NATIONAL INVESTIGATIONS COMMITTEE
ON AERIAL PHENOMENA
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EVALUATION OF INFORMATION

GEN. ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER,
USA (RET.)
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Dear friend:

Your interest in our investigation of Unidentified Flying Objects (flying saucers) is greatly appreciated. Since 1950 the Air Force has kept thousands of authentic UFO reports from the public. While we believe we know their reasons, we are convinced that Americans have a right to the truth. To that end, NICAP has set up a nationwide network—soon to be worldwide—for reporting UFO sightings and hidden developments.

All this information — uncensored — will be revealed to NICAP members in a monthly magazine and in confidential bulletins. The magazine will include dramatic, authentic sightings by veteran pilots and other competent witnesses; behind-the-scene stories of the Air Force secret investigation; proof of the censorship which has muzzled hundreds of pilots; the pro's and con's of the question, "Is there life on Mars?"; and special articles on the UFO problem and our own space-travel plans.

In addition, NICAP will hold public hearings on claims of contacts with spacemen—to expose hoaxes and also to ferret out the facts. All this will be covered in the monthly magazine, with many other features, such as—a serialized history of UFO's with new sidelights on famous sightings; frank answers to readers' questions; and a monthly department in which I shall reveal some "inside stories" I have learned in the last two years.

As an Associate Member of NICAP—for an annual fee of $7.50—you will receive the monthly magazine and the special bulletins. You will also be priviledged to join a NICAP club in your area and become part of our large reporting network. Most important of all, you will be playing a vital role—not only in aiding to end the censorship—but in helping to find all the answers to the UFO mystery.

To become a NICAP member, merely forward your $7.50 membership fee to

NICAP
1536 Connecticut Avenue
Washington 6, D. C.

We hope you will join us in this factual yet fascinating work.

Sincerely yours,

Donald E. Keyhoe

DEK:RHC

Donald E. Keyhoe, Major USMC (Ret.)
Director of NICAP

A privately-supported fact-finding body serving the national public interest

NATIONAL INVESTIGATIONS COMMITTEE ON AERIAL PHENOMENA
A non-profit organization

1536 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 6, D. C.
Telephone NOrth 7-9434 Cable Address SKYLIGHT

Statement on Unidentified Flying Objects by Admiral Delmer S. Fahrney, USN (Ret.)
Chairman of the Board of Governors of NICAP

"Reliable reports indicate that there are objects coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds... No agency in this country or Russia is able to duplicate at this time the speeds and accelerations which radars and observers indicate these flying objects are able to achieve.

"There are signs that an intelligence directs these objects because of the way they fly. The way they change position in formations would indicate that their motion is directed. The Air Force is collecting factual data on which to base an opinion, but time is required to sift and correlate the material.

"As long as such unidentified objects continue to navigate through the earth's atmosphere, there is an urgent need to know the facts. Many observers have ceased to report their findings to the Air Force because of the seeming frustration—that is, all information going in, and none coming out. It is in this area that NICAP may find its greatest mission.

"We are in a position to screen independently all UFO information coming in from our filter groups.

"General Albert C. Wedemeyer will serve the Committee as Evaluations Adviser and complete analyses will be arranged through leading scientists. After careful evaluation, we shall release our findings to the public."

***

Statement by Donald E. Keyhoe, Major USMC (Ret.)
Director of NICAP

"To carry out the policy stated by Admiral Fahrney, NICAP is developing investigative units and clubs which interested persons may join. Membership in NICAP, at $7.50, also will include a monthly newsletter containing recent UFO (or flying saucer) sightings, reports on secret developments, exciting articles by scientists, pilots and UFO researchers, a new serialized history of flying saucers, and many other features.

"Regardless of membership, we would greatly appreciate receiving news clippings or firsthand UFO sighting reports."

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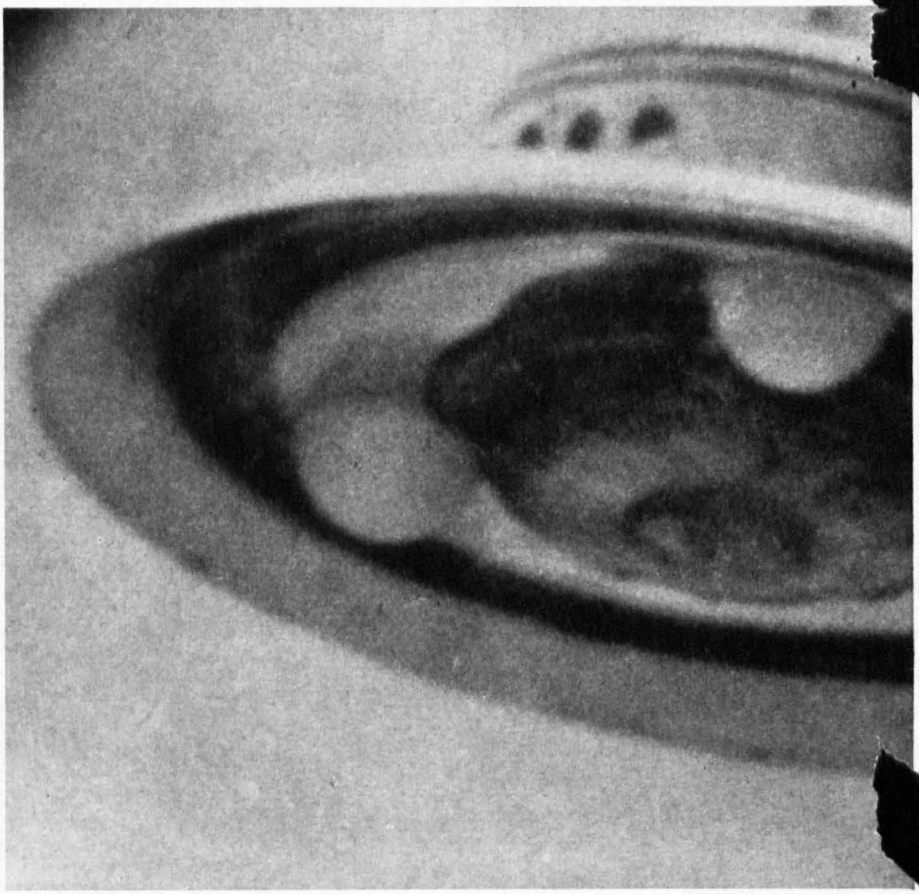
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"I TALKED WITH A FLYING SAUCERMAN"

"I TALKED WITH A FLYING



FLYING SAUCER SNAPPED BY AUTHOR ADAMSKI: IT WAS "IRIDESCENT

SAUCERMAN"

BY GEORGE ADAMSKI



Editor's note: Only rarely does a new book come into our office with the shock value of "Flying Saucers Have Landed," by George Adamski and Desmond Leslie. Can't say that any of us have seen a flying saucer nor can we vouch for the accuracy of this chapter from the book, but it's certainly one of the most readable yarns we've seen in a long time. The British Book Center, which is publishing the book, describes author Adamski as a "62-year-old philosopher, student and saucer-researcher" who has spent some 20 years as a "sky-watcher," near Palomar, California, with the aid of telescopes.

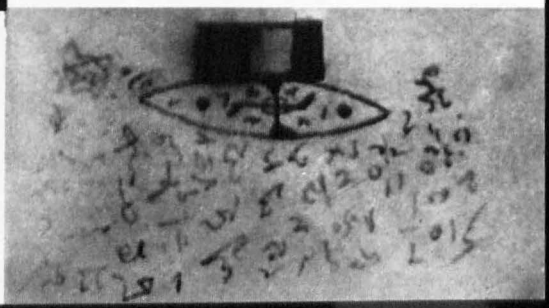
■ IT WAS ABOUT 12:30 in the noon hour on Thursday, November 20, 1952, that I first made personal contact with a man from another world.

This took place on the California desert 10.2 miles from Desert Center toward Parker, Arizona.

During the year of 1952, along

AND GLASS-LIKE"

In part of his book not included in this excerpt, Adamski says he gave the saucerman a film plate, which was returned "covered with a strange writing"



with my photographing attempts I had made a number of trips to desert areas where I had been told flying saucers were seen. Every trip had been unsuccessful, but I kept hoping for success.

It was close to 1 A.M. on the morning of the 20th when I rumbled down the mountain road on my way to meet my friends, the Albert Baileys and Dr. and Mrs. George Williamson, on the highway just west of Blythe, California. Accompanying me on this trip were Mrs. Alice K. Wells, owner of Palomar Gardens, and Mrs. Lucy McGinnis, my secretary.

We reached Desert Center about 11 A.M. and turned off on the highway leading to Parker.

About 11 miles down the highway I suggested that we get out to look around.

It was shortly after 12 noon. Suddenly we all turned as one, looking toward the closest mountain ridge. Riding high, and without sound, there was a gigantic cigar-shaped silvery ship, without wings or appendages of any kind. Slowly, it drifted in our direction, then seemed to stop, hovering motionless.

The two pairs of binoculars which had been brought along were being passed rapidly from one to the other so all could get a good look. George noted a black, or dark, marking on the side. It was entirely different from any he had ever seen before as a member of the Air Force.

I said, "Someone take me down the road—quick! That ship has come looking for me and I don't want to keep them waiting." Don't ask me why I said this or how I knew. It was the way I felt and I trust my feelings.

As Lucy turned the car into the highway, I looked out the back window and saw the big ship turn also, silently moving along with the car, but high in the sky.

Disembarking, I told her to get back to the others as quickly as possible but for all of them to watch me closely.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed after the car had left me when my attention was attracted by a flash in the sky and almost instantly a beautiful small craft appeared to be drifting through a saddle between two of the mountain peaks and settling into a cove about half a mile from me.

Quickly I spotted it in the finder on my telescope, and as rapidly as possible I snapped seven loaded films, without taking time to focus through the ground glass in the back of the camera.

Suddenly my attention was called to a man standing at the entrance of a ravine between two low hills, about a quarter of a mile away. He was motioning to me to come to him.

As I approached him a strange feeling came upon me and I became cautious. At the same time I looked round to reassure myself that we were both in full sight of my companions. I noticed two things about him.

1. His trousers were not like mine. In style they were much like ski trousers.

2. His hair was long, reaching to his shoulders, and was blowing in the wind.

Although I did not understand the strange feeling that persisted, it

was however a friendly feeling toward the smiling young man standing there waiting for me to reach him. And I walked toward him without the slightest fear.

Suddenly, for the first time I fully realized that I was in the presence of a man from space—A HUMAN BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD! My mind seemed to temporarily stop functioning.

To break this spell—I am sure he recognized it for what it was—he extended his hand to me. Instead of grasping hands as we on Earth do, he placed the palm of his hand against the palm of my hand, just touching it but not too firmly. He was about five feet, six inches in height and weighed—according to our standards—about 135 pounds. I would estimate him to be about 28 years old.

He was round faced with an extremely high forehead; large, but calm, gray-green eyes, slightly aslant at the outer corners; with higher check bones than an Occidental, and chiselled nose.

As nearly as I can describe his skin the coloring would be an even, medium-colored suntan. His hair was sandy in color.

His clothing was a one-piece brown garment which I had a feeling was a uniform worn by space men as they travel, just as Earth men in various jobs wear uniforms to indicate their occupations.

I saw no zippers, buttons, buckles, fasteners or pockets of any kind, nor did I notice seams.

His shoes were ox-blood in color. They too were made of some soft, woven material. I could see the movement of his feet within them as we stood talking.

Suddenly realizing that time was passing and I was getting no information by just looking at him, I asked him where he came from.

But his only response was a slight shake of the head.

I believe firmly that people who desire to convey messages to one another can do so, even though they neither speak nor understand the other's language. This can be done through feelings, signs, and above all, by means of telepathy. I began forming, to the best of my ability, a picture of the planet in my mind. At the same time I pointed to the sun.

He indicated he understood.

Then I circled the sun with my finger, indicating the orbit of the planet closest to the sun, and said, "Mercury." I circled it again for the second orbit, and said, "Venus." The third circle I spoke, "Earth," and indicated the earth upon which we were standing.

I repeated this procedure a second time, all the while keeping as clear a picture of a planet in my mind as I was able to perceive, and this time pointing to myself

CREDITS

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as belonging to the planet Earth.

Now he understood perfectly, and smiling broadly he pointed to the sun, made one orbit, made the second, then touching himself with his left hand, he gestured with his right index finger toward the second orbit.

I took this to mean that the second planet was his home, so I asked, "You came from Venus?"

This was the third time I had spoken the word "Venus" in relation to the second planet, and he nodded his head. Then he, too, spoke the word "Venus."

His voice was slightly higher pitched than an adult man's. Its tonal quality was more that of a young man before his voice changes.

Next I asked, "Why are you coming to Earth?"

This question too was accompanied with gestures and facial expressions as well as mental pictures. I repeated each question at least twice to be sure that he understood the meaning of the words I was speaking. The expressions of his face and his eyes told me clearly when he understood.

He made me understand that the expedition was friendly. Also, as he gestured, that they were concerned with radiations going out from Earth. This I got clearly since there was a considerable amount of radiation of heat waves rising from the desert.

He pointed to them and then gestured through space.

I asked if this concern was due to the explosions of our bombs with their vast radio-active clouds.

He nodded his head.

My next question was whether this was dangerous, and I pictured in my mind a scene of destruction.

To this, too, he nodded his head, but on his face there was no trace of resentment or judgment.

I wanted to know if this was affecting outer space.

His affirmative nod of the head was very positive and he even spoke the word "Yes" in this instance. The cloud formations were easy to imply with the movement of his hands and arms, but to express the explosions he said, "Boom! Boom!" Then, he touched me, pointed to the Earth itself, and with a wide sweep of his hands indicated that too many "Booms!" would destroy all of this.

This seemed sufficiently clear, so I asked him if he had come directly from Venus in the ship I had photographed.

Here he turned around and pointed to the nearby low hill.

There, hovering just above the Earth, was the saucer I had seen earlier and thought had left.

I then asked if he had come directly from Venus in that.

He shook his head and made me understand that this craft had been brought into Earth's atmosphere in a larger ship.

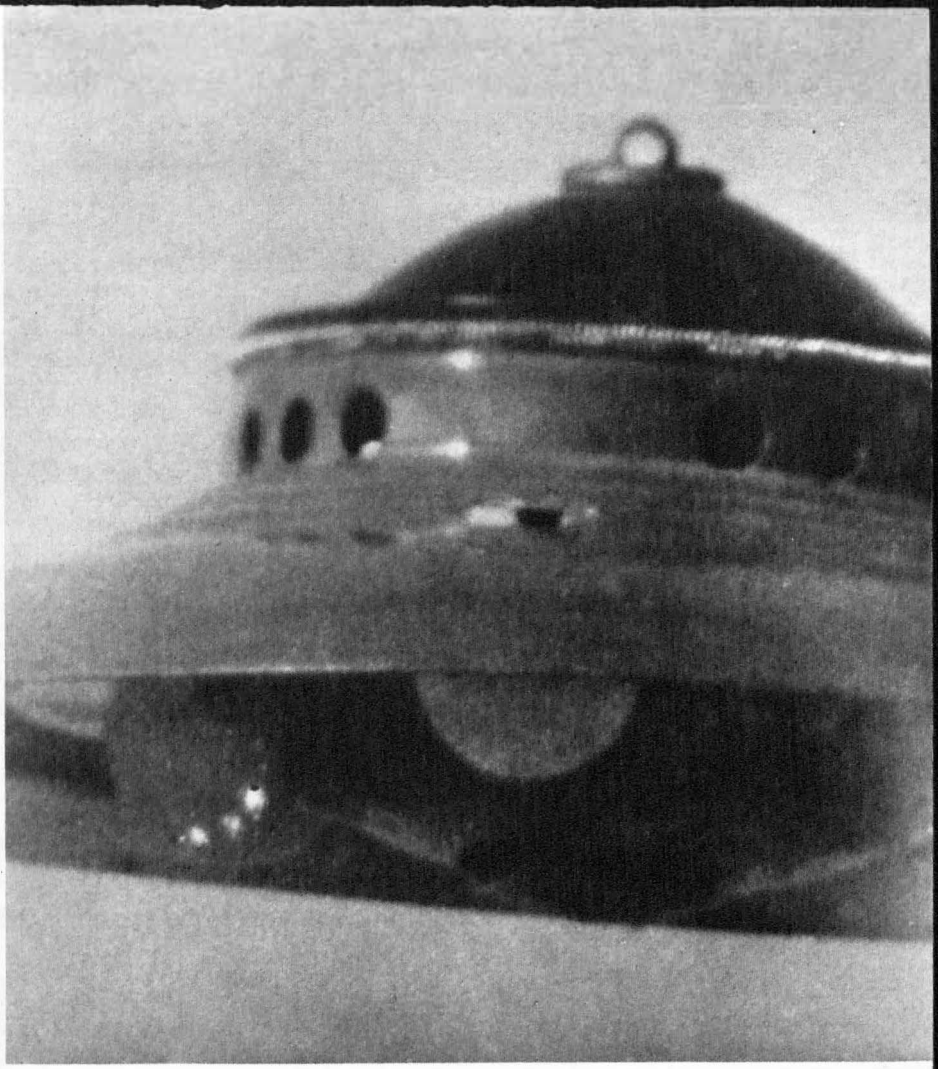
Recalling to mind the large ship we had first seen, I asked if that was the one.

He nodded in reply.

Now in my mind's picture I put a number of smaller craft—like this one at which I was looking—inside the big ship. I compared this with our own naval plane carriers.

A nod of his head told me this was right.

Here I remembered about the little disks that had so often been reported. This was easy, for I



Through a six-inch telescope, Author Adamski snapped this "Venusian flying saucer".

indicated with my hands a small circle, then I pointed to his hovering craft and to him, while in my mind I was wondering if these little disks were piloted.

He quickly understood and shook his head in the negative. Then also making a small circle with his two hands, he pointed to his ship, and then toward space.

I understood this to mean that the little disks were really eyes of larger craft—either the saucers or the mother ships—remotely controlled and not piloted.

I then asked if any more land-

ings like this would take place.

He answered me, saying there had been many landings before, and there will be many more.

At the beginning of our conversation, when I realized that I would have to use my hands for gestures, I had set my camera on the ground. Now I picked it up and asked him if I could take a picture.

He showed no signs of fear but he did object to having his picture taken, and I did not insist.

I have heard many times that men from other worlds are walking the streets of Earth. And if this be true, I could easily understand his desire not to be photographed, because his distinguishing facial features might serve as points of identification for his brothers.

So, changing the subject again, I asked how many other planets are inhabited.

He indicated that large numbers of them throughout the universe are inhabited by human beings like us.

He motioned me to come with him, and we turned and walked side-by-side toward the waiting ship.

It was a beautiful small craft shaped like a heavy glass bell. Yet I could not see through it any more than one can see through glass brick.

The three-ball landing gear was half lowered below the edge of the flange that covered it, and I had a feeling this was a precautionary act just in case they had definitely to land.

The top of the craft was dome shaped, with a ring of gears or heavy coil built into and encircling the side wall at the base of this domed top. This glowed as though power was going through it.

I asked my companion if I could take a ride in his ship.

He shook his head.

With a few graceful steps he reached the bank at the back of the ship and stepped up on to the flange. At least that is the way it looked to me. Where the entrance was, or how he went into the ship, I do not know for sure, but as it silently rose and moved away, it turned a little and I saw a small opening about the center of the flange being closed by what looked like a sliding door.

As the ship started moving, I noticed two rings under the flange and a third around the center disk. This inner ring and the outer one appeared to be revolving clockwise, while the ring between those two moved counter-clockwise.

As I stood in this mountainous recess—a solitary man watching the space ship glide silently over the crest of the mountains and disappear—I felt that a part of me was going with it. ■■

SITTING PRETTY

■ TWO PARTNERS of a motion picture theatre were discussing measures to improve attendance. "We ought to make the seats more inviting," said one. "I think we should cover them with mohair."

"I think they need re-upholstering, too," said the second partner. "But they should be covered with red leather." Then they asked the third partner.

"I think we should cut the admission," he declared, "and cover the seats with people."

—Libby C. Armstrong

January 24 Notes. Gene Dorsey, Frank Scully, Alice Scully

[Notes by Frank Scully]

Around the middle of November '53, George Williams, former US Navy flier, with a total of 12 years flying experience, ~~xx~~ living in Sierra Madre, now an automobile salesman, working for the Ford Agency in San Fernando, (At the tail end of the war he was transferred to naval intelligence) ~~He~~ drove to the Rosamond Gate of Edwards Air Base at Muroc Lake, having heard that a saucer and a being off a saucer were in custody at Edwards air base. He was a friend of a technician working for Bell Aircraft sent out to work on a Bell Aircraft rocket ship which consequently set a new record (in December). Williams had visited his friend several times and had sold him a car. Due to his having been in Naval Intelligence he was given papers and security clearance ~~xxxxx~~ to enter the base. On this Friday evening he went to the guard house and asked to see his friend. He was informed that there were no visitors allowed by the guard. He then asked if he could talk to his friend on the phone which the guard let him do. He got his friend on the phone and the friend apologized to him for not being able to get him in, as he stated the field was under security orders. While phoning he said he had difficulty in hearing his friend, due to flights in threes of both conventional and jet aircraft flying overhead at 1500 to 2000 feet altitude. They appeared to him to be circling and as he remarked flying 'legs' over the area. On being informed that he could not get in, he turned to go back to his car, and there were three MP's grouped and having a conversation. Being very disturbed about not getting in he said "What's going on around here. Have you got a flying saucer here?" The three MP's reacted to his remark by quick looks at him. He felt ~~xxx~~ it registered with them. He also noticed, as he was

driving out 3 or 4 cars with the sign Press on the windshield and two or three men inside sitting there smoking as though they were reporters waiting for some announcement.

He then decided to stop by the town of Rosamond and went into the first of three cocktail lounges. The place was practically deserted. He made the remark to the bartender. "Where is all of your business. Bartender remarked "I don't know. There hasn't been any for a couple of days." He went to the second cocktail lounge. Same story. The third bartender said: "You see that serviceman? He has been there for three days and he's the only one from the field." Williams walked over and being an ex-serviceman himself started talking old head to him and asked him what all this security business was all about, and the serviceman stated he didn't know. He had reported back to duty after a three or four day pass. They wouldn't let him back on the base and his leave had been extended and so he was waiting to get back on base.

Wednesday, prior to the Friday referred to, Brian Donlevy, on hearing of this supposed security said "I'll find out in a hurry. We'll fly up there. I've given a pool table and a lot of entertainment for the USO and done many favors for the base and am well acquainted with most of the top brass, and I have flow in there many times, and due to having been in the Air Corps intelligence during the war, have an opportunity of knowing first hand, from seeing the reports, that the flying saucers do exist.

(Donlevy's reason to believe. A pilot went up with a B 29 and had fuel for 8 minutes but stayed up for three hours. - suspended by a flying saucer. A general, visiting the field at the time, was a down-on-earth witness to this. The time involved and the amount of gas eliminated any possibility of a hoax. Andy Weil told Gene Dorsey

this story - which he also had heard from Frank Scully. Andy also told Donlevy who nearly flipped his lid.)

Donlevy called the tower on the phone Wednesday night and said he was going to Vegas and would stop by and say hello at the base. He was informed he couldn't land at the field. It was closed to civilian aircraft. He was very upset at being denied landing privileges in as much as he had been in the habit of stopping by there quite often and had examined experimental ships which were being tested, even prior to their tests, which was the utmost proof of his reliability and absolute integrity.

He got the Colonel on the phone Friday night and was quite disturbed and angry at being denied admission feeling it was an affront against his reliability and integrity due to the fact that he had passed all security requirements as to keeping his mouth shut,

—

This individual was one of three from one of the major industries of the country (railroad), having been screened and ascertained as to his loyalty to the country and passed other security risks which was deemed by the authorities as necessary. The industrial group, of which this man was a member was made up of various major industries who meet periodically to discuss problems that are currently confronting the country. The latter part of November, he talked to the chairman of the group and asked him what the subject would be for discussion. The proposed meeting was to occur in the early part of December. The chairman stated the subject would be unidentified aerial objects, née flying saucers. The chairman was then asked if this subject was important enough and if there was enough information on it to warrant such a discussion.

The chairman's reply was "Yes, there's a great deal on it and its very important, that the government has in custody several beings from off a saucer and what to do with them was a great problem. The chairman was then asked "Where is the meeting to be held?" The answer was "I'm not sure, but I believe Muroc Dry Lake." A meeting subsequently was held, but not there.

Original story as we heard it was that a metalurgist had been called to Muroc to examine one of these unidentified aerial objects, née saucer. The subsequent information received by the writer was to the effect that there was not only a saucer in custody but also a being off the saucer who was of less then average, or small, size earth being. He spoke English and when being questioned as to the origin from which he came was very reluctant to tell. That finally a map of the heavens was placed in front of him and he pointed to the planet Mars. That he was very concerned and disturbed at being in custody. Doctors had been called in to examine him. The resemblance was similar to human beings as we are familiar with them on this planet, with the exception that they could find no heart.

