in the third century before Christ, Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the Society has announced. Almost 1,000 large amphoras—pottery vessels used to carry the liquid cargoes of the ancients—have been recovered. Some, still corked, contained wine more than 2,100 years old.

[Yankee magazine, May 1954]

Emissary from Venus



by J. SENECA SMELK

I WAS EATING a solitary supper on April 2, 1954 in my house overlooking Mount Monadnock, in New Hampshire. There was still an hour of sunlight as I sat munching health bread, and I was looking out at the golden light when suddenly I stopped chewing, and stared.

There was a silver dot in space, which grew larger as it approached over the mountain. It was like watching a balloon being inflated. I knew that this was a flying saucer; I had watched for seven years, whole fleets of them dart by in noiseless flight, following this course which I believe is a natural magnetic vortex by which they recharge their energy.

But I had the feeling that this ship was significant—that this one was for me! A strange force seemed to pull at my consciousness and rivet my whole being on the approaching phenomenon.

Then it abruptly stopped dead, a quarter mile from where I watched, spellbound. I was powerless to resist the will that drew me outdoors, but I did have the presence of mind to grab my camera.

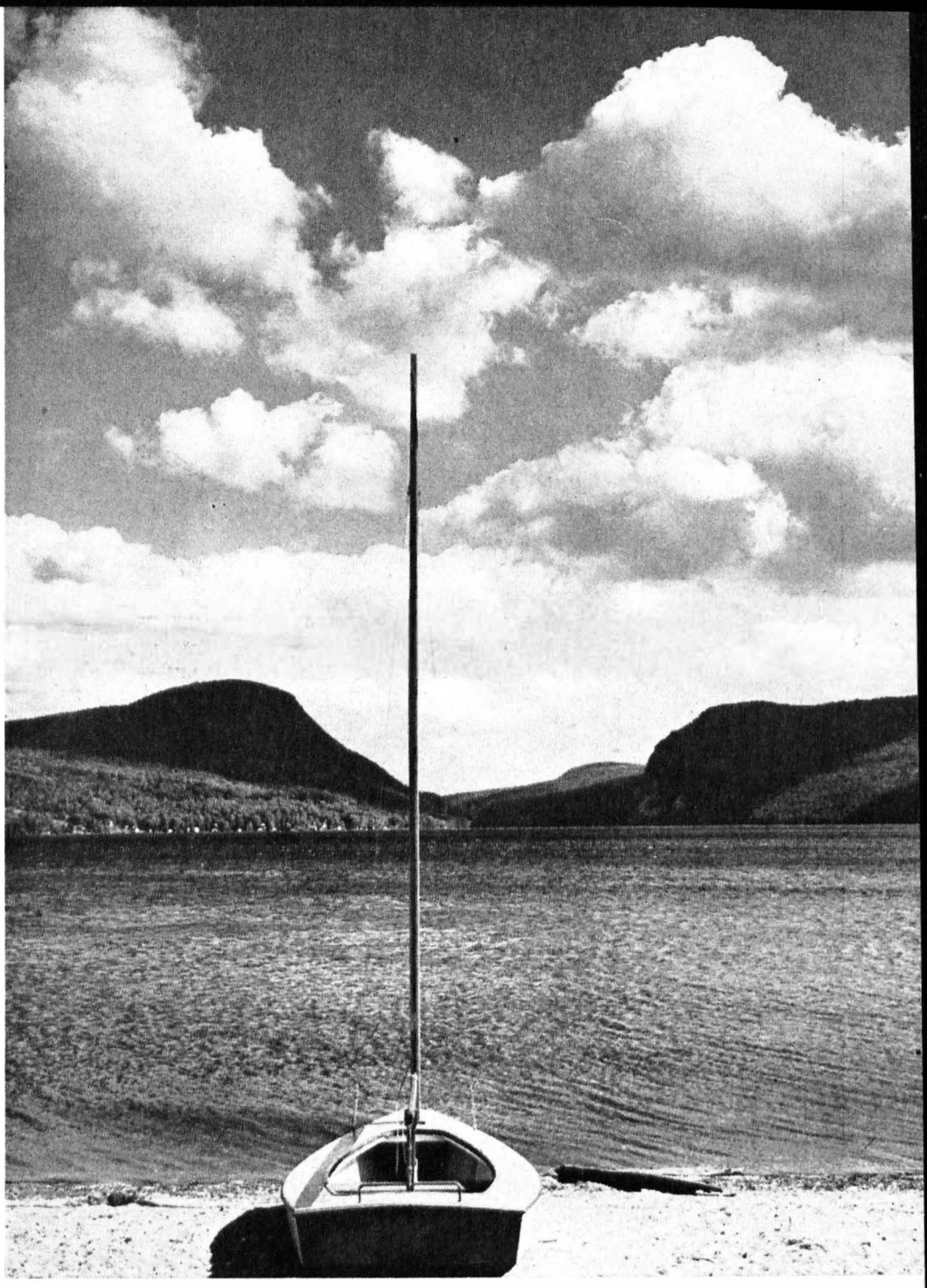
The bell-shaped ship hovered motionless just above the ridge, reflecting golden light from the sinking sun. But my attention was drawn to a figure standing on a flat rock, silhouetted against the sky. It was beckoning.

A stranger, but nonetheless I felt an instant affection for it. As at last we stood face to face, I knew I was in the presence of a superior being, a person of boundless love and pity and understanding. Though the long hair blowing in the chill wind had made me suppose this was a woman, I now saw it was a young man of remarkably fair appearance, medium height and slim build.

"From Venus?" I asked, pointing to the sun and making two circles, and he nodded and said, "Venus," in his boyish voice, making the same motions. I extended my hand and he brushed my palm with his, in what I suppose is the Venusian greeting.

Then we both stood back and framed mental questions, concentrating to telegraph our thoughts. A question in his mind made me look down at my new car in my driveway. The Venusian made steering motions and said, "Prrrt! prrrt!" intense curiosity in his face.

I murmured, "Really, it's nothing at all," and began a mental image of his saucer. But pictures of my car kept crowding into my consciousness and the Venusian seemed to be getting quite excited, pointing at the car and talking



LAKE WILLOUGHBY, VERMONT

gibberish. To placate him, I concentrated on valves and cylinders, tires, steel, gasoline, and roads. He looked amazed; but when I began to think about 150 horses yoked together to give the idea of horsepower, he reached into a concealed pocket in his tunic, pulled out a sort of notebook and scribbled furiously, talking to himself in what sounded like a tape-recorded speech rewinding at high speed.

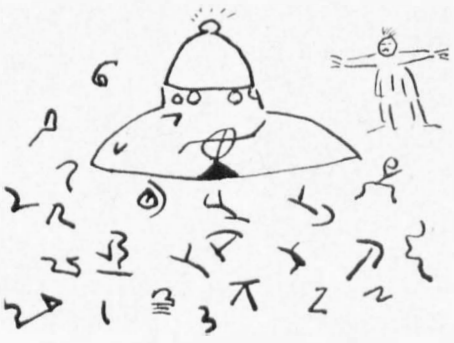
I wished to ask him a great many questions—whether all other planets were inhabitated, whether they really lived up to spiritual laws better than we earthly materialists, whether cosmic dust from our atom bombs was endangering the whole galaxy, etc. But nothing I could think or signal had any effect. He waved aside my questions, and kept me at work on the car, scratching madly in his notebook.

Then abruptly he put away his notes, smiled beatifically and gestured farewell. His ship lowered to within a few feet. As he turned to go, he held out a slip of paper.

I found myself standing there staring at a diminishing dot. All I had to show for my experience was a picture of the "flying saucer" I had taken, and the strange hieroglyphics on the note in my palm.

I think I've found a fairly close translation of the Venusian's message, but I'm disappointed and puzzled. Working from translations of ancient forgotten languages, which I found in the Ramayana, the Sanskrit Samarangana Stutradhara and Dead Languages of the Atlanteans, (I have always agreed with philosophers who believed Earth's civilization came from another plant), I came up with this: "The all powerful, supremely omniscient Plut of Venus may commission me to purchase a large number of machines like your own—we on Venus have no terrestrial means of locomotion. I shall return with an extra vimana like the one you saw, which, together with 1000 spoles, I will give you in exchange for your machine."

I expect a return visit from my friend from Venus any day now, and then at last, I'll be able to follow my thoughts into outer space. Only yesterday I had the distinct feeling that some force was at work on my mind again.

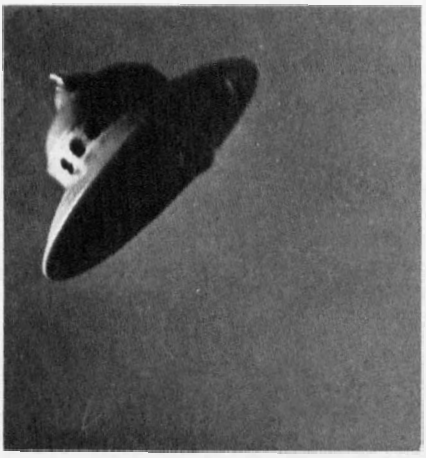


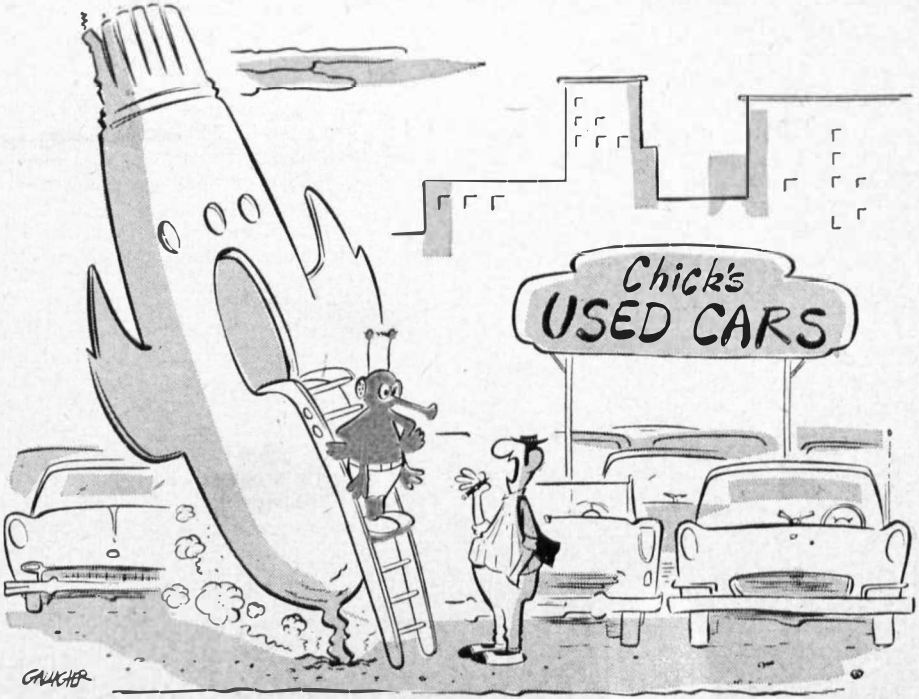
Venusian handwriting—see Smelk's translation below.

* * *

(Editor's Note): Saucer-researcher and authority J. Seneca Smelk's foregoing account bears striking resemblances to the extraordinary story of George Adamski's meeting with a Venusian on the California Desert, recounted in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, published by the British Book Centre in September, 1953. Note in particular the nearly identical likeness of the saucer photos in Adamski's book and Smelk's, although Smelk's with its slightly larger portholes, may well be a later model.

Going up at 3000 mph from a standing start! Smelk "panned" to stop the action in this extraordinary shot.





"I can let you have fifty bucks on it, pal. That's the best I can do."

PRO and CON

Flying Saucers

To the Editor:

In "Flying Saucers Are the Bunk" (February BLUEBOOK), D. H. Menzel states: ". . . the Air Forces generally recognize that the explanations I have suggested in terms of natural phenomena are probably correct. . . ."

This statement contrasts oddly with what Major D. E. Keyhoe says in his book, "Flying Saucers from Outer Space." Keyhoe quotes the following official statement of "Project Bluebook," the Air Force agency that investigated flying saucers:

"[Menzel's] explanations were known to the Project, and carefully considered, long before Menzel published his theories. They explain only a small percent of the sightings. . . . Prominent scientists analyzed Menzel's claims. None of them accepted his answers."

It appears that either Menzel or Keyhoe is publishing statements that are without foundation.

H. Somers

Quebec, Canada

To the Editor:

If flying saucers are reflections or deflections of light rays, as Mr. Menzel claims, how come they've been picked up on radar screens? And if they're mirages, how does he explain the fact that they've been photographed?

Ever seen a photograph of a mirage?

Paul Allen Okamoto

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

In my nearly 80 years, I've never seen a flying saucer as such, but did see, on one occasion, a phenomenon that can hardly be described as commonplace.

In September 1949, my wife and I were returning to Florida from Nova Scotia by Pullman. It was a clear night and I sat looking out of the window, everyone having retired except myself and a man and woman.

Suddenly I saw a bright light moving fast across the sky, diagonally ahead of us. Excitedly, I called to the man and woman. As I pointed out the light to them, it stopped, remained stationary for an instant, then raced toward and over the train. We rushed to the window on the other side of the car, but couldn't spot it again.

It couldn't possibly have been an hallucination.

Albert Walker Stewart

Lakeland, Fla.

To the Editor:

I don't claim that saucers are real. But I'm disturbed at Menzel's narrow-minded attitude and lack of imagination.

If it weren't for imagination, we wouldn't be living in the modern world we take so much for granted today. After all, suppose you had tried to explain television a hundred years ago. You probably would have been put in an institution.

Tom W. Titlow

Philadelphia, Pa.

K-K-K-Katy

To the Editor:

I'm a railroad fan—more especially a Katy railroad fan. So I enjoyed Clyde Carley's "I Rode the Hottest Freight to Texas."

But why the picture of a New York Central engine? It's a Fairbanks Morse 2,000 HP dual-purpose Diesel. And, as far as I know, the Katy has no engines of this type.



Here's a snapshot of a Katy F-3 Diesel of the type mentioned in the article.

Charles M. Mizell Jr.

Dallas, Tex.

With a deadline hard upon him, our art editor couldn't get a good photo of a Katy Diesel, had to make do with the N. Y. Central number. He's sorry. We're sorry.—ED.

Address all letters to: The Editor, Bluebook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. All letters must be signed. None can be acknowledged or returned.

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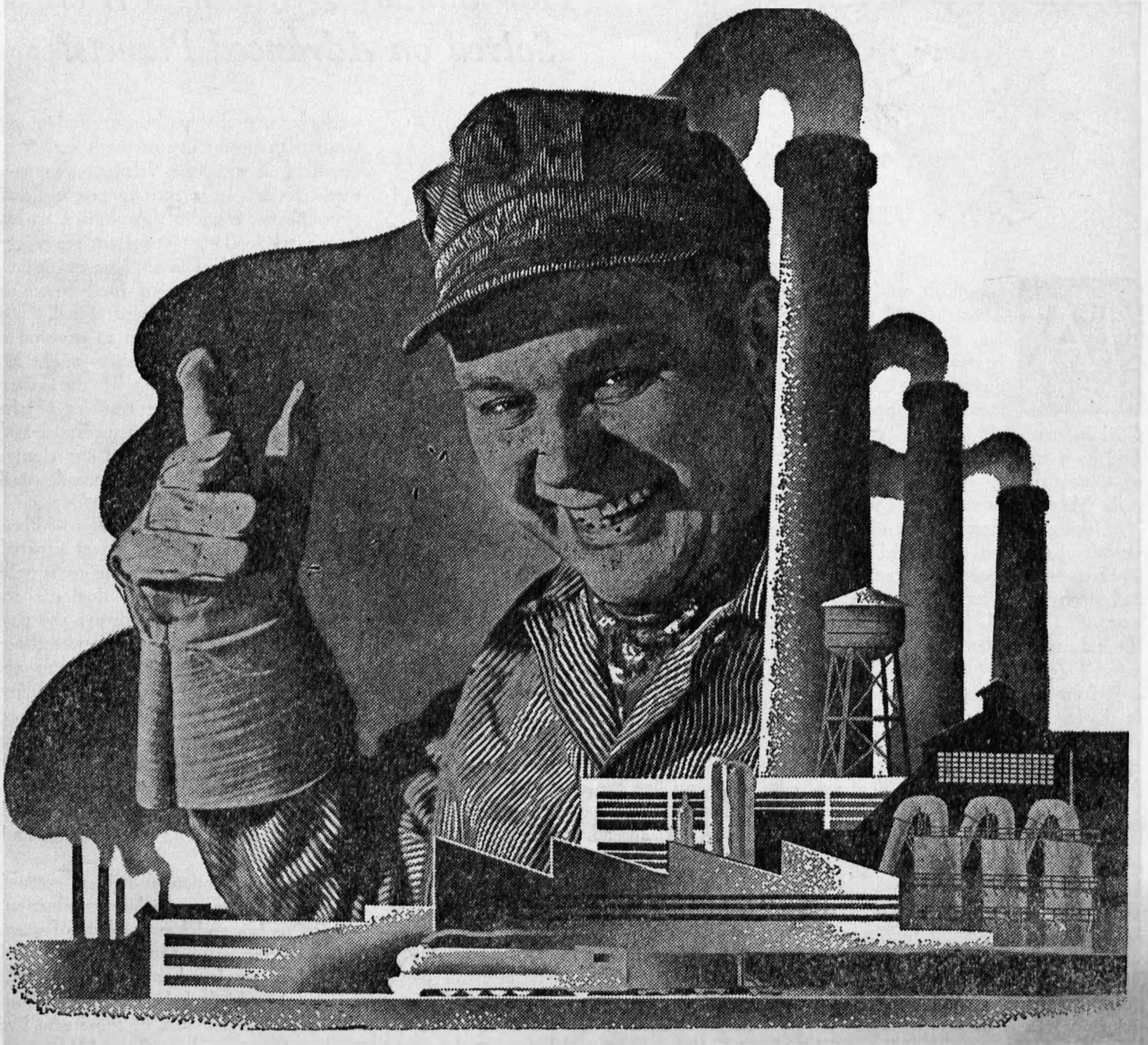
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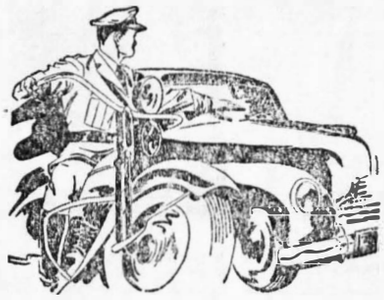
SAUCERS

The Golden Times Weekly...

How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume VII Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, May 1, 1954 Number 1





Mysterious Pitting of Windshield Glass Grows Worse All Over America

By Geo. Hunt Williamson

THE FBI has been brought into the great "mystery of the pockmarked windshields." FBI scientists have been asked to analyze "scrapings and materials" from affected auto glass. An FBI spokesman said, "We've already said we couldn't offer any conclusion than that the material appears to be wood ash."

Reports are coming in from widely separated places, including Canada and England. In Chicago, rear windows have been found honeycombed with cracks and chips. If one touches any part of the glass it falls apart in his hands. A few days ago over 400 windshields in downtown Columbus, Indiana were damaged. A mysterious, white ashlike substance even burned through car paint. Some of the glass pits were up to one-half inch in diameter.

A gas station attendant scraped off a tar-like substance from a car window, and discovered the material to be magnetic! On the evening of April 22nd, radio station WIND in Chicago reported that a strange blue mist had settled on a car, *and while its occupants watched intently,* the glass in the auto shattered to pieces. Square fractures had appeared first, then the shattering followed.

Another observer said the destruction to his windshield *had taken place from the inside of his car.* In other words, the pressure—if there were any—causing the destruction did not come from the outside of his vehicle. Some find a blue dust sediment imbedded in their glass after the shattering takes place. Some have found a *red* dust. This has all been happening in England for over a year where many have seen weird, yellow flames strike their windshields.

The strange disorder has left a trail of broken glass and baffled scientists from Seattle to New York by way of Chicago and other midwestern cities. A southern Illinois driver reported his car windows cracked up before his eyes with a sound approximating that of a lively breakfast cereal. Another driver in a truck on his way out of Indianapolis, suddenly saw what appeared to be a large drop of water fall on his windshield. This one drop of water then proceeded to spread itself *over the entire windshield!* Before he could stop the truck and get out to examine this unusual drop, it had evaporated.

"It behaved like gasoline," said the driver. When he did examine the windshield he found many pits.

NO explanation has been offered in any state or country by scientists. However, the following list sums up present theories—

A group at the University of Washington has said that the most likely explanation of the windshield pockmarking is normal driving conditions in which small objects strike the glass of cars. Yet *rear* windows are involved as much, or more than, *front* windshields. It is unthinkable that anyone has been *backing up* at 70 miles an hour over long stretches of highway. And if it is caused by normal wear and tear, why has it waited until now to cause damage?

A representative of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, after examining pockmarked windshields in Mount Pleasant, Michigan, last week, pronounced they resulted from flying sand, gravel, cinders and other objects. But since then, scientists of the company's home laboratory at Creighton, Pennsylvania, have launched a more extensive investigation of samples from Seattle, Washington. No report is expected from the laboratory for a week.

Ernest E. Johnson, general manager of an engineering laboratory at the General Electric plant at Schenectady, New York, says experiments have shown that a drop of resin allowed to stand on windshield glass overnight at room temperature *could* cause a pit in the glass. Resin particles are sometimes found in the atmosphere, particularly in industrial areas, and may condense and fall earthward as droplets, Johnson said.

When the Atomic Energy Commission was asked if the blame could be placed on radioactivity, they said: "The AEC has received no reports which would indicate that radioactivity is responsible for pitting of automobile windshields. There is no reason to believe that tradition has any connection with any such phenomenon." Their statement does not mean that radioactivity hasn't something to do with glass pitting. They claim radiation from the recent Pacific tests isn't dangerous . . but others claim it is!

John Kro, Jr., research crystallographer of the Illinois Institute of Technol-

(*Continued on Page* 14)

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SOULCRAFT CHAPELS
NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

Blue Book are about the only ones left. But what a gritty American crowd they were in their heyday! . .

o—o

I DID business with the editorial staffs of every standard publication in the country, between 1916 and 1932. I knew George Horace Lorimer of the *Satevepost* —did a series of Wild West Show stories for him—Gilman Hall of *Everybody's*, Arthur Sullivan of *Adventure*, Ray Long of *Cosmo*, Arthur Vance of *Pictorial Review*, Karl Harriman of *Redbook*, Don Kennicott of *Blue Book*,—something like 248 published stories or serials in all, never two plots alike. And all the while I was keeping up my regular contributions to *American* and *Collier's*. If I republished them all today in book form, they'd run to well over sixty volumes. Parade of phantoms, indeed!

Just a page out of Yesteryear, the whole of it. Who cares?

Windshield Damage

(Continued from Page 3)

ogy has been examining samples of the curious honey-combed glass. These samples were supplied by Mrs. Lynne Kasper, employe of the Railroad Retirement Board. She lives in Island Lake, Illinois, 45 miles northwest of Chicago. She said she and her husband returned home a week ago to find the back pane in their 1941 model auto full of small cracks. At first there were only little marks, *but they got worse the next day*, till the windshield looked like a honeycomb. Two days later her husband touched the window and it fell apart.

After intensive microscopic and chemical examination of the particle, Kro said: "The samples show a glass which has been tempered or hardened in manufacture. To produce the condition, the glass must have been shocked. It is typical of what happens to hardened glass when subjected to thermal or mechanical shock. What produced the shock *I cannot say.*" Does Kro mean he doesn't know? Or does he mean he is not allowed to say? He also added, however, that the glass was subjected to great strain as a result of the shock, "and the cause of the strain might still be present." Some of the glass had crystallized. Normally, this process is slow. Some windows of ancient cathedrals show the same type of crystallization. On church windows it looks attractive since it adds to their beauty . . but it's not attractive when you want to see the highway ahead.

Kro said he could find no surface pitting on the glass, such as was reported in some cities.

All of it started a little over two weeks ago on the Northwest Pacific Coast, where several persons reported pinhead chunks of glass were popping from their windshields. Since then States all the way to the East Coast have been involved. Scientists say it is not caused by Cosmic rays or little invisible boys from Mars armed with air rifles.

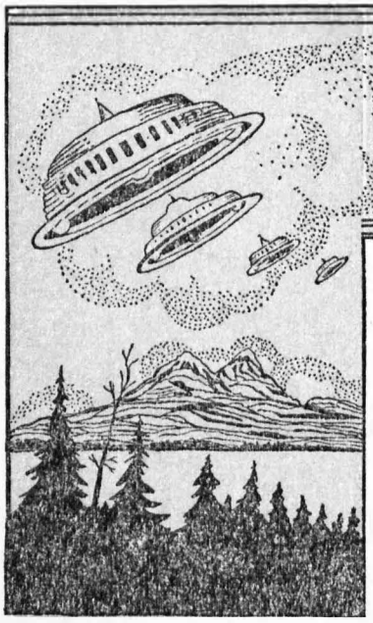
Canadian scientists believe that it is all being caused by an unusual meteor shower. However, this fails to explain why it has long been going on in England for over a year now. Besides, one certain road in England is the most noted spot. Would it seem likely that a meteor shower would continue over one certain road for a year? These scientists claim they give the meteor explanation because *"it's the only thing that's possible."*

Glass shattering for apparently no reason at all, is not an entirely new story, and not confined to automobiles alone. House windows have also been widely affected. The glass affected has crystallized. What is happening? The condition is connected in some way with the frequencies of the new dimension (density) we are fast entering. It is one of the many strange things that the space friends have told us would take place on earth shortly.

What are to be the others?

One Saucer fan said: "Somehow the cohesive force that binds the molecules of the glass is weakened so that the glass crumbles or crystallizes. This cohesive force is similar to gravity, magnetism, etc. The life is taken out of the glass somehow. I don't think we have instruments that will detect the frequency or vibratory rate that does this."

Another authority said, "If our entire system is moving from a 3-dimensional unit into a 4th dimension, perhaps something from that 4th dimension (dust, etc.) passes into the glass, and while there it may suddenly manifest in the 3rd dimension. This would cause the sharp popping sounds certain people have heard before the shattering takes place."



SAUCER SYMPOSIUM

···By George Hunt Williamson···

ARE THERE ETHERIC ARMIES?

WE FIND Saucers throughout recorded history and in legends and so-called myths down through the ages. Have these craft ever destroyed anyone? Have they ever shown interest in our puny earth . . interest that would lead to conquest? In all the information we can gather, we find only a neighborly curiosity on the part of Saucer intelligences. Of course, there are those who protest and point to the Mantell case.

Captain Thomas Mantell died mysteriously in the skies south of Fort Knox, Kentucky, January 7, 1948. He had sent a strange message over his radio to Godman Air Force Base. "Captain Mantell to Godman Tower. . . Have sighted the Thing. Looks metallic—and its tremendous in size!" In the tower below no one spoke. "The Thing's starting to climb." Mantell said next. "It's at twelve o'clock high, making half my speed. I'll try to close in."

In five minutes, the Captain reported again. The strange metallic object had speeded up, now making 360 or more. Other men in the sky reported they saw the object too, but Mantell had outclimbed them and was lost in cloud. Seven minutes later, another report came in from the Captain. "It's still above me, making my speed or better. Going up to twenty thousand feet. If I'm no closer, I'll abandon chase."

This was his last report. Several minutes later his fighter plane disintegrated with terrific force.

The falling wreckage was scattered down thousands of feet.

AT THE time, officialdom tried to say that Mantell had met his death while chasing the planet Venus which *could* shine during daytime. When this planet is at its greatest brilliance, it is possible to see it during daylight . . *but you have to know exactly where to look.* On January 7, 1948, Venus was less than half at its peak performance. However, under exceptionally good atmospheric conditions and with the eye shielded from direct rays of the sun, Venus might be seen as an exceedingly *tiny* point of light. However, the chances of looking at just the right spot are slender. We must remember there were other pilots in the sky at the same time as Mantell, also saw this tremendous object. How could they have been looking at Venus if it were tiny as a pinhead and difficult to see?

Someone was desperate even to suggest such an idea, but there are astronomers and other "authorities" who still say Venus lured Mantell to his death!

THERE ARE other cases on record that tell almost the same story. One of these we mentioned in *The Saucers Speak*—about the pilot and his plane destroyed over Yuma, Arizona, during a Saucer "scare". But there wasn't any "scare". These aircraft were not shot down or destroyed intentionally. The Saucer people never destroy created life and they tell us that in this great corner of the Universe we are the *only* planet knowing war and bloodshed. Then what did happen to Mantell and the others?

Around each and every spacecraft is a Resonating Electro-Magnetic (RMF) fore-field. Nothing can enter that field without becoming disintegrated. We know that we can go to the moon by rocket power, but we will never go far beyond the moon, for our own RFM will keep us within our own field as though we were subject to celestial quarantine regulations.

It is indeed a strange thing. . . We cannot get into outer space beyond our own satellite until we have discovered the secret of magnetic propulsion and we are not going to discover that until we progress to the place where we will live in Peace and Love with our fellowman.

Our scientists today, here an in other countries, are vainly striving to solve the problem of magnetic flight.

That never will do it until they understand and accept higher metaphysical concepts.

The Fourth Great Primary Force of Nature has never been utilized by modern man on earth. In the New Age on the New Earth it *will* be used, and this time is close at hand.

Some will say, "But if our Saucer friends know everything and are so intelligent how could they allow an accident to happen where human life were thus destroyed?" It is easy to answer. First of all, our Saucer friends do not know everything. They are not perfect. They are subject to error as well as ourselves . . not as much error to be sure . . but error, nonetheless. They are merely a step ahead of us in eternal progression. In the second place, no life can be *destroyed.*

The form may alter, but life itself is eternal.

DONALD KEYHOE, in his latest book, *Flying Saucers From Outer Space,* speaks of "red spray-bombs" and "green fireballs" that possibly may be guided missiles from outer space. This concept is wholly inconsistent with the facts.

The Saucers have been visiting us for centuries so why would they wait until the present to start their conquest of our small contaminated planet? Why did they not get the job over with when we

(Continued on Page 10)

"Adam Awakes"



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HERE at last is the Fourth Major Soulcraft Book that rationalizes the Adam and Eve fable of Woman's creation from a rib of Man. The views of the Great Cosmic Hierarchy on mortal Romance and Matrimony are assumed to have been communicated by Extra-Sensory Perception, and are being published in a de luxe volume that is now proceeding through the Noblesville plant. There will be only 1,100 copies in the First Edition.

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Soulcraft Chapels

But granting some such crackpot measure could be legalized, what greater honor could be paid the American individual who was made the first victim of it? St. Stephen as a martyr by comparison would be a cinema stand-in.

Any more horrors on which to raise money this week, Gerald?

Saucer Symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

were conducting warfare with bows and arrows? Mr. Keyhoe only suggested that possibility. Many have picked it up and thereby created fear in the hearts of the illiterate. Needless to say, the fireballs are not guided missiles. In fact, their purpose is the direct opposite of destruction. Obviously they are counteracting the radioactive effects of our atom bombs.

Recently there has been a rash of damaged windshields across America. These have been suggested as caused by mysterious "ghost bullets." Also, from coast to coast house glass has been shattered in strange ways. No pellets or BBs are ever found. At times, cars have been facing brick walls with people present looking directly *at* the windshields, which suddenly have shattered. Insurance company adjusters, glass company experts and police have no clues. Sometimes the glass is broken into a thousand tiny pieces. *What is the real cause?* All we can report is what we have mentioned many times before. Our entire solar system is moving rapidly into another section of the Universe and cosmic ray bombardment has speeded up . . this may have something to do with it. Whatever it is, you can be sure Saucer armies are not shooting windshields!

YES, THERE are Etheric "Armies" . . but their equipment does not include weapons of any sort. They are not going to bomb, gas, shoot, or rape us. *They live Universal Law.* Because they practice Love as it should be practiced they are protected and cannot be destroyed. The Space People are, at the same time, true scientists, for where we have much contradiction, they have only Truth. Their Religion and Science are One . . a perfect blend.

You might say, therefore, they are here to "conquer" us with Love. Lately, there has been a rash of Saucer "scares". One woman shot her husband so the Saucermen wouldn't get him. Other women have had to be forcibly held as they screamed, "A Saucerman is after me!" These would seem to be tools of the opposing forces, trying desperately to turn us away from the Host that the Father has sent to us in this our hour of Great Quandary.

One recent article tells us the armies have come, because the Saucers are seen in such great numbers. Yes, the Saucers do constitute an "Army" for there are several million spacecraft around the earth at present.

The only weapon they carry is the double-edged sword of *Truth!*

Nuclear Fission

(Continued from Page 2)

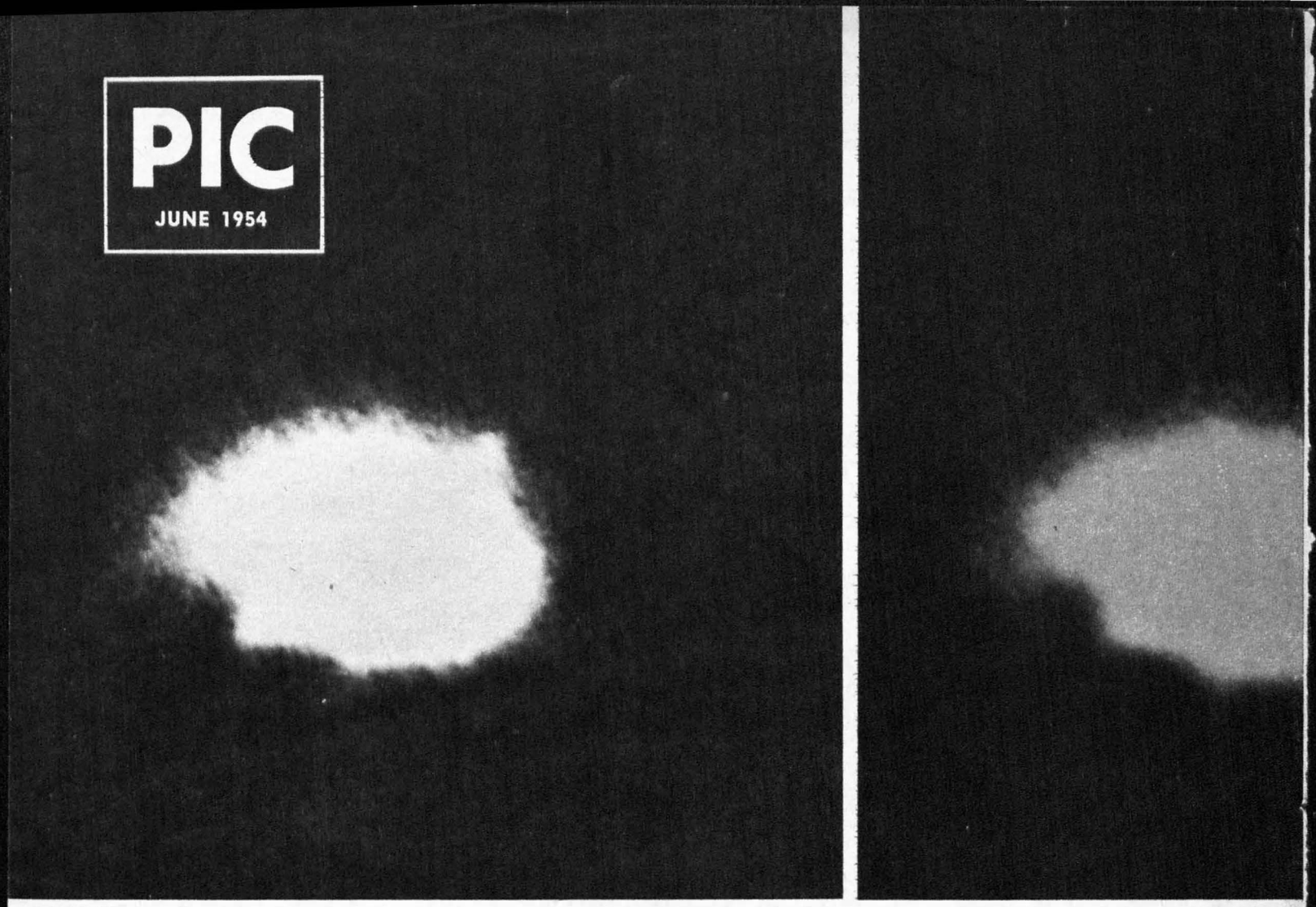
off some form of government largess.

The Socialist, not to mention the Communist, beholds this trend with relish. It fits straight into the mold of his collectivist ideology—so he thinks. *Only it doesn't.* When "the Government runs everything", the situation resolves into a political bloc running everything, which of itself makes for dictatorial supervision that restores class autocracy. What is on the make in the next two score years is a dilemma that confronts the whole citizenry as a citizenry, from which few can be immune.



If, as, and when chemical synthesis, plus nuclear fission, well-nigh removes the economic problem from earth—or at least a portion of the earth peopled by advanced races like those in the north temperate zone—just what purpose does the

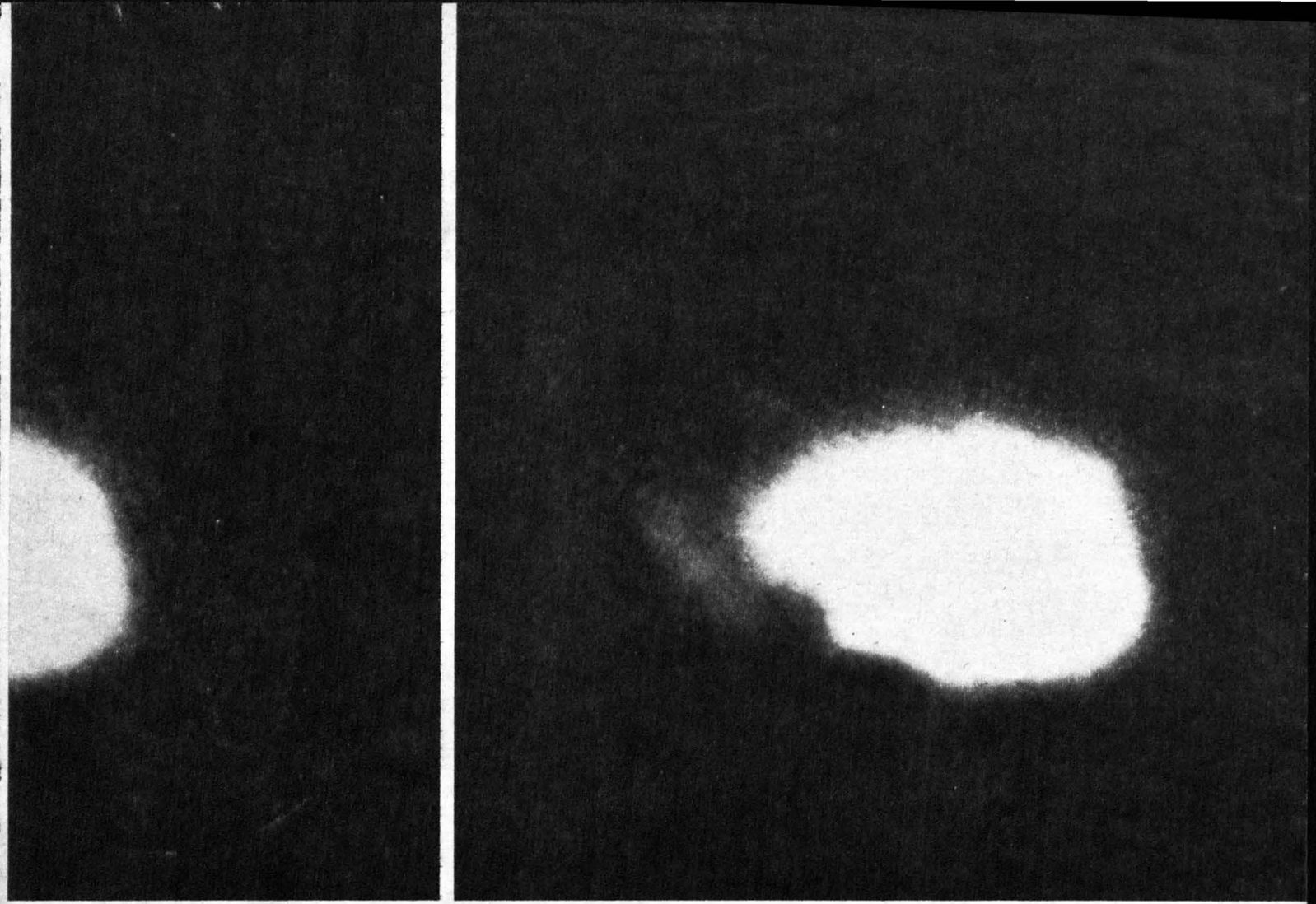
PIC
JUNE 1954



U.S. Marine photographer's pictures of a saucer in flight.

I PROVED FLYING SAUCERS ARE REAL

Here Are His Photos Revealed at Last, and His Exclusive Story for PIC—But Why Did the Air Force Keep It Quiet?



Enlarged approximately 120 times, these are three of the movie frames shown on page 14. The object is traveling in a left-to-right direction at a speed estimated by the University of Miami at 7550 miles per hour. The physics department also estimated the flying object to be 27 feet in diameter, calculated from the movie film (see page 14).

My reasons for writing this article:

First to clarify and prove once and for all that "Flying Saucers" are real and of tangible substance. Secondly, and above all, to help free persons seeing unidentified aerial objects from being ridiculed by press and radio. Instead, after reading this article, they should be encouraged to make such reports.

I think it is high time for the Air Force to acknowledge that saucers exist, and by making this acknowledgement they will receive the full cooperation of every citizen in reporting sightings. Only with the cooperation of the entire nation can we find out if these things are hostile or friendly.—Ralph Mayher.

By RALPH MAYHER

THE article you are about to read has been kept from you, the American public, for twenty-two months. Now at long last, in my own words and photographs, I will explain what happened on the night of July 29, 1952.

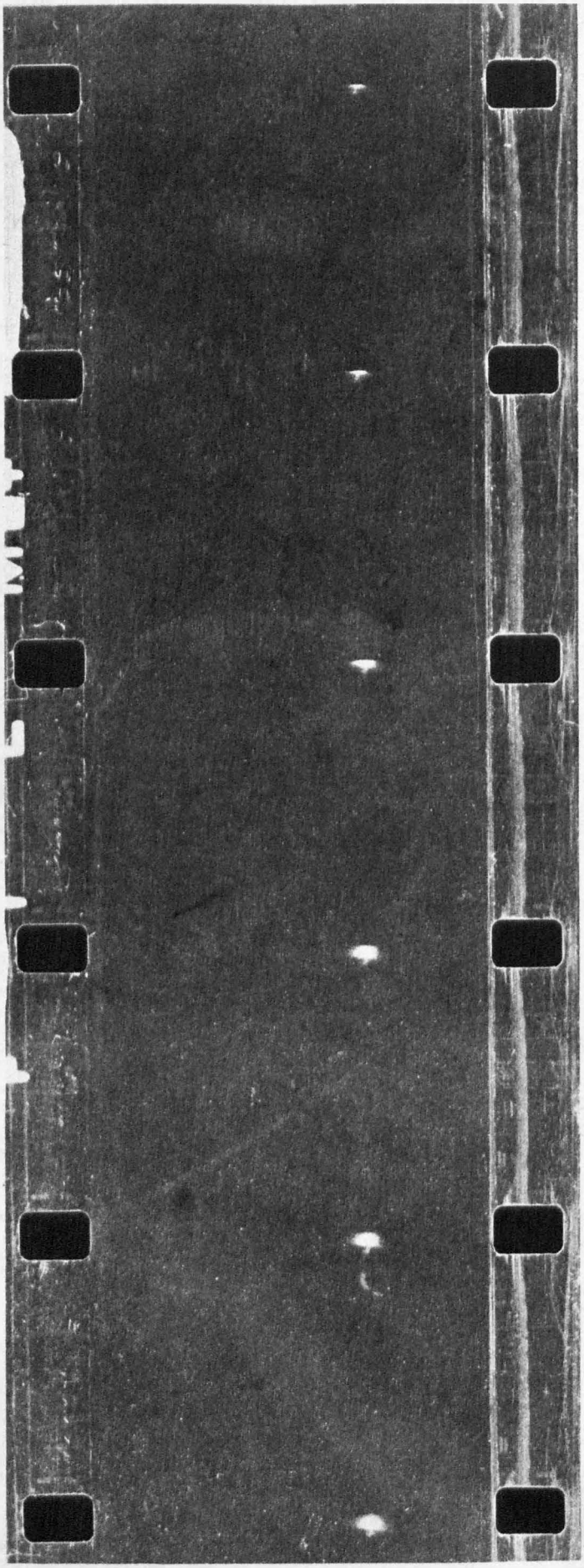
I am able to give you this true story now because I have removed the uniform as a United States Marine and I can speak freely as an American civilian.

Since the end of the second world war there have been numerous reports of disks and balls of fire floating through the sky. I (like most everyone else) gave these reports very little thought or attention. Reports increased and somewhere along the line the objects acquired the name of "Flying Saucers." Therefore throughout this article I

(*Continued on next page*)



Ralph Mayher, Richard Boswell and Mrs. Mayher re-enact the scene when saucer was sighted and photographed.



Movie film of flying saucer in motion, enlarged five times. Starting at the top, object becomes closer and brighter in each frame, proving speed of 7550 m.p.h.

Out of Uniform, Marine Photographer Now Tells His Story With Saucer Photos

CONTINUED

will refer to these strange objects as "Flying Saucers." (Officially there is no such thing.)

Throughout the years of 1948 and 1949 I read much about Flying Saucers. Our Atomic tests increased in number and more saucer stories appeared. In early 1950 I no longer thought there was any need for Flying Saucer jokes. The matter had become important to us, our government, and the world.

Then came the Korean War. On February 8, 1952, I was inducted into the United States Marine Corps and I was very proud to serve with the finest. With my photographic background I was sent directly from boot camp at Parris Island, South Carolina, to a new Air Station at Opa-Locka, Florida. This base is on the outskirts of Miami.

During the months of May and June of 1952 saucer reports in the state of Florida were incredibly high. A good example of this occurred at a Key West outdoor theater. Over one hundred sailors saw a saucer hover and then disappear into space. The interest became so intense that Miami television station WTVJ posted a one hundred dollar reward to any cameraman furnishing the station with a picture of a saucer in the Miami area.

On July 28, 1952, an amazing sighting was reported in the Miami Daily News and by WTVJ. The late Mr. Goldstein of Tatem Waterway, Miami Beach, had seen a saucer at such a low altitude it appeared to be as large as a full moon. I interviewed Mr. Goldstein. He was obviously sincere.



Two Navy fliers who also reported sighting similar brilliant moving object at same time. Lt. Commander Joe Mills and Commander Joe Gardner in front of their plane.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

CORAL GABLES (UNIVERSITY BRANCH) 46, FLORIDA

Physics Department
December 9, 1953

Mr. Ralph C. Mayher
55 N.E. 87th Street
Miami, Florida

Dear Mr. Mayher:

On the basis of the information and photographs supplied by you I have made a calculation of the size and velocity of the "saucer". The assumptions, calculations, and conclusions are given below:

Information supplied by you:
Focal length of camera lens: 63 millimeters
Speed of 16 mm. film in camera: 24 frames per second
Altitude of object (estimated by observers): 2000 feet
Maximum camera angle (estimated by photographer): 45 degrees
Apparent shape of saucer: rotating oblate spheroid which seemed to flatten out as the speed increased
Total time in view: approximately three minutes
Color of saucer: bright orange
Lens aperture of camera: f:2.7
Development of film: Three times normal development time
Film emulsion: fast panchromatic

Measurements on photograph:
Enlargement of print: six times
Width of first image: .3.5 mm.
Width of sixth image: 2.5 mm.
Time between first and sixth images: approximately .25 second

Assuming that the first image was recorded when the path of the "saucer" was perpendicular to the line of sight at an elevation of 45 degrees, the distance of the "saucer" from the camera was:

$$r = \frac{2000}{\sin 45^\circ} \approx 2830 \text{ feet}$$

The diameter of the "saucer" would then bear the same ratio to 2830 as the diameter of its image bears to the focal length of the lens. Taking into account the 6 time enlargement of the print, we get:

$$\frac{D}{2830} = \frac{3.5 \times 6}{63}$$

or: D, the diameter of the "saucer", is approximately 27 feet.

Mayher- 2

The distance from the camera to the "saucer" at the time of the sixth image may be found by observing that this distance is inversely proportional to the diameter of the image. (The circular shape of the "saucer" allows us to ignore the change in aspect.) The distance is given by:

$$R = \frac{3.5}{2.5} \times 2830 = 3960 \text{ feet}$$

Since this distance is the hypotenuse of a right triangle, one leg of which is r = 2830 feet, the distance traveled by the "saucer" along its path may be found by the Pythagorean theorem:

$$d = \sqrt{R^2 - r^2} = \sqrt{(3960)^2 - (2830)^2}$$

or: $d = \sqrt{7,672,700} \approx 2770$ feet

Dividing this distance by the time between the two images gives the average speed of the "saucer" during this time. Or:

$$v = \frac{d}{t} = \frac{2770}{.25} = 11,080 \text{ feet per second}$$

which is about 7550 miles per hour.

The "saucer" could not have been traveling at this high speed for the whole three minutes that it was in view. Apparently it came into sight traveling very much slower, and then underwent a tremendous accereration and sped out of sight.

The apparent change of shape of the object during its flight indicates that it is not a "flying saucer" at all, but a natural phenomenon which science has yet to explain.

Good luck with your article. We will be interested to hear how you make out.

Sincerely yours,

Clarence S. Reinwater

Clarence S. Reinwater
Assistant Professor of Physics

CSR/jmr

University of Florida physics department report to Mayher, with calculations based on his movie film.

During the day of July 29 I had a hunch. I decided that if these strange objects had appeared over our nation's capital two nights consecutively, chances of them reappearing over Miami two nights in a row were good too.

That evening, at six-thirty P.M., my wife and I were watching television as Ralph Renick reported the Florida news. More sightings of saucers were reported.



Watching their film being run off are Ralph Renick, Ralph Mayher and Norman Bean. Mayher took the film.

By seven P.M. I was convinced that if Mr. Goldstein had seen a saucer the night before I had nothing to lose taking a chance on a return visit. Having an address from the local paper, it was not too difficult to find Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein. We went to their apartment and were told by the neighbors they were visiting the Sterns.

To my great surprise there were no reporters or photographers in the area.

The couples were very cooperative and Mr. Goldstein took me out to the street and gave me his story. He also showed me exactly where the saucer appeared the night before at nine P.M. The time was now again nine.

He told me he had been on his way to lock his car when a bright light caught his eye. At first he thought it was the moon, then realized the moon was to his right and of different color. He was startled to say the least. It looked like a tremendous saucer hovering. The color was a bright reddish orange. There was no sound.

These facts disturbed me very much. When Mr. Goldstein explained the tremendous size of the Saucer, I began to doubt his word. Little did I know what was in store for me that same evening. Mr. Goldstein also explained that the object hovered for about two minutes and he was able to call his wife to the scene. Then without warning the Saucer shot into space without a sound, and within seconds. No jet plane will hover or move that fast.

I will bar no holds or try to distort any facts in the explanation of the greatest mystery of our time. I am of the opinion that the people of this nation want the truth that either saucers are a hoax or really exist. The following paragraphs are devoted to telling you exactly what happened to me, my film and the electrifying results. You

(*Continued on page* 66)

Marine's Story And Pictures Of Flying Saucer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15



Ralph Mayher

may then come to your own conclusions as I did.

The time was nine-thirty P.M. With permission granted I was now sitting in the Stern's patio with my wife and Richard Boswell. We were facing the west looking over Indian Creek. The night was clear and a one-quarter moon was shining. There was no wind. An ideal night for romance.

I turned to my wife and said jokingly, "no saucer yet." She gave me a warm smile, which was broken by a shriek from across the creek. A startled woman said, *"there it is again."* She was Mrs. Hunt who lives at Miami Beach, I learned later.

Immediately I jumped to my feet, checked the camera and shouted, "Where is it?"

It seemed like hours for the reply and a thousand thoughts went through my mind—could this be the same Saucer from the night before? Do I really have my chance I've waited for? Will the lens be powerful enough? Will this be a false alarm?

Actually the reply was instant. Mrs. Hunt said, "to your left above the apartments."

I moved quickly but still didn't see it. My wife excitedly said, "there it is!" I was as well prepared to meet the situation as anyone could be, but still I wasted about thirty seconds in amazement! Without any reason or doubt this was it!

Believe me there is nothing in this world that this saucer could be compared with. I held my breath and pressed the camera tightly against my cheek and followed the disk the best I could.

Words cannot explain the weirdness of this thing but my pictures may.

I did not get results with all 50 feet of film. The disk was so high it could be seen clearly with the naked eye, yet when I tried to view it through the viewer of the camera it could barely be made out. I think this is self explanatory to anyone who has ever held any type camera in their hands.

Knowing this may be a chance in a lifetime I followed the image with my naked eye instead of through the viewer. This is very difficult to do with a telephoto lens, but the results were sufficient.

In my opinion here is one of the most exclusive facts ever released on the Flying Saucer! My film being the *first series* of pictures *ever released* for publication is important, because the *series* proves beyond all doubt that people who have been reporting Saucers throughout the world are actually seeing the same thing that the film recorded on 29 July 1952. The reason they give the different descriptions of the saucer shapes is because they are seeing it in one particular flight. If I had only taken a single frame or picture this explanation would not have been possible.

Immediately after shooting the movies I was confused and a little frightened. The people in the immediate area began calling the newspapers, press syndicates, and the TV station.

I decided to call the Marine base. Maybe we could shoot this thing down. I talked to the Duty Officer, Lieutenant Aldridge. He gave me orders to remain inside the apartment and wait until he arrived. It was about two hours before the O.D. arrived armed. In the meantime I was offered money by certain newsmen if I would give them the film. I thought the film would be more valuable in the right hands than for just a news story.

The film was taken by Lieutenant Aldridge, and my wife and I went home. We must have gotten about an hour of sleep.

The next morning I was ordered to report to the Public Information Office. I was interviewed by three Marine officers, two captains and a major. Even though the morning paper carried a front page story, the officers were very skeptical. After a long and complete hearing I was released to my routine job. About an hour later I was notified that the decision was made to develop the film the quickest possible way. I was asked to go along to WTVJ where the film was to be developed, the studio having a handy darkroom and facilities.

I was very perturbed over the skepticism with which most people viewed me. There was one person who gave me a great deal of confidence. He was Norman Bean, a technician for WTVJ who had made a study of Flying Saucers reports and had given lectures pertaining to them.

The first thing I was told when we entered the developing room was that the image could not have been bright enough to be photographed. Secondly, they wanted to soup the entire 50 feet of film without making a test run for exposure. I finally talked them into souping 10 feet of film for a test. But when it was developed the normal time and began rolling out off the developing machine it was blank!

My heart was in my mouth. I couldn't have been wrong, I kept telling myself. I strained my eyes and combed every square millimeter of film. I thought I saw a faint underexposed image, but everyone said, "no, it is nothing". At that moment a door slammed. Two of the officers were leaving the developing room in outright embarrassment. I felt very small.

I asked the lab technician to soup all 40 feet of film at triple normal development time. First he told me how useless it would be, then finally decided to go ahead.

It was a long time before the film went through those chemicals. Finally it began coming out for the second time. We could hardly believe our eyes! The film had the weird image on it.

I have never seen one room come to life as fast as that darkroom. Ralph Renick began writing a story. The film was projected and viewed by staff personnel, myself and two remaining Marine captains. The movement of the disk on film can be explained in one word: incredible! We stopped the movie on one frame and compared a still photograph which Norman Bean had in his collection of a saucer taken in Puerto Rico by a farmer. They were identical.

There was one thing wrong with the entire episode: It involved military personnel and could not be released to the public. But the press, radio and TV had put on so much pressure that by 2 P.M. 30 July 1952 the story was officially released by the Marine Corps Air Station Public Information Office.

Some of the facts were distorted badly in some of the newspapers. One said it must have been a light on a plane.

There was a great factor in my favor. Navy pilots had also seen what appeared to be the same object.

Quoting from the Miami Herald of July 31, 1952: "Three Navy fliers said Wednesday they saw a similar object in about the same location (over Miami Beach), at about the same time, as they were returning to Miami from cross-country flights.

"Their impression, however, was that the object resembled a meteor. Comdr. Joe Gardner and his co-pilot, Lt. Comdr. Joe Mills, said the thing they saw was a 'greenish and reddish variation.' Lt. I. M. Blum said what he saw was a very deep blue. Mayher said the disk he photographed was yellowish." (Lt. I. M. Blum and his crew of nine were killed flying their Neptune Bomber over Iceland, December 1953.)

I give my thanks to Jim Ward, formerly with WIOD and now with WITV, for the tape recording he made which carried all facts and was beamed over the state of Florida.

Jokingly I asked Mr. Ward, "I wonder what they will use for cloud reflection stories when there were no clouds on the beach?"

That evening I appeared on the Ralph Renick news show. The TV cameras flashed one frame of my movie film. The next day people began calling the newspaper and radio station demanding an explanation.

Over 22 months have passed and still no official comment on the movies.

The three photos shown here were taken from three consecutive frames of the 16 mm film. These pictures are released for publication to PIC magazine for the first time and have copyright applied for. (Note change in shape.) Time was one/forty-fifth of a second between each view.

The accompanying formula (shown in photostat letters) was worked out by Dr. Rainwater, assistant professor of physics, University of Miami.

The 2000-foot altitude computed is quite accurate because the two officers, Commander Gardner and Lt. Commander Mills, agree that whatever they saw was parallel to their own altitude of approximately 2000 feet. (I am assuming this was the same object I photographed.) The weather report from the U.S. weather bureau at Miami had reported widely scattered clouds at approximately 3000 feet. Many observers in Hialeah said they saw the object pass through one of those low-hanging clouds. I assume the disk stayed at this same altitude as it crossed from Miami Beach to Hialeah.

I finally wrote a letter to the Air Force which has been studying my film for over a year. Here is the unanswered copy of that letter:

Oct. 16, 1953

Operation Blue Book
Air Technical Intelligence Center
Wright-Patterson Field,
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir:

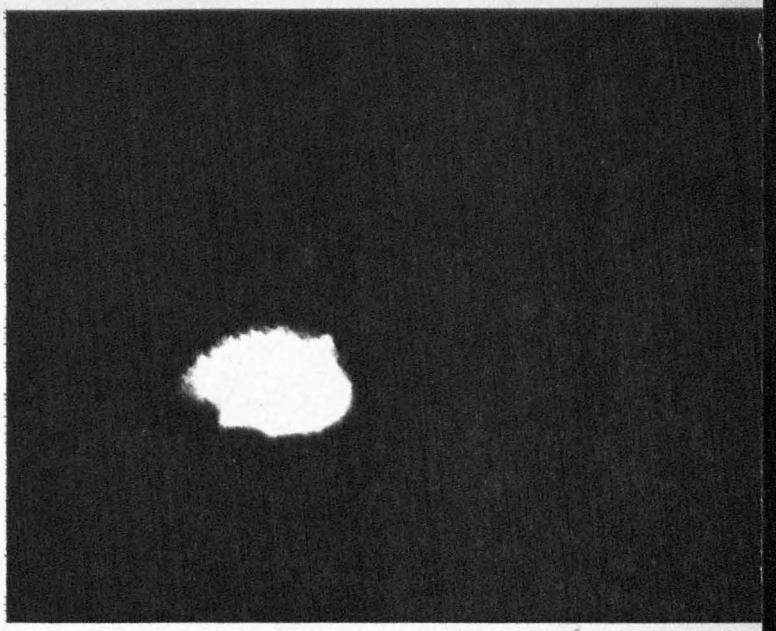
After reading the book "Flying Saucers from Outer Space" by (retired) Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, I was surprised to find that no statements were made to Maj. Keyhoe regarding the movies I took on 29 July 1952. These movies were submitted to your representative at the Marine Corps Air Station, Miami, Fla., for further study by your unit.

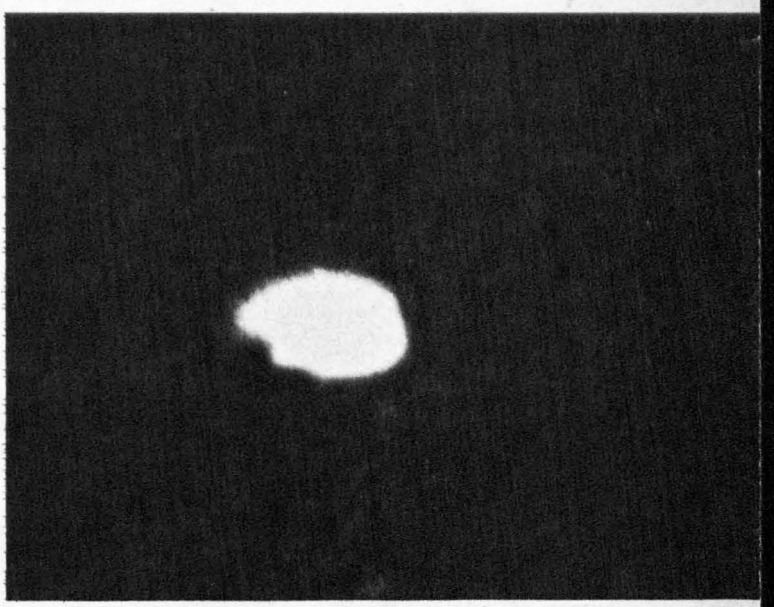
During the past year I have often questioned the value of this film. With fifteen months of doubt and now the overwhelming curiosity that Keyhoe's book has aroused in me, I would like to have a statement pertaining to my 16 mm movie film.

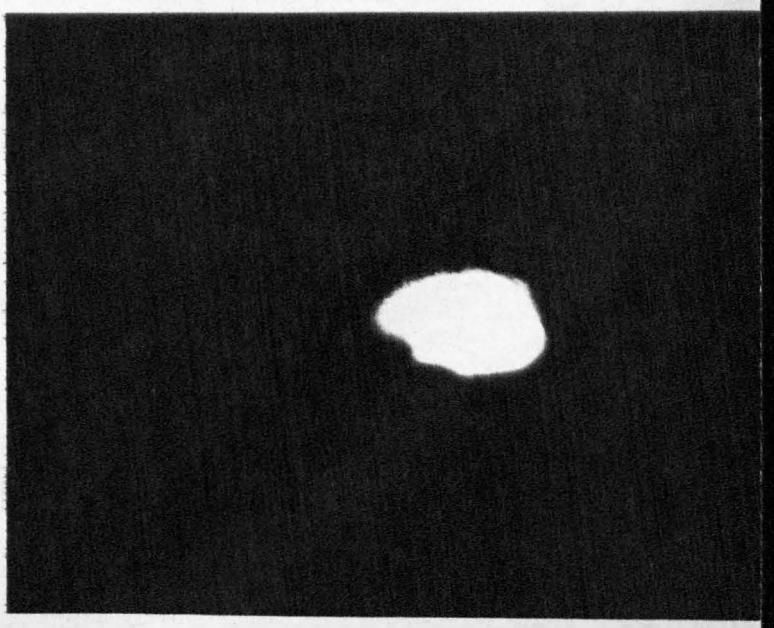
Yours,

Ralph·C. Mayher

The fact that dozens of people, both military and civilian, have asked me many questions about the movies and fact that the Air Force has made no comment has in- me to write these comments on the Flying Saucer. losing I thank God for my opportunity of seeing a Saucer and photographing one. It is time the n public faces the reality that there is a missle or ing the earth and it is not man made!







Enlarged approximately 42 times, these are three of the frames from the movie film shown on page 14. The object is traveling from left to right at 7550 m.p.h.

SCIENCE

Martians over France

One morning last October, Jean Narcy, a road mender of Haute-Marne, France, was riding to work on his bicycle. In a wheat field he saw a little whiskered man just under 4 ft. tall, who wore a fur coat, an orange corset and a plush cap.

"*Bonjour,*" said M. Narcy.

The little man muttered something like "I'll be seeing you." Then he jumped into a small (10 ft. in diameter) flying saucer, took off with a buzzing sound and disappeared into the clouds.

With Narcy's "hairy Martian" as a starting point, the French press ran wild, and a deluge of Martians has been raining down ever since. They have come in flying cigars, crowns, comets, winged mushrooms, even a flying chamber pot. Unlike Americans who have seen flying saucers, the French "sighters" paid little attention to the vehicles. They were more interested in the people from space.

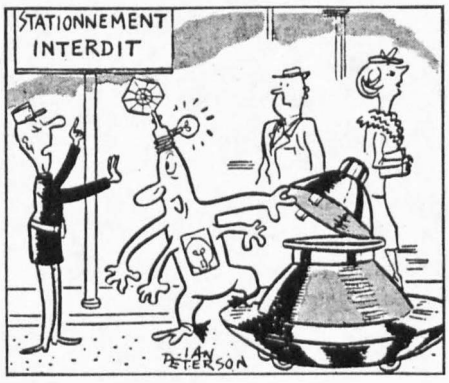
The Martians were anything but standardized. One who stopped M. Roger Barrault near the town of Lavoux had brilliant eyes, an enormous mustache, wore rubbers and spoke Latin. Another asked M. Pierre Lucas, a Breton baker, for a light. He was bearded and had a single eye in the middle of his forehead. M. Lucas could not remember what language he spoke.

Paralyzing Pygmies. As the Martian invasion of France proceeded, the invaders became more bizarre. A troup of pygmies in plastic helmets gamboled down a railroad track near Quarouble and transfixed M. Marius Dewilde with "a paralyzing beam of light." Some Martians were blue, others were yellow or pink. A traveling salesman of the Côtes-du-Nord saw a wonderful sight: a deep rose flying cigar from which stepped a zebra-striped Martian. As he alighted, he changed color, chameleon-like, from yellow to green.

The Martians marched en masse into French affairs. Cartoonists welcomed them delightedly (*see cuts*). As they multiplied, they even gained respectability. *Le Figaro* reported: "Counsellor General of Alpes Maritimes greets flying saucers' first appearance on the Côte d'Azur." *France Soir* announced that "a daily flying-saucer service seems to have been established between Marais Poitevin and La Rochelle." A man from space even made the social columns of *Paris Presse*: "Mustached Martian spends weekend at Vienna." Angry deputies asked questions in Parliament. Air Force authorities (even as in the U.S.) were badgered for explanations.

Before the many-colored Martians rained down on France, famed Swiss Psychiatrist C. G. Jung was asked what he thought about the saucer epidemic.

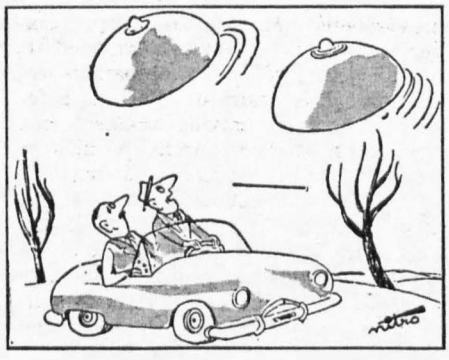
"Something is being seen," said Jung. "What is seen may be, in the case of a single observer, a subjective vision (hallucination). In the case of several or many observers, it may be a collective vision. Such a psychic phenomenon . . . could be a spontaneous reaction of the subconscious to the present conscious situation: the fear of an apparently insoluble political situation in the world . . . At such times eyes turn heavenwards . . . and miraculous forebodings of a threatening or consoling nature appear from on high."



"What's the matter? Can't you read?"



"And I suppose that's a Martian?"



"Those must come from Venus!"



France-Dimanche

"Come on—we'll show you our moon."

No More Dreams. Dr. Jung blames the U.S. Air Force for mishandling the saucer epidemic and for permitting irresponsible journalists to pump it for bits of sensational-sounding information.* He does not believe that the saucers are space ships. Those that are not hallucinations, he thinks, are probably misinterpretations of physical objects or effects. But he was willing to speculate about the effect on the human race of an invasion by beings from another world.

"Should the origin of the phenomenon turn out to be an extraterrestrial one," said Dr. Jung, "it would prove an intelligent interplanetary link. The impact of such a fact on humanity is unforeseeable. But, without doubt, we would be placed in the very questionable position of today's primitive societies that clash with the superior cultures of the white race. All initiative would be wrested from us. As an old witch doctor once said to me, with tears in his eyes: We would 'have no more dreams.'

"Our sciences and technology would go to the junk pile. What such a catastrophe would mean morally we can gauge by the pitiful decline of the primitive cultures that takes place before our eyes. The capacity to manufacture [interplanetary space ships] points to a technology towering sky high over ours.

"Just as the Pax Britannica made an end to tribal warfare in Africa, so our world could roll up its Iron Curtain and use it for scrap . . . This might not be so bad. But we would have been 'discovered' and colonized."

Tubeless Radio

The first fully transistorized radio was claimed this week by Regency, a division of Industrial Development Engineering Associates. It is not quite the wristwatch radio of the comics, but it is only a small pocketful (3 by 5 by 1¼ in.), and it makes loud music on a single hearing-aid battery. Inside, instead of vacuum tubes, it has four transistors.

The chief advantage of transistors—besides their smallness—is that they have no glowing filament and therefore need no "A current" to keep the filament hot. All they need is the "B current," and very little of that. According to Edward C. Tudor, president of I.D.E.A., the 22½-volt B battery (cost: $1.15) lasts 20 to 30 hours if used continuously, longer when played intermittently.

* The most complete deflation of the flying-saucer delusion was written by Captain Edward J. Ruppelt, who was in charge of the Air Force's careful saucer investigation from 1951 to 1953. It was printed in the May issue of *True* Magazine, which had much to do with augmenting the saucer hubbub. Captain Ruppelt's conclusion: visiting space ships are theoretically possible, but there has been no evidence to support this possibility.

Life
NOV 1 1954

ASTRAL ADVENTURER

Frenchmen report meetings with unlikely creature



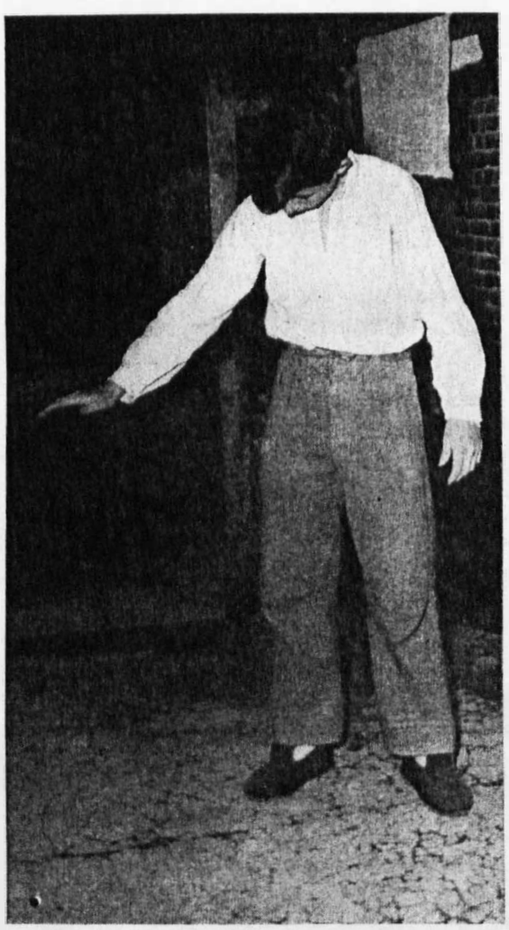
DEPUTY DE LEOTARD

The summer in France had been enough to unnerve anyone. It had rained steadily. The crops were bad. The rabbits had died off by the thousands. And it was absolutely the worst wine year since the war. France was in no state to cope with another crisis, but it came anyway. Out of the autumn skies, from Brittany to the Riviera, dropped a covey of extraterrestrial vehicles and unearthly men. They were not the vaguely described objects sometimes seen by children and frightened old ladies. Good solid citizens: farmers, bakers and other workingmen, who had the reputation for being reliable, swore they had seen them. They even drew diagrams and pictures to prove it.

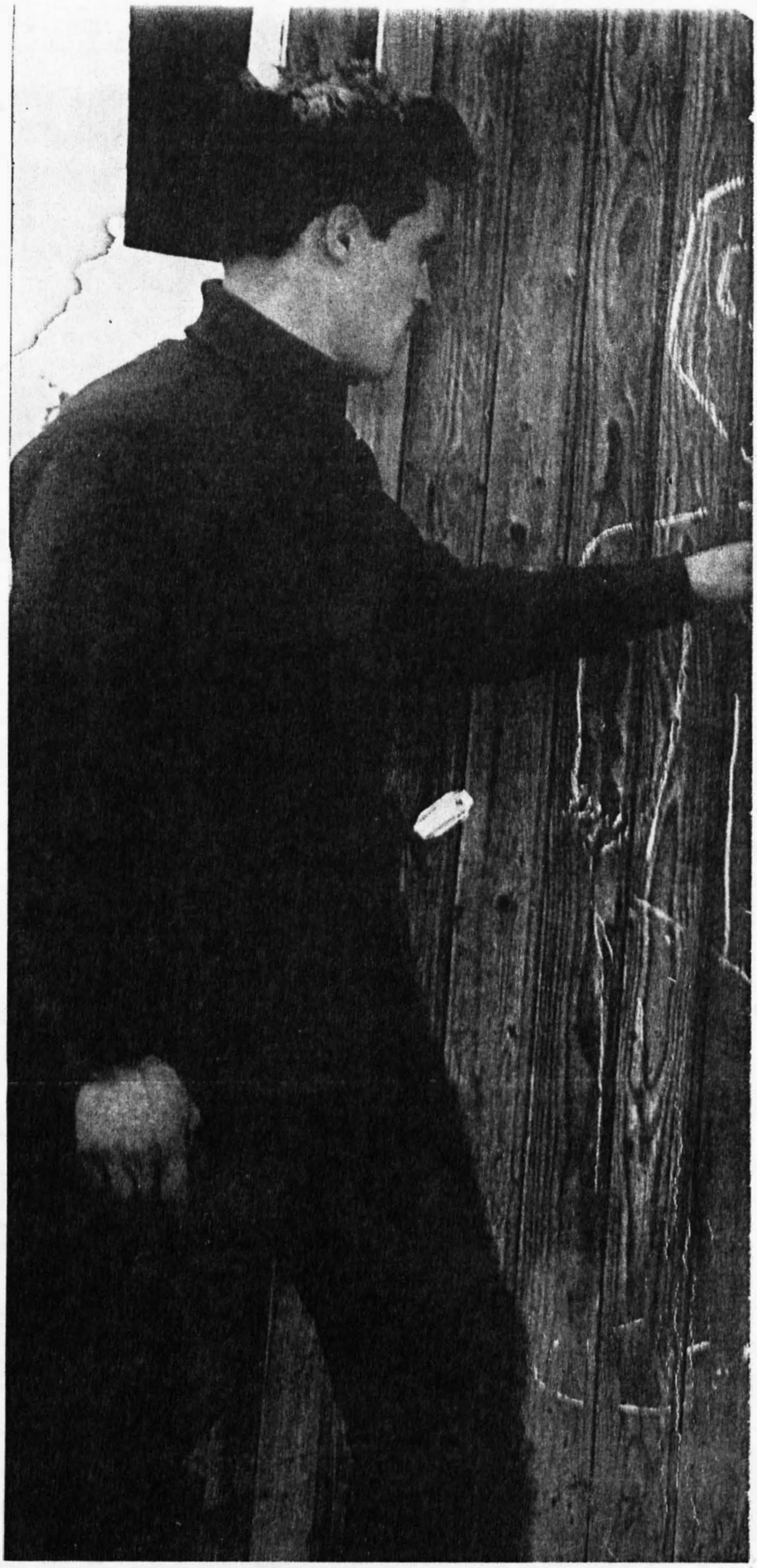
The vehicles they described were of many shapes: whirling disks, flying cigars, crowns, comets and winged mushrooms. They left skid marks in the grass at one place, gashes on a wooden railway tie in another. Out of these conveyances stepped little men of many colors, mostly pleasing pastels, though one had zebra stripes and another changed color with chameleonlike ease. They wore plastic helmets, sleeveless diving suits, orange corsets or cellophane wrappers, and spoke English, French or even Latin. Some, however, were left speechless by what they saw.

French newspapers suddenly carried almost as many reports about Martians, or whoever the outer space visitors were, as they did about Mendès-France. In the National Assembly, Deputy Pierre de Leotard (*inset*), who sometimes wears sort of an extraterrestrial look himself though he is actually a Radical-Socialist, demanded to know if the invasion threatened France's security. The government, in the novel position of facing a kind of crisis no French government had ever faced before, reserved answer.

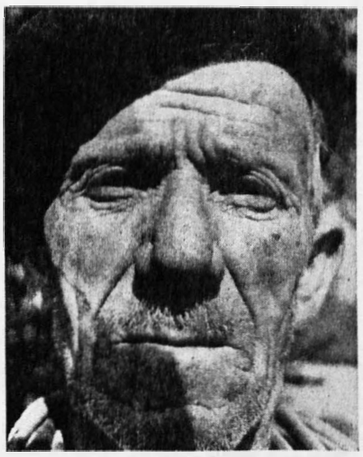




MARTIAN MEN'S HEIGHT is shown by two bakers. Pierre Lucas (*left*) of Loctudy was going to well when, he said, orange ball fell from the sky. Suddenly a small bearded figure with one eye in middle of his forehead tapped him on shoulder. Serge Pochet (*right*) of Marcoing was approached by two small shadows

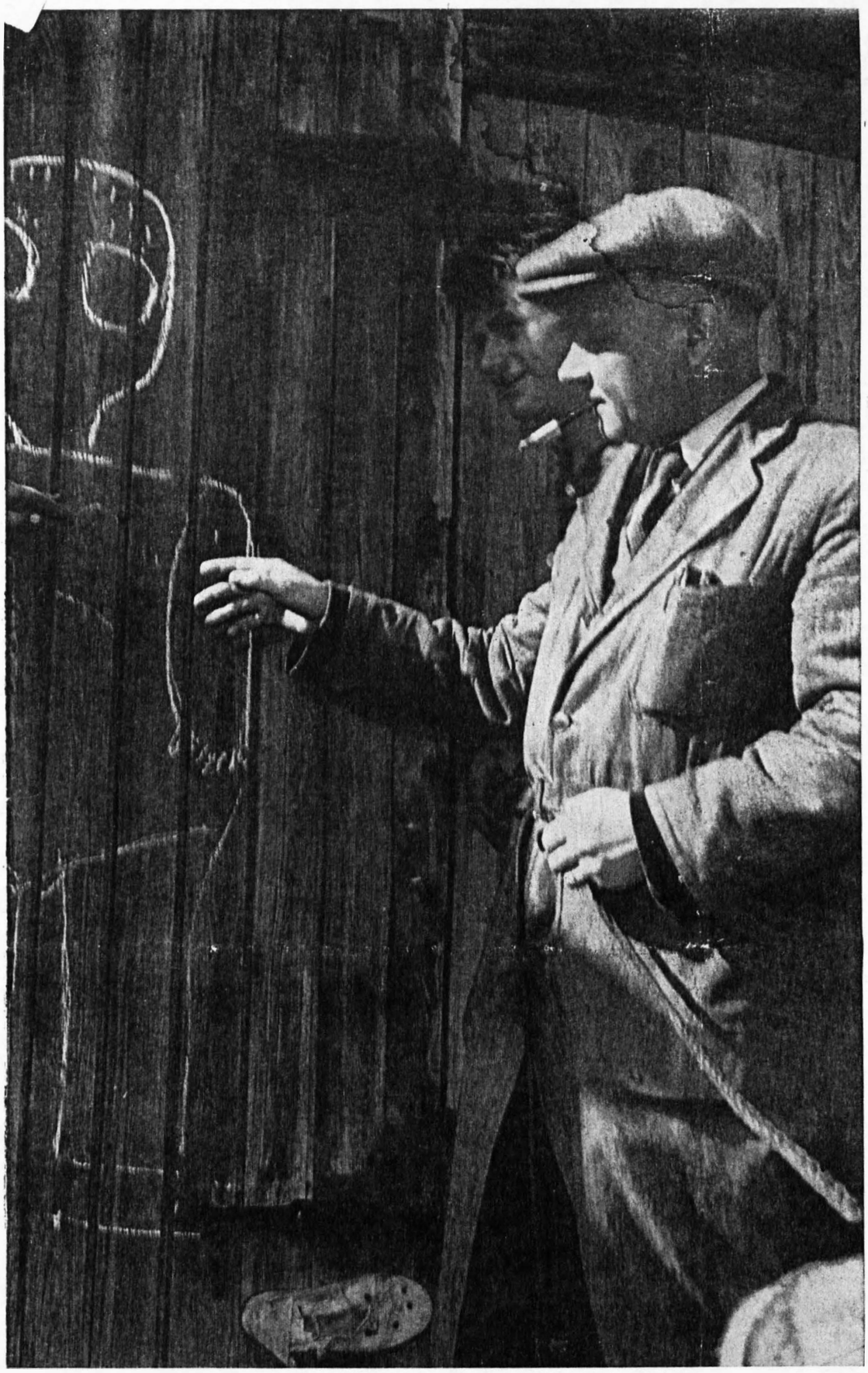


DUMPY LITTLE SPACE MAN THEY SAW LAND IN LUMINOUS SPHERE ON



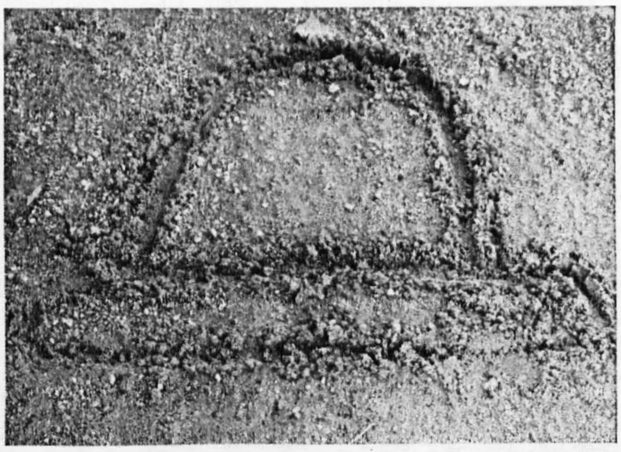


GLOBULAR SPACESHIP SKETCH (*right*) by Gregoire Odut depicts golden disk he saw zoom from Wassy after two-legged creature leaped out for hasty look.



BASKETBALL COURT NEAR TOULOUSE IS DRAWN ON BARN BY FRANCOIS PANERO (LEFT) AND JEAN OLIVIER





HATLIKE SPACESHIP SKETCH (*right*) was drawn in dirt by Jean Narcy to describe craft he says landed in a field near Wassy. From it emerged a little whiskered man in fur coat and orange corset.



DESCRIBING SAUCER TAKE-OFF from field near Amiens, Yves de Gillaboz (*left*), Emile Renard point to sky where they saw "Martian machine" belching puffs of smoke as it vanished from sight.



SAUCER SCRATCHES on railroad tie were circled in chalk by Marius Dewilde of Quarouble who carries the tie home to preserve proof of the rust-colored flying contraption he saw land on tracks.

[REAL, November 1954]

THEY'RE NOT TELLING YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT

THE SPIES FROM

YOU'RE FLYING a commercial airliner on a quiet night. Speed 275 miles an hour, altitude 11,000 feet, approaching a major airport. Suddenly a strange winking blue light zooms into view off your right wing tip, pacing your plane.

In accordance with instructions, your radio crackles out the warning. Miles away the radar scope at the airport records the object. Control tower observers quickly pick it up with their night glasses. Jet fighters scramble and go roaring away to meet you.

The strange thing that started it all merely flips around in an unbelievable reversal and accelerates at a speed far beyond any conventional aircraft. A few seconds and it has vanished as quickly and quietly as it came. Another Unidentified Flying Object sighting is added to the official records . . . and buried there.

What was it?

Where did it go?

Where did it come from?

Why was it here in the first place?



Author of this startling article is Frank Edwards, the noted radio news commentator. A veteran newsman, his interest in Unidentified Flying Objects (UFO's) was aroused when he sensed that the Air Force was holding back reports on how many of them are being sighted daily across the U.S. He did some digging; this story tells what he has found out about the UFO mystery.

Watch on the Rhine

You have a right to ask those questions and you have a right to know the answers to them.

You're not getting them from the Pentagon.

I regret to say that because of the blanket of official silence, you will have to dig out the facts for yourself.

Since I have been doing that very thing for several years—and reporting the results over my radio network program—maybe I can help you.

In the first place, make no mistake about the reality of the censorship and make no mistake about the fact that many governments, including our own, are seriously concerned about the existence of so-called flying saucers.

Twelve countries have programs of study and investigation to deal with these objects. West Germany is the latest to join the list, having recently established what it chooses to call a "Space Flight Study Group," after some unusual incidents had occurred.

My own interest in these objects was sharpened when I detected a large measure of deception and contradiction in the official public statements on them. There was the period a few years ago when it was government policy to humiliate citizens and pilots who reported UFO's by brushing the matter off as hallucinations. It worked for a while until too many astute citizens noticed that not one single pilot, commercial or military, had ever been grounded for one minute



by Frank Edwards

OUTER SPACE

after one of these alleged hallucinations. Obviously, the authorities did not believe their own hokum.

Scratch one "explanation."

Hard-pressed for something with which to replace the hallucination yarn, the authorities eagerly seized upon the theory that these unexplainable sightings were nothing more than temperature inversions, caused by the action of masses of hot air colliding with cooler air. That sounded foolproof and it also had another attractive aspect from the official viewpoint, since it was true that these masses of hot air co-incided with the time of year when the earth was nearest Mars. It was a matter of record that sightings of unidentified flying objects were heaviest at the period when Mars and Earth were nearest to each other. Ah! said the experts, that is summertime . . . the time of hot air and temperature inversions!

True enough . . . but only for the northern hemisphere. At the same time, the southern hemisphere is having its winter and also having its sightings of UFO's! There just wasn't enough hot air to cover the theory.

Scratch "explanation" two.

The Crackpots and the Experts

Undoubtedly many of the reported incidents involving UFO's are the work of publicity seekers, crackpots and of sincere persons who simply fail to recognize conventional aircraft and meteorological balloons. Some of the reports also involve ordinary celestial objects with which the observer was not familiar.

But the really important evidence on which many nations are spending millions of dollars is the mass of reports from qualified and credible observers. This includes commercial and military pilots, ground observers, astronomers and others whose work and training entitle their reports to serious consideration and careful analysis.

And Then There Were Few

Certainly something very strange is taking place in the limitless space above the earth. There are objects of unknown origin which have been seen with the naked eye, tracked by radar, chased by jets and sometimes were even photographed.

In spite of the mantle of official silence which has worked to keep the American people uninformed, the facts are unmistakable.

As a network commentator who has consistently refused to be sidetracked by phony official "explanations" on this and other topics, I have developed a policy of demanding the facts. Early this year I noticed that there was a scarcity of UFO reports on the national news wires which had carried them before.

Why?

First, I checked on the actual volume of reported sightings. If there were none, their absence from the newswires would be understandable. I asked my listeners to send me any reports of UFO's which were important enough to be printed in their local newspapers. Then I asked the Air Force at the Pentagon to give me the number of sightings they were receiving. Check and double check—the public press against the Pentagon. (*Continued on page* 58)



THE SPIES FROM OUTER SPACE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

The Air Force released to the newswires a statement to the effect that sightings this year were down to near nothing . . . a mere 87 reports for the entire first five months of 1954!

The newswires obligingly carried that statement.

I did not.

My reasons for refusing to carry the report of only 87 sightings were well founded. I personally knew of more than a hundred sightings that had been sent to the Air Force in that period, for I was receiving more than a hundred per week from my listeners who had clipped them from their local newspapers. And to top it all off, I had made arrangements with two individuals who had contacted the Deputy Commander of Intelligence at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, the nerve center of the UFO investigation. There Lt.-Colonel John O'Mara said that sightings were being reported at the rate of more than 700 per week . . . the heaviest rate since that project was started several years ago!

Please note that not one newswire service took the trouble to check the Pentagon story of only 87 sightings. They carried the handout exactly as it was given to them. As far as I know, I was the only nationwide newsman to expose the matter to the public.

Why did I do it?

Simply because I feel that the public has the right to know the facts when unidentified objects appear over major cities, airfields, atomic plants and military centers.

Local newspapers have thus far continued to report on this mystifying aspect of our news. In a two-column front page story on Friday, July 9th, a headline in the Wilmington (Delaware) *Morning News* reported: "100 mystery flying objects spotted here. Air Force permits Ground Observer Corps to release data on phenomena sighted in past two years and confirmed elsewhere."

The Strange Deletion

The article disclosed that ground observers had been watching these things, reported them to the filter center in Baltimore where the Air Force studied the reports.

It is significant that on July 5th of this year, two members of the Ground Observer Corps at Wilmington reported an object which the Air Force officially confirmed as an Unidentified Flying Object! The same official report also contains this tidbit: On June 14th, the Wilmington observers watched an object which was determined to be hovering at an altitude of fifteen miles. Baltimore Filter Center had it on the radar scope for two hours. It was believed to be the same thing which had been mysteriously hovering over the nation's capital two days before!

Whatever it was, it was a gigantic thing that they watched. And the thing that hovered over the city of Washington was not mentioned in any of the Washington news reports.

Once in a while a leak occurs and a UFO report gets into the papers . . . briefly. On May 13th the Washington *Post and Times Herald* carried a story on sighting reported by airport police at the National Airport, just across the river from the capitol. The large glowing objects had maneuvered over the airport between 12:45 and 2 A.M. Military Air Transport confirmed the sighting and an Air Force spokesman recommended that it be referred to as Unidentified Flying Objects.

That report appeared in the early morning edition of the Washington *Post and Times Herald*. It was strangely missing from all other editions of the same paper.

That was on the morning of May 13th.

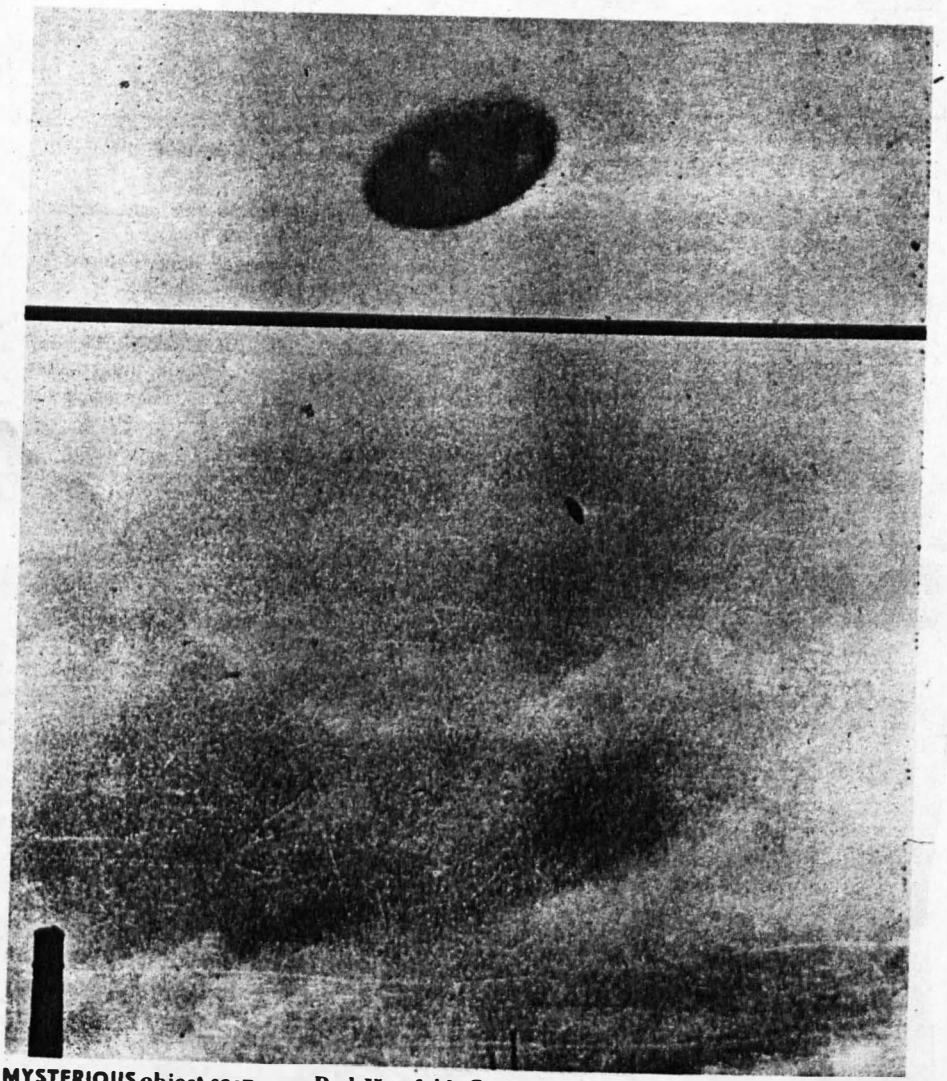
On the same day, shortly before noon, a team of electronics experts were putting the finishing touches on a special type of radar unit. Suddenly they noticed that it had picked up an object at great altitude, something of terrific size. To double-check, they switched on another unit and it too began to track the thing. They were able to determine that it was about 250 feet in diameter, fifteen miles above Washington, hovering or moving from point to point at about 200 mph.

Three hours later, after several government radar points had been alerted and checked the object, it moved away toward the west and finally vanished from the scope.

And there was hardly any mention of this specific incident in the press.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration has released a study of UFO's, titled, "For Limited Distribution—A Preliminary Study of Unidentified Targets Observed on Air Traffic Control Radars." Although it throws in a few reports from other airports, the meat of the study deals with UFO's which have been tracked in and around Washington.

As might be expected, the material is pretty heavy reading since it is loaded with technical data of various sorts. However, the charts which show how the UFO's moved across the radar screens are



MYSTERIOUS object seen over Bad Hersfeld, Germany, was photographed by passerby. Seen from ground, object looks like disc banking. At top, it's enlarged 60 times.

readily understandable. By careful reading of the text it becomes obvious that CAA's explanations do not explain.

By trying to dispose of some of these more important sightings as mere reflections from temperature inversions, the evaluation is forced to do considerable speculation . . . which means that CAA's guess is no better than yours as to what was on the radar.

And by speculating that some of the objects on the scope were due to a delayed-pulse radar effect, the government study finds itself with its foot in its mouth again. The evaluation says that if the object on the radar was actually nothing more than this delayed-pulse effect, then the apparent speed of the target could not exceed the speed of the air itself.

"However, the analysis of the targets listed in Table 5 (sightings of Aug. 13 and 15th, 1952)," the report concedes, "showed that they were actually moving at speeds approximately double the wind velocities reported. This fact eliminated the possibility that the targets were being produced by the second-time-around delayed pulse effect."

All of which means that they had a dandy "explanation" available if it would only fit the facts . . . which it admittedly doesn't do.

In this same study of UFO's by the CAA, there is a listing of 34 recorded sightings in and around the capitol in less than three months of 1952. Since I could find only four of these incidents listed in the newspapers here for that same period, I think we may assume that the other reports were quietly withheld from the press. Many of the sightings were made by airline pilots approaching Washington. On July 7th, 1952, the CAA study says that Captain Bruen of National Airlines was approached by a blue-white light at an altitude of 11,000 feet about 60 miles southwest of Washington. The object, says the government report, "came up to altitude of aircraft, hovered two miles to left. Pilot turned on all lights. Ball of light took off, going up and away."

Why All the Secrecy?

On July 20th of that same year Capital Airline flight 610 was approaching Washington National Airport at three in the morning. The CAA report says that a lighted object which was tracked by two radar stations followed the plane for several miles at a point within four miles of Washington airport.

On July 14th, the same report says, Pan American flight 901 got a look at six red objects at about 1,000 feet altitude, doing an estimated 1,000 mph, with a sudden change of direction.

The chart included in the CAA study lists more than a score of sightings involving one object. Other sightings, both radar and visual, include what it calls "many" UFO's. But the real jackpots were on May 23rd, when fifty of the



RADAR SPECIALISTS J. M. Copeland (left) and James Ritchey man the radar-scope at Washington, D. C.'s National Airport on which they saw unidentified flying objects.

things showed up, and on August 13th when 68 were tracked within ten miles of the National Airport between eight and eleven thirty P.M., moving in widely varying speeds.

All of which merely adds up to newly admitted evidence that the capital of the United States has had visitors of some sort, from somewhere.

That CAA report covers only three months in 1952. How many UFO's have been charted around the nation's capital since then? The record does not show—because the record is not available to the public. Isn't that applying an unusual amount of secrecy to a "temperature inversion?"

Are these things real?

Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan Twining said at Amarillo, Texas, on May 15th of this year: "The best brains in the Air Force are working on the problem of the unidentified flying objects, trying to solve this riddle."

In Berlin, during the first week of June, work was suddenly resumed on a new radar installation designed especially to be used in studying UFO's. The radar there was started in January but work had been discontinued in February.

The June 27th Hamburg *Abendblatt* says that the American officer in charge of the new radar unit at Templehof Airport refused to answer questions about the reversal of policy. Perhaps we can find part of the reason in the records kept by Rudolph Hermes, who works at the radar control tower now in use. Since May of 1945, he has logged more than 300 sightings of UFO's over Berlin. During six weeks this summer, scores of Berlin citizens reported such objects. And it was immediately following a particularly widespread sighting that the West German government decided to set up the Space Flight Study Group.

Dr. Herman Oberth, famed German rocket authority and a designer of the V-2, told newsmen recently: "There is no doubt in my mind that these flying saucers are interplanetary craft of some sort. I am confident that they do not originate in our solar system but they may use Mars or some other body for a way station." Other experts agree with him.

Men from Another Planet?

From a group of top U.S. scientists engaged on a high priority project I received a voluntary communication on October 17, 1953. Here is the portion of their letter which I haye permission to quote: "[We are] a group of scientists which has followed closely all related facts in the case of the 'flying saucers' since their inception in 1947. . . . Our research in this matter leads us to believe that these so-called flying discs are observation craft of a very advanced race from another planet. . . ."

At that particular time I was preparing to go on a network television broadcast with famed German scientific writer Willy Ley and Major Donald Keyhoe, author of a best seller on UFO's. Since the purpose of the TV show was to discuss Keyhoe's book pro and con, I wired the writers of that letter and asked permission to quote from it.

On October 15th they replied as follows: "Thank you for your interest in our project. We have discussed your request to use an excerpt from our first letter on your TV program and we have no objection to this. . . . However, we again wish to stress the fact that under NO circumstances should any mention be made of

or connection with ——. We must upon this since, as you no doubt e, we can not risk possible ridicule ır present position. But ridicule may ıe least which could happen. Coinci- with what has already been sug- d, the government could take a seri- view of your broadcast, challenging ıuthority of your statements and pos- demanding the disclosure of the ce of your information. . . . Briefly, are not *yet* in a position to present futable physical evidence in support ıur convictions. But a statistical anal- of the evidence which we have col- ed thus far proves—without doubt— t we are dealing with an extra-terres- influence. . . ."

With those letters in my possession and h the permission to quote from certain rtions, I was primed for the TV pro- ım.

Now witness the strange sequence ıich followed.

This was to be my first network televi- ın appearance. Since I had a tremen- ıus radio audience, the promoters of ıe TV show were eager for me to appear ı their TV spot. Naturally they wanted ı give it full circulation and full pub- city, so on their program the week pre- eding my scheduled appearance, they ıade full mention of the fact that Major Keyhoe, Willy Ley and I would be seen ınd heard the following week over the ame television network.

It didn't happen.

Keyhoe, Ley and myself appeared on a TV network of exactly one station! The other TV stations which had carried the same program the week before were de- uged with calls from irate members of the audience. One station claimed the pro- gram had been cancelled. Another claimed that it had a previous commitment to present a 1932 cowboy film which was unsponsored—and so it went.

The muzzle was on . . . and silence cloaked the telecast which dealt with UFO's.

(The DuMont Television Network, which carried the show, "Author Meets the Critics," told REAL that the program is a sponsor-less show; thus the number of stations which carry it vary from week to week, depending on whether a station can find a program with a paying sponsor—Edit.)

Baffling and frustrating as our experience may have been to us and the audience, it was nothing compared to what happened to a group of scientists.

They had heard about the remarkable 16mm color motion pictures taken near Trementon, Utah, on July 2, 1952, by Navy Warrant Officer Delbert C. Newhouse. Driving along Highway 30, near Tremonton, he suddenly noticed a group of flat, circular, shiny objects maneuvering in formation at high speed. Newhouse jumped out of his car and using the telephoto lens on his Bell and Howell Moviemaster, got 40 feet of film of the things before they were out of sight. He turned his pictures over to the Air Force where a photo reconnaissance laboratory studied them for months.

The official determination was that the objects were of an unknown type, traveling at speeds between 653 and 980 mph in a manner beyond the capabilities of any known aircraft or missile.

The scientists in this interested group made their first request for the Utah film in the latter part of last year. Instead of the film, the Air Force sent them a mimeographed sheet containing the hackneyed material about balloons, temperature inversions and hallucinations.

The scientists went right back with another request for the Utah film. This time they received a reply to the effect that no such film was known to the Air Force. After a lapse of several weeks, they received another letter assuring them that such a film did exist after all, but that it had been returned to its owner.

A request to the owner brought out that his original had not been returned in spite of requests to the Air Force.

Scientists got the same run-around that the Cleveland *Press* got when it received permission to view the film . . . only to be told that it had been ruined, etc. The fact is that twenty copies were made, but that was not mentioned in the brushoff to the newspaper or scientists.

Latest important figure to add his voice to those who feel that these unidentified flying objects are real and must be dealt with is Lord Dowding, famed Air Chief Marshal and head of the British Fighter Command during World War Two. He recently told newsmen: "Of course flying saucers are real. If they were not, we certainly would not be exercising the degree of vigilance now in force. We would not be sending jet fighters up to pursue them if they were not there. What they are, where they come from and what they want are matters for conjecture."

Do we really have spies from outer space?

The evidence shows that something—or somebody—is certainly up there. The UFO's have been seen over every country on earth in the past seven years.

A Suspicious Pattern

In recent years, since jets began to pursue them, they are sighted most frequently at night. For instance, the 100 sightings confirmed over the city of Wilmington were almost entirely at night. Whatever they are, they seem to express curiosity rather than hostility. Only a mere handful of UFO's have been reported behaving in a fashion which could be interpreted as belligerent.

If we analyze the nature, the frequence and the timing of the recorded sightings by credible observers, as the authorities of twelve nations are doing, we begin to see a familiar pattern emerging. We see a pattern of performance that is remarkably similar to what we would do if we were able to visit another planet and found it inhabited—keep our distance, look it over carefully, locate the most important cities, military and industrial developments. And if pursued, make the approaches at night when the pursuit would be at a disadvantage.

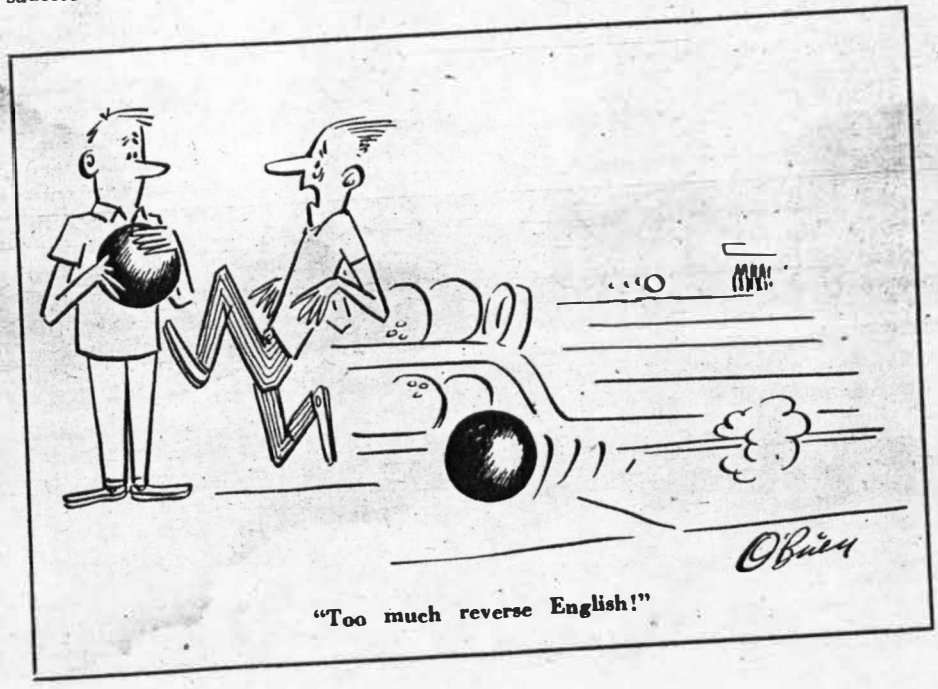
That's what our scientists predict for our own space travelers.

Has someone actually beaten us to the punch?

Are the Unidentified Flying Objects really spies from space?

The veil of Pentagon silence provides no answer.

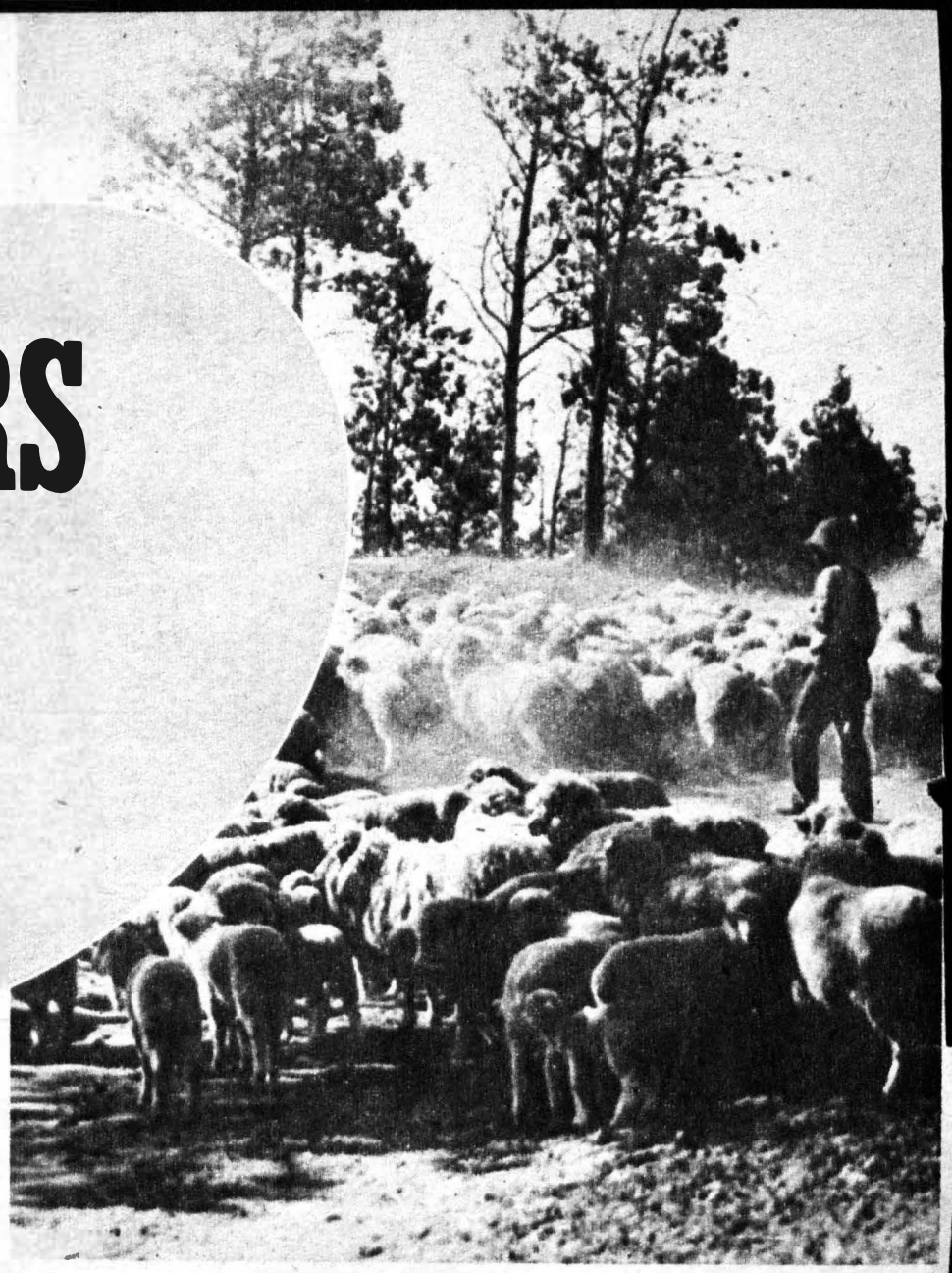
You can only wait. **END**



"Too much reverse English!"

[Sir magazine, February 1955]

FLYING SAUCERS ON MY RANCH



An Australian sheep grower gives a first-hand account of fateful day when strange ships landed on his ranch!

By W. C. HALL

THE flying objects that looked like petrol tanks came down on my ranch in Australia on a dull, grey day in October. With my own eyes, I saw six of them whirl gently to earth like helicopters without propellers.

My ranch in the North Queensland section has 15,000 acres. It was once like any other Australian ranch, but now it's the weirdest place this side of Jupiter. But that's getting ahead of the story.

It all began when a horde of locusts swarmed over the pastures during the last days of August. The locusts destroyed things to the point where my cattle and sheep were hard put for something to eat. And they were getting leaner as the days went by.

One day in October while on an inspection tour, I rode my horse to the top of a hill in a remote section of the ranch. The sky was overcast but vision was good across the broad plain that stretched before my eyes. In the distance I saw cattle grazing, trying to salvage something from the ravaged earth.

Then I heard a soothing whirring sound that almost made me drowsy. High in the sky I saw six tiny white dots descending, and the dots grew bigger and bigger as they approached the ground.

The objects, which resembled petrol tanks, landed in the open pasture about three quarters of a mile away from me. As they touched the earth, the atmosphere became strangely calm. There was no breeze, no draft.

I RODE my horse down the hill and towards the objects in order to get a closer view. They were about 30 feet tall, and elliptical in shape with a rim or ramp running around the bottom. Through my binoculars I could see they were white in color with a streak of blue running like a ribbon across their middle sections.

Then I saw people get out of the objects. There were about 12 men, and from a distance they appeared to be perfectly normal. They were garbed in uniforms like those worn by American paratroopers whom I saw in Australia during the war. All stood around in a huddle and seemed to be discussing something.

Fascinated and curious I rode towards them. When I arrived at a

Sir! Feb. 1955



In a happier mood, W. C. Hall (inset) is shown perched on a hill overlooking his ranch. At the left are some of the sheep he raises.

point about three hundred meters away, the strangers got out of their huddle and, for the first time, saw me.

For a moment they paused indecisively, then turned and ran back to their machines. I was close enough now to see ladders of about ten rungs which hung from the side of each of the tank-like objects. The men scurried up these ladders and disappeared inside.

Then I heard the soothing whirring sound again as the six machines arose from the earth. My horse reared violently, and things began to happen. As I dismounted, the air became completely clear, and I dropped to the ground. I don't know why. I just dropped to the ground.

As I lay there I saw an odd-colored kind of exhaust fume spewing out of the objects and settling towards the earth. For about five minutes the things hung suspended in the sky, giving off the fumes before zooming off to become, once again, only white dots in the grey overcast.

ALL muscular function ceased in my body, and I became as shaky as a mass of jelly. I blanked out, but while in that state of suspended subconsciousness a remarkable thing occurred. I became clairvoyant, and events which were destined to come true paraded before my eyes.

It was almost as though something had been inserted in my mind. In my vision, instead of locust-ravaged land, I saw my ranch a broad plain of fertility exceeding the imagination.

Everything came in bountiful waves. Sheep, cattle, grass and all manners of animal and plant life grew and multiplied at an astonishing rate of speed.

While these visions were before my eyes, I lost all sense of gravity and I floated about five feet into the air. In the distance, I saw the tiny white objects, giving out now with a whining sound as they faded into the grey overcast.

When I awoke from this trance, my first contact with reality was the sight of my horse. He was lying on the ground, senseless. I tugged at the reins about five minutes before getting him on his feet.

Riding back to the ranch I wondered if I had been dreaming. I

FLYING SAUCERS ON MY RANCH

This occurrence in Australia would tend to disprove the belief that saucers are U.S. secret weapons!

told my wife about the six strange objects, and she thought they must have been some new type of airplane.

TWO months later, across the fields of my ranch I noticed an amazing transformation in vegetation. Ring-bark trees stood like forests where a few weeks before the land was void of vegetation. Rabbits, the plague of good pasture land, bounded everywhere, devouring the grass as fast as it sprouted from the earth.

The next year on the ranch was fantastic.

Grass grew, not as a natural process, but came up matted, creating a soft rug of green over hundreds of acres on both sides of the river which ran through the ranch.

Chickens multiplied like rabbits, and some of the newly-born chicks had two feet. Cattle almost doubled themselves in number, and some of the heifers were born with five legs. The wool of my 1,500 head of sheep became thicker than ever before making shearing more difficult.

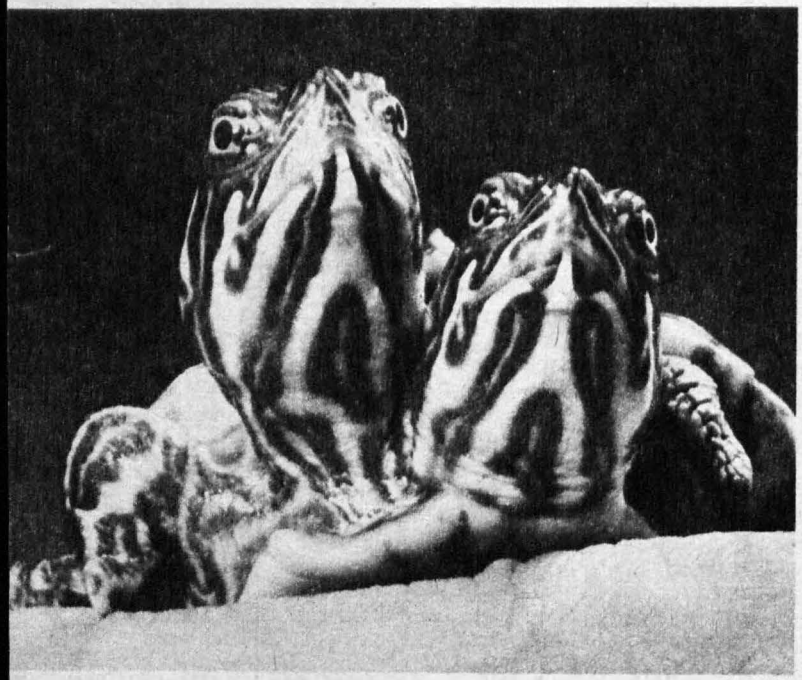
The only explanation for all this, it seemed to me, would be the six strange objects which descended into the pasture that October day. The oddly colored exhaust fumes they gave off must have contained atomic radiation capable of changing the genes of animal life. And even vegetation was affected by these magnetic rays.