(When Beam asked Wheeler what he had to prove he was not like us he answered. Our circulation system is different to yours on earth, more like a tree and plantlife, it is cellular, rather than corpuscular. Beam asked if he should cut off a piece to find out. Wheeler leaned over and made a gash in his finger, which was supposed to be evidence . . . . and then some people came and we heard no more.)

FOR MEN!

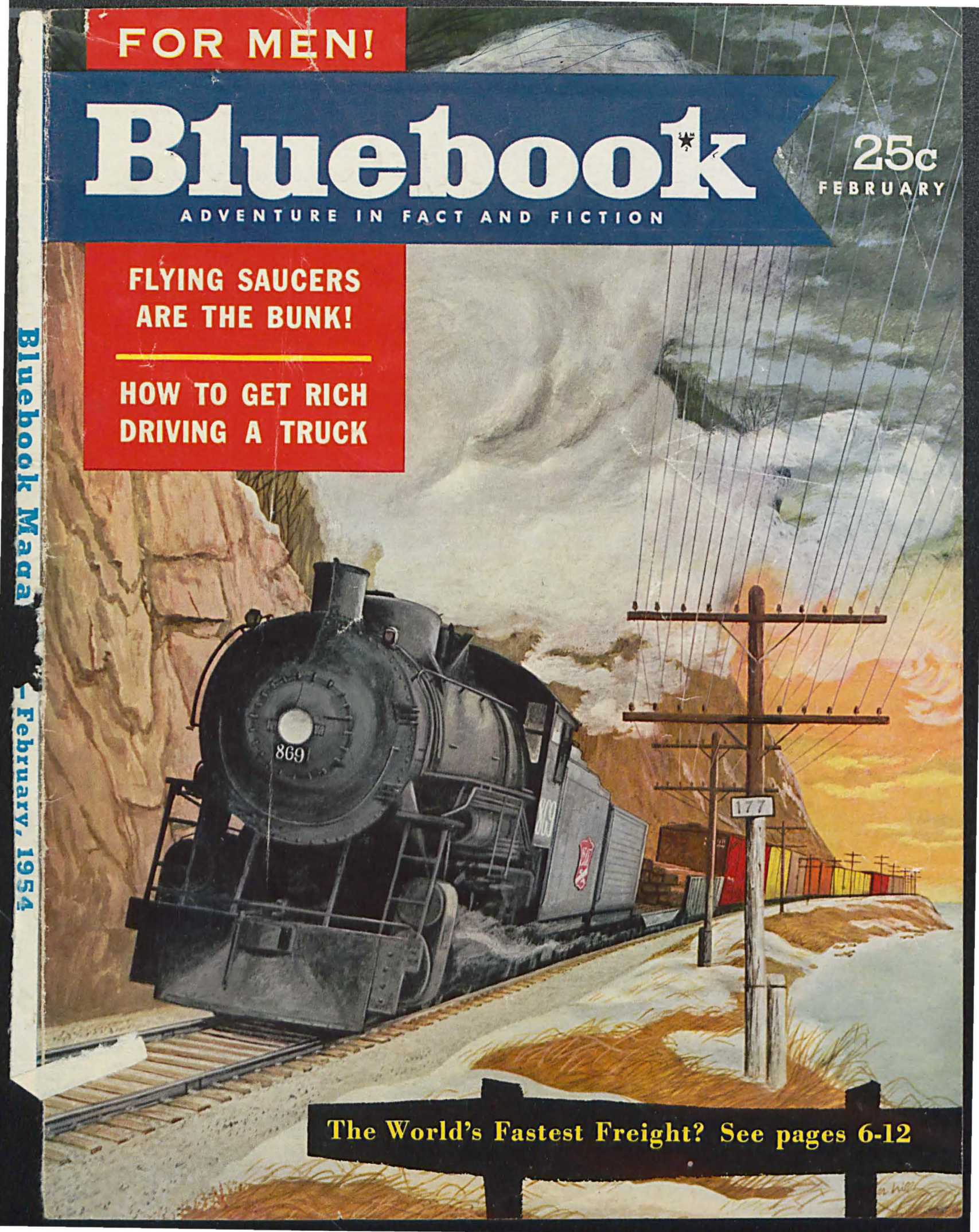
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FLYING SAUCERS ARE THE BUNK!

HOW TO GET RICH DRIVING A TRUCK



The World's Fastest Freight? See pages 6-12

Bluebook Maga - February, 1954

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ADVENTURE IN FACT AND FICTION

February, 1954 **MAGAZINE** Vol. 98, No. 4

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How To Get Rich Driving Truck-Drivers

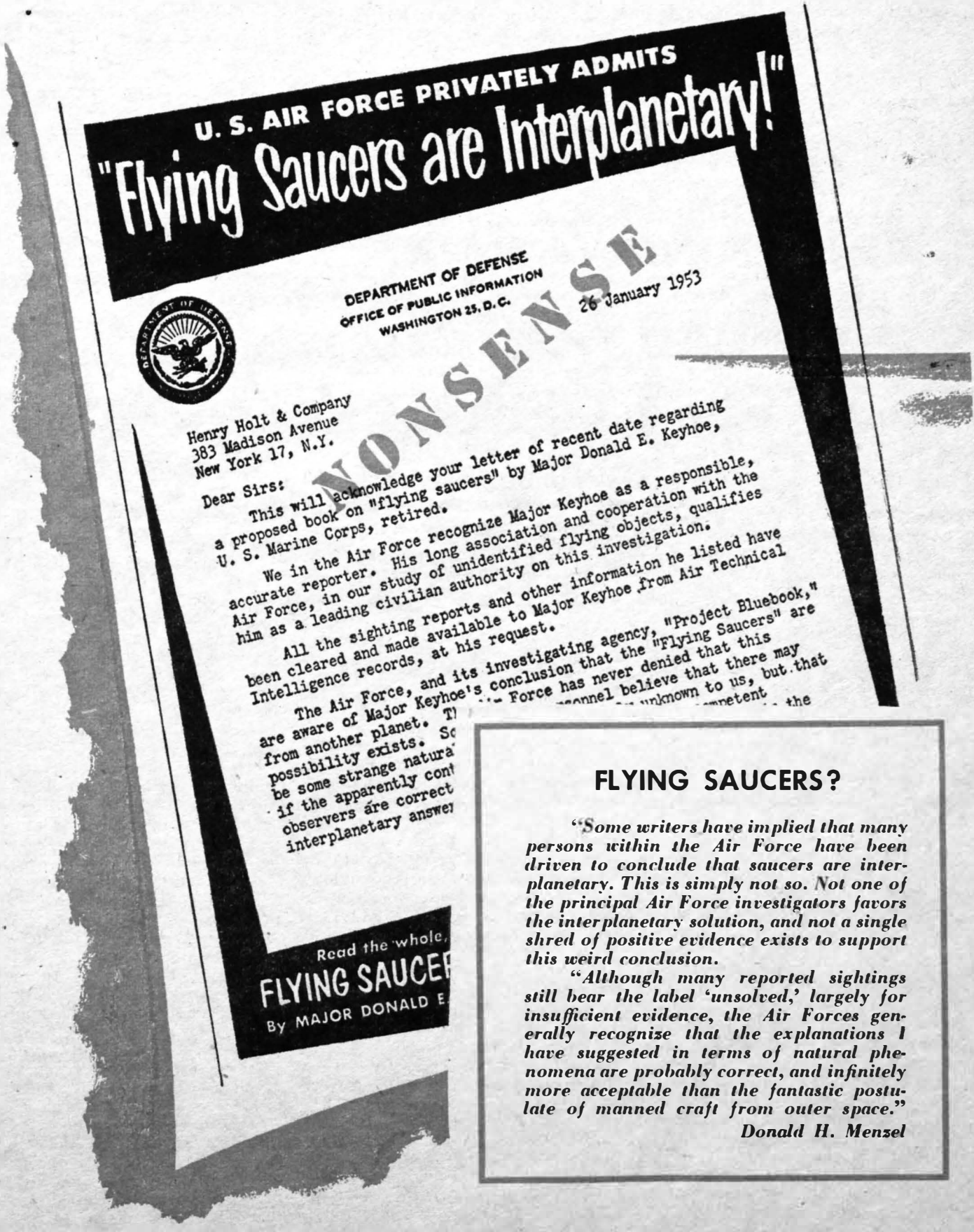
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FLYING SAUCERS?

"Some writers have implied that many persons within the Air Force have been driven to conclude that saucers are interplanetary. This is simply not so. Not one of the principal Air Force investigators favors the interplanetary solution, and not a single shred of positive evidence exists to support this weird conclusion.

"Although many reported sightings still bear the label 'unsolved,' largely for insufficient evidence, the Air Forces generally recognize that the explanations I have suggested in terms of natural phenomena are probably correct, and infinitely more acceptable than the fantastic postulate of manned craft from outer space."

Donald H. Menzel

By DONALD H. MENZEL

Professor of Astrophysics,
Harvard University

FLYING SAUCERS ARE THE BUNK!

SURE, THERE ARE SUCH THINGS, AND PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SEEING THEM FOR CENTURIES. BUT SPACE SHIPS CARRYING INVADERS FROM ANOTHER PLANET? DON'T BE SILLY.

Throughout the ages, apparitions have plagued the human race. Primitive people generally believed in the existence of demons, ghosts, elves, goblins, dragons, sea serpents—to mention just a few of the more common fantasies.

And now we are seeing flying saucers! What are they! Are they real! Or will they go the way of dragons?

Saucers have been seen flashing like silver in the sunlight. Others have been seen at night, luminous globes or disk-shaped blobs of light. Sometimes they stand still, at other times they move or veer with tremendous speeds. Estimates of size have varied from a few feet to several hundred feet in diameter, with 50 feet being somewhere near the average. Saucers have been seen from the ground and from planes. Some have skimmed along the horizon; others have soared to great heights.

In the early days of the scare, saucers caused, directly or indirectly, at least two plane crashes and several deaths. The mysterious character of the phenomena appeared to demand secrecy. But the re-

Condensed from the book "Flying Saucers", by Donald H. Menzel. Harvard University Press. Cambridge. 1953. *Copyright 1953 by the President and Fellows of Harvard College.*

strictions and the red tape of military classification, however necessary, have long delayed the solution of the problem. Scientists who might easily have provided the key that would unlock the secrets of the saucers did not receive detailed information—information necessary for a serious study of the whole problem. Second, the restrictions served only to deepen the fear of an already frightened public.

Rumors flew like the saucers. Suggested identifications included weather balloons, distant airplanes, meteors, kites, wind-blown newspapers, hallucinations—practically everything including *craft from interplanetary space!*

Of all the possibilities, it was the last that struck the public imagination. Here was Jules Verne brought up to date! Space craft from Venus, or perhaps from Mars, controlled, according to some reports, by miniature beings 26 inches high.

Several books and countless magazine articles have argued that the saucers represent some type of space ship. But most of the authors have disclaimed having any inside information.

In the preface of my book, from which this article has been condensed, I have made this statement: "I shall use the phrase 'true flying saucer' to refer to the 20 percent of sightings which the Air Force lists as unexplained. And, in this sense, I have adopted the thesis that: flying saucers are real; people have seen them; they are not what people thought they saw.

"I present evidence to show that this mysterious residue consists of the rags and tags of meteorological optics: mirages, reflections in mist, refractions and reflections by ice crystals. Some phenomena are probably related to the aurora; others are unusual forms of shooting stars. A few probably represent natural phenomena that we still do not fully understand."

Flying saucers are real—as real as a rainbow and no more dangerous. Men have recorded them throughout history; even the Bible refers to them. But the objects identified as "saucers" comprise not one but at least five different types. A saucer seen during the daytime is not the same as one seen at night. A saucer seen from an airplane may differ appreciably from a saucer seen from the ground. Failure to recognize this simple fact has been one of the basic stumbling blocks that has long postponed our discovering what the saucers really are.

The current saucer epidemic started on June 24, 1947, when Kenneth Arnold, a businessman from Boise, Idaho, was making a routine flight from Chehalis to Yakima, Washington.

Just as he neared Mount Rainier, he saw what appeared to be a chain of unfamiliar aircraft flying close to the mountain.

"I could see their outline quite plainly against the snow . . ." he said. "They flew very close to the mountain tops, directly south to southeast down the hogback of the range, flying like geese in a diagonal, chainlike line, as if they were linked together.

"They were approximately 20 or 25 miles away, and I couldn't see a tail on them. . . . They were flat like a pie-pan and so shiny they reflected the sun like a mirror. I never saw anything so fast."

Arnold's story was of such a nature as to demand official investigation. The U.S. Air Force stepped into the picture. They set up "Project Saucer," to investigate sightings in general and to study the various phenomena from different angles.

Although what Arnold saw has remained a mystery until this day, I simply cannot understand why the simplest explanation of all has been overlooked. The basic clues are in Arnold's original words: "Down the hogback of the range . . . as if they were linked together . . . a chain of saucer-like things . . . like a pie-pan and so shiny they reflected the sun like a mirror.' "

I have spent considerable time in the high Rocky Mountains in Colorado. From the High Altitude Observatory of Harvard University and the University of Colorado, I have occasionally watched through binoculars, or a small telescope, billowing blasts of snow, ballooning from the tops of the ridges. For the air along any mountain range is often highly turbulent. These rapidly shifting, tilting clouds of snow would reflect the sun like a mirror. And the rocking surfaces would make the chain sweep along something like a wave, with only a momentary reflection from each crest.

There is another possibility. On a calm, clear day the earth's atmosphere may contain one or more sharp layers of haze or dust. Such a layer is almost invisible if we are below or above it. But it will be extremely marked to any plane flying close to it. Fog or haze can, under certain conditions, reflect the sun in almost mirror fashion.

A layer of this kind may well have been present during Arnold's famous flight. But, over the jagged range, it would have been tilted, torn, and twisted by the violent air circulation, so that it could have produced the observed effect. Perhaps condensation arising from the turbulence may have contributed to the reflectivity of the cloud.

I feel certain that turbulence over the ridge was in the main responsible for Arnold's saucers. But, whether the apparent metallic glint came from billows of snow or billows of haze, we do not have enough evidence at the moment to decide.

I can find no evidence that anyone has considered seriously the foregoing explanation of what Arnold saw. The distinguished Navy physicist, Dr. Urner Liddel, has independently suggested that reflections in fog or mist may account for many of the saucers. And the only reason I've seen given for the rejection of this hypothesis is its apparent inability to explain also the green fireballs that mystify observers on the desert of New Mexico. To my mind, this procedure is about as sensible as refusing to eat a hot dog merely because bananas, which have a similar shape, do not happen to agree with you. Actually the green fireballs are an entirely different phenomenon.

As Kenneth Arnold's spectacular description of the mysterious flying disks spread over the country, additional sightings swept the nation. To see a flying saucer, apparently all one had to do was look at the sky for a reasonable length of time, and then a saucer would obligingly skim into view.

The mere existence of the saucer scare led newspapers to publicize events that otherwise might have remained purely local—for example, the observation of a fireball of unusual brightness. These objects are common; under normal circumstances, only the most brilliant of such displays would be news. The attention of the public, thus focused on nighttime apparitions, shortly reported luminous disks whizzing singly or in groups across the sky.

Most of the objects proved to be bright meteors—mere shooting stars. There is nothing at all mysterious about such objects, at least nothing mysterious in the flying saucer sense.

But now reports began to filter in of strange lights seen flying across the desert at night. These reports never were fully released, because the sightings lay so close to the White Sands Proving Ground and the Holloman Air Base, in New Mexico.

One of the earliest nighttime reports came in August, 1947. Two pilots saw a big, black, cigar-shaped body silhouetted against the evening sky. The object seemed to be dead ahead. They avoided collision only by swerving sharply, during which time the object crossed directly in front of them. The pilots then tried to follow the dark body which outdistanced them despite the fact that they were flying at 175 miles an hour.

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what the flyers saw
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liar with details of meteoro-
optics, realize how frequently
irages occur. Many persons don't know what a mirage is or what can cause it. First, a mirage is something real, not a hallucination like a pink elephant. Nor is it an optical illusion. Light may depart appreciably from its nearly straight-line path when exceptional temperature conditions occur in the lower atmosphere, as, for example, when an intensely hot or extremely cold layer of air lies close to the earth's surface. The air acts as a sort of lens to bring a distant light source into focus. The lens is imperfect, so the world seen through it is distorted and unfamiliar; it is like looking through someone else's spectacles. No wonder one sees weird things—even flying saucers.

The effect that the flyers saw was compounded out of a raising of land into the sky and a lowering of sky into the land. The black object that resembled a C-54 was a mirage of the distant landscape, the darkened surface of the earth "lifted," as if by magic, to form an island in the sky. But the form, size and position of this island are very sensitive indeed to the position of the observer. If he moves, the image may dart in a counter direction. And as he tries to run it down, the image itself will appear smaller and smaller, finally vanishing into the distance. There is nothing really mysterious about the report, unless it is the fact that its interpretation has remained a mystery for nearly five years.

A number of objects sighted from planes conform reasonably well to the detailed description that two Eastern Airlines pilots gave of a strange object they encountered in the skies near Montgomery, Alabama, at 2:45 A.M., July 23, 1948. The pilots described the object as "a wingless aircraft, 100 feet long, cigar-shaped, and about twice the diameter of a B-29 with no protruding surfaces.

"Whatever it was, it flashed down toward us and we veered to the left. It veered to its left and passed us about 700 feet to our right and above us. 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 craft appeared to possess neither wings nor fins, but both the pilots gained the impression that the plane was illuminated inside, for an intense glare, like that from burning magnesium, radiated from what seemed to be windows in the cabin of the craft.



Flying saucers? Despite claims of a current book, the Air Force says, "No authentic physical evidence has been received establishing the existence of space ships from other planets."

One might put down to imagination the rocking of the DC-3 by "prop wash or jet wash." But one could not in any way question that the men had reported something unusual, something that was a real flying saucer.

One of the most frightening incidents in all of flying-saucer history occurred on the night of October 1, 1948, when National Guard Lieutenant George F. Gorman reported a 27-minute dogfight that he had with a flying saucer over Fargo, North Dakota. Gorman had been on a routine F-51 patrol flight and was returning to his base. As he started to land, Gorman sighted what he took to be the tail-light of a plane a thousand feet or so distant. He moved in for a closer look.

He reported: "It was from six to eight inches in diameter, clear white and completely round, with a sort of fuzz at the edges. It was blinking on and off. As I approached, however, the light suddenly became steady and pulled into a sharp left bank. I thought that it was making a pass at the Tower.

"I dived after it and brought my manifold pressure up to 60 inches, but I couldn't catch up with the thing. It started gaining altitude, and again made a left bank.

"I put my 51 into a sharp turn and tried to cut the light off. . . . Suddenly it made a sharp right turn and we headed straight at each other. . . . I went into a dive and the light passed over my canopy at about 500 feet."

Gorman continued the dogfight. The ball of light seemed to be directed by human intelligence, although its small size precluded the possibility that this "saucer" was manned by a being within it.

An observer from the ground, watching Gorman's dogfight, reported that he could see a light of some fast-moving object. This report gave additional weight, if any was needed, to Gorman's statement. Unfortunately, the report omits some significant data that would help in unraveling the mystery.

During the latter stages of World War II, Allied aircraft frequently reported glowing balls of light that tended to accompany the planes on bombing missions. Observed over both Germany and Japan, these mysterious light blobs would fly along docilely, as long as the pilot made no effort to get rid of them. However, if he tried any dodging technique, these balls of fire would fly right in front of the plane, and put on an exhibition of shadow boxing not dissimilar to that displayed by Gorman's sphere of light. The airmen of World War II called these objects "fireball fighters" or, more commonly, "foo fighters."

To my mind, the similarity of Gorman's object to the foo fighters seems entirely reasonable. I think Gorman was right when he said that the foo fighter seemed to be controlled by thought. However, the thought that controlled it was his own. But the object was only light reflected from a distant source by a whirlpool of air over one wing of the plane—perhaps a whirlpool containing ice crystals or mist. The fact that the foo-ball sightings increased toward the end of World War II signifies that more of our planes had by then been damaged in combat or by antiaircraft fire. The patches on the wings are not always perfect and the flow of air over them can be quite turbulent. The reflectivity of the air whirl may be increased

by the formation of fog or even ice crystals within it.

In all probability the saucer scare would have completely faded away had it not been for a tragedy that struck on January 7, 1948. Observers from Godman Air Force Base, Fort Knox, Kentucky, saw from the ground an unidentified object that resembled "an ice-cream cone topped with red." The Godman Tower requested that four National Guard F-51 planes investigate. Here, in part, is the official Air Force release:

"Three of the planes closed in on the object, and reported it to be metallic and of 'tremendous size.' One pilot described it as 'round like a teardrop and at times almost fluid.'

"The Flight Leader, Captain Thomas F. Mantell, contacted the Godman Tower with an initial report that the object was traveling at half his speed at 12 o'clock high.

"The time was 1515 hours (3:15 P.M.).

"That was the last radio contact made by Mantell with the Godman Tower.

"Later that day his body was found in the wreckage of his plane near Fort Knox. . . ."

What was it Mantell had really chased? Had the disk attacked him and wrecked his plane? Official silence on the question stimulated the ready imaginations of those not familiar with routine military procedure. Thus, from this unusual incident and useless tragedy, the flying-saucer scare took a new lease on life, which has continued until this day.

Captain Mantell was chasing a bona fide saucer, if my interpretation of what he saw is correct. The clue lies in the shape and color of the object: a luminous ice-cream cone "topped with red." Color in the sky is significant, especially as early as 3:00 in the afternoon. Sunset may tint clouds with many shades of red, but red in the middle of the afternoon, especially on a mid-winter day, suggests only one thing to the scientist familiar with meteorological optics. The patch of light, with little question, was a "mock sun" caused by ice crystals in cirrus clouds that lay even higher than Mantell's plane was able to reach.

This mock sun and attached halos could have produced an effect similar to the one described. And it would also account fully for the fact that Mantell never was able to close in on it. Chasing mock suns or "sundogs," as they are sometimes called, is like chasing the rainbow. It races on ahead at the same speed you are moving yourself. Analysis of data furnished by the Air Force indicates that Mantell may have mistaken a nearby sundog for the real sun. His saucer, then, must have been the sun itself, dimmed and blurred by clouds of ice crystals. Like a moth attracted to a candle, Mantell met his death trying to fly into the sun.

Why, I ask, has this identification of Mantell's object taken so long? No wonder a jittery and imaginative American public, faced with a statement that the Air Force still considers the object "unidentified," begins to imagine frightening things—like interplanetary saucers!

Although the flying-saucer scare began with observations from an airplane, people soon found that they could see saucers equally well from the ground—maybe not exactly the same kind of saucer, but nonetheless satisfying to the imagination. On the very day that Arnold recorded his famous "pie-plates" from Mount Rainier, Lieutenant-Governor Donald S. Whitehead, of Idaho, saw a mysterious object that looked something like a comet, hanging low in the Western sky. We still cannot say whether this evening object was a variety of saucer or whether it was the planet Saturn or Mercury seen, as Dr. J. Allen Hynek, of Ohio State University, later claimed, through a haze of cirrus clouds.

On the very day of the original Arnold incident, a Portland prospector named Fred M. Johnson reported that he had seen "a strange reflection in the sky." As he examined the phenomenon more closely, he recognized half a dozen or so disks, about 30 feet in diameter. He stated that, as long as he could see the disks, the needle of his compass-watch "weaved wildly from side to side." The behavior of the saucers, according to this report, is distinctive enough to label them as probably a true sight-

SPORT SPURTS

Clark Griffith, president of the Washington Senators, who never hit a golf ball until he was fifty-one, went around an 18-hole course in 77 when he was seventy-seven years old.

•

Alfred J. Reach was the first professional baseball player, having been engaged to play for the Philadelphia Athletics in 1867. The first complete pro team was the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings in 1869; the total payroll was $9,500.

—Harold Helfer

we[illegible]

The [illegible]bling comp[illegible]ance of the sauc[illegible]tion of many who late[illegible]netism into the picture, [illegible]motive power for saucers [illegible]. A good compass is a fairly d[illegible] mechanism to handle, and the nee[illegible] wobbles on the slightest provocation. Excitement and haste could easily have made Johnson's hand tremble. In my opinion, the reported magnetic disturbance did not exist and had nothing to do with the observed phenomena.

Nevertheless, the authors of several books and articles stress this particular event as showing that the saucers fly, on magnetic tracks, from star or planet to earth.

I should be the last person to insist that we earthlings know all there is to know about magnetism, and that no further discoveries are possible. But magnetic lines of force are not moving like the ropes of a ski tow.

We have no hope of harnessing magnetic fields as a substitute for some other source of power. But if someone *should* find a way of utilizing magnetic fields, certainly it would not be along the lines suggested in any of the pseudoscientific records that pretend to explain how saucers may employ the magnetic field for motive power. The accompanying descriptions are generally so much mumbo jumbo. These methods would be no more effective as a source of power than filling the gas tank of your car with water from the garden hose.