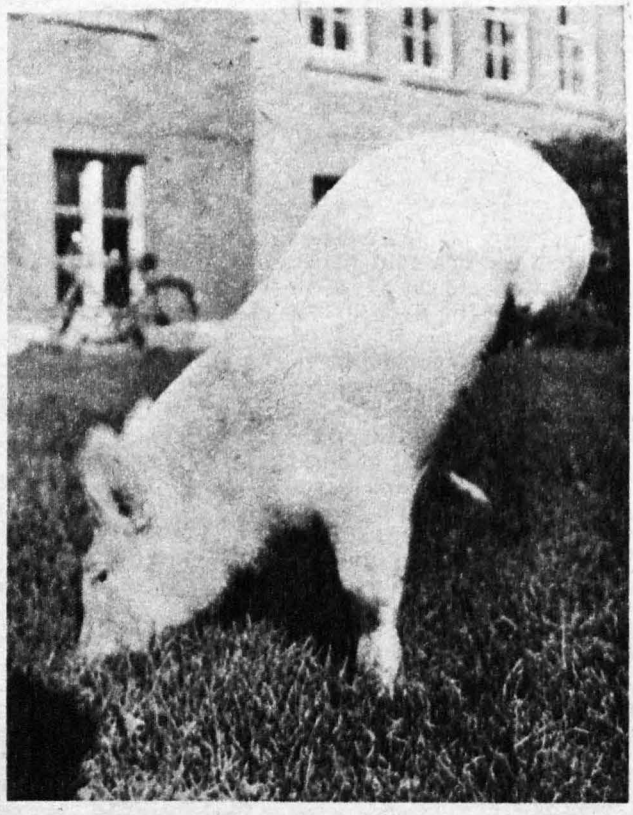
The rapid increase in the number of cattle and sheep was accompanied by a corresponding increase in the problem of jack-rabbits. These pests eat up the pasture, devour seedlings, and even under normal conditions vast sums are spent in trapping and poisoning the creatures.

But now the jack-rabbits may bankrupt the ranch—at a time when production is at a peak.

My wife's going to have a baby not so long from now, and every night I pray the gene changes won't affect the normal life of our child.

THE END

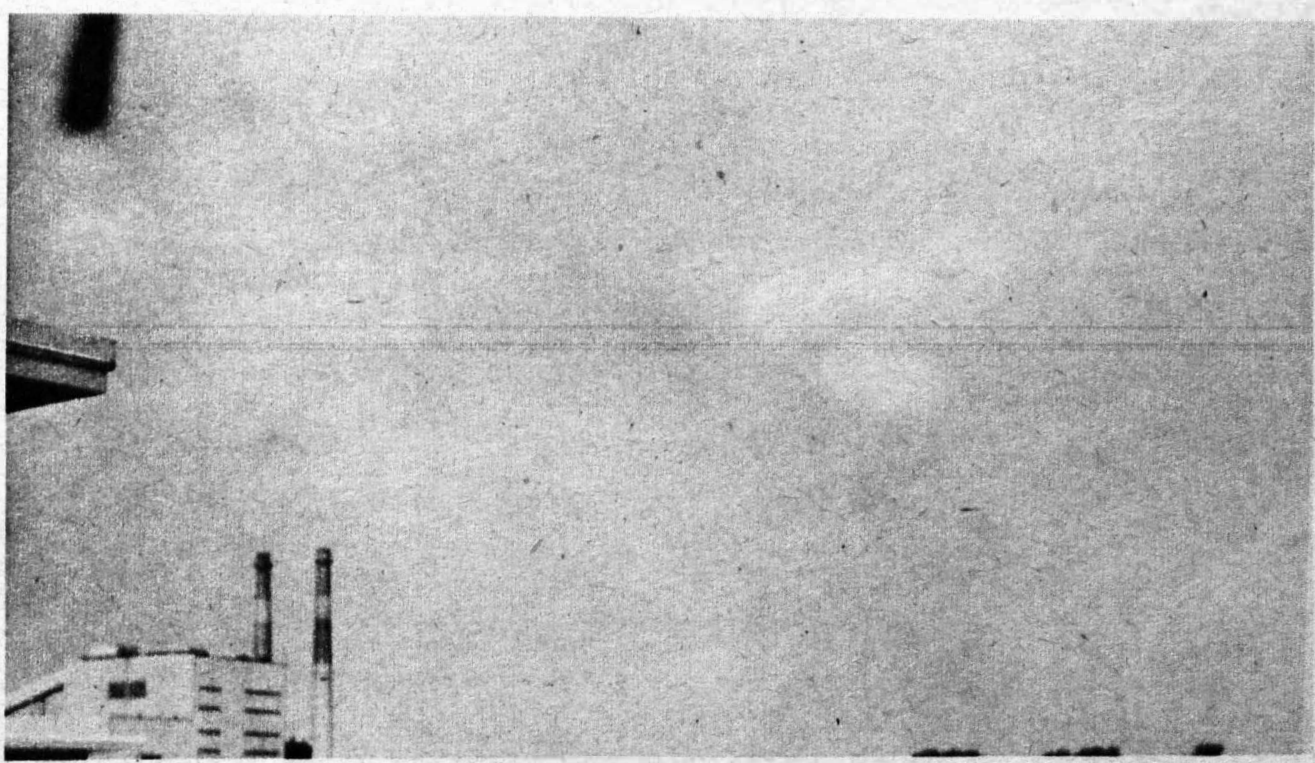




Shown above is a two-headed turtle. At right is a hockless hog. These animals were NOT on Hall's ranch but are examples of what was found as a result of gene changes caused by saucer's radiation.

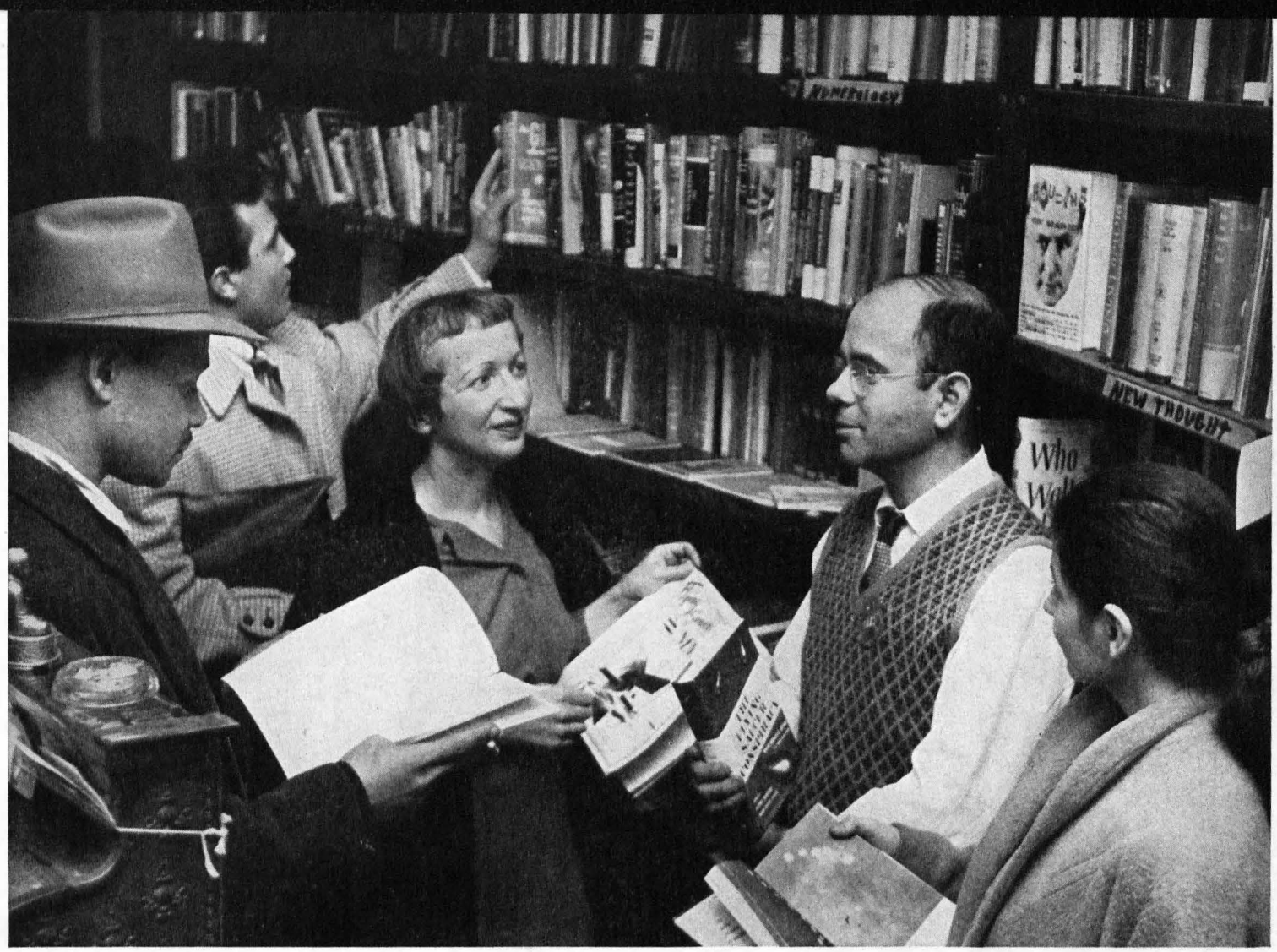


As the strange ship appeared within Hall's range of vision, it resembled a "petrol tank." The rancher hastily took this unusual photo.



Hall first noticed six luminous objects hovering over his ranch. They were not unlike those in this U. S. Coast Guard photograph.

Mar 10/56



Rigberg (glasses) collects interplanetary intelligence and sells up to 10,000 space books a year in his Third Avenue shop in New York.

[Saturday Evening Post, March 10, 1956]

SE Post

He Runs Flying-Saucer Headquarters

Outer space is just a big back yard to James Rigberg, the man who collects "eyewitness reports" from travelers to Venus and other cosmic whistle stops.

By John Kobler

If a creature from outer space ever alights in New York City—and some people insist that such visitations have already occurred—he or she or it should proceed straightaway to a tiny bookstore at 1597 Third Avenue, and pay respects to the owner, one James Sylvester Rigberg. Nobody has striven harder than Rigberg to foster belief in the reality of space men and space ships.

A small, mild, balding man of forty-two, with pronounced psychic leanings, Rigberg operates his store six days a week, from eight A.M. to ten P.M., chiefly as a clearinghouse for interplanetary intelligence. Assisted by his wife, he keeps a file of reports on unearthly goings-on, as telephoned in or written to him by sky watchers the country over—he gets some 200 reports a week. Rigberg sells books and periodicals on the subject, and exhibits paintings and photographs; one shows two Californians strolling companionably with a Martian what-is-it two feet high. He also delivers lectures, heads the Flying Saucer News Club and publishes a monthly magazine, the Flying Saucer News.

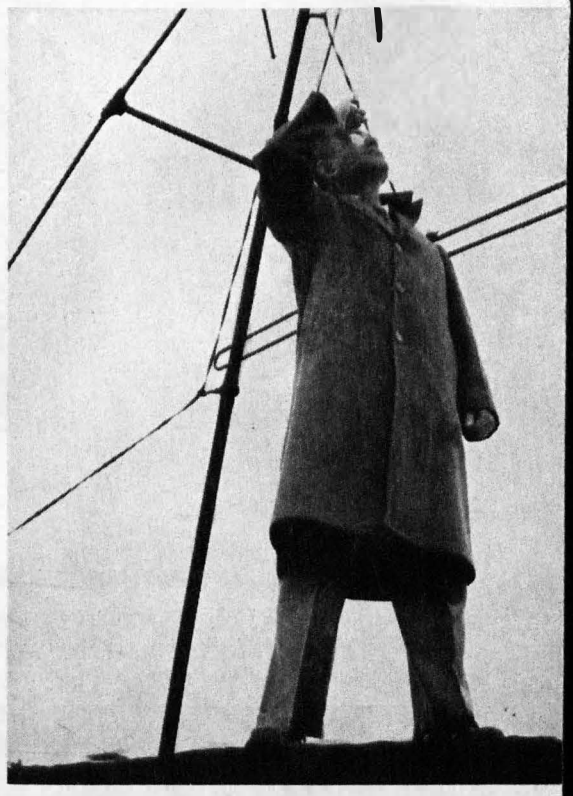
"What are Flying Saucers?" asks a sign in Rigberg's show window. "Are they from outer space? How do they fly? Are they friend or foe? Have they been contacted? If so, by whom? Why are there so many Flying Saucer Clubs? Why does the Air Force consider them top secret? Find the answers to these questions and many more. Visit the J. S. Rigberg bookstore." He has distributed copies of this sign throughout the city.

Rigberg is in no wise discouraged by the skepticism of earth men like Air Secretary Donald A. Quarles, who recently announced that an eight-year investigation of flying-saucer reports had yielded no evidence whatever that such things exist.

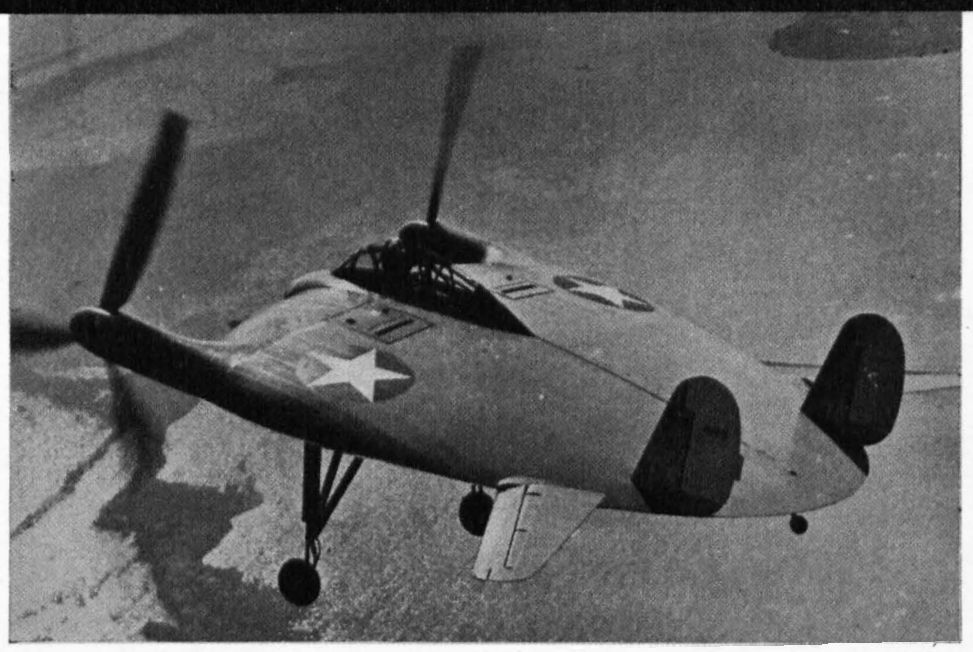
"The week the statement comes out," says Rigberg, "my sales went up forty, fifty per cent."

Rigberg's magazine is a sixteen-page offset production selling at twenty-five cents, circulation about 1000. It abounds in fascinating sightings: "The J. C. Sutton family, of Kelly, Kentucky, (to cite a recent example) reported to Police Chief Russell Greenwell that they saw 15 odd-shaped men step down the gangplank of a space-ship that had landed on their farm. It was shaped like a bathtub and glowed like a fireball, the family informed the police."

New space books are reviewed in Flying Saucer News: "My Flight to Venus, by Mrs. Dana Howard, represents the most fantastic experience ever experienced by mankind. It is



From the roof above his store, Rigberg watches for unearthly objects. He says he once saw a space ship.





Such objects as these stir up flying-saucer reports. At left is an experimental Navy plane, the Flying Flapjack. At right are odd-shaped cloud formations over Marseilles, France.

Mar 10/58



At a meeting in El Monte, Cal.—Daniel Fry (kneeling) is one who hopes to establish radio contact with "extra-terrestrial friends."

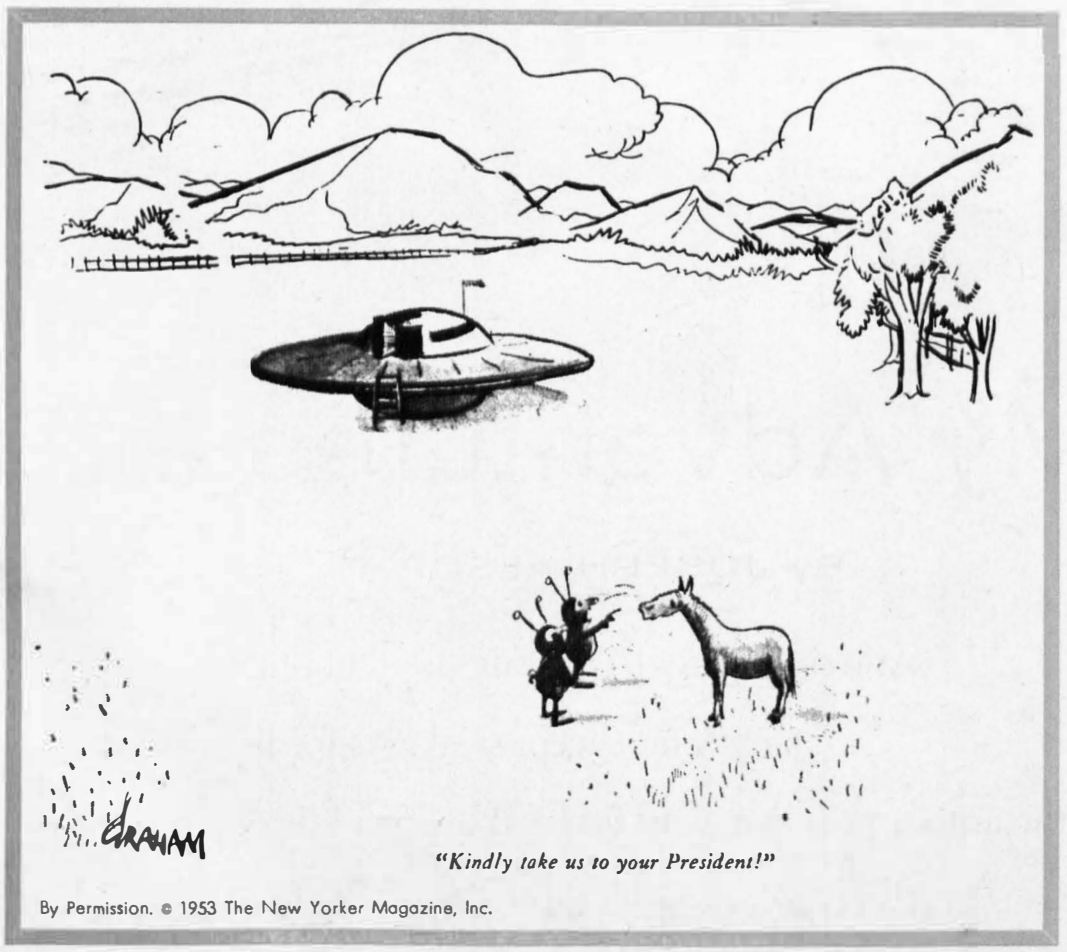
a story of life and love on Venus as the author lived it." Announcements and minutes of saucer club meetings are published: "Paradise Space-Craft Research Group is getting started on its way to becoming a very nice center. Present meetings are held at the home of Mrs. Evah Edwards, 307 Pearson Rd., Paradise, California, Wed. evening at 7:30 P.M."

A leading feature of each issue is an interpretation of space phenomena by some specialist in the field, such as Mrs. John Storm, a professional New York occultist, who practices under the name of Nianda Lynnabeth Hayden. According to Mrs. Storm, "It was approximately twenty-one million years ago that the human race on this planet Earth individualized into male and female beings, and it was at that time that Sanat Kumara and his group of assistants came here from Venus to guide the evolution of mankind. The great Venusian adept is still here." Mrs. Storm, however, declines to disclose his address.

To encourage earthbound travel by visitors from other planets, Rigberg maintains a standing offer of a free one-year subscription to Flying Saucer News to any of them who will claim it in person. This generosity has been eclipsed by the president of a Midwestern baking-products company, who authorized Rigberg to publish the following proclamation: "To the first planetary visitor, a cottage rent-free for one year, $1000 worth of biscuits, breads and flour, and, if sales perk up as a result of the publicity, a salary of $1000 a week."

The bulk of Rigberg's business is in space books. He has stocked at one time or other more than fifty different titles, selling 5000 to 10,000 copies a year. Among his best-selling authors is "Professor" George Adamski, of Palomar Gardens, California, born sixty-five years ago in Poland. Adamski formerly headed a mystical cult known as the Royal Order of Tibet, and has tried his hand at science fiction. His first purportedly nonfiction work, written in collaboration with an Englishman, Desmond Leslie, recounted how he saw a "Venusian scout ship" land in the remoteness of the California desert on November 20, 1952, and conversed in sign language with a member of the crew.

The Venusian's appearance, as Adamski described it, did not differ radically from that of earth inhabitants, except that he was much handsomer. He conveyed a warning that atomic-test explosions might endanger life on his native planet, (Continued on Page 69)



Little men from other planets may be a laughing matter to cartoonists and other skeptics. But Rigberg offers a free Flying Saucer News subscription to any outer-space creature who will claim it.

He Runs Flying-Saucer Headquarters

(Continued from Page 27)

as well as on earth. "Boom! Boom!" Adamski quotes him as having said to make his point. The book includes a photograph the author snapped of the scout ship. An unimaginative observer might easily mistake it for an ordinary electric-light chandelier, photographed from below.

A sequel to this startling narrative is called Inside the Space Ships. Herein Adamski's Venusian friend, whom he calls Orthon, orders two fellow space men, Firkon and Ramu, to trace the professor to Los Angeles, lead him into the desert again and help him into the chandelierlike conveyance for a spin through the stratosphere. An arresting aspect of this "factual" voyage is that many of its details parallel those of a science-fiction thriller Adamski penned years earlier.

Rigberg regards Adamski with awe, and he was overjoyed not long ago when the professor paid him a surprise visit. There are several other authors whose books Rigberg delights to circulate. One is Cedric Allingham, a Bombay-born Englishman, who photographed a Martian in the north of Scotland and recorded a lengthy conversation with him. The Martian equivalent of "yes," as nearly as Allingham could reproduce it phonetically, is "qu-ll." Another author is George W. van Tassel, manager of an airport at Giant Rock, California, who received planetary communications by a kind of telepathic vibration. ("Salutations. I am Hulda. Senior in command, 11th projection, 7th wave, realms of Schare. . . . Your people shall witness more fireballs. Discontinue.")

And there is Truman Betherum, a mechanic and neighbor of Adamski's, who has been practically commuting between earth and a hitherto-unknown planet, Clarion, where the female inhabitants are uniformly beautiful, where no jails exist, no tobacco, no liquor. And Cecil Michael, who indicates that space men get around everywhere, because, after traveling with a group of them, he was able to chart "the topography of hell."

Rigberg does not accept without reservations all the tales told in the books he sells. Take his reference to Is Another World Watching Us?, by Gerald Heard: "Somehow I don't quite agree," he says, "that insects control flying saucers."

The Rigbergs' daily existence is a restricted one. They not only work fourteen hours a day at 1597 Third Avenue, they also live there, sharing a bedroom-kitchen unit at the rear. They frown on smoking and drinking as immoral, and their chief form of recreation is a walk around the block before retiring. Mrs. Rigberg wears no cosmetics, being a faithful member of the Pentecostal Church, an austere sect, and she devotes almost all of every Sunday to church activities.

Rigberg arrived at his present preoccupation by a winding road. He passed a somewhat bleak boyhood in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. His father having died when he was an infant and his mother being destitute, he was raised first in an orphanage, then by a Mennonite family. He studied agriculture for a while at the National Farm School in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and weathered the depression as a farm hand in tobacco fields, before drifting to New York. In 1947 he was working as a counterman in a Manhattan restaurant, and to augment his pay he invested in a copying machine, which he operated in his boardinghouse room.

"One night," he recalls, "I get this psychic flash. I suddenly sense that I ought to insure my equipment against fire. So in the morning I make a down payment on a policy." The next day fire gutted the boardinghouse; Rigberg collected $300.

He was thus in a receptive frame of mind when he chanced to read an advertisement by the College of Divine Metaphysics, Inc., of Indianapolis, offering a correspondence course in "the psychology of business success." The tuition was $200, but Rigberg felt impelled to sign up. Completing the course in two years, he became the happy possessor of three degrees—doctor of metaphysics, doctor of divinity and doctor of psychology—which presumably qualified him to instruct others along similar lines.

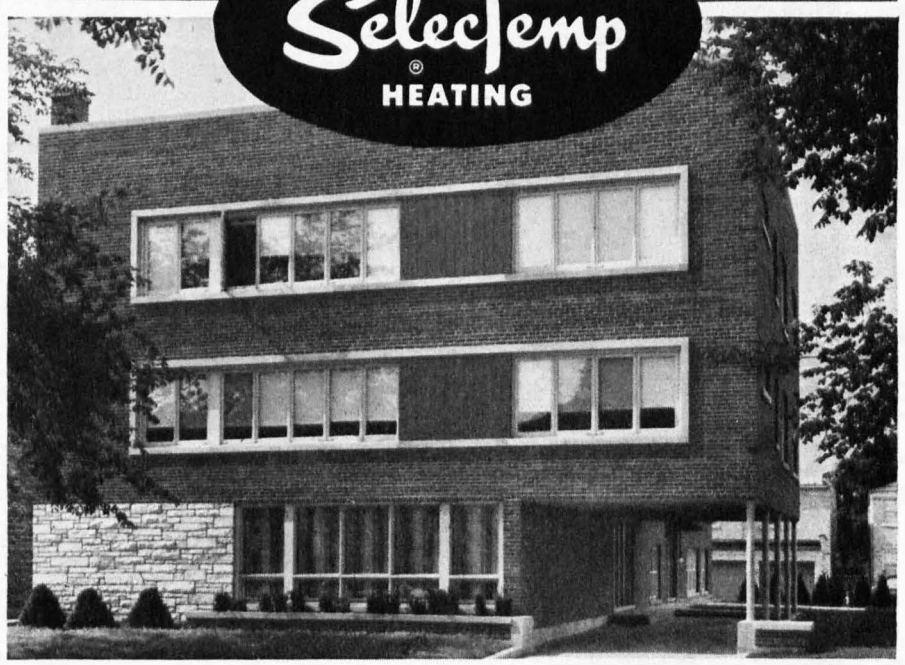
One of his first pupils was a Vienna-born typist, Margaret Lecon, whom he met while browsing through a religious library. They were married a year later. Margaret, (*Continued on Page 72*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now lifting the baby very gently . . ."

A thermostat in every room



Attractive apartment building at 2848 W. Berwyn Avenue, Chicago, Ill., owned by Louis A. Pure. Architects, Comm, Comm and Moses, Chicago.

Owner Louis A. Pure says:

"It's the first time in our experience that tenants do not complain about over and under heating."

EACH tenant not only controls the temperature of his own apartment, *he has the exact temperature he wants in each individual room.* Bedrooms can be cool, bathroom extra warm, living room just right for relaxing—all at the same time.



SelecTemp heating units are recessed into walls, requiring no floor space.

Says the owner, Mr. Louis A. Pure, "Our tenants are most gratified to be able to fully control the temperature of their various rooms . . . with the 1954-55 heating season over, we know that our fuel bill has been extremely low."

A new, advanced type of heating

Each SelecTemp room unit provides an ample volume of heat, and each unit has a sensitive thermostat that can be set for any degree of warmth. It is steady, *modulated* heat—not on-and-off cycling. The heating unit automatically sends in more or less heat to maintain the exact temperature you choose.

SelecTemp room units are supplied with heat from a single low-pressure steam boiler fired with oil, gas or coal. Steam is carried to individual room units through small flexible copper tubing. SelecTemp heating is ideal both for new construction and the modernization of buildings and homes.

How SelecTemp works

The same low pressure steam which carries heat to each room unit turns a small turbine-driven fan, before passing through the heat exchanger. This fan distributes the filtered and warmed air. Temperature is controlled by a thermostat mounted in each unit. Overheating and underheating is eliminated. Thermostats and fans are non-electric; no wiring required. Room units are only 18" high; can be painted to match walls.

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SelecTemp heating with modern built-in room cooling units make an ideal combination for year-around temperature control in each individual room.

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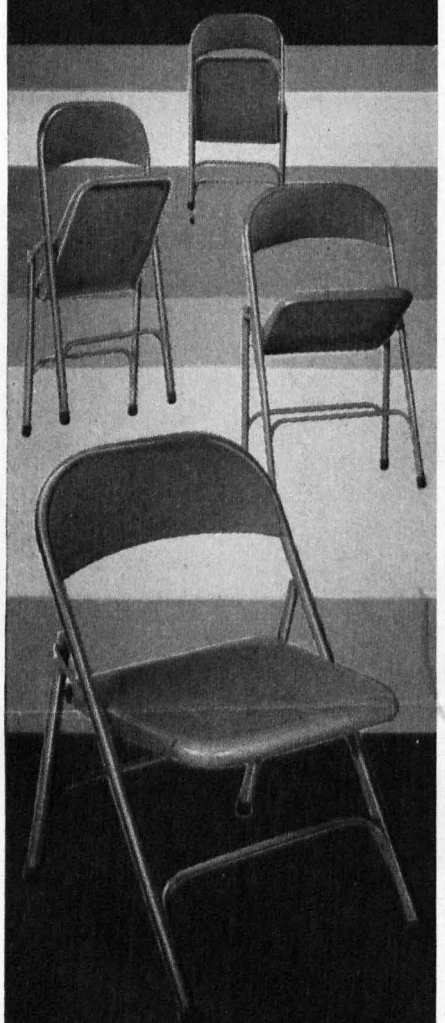
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Samsonite's new colors: Aqua · Gold Coral · Terra Cotta · Brown · Grey · Willow Green · Metallic Grey · Green · Turquoise

Samsonite
FOLDING CHAIRS...STRONGEST, LAST LONGEST
Shwayder Bros., Inc., Institutional Seating Division, Dept. SP-2, Detroit 29, Michigan.

(*Continued from Page 69*) meanwhile, had acquired the degree of metaphysical practitioner of new thought, joined an astrological sect, the Church of Light, and a poetry center, the Avalon World Arts Academy, and written a booklet entitled God's Greatest Gift.

Three years ago, the couple decided to run, in their spare time, a shop specializing in occult literature and equipment. They rented their present store on Third Avenue, stocking it with such items as "Oil of Kyphi, the sacred perfume used by the Egyptians to secure the guidance and influence of the Sun god Ra," $1.50 a bottle; Van Van oil, a voodoo compound to ward off evil spirits, $1.10 a bottle; crystal balls, ouija boards, magic talismans for finding buried treasure; and High John the Conqueror Roots, a requisite to success in love and business.

"Naturally," says Rigberg, "we attracted all sorts of people."

One customer was a fifteen-year-old boy interested in flying-saucer literature. Rigberg had none, but in the request he discerned the hand of destiny. As an experiment, he laid in a supply of two titles—Behind the Flying Saucers, by Frank Scully; and Flying Saucers From Outer Space, by Donald A. Keyhoe.

Scully, a Hollywood correspondent for Variety, described the discovery in the desert of grounded space ships containing the corpses of planet men three feet tall. He got the story from an oil speculator named Silas Newton, who got it from an elusive "Dr. Gee." Keyhoe, a retired United States Marine Corps major, writing in sober scientific terms, accused the Air Force of deluding the public by withholding proof it had gathered of the existence of interplanetary craft.

Both books sold briskly, and Rigberg added similar material to his shelves, eagerly dipping into it himself. Then, to his unutterable joy, he made a sighting. "I was leaving the restaurant after work," he relates, "in the company of another employee, when I happen to glance up at the sky, and there, about a mile overhead, I see a dark, round, disk-shaped object. I tried to get a supporting affidavit from this fellow with me, but he was a Greek and didn't understand what I was talking about."

The experience moved Rigberg to quit his restaurant job and devote himself principally to the cause. While he still deals in ouija boards and Van Van oil occasionally, he rather fancies himself as the standard-bearer of space-manship.

Rigberg's potential market is sizable. At his last count, there were some fifty space-minded societies in this country, and at least twice that many abroad. The theories they expound cover a wide range. On the extreme right stands a group typified by James W. Moseley, aged twenty-four, a former Princeton student, now residing in Fort Lee, New Jersey, who edits a bimonthly, Saucer News—circulation 2000. The Moseley school is ultra-conservative. "Plenty of flying saucers have been sighted," he says. "Sighted one myself a while back. But they were all made right here on earth. After all, Quarles himself admits that the Air Force has contracted for planes that will look like flying saucers. Well, I'm convinced that they've already been produced, and that's what people have been seeing."

Slightly left of center are the seventy members of the Civilian Saucer Intelligence, of New York, most of them earnest young men in their twenties. They feel, in the cautious words of their "research director," Ted Bloecher, by occupation a clerk, "that the evidence is now overwhelming that some of the saucers—perhaps a majority of them—are nonterrestrial vessels constructed and controlled by intelligent beings, who visit our skies for purposes unknown to us."

The CSI'ers will have no truck with occult speculations, or stories of Martians and such traipsing around the earth. They firmly disassociate themselves from Rigberg. At present they are trying to analyze 1400 reported sightings, a project somewhat hampered by their admittedly deficient knowledge of aeronautics. The theorist who exemplifies CSI policy is Keyhoe. Under its auspices he lectured last December in New York's St. Nicholas Arena to an audience of about 1000, who paid $1.10 admission. Keyhoe reiterated his charges that Pentagon officials are ducking the real facts.

Westward from New York, the nature of space phenomena and the explanations advanced become more startling. In Cincinnati, the Civil Research Interplanetary Objects offers the theory that a war is now raging between the planets, and that many of our airplane disasters can be blamed on interference by space ships. In Chicago, the Cosmic Circle of Fellowship receives messages from space every Friday night in Parlor E of the La Salle Hotel, through William Ferguson, a seer, as Rigberg points out, of unique gifts.

But it is under the balmy skies of California that space cults bloom most gaudily. Here, to judge from the fervid testimony of the initiated, parked space vessels are as common as automobiles on a supermarket lot.

In Los Angeles, Eugene H. Drake, director of the Fellowship of Golden Illumination, photographs space creatures by infrared light and tape-records their conversations. Drake claims to have toured Venus on a "gravitonic sled." Los Angeles is also the headquarters of Franklin Thomas, whose New Age Publishing Company is a prolific source of otherworldly literature. In Del Mar, California, Mrs. Eloise Mellor, a medium, transmits while in a trance news of the movements of space legions, as revealed to her by Ashtar, a being who controls the entire universe.

Every March delegates from such groups flock to a two-day "Space-craft Convention" at George van Tassel's airport in the Mojave Desert. The focal spot is an immense hollowed-out boulder wherein van Tassel communes with the planets. Last year's convention had an attendance of 3000, including Adamski, Scully and nearly the whole stable of New Age authors. A featured event was the appearance of a Detroit youth, Richard Miller, who said that he had been lately whizzed across country in a Martian ship. The pilot, Sol Tec by name, confided that 3,500,000 benevolent space pilots were shielding the earth from deadly cosmic rays into which it was drifting.

Rigberg, back in New York, keeps close tabs on these momentous happenings. He has but one regret—that he himself has been unable to sight more than one space ship and has never met a space man. "The trouble is," he says wistfully, "I'm so busy in the store I don't get outdoors much." THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Finster's fourteen-year-old daughter, Phyllis, who was just like her mother, pestered him constantly for the car keys, although too young to drive. To keep her from sneaking away with the car, Finster hid the keys in a dresser drawer. But while he watched television, Phyllis made off with keys and car. Turning a corner too fast, she struck a pedestrian, who sued Finster for his injuries.

"Finster should have known that a teen-ager like Phyllis would find keys in an obvious hiding place like a dresser," the injured man contended. "He should have kept them on him. Having failed to guard the keys properly, he is responsible for my injuries."

"Where can a man hide something so that his children can't find it?" Finster countered. "Should I have slept with the car keys in my pajama pocket? I did all I could, so I'm not to blame."

If you were the judge, would you make Finster pay damages?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Finster did not have to pay. The court ruled that even if he had not hidden the keys well, he could not foresee that Phyllis would filch them and run down someone with his car.

Based upon a 1955 Illinois decision.



"He followed me home. Can I keep him?"

[America magazine, December 7, 1957]

On Mysticism and Outer Space

Michael de la Bedoyere

THE OUTER-SPACE CRAZE long prevalent among adults and juveniles will, one supposes, be whipped up to fever pitch by the launching of the Sputniks and all that is so soon to follow in their wake. Why so terrific an excitement—quite apart, I mean, from serious scientific research and the stakes in the cold war?

After all, there is every reason to believe that all possible outer-space voyaging would be into an utterly dead world, a world which we non-scientific people would call rock, gases, fire. The whole achievement of the human race on planet Earth has been to rise above this sort of raw material, to leave it to one side unless it can be turned to practical use in the service of life. True, dead nature at its wildest and rawest can present us with scenes of the utmost beauty, but this beauty is not really in these dead things, but in the eyes of living, intelligent beholders esthetically responding to shapes and colors. Indeed, man's vision of natural beauty has changed considerably according to generations, temperament, formation, tradition, and the like.

Yet, all history records the curious way in which mankind has been fascinated by outer space, by the heavens above him. We cannot account for this fascination in merely esthetic terms. Beautiful is the pattern of stars in the dark vault of the heavens, more beautiful still on certain nights the pale ball of the moon as its light breaks on earth into soft patterns of silver and shade. But we feel these to be accidental, if happy, consequences of mysterious realities that fascinate us for much deeper reasons. The best-known lines of poetry on the beauty of the heavens are, no doubt, Shakespeare's in *The Merchant of Venice:*

> Sit, Jessica: Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
> There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls.

The lovers in their romantic setting are particularly well disposed to see beauty around them; but even so the real impact on them of the heavens above them is very much deeper: it is religious. The beauty they see penetrates to the motions of the heavens, identified with the angelic choirs, whose harmony corresponds with the touch of divinity in the immortal souls of men.

Here, surely, we find—at least until recent times—the real clue to the fascination which the heavens have always exercised on mankind. Mankind in all ages and places has found in the vision of the space or vault above him the most striking symbol of his own spiritual nature and of the visible hand of God presiding over his destiny. There is, of course, no need to demonstrate the truth of something expressed in the very identification of the name for the space above and that of man's final harbor if he serves God: the heavens.

But perhaps we may usefully look into it all at a somewhat deeper level, in order to discover whether the contemporary fascination for discovery and journey into outer space—which, at first sight, seems to have no sort of spiritual significance—rather the contrary—may not also reflect a tradition so deeply rooted in man.

THE BOOK OF THE STARS

Throughout history until relatively recent scientific times, what has most fascinated man gazing upwards into the skies is the influence which the stars and the planets may have upon his destiny as race, nation, individual. We know this to be, strictly speaking, nonsense; with the exception of a special divine intervention such as the "star" that directed the Magi to worship the Incarnate Infant. Astrology is all part of the superstitious mumbo-jumbo of more or less primitive peoples; and if many people today can be induced to believe in horoscopes—well, that simply shows the obscurantism that remains beneath the surface of educated man.

But the fact that a pseudo-science must be rejected both on scientific and on practical and common-sense grounds does not mean that its existence and tradition may not be of very great significance in the study of man himself, whose meaning and destiny cannot be confined to the measure of science and day-to-day living. Now there can be no doubt at all of the intimate connection between astrology and religion. Astrology is, in fact, the direct outcome of man's sense of dependence on God manifesting Himself in the harmonious course of the heavenly bodies, in the gift of the sun with its light and warmth and in the sudden and often frightening phenomena of eclipses and comets.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE, *graduate of Stonyhurst and Oxford, lectured in philosophy at the University of Minnesota, 1930-31. Since 1934 he has been editor of the* Catholic Herald *of London.*

It was natural that men should seek to study the heavens "scientifically" in order to interpret and coordinate heaven's message. This "science," as we know, developed in what today we call the Middle East and deeply affected classical Greece. It emerged into the Catholic West from the later Hellenic culture of Alexandria—the source, significantly, of profound mystical influences in the tradition of Christian spirituality. Resistance to astrological influence was strongest in the stern, utilitarian, essentially this-worldly Roman Empire.

Christianity, nurtured under the Roman Empire, shared its opposition to astrology. Indeed, early Christianity was so deeply conscious of the recent, direct and absolutely authentic revelation of God in Christ which fired it to supernatural heights that it could have no use for the vague, unverified and often fraudulent revelations of the astrologers. It was among Jews and Arabs, both deeply religious but without the sureness of Christian revelation, that astrology prospered. Among the Jews it was closely associated with the Talmud and specifically called "the science of divination."

By the Middle Ages, when Christendom had established itself, and religion was taken as a part—indeed a vital part—of the picture of civilization rather than as a recent living revelation, astrology once again became very fashionable. Not princes and rulers only, but the Popes themselves had their court astrologers and regulated their lives by their advice. Only very gradually, as humanism and then the natural sciences began to impose themselves on men's minds, did astrology decline to no more than a superstitious habit of the less intelligent.

FASCINATION WITH SPACE

Looking back over those centuries when astrology was important in the minds of intelligent, erudite and often leading people, one can roughly discern a curve of astrological ups and downs. And the curve seems to follow a path that avoids an authentically religious or a hard-bitten utilitarian or a genuinely scientific temper of mind. In other words, until the domination of science in modern times, astrology has been closely associated with religious feeling, religious curiosity, religious groping, whether these were frankly crude and superstitious or, within their limits, seriously reflected the religious dimension in man.

Today there has been an undoubted revival of interest in what might be loosely called religious experience, some of it at crude lower levels of emotion, messianic expectation, end-of-world prophecies. On a more serious level, interest has revived in the study of esoteric Eastern religions, in the attribution of a common authentic religious basis to largely false religious creeds. Catholics and Catholicizing Protestants are going deeper into the authentic mystical tradition from Cassian, Augustine and the pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite. Today, even within normal Christian piety, the view that every baptized soul should not consider the lower levels of the mystical path as something only for the few is widely current.

Essentially, as it seems to me, we have here a movement slightly away, even within the Church, from a view of religion as a personal spiritual and moral striving in the light of revealed truths to one of religion as, ultimately and in however elementary a degree, a feeling, an experience of the Divinity—a portal, as it were, however utterly remote and humble, to the eternal beatific vision.

Nor can there be any doubt that for very many today, whether Catholic or non-Catholic—compare the recent vogue for Colin Wilson and the cult of *The Outsider*—this approach to the real spiritual world hidden by our utilitarian space-time categories is incomparably fascinating, gripping and actually spiritually effective.

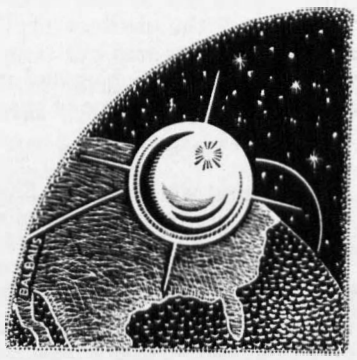
One wonders, then, whether there may not be some deep psychological parallelism, at wholly different levels, between modern religious man's fascinated interest in an experienced rather than an intellectualized religion and modern secularized man's fascinated interest in exploration of outer space.

RELIGION AS EXPERIENCE

There are curious parallels. Religious experience is not, as every qualified spiritual director or student will emphasize, a sensuously consoling affair. On the contrary, it is a dark, opaque, cold, often excruciating experience: a blind will toward God, wherein God mysteriously upholds and feeds the soul. And so is interest in space. It is largely a blind desire to go outward, to penetrate what is known to be materially unrewarding. We call it the conquest of space, but the material value of the conquest is likely to mean much less than the sheer will to achieve what man has never achieved.

It is a sort of religion of scientific man (not wholly incomparable with the mystic quest for God) in an age when a touch of unbelief seems for many to affect the old religious traditions—at least, apart from the central ones. Equally one might say that at a lower level of interest a good deal of religious superstition parallels the space superstitions of flying saucers and strange new creatures within our solar system.

I do not know what precise conclusions to draw from such speculations as these, unless it be man's innate longing to pierce beyond the utilitarian categories and interests that enclose his normal life. Christianity, most of all, but every germ of authentic religion, exemplifies this innate longing, and truly satisfies it in so far as the religion is truly revealed and not just man-made. We have seen how, through the ages, man has invented the pseudo-science of astrology, finding in the outer heavens one sort of ersatz fulfilment of his need for God. Can we say that in a secularist scientific age, the physical exploration of those same heavens is yet another example of man's unconscious need to get nearer to God?



may be the beginning of the big postwar bust that optimists in the Kremlin and pessimists over here have been anticipating for a decade. Most economists would, however, agree with Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McC. Martin Jr. that in the present state of affairs there is "nothing to get excited about." It appears unlikely that the setback will be any worse than the 1953-54 slide, when industrial production tumbled 10 per cent, and it may well turn out to be less severe, and less protracted as well.

The economy, it should be noted, is still operating on a very high plateau, with 66 million employed and the gross national product in the neighborhood of $435 billion. The capital goods boom is obviously running out of steam, but Government spending on all levels is pointing upward. Not everybody, in fact, applauded the decision of the Federal Reserve Board to lower the discount rate. One financial leader speculated that the Fed, by giving the economy such a stiff jab in the arm, may have predisposed the patient to another bout of inflationary fever. Those who share this apprehension are not impressed by the October reading of the consumer price barometer. They remark that of the eight items surveyed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics six were higher in October. Only a seasonal drop in food prices, which are heavily weighted in the index, prevented it from advancing for the 14th month in succession. Almost everybody concedes that inflation is the long-term danger. Is it also still the worrisome short-term danger?

Whether the answer is yes or no, something had to be done at this time to counter the decline in production, employment and income. There is a point in an economic slide beyond which monetary policy is unable to apply the brakes and reverse the gears. Mr. Martin and his colleagues waited as long as they safely could before relaxing their stranglehold on money rates. Maybe they waited a little too long.

Rough Road to Outer Space

By now practically everybody realizes that the road to follow in a race with the Reds to outer space lies through the classroom. If, in order to save face in a global propaganda contest, our present aim is to plummet red-white-and-blue satellites into their orbits or get U. S. spaceships out beyond the pull of the earth's gravity, then we need engineers and technicians in immense supply.

We know we are lagging behind the Russians in the training of technicians. Today the Soviet Union is said to be graduating 80,000 engineers each year, while our colleges and universities are producing an annual crop of only 30,000. On the level of secondary education, Soviet Russia last year graduated 1.5 million students, while we graduated only 1.3 million. What proportion of their secondary-school students—and what proportion of ours—will enter institutions of higher education to continue the study of science? There is no way of arriving at more than an estimate, but certain elements of the problem can be clarified by asking and answering another question. As compared with American high-school students, what scientific background do Soviet high-school graduates possess?

RUSSIAN CURRICULUM

A New York *Times* analysis of November 11, commenting on a 226-page U. S. Office of Education report on *Education in the USSR,* says that secondary-school graduates in Soviet Russia have taken courses in physics and biology for five years, chemistry for four years, astronomy for one year and mathematics for ten years. In the ten-year primary-secondary educational program in Soviet Russia, a typical seventh-grader is studying zoology, the anatomy and physiology of man, mathematics, history, geography, biology, Russian language and literature, physics, chemistry and a foreign language. In the 1955-56 school year, 40 per cent of the USSR's high-school students were taking German, 40 per cent English, and 20 per cent French, Spanish or Latin. Such a system is geared to direct a large proportion of its students into higher educational institutions, where many will be prepared to follow advanced courses in science. We should not be surprised that the USSR's six-day-a-week secondary program, in which since 1955 students have been devoting 53 per cent of their time to the sciences, is filling universities and technicums with future engineers.

Here in the United States education has for some time been veering away from scientific, mathematical and language studies on the secondary level. According to a 1951 report of the U. S. Office of Education, in 1900 physics, algebra and geometry were being studied by 19 per cent, 56.3 per cent and 27.4 per cent respectively of our high-school students. In 1949 only 5.4 per cent, 26.8 per cent and 12.8 per cent were taking these three subjects. Language study has also declined markedly (AM. 1/22/55, p. 412).

Freedom, in education as in other realms of our national life, is stamped all over American institutions. As a free people we have decided, for better or for worse, to give U. S. schools the character they now bear. If their curriculum is shockingly "soft" today, we must remember that a whole generation of decisions—many of them unmitigated foolishness—has made it that way. We cannot change it all overnight. Moreover, the changes that we now make must be made deliberately, thoughtfully, without hysteria. Let us, before we make any decisions, face up to the full significance of our present position vis-à-vis the Reds. Are we willing to pay the price to overtake them in science and technology? No one should answer this question until he has thought it through. But answer it we must.

[American Weekly magazine, April 16, 1961]

American Weekly April 16/61



"Flying saucers" and other unidentified flying objects are no laughing matter, says this expert—and if our brass hats don't cut out all the double-talk and start telling us the truth, the last laugh may be on us

By MAJOR DONALD E. KEYHOE



Director, National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena; author of "Flying Saucers — Top Secret" (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

As told to Frances Spatz Leighton
WASHINGTON EDITOR

I hate the name "flying saucers." No saucers ever flew. Actually they are unidentified flying objects, UFOs, and if we knew what they were we would call them by their correct name.

But whatever they are, we must face the fact that there *are* such things and we must face the danger of accidental war because of them.

When we talk about "flying saucers" we are attempting to laugh away and make ridiculous a real hazard which has already cost several lives and many dollars. We cannot laugh them away, nor can we be like ostriches and pretend they aren't there.

Yet that's what the Air Force is doing—assuring the public they aren't there. The picture may change in the very near future if pleas for Congressional hearings are successful. There is a strong likelihood that the entire UFO story will be revealed to the American public at that time.

Years ago, when strangely-shaped objects were sighted in the sky, traveling with unbelievable speed and maneuverability, they could be called optical illusions, and no harm done. But in this day, when guided missiles also sweep through the skies at supersonic speeds, a case of "mistaken identity" could mean utter destruction.

Consider how dangerous it could be to ignore UFOs. Our Strategic Air Command bombers could be launched against Russia at any moment, because these strange phenomena might well be mistaken by SAC for Soviet airplanes in formation.

In minutes, hundreds of U. S. H-bombers would be heading for Russian targets, crews ready for mass reprisal. The risk of accidental war from such mistakes, by either the United States or Russia, is rapidly increasing.

And there are other dangers, too. Several newspapers and magazines have suggested that UFOs might be secret Russian machines. Russia herself could start a rumor to this effect. If the Kremlin ever planned a surprise attack, such false reports might seriously affect allied countries when the crisis came. The censorship which the Air Force now imposes on all flying saucer reports leaves the American public vulnerable to false Russian claims.

In 1946, when Russia's industry was still half wrecked from the war, a large rocket-shaped craft was sighted over Florida by Capt. Jack Puckett,

Army Air Forces, and the crew of his C-47. Captain Puckett released his report to NICAP—National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena — of which I am director. But this case has never been made public by the Air Force.

This and hundreds of other reports, documented by NICAP and known to be in Air Force files, give massive proof that these huge machines, operating at fantastic speeds, are beyond the capability of Russia or any country on earth.

A third danger is the very real hazard to military and civilian air travel, including possible collision. Numerous sightings have been made by responsible pilots of almost every U. S. airline as well as foreign lines. In 1954, Brazilian passengers were badly frightened when a group of large flying discs raced around their plane.

For the most part these objects seemed harmless enough — as though they merely wanted to inspect our planes. Only once did an Air Force transport pilot and his crew report that a flying saucer showed signs of hostility. It happened on a night flight over the Pacific in 1958. Though the plane was not damaged, the pilot said he believed they were "shot at," because several aerial explosions, like anti-aircraft bursts, but blue-green, were emitted by the UFO. When the pilot fired a challenge rocket, a red flare and more bursts appeared as if in answer.

In March, 1957, a round object with a glowing rim suddenly appeared to one side of a Pan American Airways plane. Believing they were about to collide, the captain hastily zoomed, throwing several passengers from their seats.

Four months later, over Texas, a TWA Constellation was nearly hit by a strange craft which appeared "as if from nowhere." In an abrupt turn, the unknown machine swerved toward the airliner. Just in time the pilot dived, and the flying disc passed overhead.

Not so lucky were two Air Force officers. This tragic case, buried in Air Force files, involves the strange disappearance in 1953 of a F-89 jet with its pilot, Lt. Felix Moncla and the radar observer, Lt. R. R. Wilson. The F-89 was sent to intercept an unidentified flying object near the Soo Locks, Michigan. Minutes later Air Force ground control saw the jet and the UFO come together on their radar-scope.

At Truax Air Force Base, reporters were told, "The plane was followed by radar until it merged with an object 70 miles off Keweenaw Point in upper Michigan." Later the Air Force changed its story and said the jet presumably crashed in Lake Superior.

In 1956, passengers were exposed to possible danger when, on the night of April 8, American Airlines Capt. Raymond Ryan, with Co-Pilot William Neff, encountered a mysterious craft after leaving Albany. The weird object made a swift turn at about 1,000 miles per hour, from a hovering position, and then slowed to the airliner's speed. Radioing Griffiss Air Force Base, New York, Ryan reported the object. Even though it was against Civil Aeronautics Board policy, Ryan was told to abandon his course, follow the unidentified flying object and aid jets in an interception. Though the jets failed to appear, Ryan pursued the object to Lake Ontario, where it speeded up and disappeared.

In December, 1960, on a nation-wide TV program, the official Air Force spokesman denied this airline chase was ever ordered. But the proof is on record in a taped report by Ryan and Neff. Since the question of the right of the Air Force to expose civilian passengers to possible danger is involved in the case, NICAP has given the taped report to a Congressional committee.

The NICAP board of governors and its panel of technical advisors include some 200 military and aviation experts, scientists, astronomers, rocket and radar engineers and authorities in related fields. We of the board have also sent to Congress a confidential report on verified sightings of UFOs and documented evidence of the censorship, suppression or distortion of them by the Air Force.

The time is ripe—almost overripe—to face the facts, tell the public the truth and take steps to avert possible global tragedy.

Individual Congressmen have told NICAP they have been unable to get information about UFOs. Rep. Joseph Karth, House Space Committee member, said that high Air Force officers refuse to discuss UFOs even in closed sessions. Rep. Edgar Hiestand, after reading our confidential report, urged the Secretary of the Air Force to change the UFO policy and be frank with the public.

The Air Force has repeatedly told Congress that hearings could benefit only "sensation seekers and science-fiction publishers." NICAP feels that the good resulting from Congressional hearings would far outweigh any mercenary sensationalism which might arise as a by-product.

A sober warning that UFO censorship is dangerous has been voiced by one of NICAP's eminent members, the former Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Vice-Admiral R. G. Hillenkoetter. Gen. L. M. Chassin, former NATO Co-ordinator of Allied Air Services, who is not a member of NICAP, has said, "It is of first importance to confirm these objects—if only to avoid the danger of global tragedy. If we persist in refusing to recognize the existence of these UFOs we will end up, one fine day, by mistaking them for the guided missiles of an enemy—and the worst will be upon us."

Senator Barry Goldwater, a jet-flying Air Force Reserve General, has gone on record with the statement, "Flying saucers—unidentified flying objects—or whatever you call them, are real."

Hermann Oberth, "Father of the V-2 Rocket" and a noted space-travel authority, says, "I believe the flying saucer comes from other worlds." William Lear, winner of the Collier Aviation Trophy, who has sighted a UFO, believes "the flying saucers come from outer space, piloted by beings of superior intelligence." Rear Adm. D. S. Fahrney, former Navy missile chief, has stated:

"Reliable reports indicate there are objects coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds. The way they change position would indicate their motion is directed."

Meanwhile, the Air Force, as a matter of principle, goes along pooh-poohing all reports of UFO sightings and the people who make such reports. Hundreds of important sightings have been concealed, denied or wrongfully explained to the public. Sometimes the explanations have been humorous to the point of ludicrousness.

1. In October, 1958, Army missile men near Derwood, Maryland, publicly reported the landing and take-off of a strange flying object near their Nike base. First Air Force explanation to the press: Light from torches of arc welders on a nearby transmission tower, reflecting "weirdly" from orange-colored trucks below. After the power company denied any welders were in the area, a substitute answer was given reporters: A 200-watt floodlight on a farmer's barn. A NICAP team, searching and photographing the area, found the only structure in sight not even wired for electricity.

2. A Naval Aviation photographic report, with motion picture film, showed a maneuvering UFO formation. Private Navy evaluation given to Air Force: Unknown objects under intelligent control. Air Force answer: Sea gulls.

Air Force regulation 200-2 is the culprit which keeps the public from knowing what Air Force investigations actually reveal. It states that "information regarding a UFO sighting may be released to the press or general public only if it has been positively identified as a familiar or known object . . . Air Force personnel will not discuss (UFOs) unless so directed and then only on a need-to-know basis."

One Air Force officer who rebelled against the secrecy under which he had to operate was Capt. E. J. Ruppelt, former head of Project "Blue Book," the Air Force's UFO investigation program. Ruppelt, who wrote *The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects* (Doubleday) in 1956, after leaving the Air Force, said, "I was continually told (by superiors) to 'tell them about the sightings we've solved . . . don't mention the unknowns.'"

One of the hair-raising cases which NICAP investigated in a four-year study was that of a sighting of UFOs operating over Washington, D. C., in 1952. We have the signed report of one of the Air Force observers at Andrews Air Force Base in which he said, "UFOs ap- *(continued on following page)*

Distinguished new tobacco mixture



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color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

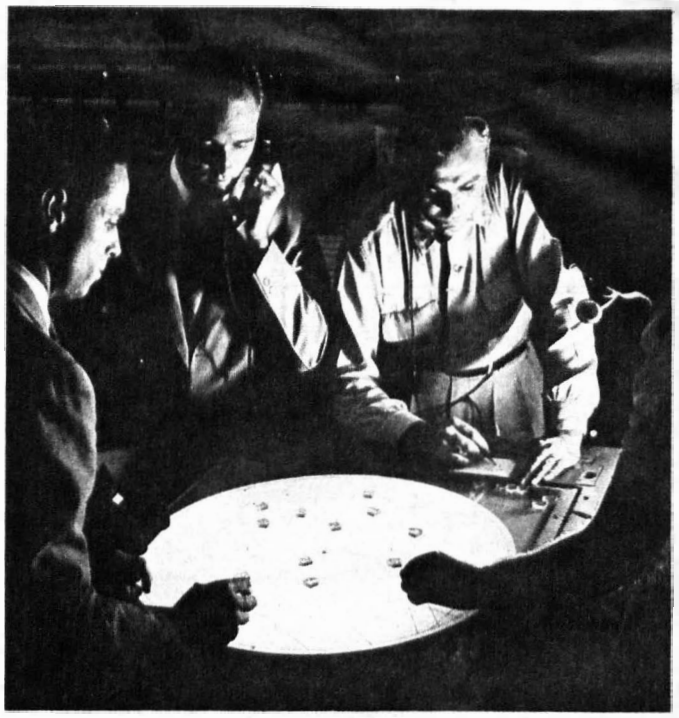
nderful how she finds time for all the little things that add up
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RADAR TEAM at Washington National Airport. Such a team in 1952 clocked UFOs passing over the capital at 7,200 m.p.h.

proached runway in orderly group, at 900 miles per hour; separated for high-speed maneuvers. Definite objects, estimated 150 feet in diameter." They were also tracked by the Washington National Airport radar at speeds up to 7,200 miles per hour, and were seen by pilots and tower operators.

Commenting on this extraordinary case, Ruppelt said, "The press was led to believe the Washington radar-visual sightings were only weather phenomena. Actually they're still unknowns."

It seems inconceivable that the Air Force can maintain indefinitely its wall of secrecy about a national hazard it attempts, in effect, to laugh off as a fantasy. If House Leader John W. McCormack has his way, the wall will soon crumble and the public will know all the facts.

"I feel that the Air Force has not been giving out all the information it has on UFO," he commented recently. "Whether the flying objects—those that refuse to be explained away—come from some other planet we don't know. On the evidence we have we can't pinpoint their source. But so many expert witnesses have seen them that their testimony can't be disregarded. It's not all imagination.

"It might be well for the House Committee on Science and Astronautics to hold hearings, either executive sessions or open hearings, to bring the matter up to date."

Representative McCormack is on the right track. History has proven that in our democracy it doesn't pay to hide the truth from our citizens, especially when that truth is of vital concern to all of us.

And here are some other steps that should be taken:

Defense personnel should be fully informed of UFO reality to reduce the danger of accidental war. Military pilots should be forbidden to fire on these strange objects for fear of retaliatory action. (Orders to attack them in the past may have accounted for a few disappearances of pilots and planes.)

A new government agency, free of military control, should be set up to release all official UFO information and conclusions; to expose false claims that might cause hysteria; and, as suggested by a Brookings Institute report, to prepare the public for any possible discoveries about other inhabited planets.

And, lastly, the public should be informed that the UFOs are *not* Soviet devices, by revealing Air Force proof that they are overwhelmingly superior to anything made on earth.

If sighted UFOs can be explained away by logical argument—fine. If they can't, then let's say so right off. The public is entitled to know.

Ufology

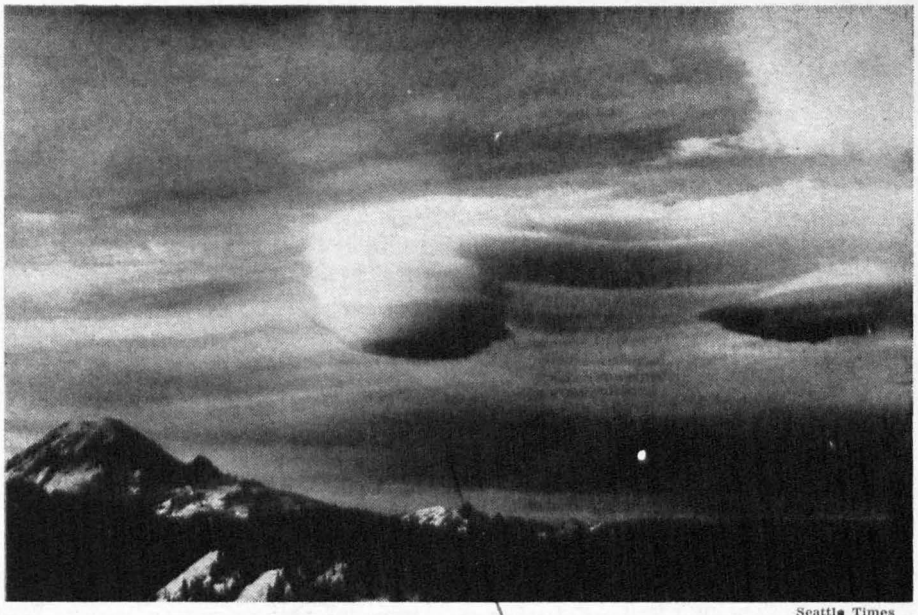
Are flying saucers real? They certainly are numerous.

Since 1947, when an Idaho veteran pilot named Kenneth Arnold claimed he saw nine saucers playing tag around Mount Rainier, 7,816 "sightings" have been tallied by the Air Force in the U.S. alone. In 1957, the year of the sputniks, a rash of 1,178 reports broke out. "Seeing saucers became a national pastime," according to Donald H. Menzel, Harvard's eminent astronomer, and Mrs. Lyle G. Boyd, formerly of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. In a new report on mankind's infinite gullibility, "The World of Flying Saucers" (*302 pages. Doubleday. $4.50*), they neatly debunk the cult of Ufology—the belief that unidentified flying objects are buzzing the earth.

Menzel enjoys science fiction himself. Under the name of Don Howard he has written "The Machine From Outside" (which was a UFO) and other stories. But as a scientist he refuses to confuse facts with fantasies. Though Menzel was forbidden by the Air Force to look at their UFO files in 1952 when they were classified secret, he persisted in his requests. Eventually he and Mrs. Boyd were allowed to study every dossier of a UFO still labeled unknown or questionable in the files at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio. With meticulous care, they matched each sighting against weather-bureau reports, charts of the stars and planets, records of meteors, comets, rocket firings, balloon launchings, and local information on fireworks displays, migratory birds, and the lay of the land.

Many of the wildest reports came from untrained observers—excitable old ladies and imaginative schoolboys, for instance, who had been primed by articles like "Have We Visitors From Outer Space?" in Life magazine or in pulps like Amazing Stories and Fate. But a considerable number of technical people claimed they saw UFO's.

Sun Dogs and Suds: Their "sightings," however, were no more valid. Arnold's disks turned out to be disk-shaped "grindstone" clouds (photo) common in the mountainous West. Similar deceptions in the sky, such as sun dogs (images of the sun reflected through ice crystals), birds, balloons, meteors, and planets accounted for 71 per cent of the reports; space satellites figured in 17 per cent last year. There were several oddities: satellite watchers at Curaçao, in 1961, trained their telescopes on a brightly colored object that turned out to be a kite on a 1,200-foot string; a frothy apparition widely seen over Pennsylvania in 1954 was caused by a sewage plant that broke down and wafted detergent suds into the wind.



Seattle Times

Grindstone clouds over Rainier: The 'saucers' that started the scare

Hardest to shoot down, in all this flying sorcery, were 26 UFO's listed by the Air Force as unknowns that Menzel and Boyd have now identified. Examples:

▶The Chiles-Whitted UFO, named for two Eastern Air Lines pilots who reported a glowing, cigar-shaped object played chicken with their DC-3 in July 1948. The thing was a meteor, part of a spectacular meteor shower that month.

▶The Gorman "Dogfight," named for a North Dakota Air National Guardsman who chased a weird blinking light in an F-51 in October 1948. It was a lighted weather balloon and mirage of Jupiter.

▶The Rotating Lights of Japan—red, green, and white blobs that whirled like jukebox lights in December 1952 and January 1953. "They" were the planet Venus reflected off high, thin clouds.

Still the saucer myths persist. Only last week, on a farm near Shaftesbury, England, a crater appeared in a potato patch and was quickly described as the landing marks of a flying saucer. Called to investigate, an astronomer decided the hole was created by a meteor. As Menzel says: "No UFO is basically mystifying when all the facts are in. In fifteen years, no evidence . . . has been found that anyone has ever seen, heard, smelled, photographed, touched, or in any way detected a UFO."

Weather to Order

Skyfire, Blackbody, and Stormfury sound like the names of fast-footed thoroughbreds. Actually, they are the hyped-up titles of three basic weather research studies now being conducted by the U.S.

The Forest Service's Project Skyfire is intended to modify thunderstorms and dispel lightning by means of cloud seeding; the Navy's Blackbody hopes to alter the albedo, or reflectivity, of ice packs and deserts by dispersing carbon black over wide areas; and the joint Navy-Weather Bureau's Stormfury uses silver iodide in an attempt to blunt the force of hurricanes. All told, the U.S. spent $4.6 million last year on such weather research; in an 84-page report to President Kennedy last week, the National Science Foundation suggested that "the time is now ripe" for a more active program of weather control.

The world's weather is probably being affected inadvertently right now, says the report. Harbors and dams alter the course of waterways, carbon dioxide from cars and factories fouls the atmosphere, and other human activities affect the balance between the amount of the sun's radiation reaching the earth and the heat reflected back into space. Looking ahead, NSF supports a long-range weather program that includes:

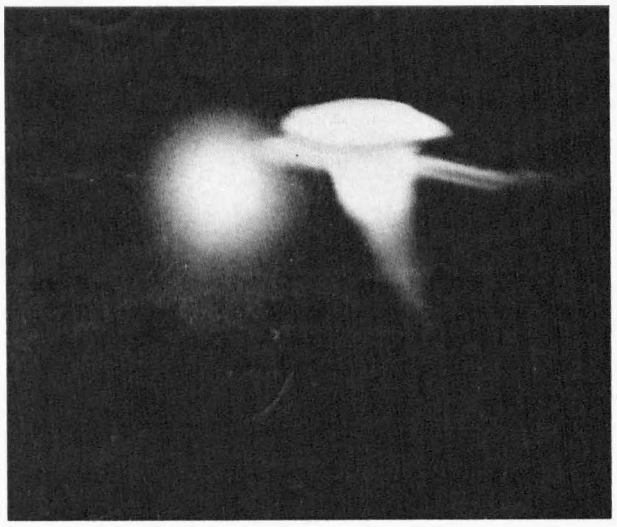
▶Making numerical predictions, which is another name for weather forecasting by computer, to study atmospheric forces, "including the relationship between the sun and earth as a single gigantic thermodynamic system."

▶Learning how to alter the sun's radiation, which might be the key to climate control. "A possible technique for accomplishing this is the introduction of artificial clouds where large-scale weather tends to form, such as over the Gulf of Alaska," says the report.

▶Spreading suitable chemical agents aloft from satellites to trigger energy stored in the upper atmosphere. By doing this, the heat of the upper air can be increased in selected areas.

▶Experimenting to determine whether stepped-up space programs, which might pollute the planet's atmosphere with rocket fumes, can be controlled to

[Look magazine, February 22, 1966]



OUTER-SPACE GHOST STORY

BY JOHN G. FULLER

Was it delusion? Or did more than 60 people living near Exeter, N. H., actually see huge flying objects resembling the one shown in the remarkable photograph above?

AT 2:24 A.M. ON September 3, 1965, Norman Muscarello walked into the Exeter, N. H., police station, apparently near shock. Patrolman Reginald Toland, who was on duty at the desk, helped him light a cigarette before Muscarello was calm enough to talk.

He had been hitchhiking north on Route 150 from Amesbury, Mass., to his home in Exeter, a distance of 12 miles. The traffic was sparse, he said, and he was forced to walk most of the way. About 2 a.m., when he was passing an open field near Kensington, N. H., a huge object came out of the sky directly toward him. "The thing," as he called it, appeared to be 80 to 90 feet in diameter and had brilliant, pulsating red lights outlining an apparent rim. It wobbled, yawed and floated toward him, but made no noise whatever. He was afraid it was going to hit him and protected himself by diving into the shallow shoulder of the road.

The object backed off slowly and hovered directly over the roof of one of the two nearby houses. Finally, it backed off far enough for Muscarello to make a run for one of the houses. He pounded on the door, screaming. No one answered. At that moment, a car came by, moving toward Exeter. Muscarello ran to the middle of the road, waving his arms frantically. A middle-aged couple picked him up, took him into Exeter and dropped him off at the police station.

"Look," he said to Toland, "I know you don't believe me. I don't blame you. *But you got to send somebody back out there with me!*"

Toland, impressed by Muscarello's sincerity, called Cruiser No. 21. Within five minutes, Patrolman Eugene Bertrand pulled into the station. After he heard Muscarello's story, Bertrand, an Air Force veteran with experience in air-to-air refueling on KC-97 tankers, mentioned another strange report he had heard. He had been cruising on Route 101, approximately two miles from Exeter, about an hour earlier. He had come across a car parked on the bypass, and the woman at the wheel told him that a huge and silent airborne object had trailed her from the town of Epping, nine miles away. The object had brilliant, flashing red lights, she said, and kept within a few feet of her car. When she reached the overpass, it suddenly developed tremendous speed and soon disappeared among the stars.

"I thought she was a kook," Bertrand told Toland. "So I didn't even bother to radio in."

"This sounds like the thing you saw?" Toland asked Muscarello.

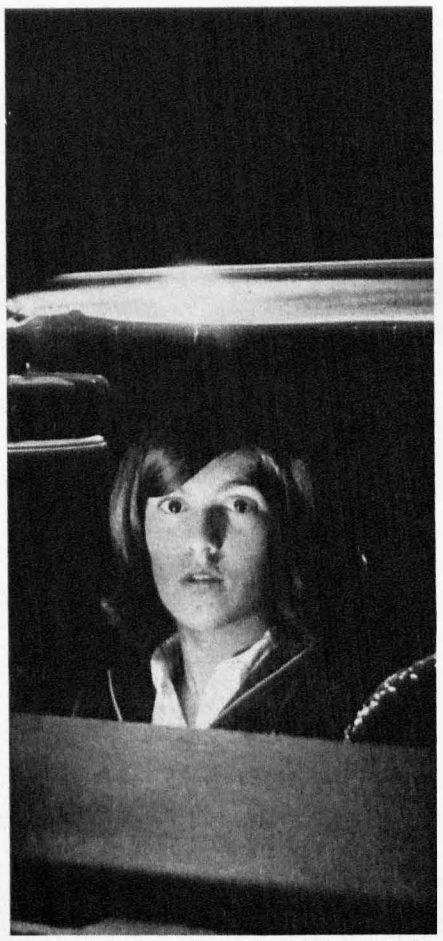
"Sounds exactly like it."

It was nearly 3 a.m. when Patrolman Bertrand, still trying to calm

continued



Police Officers David Hunt, left, and Eugene Bertrand of Exeter, N. H., joined Norman Muscarello back at the site where he had reported seeing a large, luminous, flying object. They watched it reappear.



While driving home with her mother, Sharon Pearce, 13, of Hampton, saw a disklike object hovering beside their car. It wobbled and rocked near them for minutes. Since then, they have seen similar phenomena.



Norman Muscarello, now in the Navy, says a large, airborne object hovered over farm near Exeter, then seemed to pursue him, on the early morning of September 3. He went to the police for aid.

COPYRIGHT © 1966 BY JOHN G. FULLER. ADAPTED FROM HIS FORTHCOMING BOOK "INCIDENT AT EXETER," TO BE PUBLISHED BY G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The policeman shouted: "I see the damn thing myself!"

Muscarello, reached the field between the two houses. The night was clear, moonless and warm. There was no wind, and the stars were brilliant. Visibility was unlimited.

Bertrand parked his cruiser near Tel. & Tel. Pole #668. He picked up the radio mike to report to Toland that he could see nothing at all, but that Muscarello was still so tense about the situation that he was going to walk out on the field with him to investigate further. "I'll be out of the cruiser for a few minutes," he said, "so if you don't get an answer on the radio, don't worry about it."

Bertrand and Muscarello walked down the sloping field, Bertrand probing the trees in the distance with his flashlight. About 100 yards from the roadside was a corral, where the horses of the Carl Dining farm were kept. They reached the fence and still saw nothing, and Bertrand tried to convince Muscarello that he must have seen a helicopter. Muscarello insisted that he was familiar with all types of conventional aircraft and would have recognized a helicopter.

THEN, as Bertrand turned his back to the corral to shine his light toward the tree line north of them, the horses at the Dining farm began kicking and whinnying. Dogs in the nearby houses began howling. Muscarello screamed, "I see it! I see it!"

Bertrand turned, looked toward the trees beyond the corral. Rising up slowly from behind two tall pines was a brilliant, roundish object. It made no sound. It moved toward them like a leaf fluttering from a tree, wobbling and yawing as it did so. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light. The white sides of Carl Dining's house turned blood-red. Bertrand reached for his .38, then thought better of it and shoved the gun back in its holster. Afraid of infrared rays, he grabbed Muscarello and yanked him toward the cruiser.

Bertrand called Toland at the Exeter station. "*My God,*" he shouted, "*I see the damn thing myself!*"

Under the half-protection of the cruiser roof, Bertrand and Muscarello watched the object hover. It was about 100 feet above them, about a football-field's distance away. It was rocking back and forth on its axis, still absolutely silent. The pulsating red lights seemed to dim from left to right, then from right to left, in a 5-4-3-2-1, then 1-2-3-4-5 pattern, taking about two seconds for each cycle. They found it difficult to make out a definite shape because of the brilliance of the lights—"Like trying to describe a car with its headlights coming at you," Bertrand said.

After several minutes, the object began moving slowly eastward, toward Hampton. Its movement was erratic, defying all conventional aerodynamic patterns. "It darted," says Bertrand. "It could turn on a dime. Then it would slow down."

As it began to move away, Patrolman David Hunt, in Cruiser No. 20, pulled up by the pole. He had heard the radio conversations between Bertrand and Toland.

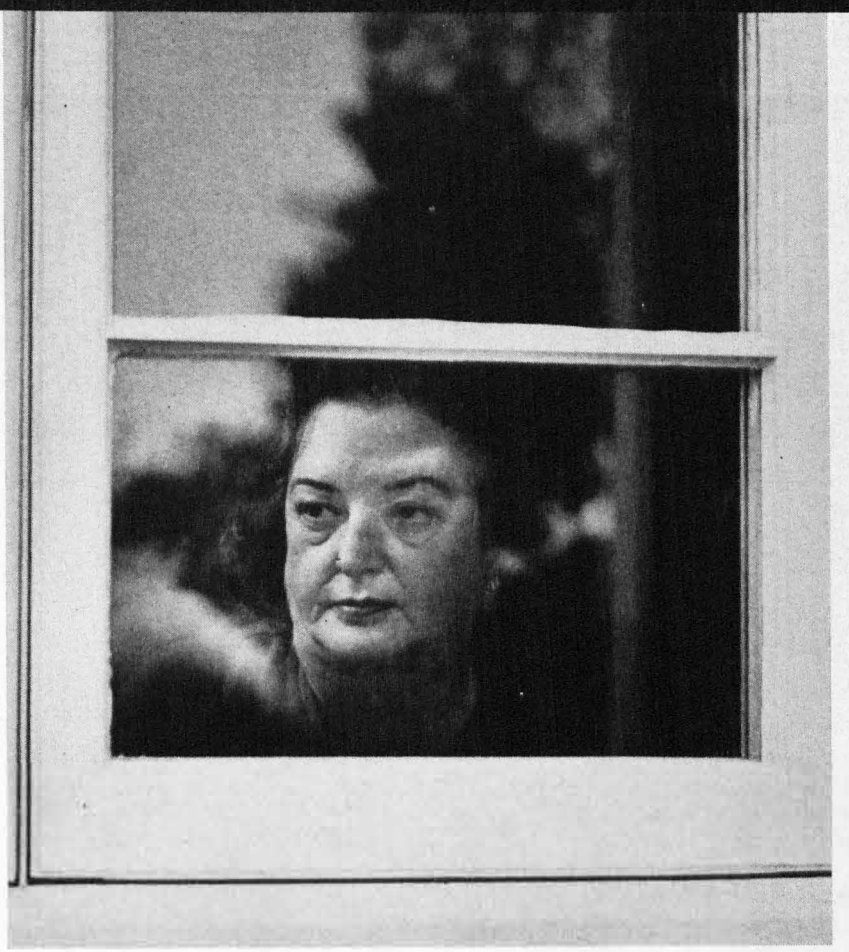
"I could see that fluttering movement," Hunt says. "It was going from left to right, between the tops of two big trees. I could see those pulsating lights. I could hear those horses kicking out in the barn there. Those dogs were really howling. Then it started moving, slow like, across the tops of the trees, just above the trees. It was rocking when it did this. A creepy type of look. Airplanes don't do this. After it moved out of sight, toward Hampton, toward the ocean, we waited awhile. A B-47 came over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

Moments after the object slid over the trees and out of sight, Toland took a call from an Exeter night operator. "She was all excited," says Toland. "Some man had just called her, and she traced the call to one of them outside booths in Hampton, and he was so hysterical he could hardly talk straight. He told her that a flying saucer came right at him, but before he could finish, he was cut off. I got on the phone and called the Hampton police, and they notified the Pease Air Force Base."

The blotter of the Hampton Police Department covers the story tersely: "Sept. 3, 1965: 3 a.m. Exeter Police Dept. reports unidentified flying object in that area. Units 2, 4 and Pease Air Force Base alerted. At 3:17, received a call from Exeter operator and Officer Toland. Advised that a male subject called and asked for police department, further stating that call was in re: a large, unidentified flying object, but call was cut off. Call received from a Hampton pay phone, location unknown."

For days, Bertrand would think about the object he had seen. "The world is going so fast that it could be something from outer space. It makes you wonder. I want to keep my mind open, look for a reasonable explanation. But then, as I look back in my mind again, I wonder. When we watched it, Dave and I and the kid tried to listen, to hear a motor. We did everything to check it out. We weren't believing our eyes. We just couldn't come up with an answer. I kept asking Dave, 'What is that, Dave? What do you think?' He'd say, 'I don't know.' I have never seen an aircraft like that before, and I know damn well they haven't changed that much since I was in the service."

Lt. Warren Cottrell was on the desk at 8 o'clock that morning. He read Bertrand's report and called



Mrs. Virginia Hale of Hampton, a newspaper correspondent, reported a huge object that floated over her backyard. It gave off a violet light.

Pease Air Force Base to reconfirm the incident. By one in the afternoon, Maj. Thomas Griffin and Lt. Alan Brandt arrived. They went to the scene of the sighting, interviewed Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello at length and returned to the base with little comment. By nightfall, a long series of phone calls began coming into the police station, many from people who had distrusted their own senses before the police report.

NIGHTFALL also marked the beginning of a three-week vigil by Muscarello, his mother and several friends. In the weeks before he was due to report to the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, he was determined he would see the strange object again. During this period, I also began a search that was to continue for many weeks. My objective was to bring out every fact possible in a single, limited area regarding an Unidentified Flying Object, commonly called a UFO.

I found Ron Smith, 17, a high-school senior, unpacking a carton of chicken soup in the grocery store where he works after school.

A few weeks earlier, young Smith had been riding around with his mother and his aunt, shortly after 11 p.m., not far from the spot where Muscarello had been hitchhiking.

"All of a sudden, my aunt told me to look up at the sky," Smith told me. "I stopped the car and looked up. I saw a red light on the top, and the bottom was white. And it glowed. It passed over the car once, and when it passed over and got in front, it stopped in midair and went back over again. It was huge. It headed over the car a third time and then took off. Zoomed off, fast. Wasn't even ten seconds getting away.

"It scared me, and I started to drive toward the police station to report it. But after I got partway, I came to my senses. I wanted to be sure we weren't just seeing things."

He returned to the place where he and his mother and his aunt had seen the object. "It was back there still. It was oval, not completely round. It didn't make much sound, just sort of a humming noise, like a cat when it purrs. Altogether, we must have watched it for about 15 minutes. The second time, it just passed over the car once and took off again. It wasn't a plane, it wasn't a helicopter."

The next lead took me to the office of Rusty's Taxi, where Lora Davis gave me her account. "It was about 2 o'clock in the morning," she said. "I was sitting up on top of Country Club Hill, and I looked up. I first thought it was a plane. . . . There was just a big, huge red light, blinking on and off. It started moving closer, my guess was about three miles away. It was too big to be a plane, the distance it was. It was coming in from the southeast, sort of parallel to the 101 bypass. Then it headed toward the ocean."

While I was there, a call came in on the taxi radio. It was the taxi-company owner. He had just heard via shortwave radio that a Mrs. Harlow Spinney in Stratham had recently spotted a UFO in broad daylight.

"I was driving from Exeter toward Portsmouth, and when I first saw it, it was in the distance," she told me. "When it got between two and three hundred feet of me, darned if it didn't turn around and come back, so I got a perfect view of it in broad daylight. It made no noise whatever, and it seemed to be intelligently guided. It looked spherical, but it was definitely not a balloon. There were no openings. If it had

continued

After sightings, some women were afraid to go out at night

been a B-47 or a B-52 jet—I know them so well because they pass over here all the time—it would have scared me to death at that altitude. I guess it was 30 feet or so in diameter, and it changed direction with a dartlike motion. Then it suddenly took off at a blinding speed."

MEANWHILE, another lead had come in from Russell Burbank, a reporter on the Boston *Globe*. Mrs. Virginia Hale of Thomsen Road, Hampton, had recently kept a UFO in clear view over a five- to ten-minute period, at dusk. Mrs. Hale, a stringer for the UPI and a local news correspondent, knew every conventional flight pattern at the Portsmouth air base, as well as those of the commercial planes. "I was standing by the sink, looking out the kitchen window, about 25 minutes after 6 in the evening. The reason it caught my eye was because it was bright and because it was going slow, very slow. So I automatically figured something was wrong. Then it stopped dead over by that house—about three times the height of the chimney—it just stopped dead. Now, you know four minutes is a long time, and that's why I hesitate to say that, but I'm pretty sure it was about that long. I marked my window here with a smear from my dishwater so I could remember where it lined up with the spot. Suddenly, this thing cut back toward the southwest, coming directly back and losing altitude fast. It was going so fast I thought it would crash. At this point, I could see underneath too. It was dome-shaped and flat underneath...."

As I talked to policemen, taxi operators, high-school youngsters and housewives in split-level or farm homes, the other-worldly aspects of the sightings aroused strong curiosity after the initial shock.

A new lead took me to the home of Mrs. Rudy Pearce, on the Exeter-Hampton line. A delegation of neighboring housewives was waiting for me in her living room. Their accounts of multiple sightings continued for over an hour. Some of the women were afraid to go out alone at night. "Some of these things," said Mrs. Alfred Deyo, "sit in the air for as long as half an hour. Just sit there."

So many leads began coming in from the police blotter, newspapers and ordinary citizens that it was impossible to follow them all up:

- Near Bessie's Lunch, in Fremont, dozens of cars would gather nightly at the base of the power lines, along which the objects would hover.
- The Jalbert family, living beside the power lines, reported constant sightings, dull-orange disks moving erratically along the lines.
- The Chief of Police of Fremont, along with a half-dozen members of his family, saw an object hovering over his house and barn. An outside light, operated by a photoelectric cell, went out when the object appeared.
- Charlotte McFarland of Sandown stopped her car when a red, roundish object came down the power lines and headed toward her. It hovered, went up and down and moved erratically sideways.
- Mrs. Parker Blodgett, a correspondent of the Haverhill, Mass., *Gazette* and president of the New Hampshire PTA, saw a bright orange disk, "bigger than the moon" hover just outside her living-room window.

Meanwhile, Norman Muscarello continued his vigil on Route 150 during the three weeks before he joined the Navy. "He would sit all night long," says his mother, "and many times, I joined him. One night, all of a sudden, I saw it myself. You couldn't see the shape, but it came out behind some trees, like if it was just parked and just rose up. No sound at all. It was huge. There were lights on the bottom going around like pinwheels."

I RECORDED lengthy interviews with over 60 people. From the tapes, certain common denominators emerged:

Many observers were reluctant to report their findings because of the fear of ridicule.

Most people reporting sightings were familiar with commercial and military craft, could even tell the difference between B-47's and B-52's because of the constant traffic at the nearby Pease Air Force Base.

Most observers reported luminous disk-shaped objects, either white or orange, or changing in color. Many people said they saw the red pulsating lights around the rim, which often would speed up and whirl. Some noted cigar-shaped crafts. The phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire was dismissed by experts as an explanation because the objects seen were constantly defined as structured craft rather than fire balls.

Many observers reported extreme low-level encounters, not more than five or six feet above the ground.

Most reported absolute silence by the objects, although in some cases a high-frequency hum was noticed.

A few noted the odd behavior of animals, as well as electrical, ignition and broadcast disturbances.

In some 200 pages of typed transcripts, 73 mentions were made that the UFO's were observed near or over high-power transmission lines.

None of this information is particularly new to NICAP—the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington—the privately-sponsored organization that has been collating statistics reported over the past 20 years. But an intensive investigation has not been focused on a single area to any measurable degree before.

While NICAP pushes its demands for public enlightenment on the subject, the Air Force maintains an attitude of almost complete silence. Any

continued

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HEART FUND

Coastguardsmen seem to support the witnesses

air base receiving a UFO report sends an officer to investigate. The information is relayed to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio, where it is analyzed by scientists and technicians. The report is forwarded to the Pentagon, which claims that only 7.7 percent of the thousands of objects remain unidentified. The rest of the cases are ascribed to other causes such as temperature inversion, weather balloons, mistaken identity of planes, stars, planets, clouds, reflections and so forth.

It was through NICAP that I learned that the amazing UFO picture shown on the first page of this article had been taken by a youthful astronomer in Beaver County, Pa., northwest of Pittsburgh. I went immediately to western Pennsylvania to investigate.

James Lucci, 17, the photographer, had an excellent school record and the finest possible character standing in his community. He was taking a time exposure of the moon at 11:30 p.m., in the presence of his brother John, a biology major at Geneva College. Both watched it for several minutes. The picture was taken with a Yashica 635, with Altipan 120 film (ASA 100). The lens opening was f 3.5, set at infinity, developed with fresh D 76 at 70 degrees, with agitation. Four members of the photographic department of the Beaver County *Times*, a highly respected area paper, told me that the negatives of the two pictures Lucci took were not the result of faking nor the result of photographic accident.

A canvas of Lucci's neighborhood brought out a rash of stories almost identical to those of Exeter.

In early November, I returned to Exeter to gather more confirmation on the sightings. A particularly graphic one came from Joseph Jalbert, 16, a high-school junior with an excellent scholastic record. His house is almost under the poles supporting the power lines on Route 107. One evening at dusk, toward the end of October, he noticed a reddish cigar-shaped object high in the sky and was startled to see a smaller reddish-orange disk emerge from it and begin a slow descent toward earth. It drew nearer, then skimmed along the power lines and stopped within two hundred feet of him, just a few feet over the wires. Then, very slowly, a silvery, pipe-like extension descended from the disk until it touched the wire. It remained in contact with the power line for several seconds, then was retracted into the disk. It took off toward the sky with tremendous speed, found the cigar-shaped object again, and disappeared inside it. Joseph's mother, oddly enough, had sighted a similar object on a different night some 20 miles away.

Confidential comments made to me by coastguardsmen and military in the area support the laymen's testimony and confirm the reports of radar sightings and scrambling by jet fighters. Collusion, hoax or mistaken identity by so many people seems improbable. The continued official silence surrounding the subject of UFO's seems as mysterious as the Exeter story itself.

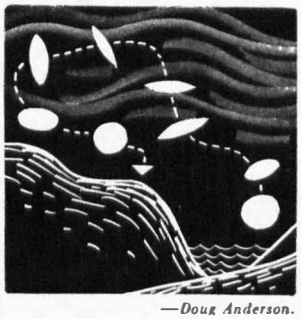
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ROBERT CENSONI

LOOK 2-22-66

"I'll handle the controls!!"



—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

WHAT ARE THE UNIDENTIFIED AERIAL OBJECTS?

THE opening chapter of *The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel* reports a strange event in "the land of the Chaldeans by the river Chebar . . . in the fifth day of the month, which was the fifth year of king Jehoiachin's captivity." The St. James translation of Ezekiel's words runs as follows:

> And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire.
>
> Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.
>
> And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings.
>
> And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot: and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass.
>
> And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides; and they four had their faces and their wings.
>
> Their wings were joined one to another; they turned not when they went; they went every one straight forward.
>
> As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side: and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle.
>
> Thus were their faces: and their wings were stretched upward; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies.
>
> And they went every one straight forward: whither the spirit was to go, they went; and they turned not when they went.
>
> As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning.
>
> And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning.
>
> Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces.
>
> The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl: and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel.
>
> When they went, they went upon their four sides: and they turned not when they went.
>
> As for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful; and their rings were full of eyes round about them four.
>
> And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them: and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up.
>
> Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went, thither was their spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up over against them: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels.

ACCORDING to Ezekiel's account of the happening, he was so thoroughly awed and frightened that he "fell upon my face." While prone, he "heard a voice of one that spake" and a short while later "I heard also the noise of the wings of the living creatures that touched one another, and the noise of the wheels over against them, and the noise of a great rushing." Finally, he was lifted up and taken away to a place by the Chebar where he "sat . . . astonished . . . seven days."

Ezekiel claimed that he had been in the hands of God, and that since Ezekiel was an inconspicuous priest at the time, the landing of the winged wheels carrying a voice was simply God's way of dramatizing Ezekiel's appointment as "a watchman unto the house of Israel." Successive translators of the *Bible* have accepted Ezekiel's adventure as a visionary one. But another and quite different interpretation of Ezekiel's experience, made long afterwards, was given prominence in a book published last year by Henry Regnery Company under the title: *Anatomy of a Phenomenon*. The author, French-born mathematician Jacques Vallee, while taking no firm position of his own on the matter, quoted from without disapproving modern "books dealing with unidentified flying objects" which find some of Ezekiel's expressions "similar to those commonly used by witnesses of modern sightings of UFOs." One passage cited by Vallee reads:

"Ezekiel's narrative in the *Bible* is mainly concerned with describing this incident in his own phraseology, however vague it may seem to us today. Ezekiel lived in an era of few metals and no machines. The war chariot and the plough were the last words in their 'technology.' For this reason it was extremely difficult for Ezekiel to portray . . . the event . . . with his vocabulary."

Vallee's own text proceeds:

"According to the same sources, an attempt to reconstruct from Ezekiel's words a model of the phenomenon in modern terms would lead to a conception of a machine rather than a natural phenomenon such as a mirage:

" 'The vehicle which Ezekiel observed had four distinct pillars. From each pillar protruded two wings, eight in all,

which moved about. At the base of each column there were rings with circular openings. The four columns formed a cubic body over which there was a transparent dome. For lack of any better term Ezekiel defined it as a "firmament." A throne of sapphire stone crowned the dome, encircled by a rainbow. The reference to sapphire, amber, crystal, and beryl may be allusions to plastics which certain parts of the ship were made of.

"'The prophet describes the workings of this extraordinary craft. Except for the wings no other parts moved. The wings produced a sound "like the noise of great waters." A fiery and thunderous exhaust issued from the base of the engine.

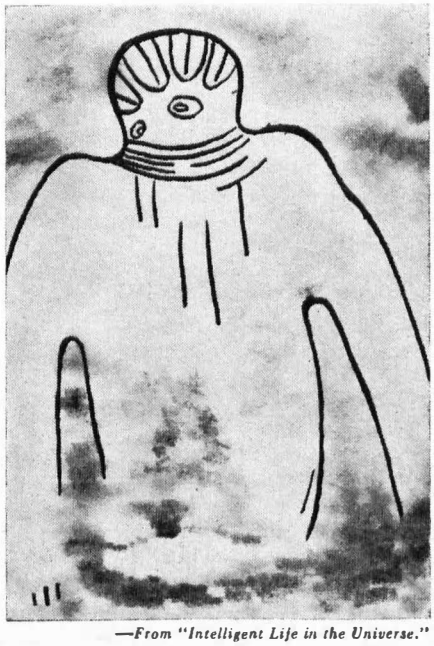
"'The incident is so objectively depicted that it could hardly be considered a tale to impress superstitious listeners.'"

IT is only in recent times that astronomers have come to believe that beings with intelligence equal or superior to that of earthly men must inhabit hundreds if not thousands of planets of stars other than our sun (see *SR*, Jan. 2, 1960). If Ezekiel had been the unwitting agent of a distant civilization that discovered planet earth and considered earthmen degenerate, it would be logical to assume that his principals had been observing earth for a long time. A still more recent book than mathematician Vallee's—this one, written jointly by Russian astronomer I. S. Shklovskii and Harvard astronomer Carl Sagan, is titled *Intelligent Life in the Universe* and published by Holden-Day—explores the implications such observations may have for our earthly past and future. The text of *Intelligent Life in the Universe* points out:

> Some 25,000,000 years ago, there existed a creature named Proconsul who was probably ancestral both to *Homo sapiens* and to the great apes. Proconsul was erect, bipedal, and tool-using. The subsequent evolution in the line of man has been marked, as all evolutionary tracks are, by fits and starts and dead ends. We see, for example, the late Parenthropus, late Java man, and late Neanderthal man all represent evolutionary dead ends. They were intelligent, communicative, and probably had their own simple cultures, but they left no issue. Had the physical environment been slightly different, had the accidents of daily existence occurred another way, *Homo sapiens* might have been an evolutionary dead end, and perhaps today there would have been a technical civilization of Pithecanthropi on the planet earth; or perhaps no civilization at all.
>
> But these matters, while difficult for us to reconstruct from a distance of millions of years, would have been much clearer to a technical civilization greatly in advance of the present one on earth, which visited us every hundred thousand years or so to see if anything of interest was happening lately. Some 25,000,000 years ago, a Galactic survey ship on a routine visit to the third planet of a relatively common G dwarf [star, the sun] may have noted an interesting and promising evolutionary development: Proconsul. The information would have filtered at the speed of light slowly through the [Milky Way] Galaxy, and a notation would have been made in some central information repository, perhaps at the Galactic center. If the emergence of intelligent life on a planet is of general scientific or other interest to the Galactic civilizations, it is reasonable that with the emergence of Proconsul, the rate of sampling of our planet should have increased, perhaps to about once every 10,000 years. At the beginning of the most recent post-glacial epoch, the development of social structure, art, religion, and elementary technical skills should have increased the contact frequency still further. But if the interval between sampling is only several thousand years, there is then a possibility that contact with an extraterrestrial civilization has occurred within historical times.

Shklovskii and Sagan agree that "there are no reliable reports of direct contact with an extraterrestrial civilization during the last few centuries, when critical scholarship and nonsuperstitious reasoning have been fairly widespread." They classify as "highly debatable" the postulations of Soviet ethnologist M. M. Agrest that representatives from an extraterrestrial civilization visited earth in the more distant past. "Although certain claims have been made from time to time, no known ancient artifacts have been unambiguously connected with a cosmic visit," the two astronomers declare. "Much commotion was made over the discovery of the image of a 'Martian god' complete with space suit, found in cliffs overlooking the Sahara. It transpired that these Tassili frescoes represented, in fact, an ordinary human being in a ritual mask and costume. The press tends to exaggerate and over-publicize such matters. Such publicity is due, of course, to widespread popular interest in the possibility of contact with intelligent extraterrestrials. But for this very reason, we must examine critically any purported artifacts uncovered."

ONE historical episode Professor Sagan does feel is worthy of further analysis in relation to the possibility of contact between earthmen and ambassadors from the planets of other stars. That is the story of the Sumerian people. Sumer, he reminds, "was an early—perhaps the first—civilization in the contemporary sense on the planet earth. It was founded in the fourth millennium B.C. or earlier. We do not know where the Sumerians came from. Their language was strange; it had no cognates with any known Indo-European language, and is understood only because a later people, the Akkadians, compiled extensive Sumerian-Akkadian dictionaries." Sagan goes on:



—*From "Intelligent Life in the Universe."*

One of the 6000 B.C. frescoes at Tassili-n-ajjer in Africa.

> The successors to the Sumerians and Akkadians were the Babylonians, Assyrians, and Persians. Thus the Sumerian civilization is in many respects the ancestor of our own. I feel that if Sumerian civilization is depicted by the descendants of the Sumerians themselves to be of nonhuman origin, the relevant legends should be examined carefully. I do not claim that the following is necessarily an example of extraterrestrial contact, but it is the type of legend that deserves more careful study.
>
> Taken at face value, the legend suggests that contact occurred between human beings and a nonhuman civilization of immense powers on the shores of the Persian Gulf, perhaps near the site of the ancient Sumerian city of Eridu, and in the fourth millennium B.C. or earlier. There are three different but cross-referenced accounts of the *Apkallu* dating from classical times. Each can be traced back to Berosus, a priest of Bel-Marduk, in the city of Babylon, at the time of Alexander the Great. Berosus, in turn, had access to cuneiform and pictographic records dating back several thousand years before his time.

Sagan next quotes, from the 1876 revised edition of Cory's *Ancient Fragments,* Greek and Latin translations of the three separate accounts he mentions: those of Alexander Polyhistor, Abydenus, and Appolodorus. There is space here only for the Polyhistor version:

Berosus, in his first book concerning the history of Babylonia, informs us that he lived in the time of Alexander, the son of Philip. And he mentions that there were written accounts preserved at Babylon with the greatest care, comprehending a term of fifteen myriads of years. These writings contained a history of the heavens and the sea; of the birth of mankind; also of those who had sovereign rule; and of the actions achieved by them.

And, in the first place, he describes Babylonia as a country which lay between the Tigris and Euphrates. He mentions that . . . the part of Babylon which bordered upon Arabia was barren, and without water; but that which lay on the other side had hills, and was fruitful. At Babylon there was (in these times) a great resort of people of various nations, who inhabited Chaldea, and lived without rule and order, like the beasts of the field.

In the first year there made its appearance, from a part of the Persian Gulf which bordered upon Babylonia, an animal endowed with reason, who was called Oannes. (According to the account of Apollodorus) the whole body of the animal was like that of a fish; and had under a fish's head another head, and also feet below, similar to those of a man, subjoined to the fish's tail. His voice, too, and language was articulate and human; and a representation of him is preserved even to this day.

This Being, in the daytime used to converse with men; but took no food at that season; and he gave them an insight into letters, and sciences, and every kind of art. He taught them to construct houses, to found temples, to compile laws, and explained to them the principles of geometrical knowledge. He made them distinguish the seeds of the earth, and showed them how to collect fruits. In short, he instructed them in everything which could tend to soften manners and humanize mankind. . . .

SAGAN emphasizes that Polyhistor, Abydenus, and Appolodorus all chronicle the same "remarkable sequence of events. Sumerian civilization is depicted by the descendants of the Sumerians themselves to be of nonhuman origin. A succession of strange creatures appears over the course of several generations. Their only apparent purpose is to instruct mankind. Each knows of the mission and accomplishments of his predecessors. . . . The straightforward nature of this account of contact with superior beings is notable. Oannes and the other *Apkallu* are described variously as 'animals endowed with reason,' as 'beings,' as 'semi-daemons,' and as 'personages'—never as gods."

At one time archeological and anthropological evidence indicated strongly that the Sumerian civilization crystallized out of chaos virtually overnight. So precipitate a change would tend to support the speculation that Sumerian knowledge came full blown from a superior source of wisdom. More modern research suggests that Sumerian civilization developed over a long period, lessening the probability of a sudden visitation from a "teaching" culture far-off. Clay cylinders bearing likenesses that seem to corroborate the myth of extraterrestrial contact (see sketch on this page) may therefore be, Sagan concedes, "nothing more than the experiments of the ancient unconscious mind to understand and portray a sometimes incomprehensible, sometimes hostile environment. The stories of the *Apkallu* may have been made out of whole cloth, perhaps as late as Babylonian times, perhaps by Berosus himself. But stories like the Oannes legend, and representations especially of the earliest civilizations on the earth, deserve much more critical studies than have been performed heretofore, with the possibility of direct contact with an extraterrestrial civilization as one of many possible alternative interpretations."

Despite the apparent absence of identifiable evidence, Sagan insists it is statistically possible "that the earth has been visited by various Galactic civilizations many times (possibly about 10,000 during geological time). It is not out of the question even that some kind of base is maintained within the solar system to provide continuity for successive expeditions. Because of weathering and the possibility of detection and interference by the inhabitants of the earth, it might have appeared preferable not to erect such a base on the earth's surface. The moon seems one reasonable alternative site for a base. The cosmic visitors would probably reason that by the time man had developed the technology to explore the far side of the moon, he would also have attained a certain limited degree of advancement and might be called civilized. Forthcoming high-resolution photographic reconnaissance of the moon —particularly, of the back side—from space vehicles might bear these possibilities in mind."



—From "Intelligent Life in the Universe."

Detail from a Sumer cylinder: fish-headed and -footed man.

I HAVE followed Professor Sagan's historical approach to the contemporary controversy over unidentified aerial objects (more often and more dubiously called "unidentified *flying* objects," or UFOs) because of his unique position in the argument. He is the only nonmember of the U.S. Air Force Scientific Advisory Board who sat on the 1966 *ad hoc* committee that board assigned to review Air Force handling of UFO sightings. The *ad hoc* committee after an all-day meeting last February unanimously concurred in three major conclusions: 1) "In the nineteen years since the first UFO was sighted there has been no evidence that unidentified flying objects are a threat to our national security;" 2) "In nineteen years and more than 10,000 sightings recorded and classified, there appears to be no verified and fully satisfactory evidence of any case that is clearly outside the framework of presently known science and technology;" 3) "Although the resources assigned to it have been quite limited (only one officer, a sergeant, and a secretary) . . . the present Air Force program dealing with UFO sightings has been well-organized." Taken together, these conclusions plainly do not support the accusation that the Air Force, or a faction within it, has conspired to withhold from the American people information about the arrival on earth of emissaries from civilized peoples on other planets. Contrariwise, the committee findings do not preclude the possibility of extraterrestrial visitations and do include recommendations that the Air Force "provide opportunity for scientific investigation of selected sightings in more detail and depth than has been possible to date" in order not to close off any chance "that analysis of new sightings may provide some additions to scientific knowledge."

On page 50 of this issue of SR, Professor Sagan vividly expresses his doubts about the reality of "flying saucers." And at still another place (see page 44), SR TRADE WINDS columnist John G. Fuller reports at second hand a modern echo of the Ezekiel experience. These are the two extremes of the current UFO debate.

Since *Incident at Exeter*, Fuller's book on the subject, has been advertised as "the book that will cause the Air Force to admit that UFOs are real," many people assume that the assembling of the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board committee referred to above was provoked by the claims of sixty people that they had seen one or more UFOs out-

side the town of Exeter, New Hampshire. This assumption is wrong. The Exeter episode occurred in September 1965, one month after the Public Information Office of the Air Force wrote a letter that led to the convening of the Scientific Advisory Board *ad hoc* committee. I have seen that letter. It was not written in pursuit of any unidentified aerial object. A known research balloon had gone astray high in the atmosphere and had been floating on the winds over the midwestern states for days, bringing insistent calls from curious newsmen. PIO asked Air Force Operations to help in telling a more complete story on such matters to the press, and Operations bucked the letter back; only if the scientists could produce more information would there be more information to pass on to the papers.

Incident at Exeter raised several serious questions. One was the possibility that the recent electric power blackout in the northeastern United States, and similar blackouts elsewhere in the country, were due to electromagnetic effects of UFOs. I cannot find an electrical or electronics engineer who accepts this idea. *Incident at Exeter* also alleged that the Air Force surrounds UFO information with secrecy. Perhaps columnist Fuller had some unfortunate experiences in this regard, but I was granted access to all UFO reports except one. The exception was the Robertson panel report of 17 January 1953. The text of it, I was told, was classified because the panel had been called at the request of the Central Intelligence Agency. At my own request, the Air Force asked CIA to declassify the Robertson report text; as these words are written, no reply has been received. In absence of the text, however, the Air Force has given me a summary of the report, which reads as follows:

> 1. The undersigned Panel of Scientific Consultants has met at the request of the Government to evaluate any possible threat to national security posed by Unidentified Flying Objects ("Flying Saucers"), and to make recommendation. The Panel has received the evidence as presented by cognizant Governmental agencies, primarily the United States Air Force, and has reviewed a selection of the best documented incidents.
>
> 2. As a result of its considerations, the Panel *concludes*:
>
> That the evidence presented on Unidentified Flying Objects shows

A REPORT OF A HYPNOTIC EPISODE WITH A UFO IN

SEVERAL people called from Exeter to report that an unusual case had broken in the Boston and New Hampshire papers involving a highly respected couple who had encountered a UFO at close quarters back in 1961, and who had been so traumatically shattered by the experience that they had had to undergo hypnoanalysis by one of the highest ranking medical psychiatrists in Boston in order to repair the damage they had suffered. I had heard of this case from the Exeter police but had not followed it up because I was confining my research strictly to recent cases.

Although I was resolved to keep to plan, I felt it necessary to explore a development resulting from this case, which was that the couple had decided to speak at a meeting at the Pearce Memorial Unitarian-Universalist Church in Dover, New Hampshire, on November 7, 1965, breaking a long silence they had observed because they did not want publicity or ridicule that might accrue from the exposure of their story. Since the New England press had broken the story, they wanted to correct any misconceptions arising from the newspaper accounts, and had agreed to speak on invitation from the church.

I was to learn later of an interesting angle of that invitation. Lt. Alan Brandt, a public information officer at the Pease Air Force Base, was a member of the church, and had helped arrange the meeting. Perhaps this was significant. I learned by phone that it was just possible that the Air Force was unofficially permitting a story to leak out. But this was pure speculation. . . .

Under separate hypnosis, I learned, [the couple who were to speak—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Hill], both penetrated a period of amnesia which had lasted for two hours following the UFO landing next to their car. Under hypnosis, they related that they had been taken aboard the strange craft, assured that they would not be harmed, given a physical examination by a group of humanoid creatures, and released with the assurance that they would have no conscious memory whatever of the experience.

The sessions were taped by the psychiatrist, then funneled slowly back to the conscious minds of the couple as the therapy progressed. The technique was successful in eliminating the dreams and nightmares both husband and wife had suffered following the experience. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hill made any claim as to the validity of what they had related to the psychiatrist under hypnosis. They had told close friends only that this was what had come out on the tapes, accounting for two hours which had mysteriously disappeared from an evening in their lives.

The story had broken in the papers, four years after the event, through a meeting of the Hills with technical people interested in the UFO portion of the story. The Hills had spoken at this session at the request of Walter Webb, a member of the staff of the Hayden Planetarium in Boston. It was the first time the couple had mentioned the episode to any but their closest friends. They were acutely sensitive to adverse publicity because Barney Hill, a leader in the New Hampshire National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was a Negro; his wife Betty, a social worker for the state of New Hampshire, was white. Partners in a mixed marriage, they knew that involvement with a sensational story like this could have damaging results because of the prejudices within the population.

Both Hills were extremely intelligent, and highly regarded. Barney Hill had received citations and awards for his community work from both the Governor of New Hampshire and Sargent Shriver. Betty Hill was a dedicated social worker, whom the Exeter police said was unflagging in her work to help the poor. The psychiatrist involved was an outstanding medical man, known throughout the world for his accomplishments in the neuropsychiatric field.

It was a complex, bizarre story. However, because it was four years old, I resolved to confine myself to the church meeting. . . .

I was surprised to see that Lieutenant Brandt, the public information officer at Pease AFB, was on the speaker's platform in his Air Force uniform. It indicated that there was at least tacit Air Force approval of his being a speaker at the meeting, but whether or not it suggested that the Air Force was ready to leak out UFO news at a meeting like this, or test public reaction, no one could tell.

Lieutenant Brandt's introductory speech was certainly vague and unilluminating. He merely reviewed the Air Force policy on UFOs as expressed in its own handbook, without any further elaboration. He did indicate that the Air Force took UFO sightings seriously

no indication that these phenomena constitute a direct physical threat to national security.

We firmly believe that there is no residuum of cases which indicates phenomena which are attributable to foreign artifacts capable of hostile acts, and that there is no evidence that the phenomena indicate a need for the revision of current scientific concepts.

3. In the light of this conclusion, the Panel recommends:

That the national security agencies take immediate steps to strip the Unidentified Flying Objects of the special status they have been given and the aura of mystery they have unfortunately acquired.

We suggest that this aim may be achieved by an integrated program designed to reassure the public of the total lack of evidence of inimical forces behind the phenomena.

Signed to this document are the names of the panelists: Luis W. Alvarez, University of California; Lloyd V. Berkner, Associated Universities, Inc.; S. A. Goudsmit, Brookhaven National Laboratories; Thornton Page, Johns Hopkins University; and H. P. Robertson, California Institute of Technology, chairman.

"Aura of mystery" was the key phrase in the Robertson panel précis. I found similar wording in all the earlier Air Force reports I saw, including the very first one, written in 1949, two years after Kenneth Arnold, a businessman who piloted his own airplane, started the modern UFO excitement by telling the newspapers he had watched "a chainlike formation of disc-shaped objects" cavorting in the sky around Mount Rainier in the Rockies. The "aura of mystery" existed and persisted because the task of tracking UFOs originally had been assigned to the intelligence unit of the Air Force Materiel Command at the Wright-Patterson Air Base near Dayton, Ohio. Intelligence men are not supposed to talk about their work; so information about UFOs was put into secret dossiers —five of them in all: Project Sign, Project Grudge No. 1, Project Grudge No. 2, Project Grudge No. 3, and Project Grudge No. 4. From the beginning those engaged in the assignment expressed respect for the intellectual caliber and professional competence of many UFO sighters and were unwilling to dismiss the UFO accounts that came from such people. Far from being rejected, outside interest was actively sought. Dr. J. Allan Hynek, then an Ohio State University astronomer, was immediately attached

NEW ENGLAND

and that anyone sighting them should report them to the Pease Air Force Base immediately.

The Hills spoke very circumspectly of their experience. They pointed out emphatically that although their hypnotic therapy had revealed to them on tape recordings that they were taken aboard the strange craft and given a physical examination by intelligent humanoid beings, they could not testify that this was the truth. They *could* testify to their conscious sighting of the UFO as it came down near their car, but beyond that neither the Hills nor the psychiatrist could fully explain the mystery of the two hours of amnesia which followed....

The couple had left Canada, driving south toward Portsmouth, and stopped at a restaurant in Colebrook, New Hampshire, on the Canadian border. "When Betty and I left Colebrook," Mr. Hill said, "we never remembered the exact time until we were regressed back under hypnosis. Here, I had looked at a clock on the wall, and the time was five minutes after ten at night. We drove down Route 3, and when we arrived at Groveton, Betty called my attention to a light that was moving in the sky. And I looked at it, and actually to me it was nothing unusual except that we were fortunate enough to see a satellite. It had no doubt gone off its course, and you could see that it was going along the curvature of the earth. It was quite a distance out, meaning that it looked like a star.

"So, this is exciting in itself, and we had 7 x 50 binoculars with us, which we always take with us on vacation. And I stopped the car, so that we could both get a look at the object. Suddenly, Betty said, 'Barney, if you call that a star or a satellite, you are being ridiculous. Just look at it.' So with the naked eye, without taking the binoculars, I could see that it was not a distant thing far out there, but now more like a plane. I said, 'Betty, we obviously made a mistake. That's a commercial plane on its way to Canada.' It was traveling from the south, going north. And I was facing west, meaning I was facing toward Vermont. So I took the binoculars and started looking, and then I was completely amazed. Because instead of continuing on the northerly pattern, it turned toward the west, toward the direction of Vermont, completing the turn and then coming in toward us. Then I noticed a winking sort of light pattern, not at all like a conventional aircraft. And although I was amazed, I told Betty that it was probably a Piper Cub or some other light plane, and that it wasn't anything to be concerned about.

"We got into the car, and started driving south on Route 3. Betty continued to look out and she said, 'Well, Barney, if it is whatever you're calling it, I don't know why. Because it's still out there, and still following us.' I would slow down occasionally, and would look out and see that it was still there. And I felt a little uncomfortable about the whole thing. I thought that probably some hunters or fishermen had a light plane, and could see us on the highway, and were following us.

"When we reached Cannon Mountain . . . , this object went around the western side of the mountain.... The object . . . was now facing us on the highway, still some distance away. I was completely baffled by this, and I was hoping a car would pass us one way or another, because there was some comfort thinking I could stop someone and ask if they saw the same thing."

MR. HILL then described the actual encounter.

The object settled down, about 200 feet in the air. He began walking toward it, peering through the binoculars. It looked to both him and his wife like a huge pancake. Around the base was a band of light, and through the binoculars he saw a row of structural windows. What's more, he could actually discern figures inside the craft, and he ran back to the car, jumped in, and started to drive off.

Then the craft rose up, circled the car, and went out of sight over the roof.

Both the Hills heard a strange, electronic beeping sound and began to feel a strange tingling sensation. It was at this point that their memory was blocked completely for a two-hour period of total amnesia.

The Hills refused to discuss the details of their experience as recalled on the tapes under hypnosis. They did not regain consciousness until they had driven some thirty miles to the south. The professional help they sought was instrumental in relieving them of the traumatic neuroses resulting from the experience, but they both insisted that they were making no claims beyond the conscious recollection of the incident.

"We just don't know the answer," Mr. Hill concluded. "We sought the best professional psychiatric help possible, and this is the answer we got."

—JOHN G. FULLER

in *Incident At Exeter*,
©1966 by John G. Fuller,
(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $5.95).