It is, perhaps, not too surprising that most of the daytime saucer reports have generally been traced to some definite object other than the conventional or bona fide saucer. Kites, weather balloons, clouds, and distant planes have accounted for many of these sightings.

A man sitting in the park on a calm summer afternoon scarcely realizes how intense the winds aloft may be. They may be blowing in gales stronger than 60 miles-an-hour, with different layers moving in opposite directions. Objects such as newspapers or kites can be lifted to great heights, where they may fly for hundreds of miles. Weather balloons, which are often released in clusters rather than singly, are not at all uncommon. Moreover, all such objects look disklike when viewed against the sky. And it is extremely hard for even the experienced observer to recognize them for what they really are.

The Air Force has regarded one type of saucer as its own special property. A number of high-ranking Air Force officials were present at the testing of a new plane, whose secrets are

ot important to our story. The test as over and the plane swung in low r a landing. And then a startling ing happened.

A small, dark saucer seemed to de- ch itself from the belly of the large aft, drop, and then fly away at ormous speed—presumably carrying ith it the secrets that its occupants d collected.

I gather that this strange spectacle, hich has since had several repeti- ions, has been one of the major of- icial excuses for secrecy. And yet this saucer phenomenon is easiest of all to explain. The mysterious traveler was a mirage of the plane. The Air Force will doubtless be glad to learn that its secrets are safe.

So much for the saucers seen during the day. Let us turn briefly to consider the saucers of night, as seen from the ground.

Life has publicized the multiple-saucer groups, of which the prototype appeared on August 25, 1951, and on several successive nights thereafter, at Lubbock, Texas. This incident is also one of the best-authenticated records. Three professors of Texas Technological College, all standing together, simultaneously and independently saw an irregular pattern of lights flash quickly and noiselessly across the sky. Several nights later an 18-year-old student photographed the objects, which took the form of a V, like flying geese or planes. The professors emphasized the fact that the lights they saw were spaced at random.

The photographs leave much to be desired. If the objects were moving as rapidly as reported by the three professors, no one could possibly have photographed them with the techniques that were reportedly used. However, the speed of motion may well have been quite different in the two cases, and there seems to be no good reason to doubt the reality of the phenomenon.

In a sense, the Lubbock lights are by no means exceptional, although the number of objects seen at one time is perhaps greater than the average. And the tendency that the objects have of flying, occasionally, at least, in geometric formation, is in itself a significant clue to their origin. I assume that the cause is reflection in a rippling layer of fine haze, probably just over the heads of the observers. The source of light may be a distant, or even nearby, house or group of houses, a row of street lamps, or automobile headlights. The reflection may have been in shiny overhead wires of a power line or radio antenna.

The Arnold story was scarcely 24 hours old before the hoaxers, jokers and publicity seekers of the nation moved in. The sky rained wheels. Wheels of cardboard and wheels of plywood. Wheels decorated with fragments from an old electric fan; wheels marked with a hammer and sickle, and labeled U.S.S.R. in big red letters. Spectacular wheels, with fireworks attached. Wheels!

And even when no wheels or saucers were available, imagination supplied the rest. For example, a woman excitedly telephoned the FBI and earnestly reported that representatives of a foreign nation were flying overhead and practicing code in the skies. In fact, she had plainly seen them spell out the word "Pepsi" right over her head!

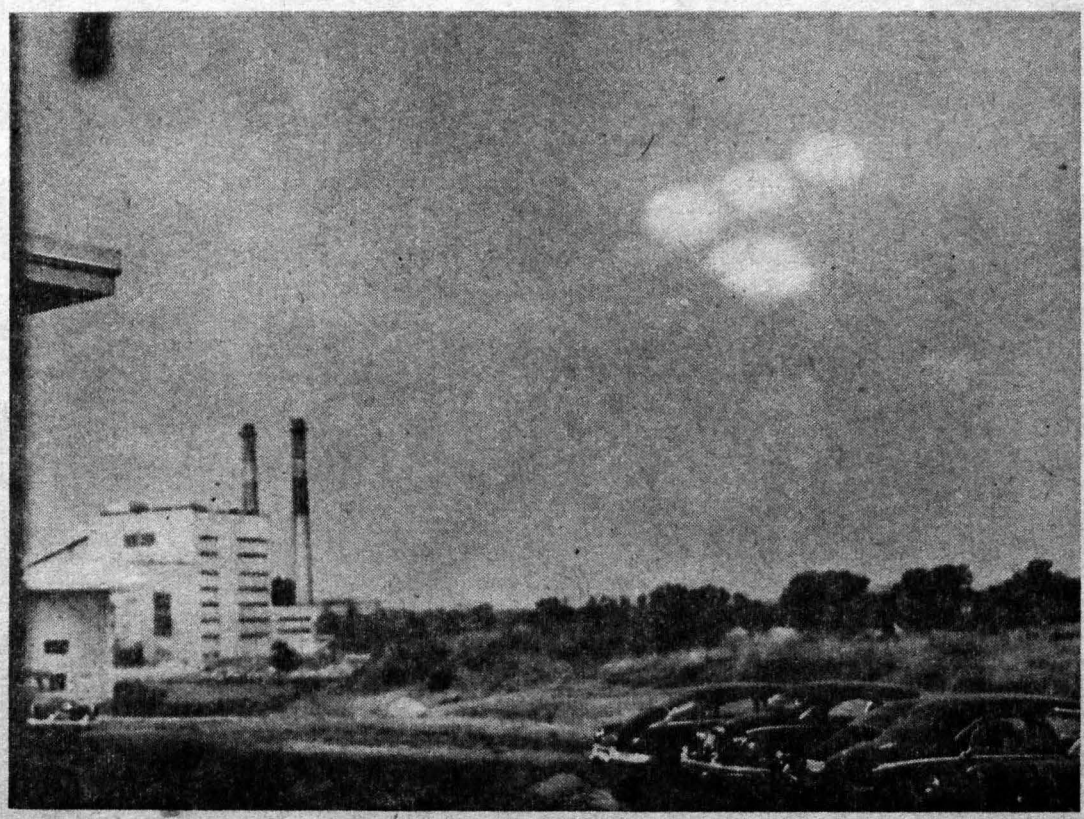
Not all of the incidents were funny. Two men were killed while investigating a hoax. The perpetrators were not prosecuted, nor was the government investigation carried to a conclusion. Or, if it was, the authorities have remained completely silent.

A guest speaker, at a general science class at the University of Denver, spoke glibly and convincingly of various saucer crashes that had occurred some 500 miles southwest of Denver. The midget operators of the vehicles were dead, scorched by the heat generated by rapid passage through the earth's atmosphere.

When asked directly, "Did you see the men?" the speaker's reply was somewhat amazing: "Don't ask me that question. For reasons I can't explain, I can't say."

Later investigation indicated that the speaker may very well have been talking about the moon—the mythical one made of cheese. His story had that many holes in it.

Despite the enormous number of cases that we can write off immediately as hoaxes, balloons, clouds, birds, planes, kites, and the like, we must



Another photograph of alleged space ships. Professor Menzel, however, notes that all such phenomena can be explained readily by a competent physicist, and he decries the current tendency to maintain that, because an explanation isn't forthcoming immediately, the photographed objects must, perforce, be from another distant planet.

conclude that the flying saucers are real—real, that is, in the sense that people are actually seeing something. The stimulus for a view of a flying saucer comes from without, not within one's mind. The saucers are not fancy or hallucination.

When I say that the saucers are real, however, I do not necessarily mean that they are solid objects or even that they are material. For example, I think of the rainbow as real, although no one has ever touched a rainbow or picked it up.

Dozens of persons have stated that the saucers are disks of metal. The best and, to my mind, the *only* sure test of a metal is the ease with which it carries electric current. Who has held a saucer long enough to give it such a test?

We now glimpse the real meaning of the statement that the saucers are metal. What the observer intended to say was that the saucer *had a metallic glint*—which is something altogether different. A piece of clear glass will reflect light, under certain circumstances, even better than a metallic surface.

These observations dispose of the "must-be-metal" argument. The saucers may be metal or nonmetal. They may be solid, liquid or gas. They may be only light itself—as long as that light looks as if it had been reflected by metal.

MANY of the apparitions we now are reporting as flying saucers have always been there. People have seen them and reported them in the past. They are even mentioned in the Bible. And occasionally we have experienced a saucer scourge—never as great as the one today, but nonetheless significant. The claim that we are just now seeing them is complete nonsense.

On November 22, 1896, inhabitants of Oakland, California, sighted an unfamiliar object in the sky. Passengers on an Alameda streetcar saw something flying above them, a sort of winged cigar, projecting a stream of brilliant light from its head.

The excitement that gripped Oakland strongly resembled the one that swept the world after the saucer stories of 1947 had appeared. The object moved eastward and was viewed by numerous persons. A Chicago newspaper reported that a letter had been received from the airship "Pegasus." Sightings and speculation as to the nature of the ship filled the papers.

The 1947 scare, except for its size and duration, closely followed that of 1897. There were the original rumors, the self-hallucinations, the hoaxes, and the interest in sky-watching. A few of the reported incidents probably referred to true flying saucers. But most of what was seen can be attributed to stars, or to a lenticular cloud or mirage.

On November 17, 1882, one of the greatest flying saucers of modern times sped swiftly and silently across the heavens, exhibiting the characteristic cigar-shaped form when it attained maximum altitude. It probably was associated with a brilliant aurora borealis on display at the time.

Almost every period of recorded history has seen flying saucers. It is most likely that the wheels of Ezekiel, reported in the Bible, were sundogs and associated halos.

FLYING saucers have been around for a long time. Characteristically enough, as long as no one completely understands the mystery, people feel quite free to trust in their own interpretation or in that of the most convincing authority. Scientific pretenders today hold as much power over us as did the ancient sorcerers over our fathers.

Pseudo science contends with authentic science. Newspapers promote this conflict by refusing to distinguish between forged and valid authority. They invent "scientific experts" by the dozen. The science articles in many journals, too, are frequently written by men who obviously are incapable either of scientific thinking or of understanding what they report. Some authors will write what they think the public would like to read, no matter how untrue the story may be.

Against such overwhelming odds, how can the layman possibly figure out the truth? How can he distinguish between science fact and pseudoscientific fiction?

There are two ways. One is to scrutinize the source and authority of the evidence. The second method is to test the coherence of the details as they stand. By this, I mean looking for false premises, gaps in evidence, and illogical conclusions.

The functioning of the senses constitutes only a limited part of our total learning process. The messages they send to the brain would be unintelligible if our brain did not organize them and interpret them in the light of human experience.

Our mental activities select and organize impressions. In so far as these are familiar, they become meaningful in terms of experience. But if we were to receive a set of impressions entirely outside of our experience, we would not understand them.

A significant fallacy lies in the maxim "seeing is believing." The eye is only the intricate and marvelous instrument that communicates the external world to our intellect, yet we often consider this instrument as identical with understanding.

Still another powerful force influences perception and experience. This force is motivation or feeling. In the case of saucers, the predominant feeling that distorts understanding is fear. The flying-saucer believer is somewhat like a man forced to spend the night in undesirable quarters; a dirty hotel. Expecting to find bedbugs in the bed, he begins to notice every tiny twitch of his body. He almost hopes that one will bite, so as to remove his uncertainty. Thus do attitudes and emotions rule behavior.

A further note: many reports of lights or saucers in the sky refer to a peculiar rocking or wobbling motion. But the motion is often in the eye of the viewer. No eyeball is absolutely stationary and no one can keep his gaze fixed perfectly. The motion can increase under hysteria.

One should particularly distrust any observation so fleeting that he cannot really analyze it, at least unless it is confirmed by an independent observer.

In the amount of space remaining, it would be impossible to analyze all of the flying-saucer phenomena. The problem involves optics, the phenomenon of mirage and the attendant relationships of the effect of light on water, ice crystals and atmosphere.

There are such matters as lenses of air. If a day happens to be unusually hot, distant objects may seem to writhe and twist as if alive. The air proves to be a lens of a sort, usually a bad lens, but occasionally fairly effective.

Our position is a little like that of the policeman who, coming home late one night, saw a dim figure ahead of him in the hall. He called "Hands up!" as he reached for his gun. He saw his antagonist also reach for his gun, so he quickly fired just as his opponent fired back at him—to the accompaniment of crashing glass. He had seen his own image in the hall mirror.

IN this brief survey, there is one final point.

Pure-food and narcotic acts protect us from potentially dangerous medicines, foods, or drugs. Yet, exploitation of the minds of the American public, feeding them fiction in the guise of fact under the protection of a free press, or frightening people with fanciful ghosts—these, too are potentially dangerous. The public is afraid of saucers—and we need only a match to set off a national panic that would far exceed that of the Invasion from Mars. In fact, if a foreign power were to pull off a surprise attack on the United States, millions of Americans would conclude that the flying saucers from Mars or Venus were finally landing! •

Dear Frank - Wednesday Night -

Nice talking to you last weekend. Sue worked frantically on the copy for the four lectures - they shaped up so well that I liked them myself - I figured to open with your introduction, give the inside story of the events that led to the talk here, and the Mensel blowdown, and the putting of the airforce repudiation dagger in his mercenary heart and then a full review of the Denver talk itself - I figured to do the second talk along the Traffic Club Oakland lines, and then with the third talk go into the subject of magnetic propulsion, and show how all the established critics have one by one swung into line, and then point out that there are so many weaknesses in the present thinking on magnetic flight, that Sue gives in the 4th lecture a complete picture of magnetic propulsion, and in that she gives the analysis of the saucer that flew into the Vortex at Mulholland drive last summer - All this work kept me from collapsing in the returned here over this criminal fraud of a Judge a D.A. a lying complainant and an indifferent Jury -

Very frankly your talk tonight has left me limp and Sue sat alone and gazed at

the blank wall for an hour trying to collect my wits. They are really scattered now—

I knew that you with that great Irish heart was all set for me to tell the story—

Had it been possible to get the Hild movie print, I'm certain after talking to some clear heads here that I could have put over a blow here and packed auditorium to the rafters—For some reason, Gene couldn't get the print. I don't know whether he has the proper in with Hild or not—Its my hunch that the prints are not buried at all and that even Vail could get to them—

As the matter stands here our plan was to sell me of the papers, but without the print I can't do it—because of my present position in this trial—The public here have no respect whatever for the Posts pro da attitude Everybody worthwhile in this town knows Hader—a notorious crook of 30 years standing

To simply propose a talk to bring sinners up to date would hardly go here—and I have to handle this as a benefit because there are 2 judgements against me of small amounts and there might be an attempt to tie up the gate if they thought it would go to me—So we would have to hit it so the net receipts

would be to a charity =

In my suggestion to you, I did not have in mind a mystery. I simply felt that it would be a good box office move to have you be the head of the show, and put on a double feature as it were - There could be one or two ways - You could start out on the subject, and then say to the audience that you have a guest in the audience, and that you would like to have the audience join with you in inviting him to give a complete review of the famous lecture at U. of D, and if you had any idea of rock throwing, simply say that, you believe you are talking to an audience of serious thinking Americans seeking truth and knowledge, and no matter what they may have heard - only the first round has been fought in a battle that may make history in America when Judgement is finally passed, and you propose to tell the world what went on behind the scenes of the most dastardly frame up in all history - I tell you that in my judgement it will bring them back, and if somebody throws any kind of a rock I know the answer =

I have one more idea that might work - Get hold of Rev - and see what he thinks about having the talks at the Lakeside Club - I do not know if they ever have things for pay or not - but I have many many friends there, and they sincere

would be for it. if it's not against the club rules to have a gay show =

Jim terribly sorry your health is in such a tail spin - Jim in a law suit - Jim the same person I was before it started - My problem is money - that is my flight just now, Jim working with several of my old friends here, and have their fullest cooperation, but there's no way to have cash coming in on my present work under sixty days. so in the interim I have to scratch - and it means I have to borrow -

I have the terrible problem of my family - Sharon and Howard - Regardless of the tragic error Sharon made - she is still my responsibility and our child must not suffer for some mistake of his parents - I say to you without apology - I love Sharon very much - and she has qualities far beyond the women I've known in this world, otherwise that boy wouldn't be the lad he is = We can all second guess - It never once occured to me when we married that I could not work just as well out of L.A. but I should have brought her directly here - and worked from here as I have for 17 years - But that's behind us - Of course I want to see my family - and that goes for Sharon Howard and Pro -

Sharon of course feels that this Cancer business is the seed of all our tragedy - and she is

certain Gil Bauer is evil beyond words - Just now he is mentally incompetent - He is absolutely unreliable - and yet he is possessed of knowledge about magnetics that is so far beyond the rest of the minds versed in this subject its funny - He had connections with the Government that are hard to ferret out even now - One thing is certain, he had a knowledge about saucers and their operation that little by little is officially coming in to the proper perspective - Several of us here have talked at great length about the matter because you must remember Jacobson was present at almost every talk we ever had - He was with me at Phoenix several times and saw many things I saw - but still can't say the man lied - One thing was certainly in his case - He was stupid - He had a busted skull - and was so nuts he didn't know enough to stop the trial - He did things and said things no sane person would have ever done - Not one single thing did he finish in the case as to his relations with Hader - One thing we all knew and that was that the 2 devices on which the case was set up - didn't belong there - Nobody except Hader ever saw them and he bought them in a ten cent store - This was a manufactured frame up and our stupid attorneys didn't know

enough about the subject to kick the deal - and I was tied to it regardless - Dont forget these attys - had one object, get their clients free, but dont forget this is just another case and they are not going to retire from law practice and whatsmore they'll win on appeal - Thats their attitude and their thinking -

I hope this hasnt bored you, Jim wide awake - even tho Jim so tired at the moment I cant even hope to stand up

I had banked on your great following - Jim not interested in some Miller Kid - and as far Gene - his heart's right but I dont think he knows the public mind - I thought you were on T.V. each week or was I wrong in that thought -

well anyway we shall see - the 75.00 to get to L.A. doesnt worry me at this end of line going to work when I get there, 99% of 5000 people who could come to hear 4 fellas never heard of this shootin scrape here - and what if they have -

Anyway, Jim still a fightin and - my heart goes out to you for your effort. Personally I think you and you alone could make the whole thing a 100% success -

Yours Ie -

Transcription

Dear Frank: Wednesday night
6th

Since talking to you last weekend I've worked frantically on the copy for the four lectures. They shaped up so well I liked them myself. I figured to open with your introduction, given the inside story of the events that led to the talk here, and the Menzel blowdown, and the putting of the Air Force repudiation dagger in his mercenary heart and then a full review of the Denver talk itself. I figured to do the second talk along the Traffic Club Oakland lines, and then with the third talk go into the subject of magnetic propulsion, and show how all the erstwhile critics have one by one swung into line, and then point out that there are so many weaknesses in the present thinking on magnetic flight, that I'll give in the 4th lecture a complete picture of magnetic propulsion, and in that I'll give the analysis of the saucer that flew into the Vortex atop Mulholland drive last summer. All this work kept me from collapsing on the rebound here over this criminal fraud of a Judge, a D.A., a lying complainant and an indifferent Jury. Very frankly your talk tonight has left me limp and I've sat alone and gazed at the blank wall for an hour trying to collect my wits. They are really scattered now.

I know that you with that great Irish heart was all set for me to tell the story. Had it been possible to get the Welo movie print, I'm certain after talking to some clear heads here that I could have put over a show here and packed auditoriums to the rafters. For some reason, Gene couldn't get the print. I don't know if he has the proper in with Welo or not. It's my hunch that the prints are not buried at all and that even Vail could get to them. As the matter stands here, our plan was to sell one of the papers, but without the print I can't do it, because of my present position in this trial. The public here have no respect whatever for the Post's pro DA attitude. Everybody worthwhile in this town knows Flader, a notorious crook of 30 years standing.

To simply propose a talk to bring saucers up to date would hardly go here – and I have to handle this as a benifit [sic] because there are 2 judgements against me of small amounts and there might be an attempt to tie up the gate if they thought it would go to me. So we would have to bill it so the net receipts would be to a charity.

In my suggestion to you, I did not have in mind a mystery. I simply felt that it would be a good box office move to have you be the head of the show, and put on a double feature as it were. There could be one or two ways. You could start out on the subject, and then say to the audience that you have a guest in the audience, and that you would like to have the audience join with you in inviting this man to give a complete review of the famous lecture at U. of D. and if you had any idea of rock throwing, simply say that you believe you are talking to an audience of serious thinking Americans seeking truth and knowledge, and no matter what they may have heard, only the first round has been fought in a battle that may make history in America when judgement is finally passed, and you propose to tell the world what went on behind the scenes of the most dastardly frame up in all history. I tell you that in my judgement it will bring them back, and if some heckler throws any kind of rock, I know the answers. I have one more idea that might work. Get hold of Pev. and see what he thinks about having the talks at the Lakeside Club. I do not know if they ever have things for pay or not, but I have many many friends there, and they I'm sure would be for it, if it's not against the club rules to have a pay show.

I'm terribly sorry your health is in such a tail spin. I'm in a law suit. I'm the same person I was before it started. My problem is money. That is my plight just now. I'm working with several of my oil friends here, and have their fullest cooperation, but there's no way to have

cash coming in on my present work under sixty days, so in the interim I have to scratch – and it means I have to borrow.

I have the terrible problem of my family – Sharon and Howard. Regardless of the tragic error Sharon made, she is still my responsibility and our child must not suffer for some mistake of his parents. I say to you without apology – I love Sharon very much, and she has qualities far beyond the qualities of women I've known in this world, otherwise that boy wouldn't be the lad he is. We can all second guess. It never once occurred to me when we married that I couldn't work just as well out of L.A. but I should have brought her directly here – and worked from here as I have for 17 years. But that's behind us. Of course I want to see my family – and that goes for Sharon, Howard, and Poo.

Sharon of course feels that this Saucer business is the seed of all our tragedy – and she is certain GeBauer is evil beyond words. Just now he is mentally incompetent. He is absolutely unreliable – and yet he is possessed of knowledge about magnetics that is so far beyond the rest of the minds versed in this its funny. He had connections with the Government that are hard to ferret out even now. One thing is certain, he had a knowledge about saucers and their operation that little by little is officially coming into the proper perspective. Several of us here have talked at length about the matter because you must remember that Jacobsen was present at almost every talk we ever had. He was with me at Phoenix several times and saw many things I saw. We still can't say the man lied. One thing was certain in this case. He was stupid. He had a busted skull – and was so nuts he didn't know enough to stop the trial. He did things and said things no sane person would have ever done. Not one single thing did he finish in the case as to his relations with Flader. One thing we all knew and that was that the 2 devices on which the case was set up didn't belong there. Nobody except Flader ever saw them and he bought them in a ten cent store. This was a manufactured frame up and our stupid attorneys didn't know enough about the subject to lick the deal – and I was tied to it regardless. Don't forget these attys had one object, get their clients free, but don't forget this is just another case and they are not going to retire from law practice and whatsmore [sic] they'll win on appeal. That's their attitude and their thinking.

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Anyway, I'm still <u>a fightin</u> and my heart goes out to you for your effort. Personally I think you and you alone could make the whole thing a 100% success.

Yours

Si –

[Silas Newton]

2 Carbon Copies

In Frank Scully's Behind The F. S.

WHAT IS THE POWER BEHIND THE SAUCERS

By [redacted] Silas M. Newton

MOre than two years ago we advanced the theory that the strange objects, yclept flying saucers, were utlizing a new method of propulsion, to wit: the application and use of magnetic lines of force. [redacted] For some years before, these objects had been observed singly and flying in mass formation in almost every country on this planet. They had been observed in hundreds of cases by pilots, navigators and others whose reliability as witnesses was certified by years of experience in identifying familiar and unfamiliar objects in the sky. They are being identified in increasing numbers today.

WHAT IS THE POWER BEHIND THE SAUCERS

By [illegible]

More than two years ago we advanced the theory that the strange objects, observed singly and in mass, flying in almost every country on this planet and observed in hundreds of cases by pilots and others whose reliability as witnesses was certified, utilized a new method of propulsion, to wit: the aplication of magnetic lines of force.

Their patterns of flight, their incredible speeds, and complete absence of the roar of any type of propulsive method known to man, so familiar to [illegible] lend further credit to our claim that these strange objects, [illegible], are propelled magnetically. Since no nation on this planet lay claim to or admit that they have developed magnetic propulsion as a motive force for ships of the air, it becomes more and more apparent with each sighting and visitation of these mysterious travelers [illegible] come from places [illegible] beyond [illegible].

There are today many engineers of high repute, some identified with the manufacture of our own planes devoted both to peace and war time use, who believe magnetic propulsion is just around the corner. It is our conviction that when the truth is finally admitted which we claim is already known, the admission will come that here

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

RUNNING ACCOUNT BY SILAS M. NEWTON OF UNIVERSITY OF DENVER LECTURE
March 8, 1950, Denver, Colo.

On March 7th, 1950, I was in Denver at my house, 315 Franklin St. George Koehler and his wife lived there and had charge of the house during my absence from Denver.