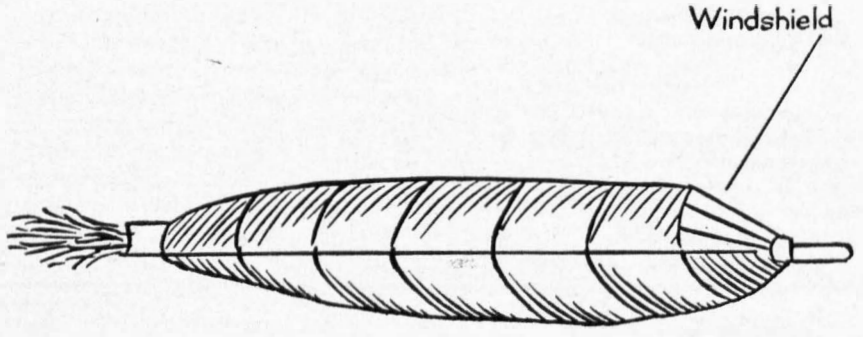
to the enterprise as a continuing consultant, and scientists more eminent than he were asked for occasional advice. The late Nobel laureate Irving Langmuir, for example, was brought in from General Electric, Dr. G. E. Valley from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. James Lipp from the RAND Corporation. Unnamed agents were summoned from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, ball lightning experts from the U.S. Weather Bureau, nuclear power specialists from the Atomic Energy Commission. One theory thoroughly investigated rose from a suspicion that German rocket technicians captured by the Russians were catapulting "clay pigeons" of enormous size; another theory was that the planet Mars was populated, and the people there had been attracted by the five nuclear explosions set off up to then on planet earth.

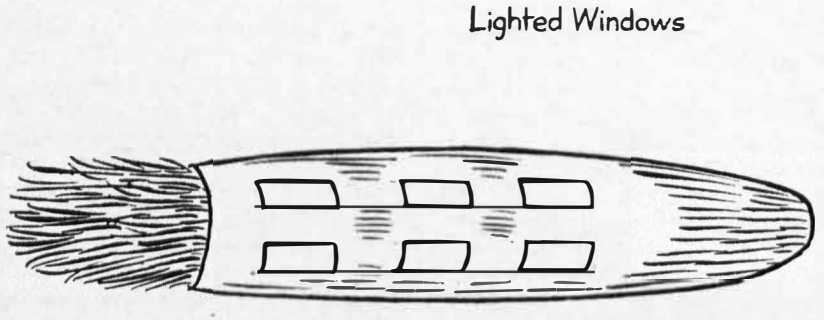
It was recognized almost from the start that the secret nature of the search process only antagonized qualified informants and made them suspicious of what was happening to information they supplied; at the same time, the secrecy added to the psychological burden of curiosity seekers, the credulous, and the hysterical. UFOs undoubtedly were real, but what did reality mean—physical objects, optical illusions, atmospheric anomalies, mirages, hallucinations? To sort the significant from the irrelevant, Air Force brass decided, in March 1952, to tot the score and hire an electronic computer under private contract to draw up a model of a UFO. At that time, 1,300 UFO sightings were on record in the Air Force intelligence files; of these, 434 had been classified as unknowns; but it turned out that only a dozen of the 434 were defined clearly enough for the computer to consider. Sketches representing nine of those twelve are reproduced on this and the opposite page.

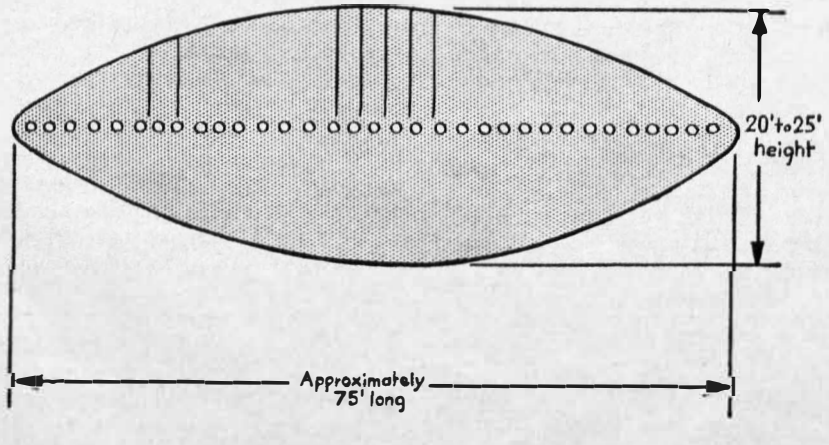
Computer programmers charged with responsibility for synthesizing the master model for a UFO grew more discouraged as their work progressed. They had to try to encompass four distinct shapes that appeared in the twelve sketches: a propeller shape, a winged aircraft shape, a cigar shape, and an elliptical or disc shape. Besides, one shape was smooth, with no protrusions or other details; another shape had rocket or jet pods on each side that were shooting out flames; another shape had a fin or rudder attached to it; another shape had portholes or windows. In presenting the outcome in Project Blue Book Special Report Number 14 (the two words, Blue Book, told the initiated that the UFO search was no longer a secret project, for secret project code names contain only one word) in 1955, the Air Force pointed out that "the data as a whole . . . [when] scientifically evaluated and arranged . . . did not show any marked

NINE VERSIONS OF

Sketches from U. S. Air

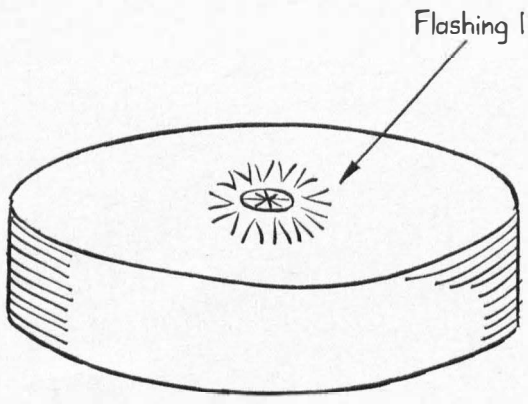


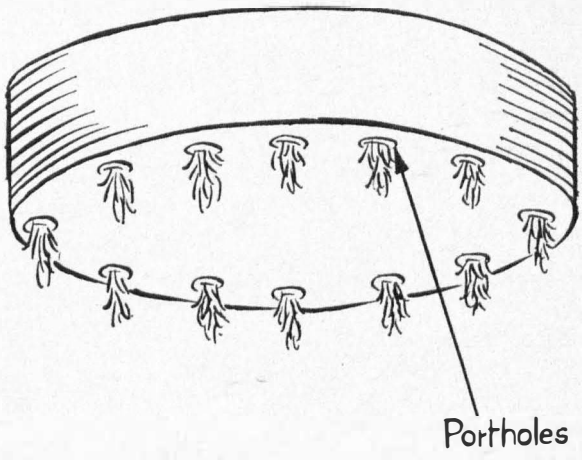


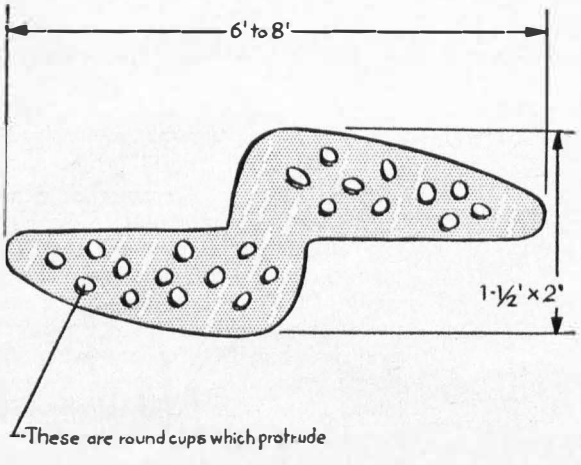


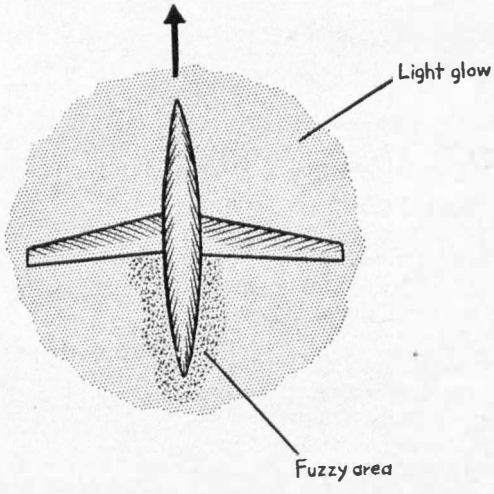
UNIDENTIFIED AERIAL OBJECTS

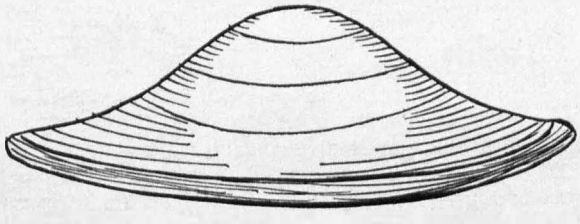
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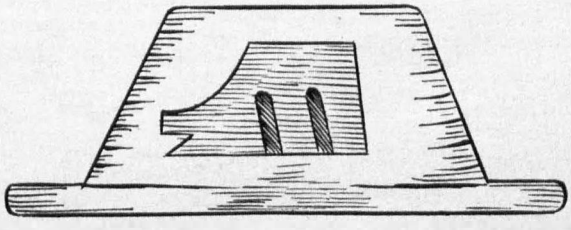






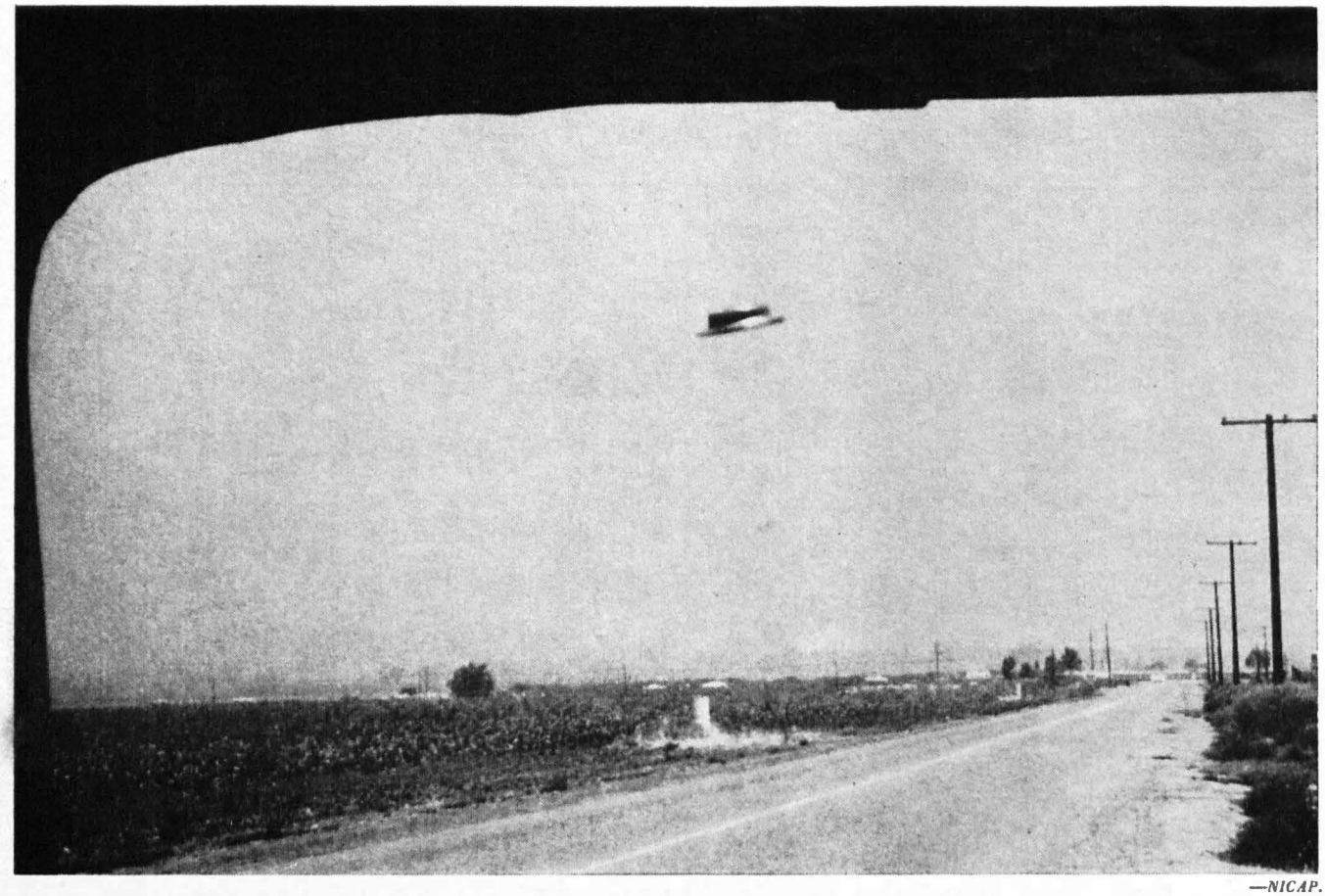






(Side View)

—Doug Anderson, following Air Force-Library of Congress records.



—NICAP.

When asked for a photograph of a UFO, the National Investigating Committee on Aerial Phenomena, persistent critic of the U.S. Air Force, offered this one. NICAP says the picture was taken through the windshield of a public motor vehicle at 11:30 A.M. on August 3, 1965, by county highway investigator Rex Heflin, Santa Ana, California.

patterns or trends." "It is emphasized," Special Report Number 14 declared, "that there was a complete lack of any valid evidence consisting of physical matter in any case of a reported unidentified aerial object."

At that point in time, the Robertson panel was convened, with the results already described here. The only major documentary development since then is a mimeographed UFO report distributed by the Library of Congress Legislative Reference Bureau under the title, "Facts about Unidentified Flying Objects." UFOs have continued to be reported, in the same wavelike pattern that has prevailed since 1947; the official figures were in this table, submitted to the Armed Services Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives early in 1966:

Year	*Total sightings*	*Unidentified*
1947	122	12
1948	156	7
1949	186	22
1950	210	27
1951	169	22
1952	1,501	303
1953	509	42
1954	489	46
1955	545	24
1956	670	14
1957	1,006	14
1958	627	10
1959	390	12
1960	557	14
1961	591	13
1962	474	15
1963	399	14
1964	562	19
1965	886	16

As newspaper accounts of UFO sightings surge and die, letters addressed to the Air Force at the Pentagon rise and fall in number. UFOs are now a favorite topic for public school essays, and young Mrs. Sara Hunt, of the community relations branch of the Air Force Public Information Office in Washington, D.C., struggles to keep up with their queries. Here is her box score, month by month, for the last year:

May 1965	231 letters
June	152
July	194
August	387
September	254
October	294
November	336
December	323
January 1966	408
February	474
March	779
April	1,597
May	1,173
June	904

With literally thousands of people interested in the problem of UFO identity, it might be supposed that after nineteen years of watching, someone would have managed to obtain some piece of unequivocal evidence of the presence of a UFO. But even when sixty people claim to have witnessed the same landing, as John Fuller says was the case in New Hampshire last year, none could offer unassailable proof of what he saw. The clearest photograph of a supposed UFO (see above) shows what looks like a straw hat floating through the air.

The closest approach to a UFO "imprint" is a set of four rectangular depressions that were found in a gravelly gully near Socorro, New Mexico, after policeman Lonnie Zamora on April 24, 1964, reported seeing a white oval-shaped object, approximately the size of an automobile, taking off into the sky. Air Force investigators confirmed the presence of the four depressions, but could discover no sign of rocket blast, burned propellant, or radiation residue. The Air Force men were preceded to the site by agents of the National Investigating Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), a non-profit organization claiming a membership of 5,000 dedicated to uncovering the truth about UFOs. Richard Hall, assistant director of NICAP, has been quoted by

John Fuller as saying "It looked as if the landing gear [of the UFO] had scraped down" a rock "and left some metal on it." A sample of the metal was analyzed by a private Washington, D.C. chemical laboratory, and, Hall said, "they [the lab] identified this substance as silica." The most common form of silica is sand.

FROM a strict scientific perspective, the chances of an extraterrestrial vehicle penetrating earth's atmosphere, hovering or landing, and taking off again without detection are astronomically small. To begin with, the sky is now continually scanned by radars that can tell when an object passes through earth's ionosphere and whether the object is natural—such as a meteor—or artificial. A half dozen other radar fences must be crossed by any skyborne object passing over the North American continent in a north-south direction, and east-west passages must pass over yet another fence. These instruments have been refined to an incredibly sharp-seeing state; they can register the movement in the air of a single bee; they can detect the sea-breeze as it moves onto the land; birds riding thermal currents in the air appear in these radar-scopes as undulations (see photo, right, below), capable of reflecting light in curious designs.

The supersonic speeds at which UFOs are said to travel would generate sonic booms if they were attained by earthly aircraft. Why do the UFOs produce no booms?

The dizzying turns that UFOs are said to execute defy the force of earthly gravity. Terrestrial aircraft could not survive comparable maneuvers. Is there some way to cancel the pull of gravity? Earthmen have been hunting one for a long time, with no success.

Because of these fundamental theoretical barriers to undetected invasion of the earth by space vehicles, conservative physical scientists shy from involvement in the UFO hunt. That is why the Science and Astronautics Committee of the Congress has never been willing to hold public hearings on the question. It is why the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has held aloof. It is why the National Academy of Sciences has declined suggestions to appoint an investigative panel.

It could be argued that there is little or no scientific justification for continued dignification of UFOs. But the question has extended itself well beyond the range of pure science. The credibility of the Air Force is deeply involved, and the only way to clear the air is to employ whatever science may be employed legitimately. The recommendations of the Scientific Advisory Board *ad hoc* committee, headed by Dr. Brian O'Brien, a consulting physicist from Connecticut, have already initiated this process. Beginning last April, when Air Force Secretary Harold Brown relayed the committee proposals to the House Armed Services Committee, UFO reports received at the 152 air bases of the country began filtering through research and development headquarters of the Air Force on their way to Major Hector Quintanilla, who heads the Blue Book Project at Wright-Patterson and is responsible for checking out all UFO stories. The research and development men immediately spotted a weakness that had nothing to do with science: The bases did their preliminary checking through individuals assigned by the base commanders, with no regard for the particular needs of UFO identification. Consequently, minimum criteria are now being worked up to govern choice of the local checkers, and an effort is being made to standardize the data called for in the checking. The whole operation has been lifted out of intelligence and put into research and development. Regulations governing the operation are being re-written accordingly.

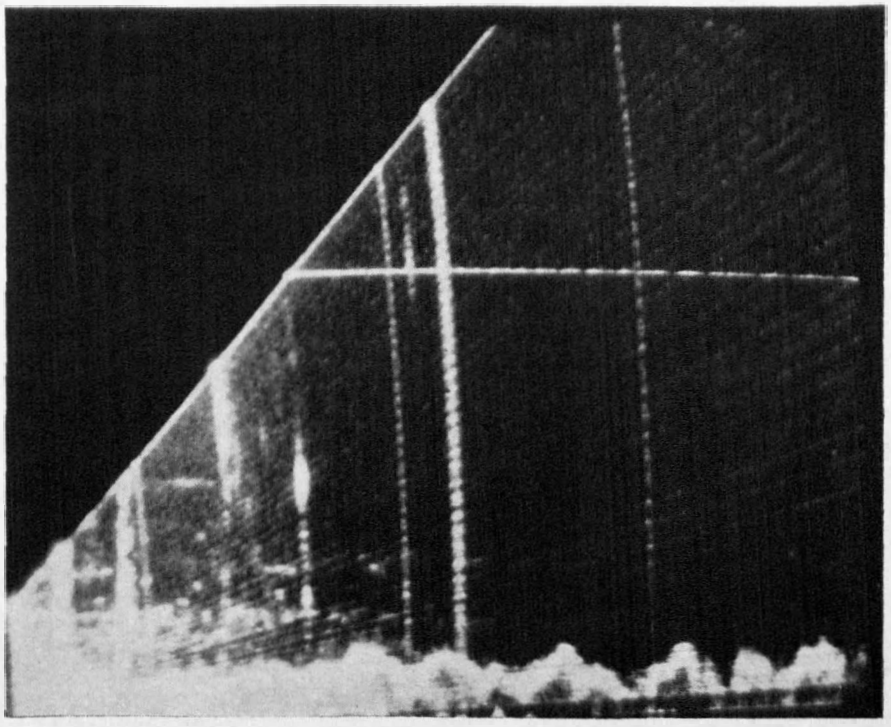
Although the Blue Book operation is being continued as before, under Major Quintanilla's direction, a parallel system for screening UFOs is being organized on an independent footing, through half a dozen universities. To remove suspicion of Air Force censorship, one "lead" university is being sought to choose five cooperating schools across the country. Up to now, no university that has been approached has been willing to accept the "lead" job. But the Air Force remains hopeful of getting the system rolling by September, with a working budget of $300,000 for an eighteen-month UFO study. At the end of that period, the Air Force expects to have enough clear data to decide whether a routine search for UFOs is worthwhile.

Those who suspect that some UFOs are fast-moving vehicles but do not originate outside earth's atmosphere are eager to see how the Air Force will handle one aspect of UFO investigation. Will the public be told the truth in those cases where sighted phenomena actually are advanced experimental craft operated by the Air Force itself? I discovered one instance in which the U.S. Navy destroyer *Gyatt*, deployed in the Caribbean, picked up an aerial object late in 1964. The radar clocked the object at an apparent speed of 3,800 knots. The object later was identified as a new aerial fighter, traveling at 1,700 miles per hour.

One scientific bonus that may emerge from the Air Force shift in tactics *vis-à-vis* UFOs is better understanding of atmospheric anomalies involved in clear air turbulence.

One scientific concern should be to avoid the ballooning of costs of a long-range UFO hunt at the taxpayers expense, as happened with the Mohole Project. The Mohole was started by a handful of independent enthusiasts, responsible to no one. Those who are loudest in demanding extensive surveillance of the sky in fear of UFOs now belong in the same category.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.



—U.S. Air Force—NASA.

One military flier lost his life high in earth's atmosphere while chasing the planet Venus in the belief that Venus was a UFO. Does light reflected from birds (seen as undulations in radar picture above) create similar illusions?

THE SAUCERIAN CULT

An Astronomer's Interpretation

By CARL SAGAN

THE possibility of life beyond the earth evokes today strong and partisan emotions. There are some who want very much to believe that extraterrestrial life—particularly the intelligent variety—is common throughout the universe; and there are those who are committed to the view that extraterrestrial life is impossible, or so rare as to have neither practical nor philosophical interest. It seems to me appropriate that more than passing attention be paid to such psychological predispositions.

One spring some years ago, the department of astronomy received a telephone call from the local District Attorney's office. There was in progress the criminal trial of a gentleman whom I shall call Helmut Winckler, a Nebraskan who claimed to have had personal contacts with inhabitants of the planet Saturn. The state desired an expert witness. With wry comments and professional asides, the message was conveyed to me. I agreed to serve as a surprise witness for the prosecution and was presented with a sheaf of publications written by or about the defendant, concerning his extraordinary adventures.

The following is my recollection of the statements made in these publications and subsequently verified by the defendant under oath:

Winckler was a salesman of agricultural implements in Nebraska; he was of German ancestry, but born in the United States. He had few intellectual pretensions, but had at least a grammar school education. Winckler was a trifle chubby, of florid complexion and robust countenance, and wore steel-rimmed glasses. He looked considerably younger than his sixty-odd years, was soft-spoken and polite on the witness stand. His accent was that of the rural Midwest.

Winckler testified that one day while motoring along a back road in Nebraska, he had the remarkable good fortune to overtake a parked flying saucer. Naturally he stopped, as anyone would. To his surprise, he observed, emerging from the saucer, several men and women of entirely human appearance, dressed in flowing robes and speaking mellifluously. The language which they were speaking so mellifluously was Hochdeutsch. Coincidentally, Winckler understood Hochdeutsch. The saucerians were delighted. Winckler was delighted.

The saucerians explained that they were from the planet Saturn, and had, for reasons of their own, selected Winckler as an "intermediary." They were to impart to him information of great value for the inhabitants of the planet earth. It seems that the international political situation on earth had reached serious proportions, a fact which concerned the Saturnians, an old, wise, and sympathetic race. They were here to save us from ourselves. Winckler never revealed why *he* had been selected. It appears that it was not because he knew Hochdeutsch. The Saturnians speak all human tongues.

Winckler accompanied the Saturnians into their saucer. His publications contain diagrams of the interior of the saucers, replete with esoteric and unintelligible descriptions of their method of propulsion. The interiors resemble those of the 1958 Buick.

The group then departed for the Arctic Circle, taking Winckler with them. On a subsequent saucer foray which Winckler made with the Saturnians, he was taken beneath Bering Strait to inspect the Soviet Union's suboceanic missile emplacements. You may not have heard of these, but according to Winckler the government of the United States knows all about them.

In another of Winckler's flights, this time over the North Pole, the Saturnians were heard to remark that only a few months ago the axis of the earth was tilting a dangerous six degrees. Winckler paled, but the Saturnians assured him that they had repaired the misalignment in short order.

When the court recessed, I queried Winckler about this delinquent behavior of the earth's axis of rotation. I explained that even a very much smaller tilt would have been discovered immediately by astronomers who, each night, point their telescopes by assuming that they know precisely where the celestial poles are. Winckler's response was that he could hardly be held responsible for statements made by inhabitants of the planet Saturn. He was merely relaying information. But he left the distinct impression that the Saturnians knew quite a bit more about the subject than do bystanders in courtrooms.

On another expedition, the Saturnians took Winckler to that Mecca of the occult, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt. They mingled with a group of tourists being guided *through* the interior of the pyramid. (I have a vivid mental image of this procession: Egyptian guide, two middle-aged ladies from Dubuque, some assorted French and German tourists, six Saturnians in flowing robes, and, bringing up the rear, Helmut Winckler in levis.) At a certain intersection of pathways, the tourists went in one direction, and Winckler and the Saturnians in the other. They were confronted with a blank wall. Appropriate pressures were applied to appropriate bricks, and the wall slid open, revealing a chamber within. The party entered, and the stone door slid silently shut behind them. In the room were 1) a small, one-man flying saucer, quite dusty with age; 2) a large and equally ancient wooden cross perhaps ten feet high; and 3) a toroid of thorns about eight inches in diameter. The Saturnians offhandedly explained that one of their number had attempted a mission to earth some two thousand years ago. He had met with qualified success.

IN extracting these marvels from Winckler, the Assistant District Attorney first displayed shock, then disbelief, and finally, righteous indignation. He shook his head and peered upwards—awaiting the thunderbolt which doubtless would terminate the proceedings. The courtroom was hushed. The jury was awed. Winckler was cool. From the tone of his voice, he might have been describing a reaper sale in Lincoln.

One of the principal pastimes of the Saturnians, while cavorting about the earth, was their remote geological survey. They possessed instruments capable of determining, from quite remarkable altitudes, the location and distribution of mineral-bearing ores. They discovered untapped veins of gold, pristine platinum-bearing rocks, and uranium ores unknown to man. The locations of these finds were carefully kept from Winckler. One day, however, the Saturnians pointed out to Winckler the existence of a quartz mine—while flying over southern California. You may think that quartz is rather uninteresting, compared with gold, platinum, and uranium. But this was a rather special kind of quartz. It cured cancer.

Soon after landing, Winckler was selling quartz stock. I have the distinct impression that he sold half-interests in the mine—several dozen half-interests. Add-

The adjacent text is excerpted from the Holden-Day book, *Intelligent Life in the Universe.*

ing to his subsequent embarrassment was the fact that the mine was already owned by another gentleman and was actively producing quartz. It also transpired that by a perfectly remarkable coincidence, Winckler had visited this very mine several years earlier.

But none of these activities directly precipitated Winckler's indictment. His difficulties are traceable to his promotion of the healing properties of quartz among elderly and wealthy widows. Many ladies had lent him sizable sums to advance his venture. In the last months before his arrest, it was his practice to speak before large gatherings of flying saucer enthusiasts—some but by no means all of whom were also elderly, wealthy widows. They paid his transportation and living expenses, invited him to their homes, and accorded him the customary respect due prophets of new religions. The complaint leading to Winckler's arrest arose from a combination of money borrowed and not repaid, affection promised and not delivered. . . .

Winckler was subsequently found guilty of fraud and sentenced to prison, despite the admirable efforts of his attorney. In my discussions with Winckler during recesses, I was unable to decide to what extent his escapades with the Saturnians were a conscious fraud, and to what extent he genuinely believed his account. But it was clear that many others found Winckler's adventures in ringing consonance with what they believed —or would like to believe.

Winckler's experience underlines the existence of an unfulfilled need in contemporary society. Almost any other of the many accounts of alleged contacts of human beings with the crews of flying saucers—accounts which regale the flying saucer societies – follow the same pattern and stress the same points. The extraterrestrials are human, with few even minor physical differences from local cosmetic standards. (I know of no case of Negro saucerians, or Oriental saucerians, reported in the United States; but there are very few flying saucer contact reports made in this country by Negroes or by Orientals.) The saucerians are wise and gentle and loving, concerned for our safety during this epoch of continuing international tensions, yet for some reason unwilling to intervene in force. They have long ago solved international disputes on their home planets. They have great gifts in the humanities—this is, of course, still an appropriate subject for them—but also immense technical abilities. In short, the saucerians are all-powerful, all-knowing, and concerned with the plight of mankind as a parent would be for his children. Yet they do not direct the course of the major events of the day, presumably on the grounds that mankind must work out its own destiny. I cannot help but conclude that the flying saucer societies represent a thinly disguised religion, and that the saucerians are the deities of the cult.

As science has progressed during the last few centuries, areas which were originally the exclusive province of religion have been increasingly preempted by science. We no longer hold that the earth is stationary, or that it is at the center of the universe; nor that the world was made even approximately on December 14, 4004 B.C.; nor that it was made in seven days; nor that different species had separate creations; nor that the origin of the solar system and the origin of life are forever beyond the ken of man. Rather, the laboratory synthesis of life from materials which were abundant in the early environment of the earth seems no more than a decade off. One result of these encroachments by science has been that there seems less and less for God to do. If he creates some hydrogen at the beginning of the universe, and establishes the physical laws, he can then retire. He is a *roi fainéant*. If God did not directly make life or man, it is hard to believe that he will intervene in our everyday lives, or answer our supplications.

YET the temptation to believe in an omnipotent, omniscient, and loving God is especially great today. The pace of world events is out of the hands of the ordinary individual. We have no assurance that tomorrow will not find the world a radioactive pyre. Our destiny appears to be at the mercy of forces we little understand and only perilously control. If only there existed a god who was concerned with our plight, who would give some assurance of our survival; but who was explicable within the framework of contemporary science. . . . The saucer myths represent a neat compromise between the need to believe in a traditional paternal God and the contemporary pressures to accept the pronouncements of science.

While the saucerian cult is viable and widespread—at least, in the United States—it represents only a small fraction of the total number of saucer enthusiasts. There are large numbers of people who have, in good conscience, observed unknown objects in the skies which they have called "unidentified flying objects"—UFOs—and which they believe to be of intelligent extraterrestrial origin. The diversity of these reports is as striking as the observations themselves. UFOs have been described variously as rapidly moving or hovering; disk-shaped, cigar-shaped, or ball-shaped; moving silently or noisily; with fiery exhaust, with no exhaust whatever; accompanied by flashing lights, or uniformly glowing with a silvery cast. It is



"This should pretty well answer your question as to 'what would a great big empire like Rome want with little old Phoenicia?'"

immediately clear that all UFOs do not share a common origin. Indeed, the use of a generic term such as "UFOs" or "flying saucers" has served to confuse the issue by implying a common origin.

As detailed by the American astronomer Donald H. Menzel of Harvard College Observatory, confirmed identifications of UFOs have been made with the following: unconventional aircraft; aircraft under uncommon weather conditions; aircraft with unusual external light patterns; meteorological and other high-altitude balloons; artificial earth satellites; flocks of birds; reflections of searchlights or headlights off clouds; reflection of sunlight from shiny surfaces; luminescent organisms, including one case of a firefly lodged between two adjacent panes of glass in an airplane cockpit window; optical mirages and looming; lenticular cloud formations; ball lightning; sundogs; meteors, including the green fireballs; planets, especially Venus; bright stars; and the aurora borealis. Radar detection of unidentified flying objects has also occurred occasionally. Many of these sightings have been explained in terms of radar reflection off temperature inversion layers in the atmosphere, and other sources of radar "angels."

CONSIDERING the difficulty in tracing out the visual and radar sightings—the visual sightings are often made by individuals with little experience in observing the skies—it is remarkable that all but a few per cent of the reported UFOs have been identified as naturally occurring, if sometimes unusual phenomena. It is remarkable that the professional astronomers, who are familiar with the skies and regularly scan them with sophisticated instrumentation, have never, to the best of my knowledge, photographed anything like the classical UFO. For example, in the Harvard Meteor Project, performed in New Mexico during the period 1954-1958, extensive photographic observations were made by Super-Schmidt cameras with a sixty degree field of view. In all a surface area of 7,000 square kilometers was observed to eighty kilometers altitude for a total period of some 3,000 hours. Visual and photographic observations were good down to a magnitude of plus four, close to the faintest object visible with the naked eye. These observations by professional astronomers were made in a locale and period characterized by extensive reports of unidentified flying objects. No unexplained objects were detected, despite the fact that rapidly moving objects were being sought in a study of meteors. Similar negative results have been obtained by large numbers of astronomers, and helps to explain the general skepticism of the astronomical community towards flying saucer reports. There is no way to exclude the very occasional presence of unidentified objects in our skies, but the run-of-the-mill flying saucer observations (made in the United States on the average of about once a day) are certainly common astronomical objects and atmospheric phenomena—and perhaps some not so common—which have been misinterpreted by the observer.

Repeated sightings of UFOs, and the persistence of the United States Air Force and members of the responsible scientific community in explaining the sightings away have suggested to some that a conspiracy exists to conceal from the public the true nature of the UFOs. But precisely because people desire so intensely that unidentified flying objects be of benign, intelligent, and extraterrestrial origin, honesty requires that in evaluating the observations, we accept only the most rigorous logic and the most convincing evidence.

THERE is also the opposite danger. Public interest in flying saucers, contact reports, and extraterrestrial life in general has proved a frequent source of embarrassment to many scientists, whose statements tend to be distorted, exaggerated, and otherwise perturbed by the bright light of popular concern. There is then a tendency to reject out of hand the possibility of extraterrestrial intelligence as baseless, improbable, or unscientific. There are also covert Ptolemaicists who find the prospects of extraterrestrial intelligence threatening. Finding life beyond the earth—particularly intelligent life—wrenches at our secret hope that man is the pinnacle of creation, a contention which no other species on our planet can now challenge. Even simple forms of extraterrestrial life may have abilities and adaptations denied to us. The discovery of life on some other world will, among many things, be for us a humbling experience.

The question of extraterrestrial life—and even more so, the question of extraterrestrial intelligence—is then many things to many men. In assessing evidence for extraterrestrial life, and in evaluating statistical estimates of the likelihood of extraterrestrial intelligence, we may be at the mercy of our prejudices. At the present time, there is no unambiguous evidence for even simple varieties of extraterrestrial life, although the situation may change in the coming years.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Medical Ethics (continued)

THERE HAS BEEN for many years a grave concern for the ethical issue of protection from harm by clinical procedures applied in the name of medical science [*SR*, July 2]. The influence has been mainly restrictive and essentially negative in providing protection for the unknowing: protection from unwilling or forced participation.

Let us explore the obverse side of the ethics issue.

The gift of person for medical experimentation is filled with dignity and hope. In the eyes of the donor, the opportunity to participate may provide for a great gift to mankind and is given to the researcher in positive trust that it will be used wisely and for the benefit of other men. The donor expects not only that the experiment be worthwhile in topic but that it be a *scientific* experiment if such is implied. The donor trusts that the scientific utilization will be effective and efficient.

Now, to be called "scientific" in this era, the experiment must be of scientific quality in more than the classic sense of a manifest concern for the objectivity and precision of the method of experimentation. For many realms of medical inquiry, there is in this modern day the ability to *design* experiments: to establish beforehand the importance of being wrong, to anticipate the inherent sources of variation in the experiment, and to know how many observations may be required. Without these elements of experimental method, the gift so hopefully given may be spent on shaky results. (On the other hand, vastly too many observations may be made, so that the loss of value might come in delivering an unwarranted precision.)

The modern medical institution brings together a variety of abilities for the design of experiments, the collection of data, and for the analysis and reporting of results. Every university investigator implies that these resources will be used, when he identifies himself and requests the cooperation of a patient; if he has not used them, and if he is not personally responsible for an efficient design of experiment and a modern analytic technique, then his assurance (or implication) of scientific merit is debatable.

In the name of the institution, then, there are real and implied guarantees to the donor that his contribution would be used to its full value and not squandered through fault or obsolescence in the design of research. The full guarantee of modern scientific treatment of proffered human information is indeed an element of medical ethic (and perhaps an element of a broader academic ethic). Further, the guarantee can come not from one man, or one department, but only from an institution.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *There will be more letters on medical ethics in next month's Science and Humanity Supplement. Meanwhile, SR's science editor wishes to reiterate something that was said last month: Dr. Henry Beecher's report on experimental abuses was reproduced from "The New England Journal of Medicine."*

Look magazine, October 4, 1966]

ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER

The adventures of two "kidnapped" humans

Nightmares and crippling anxiety drove Betty and Barney Hill to the office of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the distinguished Boston psychiatrist and neurologist. During World War II, Dr. Simon was Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center. He had extensive experience and remarkable success with hypnosis in the treatment of many psychiatric disorders among military personnel.

The Hills were deeply disturbed by the haunting memory of an incident that occurred several years before, outside the village of Lancaster, N.H. They were plagued by a nagging feeling that "something more" they could not recall had occurred. Fearing ridicule and scorn, they had kept their experience relatively secret until the strain began to affect them physically and emotionally.

Dr. Simon accepted them as patients. During the months that followed, the Hills began—under individual psychotherapy, including periods of time regression under hypnosis—to relive their "adventure," which proved more terrifying than either of them consciously recalled. Their words were recorded on tape, and their words are transcribed here, with some of Dr. Simon's analysis and comment.

A Boston newspaper, in a series of articles, had disclosed Dr. Simon's participation in the Hills' case. The doctor says, "I never saw the reporter, refused to be interviewed by him, or to discuss the case with him, which he acknowledged in the articles. Nevertheless, I felt that mentioning me in these articles could cause me to become identified with certain statements and conclusions by the reporter about the Hills' experiences, with which I strongly disagree." The Hills, who had also refused to be interviewed, were "considerably distressed by the articles" and asked Dr. Simon to release the tapes to John G. Fuller so that an authentic version of their story might be told.

"I decided," says Dr. Simon, "that the emotional health of the Hills would best be served by releasing the tapes, provided I would have complete approval of their use and of any medical data: an insurance that the records would be used accurately and not detrimentally to my patients."

Some readers will find the Hills' account incredible. Others will find the story vivid and persuasive. Neither Dr. Simon nor Mr. and Mrs. Hill will state that their "adventure" cannot be challenged; but neither has Dr. Simon an incontrovertible assessment to discredit the Hills' alleged "abduction."

After seven months of psychotherapy and hypnosis, Dr. Simon, who began by doubting the possibility of their claims, now comments:

"Some aspects of the experience are unanswered, and, perhaps, unanswerable at this time. Nothing is finally settled. Nothing is absolutely proved to me regarding the alleged 'abduction.'" He also points out that "neither patient is psychotic, and both consciously and under hypnosis told what they believed to be absolute truth. The charisma of hypnosis has tended to foster the belief that it is the magical road to Truth. In one sense, this is so, but it must be understood that hypnosis is a pathway to the truth as it is felt and understood by the patient. The truth is what he believes to be the truth, and this may not be consonant with the ultimate and nonpersonal truth. Most frequently it is."

On the following pages, LOOK presents a condensation of John G. Fuller's forthcoming book *The Interrupted Journey*, an extraordinary human document.

THE EDITORS

BY JOHN G. FULLER

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1961, Barney Hill and his wife Betty began a night drive from the Canadian border down U.S. 3, through the White Mountains, on their way home to Portsmouth, N.H., after a short vacation.

Just after ten, their car was winding along the flat ground of the upper Connecticut River Valley. Betty enjoyed watching the brilliance of the moon reflecting on the valley and the mountains in the distance. To the left of the moon, and slightly below it, she noticed a particularly bright star. Perhaps it was a planet, she thought, because of its steady glow. Just south of Lancaster, she became intrigued by another star or planet, a bigger one, which had suddenly risen above the other. As she watched, the new celestial glow appeared to be getting bigger.

For a while, she said nothing to her husband. Finally, when the strange light grew brighter, she nudged Barney, who slowed the car and looked out the right-hand side of the windshield.

"When I looked at it first," Barney Hill later said, "it didn't seem anything particularly unusual, except that we were fortunate enough to see a satellite. It had no doubt gone off its course, and it seemed to be going along the curvature of the earth. It was quite a distance out . . . it looked like a star, in motion."

They drove on, glancing at the bright object frequently, finding it difficult to tell if the light itself were moving, or if the movement of the car were making it *seem* to move. It would disappear behind trees, or a mountaintop, then reappear as it cleared the obstruction.

Delsey, the Hills' dachshund, became restless, and Betty suggested they should walk her. At the same time, they could get a better look at the bright object. Barney pulled the car to the side of the road, where there was reasonably unobstructed visibility.

Betty walked Delsey along the side of the road. She was now sure that the star, or the light, or whatever it was, was definitely moving. When Barney joined her, she handed Delsey's leash to him, went back to the car and returned with a pair of binoculars. Barney was still convinced that they were observing a straying satellite.

After a few minutes, they resumed their

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Barney pulled the binoculars from his eyes; and ran screaming back across the field to Betty:

PAINTING BY THOMAS B. ALLEN

Air Force lethargy?

The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) is a nonprofit organization incorporated in the District of Columbia. Its main purposes are scientific investigation and research of reported unidentified flying objects, and encouragement of full reporting to the public by responsible authorities of all information that the Government has accumulated on this subject.

The U.S. Air Force is charged with the official investigation of UFOs. NICAP contends that the Air Force has practiced a questionable degree of secrecy, keeping the public in the dark about the amount and possible significance of evidence it has been given.

There have been thousands of sightings throughout the world by Air Force pilots, navigators; by military personnel in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps; by commercial pilots, aviation experts and private citizens. One of the many current myths about UFOs is that no trained observers have reported seeing them. Skeptics ask: "If UFOs are real, why haven't astronomers seen them?" They have, on many occasions. But a significant number of scientists have told NICAP privately that it would be professional suicide for them to discuss the subject openly.

Dr. J. Allen Hynek, chairman of the Department of Astronomy of Northwestern University, has no connection whatsoever with NICAP. He was in charge of the optical satellite tracking program of the Smithsonian AstrophysicalObservatory,Cambridge,Mass. For 18 years, he has been scientific consultant to the Air Force on UFOs and has screened over 10,000 cases in their files, investigating many of them personally.

"UFOs demand serious and immediate scientific attention," he told a meeting of scientists recently. "The myth is *not* put to rest, and the scientific fraternity must now take cognizance of them. We can no longer dismiss the subject. When I started to investigate this phenomenon in 1948, I thought the whole thing would go up in smoke. It has taken till now for *serious scientists* to begin to look at the phenomenon with care and caution."

In August, the Air Force said it hoped to contract with a leading university to undertake a program of intensive investigation of certain UFO reports. Teams would include at least one scientist familiar with atmospheric physics, and a psychologist with clinical experience. The initial budget would be $300,000 to cover an 18-month period.

FROM NICAP REPORT. BY PERMISSION.

journey. The object continued its unpredictable movement. The Hills stopped briefly several times. At one of the stops, a few miles north of Cannon Mountain, Betty said, "Barney, if you think that's a satellite, or a star, you're being absolutely ridiculous."

"It's a commercial plane," Barney now concluded. "Probably on its way to Canada."

Around 12 o'clock, they approached the enormous and somber silhouette of Cannon Mountain. Barney parked the car in a picnic area that commanded a wide view to the west. He looked again at the strange moving light and noted that it swung suddenly from its northern flight pattern, turned to the west, then completed its turn and headed back directly toward them. The Hills got out of the car.

"It's got to be a plane," Barney said. "A commercial liner."

"With a crazy course like that?" Betty asked, following him with Delsey.

"Then it's a Piper Cub. With some hunters who might be lost."

"It's not the hunting season," Betty said, as Barney took the binoculars from her. "And I don't hear a sound." Neither did Barney.

"It might be a helicopter," he said as he looked through the binoculars. He was sure that it wasn't, but was reaching for any kind of explanation that would make sense. "The wind might be carrying the sound in the other direction."

"There is no wind, Barney."

Through the binoculars, Barney now made out a shape like the fuselage of a plane, although he could see no wings. He also saw a series of lights along the fuselage, blinking in an alternating pattern.

When Betty took the glasses, the object passed in front of the moon, in silhouette. It seemed to be flashing thin pencils of different colored lights. The object itself appeared cigar-shaped to her. It had increased its speed, then slowed down again as it crossed the face of the moon. The lights were flashing persistently, red, amber, green and blue. Betty turned to her husband and asked him to take another look.

"It's *got* to be a plane," Barney insisted. "Maybe a military plane. A search plane. Maybe it's a plane that's lost."

He was irritated by Betty's refusal to accept any natural explanation. Several years earlier, Betty's sister and family had told about seeing an unidentified flying object in Kingston, N.H., and Betty tended to believe the story. Barney resisted the idea that such objects existed.

The dachshund was whining and cowed. Betty gave the binoculars to Barney and took Delsey back to the car. Barney focused the glasses on the object and strained to hear a sound: the throb of a propeller-driven plane or the whir of a jet. He heard none. For the first time, he felt *he* was being observed, that the object was actually attempting to circle them. Getting back into the car, he told Betty that he felt the craft had seen them and was playing games with them.

They drove slowly on toward Cannon Mountain, catching glimpses of the object as it moved erratically in the sky. As they approached the base of the mountain, the object suddenly swung behind the dark silhouette of trees and disappeared.

Barney increased his speed, and as the car moved past the blackness of the Old Man of the Mountains, the object appeared again, gliding silently, leisurely, parallel to the car. It appeared to be only a few hundred feet to the right, above the car. Earlier, it had seemed to be spinning; now, it was still, and the former blinking, multicolored lights gave off a steady, white glow.

Through the binoculars, Betty saw a double row of windows. It was clearly a structured craft of enormous dimensions—just how large she couldn't determine because both distance and altitude were hard to judge. As she watched, a red light came out on the left side of the object, followed by a similar one on the right.

"Barney," she said, "stop the car and look! You've never seen anything like this in your life."

He looked through the windshield and could see it plainly now. It was not more than 200 feet in the air, he thought, and coming closer.

Barney stopped the car at Indian Head, took the binoculars and got out. The motor was still running. The object was hovering silently in the air, not more than a short city block away, not more than two treetops high. Its full shape was apparent for the first time: that of a large, glowing pancake.

"Do you see it? Do you see it?" Betty called. Her voice was rising. Later, Barney admitted frankly that he was scared, yet he walked a few feet forward and looked again.

As he did so, the object—as wide in diameter as the distance between three telephone poles along the road—swung in a silent arc across the road, not more than a hundred feet from him. The double row of windows was now clear.

For a reason he cannot yet explain, Barney found himself moving across the road into the field, then across the field, directly toward the mysterious object. The enormous disc was raked on an angle toward him. Two finlike projections on either side were sliding out, each with a red light on it. The windows curved around the perimeter of the thick, pancakelike disc, glowing with brilliant white light. Still, there was no sound.

What is a humanoid?

The term is anthropological, indicating a creature with some, but not all, of the facial and physical characteristics of human beings as we know them. Barney Hill, who was "abducted" by humanoids and taken aboard their flying ship, remembers that, "The men had rather odd-shaped heads, with a large cranium, diminishing in size as it got toward the chin. And the eyes continued around to the sides of their heads, so that it appeared that they could see several degrees beyond the lateral extent of our vision. And something that I remembered, after listening to the tapes, is the mouth itself. I could not describe the mouth. But it was much like when you draw one horizontal line, with a short perpendicular line on each end. This horizontal line would represent the lips without the muscle that we have. And it would part slightly as they made this mumumumming sound. The texture of the skin, as I remember it from this quick glance, was grayish, almost metallic looking. I didn't notice any hair—or any headgear either for that matter. Also, I didn't notice any nose, there just seemed to be two slits that represented the nostrils."

Shaken, but finding an irresistible impulse to move closer, Barney continued across the field, coming within 50 feet of the craft, as it dropped to the height of a single tall tree.

In the car, Betty waited. Suddenly, she became aware of Barney's disappearance into the blackness of the field. "Barney," she yelled. "Barney, come back! Barney! Do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

Out in the field, Barney put the binoculars to his eyes. Behind the clearly structured windows, he could see at least half a dozen living figures wearing black uniforms. They seemed to be bracing themselves against the transparent windows as the craft tilted down toward him. They were staring directly at him.

Betty, now nearly 200 feet away, was screaming at him from the car, but Barney has no recollection of hearing her.

On some inaudible signal, every member of the crew but one stepped back from the window toward a large panel a few feet behind the windowline. The remaining one appeared to Barney to be a leader.

Through the binoculars, Barney could see appendages in action at what seemed to be a control board behind the windows of the craft. The craft descended lower, a few feet at a time. As the fins bearing the two red lights spread out further on the sides of the craft, an extension began to lower from the underside. It seemed to be a ladderlike structure, but Barney could not be sure. In terror, he tried to pull the glasses from his eyes, to turn away, but he couldn't. He remembers the eyes of the one crew member who stared down at him. He had never seen eyes like that before.

With every ounce of energy he could summon, he pulled the binoculars from his eyes, ran screaming back across the field to Betty and the car. He was near hysteria. He jammed the car into first gear, spurted off down the road, shouting that he was sure they were going to be captured. He ordered Betty to look out the window to see where the craft was. She looked, but the object was nowhere in sight. He yelled that it may have swung above them. Betty checked again, but all she could see was total darkness.

Suddenly, they heard a strange, electronic-sounding beeping. The car seemed to vibrate with it. It was in irregular rhythm: beep, beep—beep, beep, beep, and it seemed to come from behind the car, possibly from the trunk.

"What's that noise?" Barney asked.

"I don't know," Betty said.

They each began to feel an odd tingling sensation. A kind of daze overcame them.

* * * *

Sometime later—how long, they were not sure—they were again aware of the beeping sound. They were alert now to a more precise pattern of beeps: beep, beep, beep, beep.

As the second set of beeps grew louder, their awareness slowly returned. They were still in the car, and the car was moving, with Barney at the wheel. They were silent, numb and somnambulistic. A sign indicated that they were in the vicinity of Ashland, some 35 miles south of Indian Head, where the inexplicable beeping had first sounded.

As the daze dissolved, Betty Hill vaguely remembers saying to her husband: "Now do you believe in flying saucers?" And he recalls answering: "Don't be ridiculous. Of course not."

But neither could remember much detail, other than this, until they had driven on to Route 93. There, Betty suddenly pointed to a sign reading: CONCORD—17 MILES.

"That's where we are, Barney," she said. "Now we know."

Barney, too, remembers his mind clearing fully at this point. But he does not recall being disturbed or concerned about the 35 miles from Indian Head to Ashland, about which he seemed to remember nothing.

It was nearly full daylight when they reached home. Both their watches had stopped, and never ran again. The kitchen clock read shortly after five a.m. They had expected to reach home by three. Two hours of their lives were unaccounted for—yet neither seemed aware of the loss at this time until it was pointed out to them months later.

Barney unloaded the car. Picking up the binoculars, he found that the leather strap that had been around his neck the night before was freshly and cleanly broken in half.

During the silent drive, both Betty and Barney had looked to the sky at regular intervals, wondering if the strange object would appear again. Even after they went into the house, they found themselves occasionally drifting to the windows to look up into the morning brightness.

Also, inexplicably, each had a strange, clammy feeling. Barney went into the bathroom to examine his groin and lower abdomen, which seemed to bother him. After he came out, they reviewed what had happened and resolved not to discuss it with anyone.

Nearly three that afternoon, when they awoke, Barney again began reviewing the experience of the night before. He was baffled and confused by the total lack of sound during the extended encounter. The figures he had seen aboard the craft he shunted quickly out of his mind. He did not want to think about them.

As Betty awakened, one of her first acts, why she never fully knew, was to take the dress and shoes she had worn during the experience and pack them in the back of her closet. She has never worn them since.

Barney went over to the clothes he had worn the night before and was surprised to discover that his best shoes were scuffed along the tops. He wondered why only the *tops* were scarred. He concluded that somewhere in that field he had dragged the tops of his shoes along some rocks.

CHAPTER 2

A talk with a skeptical investigator

THE HILLS' RESOLUTION to keep the experience quiet began to waver during their afternoon breakfast session. Betty telephoned her sister, Janet Miller, and told her the story. Janet, who had no reservations about the possibility of a UFO sighting because of her own earlier experience, confirmed Betty's feeling that the car might have in some way been exposed to radiation if the object had hovered directly over it. Janet reminded Betty that a neighbor of theirs in Kingston was a physicist, and said she would check with him. In a few moments, Janet was back on the phone to tell Betty that the physicist said any ordinary compass might show evidence of radiation.

Barney's skepticism stiffened, but he finally relented and got the compass for his wife. She went outside and ran the compass along the sides of the car. The needle did not react to any appreciable extent, but as she drew near the trunk of the car, her attention was drawn to a dozen or more shiny circles scattered on the trunk's surface. Each was about the size of a silver dollar. They looked as though they had been buffed on through a circular stencil.

Carefully, Betty placed the compass on one of the spots. The needle immediately reacted sharply. She then moved the compass on the side of the car, where none of the shiny spots appeared. The needle reacted normally. She shifted the compass back to the shiny spots. The needle jumped out of control. She ran back to the house.

"Barney," she said, "you've *got* to come outside and look at this with me." Barney reluctantly agreed to take a look while Betty called her sister to report her "findings." Janet had talked to the former chief of police of Newton, N.H. He had suggested that the Hills notify the Pease Air Force Base at Portsmouth, a Strategic Air Command installation.

"How did the compass act for you?" Betty asked, when Barney returned.

"Just like any compass," he said. "Oh, it might have jumped around a little when it got near the tire in the trunk. Things like that."

"What about the shiny spots?" Betty asked. "Did you see those?"

"Yes," said Barney.

"Well, what about them?"

"Oh, probably something dropped on the trunk."

Betty called the Air Police at the base and gave an officer the facts in bare outline. When she mentioned the fins, which apparently separated at the sides of the craft, with the two red lights on either side, the officer suddenly seemed more interested. When she explained that her husband had a better look at this part of the craft than she, the officer asked to speak with Barney.

Barney avoided mentioning the figures he had observed on the craft, or the shiny spots on the car. But the phone call was reassuring. From the discussion with the officer, he learned of other reports, some similar to his, and he no longer felt so concerned about the possibility of being considered irrational.

Still struggling to find some correlation between fantasy and fact, Barney suggested to Betty that they each draw a sketch of their impressions of the object. Sitting in separate rooms, they roughed out two sketches. When the sketches were compared, they were remarkably similar.

Some ten days after the sighting, Betty began having a series of nightmares. They domi-

continued

nated her waking life during that week and continued to plague her with anxiety afterward. But the dreams themselves stopped abruptly after five days and never returned. Years later, under Dr. Simon's hypnosis, she recalled in detail:

She had dreamt she had encountered a strange roadblock on a lonely New Hampshire road. A group of men approached the car, and as soon as they reached it, she found herself slipping into unconsciousness. She awoke to find herself and Barney being taken aboard a wholly strange craft, where she was given a complete physical examination by intelligent, humanoid beings. Barney was taken off down a corridor, apparently for the same purpose. They were assured that no harm would come to them, and that they would be released without any conscious memory of the strange happening. At that point, the dreams ended.

A few weeks after the nightmares ended, another disturbing incident occurred. The Hills were driving through the countryside, on a road in a sparsely populated area. Up ahead, a car partially blocked the road. A group of people were standing outside the car, and Barney began to slow down. Betty felt a sudden, cold wave of fear. She could not explain it. "Barney," she begged, "Barney—keep going. Please don't slow down! Keep going, keep going!" She started to open the car door, feeling an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump out of the car and run.

Without questioning, Barney drove the car as fast as was practicable. Betty's panic subsided, and she recovered her composure. She could not explain her panic.

On October 19, 1961, Walter Webb, lecturer on the staff of the Hayden Planetarium in Boston, received a letter from Richard Hall, now assistant director of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington. Webb, a scientific adviser to NICAP, occasionally investigated the more serious and puzzling UFO reports in the New England area. Hall's letter included a copy of a letter Betty Hill had written him. He suggested that Webb might want to investigate the Hill case.

Webb was not impressed because the case involved a report of the movement of beings on a craft. He was extremely skeptical of this type of sighting. There had been a rash of similar "sightings" in the past from highly irresponsible people , none of whom had provided any kind of rational documentation.

Webb drove to Portsmouth on October 21, 1961, with his skeptical attitude unchanged. He thought it was possible that the Hills might be seeking publicity, perpetrating a hoax or suffering from a mental aberration.

His interview with the Hills began shortly after noon and continued with only occasional interruptions until after eight that evening. "I was so amazed, impressed by both the Hills and their accounts," Webb said later, "that we skipped lunch and went right through the afternoon and early evening. During that time, I cross-examined them together, separately, together, requestioned them again and again. I tried to make them slip up somewhere, and I couldn't; I simply couldn't. Theirs was an iron-clad story."

At the close of the session, Webb suggested to the Hills that they actually drive back over the trip step by step, to try to pin down the exact spots where the varied events happened. They agreed.

Five days later, Webb prepared his report for NICAP. He reviewed the incident in the minutest detail, including compass directions, position of the moon and planets, weather and detailed description of the object, including the sketches the Hills had given him. He concluded his lengthy report: "It is the opinion of this investigator, after questioning these people for over six hours and studying their reactions and personalities during that time, that they were telling the truth, and the incident occurred exactly as reported except for some minor uncertainties and technicalities that must be tolerated in any such observation where human judgment is involved (i.e., exact time and length of visibility, apparent sizes of object and occupants, distance and height of object, etc.). Although their occupations do not especially qualify the witnesses as trained scientific observers, I was impressed by their intelligence, apparent honesty and obvious desire to get at the facts and to underplay the more sensational aspects of the sighting."

It wasn't until after the holidays that the Hills thought about the suggestion of returning to the scene of the encounter. In February of 1962, a series of pilgrimages began that were to continue over many months, in all seasons. They would drive along Route 3 and along several back roads branching off the main road. They bickered about where they might have traveled or on which of the byways off Route 3 they might have made a turn. Nor could they account for the inordinate length of time it took them to reach Portsmouth the night of the incident.

The trips were fruitless. Always, the same curtain of darkness descended for Barney after the critical moment at Indian Head. Always, the same veil of darkness obscured Betty's memory after she heard the strange series of beeps as they drove frantically away from Indian Head, with Barney, apparently in great emotional distress, at the wheel. Always, there was the blank between Indian Head and Ashland.

Barney's daily commuting drive from Portsmouth to his job in Boston, his night work schedule, the gnawing doubts about the Indian Head experience, the discomfort of an ulcer all began to take their toll. His condition was further complicated by the recurrence of elevated blood pressure. Then, another disturbing symptom appeared, contributing to his general distress. In January of 1962, a series of warts developed in an almost geometrically perfect circular ring in the area of his groin.

By the summer of 1962, Barney's exhaustion and general physical illness prompted him to seek medical aid for his overall condition, entirely aside from the traumatic experience in the White Mountains. The physician treated him for elevated blood pressure and ulcers and finally recommended the possible need for psychiatric assistance. Barney agreed, and a long process of therapy began during the summer of 1962, under Dr. Duncan Stephens, of Exeter, N.H.

At first, the incident at Indian Head was ignored altogether by Barney. Later, he discussed it with Dr. Stephens, but did not emphasize it. He felt it was at most only a minor cause of his anxiety. He concentrated on his personal emotional and social problems.

Dr. Stephens indicated to Barney that there were many unusual and interesting facets to his case, including the circumstances of Barney's interracial marriage. During the therapy, Barney became more and more aware of the subconscious conflicts and problems arising from his being a Negro, a member of a minority race.

(All through his family background there was a record of interracial relationships. His great-grandmother was the daughter of a white plantation owner. She was raised in the owner's house and cared for by his sisters, even though she was legally a slave. When she married, the plantation owner gave her and her husband 250 acres of land, to be handed down to their children.)

CHAPTER 3

What happened that September night?

FOR A FULL YEAR, Barney continued with Dr. Stephens. One day, during a discussion of hypnosis, Dr. Stephens indicated to Barney that simultaneous hallucination and simultaneous amnesia were highly unlikely, although there is a rare psychological phenomenon known as *folie à deux*, wherein two people develop a psychotic condition in which their beliefs and delusions are similar. This seemed unlikely in the case of Barney and Betty Hill's experience, since most of the conditions for this phenomenon did not seem to be present in the Hills' day-to-day relationships as husband and wife. But Dr. Stephens suggested that it would be advisable at this point to have the opinion of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the eminent Boston psychiatrist and neurologist.

Dr. Simon is a graduate of Stanford University and the Washington University School of Medicine. During his psychiatric and neurological training, he developed proficiency in techniques and procedures of hypnosis. In World War II, he found it a remarkably useful adjunct in the treatment of military psychiatric disorders, first as consultant psychiatrist to the General Dispensary in New York, later on a more extensive scale as Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center in World War II. When John Huston directed his outstanding motion-picture documentary on psychiatric treatment, *Let There Be Light*, at Mason General Hospital, Colonel Simon served as adviser and personally did the scenes involving hypnosis and narcosynthesis.

After leaving military service in 1946, Dr. Simon maintained his interest in these special procedures, though their place in civilian psychiatric practice is much more restricted.

On December 14, 1963, Mr. Barney Hill, accompanied by his wife, arrived to keep his appointment for consultation. At Mr. Hill's request,

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the doctor saw the couple together and soon realized that *both* needed help. They had brought with them a copy of the NICAP report written by Walter Webb.

Dr. Simon's attitude toward the subject of UFOs was neutral. He was willing to accept whatever authoritative sources said about it.

At the close of the session, Dr. Simon decided that one of his objectives was to open up the amnesia, if this was what the condition turned out to be. This symptom usually responds particularly well to hypnosis.

He planned to begin the therapy with an attempt to penetrate the amnesia, through hypnosis, and to proceed from there as indicated by developments. Dr. Simon also decided to tape-record the therapeutic sessions, to preserve an accurate record and to have the tape available for probable later use in bringing the material into the consciousness of the Hills under controlled conditions.

Barney's and Betty's knowledge of hypnosis was fragmentary. Dr. Simon explained that the Hills would be brought into a condition somewhat akin to sleep, although not identical to it.

In a lecture some years before to The New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Simon discussed hypnosis and its function in medical and psychiatric practice:

"Who can hypnotize? Who can be hypnotized?" Dr. Simon asked in the lecture. "Any intelligent adult with appropriate knowledge of technique can hypnotize.... Psychotic individuals and the mentally retarded are very resistant to hypnosis. Most of these cannot be hypnotized....

"Will plays no part whatever in hypnosis, and the belief that hypnotizability is a manifestation of a weak will is false. . . .

"Hypnosis has gone through many periods of enthusiastic acceptance and then ensuing rejection, as have some of our 'modern trends' in psychiatry. There is no doubt that these symptoms (those removed by hypnosis) tend to recur or to be replaced by more distressing symptoms, unless the underlying emotional conflict (of which the symptoms are manifestations) is resolved. Unless the physician can be sure that he will be able to continue treatment of the patient after the removal of the symptoms, the symptoms should not be removed by hypnosis. . . .

"Many question whether a forcible breakthrough of resistance (such as that which is provided by hypnosis) is a desirable approach. In a variety of conditions, hysterical, psychosomatic and others, hypnosis may help to shorten the time of therapy by facilitating the approach to unconscious conflicts. . . . Hypnosis has dangers, and yet it is not dangerous. The essential dangers lie in its use by those not bound by a professional code of ethics and who are not adequately trained."

As the Hills were to discover, they were in cautious, medically conservative hands. They were to run into a stiff test of whatever beliefs they now had as a result of their experience at Indian Head.

At eight in the morning, on Saturday, January 4, 1964, the Hills arrived at the doctor's office for the first of three sessions in which the doctor would repeatedly induce hypnosis as a conditioning process.

They responded well. The doctor was satisfied that they could attain the depth of trance desired. In exploring the amnesia, both the doctor and the patients would be going up a blind alley; and the reinforcement of the hypnosis would make it possible to maintain firm control in the face of possible emotional disturbances.

Barney's nervousness increased somewhat as he prepared to undergo hypnosis for the first time. Dr. Simon placed him by the large desk in the office, his hands at his sides, and stood near him, in front of the desk and just in front of a comfortable chair.

"Dr. Simon began talking to me," Barney recalls, "telling me that I was relaxing, and he had me clasp my hands together, and that they would be tight, tight, very tight, that I couldn't open them no matter how hard I tried. And I was standing there, feeling very, very foolish, because I thought if this is hypnosis, there is nothing to it. I'm just humoring the man. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. I think he stopped and placed his hands over my eyes so that they would close. I said to myself that I wasn't really hypnotized, and when he told me that I couldn't pull my hands apart, I knew that all I had to do was open my fingers and I could do it. But I just didn't feel like opening my fingers. I didn't even feel I was asleep, but then I was aware that he was waking me up, and asked me how I felt. And I felt very, very good, very calm and comfortable. And I no longer had any fear of hypnosis."

The opening up of amnesia requires the use of time regression, wherein the patient's memory becomes vivid and exact, where details long forgotten to the conscious mind emerge sharply. It is not unusual for a person in hypnosis to recall the names and color of the eyes of everyone at his fifth birthday party if so requested. There is also the tendency to relive, re-create, reenact the time segment being recalled, so that the subject actually experiences emotions involved in the original experience, a process referred to as abreaction. The physician must always recognize the danger in bringing to light unconscious memories and feelings. These may be intolerable to the patient and can lead to serious after-reactions.

"After the first test," Barney Hill recalls, "a curious thing happened. As I got ready for the induction into hypnosis, I looked at my watch. It must have been five minutes after eight. And he gave me the key word, and I was hypnotized. And as far as time was concerned, I thought he was waking me immediately. But I looked at my watch, and it was after nine. Yet it seemed no time at all. I recalled also, just at the beginning of what must have been the trance, that he had poked my hand with something that felt like the bristle of a brush. I asked him if I could see this done. So the doctor put me in a trance again, and told me to open my eyes, and that I would remember this part of it. Then he took a needlelike instrument and pushed it against my hand, and there was no pain, except perhaps like a bristle of a brush. He put considerable pressure on it, and I could feel no pain. The needle had penetrated my skin, and there wasn't any blood. So I began to realize that there were two things that could happen here: One, I could be hypnotized and made to forget that I had been hypnotized at all; two, I could be hypnotized, and if I was told I could remember, I would retain a knowledge of all that had taken place under hypnosis."

Dr. Simon decided to take Barney first, hoping to regress him to the night of September 19, 1961, and have him reveal every detail of the trip from Canada to Portsmouth. Since the trance would provide details of marked clarity, and since there was a reasonable expectation that Barney would bridge the amnesic gap under hypnosis, the blocking off of his memory after each session would permit Betty to give her own story in later sessions without being influenced by Barney.

On February 22, 1964, Barney was ready to make his excursion into the unknown.

CHAPTER 4

"I am *scared. God*, I'm scared!"

BARNEY TOOK HIS SEAT in front of the doctor's desk. He started to reach for a cigarette, but upon hearing the key words from Dr. Simon, his eyes closed, and his head nodded. His hands were folded across his lap, and he gave the appearance of having dozed in an easy chair. The deep trance was induced. The doctor began the session:

DOCTOR: You are deeper and deeper asleep. Deep asleep. You will remember everything now, and you will tell me everything. And I want you to tell me in full detail *all* your experiences, *all* of your thoughts and *all* of your feelings, beginning with the time you left your hotel. . . .

After retracing in precise detail the visit to Montreal, the trip into Canada and the upper part of Vermont and the drive down U.S. 3, Barney then mentioned the object in the sky.

BARNEY: I look up through the windshield of the car, and I see a star. That's funny, but I said: Betty, that's a satellite. And then I pulled over to the side of the road, and Betty jumped out her side with the binoculars. . . . And I look towards the sky. . . . And I'm saying, hurry up, Betty, so I can get a look. And Betty passes the binoculars to me. And I see that it's not a satellite. It is a plane. And I tell Betty this and give the binoculars back to her. And I am satisfied.

DOCTOR: What kind of a plane was it?

BARNEY: I look—and it is to the right. And it does not go where I thought it would go. It does not go past me to the right, my right shoulder. I think it will pass my right shoulder, off in the distance, going to the north. I am facing west, and my right is to the north. And it does not go to the north.

A faint trace of amazement comes into his voice. From his tone, it is apparent that he is reliving, not retelling, the story.

DOCTOR: Does it have propellers?

BARNEY: I cannot tell. And I think this is strange. I cannot hear a motor, to know if it has propellers.

continued

. . . And this object that was a plane—was *not* a plane. It was—oh, it was funny. It was coming around towards us. I looked up and down the road. And I thought: How dark it is. What if a bear was to come out? . . . I returned to the car, and said: Let's go Betty. It's nothing but a plane. And they're coming over this way. They're changing course. Probably it's a Piper Cub.

DOCTOR: A Piper Cub would only have one or two windows, wouldn't it? You saw windows in this plane?

BARNEY: This is what I said, and this is what I saw when I returned to my car. A Piper Cub. . . . And I drive, and Betty is still looking. And she said: Barney, this is not a plane. It is still following us. And I stop and I look, and I see it is still out there. Off in a distance. So I search for a place to pull off the road. And I see a dirt road to the right of the main highway. And I think this is a good place where I can pull over. And if any car comes, it won't strike me. And I get out of the car, and I am thinking: This is strange.

He returns to the car. His tone reflects the strangeness now.

BARNEY: 'Cause it is still there. And Betty said —I *think* she said, I am mad with her. I say to myself: I believe Betty is trying to make me think this is a flying saucer. . . . And I am wondering why doesn't it go away. And I stop, and I look again. And I see where it has gone up ahead of us on Cannon Mountain. And I think when I get past Old Man of the Mountains, it will be a good area to look and see this thing. And I am going to report it.

DOCTOR: Do you still think it was a Piper Cub?

BARNEY: I am wondering why these pilots are military. And they shouldn't do that. They will make some person have an accident by flying around like that. And what if they dived at me. And the military should not do that.

DOCTOR: You are looking for a place where you can stop and observe this. And Betty has been constantly egging you on.

BARNEY: I want to wake up!

This is the reaction of a subject who is about to experience a painful event, an event that he can't face even in the trance. Dr. Simon is alerted at this point to the likelihood of a strong emotional reaction.

DOCTOR: You're not going to wake up. You're in a deep sleep. You are comfortable, relaxed. This is not going to trouble you. Go on. You can remember everything now.

BARNEY: It's right over my right! God! What is it? [His voice begins to tremble.] And I try to maintain control, so Betty cannot tell I am *scared. God,* I'm scared!

DOCTOR: It's all right. You can go right on, experience it. It will not hurt you now.

BARNEY: [Breaks into breathless sobbing, then screams.] I gotta get a weapon!

He screams again. His sobs become uncontrollable. The doctor must decide whether to impose an amnesia and bring him out of the trance or to keep him moving through the experience for the purposes of abreaction, the therapeutic discharge of feeling.

DOCTOR: Go to sleep. You can forget now. You've forgotten. You're calm now. Relaxed. Deeply relaxed. You do not have to make an outcry. But you can remember it now. Keep remembering. You feel you have to get a weapon.

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: This is going to harm you, you felt.

BARNEY: Yes. I open the trunk of my car. I get the tire wrench . . . part of the jack. And I get back in the car.

Again, his panic is rising.

DOCTOR: All right. Just keep reasonably calm.

BARNEY: And I keep it by me. And then I get out with the binoculars. And it is *there.* And I look. And I look. And it is just over the field. And I think, I think: I'm *not* afraid. . . . I'll fight it off. I'm not *afraid!* . . . And I walk across the road. There it is—up there! Ohhh, God!

He again breaks into a scream.

DOCTOR: It's there. You can see it. But it's not going to hurt you.

BARNEY: Why doesn't it go away—*Look* at it! There's a man there! Is—is—is he a captain? What is he? He—he looks at me!

DOCTOR: What does it look like now?

BARNEY: It looks—like a—big—pancake. With windows—and rows of windows and lights. Not lights, just one huge light.

DOCTOR: Rows of windows? Like a commercial plane?

BARNEY: Rows of windows. They're *not* like a commercial plane. Because they curve around the side of this—this pancake. I've got—I've got —this can't be true. This *isn't* here. Ohhh, it's still there. And I look—up and down the road. Can't somebody come? Can't somebody come and *tell* me this is not there? It *can't* be, but—

The doctor feels that Barney may be dreaming this. He explores this point.

DOCTOR: You'd had no sleep that evening?

BARNEY: I pinch my right arm. . . .

After a brief exchange, the doctor is satisfied that Barney was awake.

DOCTOR: You're clear now. Relaxed.

BARNEY: It's still there. If I let my binoculars fall, and dangle from my neck—and start over again, maybe it won't be there. But it is. Why? What do they want? One person looks friendly to me. And he's looking at me . . . over his right shoulder. And he's smiling. But . . . but. . . .

DOCTOR: Could you see him clearly?

BARNEY: Yes, I could.

DOCTOR: What was his face like? What did it make you think of?

BARNEY: It was round. I think of—I think of—a redheaded Irishman. I don't know why. I think I know why. Because Irish are usually hostile to Negroes. And when I see a friendly Irish person, I react to him by thinking: *I* will be friendly. And I think this one that is looking over his shoulder is friendly.

DOCTOR: You say, "looking over his shoulder." Was he facing away from you?

BARNEY: Yes. He was facing a wall. . . . And there is an evil face on the—he looks like a German Nazi. He's a Nazi. . . . He had a black scarf around his neck, dangling over his left shoulder.

DOCTOR: He had a black scarf around his neck? How could you see the figures so clearly at that distance?

BARNEY: I was looking at them with binoculars.

DOCTOR: Oh. Did they have faces like other people? You said one was like a redheaded Irishman.

BARNEY: His eyes were slanted. Oh—his eyes were *slanted!* But not like a Chinese—Oh! Oh! I feel like a rabbit. I feel like a rabbit.

DOCTOR: What do you mean by that?

BARNEY: I was hunting for rabbits in Virginia. And this cute little bunny went into a bush that was not very big. And my cousin Marge was on one side of the bush, and I was on the other—with a hat. And the poor little bunny thought he was safe. And it tickled me, because he was just hiding behind a little stalk, which meant security to him—when I pounced on him and threw my hat on him and captured the poor little bunny who thought he was safe. Funny, I thought of that—right out there on the field. I feel like a rabbit.

DOCTOR: What was Betty doing all this time?

BARNEY: I can't hear her.

DOCTOR: Did you make any outcry to her the way you did to me? You would remember if you did.

BARNEY: I did not. I know this creature is telling me something.

DOCTOR: Telling you something? How? How is he getting it to you?

BARNEY: I can see it in his face. No, his lips are not moving. And he's looking at me. And he's just telling me: Don't be afraid. I'm not a bunny. I'm going to be . . . I'm going to be safe. He didn't tell me I was that bunny.

DOCTOR: Did you hear him tell you this?

BARNEY: Oh, no. He didn't say it.

DOCTOR: You *felt* he said it?

BARNEY: I *know.*

DOCTOR: You know he said it?

BARNEY: Yes. Just stay there, he said. It's pounding in my head!! I gotta get away! I gotta get away from here!

DOCTOR: All right. All right. Calm down. . . : How can you be sure he was telling you this?

BARNEY: His *eyes!* His *eyes!* I've never seen eyes like that before.

DOCTOR: You said they were friendly.

BARNEY: Not the leader's. I said the one looking over his shoulder.

DOCTOR: How did you know the other one was the leader?

BARNEY: Because everybody moved—everybody was standing there looking at me. But everybody moved. These levers were in the back . . . or they went to a big board, it looked like a board. And only this one with the black, black shiny jacket and the scarf stayed at the window.

DOCTOR: He had slanted eyes. What did that make you think of?

BARNEY: I don't know. I've never seen eyes slanted like that. They began to be round—and went back like that—and like that. And they went up like that. . . . I'm driving.

DOCTOR: You're back in the car now?

BARNEY: Yes. . . . I'm getting a hold on myself. I'm saying to myself: Remember, you've got fortitude. You can drive a car. And I told Betty to look out—and the object was still around us. I could *feel* it around us. I saw it when we passed by the object. When I got in the car, it had swung around so that it was out there. I—I *know* it was out there. Yeah—it's out there. But I don't know where. That's funny. Ohhh, those eyes! They're in my *brain*! *Please* can't I wake up?

DOCTOR: Stay asleep a little longer. . . . You'll get through this all right. Follow your feelings. Tell me. They won't upset you so much now.

BARNEY: They're *there*. Isn't that funny—all the woods. That crazy dog. She stays in the car all the time. Isn't that funny?

DOCTOR: She doesn't bark at anything?

BARNEY: She just stays there. I don't understand. Are we being robbed? I don't know.

DOCTOR: What makes you think you're being robbed?

BARNEY: I know what's in my mind, and I don't want to say it.

DOCTOR: Well, you can say it to me. You can say it now.

BARNEY: They're—men! All with dark jackets. And I don't have any money. I don't have anything. I don't know. Oh—oh, the eyes are there. Always the eyes are there. And they're telling me I don't have to be afraid. . . . I'm not even afraid that they're not connected to a body. They're just *there*. They're just up close to me, pressing against my eyes. That's funny. I'm not afraid. . . .

After a few more exchanges:

DOCTOR: All right. We'll stop there. You will be calm and relaxed. You will forget everything that we have had in this period together until I ask you to recall it again. You will forget everything we have talked about until I ask you to recall it again. It will not trouble you, it will not worry you. You will remain comfortable and relaxed and have no pain, no aches, no anxiety. All right, Barney, you may wake up now. You'll be comfortable and relaxed.

BARNEY: Wow! Nine-thirty. Didn't you bring me in here at five minutes after eight?

DOCTOR: Yes.

BARNEY: Where was I?

DOCTOR: Right here with me.

BARNEY: Where are my cig—was I about to reach for a cigarette?

DOCTOR: Go ahead and have one. We'll continue this next week. A week from today. . . .

CHAPTER **5**

The door to the past begins to open

ON FEBRUARY 29, 1964, the Hills arrived punctually for their appointment. Betty sat in an outer office. After asking Barney a few questions in review, Dr. Simon put him into trance. Barney again relived many of the experiences of his previous trance. Then:

BARNEY: . . . And I thought: How interesting, there is the military pilot, and he is looking at me. And there were several others looking at me, and the men lined up at the window of this huge dirigible and were looking down at me. When they moved to the back, and I continued to look at this one man that stood there, and I kept looking at him and looking at him.

DOCTOR: Is this the man you call the leader?

BARNEY: He was dressed differently. And I thought of the Navy and the submarine, and I thought the men that moved back were just dressed in blue denims. But this other man was dressed in a black shiny coat with a cap on. . . : And I thought: This is not going to harm me. And I wanted to get back to Betty and discuss this interesting thing we were looking at. And I kept looking, and he looked at me, and then I came back to the car. And I said: Betty, were you excited? And she said: Why didn't you come back? I was screaming for you to come back. I could not understand why you were going out across the road.

DOCTOR: You hadn't heard her scream?

BARNEY: No, I did not hear her scream . : : and begin driving down the highway. And I drove quite a few miles, and noticed I was not on Route 3. . . .

Here, for the first time, the door to the forgotten time period begins to open. Barney's memory block had always obscured what occurred on the field at Indian Head. Betty, also, had never been able to bridge this point—unless, as she thought, her dreams were based on reality.

BARNEY: And I could not understand that because it is a straight highway. And I looked, and I was being signaled to stop. And I thought, I wonder if there has been an accident. I do have the tire wrench. I'll put it near my hand. . . .

DOCTOR: What was it you saw down the highway?

BARNEY: I saw a group of men standing in the highway. And it was brightly lit up, as if it were almost daylight. It was not the kind of light of day, but it was brightly lighted. . . . And they began coming towards me. And I did not think after that of my tire wrench. And I became afraid if I did think of this as a weapon, I would be harmed. And if I did not, I would not be harmed. And they came and assisted me out of the car. I felt very weak, but I wasn't afraid. And I can't even think of being confused. I am not bewildered, I can't even think of questioning what is happening. . . . My feet are dragging. . . . And I am not afraid. I feel like I am dreaming.

DOCTOR: Where is Betty through all of this?

BARNEY: I don't know. I'm trying to think. I don't know.

DOCTOR: Are these men part of your dream?

BARNEY: They are there, and I am there. I know they are there. But everything is black. My eyes are tightly closed. I can't believe what I think.

DOCTOR: Is there anything else that you think that you haven't told me?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: You can tell me now.

BARNEY: I am always thinking of mental pictures because my eyes are closed. And I think I am going up a slight incline, and my feet have stopped bumping on the rocks. That's funny. I thought of my feet bumping on the rocks. And they are not going up smoothly. But I'm afraid to open my eyes, because I am being told strongly by myself to keep my eyes closed, and don't open them. And I don't want to be operated on.

DOCTOR: You don't want to be operated on. What makes you think of an operation?

BARNEY: I don't know.

DOCTOR: Have you ever been operated on?

BARNEY: Only for my tonsils.

DOCTOR: Does this feel like that time?

BARNEY: I think like that, but my eyes are closed, and I only have mental pictures. And I am not in pain. And I can feel a slight feeling. My groin feels cold.

DOCTOR: Is that any feeling with the operation?

BARNEY: I'm not being operated on. I am lying on something, and I think of the doctor putting something in my ear. When I was a boy, the doctor put something in my ear, and I looked up at it, and he explained to me that you could peek into the ear and light it up with this thing. And I think of that. . . . And I feel like the doctor did not pain me, and I will be very careful and be very still and will cooperate, and I won't be harmed.

DOCTOR: Where were you lying down?

continued

BARNEY: I thought I was inside something. But I did not dare open my eyes. I had been told to keep my eyes closed by the man I saw through the binoculars.

DOCTOR: Was this one of the men in the road?

BARNEY: No. These men in the road . . . they took me and carried me up this ramp.

DOCTOR: Carried you up the ramp?

BARNEY: I know I was going up something, and my feet were dragging.

DOCTOR: These are the men who flagged you down?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: How many were there?

BARNEY: I thought I saw a cluster of six men. Because three of them came to me and three did not.

DOCTOR: How were they dressed?

BARNEY: They were all in dark clothing. And they were all dressed alike.

DOCTOR: Were they white men?

BARNEY: I don't know by the color. But they did not seem that they had different faces from white men. . . .

DOCTOR: Did they tell you why they were stopping you?

BARNEY: They didn't tell me anything. They didn't say anything.

DOCTOR: Were these men holding you?

BARNEY: They were by my side, and I had a funny feeling because I knew they were holding me, but I couldn't feel them. . . . I felt floating, suspended. . . . I opened my eyes.

DOCTOR: What did you see?

BARNEY: I saw a hospital operating room. It was pale blue. Sky blue. And I closed my eyes.

DOCTOR: Do you remember the operating room when you had your tonsils out? . . . Was that operating room in the hospital blue?

BARNEY: No. It was bright lights. . . . But this room was not like that. It was spotless.

DOCTOR: Did you feel you were going to be operated on?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: Did you feel you were being attacked in any way?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: You said your groin felt cold. . . .

BARNEY: I was lying on a table, and I thought someone was putting a cup around my groin, and then it stopped. And then I thought: How funny. . . . If I keep real quiet and real still, I won't be harmed. And it will be over. And I will just stay here and pretend that I am anywhere and think of God and think of Jesus, and think that I am not afraid. And I am getting off the table, and I've got a big grin on my face, and I feel greatly relieved. And I am walking, and I am being guided. And my eyes are closed, and I open my eyes, and there is the car. And the lights are off, and the motor is not running. And Delsey is under the seat. And I reached under and touched her, and she is in a tight ball under the seat, and I sit back. And I see Betty is coming down the road, and she gets into the car, and I am grinning at her and she is grinning back at me. And we both seem so elated, and we are really happy. And I'm thinking: It isn't too bad. How funny. I had no reason to fear. And we look, and I see a bright moon. And I laugh, and say: Well, there it goes.

DOCTOR: You mean this object was gone?

BARNEY: Yes. . . . It was going.

DOCTOR: Going. Could you still see it?

BARNEY: It was a bright, huge ball. Orange. It was a beautiful bright ball. And it was going. And it was gone. And we were in darkness, and I put on the lights of the car, and looked down the road. And we began driving, and I could see a slight incline, and then I drove and came back to Route 3, because I was on a cement road. And Betty and I feel, I feel real hilarious, like a feeling of well-being and great relief.

DOCTOR: What were you relieved about?

BARNEY: I am relieved because I feel like I've been in a harrowing situation, and there was nothing damaging or harmful about it. And I feel greatly relieved.

DOCTOR: And the flying object was gone?

BARNEY: Yes. Betty is giggling, and she said: Do you believe in flying saucers now? And I said: Oh, Betty, don't be ridiculous. Of course, I don't. And we heard a beeping, and the car buzzed, and I kept silent.

DOCTOR: You heard a beeping.

BARNEY: Beep—beep—beep—beep—beep.

DOCTOR: Did they sound like some of these beeps you get on a radio, when you have code signals? Or what did they sound like?

BARNEY: Beep—beep—beep. . . . I thought it was strange. . . . And at the first beep or two, I touched the steering wheel with my finger tips because I thought I felt a vibration when I heard the beep. And as it continued, Betty looked to the back, and I slowed the car down and stopped. And I said to Betty: Is there something shifting in the car?

DOCTOR: Did she say anything about hearing the beeps?

BARNEY: She said: What is that noise? And we looked in the back, and Delsey had climbed up on the back seat, and her ears were popped up, and the beep, beep, beep. And I said: Oh, oh, do you think the thing is still around? I called it a thing; Betty called it a flying saucer. And we had no answer. . . . I wonder if I can make the car do that. So I drove the car fast and then would decelerate, rapidly. And I swerved over to the left of the highway and back to the right. And I came to a complete stop and accelerated rapidly. But I could not seem to get that sound. And we drove down the highway. And I saw the road for the expressway: 17 miles to Concord. And I drove to Concord, and down Route 4. . . .

A few minutes later:

BARNEY: . . . She asked me did I believe in flying saucers. And I did not want to say what I really believed.

DOCTOR: What did you really believe?

BARNEY: I believed that we had seen and been a part of something different than anything I had ever seen before.

DOCTOR: Did you fear you had been kidnapped?

BARNEY: I didn't use that word. I did not feel that I had been kidnapped. But I think of kidnapping when you are being harmed.

DOCTOR: And you weren't harmed?

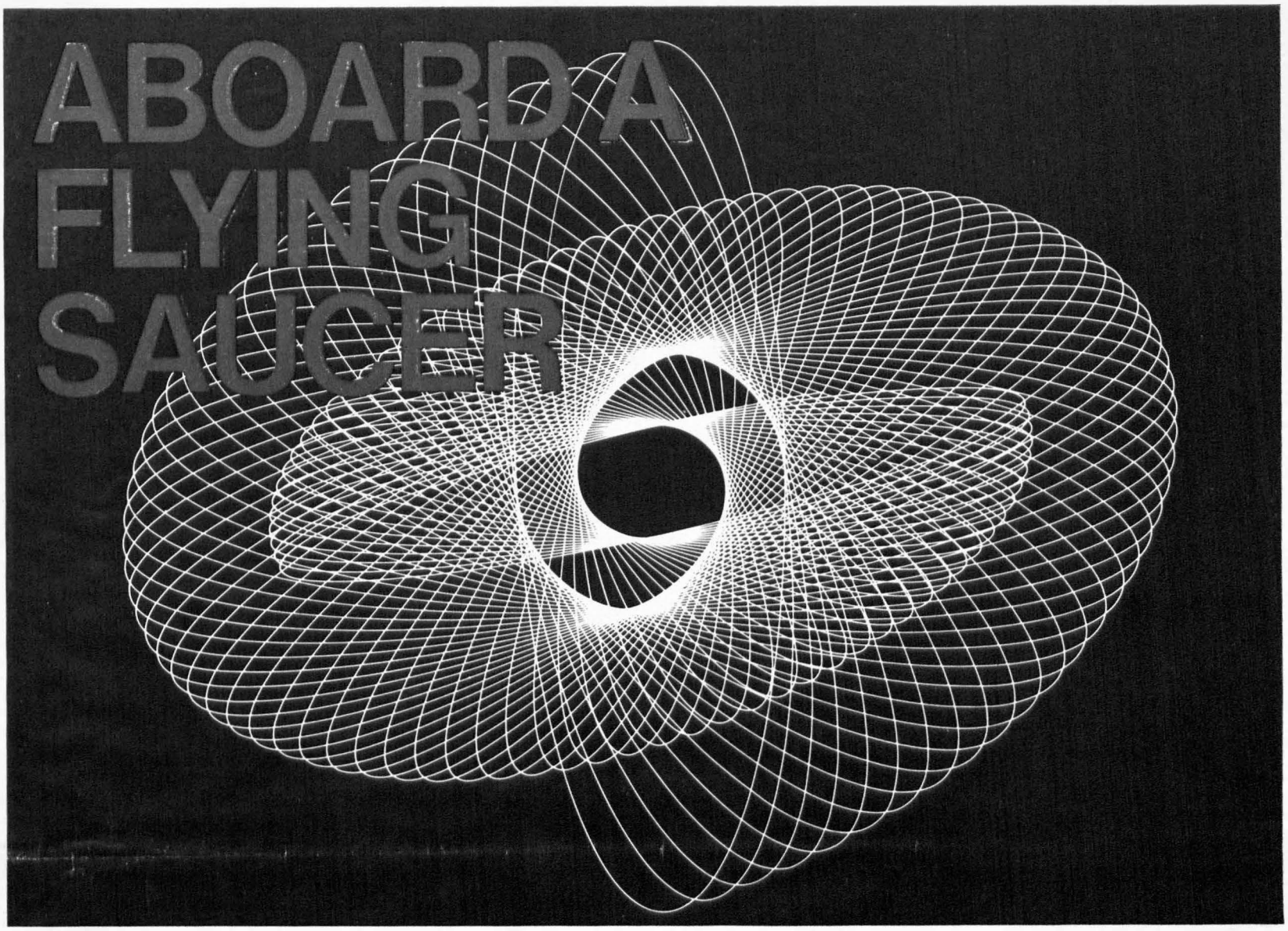
BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: You had no idea why this was done?

BARNEY: I was anxious to get home and look at my groin. . . . I thought, this is proof that something happened to me. And I was unsure. And I would waver, feeling that it can't be. And then I would think: But it did happen. And I would think: When I get home and look at my groin, I will touch whatever touched me and see if there is a mark. I drove home, and I went into the bathroom and examined myself and saw nothing wrong. And I went into the bedroom, and I kept thinking that something is around me. I went to the window, and I looked up into the morning sky, and I went to the back door and opened it and looked at the sky. And I thought: Something is around, somewhere. And Betty and I retired, talking. Wasn't that strange, whatever happened. And I could not remember anything that happened except that I was at Indian Head. And I went to bed. And when we woke up, we decided we would not ever tell anyone. . . .

When the second session was finally over, Dr. Simon reviewed the case in the first real light that had been thrown on the amnesic period. Although he was still somewhat skeptical at the end of this session, he was beginning to believe that some incident involving a UFO was at least partly responsible for Barney Hill's severe emotional upheaval. But he was baffled by the second part of his patient's story—the part detailing the supposed "abduction" by humanoid beings. He hoped that Betty Hill could provide some explanation for her husband's account, and he scheduled a session the following week in which *she* would retrace, under hypnosis, the long journey home.

In the next issue of LOOK: Under hypnosis, Betty Hill relives a strange physical examination aboard the UFO, describes an unusual book she tried to take from the ship, a space map on the wall and recounts her conversations with the uniformed men, in Part Two of *The Interrupted Journey*, to be published by The Dial Press, Inc.



Part Two: An "abducted" woman describes her incredible experience

BY JOHN G. FULLER

RETURNING FROM a brief vacation in Canada in September, 1961, Barney and Betty Hill had a deeply disturbing experience that they could remember only vaguely. They had sighted what may have been an Unidentified Flying Object that seemed to be following their car. Their anxiety about the incident led them to the office of Dr. Benjamin Simon, the distinguished Boston psychiatrist, on December 14, 1963. Because of the cloudiness of the Hills' conscious recollection of the episode, Dr. Simon decided to use regression under hypnosis in the hope that this would help them reconstruct the event more clearly. He also decided to tape-record these sessions for later study and reference.

During World War II, Dr. Simon, as Chief of Neuropsychiatry and Executive Officer at Mason General Hospital, the Army's chief psychiatric center, had extensive experience with hypnosis in the treatment of many psychiatric disorders among military personnel.

Barney Hill, who is a Negro, told of the journey from the Canadian border to their home in Portsmouth, N. H., and described a glowing UFO that seemed to follow them during part of their trip. Under hypnosis, he recreated the scene in much greater detail, and added an incident he had not mentioned during the earlier interview. The low-flying UFO had descended, Hill told the doctor, and humanoid creatures had then blocked the road. They had "abducted" him and carried him aboard the UFO for a strange physical examination. After several sessions with Barney, Dr. Simon decided to question Betty Hill, who is white, under hypnosis the following week.

Within the first moments of her trance, Betty Hill told a story that was remarkably similar to the one Dr. Simon had heard from her husband. After she and Barney made a number of stops in an attempt to observe the object more clearly, she said, they reached a point in the road where she saw "men standing in the highway . . . and these men started to come up to the car. . . . They came in two groups. . . ." At that point, "a kind of daze" overcame her.

The men took them both from the car, she said. ". . . And I turn around, and I say: 'Barney! Wake up!' . . . And he doesn't pay any attention. He keeps walking."

One of the men walking beside Betty said: "Don't be afraid. We're not going to harm you."

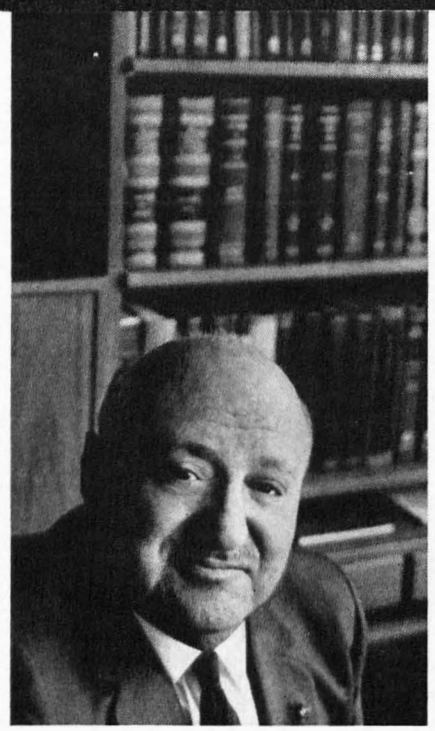
DOCTOR: These men spoke good English?

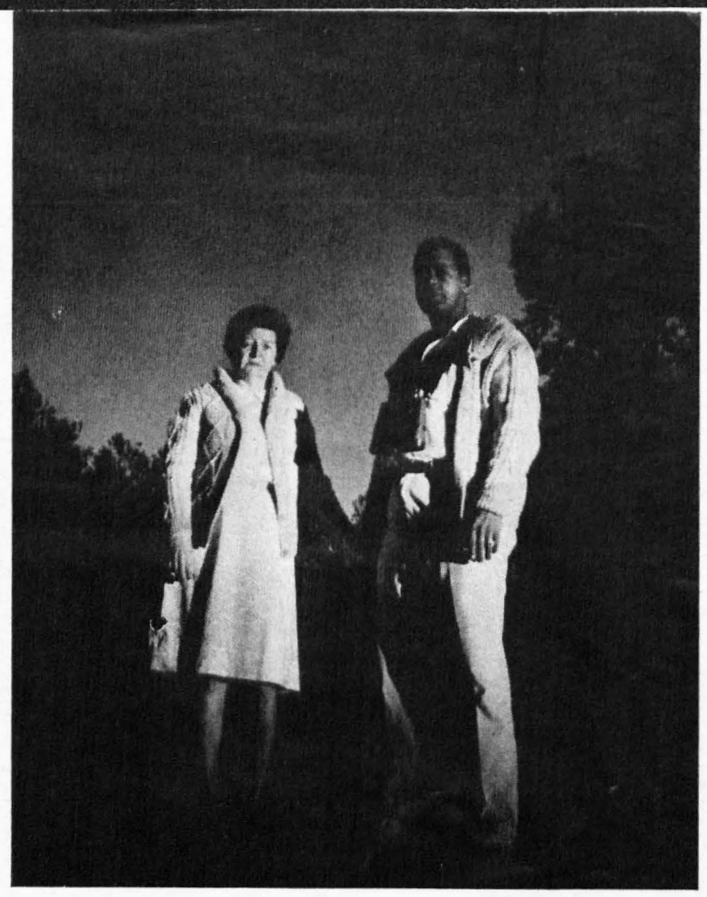
BETTY: Only one spoke. . . . He had sort of a foreign accent. . . . We kept walking, and we came to a clearing. . . . The object was on the ground. . . . I think it was the same one I had been watching in the sky. . . . And they're taking me up to the object. I didn't want to go on it. The man beside me says to go on. . . . So he and one of the others each take my arms. . . . I go inside, and there's a corridor. We go up the corridor, and there's a room. . . . I turn around, and I'm waiting for them to bring Barney in. But they lead Barney right past the door where I'm standing. I said: What are you doing with Barney? Bring him in here where I am. And the man said: No, we only have equipment enough in one room to do one person at a time. And if we took you both in the same room, it would take too long. . . . Another man comes in. . . . I think he's a doctor. . . . They push up the sleeve of my dress, and they look at my arm . . . and then they turn my arm over, and they look at the underside. . . . And they rub, they have a machine . . . it's something like a microscope, only a microscope with a big lens. . . . I had an idea they were taking a picture of my skin. . . . And then they took something like a letter opener—only it wasn't—and they scraped my arm. . . . And there was like little —you know—how your skin gets dry and flaky sometimes, like little particles of skin? And they took a piece of cellophane or plastic or

continued

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"They" seem puzzled by time and aging





Bothered at first by the account given by the Hills, Dr. Simon (above) was convinced after a few sessions that they were telling him the truth as they understood it. The Hills (right) stand near the scene of their disturbing experience.

something like that, and they scraped, and they put the flakes on this plastic. . . . And the leader of the group puts it in the top drawer. And then they put my head . . . in this thing that holds your head. . . . And the examiner opens my eyes and looks into them with a light, and he opens my mouth, and he looks in my throat and my teeth and in my ears. . . . And then he takes like a—oh, a swab—and he puts it in my left ear, and he puts this on another piece of this material. And the leader rolls it all up and puts it in the top drawer too. Then they take a couple of strands of my hair, and they pull it out, and he gives this to the leader, and he wraps that up and puts that in the top drawer. . . . And then he feels my neck, behind my ears, under my chin, around my collar bone, and —oh—and then they take off my shoes and look at my feet and at my hands. . . . And he takes something, and he goes underneath my fingernail, and then he . . . cut off a piece of my fingernail. And then the doctor, the examiner, tells me to take off my dress . . . and so I slip my dress off. . . . I lie down on the table, on my back, and he brings over this—oh, how can I describe it? They're like needles, a whole cluster of needles, and each needle has a wire going from it. . . . They touch me with the needles. . . . It doesn't hurt at all. . . . He puts it on my knee, and my leg jumps. And then on my foot too. He did it around my ankle. And then they have me roll over on my stomach and they touch all along my back. . . . Then they roll me over on my back, and the examiner had a long needle in his hand. . . . And I ask him what he's going to do with it . . . and he said he just wants to put it in my navel, it's just a simple test. And I tell him, no, it will hurt, don't do it, don't do it. And I'm crying, and I'm telling him: It's hurting, it's hurting, take it out, take it out! And the leader comes over, and he puts his hand, rubs his hand in front of my eyes, and he says it will be all right, I won't feel it. . . . The pain goes away. But I'm sore from where they put that needle.

DOCTOR: Did they make any sexual advances to you?

BETTY: No. . . . I asked the leader, I said: Why did they put that needle into my navel? And he said it was a pregnancy test. I said I don't know what they expected, but that was no pregnancy test. And he didn't say any more. . . .

DOCTOR: All right. We'll stop here now.

The Hills returned to the office for Betty's second session on March 14, 1964.

DOCTOR: About this needle. How far in did he inject the needle?

BETTY: Oh, it was a long needle. I don't know, I thought it—I didn't look, but I would say the needle was four inches long, six, maybe. . . . Something like a tube was attached to it. They didn't leave it in very long. Just for a second.

DOCTOR: What kind of pain was it?

BETTY: All I could think of was a knife. . . . Then, I was grateful to the leader for stopping the pain . . . then they said that was the end of the testing. And the leader helped me up. . . . I put my dress on. And I was going to zip it up, and he took hold of the zipper and zipped it up. And then—oh, I said: I can go now? I can go back to the car? And he said: Barney isn't ready yet. . . . He said that they were doing a few more tests with him, but he'd be right along in a minute. . . . I started talking with the leader. And I said to him that this had been quite an experience. . . . That no one would ever, ever believe me. . . . And that what I needed was some proof that this had really happened. He laughed and said what kind of proof did I want? . . . And I said, well, if he could give me something to take back with me, then people would believe it. And so he told me to look around and maybe I could find something I would like to take. And I did—and there wasn't much around—but on the cabinet, there was a book, a fairly big book . . . and I said: Could I have this? And he told me to look in the book, and I did. It had pages, it had writing, but nothing like I had ever seen before. . . . The writing didn't go across, it went up and down.

DOCTOR: Did it look like any language that you know or was it in English?

BETTY: No, it wasn't in English.

DOCTOR: What language do you know that goes up and down?

BETTY: I don't know it, but I can recognize it. I can't read it: Japanese.

DOCTOR: Japanese. Did this look like Japanese?

BETTY: No.

DOCTOR: Was it writing or printing?

BETTY: It was different . . . it had sharp lines, and they were, some were very thin, and some were medium, and some were very heavy. It had some dots. It had straight lines and curved lines. And the leader laughed, and he asked me if I thought I could read it. And I told him no . . . but this was going to be my proof that this happened. . . . And so he said that I could have it. . . . And I was delighted. . . . And so then I said . . . I knew he wasn't from the earth, and I wanted to know where he did come from. And he asked me if I knew anything about the universe. And I told him, no, I know practically nothing. . . . And he went across the room and pulled out a map, and he asks me had I ever seen a map like this before. . . . There were all these dots on it, scattered all over it. Some were little, just pinpoints. And others were as big as a nickle. And there were lines . . . going from one dot to another. And there was one big circle, and it had a lot of lines coming out from it. A lot of lines going to another circle quite close, but not as big. And these were heavy lines. And I asked him what they meant. And he said that the heavy lines were trade routes. The other lines, the solid lines, were places they went occasionally. And he said the broken lines were expeditions. . . . I asked him where was his home port, and he said: Where are *you* on the map? I looked and laughed and said I don't know. So he said: If you don't know where you are, then there isn't any point of my telling where I am from. And he put the map away. . . . And I thought: Well, I still have the book. . . . All of a sudden, some men came in with the examiner. They are quite excited. . . . The examiner has me open my mouth, and he starts checking my teeth. And he tugs at them. I asked what they are trying to do. . . . The examiner says they could not figure it out—Barney's teeth came out and mine didn't. I was really laughing and said Barney had dentures, and I didn't. They asked me: What are dentures? And I said people as they got older lost their teeth. They go to a dentist and get dentures. Or a person sometimes—Barney had to have dentures because he had a mouth injury. He had to have his teeth extracted. . . . I said it happens to almost everyone as they get older. And he said: What is older? I said: Old age. So he said: What is old age? And I said—well it varied, but as a person gets older, there are changes in him, particularly physical. He begins to sort of break down with age. So he said, what did I mean by age? And I said the life span—the length of time people live. He said, how long was this? And I said, well, about 100 years at the most. People can die before that—most of them do. . . . I think the average length of time . . . I don't know . . . was 65 or 70. So he said, 65 or 70 what? I said: Years. He said: What is a year? And I said it had to do with how many days, and the days had so many hours,

and the hours had so many minutes. . . . I tried to explain, but he did not understand. . . . I said, all these things you ask me—I am a very limited person, when trying to talk to you. But there are other people in this country who would be most happy to talk with him, and they could answer all his questions. And maybe if he could come back, all his questions would have answers. But if he did, I wouldn't know where to meet him. And he laughed and said: Don't worry, if we decide to come back, we will be able to find you. We always find those we want to. . . . And then Barney is coming. . . . I hear the men out in the corridor. And I said: Barney's coming. And he said: Yes, you can go back to the car now. And I got the book, and Barney is coming . . . and his eyes are still shut! He missed an awful lot. . . . And then we are out in the corridor. . . . I am all ready to go down the ramp when some of the other men—not the leader, but some of the others—are talking. They are very excited. And then the leader comes over and takes my book. And I say—ohh—I'm furious. And I said: You promised that I could have the book! And he said: I know, but the others object. But, I said, this is my proof. And he said: That is the whole point. They don't want you to know what has happened. They want you to forget. . . .

Now, she speaks as if talking to the leader. She screams with intense emotion.

I won't forget about it! You can take the book, but you can never, never make me forget! . . . I'll remember it if it is the last thing I do! And he laughs and says: Maybe you will remember. But I hope you won't. And it won't do you any good if you do, because Barney won't. . . . It would be better if you forgot it anyway. I was standing there by the side of the ramp, and I'm not so mad now. They have taken Barney ahead. . . . I said: I do wish I could have some proof of this, because it is the most unbelievable thing that ever happened. We were walking and . . . he said: I am going to leave you here. . . . And he said he was sorry that I was badly frightened in the beginning. And I said, well, this has been a new experience, and I don't know what was happening. But I certainly wasn't afraid now. And then they all turned around and started to go back. And I get up to the car, and Barney is inside. Barney is still in a daze, but his eyes are open, and he is acting more normally now. . . . And the object starts glowing again—it is getting brighter and brighter. . . . Now, it rises and goes down, and there is a dip, and then—zoom—it keeps going away farther and farther. . . . And Barney starts the car, and we start to ride. And I'm just so happy, and I said: Well, Barney, now try to tell me that you don't believe in flying saucers. And Barney said: Oh, don't be ridiculous! And I think he is joking. But then, all of a sudden, we got this beep-beep-beep-beep-beep on the trunk of the car again.

DOCTOR: This is the second time you are getting the beep?

BETTY: Yes. And I said: Well, I guess that is their farewell. They are off, wherever they are going. And I don't know, it is just so fantastic I suppose we should forget all about it. . . . I kept looking all the way home. . . . I think I wanted to forget about it. I might as well. What could I do about it? But I wonder if they ever will come back. I go around looking for them. . . .

DOCTOR: Why would you want to keep it a secret?

BETTY: Because I wanted to please the leader, because he told me to forget about it.

DOCTOR: Why did you want to please this leader so much?

BETTY: I don't know. . . .

At the conclusion of Betty's story, the doctor brought Barney in and put him under hypnosis to check his account against Betty's version. In trance, Barney is now aboard the craft.

BARNEY: . . . I was afraid to open my eyes. I had been told *not* to open my eyes, and it would be over with quickly. But occasionally, I peeked. And I could feel them examining me with their hands. . . . They looked at my back, and I could feel them touching my skin right down my back. As if they were counting my spinal column. And I felt something touch right at the base of my spine. . . . And my mouth was opened, and I could feel two fingers pulling it back. And then . . . something scratched very lightly, like a stick, against my left arm. Only one man seemed to be moving around my body all the time. Then my shoes were put back on, and I stepped down. And I think I felt very good because I knew it was over. And again, I was led to the door where my feet kicked against this thing at the very bottom of the door, like a high doorjamb. And I stepped over it, and . . . I went down and opened my eyes and kept walking. And I saw my car, and the lights were out. . . . And I couldn't understand. I had not turned off the lights. I got in and felt for Delsey, the dog. . . . And Betty was coming down the road. . . .

DOCTOR: Was she alone?

BARNEY: She was alone. And she was grinning. . . . And she got into the car and said: Well, no one will believe this. . . . And I was thinking what had happened, and that we were sitting there, looking down the road, and I could see this glow get brighter and brighter. And we said: Oh, my God, not again. And away it went. And then I put on the lights and started the car up, and drove silently down the road.

DOCTOR: What did you say to Betty?

BARNEY: Betty said to me: Well, do you believe in flying saucers? And I said: Oh, Betty, don't be ridiculous.

DOCTOR: Did you tell her about your experience in this vehicle?

BARNEY: I had forgotten the experience.

Both Betty and Barney maintained, under the doctor's questioning, that their memories of the "abduction" were completely obscured after they left the vehicle. The doctor continued probing.

DOCTOR: Did she tell you about her experience?

BARNEY: No. She did not.

DOCTOR: Then neither of you spoke about your experience in the vehicle?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: Why not?

BARNEY: I didn't remember it.

DOCTOR: I see. This memory had just been wiped out? Do you think that she had seen the vehicle?

BARNEY: I didn't know.

DOCTOR: And you don't know it today?

BARNEY: No.

DOCTOR: All right, then. We'll stop there.

Dr. Simon had already decided that the Hills were not lying, and he felt it highly improbable that both were suffering so markedly similar hallucinations. He still wished to explore in detail the possibility that the experience they both described was an illusion—an elaboration of some far more limited actual experience.

After the first session with Barney, the doctor had assumed that Barney had all the illusions and fantasies and that Betty had absorbed them from him. But at the end of Betty's second trance, it appeared that the reverse of the doctor's initial assumption might be true. Dr. Simon reasoned that most of the things Barney told of experiencing in the "abduction" portion of the incident were also included in Betty's story. On the other hand, very little of Betty's "abduction" sequence was included in Barney's story. His recall of being taken through the woods was vaguer than hers. Betty's story of the examination aboard the craft was much more detailed than his.

If Dr. Simon's assumptions were correct, then the question of how Betty's dreams were absorbed by Barney would have to be carefully examined.

AT THE NEXT SESSION, March 21, 1964, the doctor talked with Barney on a conscious level before putting him into a trance. Barney told the doctor that for the first time in his life he had dreamed about UFOs, on three different nights during the past week. In the dreams, Barney was standing on the ground, looking at UFOs in the sky, and Betty was screaming about them.

DOCTOR: Betty had been troubled with dreams and nightmares?

Now, in trance. . . .

BARNEY: Yes. . . . She said that she had a dream, and that she had been taken aboard a UFO. And that I was also in her dream and was taken aboard.

DOCTOR: How did she tell you this?

BARNEY: Usually, when someone was visiting. . . . She would tell that she had gone into the UFO and talked to the people on board. And she was told that she would forget. And she told these people in the UFO that she would not forget. And I told her they were only dreams, and that I can't believe that, whatever these things are. But she says no. That somehow she feels there is a connection between these dreams and what happened. Because she has never dreamed of UFOs before. And she would tell that they stuck something in her navel. And she was not telling this to me, but I would be listening as she told this to Walter Webb, scientific adviser to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, as she told about the UFO sighting that we had had. . . .

DOCTOR: But she did tell you something about them?

continued

"Could she have planted these thoughts?" Dr. Simon asked Barney Hill.

BARNEY: Only that they had come into the room with my teeth, and they were quite startled that my teeth would come out and hers would not.

DOCTOR: How about the other things you described to me, about what happened to you when they were examining you. Did she tell you about that?

BARNEY: No. She never told me that. I was lying on the table, and I felt them examining me.

DOCTOR: Is this part of Betty's dream?

BARNEY: I am telling you what actually happened. At the time Betty was telling about her dream, I was very puzzled, because I never knew this happened. . . .

DOCTOR: Now, what about these men on the road? Are you sure they were there? . . . Did you dream this?

BARNEY: No. I did not dream it.

DOCTOR: You mean these men actually stopped you?

BARNEY: Yes.

DOCTOR: All right. Go on from there.

BARNEY: And I started to get out of my car. And I felt myself supported by two men, and my eyes were closed. . . .

It was obvious to the doctor that Barney was going to stick to his previous story.

DOCTOR: Just a minute. Didn't Betty tell this to you while you were asleep?

BARNEY: No. Betty never told me this.

DOCTOR: How do you account for this? Do you think it really happened?

BARNEY: It did happen. I don't want to remember it. I suppose I won't remember it.

DOCTOR: Who told you you won't remember it?

BARNEY: I was told in my mind that I would forget that it happened. It was imprinted on my mind.

DOCTOR: Imprinted on your mind? Who told you?

BARNEY: I thought it was the man I saw looking down at me, and I was looking back at him. . . .

DOCTOR: You said before that you don't know what happened—but you also said that Betty told you a lot about what happened in her dream.

BARNEY: She told me about herself. I did not know about what happened to Betty on the highway, but I never believed her dreams.

DOCTOR: If you don't believe her dreams, why do you believe yours?

BARNEY: I never dreamed about UFOs until last Sunday. . . . I had them on Sunday night and on Tuesday night and on Wednesday night. And this is the first time I have ever dreamed of UFOs.

DOCTOR: You told me some time ago that you felt disassociated when you saw this UFO. What did you mean by that?

BARNEY: . . . As if I had my body moving, and yet my thinking was separate from it. . . . And I never experienced this feeling again until I was in your office. And you made a little doggy come into the room. And I got hypnotized, and it made it seem as if the little doggy was there.

He is referring to a test the doctor made with him.

DOCTOR: This was an hallucination then, was it?

BARNEY: That was an hallucination.

DOCTOR: Then, how about this story of being kidnapped? Couldn't that have been an hallucination too?

BARNEY: I wish I could think it was an hallucination. . . . I feel very sure it happened.

DOCTOR: Did these men speak to you?

BARNEY: Only the one I thought was the leader. . . . He did not speak by word. I was told what to do by his thoughts making my thoughts understand. . . .

DOCTOR: Was this some kind of mental telepathy?

BARNEY: I could understand his thoughts. His thoughts came to me, like I feel your thoughts—when you talk to me, that is. And I know you are there, and yet my eyes are closed. And you ask me questions. And I know you are there, but I don't know where. . . .

DOCTOR: Didn't Betty hypnotize you?

BARNEY: No. Betty did not hypnotize me. . . .

DOCTOR: Do you often sense her thoughts?

BARNEY: Yes, we sometimes do this. . . . We sometimes try to see if we can sense what the other is thinking. It's not too effective.

DOCTOR: Could she have planted all these thoughts about the UFO in your mind? You said that she wanted to hypnotize you.

BARNEY: I know Betty didn't hypnotize me. I wanted to think she had hypnotized me. I wanted to think that the object wasn't there. . . . And yet it kept staying and going down the highway with us. . . .

AT THE END of this trance, Barney said to Dr. Simon: "I'm puzzled. . . . I can remember things . . . about today's session that I couldn't remember about any session that we had."

DOCTOR: What do you remember now?

BARNEY: About the UFO sighting that I was talking about and—uh—certain things puzzled me that I could not quite understand. . . . We would talk about our sighting, and I would . . . come right up to the men in the craft turning to the panel. And I never could go further than that. But now I can almost see just what that fellow looked like that was looking down at me. . . . And when I said that he was going to capture me, uh, I used to remember that—but never could remember why I felt he was going to capture me. . . .

DOCTOR: Well, now, some strange things from here on out will occur to you as we go along. And you're going to become more and more conscious of what is going on in hypnosis.

Up to this time, neither Barney nor Betty had been allowed to recall what happened in the hypnosis sessions. But instructions from the doctor to permit this are now beginning to take effect. Barney is dismissed. Betty is brought back and put in trance.