Others were the following persons living there. Mr. and Mrs. Koehler, Mrs. Koehler's son Jimmy Grider, a freshman at University of Denver, and Mrs. Koehler's sister Miss McPhail. During the previous six months the story of flying saucers had been told to these people as it had been to me. The article in True in the January issue 1950 made it a big story at that time, and as George Koehler felt that the sources he had heard the story from were reliable as I did, he of course told his version of what he had heard, and it made the papers. Kansas City Star printed a piece. Purdy of True read it and sent out Keyhoe to buy the story. George felt that people were getting a kick out of what he had to tell.

A student at Denver U worked at night at the broadcasting station where George worked. He told Mr. Broman in his basic science class about it and Broman wanted George to come out and tell the story to his class. He talked to George several times and George told him that he would flop completely if he tried to talk in public and what's more he didn't want to even try to tell the yarn to a class.

On March 7th at about 5 p.m. George said to me that only that day he had been asked again to talk. (Now it is evident there was no thought in Broman's mind about screening anybody or digging into

their background educationally or otherwise. He just wanted the yarn told.) He said to me, "Mr. Newton, is there any way you could step in and talk to this class and save me from being pestered to death." My reply was: "George, Frank Scully has begun to assemble material for his book and in January I agreed with Doc to help him with the scientific data. Now if I got out there, and there's any publicity it might hurt Frank because he is going to use all of the data we have gathered, so unless we can absolutely know that it will be a private talk to his class without any publicity, no dice. So call up Broman and see what he says. Tell him one of the group from whom you got the story will be in town tomorrow and if he wants him to talk to his class you'll try to arrange it and confirm it by 10 a.m., but state the conditions." George looked up the professor's home number and called him. I listened in and Broman said "Wonderful. Perfect. I agree, etc." and "the class meets at 12.30." Thirty minutes later Broman called George and asked could he invite Professor Reehl's Reddit's Astronomy class. George said, wait let me give that some thought and he repeated it. I nodded approval and George said, "Okay, I'm certain that will be okay." In about an hour Broman called George again and this time inquired if George's friend would be in Denver the next day also and if so could the talk be made then as some of his professor friends would like their classes to be present. George yelled out, "Hell no, this would be impossible and what's more, this is to only be a talk to your class, not the whole school," so the professor backed off from this one.

The next morning at 10 Broman George called and said my friend is here, where do we go? come to. Come to my office such and such place at 12.15. I told George to have his station engineer take out a tape recorning Machine to record the talk as I didn't want by any chance to be misquoted,

and I wanted a record of the talk to give to Frank Scully.

At 12:15 we arrived and went down in the basement of the building as directed. There we met Broman and in came assistants Yale and Armstrong. George said "Where is the classroom? My engineer wants to set up for a recording of this talk." Broman left and returned in about five minutes. In the meantime I had a few words with the two men. I said"I happen to be a Yale man, Professor, and your name being that, did you by any chance go there?" No, he said. Broman came back. The two men left. George was with Broman. I then said to Broman. "Professor, I think I should call to your attention that this subject might be full of dynamite, and since I'm going to try to give your class something to think about along scientific lines I had better tell you who I am. First, I am not a physicist. I am a Baylor and a Yale graduate. I have a B.S. degree in Geology. I am an oil executive and the head of my own company and I'm well known in the business. I have been engaged in geophysical research for many years and the people whom I've been wr working with in the past year furnished me most of which I know about saucers. If you and your class like what I have to say today, it may be possible that in a few months I can arrange to have you meet some of the people I know and I might be in a position then to give another talk and expand on what I have to say today. Now, it's very important that this talk be absolutely for your class only, and no publicity for reasons I'll disclose to you at the time I'll be able to talk again." "Agreed," said Mr. Broman. "Now, Professor, how do you propose to introduce me and the subject?" I asked.

He then said, "I thought I would first make a short statement, introduce my pupil who told me about Mr. Koehler, then let him introduce Mr. Koehler and then let Mr. Koehler introduce you."

I said, "Professor, you'll use all the class period for introductions. Why don't you do it this way? Simply tell your students that after talking to the speaker, you feel that for the purpose of the quiz you propose to have," as he had said he wanted to examine them on the talk, "the students should listen only to what the speaker had to say and therefore you would not tell them about the speaker, and on the morrow's quiz they should then decide impersonally if what they had heard was fact or fiction."

"Fine," said Mr. Broman. "Let's go, it's time."

George, Mr. Broman and I went out and across the campus lawn to a wooden building, stepped in to a large assembly hall. Every seat was filled and the aisles about the walls were full of standees. I remarked, "Dr. you have quite a large basic class." He replied, "Well, I guess the students let it be known what the subject is, you don't mind do you?" I said, "Okay, we'll have a lot of fun."

Without any fanfare Broman introduced me as agreed, and it took not over 1 to 2 minutes and he told them to"take full notes as we shall have a quiz tomorrow and see how you analyse what I am sure will be a most exciting lecture," whereupon he handed the mike to me. Every student seemed to have a note book and pencil poised, so at once I decided to talk slower than I usually do in a public talk, and the show was on.

The engineer not knowing how long I would talk didn't record Broman's introduction but did record his after-speech, which is very valuable. Nor did he record the question and answer program as he was short of tape.

After about twenty minutes of questions and answers with students crowded around me and professors on desks and chairs, George

and Broman pushed their way to me, and George said, "If you are going to catch your plane we must get to the field in the next twenty minutes," so George, Mr. Broman, the engineer and his recording equipment and I went out of the hall and over to the car. Mr. Broman saying that was wonderful, the best ever, etc., and when you are ready for the next talk we must have you without fail. Thanks, Goodbye, etc., and we drove away.

I got out at 315 Franklin St. George went to the broadcasting station, called me on arrival, not over twaatyfive minutes after we had left the university and said, "Somebody has spilled this story. All the stations have it on the teletype now and the papers are calling. That's a hell of a doublecross." I said, "Come home soon and we'll talk it over." When he got home at 5 he said, "Hell has broken loose." I said I would stay over and go to Los Angeles the next day. By 6 p.m. the public relations man from Denver University called and demanded to have the tape rerun as he and the faculty wanted to hear it. He said Mr. Broman had forgotten the speaker's name in the excitement but that Yale thought it was "Newton." "Mayor Newton?" said George, "sure that's a good name and you people - have played hell, you agreed to keep this a hundred percent on the q.t. so I don't propose to help you a damn bit. The tape has gone to a safety vault. It belongs to the speaker for his record." All evening calls came in from the university public relations man, and threats to use the name Newton. Go to it said George. That's as good a name as any. The next day the intelligence boys came in. They talked big at the university. They interviewed George at the station. He let them talk into an open mike and we kept their talk. I took off for Los Angeles. It was on the air in Los Angeles. Scully felt

that it might hurt his book, but then decided to use the material and the publicity in his book. Ten days after the talk, while the saucers were buzzing Farmington, N.M., near Aztec, for an hour, the Post in Denver turned up at the class with a golf picture of me from their morgue and showed it to the class. One of the students said "that's Mr. Newton," but Mr. Broman said "this was a confidential talk, so I figured his name was not to be used." So the paper said, "This looks like the speaker."

When Scully's book came out it was a best seller. Scully came to Denver. Both papers played him up. Segerson of the Post said to me; "Mr. Newton, will you now admit you were the speaker?" "Sure," I said, "but don't you see we didn't want any publicity before Frank's book was ready? This was my only reason for asking that it be a confidential talk, and I hoped to introduce Scully to Broman's class."

I had seen Broman several times. He came to my house. I thanked him for forgetting my name, and he said that was the best thing he could think to do. At the time I gave him an autographed copy of Frank's book and he asked me if I would be willing to give a tape copy of my talk as he would like to run it for the class each semester. I said if he'd get me a letter by the Dean or the Chancelor requesting it for the archives I'd donate it. He agreed to try. This all took place with Mr. and Mrs. Koehler present in the living room at 315 Franklin Street. Broman never at any time expressed any regret that the lecture had been given, but was voluble and delighted over the whole affair.

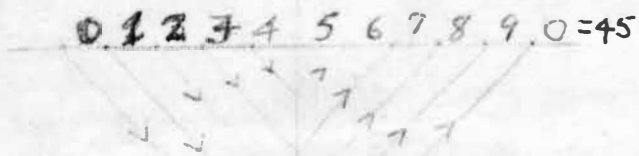
The written data as it appears in Menzel's book is a complete afterthought and buildup. The incidents, the time element, the introduction method, all preclude any such calculated story as written by Menzel.

For Page 32

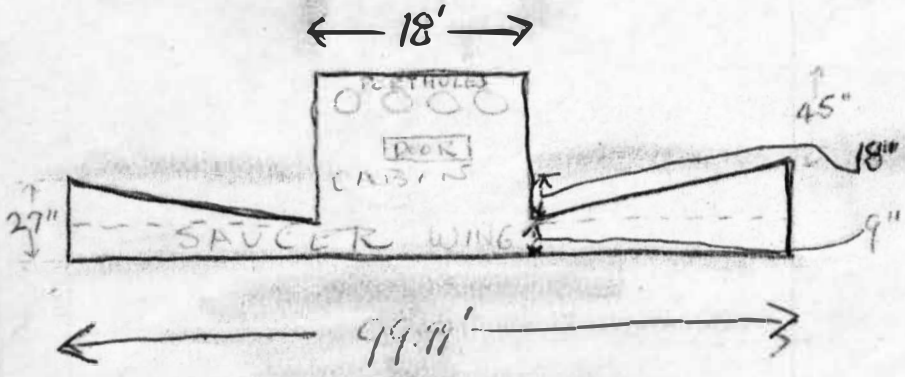
BEH IND THE FLYING SAUCERS

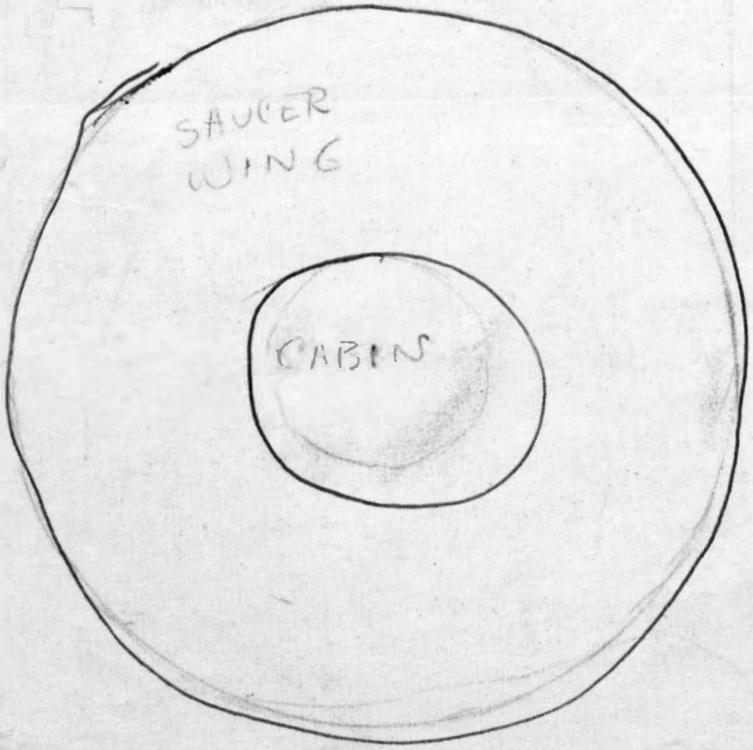
from THE UPPER STORY of
FRANK SCULLY'S
BEDSIDE MANOR
2071 GRACE AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

COPY OF DRAWINGS BY SILAS NEWTON DESIGNED ON A BLACKBOARD AT DENVER UNIVERSITY WHEN HE LECTURED ON FLYING SAUCERS MARCH 8 1950

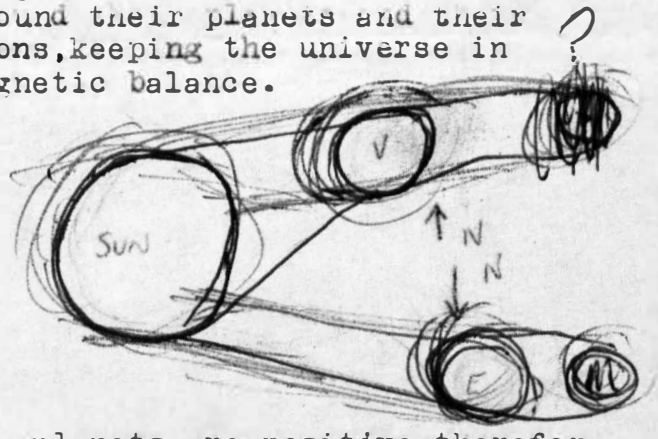


Measurements of the first flying saucer found near Aztec New Mexico in the Spring of 1949. Measurements believed to be based on some system of Nines or Threes, probably Nines . All figures seem to add to 9. When the numbers 1 to 9 are added themselves they amount to 45 , and 4 and 5 make 9 again.





Magnetic Lines of Force which originate in the sun and revolve around their planets and their moons, keeping the universe in magnetic balance.



The planets are positive; therefore repel each others and remain in magnetic balance.

March 10, 1950: The Denver Post

D. U. STUDENTS IMPRESSED BY TALK OF FLYING DISKS AND LITTLE MEN

Reaction of the Denver University basic science students to the lecturer they heard by an unidentified individual who claimed knowledge of disks and the men inside, was one of great interest. The class had requested to hear from an "authority" on existence of the objects.

March 1950: True Magazine, Volume 26, No. 154

HOW SCIENTISTS TRACED A FLYING SAUCER by Commander R.B.McLaughlin

Author was assigned to guided missiles at White Sands Proving Ground, New Mexico. His article is mainly a detailed account of one saucer which he thought he saw at an altitude of twenty-five miles moving at 360 miles per hour. He said he was convinced they were space ships from another planet.

March 10, 1950: Los Angeles Times

SCIENTIST SAYS SAUCERS CARRY MARS VISITORS

Mexico City, March 9 (UP) Government newspaper El Nacional quoted a Mexican scientist as saying his claim that flying saucers carry visitors from Mars, would be confirmed in the near future. The scientist said that it was obvious from the manner of light and proportions of these disks that they carry beings from another world, undoubtedly Mars.

March 12, 1950: Los Angeles Times

LITTLE MEN HERE AGAIN, THIS TIME OVER SALINAS

Salinas, March 11, (UP) Reports of saucers diving on an automobile, looping the loop and/or speeding across the horizon at low altitude, was made by a score of persons in the Salinas, California area.



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Thursday P.M

Dear Frank=

I feared you didnt mean to give the idea that there was a plan on foot for me to come out there to make a talk and spend money to do it. Subject my case here or Saucers—

I have tried to explain by letter in answer to Skarons letter letter, that the idea was under discussion solely on the proposition that I would be paid the gate less the expense and 4 nights would be required, and that if I was assured as to all arrangements I would then 2¢ hrs ahead fly out and do the shows and thereby have some money for







her urgent needs and my absolute needs for my fight here—

In the light of her comments, and apparent misunderstanding I informed her that unless I dig up some real money in the next 21 days I'll go down to Canon City next month for 10 to 20 years—

No money to the attys and no motions or appeals— The record on this case alone if it goes up on appeal will be $2000.00—

This eternal clouded misunderstanding and misinformature will clear away when I give up a name for a number—

I suggested she contact you for the facts, as she undoubtedly







believe my statements that my
only purpose in planning to
come there was for money

I'm sorry that the matter
was brought to her attention in
the absence of a completed arrange-
ment. but that's like the bride
that's just history.

Sincerely

Transcription

Thursday PM

Dear Frank:

I know you didn't mean to give the idea that there was a plan on foot for me to come out there to make a talk and spend money to do it. Subject my case here or Saucers.
I have tried to explain by letter in answer to Sharon's bitter letter, that the idea was under discussion solely on the proposition that I would be paid the gate less the expense and 4 nights would be required, and that if I was assured as to all arrangements, I would be there 24 hrs ahead fly out and do the shows and thereby have some money for her urgent needs and my absolute needs for my fight here.

In the light of her comments, and apparent misunderstanding, I informed her that unless I dig up some real money in the next 21 days I'll go down to Canon City next month for 10 to 20 years. No money to the attys and no motions or appeals. The record on this case alone if it goes up on appeal will be $2000.00.

This eternal cloud of misunderstanding and misinformation will clear away when I give up a name for a number. I suggested she contact you for the facts, as she wouldn't believe my statements that my only purpose in planning to come there was for money.

I'm sorry that the matter was brought to her attention in the absence of a completed arrangement, but that's like the trial that's just history.

Sincerely
Si

[Silas Newton]

1954

Newton

Jan 8 1954

Dear Si:

At the present moment Alice is probably with Sharon, having taken a radio down to her on learning she didn't even have that much company these days.

Your letter which arrived today reminds me of myself and a character in Arnold Bennett's Riceyman Steps. He could go through any crisis, a battle with knives even, as calm as a knight in armor. But the next day he began to quake and shake all over.

This delayed take simply means that a shock cannot be ignored. It is either instantaneous or delayed. And in your case as so often in mine it's delayed.

Ever since this blow hit you back in October 1952 I have operating on reflexes trying to ward off the effects of the shock. You sought escape in experimentation and consorting with guys who sounded even more plausible in their solution of pressing financial problems than even Gobauer did. I tried to write my way out of the bombardment , knowing at the same time that it was better to hide in a slit trench till we could begin counter attacking. But like Korea it is obvious to me that we will never win this one. As I look back now I cannot understand why I didn't press for you to lecture all over the country as soon as bail was set. But youre such a plausible talker that I saw no reason for disbelieving the pitchmen you believed in.

You know by now that I don't know how to make a fast buck. In fact my interest in the subject is practically nil. Anything over a couple of hundred dollars a week are box car figures to me. I hear men discuss them but they are no more real to me than a movie. But I certainly understand that being broke is real, even if being fabulously rich isn't, and I understand too that justice is not one of our vaunted freedoms but must be paid for, and at very impressive figures if youre appealing from lower decisions.

But when Doc says, "I'll fight this decision if it costs me half a million dollars" what is he talking? Nonsense? Of course if he isn't talking nonsense you have no immediate worries because you are like Siamese twins right now and if he works himself off the hook that takes you with him.

More later and I hope in a much more cheerful vein.

Sempre,

Frank Scully



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Monday Jan 11 1954

Dear Frank-

On my return this morning your letter was on my table - since I already knew its contents it wasn't news -

I had already written you a bit of this and that and Sir Darry I took up your time because that's what it took of you read it all -

Having written off the idea of talks at L.A. I was just on to Chicago - 1st I can't get to Chicago as I do not have any money - all the rest of the reasons fall by the wayside - Its evident Gardner had some body @ selling him to the public in Chicago and elsewhere - That I don't have -

I can't put on a show here because I do not have the films - with that I could get the booking and publicity by two or three private showings to



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

about a dozen people — and them with their favor ship I could put any kind of a house — I might have some ladders but they would be easy to handle — I don't have the plans so that ends Dennie —

Im working at my business but that means 60 to 90 days before I can realize money in any amt worth while — and without real money I am lost here —

17 days from now motions have to be filed — That means in 10 days I have to raise the thousands to get that job done or no motions — and Ill then be home and February will see me at Canon City for the balance of my life —



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

As I look back down the years, I've tried to do good as I've lived - I've helped lots of people - I did it because I like to help people - I never expected any reward - As it stands now some of all these people have turned & said "what do you need for yours fight for vindication - Here's what I can do -" Some can't help - as I see it I do not expect anyone to help me - I have been caught in a horrible mesh of intrigue, politics, vicious minds bent on destruction, and I was unarmed to fight - I laid the record out the truth on the line, and it meant nothing - So, I'm on my way - I'll give the next ten days all that I can give it to solve the problem, but I do not see one faint



may of hope - but Sin keeping the old
tradition ship headed up stream anyway -
the situation hurts me most as to my
boy out there - and naturally I wanted
to help his mother, but there isn't
anything now I see I can do - Its
all horrible to contemplate -

Anyway to you my best, Its easy
to criticize but hard to construct -
Try to forget you ever knew a
crazy guy like yours truly

Al

Transcription

Monday Jan 11th 1954

Dear Frank –

On my return this morning your letter was on my table. Since I already knew its contents it wasn't news.

I had already written you a lot of this and that and I'm sorry I took up your time because that's what it took if you read it at all.

Having written off the idea of talks at L.A. I now pass on to Chicago – 1st I can't get to Chicago as I do not have any money – all the rest of the reasons fall by the wayside. It's evident Gardner had somebody selling him to the public in Chicago and elsewhere – that I don't have.

I can't put on a show here because I do not have the film – with that I could get the backing and publicity by two or three private showings to about a dozen people – and then with their sponsorship I could pack any kind of house. I might have some hecklers but they would be easy to handle. I don't have the film so that ends Denver.

I'm working at my business but that means 60 to 90 days before I can realize money in any amount worthwhile – and without real money I am lost here.

17 days from now motions have to be filed. That means in 10 days I have to raise thousands to get that job done or no motions – and I'll then be thru and February will see me at Carson City for the balance of my life. As I look back down the years, I've tried to do good as I've lived. I've helped lots of people. I did it because I like to help people. I never expected any reward. As it stands now none of these people have turned up and said "What do you need for your fight for vindication. Here's what I can do." Some can't help. As I see it I do not expect anyone to help me. I have been caught in a horrible mesh of intrigue, politics, vicious minds bent on destruction, and I was unarmed to fight. I laid the record and the truth on the line and it meant nothing. So I'm on my way. I'll give the next ten days all that I can give it to solve the problem, but I do not see one faint ray of hope but I'm keeping the old Newton ship headed up stream anyway. The situation hurts me most as to my boy out there – and naturally I wanted to help his mother, but there isn't anything now I see I can do. It's all horrible to contemplate.

Anyway, to you my best. It's easy to criticize but hard to construct. Try to forget you ever knew a crazy guy like

Yours truly
Si

[Silas Newton]

FLYING SAUCER BUNCO

How a Fantastic Fraud Was Exposed

This is the story of how two of the Nation's slickest bunco men were finally brought to justice.

In January of 1951 Chronicle Reporter J. P. Cahn was assigned to find out what was behind the fantastic story of the little men who supposedly flew from Venus to Earth in flying saucers traveling faster than the speed of light.

Last month, after three years, that assignment was completed.

In Denver, Colorado, a district court jury found Silas Mason Newton and Leo GeBauer, the men who dreamed up the little men from Venus story, guilty of engineering a fantastic oil swindle. The little men and their flying saucers were part of the window trimming.

It is also worth noting that some of the Nation's top law enforcement agencies, the FBI included, have been snuffling the trail of Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer (alias Arnold L. J. GeBauer, alias Harry Grebauer) for years. None of them, however, ever managed to bring Newton to trial and GeBauer's most serious brush with the law was a suspended sentence on a technical violation of the Federal Housing Act. Yet between them Newton and GeBauer have buncoed the American public out of several million dollars; their thoughtfully loose accounting methods make it impossible to calculate the exact amount.

In publishing the story of how Newton and GeBauer were finally brought to trial, it is necesary to deal firmly with the hoax about the little men and the flying saucers. This does not mean, however, that The Chronicle or Mr. Cahn necessarily think all flying saucer stories are hoaxes.

By J. P. CAHN

A FLYING SAUCER that didn't exist finally grounded Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer, a pair of the highest flying con men ever to turn up on the wrong side of a court decision.

It happened like this.

On Sept. 8, 1950, Henry Holt and Co. published a book by Frank Scully titled, "Behind the Flying Saucers."



SILAS NEWTON
Ice boxes to Eskimos

I bought a copy along with some 30,000 other Americans. It turned out to be badly written. It is also heavily padded with reprints of newspaper stories and pseudo - scientific theories to bring it up to standard book length.

MYSTERY OF DR. GEE

The meat of the Scully book is that he was in touch with a top-notch scientist who had examined three flying saucers grounded in the southwest portion of the United States. According to Scully, this man feared the U. S. Government would crack down on him for telling the top secret story of the saucer landings. Scully, therefore, referred to him only as Dr. Gee.

Scully freely admitted, however, that the man who introduced him to Dr. Gee was Silas Mason Newton, the doctor's employer and president of the Newton Oil Co. of Denver, Colo.

According to Scully, Newton, himself one of the world's great authorities on petroleum, had set up his private wizard, Dr. Gee, in the kind of laboratory most research men only dream about. Newton could apparently afford it, for at one point in his book Scully hints at his financial

On the Trail of a Swindle

The Flying Saucer Bunco Exposed

strength by describing him as "a man who never made more than $25,000,000 or lost more than $20,000,000."

TRIP FROM VENUS

As Scully wrote it, Dr. Gee had studied the grounded saucers and thought they had flown from Venus to Earth traveling faster than the speed of light.

Scully said Dr. Gee had been the head of a billion-dollar military research program developing magnetic instruments used to detect submarines. Despite his wizardry the doctor had received only a miserable $7200 a year for his efforts while in the Government's service.

To better his income, he became a research scientist for oilman Newton. Between the two of them, according to Scully, they were supposed to have developed an instrument that made finding oil easier than locating an anvil in your watch pocket.