DOCTOR: Now, your dreams—Were they the things that happened in this experience you thought you had? The dreams were of being placed aboard this vehicle?

BETTY: The dreams were something like it, but . . . there were still a lot of differences. . . . In my dreams, the last dream I had was of being captured. . . . I could see the men in the road, and then they were trying to pull me on to this object. And it seems as though in my dreams, I walked up some steps. Oh—and I dreamed of them putting a needle in my navel. I dreamed this. . . .

DOCTOR: Did Barney know? . . . Did you tell him about your dreams?

BETTY: I told him I had dreams. He wouldn't—he didn't like to hear about them. . . .

DOCTOR: Did you tell anyone these dreams in Barney's presence?

BETTY: I think he must have heard me talk about them.

DOCTOR: Didn't all these things that you feel happened—didn't they happen in your dreams? Couldn't this *all* have been in your dreams?

BETTY: No.

DOCTOR: Why do you feel sure of that?

BETTY: Because of the discrepancies.

DOCTOR: Tell me about the discrepancies that make it clear that it couldn't have been your dreams.

BETTY: Well, I dreamed in my dreams I walked up steps. And here, I didn't walk up steps. I walked up a ramp.

DOCTOR: Is that a very significant difference, do you think?

BETTY: I don't know. . . . But the map—I could almost—in here . . . in here, I could almost draw it. If I could draw, I could draw the map. . . . I can't draw perspective.

DOCTOR: Well, if you remember some of this after you leave me, why don't you draw it. . . .

BETTY: I'll try to.

DOCTOR: How can you account in this experience for these men who seemed to speak our language and yet didn't know a lot of things about our lives. Like dentures? You felt they came from another world, didn't you?

BETTY: Ummm—yes.

DOCTOR: Did you feel that they could communicate with you in any other way than words? Were they able to transfer thoughts?

BETTY: I don't know about thoughts.

DOCTOR: Have you been able to transfer your thoughts to anyone or receive someone else's thoughts?

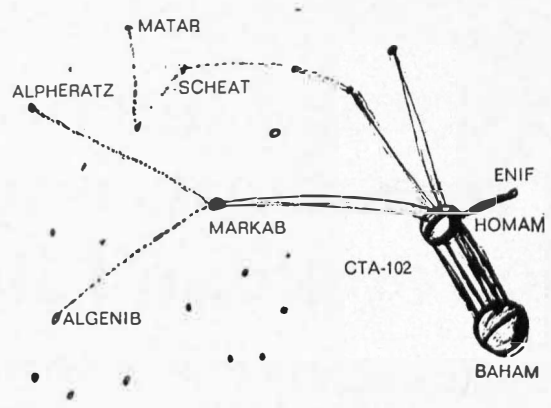
BETTY: Barney and I are always saying the same thing at the same time. That type of thing.

continued

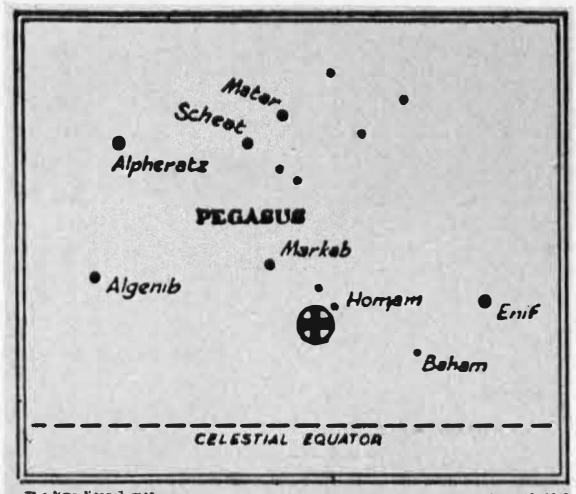


Barney Hill, under hypnosis, drew the above sketch of the "leader" of the alleged abductors. Later, while he was listening to the tape recording of his own account of the incident, he seemed to go into a trancelike state, and drew the more finished sketch below. The eyes were elongated, he said, and the lips appeared to have no muscles.





Under hypnosis, Betty Hill described a map she was shown "by the leader aboard the ship." Later, she sketched it. She said she was told that the heavy lines marked regular trade routes, and the broken lines recorded various space expeditions. The following year, the map seen at right was published in the New York *Times*. (Note the caption.) Mrs. Hill, struck by the similarity between the *Times* map and her sketch, then added the corresponding names.



The New York Times Apr. 13, 1965

FROM DEEP IN SPACE: Radio source called CTA-102 (cross), in direction of constellation Pegasus, may be sending intelligent radio emissions, Russian believes.

Hill has nightmares about the possible return of the UFO

DOCTOR: Well, do you communicate in any other ways? Could you have communicated all this to Barney through thought transference?

BETTY: No. I don't know as I could believe to that extent. Like, sometimes I used to have a teacher in college, and I would sit in the front row. . . . And I would think: Scratch your face, you know, scratch your leg. And then wait to see how long it would take him to do it.

DOCTOR: But you had no such communication between yourself and these strangers?

BETTY: I don't know if I did hear them in English. . . . I've been telling myself I heard them in English, with an accent. But I don't know.

DOCTOR: Well, did you hear them in any language? Or was it by thought transference?

BETTY: I knew what they were saying.

DOCTOR: You knew what they were thinking. You rather liked this leader, didn't you?

BETTY: I was afraid of him at first.

DOCTOR: But afterwards?

BETTY: I—you know—began to feel that they weren't going to harm me. . . .

After the Hills had left, the doctor dictated a brief summary: "There seem to be indications that a great deal of the experience was absorbed by Barney Hill from Betty, in spite of his insistence that this was his own. . . . The implications are self-evident, and it is planned now to continue these interviews at a more conscious level. Both of them appear to have been remembering more now after the sessions."

On March 28, Dr. Simon asked Betty: "Do you recall much of your experience now?"

BETTY: Yes, I think so. I've also had a couple of nightmares again. . . . And Barney's been having nightmares all week. He seems to be trying to figure this out: Are they going to come back?

DOCTOR: Are who going to come back?

BETTY (*Laughing*): The UFO. The people on it. We are quite convinced that they are going to come back and get us. . . . And I think this is because—because they had told us to forget about it. And we defied them by not forgetting about it. And he's feeling guilty, probably feeling that he deserves to be captured again. . . .

Barney was full of doubts and confusion as the recall of the sessions with Dr. Simon began to flood back to him. He revealed this on the morning of March 28.

BARNEY: I just can't seem to believe—well, I'm just flabbergasted. . . .

DOCTOR: Flabbergasted about what?

BARNEY: At what I remembered from our sessions last week . . . This business of seeing a UFO, an object, and personal contact with it seems to stretch my imagination as to the incredibility of the whole thing. I wanted to ask you: What are the elements, what are the chances of a person, uh, hallucinating something? I want to know the answers to these things. . . . I had never dreamed consciously of a UFO in my life until here recently. And I wanted to ask: Is it possible I could have dreamed of a UFO unconsciously and not have had—To clarify what I am saying: I have had many dreams over many periods of times of my life, and in many instances, I can't recall what I dreamed about. But I do know that it was along a certain particular line. If I had dreamed of being in Philadelphia, I would waken and forget the dream. But I would know that somehow that dream content was somewhere in Philadelphia, and I would not be totally unaware. But I had never, to my knowledge, dreamed of a UFO until recently. . . . Could I, after 1961, have dreamed of a UFO and then under hypnosis my dream is coming out?

DOCTOR: You're asking me could it have been a dream. . . . What do you think? Could it have been?

BARNEY: Well, now, in the truthful answer, trying now to not conceal my feelings of being ridiculed, I would say it was something that *happened*. But I - I - I put a protective coating on myself, because I don't want to be ridiculed. . . . I knew I saw a large object. I knew this, but I didn't think much of it.

DOCTOR: Well, you were pretty well convinced of having sighted something. But you have some doubts in mind about the rest. Of whether it was reality, or dream, or what it was. . . . Then, why would you and Betty have the same experience? Could you give me some possible explanation there?

BARNEY: Uh, these are the questions I'm asking. Could she have influenced me?

DOCTOR: Well, you were always afraid she would influence you, weren't you?

BARNEY: . . . When I was standing out there, I knew she *wasn't* influencing me. What I was thinking is that I would rather not talk about it. Okay, we see something, now let's get in our car and drive about our business. And this irritated me when she kept saying: But look, it's right over there. And even as I would slow down to take a peek, I would see this object out there. And this greatly irritated me. And so I said: What are you trying to do? Make me see something that isn't there? Knowing that it *was* there, and not wanting it to be there. And I think this is a part of why I'm confused. . . .

As the discussion continued, Barney brought up the fact that the small circle of warts that had developed in an almost geometrically perfect circle around his groin some four months after the incident at Indian Head had become inflamed after his therapy with Dr. Simon had begun. As the conscious memory of what he had revealed under hypnosis came back to him, he became aware of the recollection that in the examination on the craft, a circular instrument had been placed at exactly the same point where the warts had now appeared. He wondered: Had these been caused by the examination and the instrument used? Barney was also intelligent enough to realize that the reverse could be true: The

continued

Dr. Simon accepted a sighting, but found the abduction improbable

warts might be a psychosomatic symptom connected with the feelings experienced under hypnosis. And yet, Barney reasoned, they had initially appeared back in 1962, when he had no conscious memory of the events aboard the craft. Now, in 1964, during the sessions, they became inflamed.

Neither Dr. Simon nor the skin specialist appeared to be concerned about the warts, which were easily removed by electrolysis. But to Barney, the gnawing thought remained that this could be evidence—if indeed there was anything to this totally incredible story.

On April 5, 1964, the day of the next session, the Hills knew they might be permitted to hear some of the playbacks of the tapes.

DOCTOR: Well, I think now we want to talk to the two of you together a bit and see where we go from there. . . . What I'd like to do is to get this into consciousness and discuss it freely. There are two things involved. I mean each of you has had a common experience, and you have had separate experiences. I can take you each individually, and then together, or just take you two together. How do you feel about it?

BARNEY: I think that we can work together, don't you, Betty?

Betty nods in agreement.

DOCTOR: So you can get a complete sharing of this thing, and see it from each other's side. All right. Number two: I can talk about it, and give you the experiences. Or we can take a certain amount of risk in terms of your anxiety by going over all this together and playing it back.

BETTY: Play it back.

DOCTOR: There is quite a bit of it, and it's probably the better way, and I think that I would rather not discuss the realities and fantasies until you've really gotten all the material that I have, of which you are unconsciously aware, but of which you know little consciously at this point. . . . Now, if these recordings get hard to bear—and some of it isn't going to be easy to take—let me know right away, and I can always help ease you.

"When I first began hearing my voice under hypnosis," Barney said later, "I couldn't believe it. It was difficult for me to really understand that this was me, saying that this has actually happened. . . . I wasn't too concerned about the first part of the tapes—coming down through Canada and upper New Hampshire. I remembered practically all this detail in my consciousness. But as the tapes moved along toward Indian Head, I didn't know what was going to happen. I could feel my ulcer. I mean I could feel my stomach churning, my muscles tighten. I just didn't know what to expect. . . ."

Betty's reaction was similar: "I began to get scared. I said to myself, 'Oh, good Lord—I'd just as soon go home and not hear them!' "

Slowly, the tape approached the portion involving the "abduction" at Indian Head. "I knew I was getting to the point of which I had no complete memory," Barney continues, in describing his reaction at a later date. "Then, I was suddenly startled. . . . I heard myself saying that the eyes seemed to be burning into my senses like an indelible imprint. And I began to feel the pieces unfolding. I was beginning to remember. . . . I suddenly realized how I had broken my binocular straps [by pulling them from his neck violently after seeing the figures aboard the UFO]. And I remembered that for days after Indian Head, I had an intense soreness in the back of my neck. Listening to the tapes, this came back to me sharply. . . . As the tapes went deeper and deeper into the part I had never remembered, there was the feeling as if heavy chains were lifted off my shoulders. I felt that I need no longer suffer the anxieties of wondering what happened. . . .

"At the part of the tapes where my voice said that I was just 'floating about,' I then knew that I wasn't really floating about. I was being half-dragged to the ship. I could actually feel being suspended with the arms holding me. And what was so curious is that I could feel the pressure of the arms. When I talk about this, I feel chills about the whole thing, the pressure of the arms, of these small men holding me and dragging me along. . . . I knew, I felt, I was almost sure as I listened to the tapes that this was no fantasy or dream. . . ."

Barney continued to sum up his overall reaction: "I felt so overwhelmed and relieved. Now, parts of my life that had been missing were added to it again. Parts of my life were being put back together."

The playback of the recordings stimulated release into their conscious minds further details, some of which had not been expressed during the hypnotic sessions. This release of new material is a product of the "working through" process in psychotherapy, either with or without hypnosis.

BARNEY FOUND himself remembering that "The men had rather odd-shaped heads, with a large cranium, diminishing in size as it got toward the chin. And the eyes continued around to the sides of their heads, so that it appeared that they could see several degrees beyond the lateral extent of our vision. And something that I remembered, after listening to the tapes, is the mouth itself. I could not describe the mouth before, and I drew the picture without including the mouth. But it was much like when you draw one horizontal line, with a short perpendicular line on each end. This horizontal line would represent the lips without the muscle that we have. And it would part slightly as they made this mumumumming sound. The texture of the skin, as I remember it from this quick glance, was grayish, almost metallic looking. I didn't notice any hair—or headgear for that matter. Also, I didn't notice any nose, there just seemed to be two slits that represented the nostrils.

"When I was in the corridor, I was surprised that the leader didn't follow me into the room. But again—the eyes seemed to follow me. . . . Wherever he was, he was still able to convey messages to me, such as recognizing when I would become more fearful or needed calming down. . . .

"I only got a very brief glance at the room, through the door. The room was pie-shaped, but as if the point of the pie had been cut off. . . .

"The main thing I was impressed by was the table that I was to lie on, because it was so much shorter than anything that would ordinarily hold a human being. So that when I got on the table, my legs dangled over the end."

Inconsistencies and paradoxes were reexamined as the playback sessions continued over the next several weeks.

The Hills retraced the route of the journey with Walter Webb, filling in further details, and were convinced that they had found the exact spot of the roadblock on a side road two or three miles east of Route 3.

The final session in which hypnosis was employed seemed to sum up the dilemma that had carried through the entire six months. Was the experience dream or reality?

In a sense, among the principals, there were three points of view. Dr. Simon felt he could accept the probability that the Hills had had an experience with an unusual aerial phenomenon, a sighting that stimulated an intense emotional reaction. He felt that the "abduction" itself was improbable. Betty felt that the hypnosis had demonstrated marked evidence that her dreams were a reflection and remembrance of reality. Barney vacillated between these points of view, although his ultimate conclusion was that he could not distinguish between other known reality and the sequence of events that finally came out under hypnosis. In other words, once the amnesia was overcome, he could sense no difference between what he remembered consciously and what he recalled revealed under hypnosis: The entire journey had been a complete, uninterrupted continuum, including the "abduction" sequence.

Everyone recognized by June that there would be no full conclusion either to the therapy

continued



LOOK 10-18-66 WILLIAM HAMILTON

"Oh, come now, Fred. If there were 686 million people in China, I would have heard something about it!"

The unsolved mystery: the almost identical stories under hypnosis

or the incident that played so big a part in it. Both the doctor and Mr. and Mrs. Hill regretted that it would be impractical to continue into deeper therapy over the long period of time that would be necessary.

As the sessions drew to a close, the question of illusion or reality dominated the discussions. The doctor pointed out that he was not going to say it was either; that he and the Hills together would both have to continue to reason for the truth, but that ultimately, the acceptance or non-acceptance of the occurrence would have to rest with them.

From the long and intensive exploration of the case, however, certain nearly irrefutable points emerge:

1. A sighting of some sort took place.

2. The object sighted appeared to have been a craft.

3. The sighting caused a severe emotional reaction.

4. The anxiety and apprehension engendered by Barney Hill's racial sensitivity served to intensify the emotional response to the sighting.

5. The Hills had no ulterior motives to create such a story. They had confined their experience to a small group of people for four years.

6. The case was investigated by several technical and scientific persons who support the possibility of the reality of the experience.

7. There is a measurable amount of direct physical circumstantial evidence to support the validity of the experience.

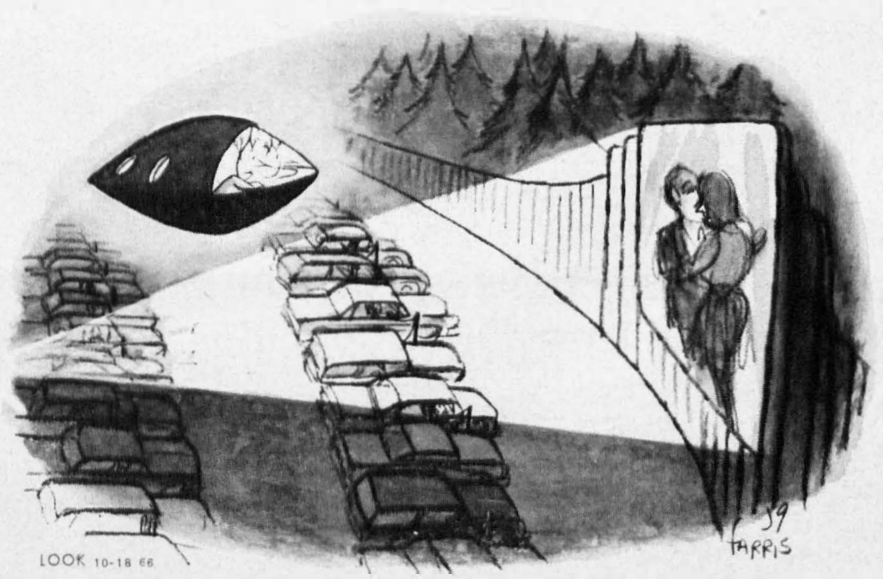
8. Under hypnosis by a qualified psychiatrist, both the Hills told almost identical stories of what had taken place during the period of amnesia.

There are no final answers.

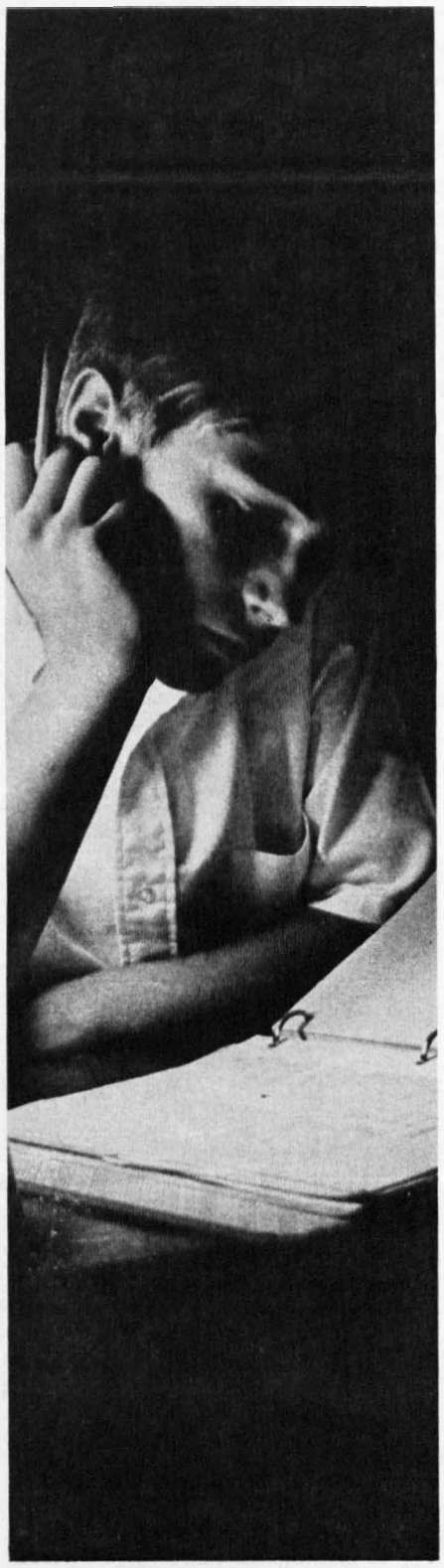
Barney and Betty Hill are not crusading to convert nonbelievers or skeptics into the acceptance of the phenomenon, although they are hopeful that some new evidence might come to light to clarify without question the strange circumstances of their experience. They are content now to let whatever facts that have come out of their story speak for themselves.

But as Tennyson has said: "Maybe wildest dreams are but the needful preludes of the truth."

END



"You're right. We have seen this one."



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Not if he quits now. It's up to you to make sure he doesn't.

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or frustration?

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[Argosy magazine, December 1966]

BOOK BONUS

by FRANK EDWARDS

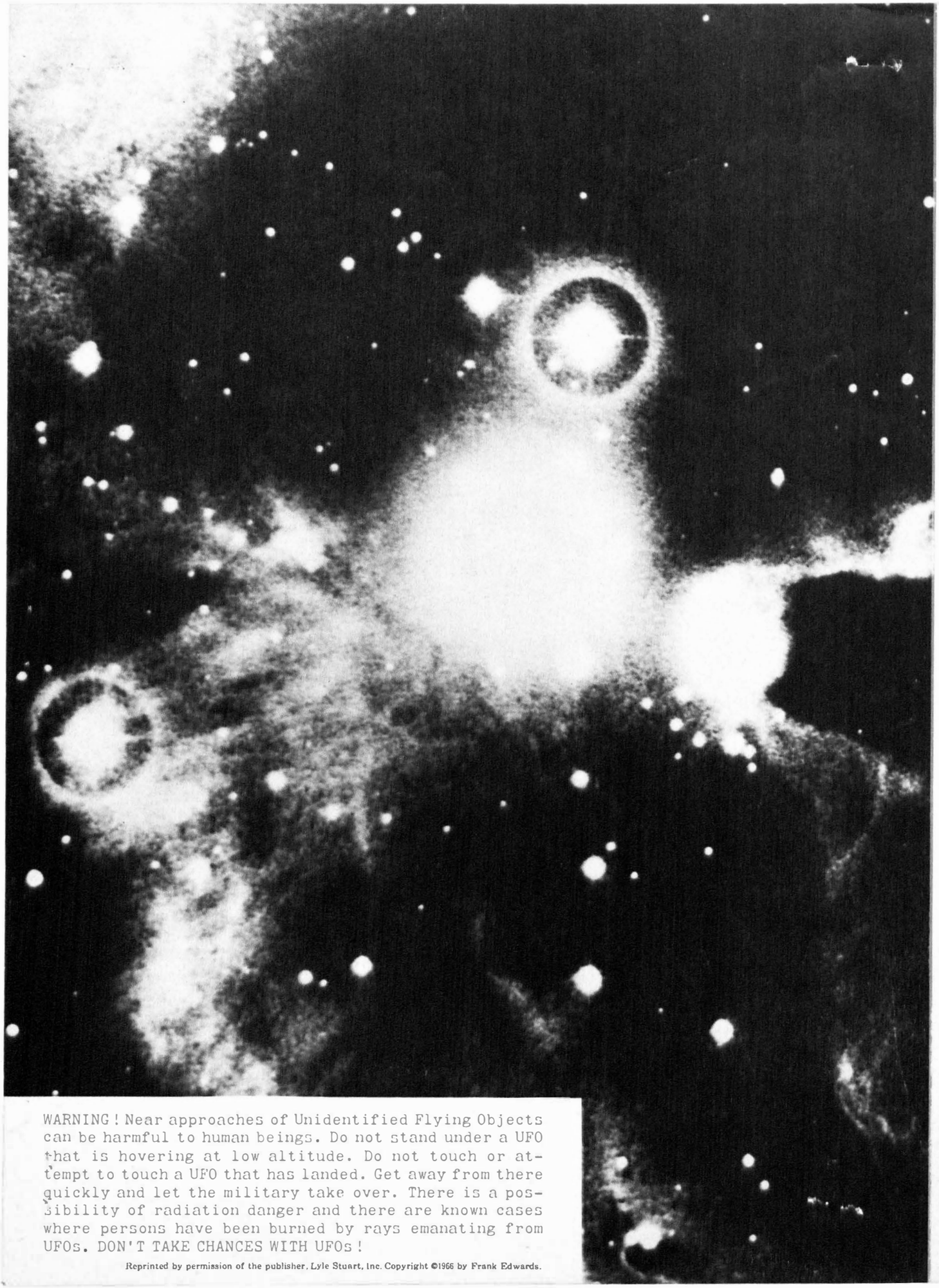
FLYING SAUCERS— SERIOUS BUSINESS

Straight from the New York Times' best-seller list, the most challenging and well-researched UFO report ever written!

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

A SWORN statement dated April 21, 1897, says:

Last Monday night about ten-thirty, we were awakened by a noise among the cattle. I arose, thinking that perhaps my bulldog was performing his pranks, but upon going to the door, saw to my utter astonishment that an airship was slowly descending upon my cow lot, about forty rods (660 feet) from the house. • Calling my tenant, Gid Heslip, and my son Wall, we seized some axes and ran to the corral. Meanwhile, the ship had been gently descending until it was not more than thirty feet above the ground, and we came within fifty yards of it. • It consisted of a great cigar-shaped portion, possibly 300 feet long, with a carriage underneath. The carriage was made of glass or some other transparent substance, alternating with a narrow strip of some material. It was brightly lighted within *(continued on page* 113



WARNING! Near approaches of Unidentified Flying Objects can be harmful to human beings. Do not stand under a UFO that is hovering at low altitude. Do not touch or attempt to touch a UFO that has landed. Get away from there quickly and let the military take over. There is a possibility of radiation danger and there are known cases where persons have been burned by rays emanating from UFOs. DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH UFOs!

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and everything was plainly visible; it was occupied by six of the strangest beings I ever saw. They were jabbering together, but we could not understand a word they said.

Every part of the vessel which was not transparent was of a dark reddish color. We stood mute with wonder and fright. Then some noise attracted their attention and they turned a light directly upon us. Immediately on catching sight of us, they turned on some unknown power, and a great turbine wheel, about thirty feet in diameter, which was revolving slowly below the craft, began to buzz and the vessel rose lightly as a bird. When about 300 feet above us, it seemed to pause and to hover directly above a two-year-old heifer, which was bawling and jumping, apparently fast in the fence. Going to her, we found a cable about half an inch in thickness made of some red material fastened in a slip knot around her neck and going up to the vessel. We tried to get the cable off but could not, so we cut the wire loose, to see the ship, heifer and all, rise slowly and disappear in the northwest.

We went home, but I was so frightened I could not sleep. Rising early Tuesday, I started out on my horse, hoping to find some trace of my cow. This I failed to do, but coming back in the evening, found that Link Thomas, about three or four miles west of LeRoy, had found the hide, legs and head in his field that day. He, thinking that someone had butchered a stolen beast, had brought the hide to town for identification, but was greatly mystified at not being able to find any tracks in the soft ground. After identifying the hide by my brand, I went home. But every time I would drop to sleep, I would see the cursed thing, with its big lights and hideous people. I don't know whether they are devils or angels, or what; but we all saw them, and my whole family saw the ship, and I don't want any more to do with them.

AFFIDAVIT: *Hamilton has long been a resident of Kansas and known all over Woodson, Allen, Coffey and Anderson Counties. He was a member of the House of Representatives. He staked his sacred honor upon the truth of his story.*

As there are now, always have been and always will be skeptics and unbelievers whenever the truth of anything bordering the improbable is presented, and knowing that some ignorant or suspicious people will doubt the truthfulness of the above statement, now therefore we, the undersigned, do hereby make the following affidavit:

That we have known Alexander Hamilton for one to thirty years, and that for truth and veracity we have never heard his word questioned, and that we do verily believe his statement to be true and correct.

Signed: E. W. Wharton, State Oil Inspector; M. E. Hunt, Sheriff; W. Lauber, Deputy Sheriff; H. H. Winter, Banker; H. S. Johnson, Pharmacist; J. H. Stitcher, Attorney; Alexander Stewart, Justice of the Peace; F. W. Butler, Druggist; James W. Martin, Registrar of Deeds; H. C. Rollins, Postmaster.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 21st day of April, 1897.

Since affidavits are considered evidential matter before the highest courts in the land, we are justified in giving the above story more than usual weight in the annals of these weird craft and their "hideous people," as Mr. Hamilton called them.

In that LeRoy, Kansas, report, we find material that was to crop up again and again in similar accounts down through the years: The machine was silent. It was a glowing red color. It used some sort of revolving wheel-like thing for part of its propulsion system. It was dirigible-shaped. The interior was brightly lighted. It carried some sort of brilliant spotlight which could be flashed on the area or individuals to be examined. It was plainly under the intelligent control of unusual-appearing living creatures of more or less humanoid appearance.

As far back as April of 1897, the stage had been set and the principal characters and props had been viewed by an American audience.

Many persons in many lands reported strange craft in that same era, craft which often resembled or performed in a manner similar to that in the case we have just mentioned from LeRoy, Kansas.

From Adrianople, Turkey, in November of 1885, came a report of a glowing, red, cigar-shaped craft or thing which pulsated with an intensely brilliant light that dimmed to faint red. It was huge and seemingly floated and stopped in mid-air. The French publication, "L'Astronomie," reported a case off Cape Race, Nova Scotia, in November, 1887, where a huge, glowing, red object rose from the ocean to a height of sixty to ninety feet, moved against the wind for two minutes, paused beside the ship from which it was observed and reported, then turned about until its *elongated shape* was discernible and, rising swiftly, vanished in the southeast. Total time of observation: five minutes.

A check of the records indicates that the month of April, 1897, was studded with strange aerial performers in the United States.

On April first, the New York *Sun* reports, a great many people in and around Kansas City, Missouri, reported watching some sort of controlled object roaming the night sky in that part of the country, pausing from time to time to send downward a brilliant white searchlight beam, something that no man-made aerial craft could do at the time. Additional reports along the same lines came from various parts of Texas—Dallas, Fort Worth, Marshall and Beaumont among them. Watchers in Benton, Texas, on the night of April sixteenth, reportedly observed a cigar-shaped craft crossing between them and the moon.

The object, whatever it was, was conceivably the same one seen and reported by watchers in Omaha on the night of March twenty-ninth and on March thirtieth over Denver—a brightly lighted thing at great altitude, apparently cruising about among the stars on a course toward the northwest.

The New York *Herald* for April eleventh says that, on the night of April ninth, in and around the city of Chicago, from about eight p.m. until two o'clock the next morning, "thousands of amazed persons declared that the lights seen in the northwest were those of an airship, or some floating object, miles above the earth.... Some declared that they could distinguish two cigar-shaped objects and great wings." The thing, said the witnesses, was illuminated from time to time by the rays of two giant searchlights—a description similar to that given a few nights later by observers in Texas.

It should be noted that this spate of reports from Texas to Chicago covers the time period immediately preceding and following the incident involving Alexander Hamilton's airborne heifer. All these reported craft (or things) are said to have been cigar-shaped, glowing red, carrying bright searchlights and intelligently controlled.

That there was *something* maneuvering around in the night skies at that time, something beyond existing terrestrial technology, was further evidenced by the event of April 19, 1897, at Sistersville, West Virginia, a quiet little town on the Ohio River.

A few minutes past nine p.m., a luminous red object shaped like an immense cigar approached Sistersville from the northwest [over the state of Ohio—F.E.]. It hovered in the darkness over the little town and began flashing at least two extremely brilliant searchlights on the community. The frantic blowing of the sawmill whistle brought the citizens into the streets to witness this fantastic aerial visitor. Those who were forced to look up into those searchlight beams saw little else, but those who lived on the nearby hills could clearly distinguish the cigarlike shape of the craft. By the reflected light of its searchlights, they said they could also see large fins on either side of it. When it sped up and away a few minutes later, all the witnesses said they could distinguish the flashing red, white and green lights along the sides and at the ends of the object, estimated by those who observed it from the hills to be about 180 feet in length and about fifty feet in diameter. (New York *Herald*, April 20, 1897.)

In pursuing our discussion of reported flights of dirigible (cigar-shaped) craft of unknown origin through the skies of the United States near the turn of the twentieth century,

we find numerous reports in December, 1909, and in January, 1910.

During much of the autumn of 1908, there had been frequent reports, particularly from the New England states, of bright lights moving swiftly through the skies—but moving too erratically for meteors. So far as I can determine, there were no low-level sightings during that period.

But by December of 1909, credible witnesses were reporting some disconcerting sights. Two fishing boats, beating their way up the coast between Boston and Presque Isle, reported that they were circled by some huge, brightly lighted object in the air on the night of December eighteenth. On the night of December twentieth, according to the New York *Tribune*, the immigration inspector at Boston had reported a bright light which passed over the harbor, a light which he felt was carried by some kind of aircraft. The same paper says that on December 23, 1909, citizens of Worcester, Massachusetts, were visited twice in one night by an aerial craft which swept the heavens and the town and countryside with a searchlight of fantastic brilliance. Boston and Willimantic were visited on the following night and were treated to the same display from overhead. Thousands of persons stood in the streets to watch the spectacle, which was beyond the capabilities of contemporary man-made craft. The New York *Sun* is the source for the report that Marlboro, Massachusetts, had been visited nine times by this sort of object between December fourteenth and December twenty-third.

[On the night of December 24, 1909, amateur astronomer James Ferguson, of Limerick, Ireland, reported watching a brightly lighted object rise over the northeastern horizon, maneuvering generally southward for twenty minutes, then retracing its course and vanishing below the horizon at two minutes past nine.—F.E.]

At Huntington, West Virginia, the newspapers tell of strangely brilliant lights seen moving about in the sky on the night of January 1, 1910. No object could be seen, nor any sounds detected; just the brilliant beams of light which finally glided downward behind the mountain ridges and vanished.

There was no question as to the appearance of the object which was seen over Chattanooga, Tennessee, on the morning of January 12, 1910, shortly after nine o'clock. Thousands of persons rushed out to marvel at this great, white, cigar-shaped thing which was in plain view, chugging around above the city at an estimated speed of not more than thirty miles per hour. Most witnesses were certain that they could detect a faint chugging sound, which they regarded as indicative of some sort of motor. Also present in most of the descriptions was the line of flickering blue flames which played along the underside of the craft for almost its full length. Today, we would suspect such flames of representing either a stabilizing system or exhaust. What they *did* represent was unknown—and remains so, of course.

But the Chattanooga Chugger sailed around above the city for a while and then moved back over the mountains and vanished, unmolested and unhurried. Fifteen minutes later, the same or a similar object was reported over Huntsville, Alabama, about seventh-five miles distant.

Whatever it was, the thing appeared over Chattanooga on three consecutive days—the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth of January, 1910. It made headlines in the local papers as a matter of course and it was duly reported in countless other papers across the nation. On the occasion of its last appearance at Chattanooga, it sailed in from the south (toward which it had gone the day before), maneuvered over the city for about twenty minutes while thousands marveled—then vanished into the mists over Missionary Ridge.

Careful examination of the descriptions of these dirigible-shaped craft leads to the conclusion that they were, at best, rather cumbersome and, according to the witnesses, none of them exhibited any spectacular bursts of speed. But at the time of which we have written, they were able to outperform anything that man was able to put into the air, so they had a substantial margin of safety.

But when World War I brought about the development of heavier-than-air craft capable of speeds around a hundred miles an hour, the dirigible-shaped craft of possible extra-terrestrial origin virtually vanished from the air. In order to be safe, if they wished to avoid contact with men, they had to have something faster and more maneuverable.

The first disc-shaped UFO of which I can find record is that described in 1926 by the Roerich Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History —a shiny, disc-like thing which the members of the expedition spotted high in the skies over Altai-Himalaya.

For twenty years, 1926-1946, there is an almost complete absence of sightings of UFOs. Those which I have been able to find were all in the most desolate spots on Earth—and they all involved disc-shaped objects: the desert of New South Wales, the Kalahari Desert, a handful of reports from ships in remote seas and two fragmentary mentions from Chile and Bolivia—so lacking in detail that they cannot be categorized positively as anything except something unusual darting about the heavens.

But in the spring of 1946, all hell broke loose in the night skies of the Scandinavian countries and of northwestern Russia.

Night after night, thousands of persons watched the show: faintly luminous objects zipping about the skies, often hovering, changing course abruptly and changing speeds in a manner far beyond the capability of man-made devices. At first, they were reported as "rockets"—but as the evidence accumulated, it indicated that rockets they were not. No exhaust trail, for one thing. Sometimes moving too slowly for a rocket to have remained aloft. Moving about in formations, breaking formations, changing formation positions and—above all—moving silently.

Just when it must have dawned on the various governments involved that they were dealing with something new and challenging is not a matter of public record. By putting together bits and pieces of statements, however, it is easy to recognize the deep concern which was surely being felt in places of authority and responsibility.

We will examine the evidence in this new aspect of the UFO a little later and in detail. Let it suffice to say at this point in our study that, after twenty years of little activity of this sort (1926-1946), during which man had developed jet planes capable of 700-mile-per-hour flight, several nations suddenly found themselves confronted with some new type of craft, equal, if not superior, to the best that man could present to counter them.

After the "flap" of new-type UFOs over northwestern Europe in the spring and summer of 1946, the reports of the dirigible-shaped craft became very rare, as though they were being phased out in favor of a superior device—which they may have been. But there continued to be a few reports from credible sources concerning this old-style craft . . . and they are still sometimes reported even in the spring of 1966.

On the night of June 30, 1947, the coastal steamer *Llandovery Castle* was churning along southward off the coast of Kenya in East Africa. The night was studded with stars but was moonless at the time of this incident, according to the ship's log.

A passenger, strolling toward the rear of the ship, noticed an unusual blackness which was blotting out part of the stars. He thought it seemed to be descending and approaching the *Llandovery Castle*. A ship's officer agreed with him and called his superior. By this time, a total of twelve persons, nine of them passengers, were watching the object. Whatever it was, it was huge and it carried no lights.

The ship's log says that the thing leveled off about a hundred feet above the sea and about half a mile from the ship, between the vessel and the shore. At that point, it turned on a dazzling white light, which shone from the bottom of the object to the surface of the water, and by the reflected searchlight illumination, the witnesses said they could clearly determine that their vessel was being paced by a gigantic dirigible-shaped craft which was under intelligent control. It was about twice the length of the *Llandovery Castle*, which would mean that it was about 1,000 feet long. It was silent and it appeared to be made of some shiny substance which reflected the light that bounced back from the sea, and even the starlight—which might indicate that it was some highly polished metal.

Whatever it was, the craft kept pace

with the vessel for several minutes before it switched off the brilliant searchlight and rose swiftly and silently into the night skies whence it had come.

And again on the night of November 2, 1957—this time near Levelland, Texas—Sheriff Weir Clem and his deputy, Pat McCulloch, who made the official report to the Air Force, were two of the four police officers who saw the huge, glowing object which caused the excitement.

Just before midnight, Pedro Saucedo was driving along Highway 116 toward Levelland, with a passenger, Joe Salav. An immense object, glowing blue-green, swept down over the truck and settled on the highway. The car's lights dimmed, the engine died—and Saucedo dived out the door and crawled under the truck, terrified. Salav, admittedly so frightened that he was unable to move, told officers later that the object slowly settled down to the highway surface, or just above it. He was unable to be more specific because by this time the glare from the object (which had changed to red) was so intense that he could not look directly at it.

Both Salav and Saucedo reported that they could hear faint clanking or hammering and other noises which they interpreted as voices; but if they were voices, they were as unintelligible to these two men as they had been to Hamilton and his two companions at Le Roy, Kansas, sixty years before.

After about three minutes, the object, estimated to be 200 feet long and dirigible-shaped, rose swiftly and noiselessly—still glowing brilliantly red—and swept away into the night sky. Significantly, as we shall see, it was going in the general direction of the White Sands Proving Ground, where another interesting chapter in the annals of the UFO was to be written that same memorable night.

The sheriff and the other police officers saw the same or a similar object a short time later as they went to investigate another report—the fourth that night—a short time after Saucedo and Salav, badly shaken, had reached the sheriff's office.

As we examine this incident (which made world headlines next day) for its possible similarities to that of the Le-Roy, Kansas, case six decades before, three aspects of it quickly attract attention: a seeming design improvement in which the external "turbine wheel" of the 1897 model has either been replaced or revised and moved inside, the absence of a cabin in which the occupants (if any) were visible, as they were in 1897, and the interference with the lights, radios and ignition systems reported by at least eight witnesses in the Levelland case.

Of this last-mentioned "interference," it must be kept in mind that it may actually have been present in the 1897 case, but was not noted then because Hamilton had no electrical equipment with which it might have interfered.

Neither was this the first time—nor was it the last—that this interference with modern electrical gear would be a factor in the sightings, as we shall see.

There remains a singular incident involving a UFO—a strangely persistent craft—which reportedly began appearing rather frequently, in May of 1964, to the residents of the little town of Rio Vista, California. A community of about 2,000 persons, it is located approximately sixty airline miles northeast of San Francisco, which evidently explains the interest of the San Francisco *Chronicle* in these strange doings.

The reports which kept coming in to the sheriff of Solano County described the thing as torpedo- or dirigible-shaped, about three to five feet in diameter and twelve to fifteen feet long. It glowed a warm red and it moved silently, witnesses told the sheriff. One housewife brought in some color transparencies of just such a thing, which she said she had taken in 1964 as the object hovered near her home.

Deputy Sheriff John Cruz of Fairfield told the *Chronicle* that he finally became interested in the case on September 22, 1965, and went to have a look for himself. Residents told him that the thing generally appeared near a water tower about five miles from town. That night, an estimated 300 to 400 persons standing patiently in the dark on the hilltop around the tower were rewarded by the appearance of the strange object, glowing softly red, cigar-shaped, hovering or moving slowly about only a couple of hundred feet above the treetops or the top of the water tower.

What makes this incident noteworthy is not the repeated appearances of the same object in the same area, but the fact that some of the witnesses told the deputy that boys with .22 rifles had shot at the object one night and the bullets made a metallic "twang" and caused the object to flare up bright red for a second.

But even this barrage did not deter the object from returning occasionally. Nor did it deter the inevitable Air Force "expert" from Travis Air Force Base from "identifying" the object as the planet Venus!

When the planet Venus gets so close that boys can hit it with .22 rifles, it is time for all of us to head for the hills.

The Heat Waves

INNUMERABLE witnesses from all over the Earth have reported that animals showed signs of having noticed the presence of Unidentified Flying Objects before the humans were aware of the same objects. By and large, such reports were dismissed as exaggerations or mere afterthoughts used to embellish a bizarre story. But the recognition that there was an unmistakable electromagnetic disturbance associated with the presence of the UFO eventually led to scientific research in this field, as it had in so many others. And we now know that animals unquestionably do "hear" electromagnetic waves and that their detection of the waves is discernibly more acute than that of humans—who also "hear" them in varying degrees.

In the 1897 case at LeRoy, Kansas, the farmer was aroused by the commotion among his cattle. On January 29, 1953, at Conway, South Carolina, an ex-intelligence officer for the Air Force, Lloyd C. Booth, was returning to his parents' home at one a.m. when he heard the pigs squealing behind his father's barn and the horses kicking their stalls. He reported to authorities that, upon investigating, he found a disc-shaped UFO hovering at low altitude over a clump of trees behind the barn. He said that he got under the object and fired several shots from a .22-caliber rifle, some of which scored audible hits before the object could get underway. Following this report, the military conducted an intensive search of the area, using electronic metal-detecting gear in an attempt to locate the spent bullets which might have fallen after failing to pierce the UFO. What they found, if anything, was not divulged.

In the very unusual case at Kelly, Kentucky, often called the Hopkinsville case, the attention of the men who eventually shot it out with alleged humanoids was first attracted by the excited barking of the dogs.

More recently, in the Exeter, New Hampshire, case of September 3, 1965, police officers noted the rumpus among the horses in a nearby barn, who were neighing and kicking excitedly, *before* the UFO was in sight.

Many persons have reported "sensing" the presence or approach of UFOs—a sort of detection-by-hunch, you might say, but the recent research by Professor Clyde E. Ingalls of Cornell University shows that there is scientific support for such "hunches."

Of the ability to "hear" electromagnetic waves, Professor Ingalls reports:

"It appears that this takes place by direct stimulation of the nervous system, perhaps in the brain, thus bypassing the ear and much of the associated hearing problem."

In his experiments with humans, the professor used a closely controlled radar beam, to avoid possible damage to eyes, brain or other parts of the body. By carefully screening the radar waves so that they could not possibly be affecting the auditory mechanism of the ear, Professor Ingalls was able to prove that detection of the "sound" actually took place in the brain itself. Interestingly, the subjects all reported that the "buzzing" seemed to be several feet overhead, an effect which varied slightly with the individual. Continued testing disclosed that the ability to sense the presence of these radar waves existed *above* the forehead and was clearly not involved with the normal hearing processes, but was, said Professor Ingalls, "a broad band effect."

Some friends of mine were seated in their convertible with their two small children at a drive-in theater in August of 1965. The children, almost simultaneously, exclaimed that they heard "bees." The parents heard nothing and assumed that the youngsters were being imaginative. But the children

persisted in hearing the "bees." Then the father heard the sound, too. As he turned around to speak to the children, he saw a UFO approaching the drive-in at very low altitude. It was double-convex, disc-shaped, with a line of tiny blinking lights around the rim. Along with many other persons at the same place at the same time, my friends watched this object glide overhead at an estimated altitude of about 100 feet, perfectly silent except for a distinct buzzing sound which diminished as the object moved away. The mother of the two children in this case did not hear it at all, but the father and the two youngsters heard it distinctly—as did some of the other witnesses who reported the same incident to me. In each case where I inquired whether there had been any sound in connection with the phenomenon, those who replied in the affirmative all described it as sounding like bees or hornets. There was one exception: one witness told me that he heard a sound which reminded him of "a paperclip caught in the fan belt of a vacuum cleaner."

It was widely reported at the time (1948) that Captain Thomas Mantell, who died during a UFO chase over Kentucky, had radioed that he was experiencing unusual heat effects as he neared the object. Whether or not that is correct, I do not know. One of the radar operators who was present during Mantell's fatal chase told me that Mantell did say it. Another radar operator denied the quotation. There is no mention of it in the account released to the public by the then fledgling Air Force. For lack of firm corroboration, I think we should dismiss it from the present subject matter as "interesting, if true; possible but unproven"—although it will no doubt continue to crop up in future accounts of Captain Mantell's untimely death.

Many of the witnesses whom I have personally interviewed about their reports of sighting UFOs have mentioned both the buzzing and the apparent heat-wave effect.

Among them was a group of four boys who, in 1956, reported to police in Bloomington, Indiana, that they had been fishing in an abandoned stone quarry on the northwest side of that city and that, about three o'clock in the morning, they had been awakened by a great buzzing sound accompanied by a blinding white light. They had jumped up in time to see a circular object of dazzling whiteness moving overhead very slowly. It was so bright that they could detect no shape to it through the glare. It crossed the quarry pit in which they were fishing and slowly descended among some sycamore trees near a stone mill. The boys ran around the quarry and kept the mill between themselves and the blinding light. When they got up courage enough to venture out onto the railroad tracks beside the mill, they could see that the object was only about fifteen feet above the ground and that it was directly above the convergence of two railroad switch tracks, about 100 feet from the mill itself. The boys could feel heat when the light struck them, but there was no sound while the thing hovered. After a couple of minutes of this, the thing emitted a tremendous whine and hum—or "buzzing," as two of the boys said—and then rose straight up until it was out of sight. The four boys then ran to the police station, about two miles away, to report what they had seen.

I questioned them on the day following the report and they took me to the scene. There I found that the night watchman at the mill had seen both the object and the boys, but had not reported it for fear of ridicule. I also found that, at the point where the boys said the object had hovered over the rails, the trees were seared on the sides facing the clearing, but not on any other side. The leaves which would have been exposed to heat had there been an object there such as described were, indeed, withered and dying.

Could this have been due to heat from a locomotive moving freight cars to and from the mill? The watchman said that such could not have been the case, since the mill had been closed several months, and he pointed out that the rust on the rails clearly supported his statement.

[Bloomington police had the boys involved in this case examined by a psychiatrist from Indiana University two days after the reported incident. The psychiatrist reported to police that he could not explain what the boys had seen, but he firmly believed that they were telling the truth. . . .—F.E.]

At noon on July 1, 1954, the radar at Griffiss Air Force Base in upper New York State picked up a strange blip—a return from some craft that was approaching the base or the general area of the base. The customary check for aircraft was quickly made, but none was in the area. An F-94 Starfire jet was quickly scrambled and vectored in on the Unknown by ground control, while the radar operator in the rear seat of the F-94 watched the blip on his own scope. Within two minutes after take-off, the pilot of the fighter had spotted the Unknown visually—a gleaming disc-shaped thing several thousand feet above the jet. The pilot pulled up the nose of his jet, opened the throttle and zoomed toward the Unknown.

Nothing happened until the radar operator switched on his radio set and called the Unknown for identification.

The gap was closing swiftly.

The Unknown was easily visible. It was not moving.

The engine of the jet abruptly cut off without warning. And at that instant, the cockpit of the plane became a veritable hell-hole. The pilot noted that the instruments showed no fire, but he told fellow airmen later that it was like a blast from a blowtorch right in his face. He started to report to base, but realized that he did not have time. Instead, he yelled at the radarman to bail out. A few seconds later, he felt the thump as the other man left the stricken jet. Half-blinded and gasping, the pilot blew himself out of the jet and got a fleeting glimpse of the UFO as he went out on his back. The thing was huge and circular. Then he went tumbling toward Earth.

Both flyers parachuted safely, landing near the town of Walesville, New York. Their fighter plane came thundering down and crashed into an automobile and two homes, killing two adults and two children.

Before the military could muzzle them, the flyers had talked with civilians who rushed to help them. After Air Force officers arrived, the flyers made no more public statements. Fortunately for me, one of the parties who was in a position to know the details is a friend of mine, now beyond reach of the Pentagon censorship group.

Close-up approaches to UFOs have produced numerous reports of the heat-wave effect noted in the Walesville case.

Captain Jean V. de Beyssac was the chief pilot of a Varig Airlines C-46 cargo plane which took off from Porto Alegre for Sao Paulo on the night of November 3, 1957. [Note sequence with the November 2-3 Levelland landing in the United States which marked the beginning of the great 1957 spate of sightings.—F.E.]. He took the twin-engined freighter up to 7,700 feet and flew at that altitude above a layer of broken clouds.

At about one-thirty on the morning of November fourth, the pilot spotted a strange red light below the cargo plane and to the left, on his side. He told his copilot to lean over and get a good look at a real flying saucer. The copilot took a look and they both laughed at this little joke—but not for very long. A few moments later, when De Beyssac glanced down to his left, there was the same red object, but closing in rapidly. He started to bank toward it, but the object beat him to the move. *It zoomed toward the plane.* Before De Beyssac could make any substantial change in his maneuver, the red object was very near at hand. There was a strong smell of something burning—but the fire indicators registered clear. The red glow from the object suddenly began to recede. A quick check disclosed that the radio transmitter, the generator for the right engine and the aerial direction finder system were burned out.

Captain De Beyssac swung the plane around and went limping back to Porto Alegre. There he made a full written report of the strange encounter, had the copilot sign it and, in his own words: "I went home and got drunk."

This was the second time in less than three months that a Varig plane crew had reported an encounter with a UFO. At nine p.m. on August 14, 1957, one of Varig's C-47 cargo planes left Porto Alegre bound for Rio de Janeiro. At the controls was Captain Jorge Araujo and his copilot, Edgar Soares, both veterans in their profession. They were milling along at 160 miles an hour above a cloud layer at 5,700 feet, with perfect visibility. They spotted

some sort of brilliant object to the left and slightly behind and below them. Seconds later, it had streaked out ahead of them and off to their right—a maneuver that required fantastic speed, as both flyers remarked. The object then swept in toward the plane.

In their written report on the incident, both pilots and the three other crew members described it as a disc-shaped thing with a low, shiny dome.

As the UFO drew close to the plane, the lights on the aircraft dimmed almost to extinction, the engines sputtered and missed badly and the radio reception became nil. A few seconds later—anxious seconds for that crew, as they admitted—the UFO plunged downward into the clouds and the electrical systems on the plane returned to normal.

That report made headlines not only in Brazil but throughout South America. And when a similar incident happened to Captain De Beyssac in another Varig plane in November, Varig issued strict orders that pilots were positively forbidden to report such encounters to anyone other than officials of the airline.

The heat-projection effect noted in the Walesville, New York, case is not present in either of the Varig Airlines cases we have just examined, but it has been mentioned many times, and not always involving planes.

One of those well-documented "heat cases" took place in Brazil on the same night as Captain De Beyssac's harrowing experience. At the Brazilian army fort of Itaipu, a glowing yellow-orange orb moved in and hovered over the base. A guard made the mistake of moving out into the open where he could get a better view of this strange sight, which by then was quite brilliant. After a minute or two, he called another guard to witness the spectacle. The object kept coming in lower and lower, "setting gently through the air," until both guards became frightened. They sounded the alarm—just as the electric power system failed and the base was plunged into total darkness.

By the time order was restored and emergency power supplies were put into action, the UFO was gone—and so was the emergency. But the two guards were painfully burned by their exposure to it and had to be hospitalized. The government promptly clamped censorship restrictions on the incident, but it was a rather futile gesture, since hundreds of the base personnel, including the hospital attendants, knew what had happened, and they eventually talked.

I investigated one of these "burning" cases myself, on November sixth, during that fantastic week of 1957.

René Gilham, a young ironworker employed in Terre Haute, lived with his wife and children on the outskirts of the little community of Merom, Indiana, about twenty-five miles south of Terre Haute.

While Gilham was eating his evening meal, a neighbor's child came in and urged Gilham's youngsters to hurry out and see the funny star in the sky. The children rushed out, were excited by the what they saw and urged their parents to come see for themselves.

Could this really be one of those strange objects which were being discussed so widely on the air and in the press for the past few days? Gilham and his wife followed the children out into the street in front of their home. The family which lived across the street was already there. They were watching a circular thing which hung motionless in the sky an estimated 200 to 300 feet overhead. Both Gilham and his neighbor guessed that it was not less than thirty nor more than forty feet in diameter. None of the witnesses heard any sound from it—not even the buzzing so often reported.

When brilliant beams of bright blue light began projecting downward from the center of the object, the family across the road decided that it was time to retire. Mrs. Gilham suggested that they, too, should get back inside the house. Gilham laughed and told her to "take the kids and go on inside. I want to see this thing!"

He stood there under the object for a total of about ten minutes, in the recurrent blue beams of light, each of which lasted about half a second. Then, he said, "The thing made a sizzing—like a high-speed electric motor—and away it went!"

That was on a Wednesday night. He felt no discomfort on Thursday, but by Friday, his face was beginning to swell and to itch. By Saturday, the top of his head and his face were showing such unmistakable swelling and reddening that he went to a doctor, Dr. Joseph Dukes, who sent him to a hospital in Sullivan, Indiana, for treatment. He was treated there and released a few days later, after being interrogated by Air Force officers who advised him not to discuss the matter with civilians. Fortunately, they were too late.

Dr. Joseph Dukes of Dugger, Indiana, told me that the burns Gilham suffered were similar to the burns caused by overexposure to the rays from an electric welding torch. Gilham contended that he had not been near a welding torch for three weeks nor, for that matter, anything else that could have caused burns—except that blinking light on the UFO. Just by way of leaving nothing undone, I checked with his place of employment and they confirmed what he had said, as did two of the men who worked with him there.

Mr. Gilham fully recovered from the effects of his unique experience. He was more fortunate than the two Itaipu guards. They underwent prolonged hospitalization and one of them suffered considerable scarring.

In NICAP's monumental reference work on UFO phenomena, "The UFO Evidence," on page 97 are listed numerous cases of heat effects. Two of them are from France in 1954; both cases involved foliage damaged by the heat. One, from San Carlos, Uruguay, in May of 1958, mentions "intense heat and electromagnetic effect." This case occurred on the afternoon of May fifth, about three-forty p.m. The veteran pilot, Carlos Rodriguez, was flying a single-engined aircraft near the Curbelo Naval Base when he noticed a brightly glowing, disc-shaped object approaching his plane. It came within about 700 yards of him and then seemed to stop, with a perceptible rocking motion. Suddenly the heat in the plane became unbearable. Rodriguez slid back the windows, then took off his jacket and finally had to open the door of the plane in order to endure the heat. A moment later, the UFO streaked away toward the sea, leaving a thin vapor trail behind it.

Other cases cited by the NICAP publication include eye damage, burns, radioactivity, partial or temporary paralysis and various types of physiological disturbances. In many of the incidents where persons have come upon the UFOs on the ground, the objects have sped away as though anxious to avoid contact with humans. This has been reported so frequently that one is tempted to speculate that the operators of the devices know the menace they present to humans and seem to endeavor to avoid displaying it unnecessarily.

The heat-wave effect of the UFOs has been well established by credible witnesses and documented cases from many parts of the world and under varying conditions. The electromagnetic disturbance so frequently associated with this phenomenon is also well known and, as in July of 1965, has been documented by scientific bases which were subjected to it.

The performance characteristics of the UFOs are, by our standards, simply fantastic—in speed, in maneuverability and in reliability. But they are not perfect—they do have their troubles and they have, upon occasion, provided some samples.

Hits and Misses

IT WOULD be unrealistic for us to expect any official admission that a plane had struck—or had been struck by—UFO. Such an official admission would negate all the years of censorship, of course. So, in examining the records for evidence of reports in the above categories, we must, as usual, base our conclusion on testimony of the witnesses and on their relative credibility.

One stormy night in 1953, a big British-built Comet jetliner thundered up and out from the Dum-Dum Airport at Calcutta. There were the customary radio reports for a few minutes as the big plane approached a squall line; then only silence.