ENTER THE SAUCERS

The way Dr. Gee got in on the flying saucers was simple. Although he was no longer in the Government's employ when the saucers supposedly landed, Air Force officers, dashing to the site of the first grounded saucer in the wilds of New Mexico, called him in for consultation.

As a reward for rooting around inside the saucers, Dr. Gee was given some souvenirs from outer space. They included two metal disks said to be made of a metal unknown to the Earth.

Newton, Scully wrote, while he had never seen a flying saucer, had lectured on the subject at the University of Denver in March of 1950. The way Scully reported the event, Newton, using the alias of Scientist X, had really given the professors at the university something to think about—so much, in fact, that they lacquered over Newton's blackboard illustrations to preserve them.

If by some 1000 to one chance

Continued on Page 11, Col. 1

Continued from Page 1

Scully's story was true and I could get the rest of it exclusively, it would be just a little bit better than being the only reporter on hand when Columbus discovered America.

If the whole thing were a hoax, how was a reputable author like Scully taken in? Who was Silas Newton and his mysterious Dr. Gee?

The starting point was clear enough.

I began in February of 1951 by interviewing Scully in his Hollywood home.

It was a waste of time. Scully wouldn't tell me anything that wasn't in his book. He did, however, offer to introduce me to Silas Newton.

After half a dozen broken appointments, I finally met Newton one evening at Scully's.

THE MAN ARRIVES

When Silas Newton walked into Frank Scully's living room Newton seemed surrounded by his own private nimbus of importance, activity and money, lots of money. He was the picture of the successful oil man right out of the pages of Fortune Magazine.

His face was tanned and deeply creased about the eyes, no doubt from squinting at the dials of his magnetic instruments in the glare of the desert sun.

His sport clothes were the kind of togs you see in a shop that has a solid red door, a gold coat of arms instead of a sign and nothing in the window but a leather humidor and a $750 briar pipe.

"TOP SECRET WORK"

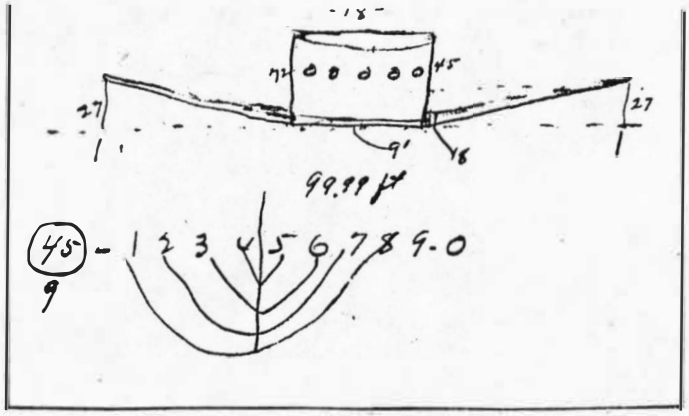
Although I didn't learn anything from Newton that evening, it developed that he would soon be in San Francisco doing some "top secret work for the big brass," as he liked to put it. Newton thought he might be able to squeeze me in between conferences "with the military." We made a tentative appointment, and Newton left—in a Cadillac, of course.

We met next in San Francisco's dignified, old Palace Hotel. Newton was perfectly at home. Adolph Steinhoff, world-famous captain of the Palace's Garden Court, addressed Newton by name; and several of the waiters smiled and nodded at him as we sat down to dinner.

SAUCERS AND OIL

Newton talked saucers, pausing only now and then to mention casually how he had discovered Colorado's great Rangely oil field or how the Newton Oil Company's various drilling crews were progressing in the Majave desert. The snapper did not come until the table had been cleared and we had our coffee.

Making sure that none of the other diners was watching, Newton fished out a soiled knotted handkerchief. After an impressive build-up while he fumbled with the knots, he murmured confidentially, "You ever see anything like this?"



"FLYING SAUCER"—Silas Newton made this sketch of the alleged top secret discovery. Figures indicate dimensions in feet. The numbered candelabra below is Newton's explanation of the "system of nines"; all the linked pairs of figures add up to nine. This was a significant key to the saucers, Newton said.

Out of the handkerchief tumbled two aluminum colored metal disks about the size of five-cent pieces—the disks of unknown metal from the flying saucers.

Newton scooped them off the table and then let me examine them one at a time.

The disks, except for tiny surface scratches, were unmarked. They were so light that if you held one of them in the palm of your hand, you had to look to be sure it was there.

While I examined the disks, Newton, never taking his eyes off his treasures, talked about Dr. Gee and his miraculous inventions.

Newton is the kind of talker who could sell a calliope to an undertaker.

ANALYSIS DECLINED

Every time I brought up the subject of having the disks of unknown metal analyzed by an impartial laboratory, Newton would gruffly explain that the disks had undergone 150 tests in his own laboratories and he didn't see any reason for testing them further. Then he would dart off on another subject.

It was pretty obvious that Newton was trying to sell something. The big question was what.

The chances that there was any truth in his flying saucer story were slimmer than ever. But in order to prove it, one way or the other, I had to get one of those disks of unknown metal into a laboratory and find out just how unknown it really was. At the moment, the prospects didn't look very good.

OFF FOR WASHINGTON

According to Newton he was off in the morning for some conferences with "the big brass in Washington." That meant I'd have some time before I got another chance to get my hands on those disks of unknown metal.

I decided my best move was to go over to Newton's home town, Denver. I wanted to talk to someone who had heard his saucer lecture at Denver Uni-look at the offices of the Newton Oil Company.

My first stop in Denver was the Denver Post. Going through the clippings in the Post library, I soon found that Newton's Scientist X lecture at Denver University was anything but the high level, scientific event Scully had described.

Instead it was an exercise for a basic science class designed by Instructor Francis Broman to help his students evaluate a speaker.

INSTRUCTOR UNHAPPY

Instructor Broman, whose stunt had backfired, was thoroughly disenchanted with Si Newton. The publicity that followed the Scientist X talk had set the university's academic teeth on edge. Broman, an otherwise calm individual, was still jittery about the subject of saucers when I turned up to interview him nearly two years after the Newton lecture.

The first thing he did was hand me a prepared statement, a copy of his introduction of Scientist X. I noted it clearly stated the purpose of the lecture.

Scully's book made no mention of the introduction.

Newton, even when it looked as if the lecture might cost Broman his position at the university, never publicly admitted his lecture was just a class exercise.

Broman couldn't understand it.

WHO AND WHY?

Neither could I, but I had a hunch. If Newton was trying to give a fake flying saucer story stature, a university lecture would be just the ticket, provided it could be rigged to look like a real academic event. But who was Newton trying to fool and why?

I asked Broman if I might see the lacquered-over blackboards on which, Scully wrote, Newton's illustrations were preserved.

Broman laughed weakly. Apparently he had been asked to show the blackboard before.

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ous to preserve (those drawings)," he said. "They were just a couple of circles labeled 'Earth' and 'Venus,' a crude sketch of what the saucers were supposed to have looked like and a diagram showing how combinations of digits can be added up to total nine which had something to do with the measurements of the saucers."

NEWTON OIL CO.

I had heard all that before. It was straight out of Scully's book which I was beginning to realize was straight out of Newton's Scientist X speech.

My next stop was the Newton Oil Co.'s headquarters in the Equitable Building. It turned out to be a couple of offices connected by a waiting room. When I arrived a man who said he was the secretary of the company was passing the time of day with the receptionist. There wasn't another soul in sight. The set up looked a little skimpy for the nerve center of the far flung petroleum enterprise that Newton had described.

STANDARD OFFICE

To check out his claim that he had rediscovered Colorado's mighty Rangely oil field, I stopped in at the offices of the California Co., a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California. It was quite a contrast. The whole Newton Oil Co. would have fitted into the men's room.

Richard D. White, the exploration superintendent for the California Co., rolled down the Rangely map for me. It was quite true that Newton did have a few Rangely leases, but the field had been rediscovered, if you can call finding additional oil sands rediscovery, in 1902, not by Silas Newton but by Standard Oil of California.

A SUGGESTION

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

On my way out of town to the airport I asked Thor Severseen, a reporter at the Denver Post, if he'd try to hunt up some Petroleum Reviews and mail them to me.

I made one more call from the airport. At one point in our conversations Newton had casually mentioned that he also owned the Oriental Refining Co. located in Denver. I had driven by the plant, just to make sure it really existed, but I didn't have time to stop.



LEO GeBAUER
The "wizard scientist"

about on the plane back to San Francisco.

The closer I got to home the surer I was that the only way I could ever check out the Newton flying saucer story was to get my hands on one of those disks of unknown metal and have it analyzed.

By the time the plane touched down at the San Francisco airport I had a plan. I knew it wasn't going to be easy, but I didn't know it was going to be as tough as it turned out to be.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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THE GREAT
FLYING SAUCER BUNCO



Second Installment
S.F Chronicle

PANORAMA
CCCC
Monday, Jan. 18, 1954
San Francisco Chronicle

The Big Switch — And How It Worked

By J. P. CAHN

GETTING hold of one of Si Newton's disks of unknown metal turned out to be about as easy as getting a passkey to Fort Knox.

What I had in mind was a device known in not so polite society as "The Switch." In order to work it I had to first make a reasonable facsimile of one of Newton's disks—from memory. Then I would have to persuade Newton to haul out his disks again and, while he wasn't looking, substitute my counterfeit for one of his original disks.

The Lucky Break

Right at the start I had a lucky break. One of my fellow reporters is a very capable machinist. I knew where I was going to get my counterfeit disk made.

That was the end of the lucky breaks, for a while.

Newton's disks were about as big as a nickel and incredibly light. But when it got right down to making the counterfeit, I couldn't quite remember if the disks were thicker than a nickel or thinner.

We wound up by making an assortment of disks of various sizes and in different metals, including one made of monel that was thicker than the rest and weighed about five times as much.

When we were through our collection looked pretty fair, but the disks were too shiny. I began carrying them around in my pocket to age them. The only trouble with that was that I jingled as if I had just pried open a jukebox.

The Pro Magician

While we were making the counterfeits, Newton was whisking in and out of San Francisco working on some kind of deal, as he said, "for the big brass."

I stayed clear of him as much as I could until the counterfeit disks were ready.

Actually, I never intended working the switch myself. It involved palming the disks and I had tried it a couple of times. I was clumsy as a bear. To do the job I lined up an old friend of mine, Hal McIntyre, a reformed professional magician.

When we were all set, we loaded McIntyre with the counterfeits and set off for an appointment with Newton.

Only Newton wouldn't produce.

McIntyre had been introduced to him as an admirer of Scully's book and a great believer in the little-men-from-Venus story who had a saucer story to report.

That was probably a mistake.

Two minutes after we sat down together, Newton was hurtling through the cosmos. There was no getting him back to earth, or to the disks of unknown metal.

The first attempt at Operation Switch was a total failure.

The next day, Newton announced that he was off for Washington for more "top secret conferences with the military." This time I decided to check on him and wired a Chronicle connection in Washington to keep an eye

6/

Story of a Hoax

This is the story of how two of the Nation's slickest bunco men were finally brought to justice.

In January of 1951 Chronicle Reporter J. P. Cahn was assigned to find out what was behind the fantastic story of the little men who supposedly flew from Venus to Earth in flying saucers traveling faster than the speed of light.

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It is also worth noting that some of the Nation's top law enforcement agencies, the FBI included, have been snuffling the trail of Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer (alias Arnold L. J. GeBauer, alias Harry GeBauer) for years. None of them, however, ever managed to bring Newton to trial and GeBauer's most serious brush with the law was a suspended sentence on a technical violation of the Federal Housing Act. Yet between them Newton and GeBauer have buncoed the American public out of several million dollars; their thoughtfully loose accounting methods made it impossible to calculate the exact amount.

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Denver Post Photo

Leo A. GeBauer, in wheelchair, and Silas Newton, second from right, with Defense Attorneys Isaac Mellman, left, and Theodore Epstein

on the airport and see if Newton showed up.

He did. And he had appointments with some well-situated Government men. It was enough to make you wonder if maybe the little men from Venus hadn't arrived in their flying saucers after all.

While Newton was in Washington, I kept checking. A



query was sent to the FBI to see if Newton had a record. Then I started dredging through old newspaper files.

The Newspaper Record

Here's what I found:

On July 9, 1931, the New York Times ran a story about one Silas M. Newton, a "reputedly wealthy oil man and golfer," who was arrested by New York police and charged with grand larceny following the complaint of a New Jersey real estate man who claimed Newton sold him a valise full of worthless utilities stocks for $25,000.

While that case was pending, according to the files, Newton was hauled into court again.

The San Francisco Chronicle for Jan. 15, 1932, carried a story stating that Ed Hughes, a sports cartoonist for the Brooklyn Eagle, complained to the New York State Bureau of Securities that his onetime friend, Silas M. Newton, had euchred him out of $28,000 in a fast securities shuffle.

Other New York Times clippings showed that in 1934, at Oneida, New York, and again in 1935 in Elmira, New York, Newton had two more run-ins with the law, both arrests resulting from charges concerning false stock statements.

FBI File

By this time I had received a reply to my query to the FBI. Their file No. 835861 verified the newspaper reports.

One significant factor ran through all Newton's brushes with the law. His record did not show a single conviction. In fact, he had never even been brought to trial. In every instance, the charges against him just melted away.

Newton was either one of the world's most persecuted innocent men or he was a past master at getting off the hook.

While I was mulling that one over, I found out that Newton made frequent telephone calls to one Leo GeBauer in Phoenix, Arizona. While he was no superscientist, GeBauer, I found, was an extremely competent radio technician operating a radio parts house in Phoenix.

Newton had been extremely secretive about Dr. Gee, the wonder scientist who had been called in by the Government to inspect the flying saucers. The names GeBauer and Gee certainly had a family resemblance. I was wondering if it might not be a good idea to go down to Phoenix when Newton popped back up in San Francisco.

This time there was a new trend in the conversation.

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Newton's scientific associates, presumably Dr. Gee and his colleagues, were beginning to be upset by the thought that Frank Scully's book had made several thousand dollars out of the story they had told.

The way they put it, according to Newton, these men would be very happy to have The Chronicle tell the complete story of the saucers to the world but they kept asking him, "What is there in it for us?"

The Big Upset

I told Newton The Chronicle would be happy to pay for the story if it were true. All he had to do was give us something we could verify—say those disks of unknown metal.

Newton refused to let them out of his possession.

The best I could do was to persuade him to let us see them again.

One look at those disks, Newton felt, was proof enough the saucers had landed.

This time I agreed.

McIntyre, the magician, was alerted again, and I loaded the disks into my pockets to give them a final shot of aging.

Then Newton upset the whole thing.

In the middle of what I thought was just another conference to arrange the details, Newton hauled the old handkerchief out of his pocket, spilled the disks on the desk and murmured casually, "I suppose you wanted to see these again."

It was a bad moment.

It had come too soon. Worse, one look at Newton's disks and I realized our copies were pretty shabby.

However, I had them with me.

Operation Switch

I slid my right hand into my pocket and got hold of the thickest of our fake disks. It was the one made of monel. From the heft of it in my pocket I knew it was way too heavy, but it was the only one that was nearly thick enough.

I'm not very good at that sort of thing. My hands still sweat just thinking about it.

"Let me see one of those disks again, Mr. Newton," I croaked.

I took Newton's disk and pretended to heft it in my right hand where I had the counterfeit palmed.

The big secret of the switch, McIntyre had told me, was to never look at your hand while you were switching.

The hardest thing I've ever done was keeping my eyes from flicking down at that heavy, heavy monel counterfeit as I slid it into my left hand and passed it back to Newton.

He didn't notice a thing.

He just plunked that counterfeit down in the handkerchief along with the other disks and went right on talking about a cigar-shaped saucer that was photographed over Africa or something.

When he finished whatever it was he was talking about, he folded up the handkerchief, stuck it in his pocket and bustled off.

Five minutes later I was on my way to the Stanford Research Institute at Menlo Park, California, one of the country's top independent commercial laboratories.

If anyone could tell me what that disk of unknown metal was made of, SRI could do the job.

(Continued Tomorrow)

9) 3rd Installment Jan 19/54 S.F Chronicle

THE GREAT FLYING SAUCER BUNCO



THIS IS THE THIRD PART of the story of how Silas Newton and Leo GeBauer, a pair of bunco men, were tripped up by Chronicle Reporter J. P. Cahn, assigned to check into Frank Scully's best seller, "Behind the Flying Saucers," the original story of the little men from Venus.

Newton, the man who told Scully the flying saucer story, showed Reporter Cahn a pair of disks, supposedly of unknown metal. Newton said the disks were taken from a grounded saucer by a mysterious super scientist identified only as Dr. Gee, an ex-Government wizard now in the laboratories of the Newton Oil Co. develop-

By J. P. CAHN

THE SCIENTISTS at Stanford Research Institute are a methodical lot.

They gave Newton's disk of unknown metal the full treatment; gravimetric, microscopic, and spectrochemical analysis.

As it turned out, it was a shame to have gone to all that trouble. The disk wasn't made of anything that couldn't be analyzed by a 12-year-old with a $4 Chem-Craft set.

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

It was made of aluminum, 99.5 per cent pure, a quality known commercially as Grade 2S and used in the manufacture of nothing more cosmic than pots and pans.

Build-Up for Bunco

The SRI analysis plus what I had found out about Newton's past brushes with the law made it a good bet that the little men in the flying saucers story was the build-up for some kind of bunco.

But how was it going to pay off? Who was going to get the valise full of worthless stock certificates this time? Was Leo GeBauer, the man I had located in Phoenix, Dr. Gee, or was Dr. Gee made of the same star dust as the little men from Venus?

Scully just couldn't get used to that idea.

It wasn't a matter of identity. Scully admitted the real name of the man he called "Dr. Gee" was Leo GeBauer all right. But Scully couldn't believe GeBauer wasn't one of the world's great scientists. GeBauer had told him so, personally.

I suggested Scully fly to Phoenix with me and see for himself.

That, Scully said, was out of the question. He was a sick man. He would never be able to stand the heat in Phoenix.

Instead, Scully suggested I get a written statement from GeBauer that he was NOT Dr. Gee. If I did Scully would help me find out what Newton and GeBauer were really up to.

GeBauer's Store

That afternoon I was on my way to Arizona.

Scully was right about the heat. It was only the middle of June, but the air conditioning machines were already feeling the strain in Phoenix.

GeBauer's radio parts store, Western Radio and Engineering or WRECO, was in a flat-roofed building in a treeless section of town. There was no air conditioning. Inside I got a first hand impression of what makes the Thanksgiving turkey such a nice golden brown.

There was one man who might give me some answers: Frank Scully.

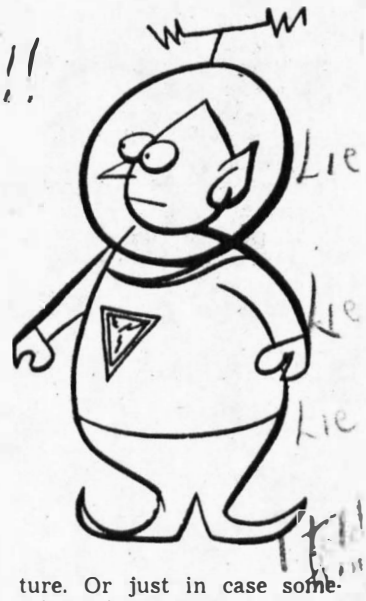
I flew to Hollywood and showed Scully what I had.

He was staggered, but he went along with everything until I told him his super scientist, Dr. Gee, was really Leo GeBauer of Phoenix, Ariz.; an ex-laboratory maintenance man turned radio parts dealer.

Leo GeBauer, the great Dr. Gee, turned out to be a blocky 200-pound man in his fifties with deep-set, pale eyes, so pale they look dusty.

Heat Treatment

I had made a deal with a photographer from the Phoenix Gazette to come along in case something might happen that would make a good pic-



ture. Or just in case something might happen.

The deal was the photographer was supposed to follow me, and stroll around looking like a customer.

And the first time GeBauer gave me those dusty eyes I decided it was the best deal I ever made.

Mrs. GeBauer and what looked like about ten too many employees for the size of the place were up in the front part of the store. GeBauer took me into a little office he had in the back.

It was even hotter in there.

I told GeBauer who I was and that I understood he was Dr. Gee in Scully's book.

GeBauer was rolling a big steel bearing around on the glass top of his desk.

He gave me the eyes.

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

Sweat was running down his face and making detours around his jaw.

I was sweating some my-

self and it wasn't all on account of the heat.

"If you're not Dr. Gee," I said, "let me have a written denial. The papers will carry it and it will take a lot of pressure off you."

GeBauer wanted to talk the deal over with his wife before he signed anything.

I waited in the back office maybe five minutes and then went up to the front of the store.

Mrs. GeBauer had a piece of stationery in the typewriter. After half a dozen false starts, GeBauer gave me the denial Scully wanted. On a Western Radio and Engineering letterhead it had a nice documentary look.

When I got to San Francisco I phoned Scully and suggested he come up where it was nice and cool so we could get to work.

Scully seemed to have forgotten our bargain.

As far as he was concerned now, there wasn't any bargain in the first place. He wouldn't tell me why he had changed his mind, but he had — definitely.

For the moment it looked as if I were stymied.

I had tipped my hand and Newton had vanished like the folding bird cage in a magic act.

The Pieces Fit

Then Thor Severson, the reporter on the Denver Post, paid off by sending me the back issues of Petroleum Review — the ones with the articles written by Si Newton. They were like money from home.

As reading material the Newton articles were terrible. They were just propaganda telling you that Newton was a red-hot operator when it came to discovering oil and that anyone who disagreed with him was a blockhead.

I didn't really get interested until I discovered that some of the phrases had a familiar ring.

When I checked back into Scully's flying saucer book I found out why. Here's just one example:

Petroleum Review (1946-47): "Microwaves (are) being broadcast constantly by petroleum deposits hidden deep in the earth . . ."

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

I checked the statements with Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, a world authority on geophysics working at Stanford Research Institute.

"As far as I know," he said, "petroleum in place doesn't radiate anything. If it did all the world's oil fields would have been discovered long ago."

The Bunco Pitch

There was another point I got cleared up, too. While there are instruments, like the magneto meter, that are used in making surveys for likely oil bearing geological structures, no instrument has been developed that can actually locate oil.

Not that there aren't plenty of men around the oil fields who will swear that their little black boxes can tune in a gusher every time.

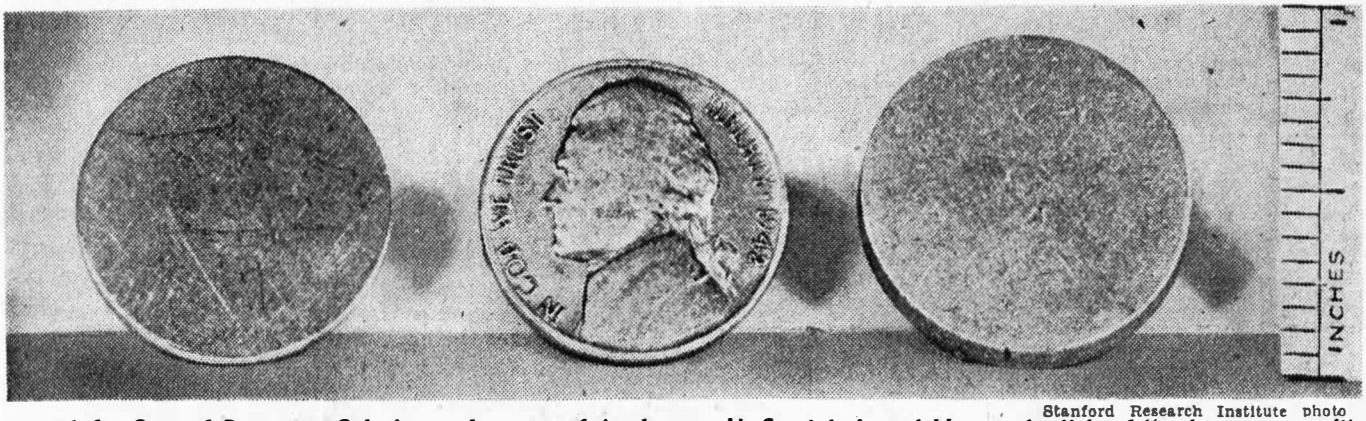
But accredited petroleum engineers, who call the black boxes or other oil witching devices "doodlebugs," regard them in about the same way a licensed physician regards



Old Doc Zipp and his Vitalized Essence of Okechobee Snake Oil.

After almost a year's digging I was beginning to see what was behind, "Behind The Flying Saucers."

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Stanford Research Institute photo

From left: One of Reporter Cahn's steel counterfeit slugs, a U. S. nickel, and Newton's disk of "unknown metal"

Newton had apparently tired of plugging his phony microwave radiation theory to the specialized readership of magazines like Petroleum Review, mostly oil men who knew a great deal more about oil than Newton and just laughed at his doodlebug and microwave theory.

By taking advantage of the enormous interest in flying saucer reports, which couldn't be proved nor disproved at the moment, Newton saw a chance to apply that old bromide, "it pays to advertise" and reach a huge, new audience.

In Newton's mind, "Behind The Flying Saucers," was just a sales brochure for Newton's old microwave bunco.

Bill of Goods

Newton had slipped the pitch for his magnetic oil locating machine into the little-men-from-Venus story. It tied in beautifully with the theory that the flying saucers were powered magnetically.

With GeBauer posing as Dr. Gee, the scientific wizard, and building the phony machines and "evidence" taken from the flying saucers, the set-up was perfect.

All Newton had to do was give Scully, an established author, the story, compile a sucker list from the fan mail that resulted from the book—and Newton and his old bunco game were into the mass market; just like breakfast food and powdered soap.

Now, all I had to do was prove it.

The only trouble was all my leads had clammed up.

Continued tomorrow

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magazine article

PANORAMA
San Francisco Chronicle
Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1954

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Sydney Greenstreet

movie offers, while appearing in Los Angeles with the Lunts in "There Shall Be No Night."

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A hole drilled in the granite of the Mojave Desert cost Herman Flader nearly $50,000 and produced nothing

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By J. P. CAHN

SIFTING through my notes for something I could use to get going again, I came across the names of two San Francisco men I had heard Newton mention. On the off chance they might be members of Newton's saucer-sucker list, I looked them up.

The first one, whom we'll call Atwater, proved everything I had figured out—up to a point. He had written Scully a fan letter describing a saucer sighting. The next thing he knew Silas Mason Newton, the great geophysicist himself, was listening to his story.

Newton seemed intensely interested and told him that as soon as he concluded some "very important conferences with the top brass in Washington," he would come back and go into the matter in detail.

Only he never came back.

It wasn't any wonder. A credit check on Atwater showed that if Newton had offered him the Hope Diamond for $50 he would have had a hard time raising the cash.

Atwater was obviously not an attractive subject for a con man trying to peddle a doodlebug.

The next man, call him Garfield, was just the reverse, a five-figure executive who hadn't written a fan letter but had met Newton through some business connections.

Personal Favor

Oil stock? Well, yes, as a matter of fact. Newton had let him in on a little Wyoming gas property as a personal favor. Didn't amount to much, about $10,000 roughly, but it was going to pay off three times that much a year as soon as Newton could get around to opening the field.

I gave Garfield the scenic tour: The FBI report, the newspaper clippings about Newton's arrests, the Denver story, the phony discs of "unknown" metal, the works.

Garfield's attorney got into the act. Garfield had a case against Newton if he wanted to sign a complaint and publicly admit Newton had taken him for a sucker.

Well, Garfield would have to think that over. Very serious matter signing a complaint. Beside, Garfield wasn't any too sure there wasn't a nice little gas reserve on that Wyoming land, maybe some oil, too. After all, drilling hadn't even started. A man ought to be given a chance.

No, Garfield wanted to think it over.

That was two years ago. Presumably Garfield is still thinking. It takes a lot of backbone to admit you've been taken. Garfield didn't have as much backbone as a wet noodle.

I had run out of leads again.

If I only could get what I had into print, somebody who knew the answers I needed might read it and get in touch with me. Then I'd be back in business again.

This Wasn't News

But I didn't have anything you could print in a newspaper.

All I had was the low-down on a year-old book that wasn't all it appeared to be and a color story about two men who weren't all they said they were. It wasn't news. And no news, no newspaper story.

A year went by before I got the story printed.

True, the magazine that had been following the general saucer story, published what I found out about Scully's little men from Venus in their issue of September, 1952. They titled it "The Flying Saucers and the Mysterious Little Men," and it contained as much of my theory about the Newton-GeBauer operation as I could tell without running into a libel suit.



The magazine hadn't been out a week before the mail started rolling in. For the next month I was the postman's best customer.

The first letter got me started again.

'Urgent Notice'

It was from Mr. A. J. C. Bernard in Los Angeles, and it had a want ad clipped out of a Los Angeles newspaper pasted to it that read: "URGENT NOTICE! All persons having dealings with SILAS M. NEWTON, NEWTON OIL CO., formerly of Denver, Colorado, New York, Illinois, Wyoming, California, Arizona, relative to oil investments, 'Cosmic Rays,' and/or 'Fly-

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ing Saucers,' kindly contact me, Box M5743, by letter or wire. THIS IS MOST URGENT."

I wired.

Since the ad had been clipped from a Los Angeles paper, I figured I ought to get an answer in two or three days at the most.

Two days went by. No answer from the Los Angeles ad yet.

Then I got a phone call. This time it was from Denver.

The man's name was Herman Flader, a Denver manufacturer and rancher who said he had heard of me through a Denver doctor. Was I the fellow who wrote the article in True magazine about Newton and GeBauer and the flying saucers and if so would I be interested to know Mr. Flader had "invested over a quarter of million dollars with those bums and never got a penny back?"

I was trying to decide whether I should go straight to Denver or swing through Los Angeles and try to check on that want ad when I got a telegram.

It was from a Dr. A. D. Kleyhauer acknowledging my response to his Los Angeles ad. Dr. Kleyhauer wanted to see me immediately. His address . . . 1432 Tremont St., Denver, Colorado.

I arrived in Denver the night of Thursday, September 11, 1952, almost two years after I started plugging along the trail of the little men from Venus.

Special Assignment

Since it looked as if this was going to be a Denver story, I had made arrangements with the Denver Post to work for them on special assignment.

On the strength of what I knew about Newton and GeBauer as a couple of rough articles, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to check out Kleyhauer and Flader to make sure I wasn't stepping into the parlors of a couple of characters in the little-men-from-Venus caper I had not heard about.

Dr. Kleyhauer and Herman Flader checked out all right as far as I could tell. They seemed to be a couple of respectable residents of Denver who hadn't given little men a second thought since the Singer Midgets quit show business.

Still Newton himself had looked pretty respectable on the surface.

To be on the safe side I called an old friend, Howard Roberts, who was working as a technician at the electronic division of the Denver Research Institute at Denver University. After a quick fill-in I gave him Kleyhauer's address and told him if he didn't hear from me in a couple of hours to call the cops.

Then I paid a call on Dr. Kleyhauer.

The doctor turned out to be a mild-mannered optometrist who had given Newton $9000 for some oil leases, with the understanding in writing, that if the wells didn't come in Dr. Kleyhauer would get his money back.

Marvelous Machine

How could Newton give a money-back guarantee on an oil lease? Well, it seemed Mr. Newton had this marvelous machine that could locate oil by tuning in on magnetic microwaves . . .

I phoned Roberts and told him to relax. I was among friends. Dr. Kleyhauer's story, stripped of the details, was simple.

He had met Newton through some mutual friends, respectable business and professional men in Denver who knew Newton as a wealthy oil man who had once been Colorado State amateur golf champion.

Since all this took place in 1946 before Newton's flying saucer period, Newton showed Dr. Kleyhauer some magazine articles he had written, including the ones I had seen in Petroleum Review, and gave him an autographed copy of one of them.

On the strength of that, and the money-back guarantee, Kleyhauer, who knew nothing about the oil business, invested his $9000.

After nearly two years, with the expiration date of the money-back guarantee hard upon him, Kleyhauer asked for his refund.

Newton stalled him.

Dr. Kleyhauer hired attorneys one after the other. None of them seemed able to get Newton in their sights.

When the expiration date on the guarantee passed, Kleyhauer ran the first of his URGENT NOTICE ads in the Denver papers. A flurry of replies came in. Kleyhauer turned them over to his attorneys. They all seemed to peter out.

Six years after his original loss, Dr. Kleyhauer was still doggedly running his ads.

His attorneys had advised him to save his money. The law sets a time limit on the filing of charges. It is called the statute of limitations. In a case of this nature the time limit is three years. The statute had lapsed on any charges Dr. Kleyhauer might care to bring against Newton.

Kleyhauer kept running his ads anyway. There was nothing in it for him, but he hoped he might prevent Newton from fleecing someone else.

Bitter Moment

I had to admire Dr. Kleyhauer for his public spirit but it was a pretty bitter moment for me. After two years of digging, I had finally found exactly what I was looking for. Only I was too late to do anything about it.

Kleyhauer was rummaging through a bale of loose notes he had on his desk. "Did you ever hear of this man?" he asked, handing me a leaf torn from a memo pad.

The name on the slip of paper was HERMAN FLADER. Underneath it was an address and a telephone number.

Kleyhauer was talking again. "I understand this Flader has lost quite a piece of money to Newton . . . some of it as recently as 1949."

The office calendar, one of those flip-over kinds, was turned to September 12, 19

Kleyhauer was still talking. I didn't get much of what he was saying.

I had dialed Herman Flader's number, and I was waiting for him to come to the phone.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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Fourth Installment Date?

The Movie Timetable

The following time schedules are provided by the theater managements. The Chronicle is not responsible for last-minute changes of schedule:

BRIDGE—"The Living Desert," 1:15, 2:55, 4:35, 6:10, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 p. m.
CLAY—"Annapurna," 6:15, 9, 10:40 p. m.
CINEMA—"Forbidden Women," 1:00, 3:48, 6:07, 8:26, 10:45 p. m.
EL CAPITAN—"How to Marry a Millionaire," 1:05, 3:25, 5:45, 8, 10:20 p. m.
ESQUIRE—"Go, Man, Go!" 11:30 a. m., 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p. m.; 12 m.
FOX—"Beneath the 12-Mile Reef," 12:40, 3:05, 5:30, 7:55, 10:20 p. m.
GOLDEN GATE—"War Arrow," 11:26 a. m.; 2:07, 4:49, 7:31, 10:13 p. m.
LARKIN—"Murder on Monday," 6:15, 8:25, 10:15 p. m.
LOEW'S WARFIELD—"Knights of the Round Table," 11:43 a. m., 2:19, 4:55, 7:23, 10:02 p. m.
ORPHEUM—"This Is Cinerama," 8:30 p. m
PARAMOUNT—"Hondo," 12:24, 3:03, 5:42, 8:21, 11 p. m.
RIO—"Crainquebille," 6:15, 8:10, 10:05 p. m.
STAGE DOOR—"Julius Caesar," 2:50, 8:30 p. m.
STATE—"Violated," 12:22, 2:58, 5:34, 8:10, 10:46 p. m.
ST. FRANCIS—"Miss Sadie Thompson," 11 a. m.; 1:16, 3:32, 5:48, 8:04 and



Herman Flader and the costly doodlebugs

17

By J. P. CAHN

HERMAN FLADER was waiting for me when I got to his office at his plant.

A man in his middle 60's, Flader is built along the snug lines of a fire hydrant.

Flader's idea of a well-rounded day starts with possibly eight hours of prowling his assorted ranches and oil properties in his own airplane which he flies by brute force in determined violation of all the laws of aerodynamics; another eight hours in his plant in Denver, during which time he is likely to overhaul a complicated automatic screw machine with whatever tools he finds within reach of his bare hands if need be; a few hours of desk work, which in Flader's mind consists of a series of long distance telephone calls and then a brisk evening on the dance floor.

Flader built a multi-million-dollar empire out of that energy and his skill as a mechanic.

A poor German immigrant before the First World War, he had no assets but a brilliant, unorthodox talent and a driving enthusiasm for mechanics that ultimately enabled him to invent a hose clamp generally regarded as the finest device of its kind.

Flader's clamp has made him a fortune. Flader's hands developed the clamp. They are the most remarkable hands I have ever seen. In proportion to the rest of him, they are so large they look as if they had originally belonged to someone else. The fingers, instead of tapering toward the ends, have bulbous tips over which the nails curve so that his huge thumbs look like a pair of small tortoises about the size of quarters. Handling a pencil his hands are stiff and awkward. Handling a piece of machinery they are incredibly deft.

Flader knows his hands have given him everything he has and he is proud of them. He calls them his "mallets," a very apt description when they are clenched.

The mallets kept clenching

the Government had equipped him with a bar of metal that he was required to carry on his person at all times.

When the doctor was needed in Washington for some top level consultation, the bar of metal could be made to vibrate, no matter how far from Washington the doctor happened to be. The vibrations were a signal for GeBauer to get to the nearest telephone immediately and call the laboratory in Washington.

That's the kind of man Dr. GeBauer was.

When Dr. GeBauer appeared at Flader's plant, he had a machine with him; a metal box about 18 inches square, with a pair of antennae protruding from either end, a row of small light bulbs on one side, and an assortment of dials on the other.

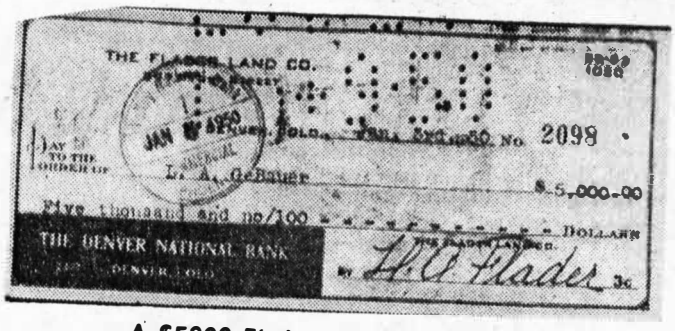
The doctor was still standing outside the door of the plant making preliminary chitchat when he idly fired up his machine. After regarding the winking lights and studying the dials, he was happy to be able to inform Flader that there was water right below his building. In fact, the doctor went even further and advised Flader how deep the

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taken from dials.

The doctor decided to further accommodate Flader by making another little demonstration for him.

In the interest of providing Flader with some data he could check, GeBauer tuned up Old Betsy and promptly told Flader how many water wells there were in that area



A $5000 Flader check to GeBauer

water was and how many layers of it surged beneath their feet.

Flader was delighted with the performance and asked the doctor if the machine could tell him whether or not there was oil on one of his ranches east of Denver. GeBauer assured him it could, adding, the machine also could give them the data on how many barrels of oil were available and whether it was green oil or black.

'Let's go out there right now," said GeBauer, who apparently had taken an immediate fancy to Flader, "and I'll show you."

Riding along in Flader's car, GeBauer not only located oil, but gas and water as well, glibbing off depths, volume, and curtly noting where one field ended and another began.

By this time, both of them were affectionately referring to GeBauer's wondrous machine as "Old Betsy."

Flader recalls that a white light lit in the presence of gas and a red light lit to indicate oil. Water readings were of his ranch, and to what depths they were drilled.

Flader, who has a mean way with figures, was able to check the doctor's readings from memory, and he was appalled. Old Betsy was right to the precise foot.

Never one to kick aside an opportunity, Flader began hinting around to see if Old Betsy, or a sister machine might be for sale.

Dr. GeBauer let him down with tolerant good humor.

Old Betsy, it just so happened, was a machine he had developed during World War II, the identical machine that had located 17 submerged Japanese submarines in one day by tuning in on the oil in their tanks and pin-pointing them for destruction by surface craft. Why, the Plutonium tips on the antenna alone, little balls scarcely larger than a quarter of an inch in diameter, were worth $3800. And the rare metal wasn't even available at that price. It was restricted from civilian use and only available to the doctor by virtue of the services he had performed for the Gov-

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ernment.

That evening, GeBauer, possibly feeling an urgent vibration from Washington, departed suddenly, with Flader still trying to persuade him to part with Old Betsy.

The doctor's parting assurance was that he and Betsy would return, and he would at least make a comprehensive survey of Flader's properties.

By coincidence, it was only a matter of days until another fascinating character entered Herman Flader's life — a wealthy oil man who, it just so happened, had an oil-locating instrument, too.

The man's name was Silas Newton.

It wasn't long before Newton was demonstrating his machinery to Herman Flader. A handsome, mahogany encased, dial-studded instrument, Newton admitted it had cost him $800,000.

It had been developed for him by "one of the world's great men of science," a favorite Newtonian phrase; and, according to Newton, it was the only instrument he had ever come across in his long years in the petroleum industry that was capable of locating oil.

All other oil-locating devices, Newton told Flader flatly, were cheap fakes.

Flader chivalrously put in a word on behalf of Old Betsy. A brief argument ensued and so convincing was Flader's defense of Dr. GeBauer and his machine that Newton finally condescended to meet the gentleman if and when he might get back that way.

By an odd coincidence, GeBauer turned up the next day.

Flader introduced the two men, and a long, technical discussion followed that resulted in a formal test of strength, with Old Betsy pitted against Newton's $800,000 beauty.

During the course of the tests, which consisted of cruising around in Flader's car and taking readings at points selected on some basis or another by either Newton or GeBauer, a strange thing took place.

It became increasingly apparent that Old Betsy, despite her modest exterior, was by far the better instrument. Newton himself finally conceded the point, his disappointment concealed only by his enthusiasm to join forces with the doctor and head for some oil leases he had recently acquired at Dutton Creek in Carbon county, Wyoming.

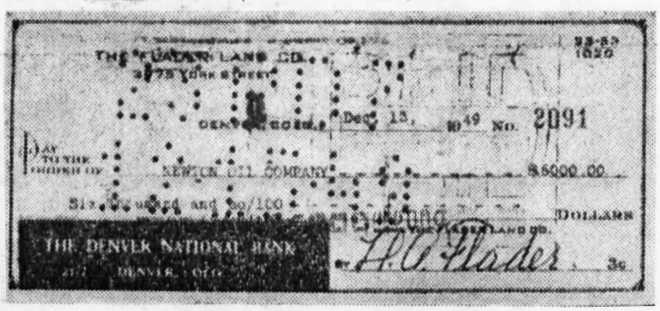
Although no mention was made of including a third party in this enterprise, Flader finally persuaded them to consider him in on the venture.

In the course of the tests, it developed, confidentially, of course, that Dr. GeBauer was the scientist who had been called in by the Government to inspect a flying saucer grounded in New Mexico. Silas Newton, who understood matters scientific, was impressed.

So was Herman Flader, who didn't.

Before the impression wore off, Herman Flader was going to lose more money than most men earn in a lifetime.

(Continued Tomorrow)



A $6000 Flader check to Newton Oil Co.

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Sixth installment
(5 Missing?

SAUCER

Denver Jury Ends Doodlebug Case

PANORAMA
San Francisco Chronicle
Friday, Jan. 22, 1954

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Denver Post photo

End of the trail: Newton and GeBauer (center), flanked by an attorney, a nurse and GeBauer's wife, leave the Denver District Court after their convictions.

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By J. P. CAHN

THE Flader-Newton-GeBauer-Old Betsy association was to continue from mid-May of 1949, until late 1950.

In the course of that time some strange transactions took place.

Flader persuaded GeBauer to sell him a modified version of Old Betsy for $4000.

Oddly enough, the world renowned scientist was a little behind on some Plutonium payments at the time, and Flader generously advanced him $2000 in cash against the time when Betsy Jr. would be ready for the field.

Cost of the Swindle

Newton and Flader entered into an agreement regarding Newton's Dutton creek properties, a venture that eventually cost Flader $152,000 as nearly as his accountants can determine and didn't produce enough oil to lubricate a wrist watch.

Another development of the Flader-Newton-GeBauer-Betsy alliance was that GeBauer sold Flader three more oil locating instruments in addition to Betsy Jr.

The purchase of these machines cost Herman Flader $24,552.30, a considerable figure, although it should be noted that on the strength of the instruments, Flader and GeBauer set up the Colorado Geophysics and Development Company.

This organization collected several thousand dollars in fees for various geological surveys performed, in most cases, or friends of Flader. All of this money instantly found its way into the doctor's pockets for various pieces of experimental equipment including a station wagon he purchased to further his scientific research.

Other Ventures

Two other ventures sprung from the fertile association of the two men of science, Newton and GeBauer, in collaboration with Flader's willing pocketbook.

Newton sold Flader an interest in a California oil lease, near Newhall, for a trifling $1500 and then some additional California leases near Mojave on some sure-fire oil pay property surveyed by GeBauer. The Mojave deal cost Flader $49,400.

All told Newton and GeBauer took $231,452.30 away from Herman Flader according to his books.

In return he held sizable interests in some of the finest dry holes on record and held the pink slips on four oil divining instruments from the laboratories of Dr. Leo GeBauer.

As a matter of fact, when it was all over, Flader only had two machines left and he couldn't operate them.

The doctor, while he always promised to show Flader how to run the machines, never quite got around to it; although he once gave Flader a sheet of instructions which, unfortunately, Flader couldn't understand.

GeBauer, however, was very clear in cautioning Flader about handling the machines while the doctor was away surveying their various properties. Under no circumstances was Flader to open the machines. Since they were Government equipped and top secret, they contained demolition charges. The slightest tampering and Flader would be blown to bits.

Flader, naturally a curious man, followed GeBauer's instructions explicitly.

Friendship Fades

Months went by.

From time to time Newton or GeBauer would dart into Denver to advise Flader of the most recent catastrophe that was holding them within inches of another Teapot Dome.

It couldn't last forever.

Toward the end of the summer of 1950, even patient Herman Flader began demanding something in return for the quarter of a million dollars he had poured out.

The more insistent Flader became, the less frequently did Newton and GeBauer call on him.

Finally, collaring GeBauer, Flader insisted he show him how one of the machines worked.

GeBauer finally agreed, only to discover when he tried to give Flader instructions, that the machine was out of order.

GeBauer took the machine with him, promising to repair it at no cost to Flader and have it back in a week or so.

That was the last call GeBauer made on Flader.

Newton had disappeared too. The Newton Oil Company office in Denver was closed and although Flader had his attorney write Newton some blistering letters, Newton never replied.

After a while, Flader more or less decided to forget the whole thing and take his licking. Flader didn't know what else he could do.

When he was through telling me the Newton-GeBauer saga, even Flader looked weak.

"I guess those fellows made a pretty big fool of me," he said philosophically.

I couldn't help but ask how a man with as much mechanical background as Flader had could possibly be taken in by a deal based on machines that didn't work.

"When I build a man a machine," said Flader, glowering, "it works. I never gave it a second thought that the other fellow wouldn't do the same."

I asked Flader if he had anything to prove the story he had told me.

"You just come here with me," he said.

Canceled Checks

Flader opened a walk-in safe and disappeared inside. I heard him rummaging around for a moment and then he came out holding a double armful of canceled checks which he threw on a table.

I look at the backs of some of them. Every check I turned over was endorsed by either Newton or GeBauer.

Flader went back into the safe and came out with a pair of instruments that looked like commercial radios of some kind.

"These are GeBauer's machines . . . the wonderful machines with the Plutonium. Look here."

He lifted the lid off one of the boxes and held up a small battery that was wired into the machine.

"There's the joker that made the lights go," he said. "It wasn't Plutonium or magnetics or anything but this little battery. I got tired of waiting around and pried this thing open one day and this is what I found, a little 20-cent battery that cost me all that money."

A Real Bargain

I showed the machines to my friend Roberts, the electronics technician from Denver Research Institute. Without telling him anything about them, I asked him what he thought they were.

"This one," he said, "is the tuning unit out of an Army Signal Corps transmitter. Look here, it's still got the Signal Corps identification plate on it."

"You think one of these things could locate oil?" I asked.

Roberts looked around inside the box for a minute. "This thing couldn't locate anything," he said. "I can check it at the lab for you if you want, but I can tell you right now it won't locate a thing."

"What do you think a box like that would cost?" I asked.

"I could probably pick one like this up at a surplus store for about $3."

As a matter of fact Roberts' estimate was a little low. He had to pay $3.50 to get a box like the one that cost Herman Flader $12,000.

I asked Flader what he thought about taking his case to court, provided the 3-year statute of limitations hadn't run out. Would he do it if it meant admitting in public that he had been taken for a sucker?

"I'll do anything," said Flader, "if I can stop that Newton and GeBauer."

The DA Gets the Case

Flader's mallet-like fists were rolled up, ready for action. One look at his jaw and you could tell he wasn't just passing the time of day.

Let's phone the District Attorney," I said.

The time had come for me to get out of the act.

That was in October of 1952.

On Dec. 29, 1953, Denver's rugged, ring-wise District Attorney Bert Keating, relaxed for the first time since the Newton-GeBauer trial had started almost two months before and found time to congratulate his complaining witness, Herman Flader, the man who wasn't afraid to admit he had been taken.

After less than three hours' deliberation, a jury in Denver's District Court found both Newton and GeBauer guilty of fraud and conspiracy to commit fraud — a pair of crimes good for a maximum of 30 years.

If their appeal is turned down, Newton and GeBauer will be formally sentenced on the 27th of this month.

There are some other angles to the story that could be developed, but someone else will have to do that.

I don't know where the little three-foot men came from. It sure enough wasn't Venus, and that's all I was assigned to find out.