The first investigator to reach the scene of the tragedy was a veteran of that type of work. He examined the wreckage and told newsmen: "The Comet struck some sort of heavy, solid object while in flight." Since this occurred in May, 1953, when UFOs were reportedly swarming all over the globe, his cryptic statement received wide publicity. My own copy of it was taken from the United Press newswires.

That startling and disturbing state-

ment was promptly denied by the British authorities—*even before any other investigators had examined the evidence at the scene.* We were informed that the airliner had "probably" been struck by lightning or had been torn from the pilot's control by exceptional turbulence. The subsequent official explanation was that the plane had crashed because of fire in the electrical wiring in the tail.

Still unsolved was the circumstance that had led to the first investigator's conclusion. Much of the wreckage was separated from the main wreckage by a considerable distance, including parts of the upper front portion of the main cabin. How a fire in the tail sheared off the top of the pilot's compartment in the air remains one of the most mysterious facets of this case—unless the first investigator was right.

Probably not germane to this UFO discussion, but interesting for other reasons, was the case of the British Comet which exploded over the Mediterranean near Marseilles. Fortunately for the investigators, portions of the plane could be recovered from the relatively shallow waters. The official treatment of this disaster was reminiscent of the previous Comet crash. After a prolonged study of the physical evidence, it was announced that the plane had *exploded* because of a structural weakness along the tops of windows, which broke open at high altitude from the pressurization within the passenger cabin. The long delay in arriving at this conclusion may have been necessitated by waiting for the public to forget that the examination of the bodies of the victims, as announced by French investigators, disclosed the puzzling fact that they had been victims of an explosion which drove the metal *into their bodies from underneath*—in other words, from an explosion either outside the plane or inside it and beneath the passengers. Although the findings of the French post mortems were directly contradictory to the official British statement (an *implosion* as opposed to an *explosion*), the British statement went unchallenged—and the French findings went unchanged.

Ten minutes past midnight, October 19, 1953. An American Airlines DC-6 had left the airport in Philadelphia fifteen minutes before, bound for National Airport at Washington, D.C. Pilot: Captain J. L. Kidd.

The big four-engined plane droned along on this milk run at 8,000 feet. Scattered clouds, bright moonlight, no worries. It neared the Conowingo Dam on the Susquehanna River. Off to the right and some thirty miles away, the glow from Baltimore shone like a huge, misty jewel.

The copilot saw it first—a shining thing gleaming with reflected moonlight as it slipped in and out of thin wisps of cloud. It did not look like a plane. It did not act like a plane. And it carried no running lights, as required by regulations.

Something strange here!

Captain Kidd cut back his airspeed. The thing was not moving out there—just hanging motionless in the moonlight. The DC-6 was closing in rapidly.

"Give him the landing lights!"

The copilot already had his hand on the switch and both brilliant landing lights stabbed out toward the object.

A blinding white beam of light reached out from the object toward the passenger plane. Kidd realized that the thing was streaking toward him. There was no time to warn the passengers, no time for anything but the thing that Captain Kidd actually did: he jammed the wheel forward and the big airliner arced downward steeply. The passengers who had unfastened their seat belts were thrown upward, for the dive was a portion of an outside loop.

At 5,000 feet, Kidd brought the plane out of it and the free-floating passengers banged down into the aisles or the seats. The pilot got on the horn and reported to National Airport. No planes in the area, he was informed.

The story of this chilling near-miss appeared in the Washington *Post* next morning for one edition. The paper said that ambulances were on hand to take the injured persons to hospitals, but that first aid was all that was required. The Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) confirmed the incident to me on the morning of the case, but declined to amplify what I already knew. This was the sort of thing the commercial airlines did not like to publicize—and the sort of thing the Pentagon would not publicize.

It was one of many.

Flight 193, United Airlines, was making a routine trip along the California coast and was over Long Beach shortly before midnight, April 14, 1954. Suddenly, out of the night came an object that narrowly missed the plane. Captain J. M. Schidel was flying the ship. He later said in his report that the thing—whatever it was—had no running lights on until it was right in front of him. Then a bright red light flashed on the side of the object to Schidel's right. He thought they were going to crash. He yanked back on the wheel and the airliner swung up into a steep, climbing turn. A stewardess was flung into a galley and her ankle broken. A passenger, C. Barber of North Hollywood, was thrown down the aisle of the airliner so violently that his left leg was broken. Other passengers, taken unawares by the maneuver, were tossed about and skinned and bruised, but avoided serious injury.

The official CAB report says only that the plane underwent a near-miss with an "unidentified craft" at 5,000 feet in a clear sky over Long Beach. But the description of the thing by the pilot and copilot gives ample evidence that it was no conventional plane that had flung itself toward them.

In the files of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena in Washington is an official copy of a bizarre incident which made headlines in early 1957.

Pan American Flight 257 was a Douglas DC6A, en route from New York City to San Juan, Puerto Rico. At three-thirty a.m., flying west of the customary course to avoid a storm, Captain Matt van Winkle was about 150 miles east of Jacksonville, Florida.

Van Winkle was startled by an intensely brilliant beam of white light from his right *and below his plane.* The object carrying the light had a defined edge which Van Winkle saw in that split second when he did what comes naturally—yanked the big plane up into a zooming climb to avoid a collision. Passengers, diaper bags, suitcases, the inevitable magazines, lunch boxes, stewardesses and the copilot (who was in the cabin at the time) all mingled in mid-air as Van Winkle fought to bring the plane under control. Several passengers were injured and the plane was met by ambulances at the San Juan airport.

Four other plane crews in the same general area had seen the same or a similar object within a few minutes of the Pan Am case just mentioned. They all described it as a glowing thing with a brilliant light on the front and a reddish glow of exhaust in the rear.

The eventual official "explanation" assured the press that Van Winkle had seen only a shooting star or meteorite. This can be ruled out by the simple fact that he saw the thing *below* the horizon, as did at least one of the other plane crews which reported UFOs that morning.

Thanks to a prompt and thorough investigation by Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO), which carried the report in its May, 1959, BULLETIN, the pertinent details concerning a military incident of this same type are available.

At seven-forty-four p.m., April 1, 1959, came the first hint of tragedy—a radio emergency call from a C-118 plane with four men aboard, which had taken off from McChord Field Air Force Base, Tacoma, Washington, at six-thirty that morning.

"We've hit something—or something has hit us." A few seconds of chilling silence then the pilot yelled, "Mayday! Mayday!"—distress in any language. And then the final and fatal sequel: "This is it! This is it!"

The big transport tore itself to bits on the side of a mountain between Sumner and Orting. There were no survivors and the military quickly cordoned off the area to keep civilians away from the scene.

APRO representatives were able to locate numerous witnesses who had seen the stricken plane in its final moments. The witnesses all described two orange or yellowish objects following close behind the C-118. Other similar objects had been reported earlier in the evening from many points in that same general area. The McChord Air Force Base told the press that the glowing objects were only parachute flares, part of a project at nearby Fort Lewis. *The Fort Lewis news chief said no such activity was in progress that night.*

Perhaps the most damning developments in this particular case are these:

1. Troops were quickly brought in from Fort Lewis to cordon off the area. Other military men interviewed residents near the crash scene and warned them not to talk about anything related to the crash.

2. The pilot had radioed that the plane had been hit by something—or had hit something. Part of the tail assembly had been torn off the plane and was later found in the hills on the north side of Mount Rainier, miles from the scene of the crash.

The original "flying saucers," as they were called, were evidently disc-shaped craft which carried no running lights, but by 1950 there were many reports of blinking blue or green lights atop the domes of these devices and, in some cases, there were reports of blinking lights both above and below the craft; that is, both top and bottom lights. Why this change took place we can only speculate, but a desire to avoid collision seems to be the only logical conclusion—at least, in accordance with our brand of logic.

Before we leave this disturbing facet of the UFO problem, there is one more case which is well worth our scrutiny.

In the military, the familiar Convair two-engined plane is known as the C-131-D, and it was a ship of this type which Air Force Major Mervin Stenvers was flying on the night of July 22, 1956. Stenvers, a veteran of many thousand hours in the air, was cruising at 16,000 feet near Pixley, California.

He later told newsmen (before being silenced) that the plane was suddenly staggered and knocked to his right by a terrific blow of some sort. Before Major Stenvers could take action, the Convair had nosed over into a steep dive. Stenvers fought the plunging craft for 9,000 feet before he could get it under control again and, from the way it responded, he knew that it had been badly damaged.

Major Stenvers radioed that the plane had been "struck by a flying saucer," and asked permission to make an emergency landing at Bakersfield.

When he got the crippled craft safely to earth, newsmen were on hand, alerted by the airport authorities. They got pictures of the badly smashed tail section. Flyers, including Major Stenvers, marveled that they had got down alive. The newspapers carried the pictures and quoted an otherwise unidentified Air Force spokesman as saying: "Evidently something hit this plane from above. We don't know yet what it was."

One enlisted man aboard the plane had been cut when he had been flung about by the vicious plunge of the Convair. Otherwise the crew escaped, miraculously, alive and uninjured.

Faced with the problem of explaining away Major Stenvers' first radio report that he had struck or been struck in the air—and with the badly damaged tail surfaces which had clearly been bent downward by a terrific impact—the Air Force blandly announced that some rivets had worked loose on the metal skin of the tail surfaces, the airstream had forced the metal backward and downward so violently that Major Stenvers had been misled into thinking that something had collided with his plane.

This "explanation" shows considerable ingenuity and imagination. Convairs have flown hundreds of millions of miles on the commercial airways of this and other countries and *I could not find a single case on record of such a thing ever happening to any Convair —at any time—including July 22, 1956, over Pixley, California.*

Cynics may regard this suggested "explanation" as emanating, not from the Air Force itself, but from that branch of the military under orders to hoodwink the public—a group sometimes referred to as the Hot-Air Force.

Perhaps they are doing the best they can, but it is hardly the sort of thing they can brag about.

Some Classic Cases

SHORTLY after midnight, May 24, 1965, three guests of the Retreat Hotel, in the isolated Eton Range about forty-two miles from Mackay, Australia, watched a strange, brilliantly lighted machine of unfamiliar design approaching the hotel. The witnesses were J. W. Tilse, veteran airline pilot with Trans-Australia Airlines; John Burgess, an Australian army veteran of World War II, and Eric Judin, an engineer. The three men admitted to government agents that they had been frightened at the time of the incident. Burgess wanted to get his rifle and open fire on the object, but was restrained by Tilse, who warned him that the craft might fire back.

Tilse's account reads:

"This strange craft was about 300 yards from the hotel veranda when we first saw it, moving just above some treetops. It had a bank of spotlights, twenty or thirty of them, below a circular platform. It was solid—metallic-looking—and was about thirty feet or more in diameter.

"The object moved across the treetops until it came to a little ridge, where there were some openings or clearings," Tilse continued. "It seemed to be looking for a place to touch down to earth. Its lights were all shining downward—brilliant yellow or orange —and, as we watched, it settled gently to earth on the top of the ridge. As it did, its lights dimmed, but the glare was still so great that we could not tell whether it actually touched the soil or merely hovered a few inches above it. We did not see any movement on or around the object which might have been due to occupants.

"For thirty minutes, the thing was motionless. We made no attempt to approach it, for frankly, we were afraid of it. Presently it began to rise and, as it came up over the treetops, we could see beneath it, in the glare of its lights, three massive legs which appeared to be tripod-type landing gear. Each leg had a light on it, but by the time the craft had reached an altitude of 300 feet, we could no longer see the landing gear or the landing-gear lights. We assumed that this disappearance was due to the legs being folded or retracted, but we could not actually tell; they just disappeared, as far as we were concerned.

"At about 300 feet, it began to pick up horizontal speed. The acceleration was rapid and it moved away toward the northwest and vanished.

"I had always scoffed at these reports," Tilse added. "But make no mistake about it, we all saw this thing. It was under intelligent control and it was certainly no known aircraft."

The three men were interrogated at length by Australian authorities, whose number and persistence would seem to indicate that the government attached considerable importance to the incident —as well they might.

The Tilse case just reported was preceded by another report dealing with the night of March 14, 1965.

On that night, a professional dog trainer, James W. Flynn, of Fort Myers, Florida, had taken a couple of his clients' dogs into the Everglades for training. He pitched camp on a hummock and prepared to spend the night there. At about one-thirty the next morning, he was awakened by the dogs. They were watching a brightly lighted object of indeterminate shape which was slowly settling down into the swamp; in fact, it appeared to be on the ground or just above it when Flynn first saw it.

He had a vehicle known as a swamp buggy, small, of light construction, with huge tires capable of operating on soft ground or water. Flynn drove over to the spot where the lights of the object were clearly visible. When he reached a point about 100 yards from it, he stopped his vehicle and went the rest of the way on foot.

Flynn later told authorities that he was about 100 feet from the object at his nearest approach. He described it as circular, seventy-five to 100 feet in diameter, with the lower ten feet taken up by four rows of what appeared to be small lighted windows. He did not see any occupants. The thing appeared to be shiny and metallic and its rounded dome was about twenty-five feet high. The object was resting on the earth.

Flynn said he thought it was probably some experimental craft that had been forced down and he had intended to inquire if they needed transportation, which he could provide. He took a few steps toward the object and suddenly found himself flat on his back. He told authorities that he saw no one—no flash—no weapon. But something had struck him a stunning blow that left a gash which required medical attention. When Flynn regained his senses, the object was gone.

Flynn's character and integrity were vouched for by many prominent citizens of Fort Myers, including the editor and publisher of the newspaper.

By way of proving his report, he led a party of prominent citizens and police officers, including a NICAP representative, to the spot where he said the incident had occurred. They found, on

skies of Earth for so many centuries were, in fact, surveillance craft. They were *something* from *somewhere*, seen and reported by credible witnesses to the best of their abilities. Beyond that, prudence counsels caution.

In that same San Francisco speech, Professor Weaver also said that if one of these space probes from an extra-galactic source were to find an inhabited planet emitting artificial radio signals, the next logical step would be to try to contact that planet. How?

"How does it communicate? How does it let us know? It sends some of our own signals back to us. . . ."

A startling incident of this type will be found in the British scientific publication, "Nature" (Volume 122, pages 681 and 878, 1928), which carried the reports of a team of eminent scientists, Carl Stormer and Balthus Van Der Pol. They had repeatedly received "echo" signals of their own transmissions, sometimes several seconds after the signals had gone out, at other times, *minutes* after transmission. The time lag was so great in either case that the only answer was intelligent and purposeful interception—and subsequent rebroadcast.

Whatever it was, it was largely a forgotten matter when similar phenomena reappeared in modern form in the autumn of 1953.

In a three-day period, beginning on September 14, 1953, and continuing until September seventeenth, many television viewers in the British Isles were surprised to see on their television screens the identification card and call letters of station KLEE. The signal would come in so strongly that it would override the local stations to which they were tuned. After a few minutes (generally three or four), the image would fade and the local signal would again be visible.

KLEE was a station in Houston, Texas, and under certain freak conditions such long-range reception of commercial television does occur. Several of the viewers in the British Isles had the good sense to photograph this enigma when it appeared on their sets. But when they checked with KLEE for verification of their unusual experience, they found themselves confronted with another mystery: KLEE had gone off the air and out of existence three years before.

When the British Broadcasting Corporation began its investigation of this remarkable case, it was informed by the successor to KLEE that no KLEE signal or identification card of any kind had been broadcast since that station had gone out of existence in 1950.

A spokesman for the British Broadcasting Corporation told newsmen that for anyone to have perpetrated such an incident as a hoax would have involved the expenditure of at least $100,000, plus knowledge that *transcended contemporary technology*, as well as the use of towers and other equipment which could not have been concealed and which were in fact difficult to secure. American and British authorities alike ruled out any possibility of a hoax, and said so publicly.

The case attracted international attention and international concern. In 1959, long after the facts were dimmed in the public mind, an "explanation" was offered, not by the British investigators, but by our Project Ozma, which was up to its own electronic neck in strange signals from space in 1959.

The explanation? Faith and bejabbers, it was the old stand-by of professional explainers: A mysterious inventor perpetrating a hoax!

For reasons which are easy to understand, the alleged inventor was never otherwise identified. Neither was he ever charged or prosecuted for such a flagrant violation of the British broadcasting regulations. Nor was it ever explained how he managed to blanket the British Isles from one station, something no other television station has been able to do to this day.

At the conclusion of the original investigation by British authorities, a spokesman for the British Broadcasting Corporation told newsmen:

"We are confronted in this instance with a set of circumstances which are at variance with accepted knowledge of television transmission. It is unthinkable that these signals could have been circling the earth for the time since that station [KLEE] last broadcast them. It is physically impossible that they could have been reflected to us by chance from any celestial body at such a vast distance. That leaves us with but one possibility, however bizarre, that these signals were transmitted to us purposefully and intelligently, from a source and for a purpose presently unknown."

Who's Driving

A MINING executive and his wife had gone, as they often did, to a cove off Sawbill Bay, Steep Rock Lake, Ontario, Canada—a narrow and deep arm of the lake which was surrounded by great rock outcrops. The entrance to the cove is only about 100 yards wide, with a sharp curve which makes most of the cove invisible from the bay itself. It is, therefore, a very secluded spot, well hidden from the main body of water.

On the afternoon of July 2, 1950, the witness and his wife had pulled their small boat well up on a sandy beach under some overhanging tree limbs. At that point, the boat could not be seen from the water of the cove because it was behind some projecting rocks.

After having a couple of sandwiches and a thermos bottle of tea, they were just sitting there, relaxing, when the air suddenly vibrated. The executive thought it resembled the shock wave of a dynamite blast, but dismissed the idea because there had been no sound and because they were miles away from the nearest mining operation.

When the disquieting feeling persisted, he climbed up a spear of rock that rose above the surrounding undergrowth. The rock was divided at the peak by a sharp cleft through which he could see without being seen.

In his signed statement to the mine, he says:

"Looking through a cleft in the rock, I could see a large, shiny object resting on the water in the curve of the far shore line, not a quarter of a mile across the top end of the narrows. [The entrance to the cove from the bay.—F.E.] I scrambled quickly back to where my wife was. She took one look at me and said "What's wrong?" I tried to be calm and told her of what I had seen. Then we both climbed back up and looked through the opening. The thing was still there. It looked like two huge saucers stuck together, one upside down on top of the other. Round, black-edged ports appeared to be about four feet apart around the edge. As the bottom was resting on the water or very close to it, it was impossible for us to see the underside.

"The top had what looked like hatch covers open, and moving slowly around over its surface were about ten queer-looking figures. Rotating slowly from a central position and about eight feet in the air was a hoop-shaped object. As it rotated to a point directly opposite us, it stopped—and so did the figures. Everything seemed to be concentrated on the opening we were looking through. We instinctively ducked behind the stone at that moment. Looking down over my right shoulder to see how we could best get down, I caught a movement in the bushes. Directly opposite us, on the far side of our cove, a deer had come down to drink. The figures and the hoop were facing the deer. As the circle, or hoop, began to rotate again, it did not stop at the deer as before. My wife and I would count twenty and duck. We felt that the rock before us shielded us from the action of the hoop.

"We could both see that the hooplike thing was being operated by a figure on a small stand directly beneath it. This figure had on what appeared to be a bright red skullcap or helmet. All the others wore dark blue headpieces. All were about the same size; we estimated three and a half to four feet in height. All were dressed the same, with a shiny, metallic-appearing substance over the chest and their legs and arms covered with a darker material. At that distance [about 1200 feet—F.E.] we could not make out any features—if they had any.

"The most noticeable thing was that they moved like automatons and did not turn around—that is, right around as we do—but they had to turn their feet in order to change direction. I watched one of these figures pick up the end of a flexible hose (a very vivid green) and lift it while facing one way, then laboriously turn the feet around in order to walk in the opposite direction.

"During all this, my wife and I could hear a steady humming sound. They seemed to be drawing in water through one hose and discharging something into the water through another hose.

"We had to duck again because of that rotating hoop and, when we looked again, everything was gone from the surface of the object and it was be-

ginning to rise from the water. It was about eight feet in the air. The water where it had rested was reddish blue, tinged with gold. The thing looked to be about fifteen feet thick at the center and about twelve feet thick at the rim. There was a rush of wind as it streaked away at about forty-five degrees and was quickly lost in the distance. By having lined it up with two trees on the opposite shore, I estimated that it was about forty-eight feet in diameter."

B. J. Eyeton, chief chemist of the Steep Rock Mining Company and editor of the *Echo*, adds that others reported seeing a similar, or the same, object in that isolated cove. They also mentioned what appeared to be very small, manlike figures on the craft, which fled at their approach.

Small, humanoid creatures, or "figures" in shiny garments, moving awkwardly by our standards—the strange experience at Steep Rock Lake was to recur many times in the ensuing years.

In September, 1951, a band of aborigines of the Unmatjera tribe, in Central Australia, reported to authorities that they had watched, from a low hilltop, the landing of a shiny, circular object which settled down a short distance from a similar object already on the ground. They estimated that the objects were the same size, between thirty-five and fifty feet in diameter and "a man and a half-man tall."

Afraid to approach the things, the aborigines had remained hidden on the stony hilltop and watched this strange scene. After several minutes, they said, a very small, manlike thing had come from underneath the second object and had entered the first through the bottom of the craft. This creature, or figure, had a shiny suit and a round, shiny head [helmet?], the natives told authorities. Shortly after the creature entered the craft on the ground, it began to rise with a buzz like swarms of insects and the other similar object followed it into the sky.

It is useless to speculate on the many reasons why a creature from one of these craft would transfer to another, of course. The report reached the Australian authorities about seven months after it happened and, other than questioning the aborigines, there was little that could be done. But it is noteworthy that these primitive people, who had never seen or heard of such things as "flying saucers," should have reported both the objects and the humanoids in such detail.

Eight miles north of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, on Highway 41, is the little settlement of Kelly. On a farm, half a mile from Kelly, a weird and perhaps historic incident occurred between seven and ten p.m. on the evening of Sunday, August 21, 1955. In a front-page story on the following day, the Evansville (Indiana) *Press* reported: KENTUCKIANS REPORT GUNBATTLE WITH "LITTLE MEN FROM SPACE."

Here is the story, taken from the witnesses themselves, the police officers involved, and from the *Press* account.

Three children and eight adults were involved in this case. Bill Sutton, then a teenager, had gone out to the well for a drink of water about seven p.m. when he noticed a brightly glowing, circular object, moving silently on an apparently straight course, abruptly stop and settle to earth beyond the barn and out of view from where he stood. He mentioned this odd sight to the folks inside the house, but they dismissed it as a probable "shooting star" and made no investigation. [The same object was seen by several other witnesses from nearby farms, according to statements made later. . . .—F.E.]

Around eight o'clock, the Suttons' dogs began to bark furiously, as they generally did when an intruder was about. Two of the men went to the back door and peered out. They later told authorities that, about fifty or sixty feet distant, was a creature of some sort. It glowed, they agreed, like the numerals on a radium-painted watch. It came to within fifteen or twenty feet of where they, admittedly dumbfounded, stood. Both men told authorities that the thing looked like a very small man not over three and a-half feet tall, wearing a shiny garment or a nickel-plated suit. Its head seemed unusually large to them, all out of proportion to the rest of the body. The arms, they said, were unusually long and the webbed hands outsize and equipped with claws that glistened faintly in what little light there was.

Mrs. J. C. Sutton also told officers that she saw the same creature at the same time. "It was as shiny as aluminum foil," she said, "and it walked like a very old man or some sort of monkey —mostly with its hands."

Elmer Sutton and John Sutton both fired at the weird thing that was approaching them. The blast from the twelve-gauge shotgun and the bullet from a .22-caliber pistol caused the creature to fall backward, but it leaped up almost immediately and ran away.

The two Suttons hurried back inside the house, badly shaken by what had occurred. All the house lights were turned off and the doors locked.

A porch light was turned on. At that moment, one of the ladies screamed that something was peering into the dining-room window. The men rushed into the room and saw a creature with some sort of helmet and wide, slit eyes, clinging to the screen on the window. Both men fired repeatedly through the window and the thing seemed to be knocked backward by the impact.

After a wait of about twenty minutes, during which no more of the weird creatures were seen, the armed men ventured outside. The dogs were barking at a faintly luminous thing in a tree, but before the men could get closer they discovered another of their odd visitors moving along the ridgerow of the house. Elmer Sutton blasted the thing with the shotgun. Both men told authorities they could clearly detect the sound of the shot striking home, but the glowing thing seemed to dive off into the air and was seen a moment later running into a weed patch. Another shot, and the glowing thing in the tree glided down into the weeds and was lost to sight.

One of the interesting sidelights of this most unusual report is the agreement of the men involved that the bullets from John Sutton's .22 pistol could be heard ricocheting into space, as though they were glancing off metal.

After their ineffectual foray into the yard, the men went back into the house and stood guard at the windows, while the women and children lay on the floor behind them. By eleven o'clock, after at least two hours of this watchful waiting, the men decided that the weird beings had left.

The eleven persons rushed from the house, piled into two automobiles and made haste to the nearest police station, at Hopkinsville. The Evansville *Press* story quoted the Police Chief, Russell Greenwell, as being skeptical of the story—which Greenwell promptly denied. On the twenty-third, the day after the story appeared in the paper, Greenwell told me:

"There is no doubt in my mind that those people—every one of them—were terrified when they got to Hopkinsville Sunday night. We didn't find any little footprints—that is true—but the ground was so hard and dry that a tractor wouldn't have left much of a trace. . . . Those people saw something strange. I don't know what it was, but they saw it and they shot at it right through the doors and the windows and the sides of the house. The holes are there to prove it."

State Police and four members of the Hopkinsville Police Department accompanied the men back to the farm and investigated—but the weird creatures and their glowing craft were gone.

Official reaction to this incident was one of pretended indifference. Nearby Fort Campbell sent an officer, Major Albert Coren, to question the witnesses, although the public information officer denied that the base knew anything about it. Several days later, Air Force investigators questioned the witnesses briefly, as though it were merely a routine matter, and went away. But about two weeks after the event, two men in civilian clothing, who claimed to be selling aluminum kitchen utensils, visited the neighborhood. They spent a few minutes talking about their alleged merchandise, and devoted hours to asking questions about the creatures and the craft.

It may be pure coincidence, but a team of "peddlers" of this same type and product visited the Flatwoods, West Virginia, area five days after the alleged "monster" was encountered there, in 1952. In both cases, the men were clearly more interested in gathering information than in selling pots.

It would be in keeping with the official government policy of deceiving the public to treat this type of incident in this particular manner. To rush investigators to the scene where the humanoids or monsters were reported

would be to disclose the importance which officialdom attaches to such cases. By treating the incidents as relatively unimpressive and unimportant until the public interest subsides and then conducting the real investigation by subterfuge, the government gets the information it seeks with the least possible publicity. Even if the deception is suspected, the story will get nothing more than local attention. This pattern has doubtless been followed many times, with the investigators operating in many guises. It would be difficult to prove which visitors were merely curious and which were there officially.

For our purpose of comparing and compiling details of landing reports by credible witnesses, the outstanding case of 1952 came out of Berlin, Germany, on July seventh, via North American Newspaper Alliance.

Oskar Linke had been for many years the mayor of a small city in what had become the Russian-occupied portion of Germany. Fearful of persecution, he and his eleven-year-old daughter had managed to escape to the zone now known as West Germany, where he related their amazing experience to authorities and gave sworn statements to both the British and American officials who questioned him.

Linke said: "We lived only a few miles from the frontier [with West Germany] and, in order to facilitate our escape, my daughter and I took frequent rides toward the border on my motorcycle. She rode in the sidecar. This way, the Russian border guards grew accustomed to seeing us.

"One afternoon last week, we were returning home from one of these trips when my daughter called my attention to something shimmering white through the trees in a small forest through which we were passing. It is only about three miles from the border.

"It was such an unusual sight that we let the motorcycle roll off the road and come to a halt. I hid it under some bushes and we hurried into the woods. We reached a point about seventy-five or a hundred feet from a very strange sight. It was a disc about twenty-five feet across, resting on the ground in a clearing.

"It resembled a huge warming pan without a handle and it seemed to be phosphorescent. In the center of it was some sort of apparatus—a square contraption—a sort of upper works which rose out of the top of the craft much like a top hat. It was slightly darker than the rest of the object, which was the color of aluminum, well polished.

"We were lying behind a low embankment and were well concealed. We saw two small figures, like tiny human beings about three-and-a-half feet tall. They were wearing what appeared to be shiny one-piece garments—aluminum or silver in color. On the chest of one of these creatures was a box or package about the size of three cigarette packs stacked up, and on the front of this package there was a bright, blinking blue light. What this was for we do not know, for they did not seem to be using it. They just approached the craft from the edge of the clearing, one behind the other.

"When they were within about ten or twelve feet, the one in back reached out and touched the other on the shiny, glasslike helmet. Both stopped in their tracks and one of them turned slowly and faced to the left of us. At this, my daughter let out a little gasp. The creatures hastily entered the craft through a porthole on the top of the upperworks in the center of it.

"Then we saw that the disc had two rows of circular portholes around its edge. They were about the size of portholes on a ship.

"As we watched, the square upperworks began to retract into the dome and simultaneously the object started to rise slowly off the ground.

"We both noticed that a similar square-shaped construction was emerging from the bottom of the craft and was apparently forcing it up off the ground.

"Then the object began to rise slowly into the air. It rose to about one hundred feet, hovered, then sped away."

The signed statement of ex-Mayor Linke was supported by his daughter's story to officials.

During 1954, South America underwent UFO visitations similar to those being experienced in Europe and the United States at the same time. That was the year, you may recall, in which Lieutenant Colonel John O'Mara of Air Technical Intelligence in Dayton stated that the ATIC was receiving UFO reports at the rate of 700 per week, the largest number on record up to that time and very likely still a peak. But the South American cases of 1954 included a large number of reports of landings and of humanoids around the craft. How many of these reports are veridical would be difficult to say, but it can safely be said that many of the persons who made the reports were members of groups and that many others were public officials —in several cases, respected members of the medical profession.

One of the finest civilian UFO research groups in the United States is also one of the oldest, the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) of Tucson, Arizona. Through its thousands of members in many lands, including many scientists and experts in various fields allied to aeronautics and astronomy, APRO has done a fine job, year after year, of bringing to light important and widespread UFO activities. APRO does for its members in this country the job that the news stories fail to do, by giving adequate and carefully investigated information, especially on South American incidents of note.

Venezuela was a hotbed of UFO activity in the closing weeks of 1954. Police records in many cities contain accounts of humanoids around disc-shaped craft seen on the ground. In some instances, where men reported personal contact with these creatures, the men did not fare too well.

In the suburbs of San Carlos is a beautiful park named for the Ministry of Agriculture and used to hold its expositions. On the night of December sixteenth, three young men had dined together at a restaurant in San Carlos and were driving home together. Jesus Paz asked his friends to stop the car in order that he might enter an isolated part of the park to relieve himself. Paz had scarcely gone more than a dozen steps before he screamed for help. His friends ran to his rescue and found him lying stunned and bleeding on the ground. A short distance away, a small, hairy, manlike creature was running toward a shiny disc-like craft which was resting on the grass. One of the companions of Paz was Luis Mejia, a member of the National Guard, who had only time to snatch up a stone and hurl it at the disc, which was beginning to rise with a loud buzzing sound.

Paz was rushed back into the city to the hospital, where doctors found that he was in a state of shock. Furthermore, he had long, deep scratches on his right side and downward across his spine, "like claw marks."

Paz told officials that he had walked around a bed of tall flowers, his footsteps deadened by the thick grass. Suddenly he almost stumbled over this short, hairy, manlike creature which was examining the flowers. Paz tried to escape but, when he turned, the creature attacked him, first by clawing and tearing his shirt, then with a blow on the back of the neck.

Six days before the Paz incident at San Carlos, two teenage boys, Jesus Gomez and Lorenzo Flores, had been hunting rabbits along the Trans-Andean Highway between Chico and Cerro de las Tres Torres.

As they trudged along the edge of the highway, they noticed some sort of shiny object in the brush alongside the road and only a short distance from the highway proper. They later told police they thought it must have been an automobile which had gone off the road and they went into the brush to investigate.

The boys found themselves only a few feet from an object which resembled two huge, shiny washbowls stuck together at the rims. They estimated that it was possibly ten feet in diameter and could see, they later told police, that it was hovering about three feet off the ground and that it was ejecting fire from the bottom.

Lorenzo Flores said in his statement:

"Then we saw four little men come out of it. They were approximately three feet tall. When they realized that we were there, the four of them grabbed Jesus and tried to drag him toward the thing. I could do nothing but take my shotgun, which was not loaded, and I struck one of them with it. The gun seemed to have struck something as hard as rock—it stung my hands—and it broke the gun into two pieces. . . . It was too dark for us to see features of their faces, but we did notice the abundant hair on their bodies and their great strength."

Gomez had been dazed by something when the little creatures grabbed him. Flores dragged his friend back toward the road and, when Gomez was able to do so, they ran as fast as they could for the nearest police station. Doctors were summoned and told police that the boys had been badly frightened by something to such an extent that they were nearly hysterical but were otherwise intelligent and credible.

When the boys led police to the scene of the reported encounter on the following morning, the officers found ample evidence that some sort of struggle had taken place. They also recovered the broken shotgun.

But other than a few scorched bushes, there was no trace of the little creatures or their craft.

Exactly two weeks before this incident, two truck drivers in Caracas had stumbled into a police station, torn, bleeding and terrified, to gasp out a story which might have been ignored by the police had it not been for an exceptional witness.

Jose Ponce was a helper on a panel truck driven by Gustavo Gonzales and, in the early morning hours of November twenty-eighth, they were driving to Petare, about fifteen miles away, to pick up a load of food to be delivered in Caracas in time for the markets, which opened about daylight.

The truck was jogging along a street on the outskirts of Caracas, about two a.m., when the men found their way blocked by a glowing, disc-shaped object about ten feet in diameter, which was hovering six feet above the street.

Gonzales brought his truck to a stop and both men just sat there for a moment, staring at this strange object in wonderment. Then, by common impulse, they got out of the truck and walked closer to the object. When they were about twenty-five feet from it, they discovered that they were being approached by what appeared to be a very hairy, dwarflike man.

Gonzales grabbed the little man and lifted him off the ground. [He later told police that the creature weighed about thirty-five pounds.—F.E.] But the little fellow twisted out of the truck driver's grasp and gave Gonzales a shove that sent him sprawling backward. Ponce had had enough. He turned to run for help at a police station only a couple of blocks away.

Before Gonzales could regain his feet, his tiny antagonist leaped several feet into the air and came for Gonzales, who noted that his attacker's eyes glowed in the headlights of the truck "like yellow cat's eyes."

Gonzales managed to get up on one knee and to get his knife ready for action. As the little creature lunged at him, Gonzales saw that, instead of hands, it had webbed extremities with claws about an inch long. Gonzales later told police that he tried to drive the knife into the creature's shoulder, but that the blade glanced off as though he had struck steel. Another of the hairy little men jumped out of the glowing craft and pointed a small, shiny tube at Gonzales. There was a brilliant beam of light which blinded Gonzales for a moment and he thought he was gone. When he could see again, the object was rising above the trees and was quickly lost in the night.

Gonzales ran for the police station, arriving a couple of minutes after his companion. At first, police though the men were drunk or crazy. A doctor was summoned, who determined that both men were in a state of shock and that neither of them had been drinking. Gonzales was treated for a long, deep scratch down his left side and was placed under sedation.

Fortunately for the men involved, and for the others who were interested, a well-known Caracas physician had witnessed the entire incident. He had been on a night call and had been driving behind Gonzales when Gonzales came upon the thing blocking the street. The doctor told authorities that he had witnessed the fracas which Gonzales and Ponce had described, but that he had been reluctant to confirm their report for fear of ridicule. Later, after being assured that he would not be publicly identified in the reports, he made his statement to police.

In examining these alleged "little men" cases, widely separated in terms of both geography and time, we note certain similarities.

The creatures in the shiny suits and shiny helmets reported by the young miner near Quarouble, France, in September of 1954, parallel the description of the creature reported by the aborigines of Australia. The beam of light which stunned Dewilde at Quarouble is duplicated in the report of Petare, Venezuela. It is to be found also in the case of a Florida scoutmaster, "Sonny" Desvergers, who, with three of his scout troop members, spotted a UFO in a thicket beside the highway near West Palm Beach about nine p.m. on the night of August 9, 1952. Something fiery shot out of the UFO as he neared it—something that burned holes in his hat and flung him to the ground, badly frightened but unharmed.

The farmers at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, who heard their shotgun and pistol pellets glance off the little creatures, got the impression that the creatures were as hard as stone or metal. That feeling was shared by the boy who broke his shotgun on one of the beings [near Chico, Venezuela, in 1954] and by Gustavo Gonzales when Gonzales tried to stab the little humanoid and his knife merely glanced off, in the Petare case just mentioned.

The little robotlike figures reported in the Steep Rock Lake case were about the same size as the similar ones in other instances. They wore the same shiny coverall-type garments, but they were apparently without the shiny helmets associated with these visitors.

And the creatures reported by Oskar Linke near the border between the two sections of Germany—there again were the familiar humanoids in the shiny coveralls wearing the helmets, and one with a blinking blue light on its chest.

From all parts of the globe, the descriptions of the alleged operators are remarkably uniform. There is either a worldwide conspiracy to lie about these things or a great many people, including some who have never heard of "flying saucers," have seen some very strange creatures of unknown origin.

Among those witnesses we must include the name of the Reverend William Booth Gill, an ordained minister of the Church of England and a graduate of Brisbane University.

Nor was he alone. The Reverend Gill had as co-witnesses more than a score of students and teachers at Boainai, New Guinea, all of whom signed the report for the government there.

On the night of June 26, 1957, the minister had come out on the porch after dinner and glanced up toward Venus. His attention was immediately attracted by another brilliant light in the sky, considerably brighter than Venus and unquestionably sparkling.

After a few minutes, he realized that this particular light was coming toward him—rapidly. He called one of the teachers, and several of the students gathered around also. It came close enough—they estimated 400 feet—so the witnesses could see that it was of huge, disc-shaped construction, thirty to forty feet wide at the base, which had four metal legs projecting from it diagonally. On top of the disc was a dome which the witnesses estimated to be ten feet high and about twenty feet in diameter. There seemed to be a sort of deck on top of this structure and, on that deck, several small, manlike creatures could be seen. There were never more than four of these figures to be seen at any one time. They seemed to be leaning on a low railing, although the light was not good enough for the minister or his companions actually to see the railing. Occasionally, from time to time, one of the figures would bend over as though manipulating something on the deck. And at intervals of about thirty seconds, a narrow shaft of bright blue light would be projected skyward for a duration of approximately five seconds, as though signaling.

The Reverend Gill told authorities that he felt impelled to try to establish contact with the creatures. He said:

"As one of them leaned over the rail, or whatever it was, and seemed to be looking down on us, I waved one hand overhead and the figure did the same, as though a skipper on a boat were waving to someone on a wharf. The teacher waved both arms over his head and two figures on the craft did the same. Then both of us waved both arms aloft and all four of the figures did the same thing in response. We were all delighted. The boys [students] were jubilant. Some of them called out to the figures on the deck of the disc, but we heard no response. One of the boys brought a flashlight and we turned the beam on the object. It hovered and came quite close to the ground. We thought it was going to land, but it did not. We were all very disappointed about that."

The object, or a similar object, appeared over that particular school several times in the ensuing days and nights, but never again did it come close enough for the watchers to see the little humanoid figures they observed that first night.

Reverend Gill's report filled eleven single-spaced typewritten pages which were signed by all the witnesses. It is one of the most detailed and remarkable cases of its kind and one of the few cases where credible witnesses have reported what might have been intelligent responses to their efforts to communicate.

On October 28, 1962, a high school teacher, Mrs. E. E. Sylvester, who lives in Norwood, a suburb of Adelaide, Australia, and her three children, aged ten, eight and six years, had a strange experience.

According to the Hobart *Mercury* of Hobart, Tasmania, Mrs. Sylvester was driving on the Salisbury-Elizabeth road. It was about seven-thirty p.m. She and the children saw the object at just about the same time, as it glided across the road some distance ahead of them, evidently headed for a landing in a field alongside the highway.

When they reached a spot near the point of the presumed landing, the four of them got out of the car and walked along the roadside until they saw the thing. It was oval or egg-shaped, about fifteen feet long and five or six feet high, and it was on the ground.

Beside it, said the witnesses, was a tiny, manlike creature in a shiny suit such as divers wear. The creature wore some sort of translucent helmet and it was connected by tubing to some gear on his back, presumably breathing apparatus. The figure carried a shiny box or container in its hands and appeared to be taking samples of something from the soil around the object. Mrs. Sylvester told authorities she watched the thing for about forty minutes before it re-entered the shiny craft and rose silently into the sky.

Mrs. Sylvester, I find, is highly regarded in the school system where she teaches. Although she reported the matter to government authorities, news of the incident did not leak out to the public until February 5, 1963.

Good solid citizens such as Mrs. Sylvester are not easily ridiculed, for the simple reason that too many persons who know them are going to come to their defense, if needed. No government can afford to stir up these pockets of public indignation, not even to mislead the public about UFOs, so the technique most frequently applied is that of stalling and pretending that it certainly is strange, but we just don't have any answer—yet.

Mrs. Sylvester apparently got the stalling treatment. At any rate, she was not subjected to official sneers.

Sergeant Lonnie Zamora of Socorro, New Mexico, was the same caliber witness and he, too, got hands-off treatment and the long stall.

On the afternoon of April 24, 1964, veteran Police Officer Zamora was milling around the streets of Socorro on a routine mission when he saw a shiny thing apparently drifting down into the gullied area just outside of town. He said later that he also heard a heavy, roaring sound which made him suspect that an old dynamite shed in that isolated area might have exploded. He radioed to headquarters and then drove hurriedly out of town and along a winding dirt road that led to the old shed.

Zamora had to stop about 150 yards from a deep gully in which he could see what appeared to be an overturned automobile, so he radioed that there might have been an accident and that he was moving in closer to investigate.

He was on his way to a remarkable experience.

Sergeant Zamora discovered that he could drive up on the mesa near the wide mouth of that particular draw and he did so. As he approached the edge of the ravine, he found himself looking down upon a strange egg-shaped object about twelve or fifteen feet long, white in color, standing on short metal legs. And beside it, apparently oblivious of his presence, were two small, manlike beings dressed in white or silvery coverall-type garments. They seemed to be examining or repairing a place on the underside of the craft. As Zamora stood there, about seventy-five feet from them, they noticed him, took one look and scurried around the object.

As Zamora turned and started back to his car, he glanced back, just in time to see the object jetting a bright blue flame down into the sand on which it rested. Seconds later, it rose out of the gully with what the officer described as "an ear-splitting roar." Sergeant Zamora ran in the opposite direction. The thing was out of sight over the nearby mountains in a few seconds and, if Sergeant Sam Chavez had not appeared just at that moment, Sergeant Zamora might have soon been out of sight in the other direction.

Chavez had heard Zamora's radio calls and reached the scene about three minutes after Zamora sent out the first report when he saw the thing.

Together, the two officers went down into the ravine where the object had landed. They found four deep marks where Zamora said the metal legs had rested. They found the bushes charred and still smoking where the flames underneath the object had caught them.

The landing-gear marks were three and one-half inches deep, circular in shape—a familiar description to researchers in this field. The sand in the bottom of the ravine was hard-packed and, in spite of diligent search, the officers could find no footprints of the humanoids. Whatever it was that had pressed those metal legs into the sand had been very heavy—several tons, at least.

White Sands Stallion Site Station was notified and military men came to the spot on the double to examine the landing site. They piled rocks around the indentations to preserve them for photography, which was done early the following morning.

Sergeant Zamora described the experience in detail, including the appearance of the "little men," to his fellow officer, Sergeant Chavez, to Police Chief Polo Pineda and to Mr. and Mrs. James Lorenzen, the two top officers of APRO, who went to the scene at once. Immediately following his interview with the Lorenzens, Zamora was subjected to prolonged and intensive grilling by an Air Force team. One was a major from Kirtland Air Force Base at Albuquerque, the other had been rushed to the scene directly from Air Technical Intelligence Headquarters, Dayton, Ohio. This was a major case, and officialdom knew it.

In his original statements, made immediately after the incident and before the military had reached him, Officer Zamora described two aspects of the case which he later refused to discuss: the "humanoids" and the odd insignia which was clearly visible on the side of the craft. Fortunately his original and uncensored statements were made to several credible witnesses and found their way into the public record in spite of efforts to delete or deny them.

The Air Force was in a tough spot here. Since they could not ridicule Zamora—safely for themselves, that is—they had to throw a couple of smoke bombs while they stalled for time.

They flew Dr. J. Allen Hynek, head of the Astronomy Department at Northwestern University, to the scene of Sergeant Zamora's experience. Dr. Hynek has a positive genius for the oblique approach to problems involving UFOs. He was equal to the occasion at Socorro; he told newsmen that he was puzzled as to why the UFO had not been reported on radar "in an area that is infested with radar."

The news wires carried that apparent dismissal of the reported object and it probably had the desired effect —pretending that, since radar did not report it, the thing did not exist.

There were two major flaws in the statement.

For one thing, military regulations would have prevented the radar stations from making public statements even if they had picked up the UFO.

And as APRO had already determined by a simple check which was also available to the news services, the radar station which covered that area was not even in operation at the time of the incident.

The military censors may have suspected that they might be tripped up on that one and, being very astute operators, they were ready with another. This time it was Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, Director of the Institute of Meteoritics at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. His statement to the Albuquerque *Journal* was promptly carried by the newswires. The weird craft seen by Sergeant Zamora, said Dr. LaPaz, was nothing more than a "super-pogo" device being developed by the military.

Dr. LaPaz and his "super-pogo"

proved to be a super-blooper. He evidently did not know that the military had already announced that they had no device or craft answering the description of the thing Zamora saw, and Dr. LaPaz went down waving his explanation when the National Aeronautics and Space Administration revealed that the thing LaPaz was talking about had not yet been built.

As late as January, 1966, in "Popular Science Magazine," Air Force spokesman Major Hector Quintanilla, Jr., says of the Socorro case: "It has been well investigated and analyzed by experts. But it's still a mystery."

Twenty months after it happened, the case of the egg-shaped craft with the humanoids beside it, in that ravine near Socorro, New Mexico, was still listed on the Air Force public statements as "unsolved." It was too well documented to be ignored, too far-reaching to be admitted.

[*Author's Note:* The appearance of Dr. Hynek on the scene of the Socorro, New Mexico, sighting indicated that the Air Force considered it very important and that they dared not ridicule the witnesses.

Dr. Hynek's technique is twofold: First, it delays the issuance of any official statement. Second, he refrains from the practice of ridiculing the witnesses.

Dr. Hynek questions some of the key witnesses and then professes interest but need of more information. Then he questions the witnesses again and fires complex scientific questions at them, or makes inquiries of such technical nature that the witnesses can only reply that they don't know. Dr. Hynek is then in a position to say that, due to the lack of technical information from the witnesses, he is forced to draw his own conclusions, thus putting the whole matter back in the area of doubt.

Another variation is to question the witnesses and then to turn the matter over to an assistant. This stalls the "official statement" and creates an impression in the public mind that the case is so unimportant that Hynek's assistants can handle it.—F.E.]

One of the most bizarre reports dealing with the humanoids who are said to operate the UFOs came from Milan, Italy.

It was 1954, a year when hundreds of landings were reported from many parts of the world, including Europe. The specific date, according to the official records of Milan, was October twenty-eighth.

A resident of Milan, returning from an outdoor movie on the outskirts of the city, noticed a glowing light inside a seldom-used sports field which was surrounded by a high but rather rickety board fence. Curious about this unusual activity in that field at that hour of night, he got off his bicycle and went over to peer through the cracks in the fence.

He later told authorities that he could see some sizeable object, glowing softly like a very dim fluorescent lamp. It was on the ground or hovering a few inches above it—he could not tell, since he could see no legs or landing gear. But he could and did see small, dark forms moving around between himself and the object. He was frightened. He jumped on his bicycle and pedaled rapidly toward the outskirts of the city.

He had gone only a few hundred yards when he met a group of farmers, on their way home after attending a meeting. They heard his story and hurried back with him. Peering through the fence cracks, they, too, saw what he claimed to have seen. All of the witnesses, a total of thirty-one, affirmed to police who questioned them after the incident that the creatures moving around the glowing object resembled miniature men, not more than four feet tall, with light-colored pants, some sort of gray jackets and helmets which appeared to be transparent. All of the creatures, said the witnesses, wore on their backs some bulky equipment connected to the front and bottoms of their helmets, presumably breathing apparatus.

Several passing automobiles, including a truck loaded with rotten fruit, stopped to see what was attracting the crowd around the fence. Presently some of the more venturesome members of the crowd forced the lock on the gate and stepped inside the fence for a better view. As they did so, the dark little figures began scurrying into the object, entering it from beneath. A moment later, it began to hum and then to rise—but not before the farmers had thrown scores of rotten oranges at it, scoring some hits.

If the details given to the police of Milan are correct, this may well be the only case in the universe where space travelers have been welcomed with a shower of garbage.

In the Dark

FEW things are more disturbing than to be plunged into pitch-darkness without warning. It is alarming for individuals; it is dangerous for masses of people. It paralyzes cities, blocks highways, stops trains, leaves elevators suspended between floors. In general, it simply plays hell with the modern way of life.

At great expense, the utilities have installed complicated and ingenious equipment to make mass power failure unlikely. They have also spent large sums of money assuring the public that mass power failures such as the one that struck New York and New England in late 1965 are impossible.

This is not to imply that the utilities have deceived the public on this matter, even though the utilities may be wrong about their claims, as the events indicate.

The utilities have spent tens of millions of dollars designing and installing complicated equipment capable of preventing the conditions that generally result in power failures. It was this realization that left the utilities authorities mumbling to newsmen that they simply couldn't understand it. It couldn't happen, but it had!

As FDR used to say: "Let's look at the record."

It has been known since 1947 that some sort of field associated with the Unidentified Flying Objects causes observable disturbances in electromagnetic instruments. It was first noted in connection with compasses. Later, pilots found that, with a UFO in their vicinity, the ignition systems of their internal-combustion engines were adversely affected. Ships, automobiles and tractors reported malfunction of their engines in the presence of UFOs. Motorists and airline pilots made many reports of radio interference which prevented transmitting or receiving signals when UFOs came near.

Were the UFOs also able to disrupt the transmission or generation of electrical power at the utility level?

The first indication that these things might interfere with commercial electric distribution systems in my records does not have enough substance to definitely link it with UFO activity—largely because of the extremely brief duration of the incident.

It occurred in November, 1953, in New Haven, Connecticut. A glowing orange-red object which witnesses said appeared to be about the size of a football suddenly swooped down over the tops of some trees near an intersection in the residential area. The object came down to within ten feet of the ground, traveling at high speed, leveled off, smashed through a metal billboard from the rear and rose swiftly above the treetops and vanished. It was in sight only a few seconds and was apparently unimpeded by the collision with the light metal of the commercial signboard.

The matter is of interest because, as the thing passed over the neighborhood, house lights dimmed or went out for about two or three seconds at the precise time of the object's passage.

If this was a controlled UFO (it left copper fragments around the hole it blasted in the billboard) then we have here an early (1953) case of interference with commercial electricity distribution. But the disturbance, like the duration of the sighting, was very brief. That does not rule it out as a UFO interference case, but it enables scoffers to dismiss the short blackout as pure coincidence and we have no way to prove that it wasn't.

A strange glowing object swooped down over a part of New Haven, Connecticut, on that November evening in 1953. Intentionally or otherwise, it blasted through a billboard. Accidentally or otherwise, the lights in the homes nearest the billboard went out for a few seconds as the object passed; homes a bit more distant from that corner noted their lights going dim. Since this variation in the lights existed on both sides of the object's path, it would seem reasonable to assume that the disturbance was related to the subject and that distance from the object diminished the effect. This is only my conclusion, based on the known facts in the case. But as we shall see, it fits

into the pattern of subsequent cases where there can be no doubt of the relationship.

NICAP's study of UFO association with power failures includes the case at Mogi Mirim, Brazil, in 1957. Three glowing disc-shaped UFOs passed slowly over the town and, as they did so, the power simply ceased to flow and the lights of the town went out. Again, there was an area of total blackness directly beneath the path of the UFOs and a dimming in varying degrees as the distance from the UFOs increased.

Also in 1957, says an NICAP Investitor (Volume 3, Number 5), at Tamaroa, Illinois, there was a power failure which lasted until a huge, hovering UFO moved away from the town.

On August 3, 1958, a large section of Rome, Italy, was blacked out when a luminous and very large UFO maneuvered overhead. Again, when the UFO left, the lights came on. (NICAP reports that this was a duplication of an incident a short time before—on July twenty-second—in Salta, Argentina.)

A particularly well documented case occurred in Minais Gerais, Brazil, on the night of August 17, 1959. The instruments began indicating some sort of power-flow interruption, temporary in nature. Presently the officials at the various stations along the distribution system began phoning each other: Their circuit breakers were opening automatically as Unidentified Flying Objects moved slowly along at low altitude above and along the power lines.

At Uberlandia, one of the key stations on the system, the staff had been alerted several minutes prior to the arrival of the UFO. When the circuit breakers started opening, the technicians were standing by and they promptly closed the switches. But their efforts were futile, for the presence of the single oval-shaped UFO nullified the normal procedures which would have kept the current flowing through the lines. It did not flow until the UFO had sailed away into the night.

The record year for major power failures in the United States was also the record year for UFO activity—1965. Again, this may be mere coincidence—or it may not.

The 1965 blackout season got under way in Cuernavaca, Mexico, on the night of September twenty-third. The press reports from the scene listed among the witnesses General Rafael Vega, a commander of a military zone; the mayor of Cuernavaca, Valentin L. Gonzalez, and Governor Emilie Riva Palacie. They, along with a great many other persons, observed a glowing, disc-shaped UFO hovering over the city at low altitude. The lights and all electric power failed when the UFO arrived. The power failure lasted *only* while the UFO was there. It ended as soon as the UFO suddenly zoomed up and out of sight.

The granddaddy of all blackouts to date was the stygian blanket that fell over 30,000,000 people in the northeastern corner of the United States during the early evening rush-hour period on November 9, 1965. Pilots who observed this phenomenon from the air described it as awe inspiring: One moment, there were lighted cities with their millions of inhabitants. The next moment, there was only a great black carpet, apparently devoid of life.

Said one pilot to me: "I felt like I had just seen the end of the world!"

From New York City to Maine, most of the area was literally powerless.

How could this be? What of the great power grid, with its several generating sources? What of the devices which were designed automatically to shift the load in case of failure in one area, so the malfunction would be bypassed and power restored?

The military quickly announced that there was no military emergency; they were in communication with their bases in the blacked-out area, as usual.

Later, it developed that they were hard hit by the power failure, for many military communication points and circuits were predicated on the use of public power. When the power failed, military equipment based on it also failed. However, the military assurance that all was well probably had merit to the extent that it had a tranquilizing effect on those who were inclined to be jittery. And the shock of finding military circuits knocked out by a public power failure not only exposed the incredible stupidity of such an arrangement but, more importantly, forced it to be corrected.

The developing story of the great blackout of November 9, 1965, received superb coverage from every angle in the nation's news media and we need not recount it here. It was all over by the morning of November tenth—all over but explaining to the public why the impossible had happened.

There was no general agreement among the great power supply concerns which were contributors to this multi-state grid. But the official explanation was that a small device in a Canadian hydro-electric generating plant had malfunctioned and that other instruments had subsequently misfunctioned and that steps would be taken to try to prevent its recurrence. Strangely missing from the explanation was any further explanation of why the millions of dollars worth of electronic gear had failed to detect the disturbance and shift the load.

Since I am certainly not an authority on such complex and intricate systems, I took the explanation to utilities engineers. They said that, to them, it seemed a little vague, like the blind men's description of the elephant.

1965—The Dam Breaks

AFTER more than nineteen years, the UFOs are with us in greater numbers than ever.

At long last, the American press and the American public are demanding to know what the Defense Department knows about these strange craft and their strange operators.

The Defense Department is clinging doggedly to its policy of pretending to ignore a problem which it really considers very serious.

The day of denouement cannot be far away. The time may be shorter than we realize.

Credible observers have reported these objects in the air, in and on the water and on the ground. We have seen the objects go through various changes in shape, evidently design changes. They have visited all of man's important military, communications, power and transportation bases. They have demonstrated flight characteristics beyond any vehicles presently used by man. And they have shown the ability—and sometimes the apparent inclination—to interfere or to prevent the functioning of our electrical and electronic systems.

The Unidentified Flying Objects have developed a program of newsworthy appearances immediately following each of our major endeavors in space. This began with the Soviet space launchings of late 1957 and continues to this day. The evidence shows that both Soviet and U.S. space capsules have been approached and, upon occasion, followed. Somebody out there is interested.

A careful study of the mass of evidence indicates that there is a definite purpose in the reported landings of UFOs in isolated areas such as swamps and deserts: There is a strong likelihood that they are making inspections or adjustments to the craft or its mechanism. By landing in areas unfrequented by man, such work could be carried out with little or no hindrance. We propose to operate in this same fashion should we find ourselves confronted with the same set of circumstances when we visit other planets.

If the conclusions of the scientists in NICAP are correct, then we are probably witnessing the sixth phase of a seven-phase program of the UFOs—the appearance to the greatest number of people to demonstrate both the presence and the lack of hostility of the UFOs. And if last summer's mass sightings was that sixth phase, or a major part of it, then the seventh phase—known to the military as the "Overt Landing" or deliberate contact—cannot be far away. If we have, indeed, gone through six phases in nineteen years, then the final phase would seem to be due in the next two or three, although it could come tomorrow.

What these things are, where they come from and why they come here at all are questions which I doubt that anyone can answer.

It is my personal belief that the day is not far distant when these questions will be answered for us.

I see no reason to fear the revelation, whatever it may be. I feel, as General Douglas MacArthur expressed it, that contact with intelligent beings from elsewhere in the Universe will be the greatest experience of the human race.

We shall see. • • •