The End



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Wed-20½

Dear Frank=

Rose Sin sure meant well in his information about the State paying for transcript of the record- That is not the case here, and I doubt it being true in Calif- It could be done by signing a paupers oath- and it might be done in a murder case and Sin told all the states are the same I have inquired of several attys including my own,- and they all say that is not the law-

And by the way you'll recall Brigham talked about a writ of Prohibition- well that cant be done here- once on a time it could be, but not now-

I spent 3 hrs yesterday with the attys going over 1st draft of motion for new trial- They set out 68 separate errors, including of course the Statute



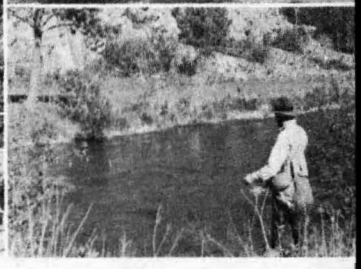
THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

of limitation, - and the fact that the case went over two terms before it came to trial - we never asked for continuance the motions must be filed the 28th and our atty's say they are tied up and would be cases for a full month. so I guess the arguments will go over to March - the Judge will of course deny the motions, and then there 30 days I understand to prepare the appeal - if this is true we'll start to the higher court in April '54

Thats about it on legal side - Jim twisting and turning with a hard row both my oil matters and Uranium matters are moving - Jim hopeful of getting them in final shape soon as I think I can borrow funds to fight with, even though these







Matters cant produce me any money
for at least 60 days -
My big problem is this meeks bond
business - or all my cake is doremi

Best wishes
Ji.

#
Gene seems to be making headway
but I meant to be more than sure
this time -
Ji

Cold as the deck end of an anthem
in the dead of winter in Norway
here today - Snow -

Transcription

Wed 20th

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That's about it on legal side. I'm twisting and turning with a hard row. Both my oil matters and Uranium matters are moving. I'm hopeful of getting them in final shape soon as I think I can borrow funds to fight with, even though these matters can't produce me any money for at least 60 days.

My big problem is this week's bond business – or all my cake is do re mi.

Best wishes

Si

[Silas Newton]

#

Gene seems to be making headway but I want to be more than sure this time –

Si

Cold as the buck end of an outhouse in the dead of winter in Norway here today – snow –

Doodlebug Defendants Claim 72 Trial Errors

Denver Post JAN 28 1954

Defense attorneys for Leo A. GeBauer and Silas M. Newton, Denver oil promoters found guilty last Dec. 29 of confidence game and conspiracy to commit confidence game, filed a 14-page motion asking for a new trial in Denver district court Thursday.

Newton and GeBauer face prison terms of up to 30 years from their conviction of bilking Herman A. Flader out of $250,000 through the purchase of part interest in three "doodlebug" machines which were alleged to be able to locate oil beneath the surface of the earth.

The motion filed by the father-son defense team of Isaac and Gerald Mellman and Theodore Epstein charges Judge Frank E. Hickey with 72 points of error during the nearly two-month-long trial late last year.

OTHER ERRORS CHARGED

Defense attorneys charge Judge Hickey erred in allowing 34 exhibits of checks, agreements and letters to be admitted into evidence.

An error was also charged for the judge's refusal to dismiss the information by reason that it was filed more than three years after the commission of the alleged offenses and that the statute of limitations had expired.

An error was charged in denying the defense a bill of particulars and in overruling a defense motion to dismiss the charges on grounds that two terms of court had elapsed from the date of filing the information before the defendants were brought to trial.

The defense charged Judge Hickey should not have allowed District Attorney Bert M. Keating and Edward Lehman, one of his deputies who prosecuted the case, to amend the information after the trial got under way. The motion charges the court allowed the district attorney to ask leading questions during Flader's testimony, over the objections of the defense lawyers.

Ben Garcia, Denver handwriting expert, was endorsed as a state witness midway through the trial to testify regarding a contract which bore Flader's signature. The state had charged the signature was forged. The motion charges Garcia's endorsement as a witness was in error on grounds that his testimony was immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant.

The defense attorneys charged the court erred in allowing Thor Severson, Denver Post staff writer, to testify during rebuttal as to a picture showing Newton holding a doodlebug machine, partially hidden behind a magazine. They charged Severson's testimony was an attempt to impeach Newton and that the impeachment was immaterial and highly prejudicial to the jury.

INSTRUCTIONS CHALLENGED

Midway through the trial, the court was recessed for one week when GeBauer was hospitalized for hemorrhaging ulcers.

The motion charges Judge Hickey erred when he instructed the jury for the recess and suggested they had already read about GeBauer's illness in newspapers. This instruction, the defense charged, was directly opposite the court's earlier instruction at the opening of the trial not to discuss the case or read about it in the newspapers.

The Mellmans and Epstein charge the court erred in not granting a motion for a directed verdict at the conclusion of the state's case on the grounds the people's evidence had not disclosed the commission of the offenses charged in the information.

JUDGE'S ACTION HIT

Other points of error contained in the motion allege Judge Hickey should not have given the jury of 13 instructions presented by the district attorney before they started their deliberations, and should have included eight instructions suggested by the defense.

After GeBauer was released from the hospital and the trial resumed, he again became ill and was confined for several days to his hotel room. At this time he signed a waiver of his constitutional right to face his accuser so that the trial could continue in his absence.

The final point of error brought out in the motion alleges that the court should not have permitted the trial to proceed without GeBauer's presence and the accepting of the waiver was improper and unconstitutional. GeBauer signed the waiver on advice of the Mellmans.

Judge Hickey said he would rule on the motion within a month, after he has had time to study it.

Dear Frank -

Jan 30th 1957

Thanks for your good letter - Am I correct in figuring you made a copy even that you wrote in long hand? If so you mailed the copy and kept the original -

I forgot to say, I think, I mailed a copy of the Motion to Sharon, along with the Past story if you care to read it borrow her copy - The latest comment since the story broke can be summed up as follows, "Well what happened, you got a break in the press at last, now maybe the public will see what a prejudiced Judge you had" Also from publicans and sinners and about a dozen lawyer friends -

As time gets along, more and more people say, you just didn't have the right trial lawyers - I talked to Rose several times during the year, but was deluded into thinking that Geo Smiths program would be concluded and I'd have the money to bring Rose here - As I see it now that was the real reason he ducked the job, and I can't blame him - Had he been here, hell would have been to pay, unless he figured, "let the Judge alone and crucify Hader" - That was all we needed - and our attorneys were just not vicious cross examiners, and didn't know Oil or geophysics - As Record thought there are two "high priced men here who could have torn Hader to bits, but

No money, no "guilty" was the verdict -
I do not believe the higher court can get away
from the truth of our position when they
follow the law, and if they review the
record they will not hesitate to throw
the thing in the ashcan -

We had a long session with all 3
attys re the Cabin Chronicle crap - They
claim we must wait until these are
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we are - I am certain beyond words that
Doc is a hopeless case, and I doubt any
recovery to balanced thinking even when
his skull fracture heals - It just does not
seem possible that he can do and say the
things we have heard him say the last 90 days.
Talk about Cloud 7 - he's on 77 - all the time -

As to the Chronicle story I have complete file
except one issue - My evenings at home are
free, as my son - wife and kids hit the hay
8:30 to 9 - O.M. and I'm alone - I'm going to
write a complete paragraph by paragraph
answer to the worlds most sordid collection
of lies and libels, and send it to you - There's
bound to come a day when the world will
be interested to know the history of a Cabo, Court
and the operation of a cesspool rat from the
Chronicle latrine in San Fran -

(3) Im getting the Radio in to Reno boards for better or for worse – I put Doc on the carpet this week in the presence of his two women his nurse and his wife, and I told him what I prepared to do, and I said, "If you want to stop me do it now, because if you homelied Im going to blast you to the world" I just dont know if he realizes what it means to be found a liar about this Radio. As matters stand, I just dont propose to trust anyone any more on any need your – The F.S. business is strange as you know. The most peculiar thing is that day by day we get more support for the story we originally heard – and that forces me to believe this man had the inside somewhere along the line – but I know now he has no regard for what he says. and he thereby keeps himself continuously in hot water.

As Im told you Im undertaken to get back on my feet by revamping our Rangely holdings. a test to the Mississippian 8000 ft is now 5000 feet deep and in 60 days more be in – If its the well I figure it to be, the Boom there will start all over bigger than before –

The Nat. Mining congress closed tonight here with a "Sowbelly Dinner" – Uranium was king here yesterday. The area we are in is the heart of the present boom now in the land of Moab – in Utah – This, if I handle my

and can get me mill in 3 to 6 months and no fooling - But I've been out so hard I substitute to employ my own brand of enthusiasm which for all these years has been my forte - This is a natural - but at the moment I have exactly sixty cents and nowhere I know to get a penny. Sharon and Howard are actually starving and unless I get my bond money on the line I can not stop in the county jail because I just don't see how I can hold the bondsman off longer than the middle of next week - He wants his money - I regret to say that the coolness in this house is most depressing, and since before Xmas my boy hasn't helped me in any manner - My first money break will see me out of here, where I can have some peace of mind - Now the years I have kept silent about matters of this kind - Not one member of the family has ever inquired as to either Howard or Sharon - They didn't go out of their way before she went to court but since then they have never mentioned either - I go out of my way to show the kids Howards pictures, but they are coached to keep their mouths shut -

This and a lot more, Frank tends to put a bitter note into my thinking, but some how I feel that there's a solution and in the years ahead there's a way to climb the

5

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I do not know if there are publishers who have the foresight to realize the story you have to tell is top, beyond and above the call of duty, as they say about the heroes - I do not believe your pen can be stilled on this subject - I want you to have all the facts, and if necessary I'll provide all the money no matter how much - because I know that I have the means and the knowledge and the ability to look another fortune in the face before 1954 is history - Once I've started all the lifetime of training and experience will go into this one - I want real security for Howard and Sharon, no matter what she does - and as for myself, well I've never turned my face to the wall -

Somehow, some way, I would like to see you back to health so that you can make that run down the stretch of the years ahead like the real "man of war" you really are -

So my best to you and yours across the miles — Love

Ai

Transcription

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As time gets along more and more people say, you just didn't have the right trial lawyers. I talked to Rose several times during the year, but was deluded into thinking that Geo Smiths program would be concluded and I'd have the money to bring Rose here. As I see it now that was the real reason he ducked the job, and I can't blame him. Had he been here, hell would have been to pay, unless he figured "let the Judge alone and crucify Flader." That was all we needed. and our attorneys were just not vicious cross examiners, and didn't know oil or geophysics. On second thought there are two high priced men here who could have torn Flader to bit, but no money, so "guilty" was the verdict. I do not believe the higher court can get away from the truth of our position when they follow the law, and if they review the record they will not hesitate to thrown the think in the ashcan.

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As to the Chronicle story I have complete file except one issue. My evenings at home are free, as my son – wife and kids hit the hay 8:30 to 9 P.M. and I'm alone. I'm going to write a complete paragraph by paragraph answer to the worlds most sordid collections of lies and libels, and send it to you. There's bound to come a day when the world will be interested to know the Gestapo of a Colo court and the operation of a cesspool beat from the Chronicle latrine in San Fran.

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[Silas Newton]



THE SHIRLEY-SAVOY HOTEL • DENVER, 2, COLORADO

Sunday night -

Dear Frank:

Tried to call you few days ago, but found you out of town -

Talked to Gene, and am trying to get the radio into his hands - If I do, I hope it is not a phony, because one more blow is about the limit of what I can take -

The worst one came this past week with Sharon - She fell, broke her arm and they took stitches in her chin - Thats all I know, where, how, what I do not know. I hope when you find out you can let me know. Its her right arm so she cant write - This is about the limit - of things that can happen

I am more than busy here. Going at terrific speed, as have made a drilling deal and have to get all the leases blocked out and in shape, so the well can be started. Thank God so much our people







and I won't have to be tarred and feathered by some stupid Cabin if its a dry hole. We all think it can be good - its in a good area and looks fine on Geology, and all the magnetic work looks good - I asked Gene to get my Zipper back at your place and Express it to me - I hope it arrives tomorrow - I want to see how it checks with my instruments for my personal information - If its a well I'll be back on my feet in a short short time - In the meantime I'm really suffering and wish Sharon's Mom its worse, but things will work out -

The enclosed gives you the local press interest in T.S. business - Gene had some prints made by Mazzella of the Saucer Film so we have that record - Half dozen different frames - They look good

Hope things are OK with you and yours - No word from you so you must



be busy - I had one meeting about a dozen. The Gov. Thornton was to be there but held up by a dinner speech and missed us. He didn't know what it was about,

I am hoping to get in shape before Feb 22 to add some legal help to the lawyers we have in the preparation of the arguments on our motions. Sharon has copy of some of you care to see it.

I see where the floods are about to wash the town away. Summer here 60-70 every day for 3 weeks

Love all

Yours

Ad

Transcription

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Love all

Yours

Si

[Silas Newton]

Giant Rock Airport
P.O. Box 419,
Yucca Valley, Calif.

Thurs., Feb. 4, 1954.

Dear Frank & Alice

You are cordially invited to participate as one of the speakers at the Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention at Giant Rock Airport, 17 miles North of Yucca Valley, California, on Sunday, April the 4th, 1954.

All who have investigated, contacted, or written books on the subject, are being invited to speak. This is your opportunity to meet those whom you have not met before.

We are holding this first Convention outside the confines of a city, with the hope that one of the craft will appear for those who attend to see.

From all appearances there should be a crowd of around 5000 interested people here.

Air Force Intelligence has been invited.

All people have been requested to bring their own food and refreshments, in all publicity.

There are no charges to the public and all who participate must pay their own expenses. No one is to be paid.

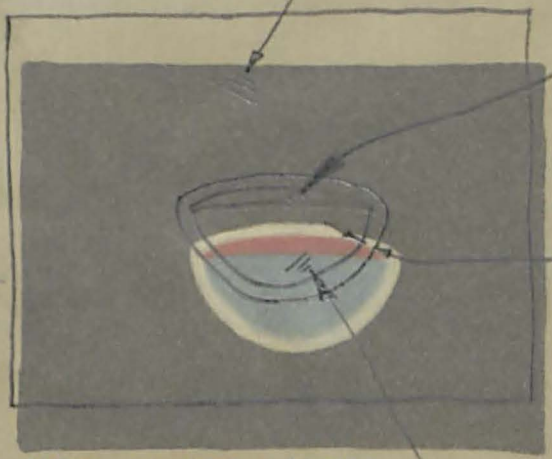
Sincerely Yours,

G.W. Van Tassel

G.W. Van Tassel

Van to you.

OBJECT WHEN FIRST SIGHTED, LOOKED TWICE AS BRILLIANT AS THE BRIGHTEST STAR. ONLY THE RED COLOR WAS VISIBLE INSIDE THE BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT TO THE NAKED EYE BUT WHEN VIEWED THRU 7×25 POWER BINOCULARS OBJECT WAS VISIBLE AS SHOWN.



DESCRIPTION OF U.F.O.

U.F.O.

SIGHTED MONDAY MORNING FEB. 8, 1954 AT FROM 2:00 TO 2:30 A.M. AT AN ANGLE OF 60° & ON A MAGNETIC COURSE OF 233° EVENTUALLY FADING FROM VIEW. HOLLYWOOD RIVIERA, REDONDO BEACH, CALIF; WITNESSED BY MR. & MRS. Earl C. Reed

LEE DE FOREST
8190 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.

February 11, 1954

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

Dear Mr. Scully:

I am sorry I missed your call yesterday, but frankly, I am too busy to worry about any unknown "vortex" in the Outpost area. I refuse to get excited over any flying saucer reports, but I am glad if you have been able to make some money from such reports and theories.

For some time now, I have been working on devices for obtaining electricity or mechanical power directly from heat. Last week there was a T-V broadcast regarding same.

If you think there might be material here for your column, come on up.

Sincerely yours,

Lee de Forest

Lee de Forest

LdeF;lt

Dear Frank-

Wednesday Am.

NO this is not my blood - the vultures have it all, Dic been out in the field day and night on a leasing program where we are to drill a test well 15 about 15 miles from Denver and the area has a lot of merit - If we finish the lease work in the next 30 or 4 weeks will drill them otherwise will be delayed My only chance for a penny is when the rig is moved in, can sell some acreage and then if the hole is a well, my interest can get me off the hook And whats more I can then look after my family in decent shape -

The tragic happening whereby Sharon broke her arm is about the final blow - I only know the barest details as left handed writing is all she can do at the present - I learned from Gene that her arm was broken in the elbow and there was some concern as to the arm being stiff -

Well at last I got the radio to Gene - all I know is - that they got it to play local stations with police calls in the back ground and it looks interesting as to its merit for what they want. I can't say if its not a phony, well and good, but I just don't have the courage to believe much these days -

I had some still frames made for you of the Mulholland Dancer - Am returning the film in a few days to Gene - Have wanted the Gov. Thornton to see it but he missed one appointment and as yet doesn't know what he's to see

I exist from day to day, with the cold shoulder

everywhere on money—

I have had several sessions with the attys re the motions for new trial - some of the errors are apparently there insofar as rulings are concerned and the appellate court boys will have to plow some new ground - From all sides I get encouragement as to the appeal ability of the Wellmans - and I'm beginning to feel like that is where their strength lies - the arguments come up March 22nd a month away its a certainty the present Judge Hickey won't listen - so then the work must be put in briefs and all that procedure - So 1954 will be history before we can get the final history written on this case

I certainly hope you are improved in health I've missed your cheering messages, but figure you must be grinding away - I wonder how the meeting between Air Force & Air Line Pilots came out last Wednesday in La. They were to join hands because the Commercial airline people see 10 to 15 F.S.'s every night so the Denver Morning News reported on front page last week and Time tells about report of landing on top of Palomar - Heil Hops Adamski —

Regards and love to all

Yours

Al

Transcription

Dear Frank: [February 17 or 24, 1954?] Wednesday AM

No this is not my blood. The vultures have it all. I've been out in the field day and night on a leasing program where we are to drill a test well. It's about 15 miles from Denver and the area has a lot of merit. If we finish the lease work in the next 3 or 4 weeks will drill then otherwise will be delayed. My only chance for a penny is when the rig is moved in. Can sell some acreage and then if the hole is a well, my interest can get me off the hook. And what's more I can then look after my family in decent shape.

The tragic happening whereby Sharon broke her arm is about the final blow. I only know the barest details as left handed writing is all she can do at the present. I learned from Gene that her arm was broken in the elbow and there was some concern as to the arm being stiff.

Well at last I got the radio to Gene. All I know is that they got it to play local stations with police calls in the background and it looks interesting. As to its merit for what they want, I can't say. If it's not a phony, well and good, but I just don't have the courage to believe much these days. I had some steel frames made for you of the Mulholland Saucer. I'm returning the film in a few days. Have wanted the Gov. Thornton to see it but he missed one appointment and as yet doesn't know what he's to see.

I exist from day to day with the cold shoulder everywhere on money.

Have had several sessions with the attys in re the motions for a new trial. Some of the errors are apparently new insofar in so far as rulings are concerned and the appelate [sic] court boys will have to flow some new ground. From all sides I get encouragement as to the appeal ability of the Mellmans – and I'm beginning to feel like that is where their strength lies. The arguments come up March 22nd a month away. It's a certainty the present Judge Hickey won't listen, so then the work must be put in briefs and all that procedure. So 1954 will be history before we can get the final history written on this case.

I certainly hope you are improved in health. I've missed your cheering messages, but figure you must be grinding away. I wonder how the meeting between Air Force + airline pilots came out last Wednesday in L.A. They were to join hands because the commercial airline people see 10 to 15 F.S.'s every night so the Denver Morning News reported on front page last week and Gene tells about report on landing on top of Palomar. That tops Adamski.

Regards and love to all

Yours

Si

[Silas Newton]

New Trial Sought In 'Doodlebug' Case

Arguments to grant a new trial for Silas M. Newton and Leo A. GeBauer, convicted "doodlebug" swindlers, got under way Monday in Denver district court.

Newton, Denver oil promoter, and GeBauer, Denver and Phoenix radio parts dealer, were found guilty early this year of bilking Herman A. Flader, Denver industrialist, out of $250,000 by selling him part interest in three machines, alleged to be able to locate underground oil, and oil leases owned by the defendants.

Following their conviction for confidence game and conspiracy to commit confidence game, their attorneys filed a motion for a new trial claiming 72 points of error during the nearly two-month long trial.

Defense arguments were not expected to conclude until Monday afternoon. Their arguments will be answered by District Attorney Bert M. Keating.

Both Newton and GeBauer face a possible jail sentence of up to 30 years on the two counts.

Defense attorneys Isaac and Gerald Mellman have indicated that if the motion for a new trial is denied by the trial judge they will petition the state supreme court to review the case.

MAJOR POINTS

Major points of error stressed by defense attorneys during Monday's arguments were:

1—Admissibility of certain evidence during the trial.

2—Changing of the information after the trial was under way.

3—That the statute of limitations had expired before the information was filed.

4—The court's failure to allow the defense to introduce certain evidence.

5—That the court erred in the 28 instructions given to the jury.

[Notes by Frank Scully]

March 24, 1954

Follow up of Flying Saucer notes.
The Edwards Air Force item of a few months ago is still seemingly completely true. Further data reveals that they still have the flying saucer. It is being held in Building 27 - (which is a hangar) - and apparently the man is still under custody.

(through a very pretty girl in Little Rock, daughter of an ex-Times man, Morrison, who is very friendly with an officer in the camp.)

Follow up on the flying saucer picture that Adamski had shown at the May co during his series of autograph parties. It was known to have been taken not by Adamski but a man in Temecula, Calif, a picture of a flying saucer - unusual looking and very tall - We heard the man who took it was Charles Hicks. The picture showed the saucer over Palomar. From a complete different source we heard that somebody had talked with some scientists at Palomar Observatory who said that Adamski's stories were no laughing matter, that one of the scientists had seen a saucer land on the big top and had gone into one and beein in one for two hours. The two stories put together sounded quite good. Gene wrote to Hicks and sent a check and asked

for a copy of the picture. In a roundabout way Hicks explained that he had been wanting to see if he could produce by his own devices a flying saucer picture, and figured that he had succeeded, noting the interest of Gene's letter. He gave his one copy away (to Adamski we gather) and his negative mysteriously disappeared, and he returned the check. In other words a hoax.

Then Mr Mayers traced down the story of the Palomar scientist and found that a certain lady had bungled the story Betherum told with Palomar and voila - another false lead.

for Annual

(1)

AMONG THE SAUCERS AT GRANT ROCK
A Palm Springs Faubourg Has an Al Fresco
Convention of Believers in ~~Pilots~~ Tourists
From Outer Space.

By Frank Scully.

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

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

People - as many as 5,000 come from as far east as Detroit and as far west as Los Angeles to attend this convention. They come in all sorts of conveyances, and hundreds camp out Saturday night in trailers, portable tents , sleeping bags and their cars, for there are no hotels or motels at Grant Rock and the road, in and out, (one long sand trap.) 15

Grant Rock is owned by Mr. and Mrs. George Van Tassel. He was formerly was a test pilot for Lockheed, but several years ago he migrated to the desert out post because it had an air strip and was hard to reach otherwise. It gave him privacy. Plenty of it. At least until he saw some flying saucers and talked to one of their pilots.

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

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

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

Giant Rock is about an hour's run east of Palm Springs, up on the plateau of Morongo Valley miles beyond Joshua Tree. It's far beyond where the pavement ends, 17 miles in fact. There as many as 5,000 make the trip to hear the Saucerians air their experiences, laying bare everything from the latest personal encounter with unidentified flying objects to the religious and social significance of these interplanetary phenomena.

Every year suprise speakers break out with a hair-raising tales and the Van Tassels give them all a chance to sound off. The speakers climb a stairway to a watch tower and after a brief introduction by George Van Tassel, the microphone and public address system are theirs.

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

Myself referred to at these al fresco clam bakes as the "Dean of Flying Saucers" because I seem to have written

I am
the first book on the subject, xxx xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
exhumed each year to talk,(No time limit is imposed on any speaker
by Chairman Van Tassel, no matter how far the speaker or Van Tassel may wander from the
subject) and then asked to remain on the elevated platform for the question and answer
period, which ends each day.

Observers from the FBI, The Air Force, The Sheriff's Office
and I guess from Patten, are on the grounds, checking on what
I believe is the nicest lunar frings in this far-flung land of
loveable screwballs. (which I just made up)

There's a story of a saucer landing near Patten and blowing
a tire rim off, fell into a stream and were lost. The pilot looked around.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another, while working at White Sands, a government proving ground for rockets, found himself approached one night, invited aboard a saucer and flown to New York and back in less than you could say "It Went that-a-way!"

He, However, reported no female aboard and so his domestic life continues comparatively serene. He first told his tale at Giant Rock two years ago.

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

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

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

Indeed in a television debate on the issue in Los Angeles, I pointed out to a former Air Force Captain and head of Project Bluebook, the name of the defense arm's interplanetary (USAF) that I had seen Paramount make a beautiful miniature of an A-bomb explosion and if he thought that because of this an actual A-bomb was a fake, brother, he was in for some lethal radiation one of these radioactive days. He saw the point and dropped the role of a doubting Thomas.

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

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

In my home in Hollywood ~~xxxx

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

Checking with geophysical instruments we found they went dead from noon to ~~2~~ two in the afternoon. Those walking inside this zone soon developed a nausea. Along the cliffs were ~~circular~~ circular formations like giant mudpies which had been ~~petrified~~ petrified thousands of years ago. We found all the earmarks of a vortex. The object ran along high tension wires from Boulder Dam. Could the object be a scouting ship that was mapping the area to see if it was a magnetic fault zone? Was it from a larger cigar-shaped space ship, sent out from beyond our atmosphere for this scouting and controlled by it? We turned our findings over to Cal Tech but they were so busy working on projecting ~~a basketball into outer space~~ a satellite about the size of a basketball into outer space they couldn't be bothered by nonsense such as ours. That Bill Russell of U. S. F. probably could have heaved a basketball into outer space and saved us taxpayers $10,000,000 was not suggested by us because this was before he became the champion of the court game.

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

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

On a television program with Ken Murray I gave a possible explanation. "Maybe," I said, "they sent down their jockeys the first time. It was a long trip, and on long rides, as any horse-player will tell you, weight counts."

That got a laugh. Logic usually does.

(30)

(As I said before, I got a lot of us are crazy but not stupid.)

From AMG
To FS
April 10/54

1954 --1--
Giant Rock
Convention

A Report of the Spacecraft Convention.

The first "Flying Saucer" convention had been set for Sunday, 4th of April, 1954, and I found myself with an invitation to attend with the Dean of the Flying Saucers, Frank Scully. With his book "Behind the Flying Saucers" he had 'placed his surviving foot in the door' of what has become a vast, cosmic, limitless room. While he stands, surprised at the furore, others come along with stories of explorations beyond belief.

Dawn had scarcely broken when I found myself awake and excited over the proposed adventure. The Palm Springs morning was clear and lovely as always, Frank and his wife, Alice, I hoped were peacefully asleep in the guest room.

I thought of the things I had heard since my friend, Lily, a Southern Belle, had come to visit me, bringing with her a consuming interest in matters Saucerian. She wanted to talk with Adamski or Scully ! We had tea with Mr. Scully, an old neighbor on Whitley Heights. His attitude was, and consistently is, that he was simply a reporter.. he wrote what he heard the Scientists said. Later he put it even more tersely and to the point:" I maintain a Chekovian detachment." He has never seen a Flying Saucer.

Not so Kay Mullendore, whose lectures we heard ! She is the 'Mama' of the F.S and the first woman to lecture on whatever was known of them..and she knew a lot. She told us that at Giant Rock, in the desert, where the convention is scheduled to take place, there is a man named George Van Tassel. He is a former air pilot, and for several years he has been receiving interstellar communications. There is a room under the Giant Rock and she herself has attended many of the 'seances' with fifty or sixty other people and has many transcriptions and tape recordings of the messages. She was present, she says, when a radio ham operator named George Williamson met Mr. Van Tassel for the first time. He, too had been receiving interplanetary dispatches by way of International Morse Code. Kay said that their data, separately received, tallied in every particulat.

The morning moved on, Alice reports that Frank has had a rugged night, and was quite ill. But he is F.S. Frank Scully Flying Saucer, has a part to play today and the Show Must Go On..and it did and we did!

Alice at the wheel, we turn off the highway after a few miles, and are in desert country. From the road long sandy wastes reach to distant mountains. Suddenly grotesque Joshua trees rise all around us..a few villages and then more desert. Frank listens with polite interest to all the tales I have picked up. There may be grains of truth, but around an idea like theis, there is bound to be confusion, misinterpretation the dreadful muddle of crackpottism. But", I quoted Somebody, "Truth crushed to earth , will rise again." Frank and Alice agreed.

By this time we are well out into the desert. The mountains have closed in a little and the roads is a single path, sandy and difficult to navigate, but Alice drives on, pulling to the side into deep sand to allow oncoming cars to pass. We seem to be a thousand miles from nowhere;the Space people couldnt have asked for a more inaccessible spot.

The very first sign appears at long last! There's a stick in the sand at a crossroad; it has a narrow red rag bobbing a little in the almost nonexistant breeze. What an insignificant bit of rag, I thought, to be the precursor of what portends the most colossal,earthshaking marvel...speaking acquaintance with worlds outside our own.

A sign accompanies the flag; 'George and the Gang Welcome You.' More in keeping with the solemnity is another sign that says simply: Spacecraft Convention. Here is a new term. It seems the nickname derived from Kenneth Arnold, who was the first man to see the craft, near Mt. Ranier. He spoke of them as 'saucer-like'; they moved like a saucer skipping on the water, with an undulating movement.

More heavy, dusty road and then in the distance the spectacle appears like a desert mirage. Thousands of people, cars..and some airplanes. Rising above it all is the Giant Rock itself ! There is a red flag on top; it is shaped like a stocking. As we draw nearer we see that there is a large second rock, whitewashed, and to the left of us, a mountain of rocks. Its side is covered with men, women and children sitting on the ledges, all looking toward a speaker who is on a stand erected on a small building. Our car moves thru the throngs who are standing, or sitting on cushions, army cots, boxes and newspaper, or are milling about. I feel like a companion to Calpurnia on a triumphal entry with Caesar. I try to see the people. My first impression of them and a continuing impression was of people on a holiday, on a picnic, at the beach. Outdoor people in bright plaid shirts and with sun glasses. The women for the most part in slacks and shorts. To my right are many airplanes, their owners calmly sitting in the shade of the wings. All are intently listening to the speaker. He is George Williamson, the radio operator from Wyoming, who is telling his story. "The Space People are friendly, they are good, they are peaceful" he is saying.

Mr. Scully has been recognized and I become alert to see the man who will approach us. First comes a young, tanned handsome man. He has a good, intelligent face. He is Jerry Baker; he has sort of adopted Mr. Scully with a 'let's get to the bottom of this saucer business' attitude. He reports that everything is well organized and is going nicely. There are five thousand people and about thirty five airplanes;..from everywhere!

Then comes a Mr. Dorsey. He has been here all night, nearly a thousand people were there for the night. In trailers, sleeping bags, army cots etc. They were rewarded, for at about midnight there was a huge explosion. There was a great flash, a sharp report and about five minutes later a loud blast with a rumbling and shaking everywhere. The people thought it was the Space fireballs exploding, but, he added, there is a Navy base over the mountain and it may have been some kind of detonation. Later I asked Frank why they didnt find out if it was the Navy, "There is noone to follow up these things" he said "I'm only a writer, I cant do it." I watch the crowd, but tune in enough to hear Mr. Dorsey speak of 'strange people'. The woman from Hollywood with the slanting eyes and odd face; and then Paul, whose grandfather is an Indian and who has done so much good work on the Beam.' Gracious, I thought, Space People!' !

Now to the car comes Mr. Van Tassel. My first thought is of Mr. Lindberg! The man is lean, tanned, slim and fairly tall. Blue eyes that are not piercing, but have looked far into the distance, like a mariner's. He is friendly and pleased to greet Mr. Scully. They speak of the explosion..."High in the air", he says " a big, radiant flash in the sky." Andelucci and Bethurum have both spoken. They have been on the Saucers. Frank is escorted off to the stand, he goes up the ladder steps on his crutches with his incredible agility.

He has equipped Alice and me with round badges. Our names and 'Delegate from Elsewhere. Orbit 7. ' Thats the Lucky Orbit, he assured us. A daring man has climbed to the top of the huge rock..the people are still attentive; some continue to mill around. Why do they move? they just mill around among themselves, talking, speculating, telling of unbelievable things. Mixing up rumors and passing them on.

At this point Kay comes to take us over with her group. They have an army cot, plenty of cushions and have been there all night. "The Space people were here" She tells us as we make ourselves comfortable, and as Frank is being introduced. "Oh yes, what is more, they exploded an enormous fireball." An extraordinary, circular cloud formation had encircled the speakers stand all morning, and someone had seen a flying saucer in it, and there are Space people here today. As a Palm Springs hostess, this information was welcome, as Extra men are always at a premium for dinner parties.

Above us is the Old Trooper! I knew that he had been in considerable pain and there he was Carrying On..Mr. Flying Saucer himself! With his good looks, his strong voice and his inimitable wit, he soon has the crowd in the palm of his hand, "We are really pioneers" he says, "Here for the first convention of the Flying Saucers... He knows how to skirt around the subject. They laugh, they applaud. All he says is Maybe yes, maybe no. He has never seen a saucer, he has not read the books of the men who have ridden on them. "After all authors do not necessarily take in each other's washing. And most of the time they can't afford to buy each others' books." To my delight he quotes me, I hear myself quoted. He mispronounces my name, and I'm the only one in the 5000 who hears it, but I do with that magnetic attraction we have for our own name. "Truth" he says" crushed to earth, will rise again."

Truth is going to take an awful beating on this flying saucer deal. To evaluate it, you can't discount it all. Much seems to check and dovetail..much is junk, but much has substance. Imaginations will run riot; we will unintentionally believe and embellish our own colorations; stories will fly, faster than the saucers; impending doom will be preached as it was in the year 1000, when France collapsed under the very weight of the warnings. As Frank is saying: " The trouble is, that retelling wears off the surface and puts on a new sheen..its the way science fiction writers are born."

Under a beach umbrella a bald, undistinguished man is autographing his book. He is Truman Bethurum, a mechanic. His book, which I buy, is "Aboard a Flying Saucer". They cost three dollars, he is selling a lot of them, and I am glad for him. I also buy Mr. Van Tassel's little paper backed book "I Rode A Flying Saucer". Need I say I had them both autographed. On the table were a number of pamphlets and magazines. The small publications had notified people of the convention and 5000 had responded.

Now we disband for lunch! Everyone retreats to his own bailiwick or trailer or rock, as in our case. Alice has a perfect picnic lunch; a card table and chairs appear from somewhere, and we set up behind a very large rock. Planes come and go, droning thru the air. Looking up, I ask: "Do you suppose there are any Space people here?" Jerry, who has joined us, replies "Yes, there are." "Oh, do you think so?" "I don't think so, I know so," he says quietly. "They tell me I am one," Frank says, "on Only I dont know it....Oh boy, are the gophers going to have a picnic when this is over! They'll be yelling at one another "Hey fellas look what I found." I said: "I'll bet the insect world instigated this meeting and not the space people at all. The man who fixed my car told me that humans were not the most intelligent form of life. Its the ants and the bees. Anyway, there'll be a hot time in the new town tonight. There's talk of a good deal of settling and building around here." By this time I am in the know, and try to pass on the usual misinformation. People have found Frank and he is surrounded by engineers and People Like That.

Alice and I walk down to investigate the Rock. A boy is flying high on a big swing that has been anchored securely into the rock up above. People are wandering around, aimlessly, and several are peering thru a window into the room beneath the rock where the experiments take place. This is the place we want to see, too. It is smaller than I had expected. Against the far wall are two tired davenports..and a Morris chair. There is a piano; near our window is a long shelf of books. We cannot see the titles,

but I venture to say there are "The Lost Continent of Mu " Children of Mu" and perhaps "Oahpse" Kay has said that the Continent of Mu is rising . "Look at the Saltan Sea" Mr. Van Tassel said"The sea is not rising, the land around it is sinking." Behind the books are a few lovely, fresh water colors. Nearby, sitting on rocks, are two sheriffs from Twenty Nine Palms. They are talking about the man who made the room under the rock. I cock my ear toward them, girl reporter from Mars that I am. "The man who built the room" the police are saying" noone knew who he was, or where he came from...he said to the police, 'don't come any nearer or I'll set off this dynamite I have on me." They did and he did. Probably a spy from Rooshia!

Mr. Van Tassel is already speaking. We are late. We find Kay and sit with her, a fine view of the stand and everything else. "We fed thirty five people" she told us" "Everyone excited and talking about the Saucers. Even hard headed business man are being convinced by the Adamski book. "Flying Saucers Have Landed." There is so much that can't be told yet...the Saucerians say we must not drop any more hydrogen bombs, for they set off such highly dangerous waves of radio activity...."

Mr. Van Tassel continues. And now hold your hats! " There ARE people here today, right now, in this audience, who are from Outer Space. But I am NOT going to identify them. There are 10,000of these people on the earth..." He leans easily on the railing, an earnest young man. He has on a yellow shirt, a yellow billed cap, tan slacks. Fairly usual garb for this part of the country;he speaks with facility, answers questions graciously and is in dead earnest. He believes what he is saying!

Some of the questions and answers were interesting to jot down:

First question: Is it possible to ask the space people to land at a convention?
" It is possible to ask them, but it does not necessarily mean that they will land. They never actually land on the earth..everyone who has contacted them agrees that they hover near the ground, but do not touch the earth. To board them, there is a step up of about three feet."

Can a person of this planet meet Space people if they would like to?
" They are always ready to make a contact with anyone ready to venture."

What is their method of propulsion?
" Electronic instruments. Originally, by thought transference; they've been working for years to perfect method. Find "Omni Beam" most effective." Mr. Scully is asked to give his theory of magnetic propulsion. It is beyond me.

Is there intelligent life on Venus and Mars?
" Just flatly, yes."

Are they friendly?
" Emphatically yes. All are agreed that their purpose is entirely one of friendly interest. They are under a law which is a unit..they cannot and will not harm anyone. But they will not allow us to be harmful either. They've said, if their laws permitted, they could take over our planet at any time. Mr. Van Tassel remarks: "You will remember, in Korea there was a Cease Fire order given and it was observed on both sides and fighting stopped. The order was traced and noone could be found on either side who had given it. There were Saucers flying over the Korean front."

How do they adjust to our atmosphere?
" Same as we do. When we send a deep sea diver into the water, we prepare him for the condition. The atmospheric changes are not as great as they have been made out to be."

Do you think they might take over our world?

Answer: "We have said their mission is peaceful. I don't think we've got anything they want". (Applause)

Why is our planet so behind the times?
"In the Universe, time does not exist. There are only planes of progress. The earth is just below the middle plane."

At what time of day do they usually land?
"Usually at night. The world is asleep and they do not want to infringe upon our rights." Mr. Bethurum says if a crowd was there, panic might occur, and someone get hurt. It seems, however that Mr. Adamski, contacted them in the daytime and the government air force has movies of the encounter.

Is there disease on the planets?
"No, there is none. They live to be about 300 then die naturally..and there is rejoicing and celebrating, no mourning. They have just gone on to a vibration of a higher level." Mr. Berthurum says on Clarion, which is a planet hidden by the moon, there is no disease, no accidents. They drive nutronic jeeps with magnetic equipment wh which makes it impossible for them to collide. Much of our disease is caused by wearing metal on our person..and by sudden changes, from one condition to another. Change should take place gradually.

Are there really some Space people here today? Will you have them come forward?
"I will tell you there are several here today. I will not identify them. One or two have made themselves known to me."

Is there physical evidence of their landing?
"Yes, but we have to maintain secrecy."

By this time the sun is going behind the mountain. We are grateful for our coats and sweaters, and begin to think of finding Frank and starting for home. On the high platform are Mr. Scully, Mr. Van Tassel, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Berthurum, Mr. Angellucci (whose story we have not heard). Mr. Adamski, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Arnold are not present. The people remain, they still stand, sit, mill around, buying milk from an enterprising man with a truck; the mountain is still lined with eager listeners.

The talk goes on, each man on the platform seriously giving his contribution to the extraordinary subject. They say there are a hundred people who have been on the saucers. The Space people do not use the word Saucer, but call the craft Ventlas. Where are the ventlas that have crashed and have been taken? Mr. Scully replies that for two years he has asked the Air Force, in a book, often in a syndicated column and there has been no answer. ..Mr. Van Tassel tell his story of contact with them right in this area. Conversation and communications are in excellent English, altho they seem to read thought and answer questions before they are formulated... Religion? We all worship the same Creator, although on this earth, which, by the way, they call Shan, we worship in word but not in deed. The people of no planet die. Life is eternal!

The sun is setting. Mr. Van Tassel says the main purpose of the convention is to get the approval of those gathered, to address a telegram to President Eisenhower. "Project Flying Saucer" should be taken out of the hands of the military..these space p people have made no act that would involve the military..we, the people of this country have a right to know the truth. To have a right evaluation by a proper investiga ting committee... It is so unanimously voted.

That has been my thought from the first! Why the assumption that these people if indeed there be these people, are enemies? It is Mr. Scully's earnest desire that some body in authority shall take hold of this thing, which, in suppression, is taking on monstrous proportions. Out of the debris of conjecture and hearsay, should be ferreted the grain or grains of truth. If there be truth, it will withstand the bombardment

of skepticism and ridicule, for Truth, crushed to earth WILL rise again. The Space People are friendly..the Giant Rock men are friendly and earnest. There should surely b be a friendly and earnest hearing, and what facts are found, placed before 'us..the people.'

Now Alice and I go over to join Frank who has descended from the platform. We are stopped in our tracks by Mr. Van Tassel saying.."Frank! here's a dark horse! Every convention has to have a Dark Horse!"**Another man who has contacted a Flying Saucer A new man has joined the group; he might be a technician of some kind..and is. A radio technician from White Sands Proving Grounds. He is Dan Fry..he is not a speaker he says,he was a member of the Cup and Saucer Club, a few ham radio operators who got got together over coffee and discussed the flying saucers....

The incident occurred on July 4th 1950. Now it can be told... He takes out a composition book, which is filled with his pencilled story. "Diary" he reads" Tonight I joined the realm of the F.S.B's. The Flying Saucer Believers.It was nine oclock in the evening, all the others had taken the bus to town.....".

The rapt attention with which he was regarded was as fresh and complete as when the first speaker started hours ago. I knew that another Saucer book was being born and that I would be the first to try to buy it.

Mrs. Van Tassel thanks Mr. Scully graciously. As one housewife to another I suggest that she ask for a few volunteers to pick up the litter of cans and cartons. We make our departure and are back on the dusty road, going toward home, which is "Elsewhere"as our badge has it.

Up in the sky ahead of us is a most unusual cloud formation. "Like a bird in flight without wings" says Alice. "Its like a smashed frankfurter" says Frank, who is in the back seat, tired to the bone, but alert when any of our conversation interests him. "Oh look" from me," There is a wonderful rainbow in the bottom of the cloud. I have never seen anything like it. It must be for Frank, the Space child! " And Alice replied, with her carressing way with the ll sound. "It is for all the Worlld". It was for all the worlld like a sweet and lovely blessing.

The next morning at the breakfast table I had to report that all night I seemed to be dreaming of CUPS. Just rows of thin blue cups. No saucers. Of course the Scullys said no psychiatrist would have any trouble working that out.

But lets end the story with the beautiful rainbow in the cloud and say with Alice "It's a rainbow for ALL the Worlld".

Anne McKittrick (Gougler)

FROM JERRY

Monday Evening
April 5th 1954
San Diego, California.

Dear Frank and Alice:

I pray that both of you reached home safely and without too much annoyance following the hectic week-end you must have had. Your presence on the speaker's platform (though oblivious to yourself) inspired that spark of vitality so necessary to any congregation of people. The program was dragging by the long-winded regurgitations and sagas of the saucerian sages. And as I stood alone among the multitude of enthusiasts, I could feel the complexion and interest change as you wove your humor into the realms of space.

In part, this letter will be brief notations of things I would like to pass on for your info and the latter will be more lengthly, depending upon what measure of import I feel they necessitate.

Don Dwiggins, Aviation Editor for LA Daily News, and fellow panelist on January's broadcast, covered the Convention for the News. Account appeared in today's News. To general public coverage good; to saucerians implications somewhat insulting; to the critics, he failed to report the two biggest stories: Dean Scully's arrival, and telegram to the President! He left shortly before you arrived.

The two-engined plane(beechcraft)we saw fly in while finishing lunch was that of Jerry Fairbanks. He left at about 5:00 in the afternoon. Did you get to talk with him?

A traffic jam ensued and people were detoured through 29 Palms as a result of automobile failures. When I left at 6:45 the roads were clear. Did the jam catch you?

The last speaker of the day as Dan Fry! He is the fellow from White Sands whom I mentioned to you as having gone up in a saucer over New York. His story is fabulous and his technical knowledge incredible. He was attached to

to the Proving Grounds there with work relative to Rocket propulsion. Actual valid positann and supporting data unobtainable at this time. Will obtain more as soon as possible. Suggest you negotiate contacting him personally, as I am sure he would be desirous of talking with you. There is much you can learn from him in support of your technical data in first book. Feel it imperative you make some move in this direction.

Larry Shields spent about 2-3 minutes covering the convention this afternoon on his television show. Caught this while on coffe break at work this afternoon. Luck or fate? My impression was that he gathered news from Dwiggin's article in News.

Have not seen or heard about Phelin's account in Long Beach papers yet. Did hear and received warnings about him from speaker at the convention. This fellow didn't know I knew him.

George Adamski is planning a visit with Clara John in Washington during trip east. He is going to be midly shocked after that visit. I take it from reading correspondence of Mary Hyde that she and Mary Hyde are going to pin him down to some embarrassing questions. Mary Hyde began writing you about six or eight weeks ago. Do not lose contact with her at this time. She is a virtual fountain of facts and figures and has spent untold hours on research. Very clever woman. Knows far more than she lets on, believe me! Here is a list of a few of her contacts: Frank Edwards, Clara John, Donald Keyhoe, Lonzo Dove, Dr. Lincoln LaPas, Dr. Shapely, Geza Koresmoros, Coral Lorenzen, plus a host of others in England, and Europe. I do know she is planning on doing a review of saucerians titling it "Waterfront". Review what letters she has written you Frank and see if she has a hidden motive for writing you. I still think it extremely beneficial corresponding with her, but the above information will put you on a more even footing with her.

I am very tired from the long trip myself. I arrived home last night after one in the morning, got up at seven and worked till five. Before

closing, I would like to add a couple more notes.

Enclosed are excerpts from two letters of Geza to Irma. I think they best reflect his mysterious approach to the saga. I have others far more diversified and technical, but chose these because I thought they would be most interesting to you. I would like them returned!

The article I typed from the Washington Daily News is merely the meat, the fat, I omitted. You may keep it.

I plan on leaving here late Thursday afternoon for Los Angeles again. Since the nature of my trip this time is somewhat important, I would appreciate your silence. It means something to its outcome! Alice informed me you planned on leaving for Desert Springs Friday or Saturday. You should stay there for a few weeks and rest up. It certainly would do you a world of good.

Hoping this finds you both in some facsimile of order, and recuperated, I send my love and best wishes.

Respectfully,

Jerry

COPY

DOVE PHOTO SERVICE
Film Finishing
Broadway, - Va

April 5, 1954

Mr. Jerrold Baker
4928 Vista Place
San Diego 16, California

Dear Mr. Baker:

Needless to say, I was surprised to hear from you. But what you say is welcome news confirmatory to what I have held and said for over a year, regarding the Adamski photog of the Nov-Dec. 1952 episode. I made my optical mathematical analysis of those photos on Feb. 1, 1953, from prints loaned me as received by others from Adamski. I made a large copy of the crucial print, and from that, as also from his original print, I measured for the perspective angles of the object from the lens of the camera. Among these loaned prints was the one credited to you, the blurred close-up, which must have really been close up, because with a fixed-focus, brownie camera such an image can be obtained only by holding the object about a foot in front of the lens, which makes the object about a foot in size. Now by odd coincidence, just as I got your letter, I was reading the Leslie-Adamski Saucer book, the Adamski portion, loaned by mail from a friend. There the blurred effect of the photo credited there to you is said to be caused by the fast motion of the object. But motion does not blur a point of light into all directions equally, but makes a sharp focus lined out blur in the direction of motion. The photo in question is blurred from grossly out of focus image. The object is evidently the same as in the other photos which Adamski says were through his 6-inch telescope. Comparing the perspective angles of the two poses, the one creditued to you rpvoes to be about 1/14th the distance of the feature picture. So let's study that feature pose.

The photo as reproduced in the Book, identically the same as I examined in January 1953, shows three equi-spaced globes on the underside of the domed object. Reason suggests that all three globes are actually the same diameter, symmetrical. Now anyone can take a millimeter measure and see that the frontmost globe is about 1/20th larger in perspective that then rearmost globe. It can be measured from the photo just as is, but better shown if a compass circle is made with the precise cruve of the globes. The photo shows that the full diameter of the rim is 2 1/6 times the center to center of the globe separation. From these facts, plus the statement in the Book that the saucer was 2000 or 3000 feet from the telescope when photographed, we can calculate the facts. The 1/20th perspective means in optics that the distance from object to camera eye was 20 times the distance from center to center of the globes on the object. Now assuming the distance to be 2000 feet. The globes then would

stand 100 feet apart. From the way they are oriented to the eye, the actual separation would be about 111 feet. The rim extends out beyond the globes, and the above mentioned 2 1/6 factor brings the object total diameter to around 240 feet - instead of the 36 feet mentioned in the Book as estimated by Adamski from his alleged close view on Nov. 20 and the more distant view of Dec. 13, 1952.

But we have not reachedthe critical point yet. It would be possible to have taken such a photo by any ordinary camera, giving a very small image that could be enlarged as shown in the Adamski prints - the ones I saw showed enlarged emulsion grain indicating that it was greatly enlarged from the negative. But through a telescope, never. The angles of the object is about 7 degrees of arc, and it is physically and optically impossible for so great an angle to reach the diagonal eyepiece of the telescope of x 6 inch objective. The telescope is shown in the Book, with Adamski beside it, so I can get a good idea of the instrument. I have a large 4 inch refractor type telescope, and from a lifetime study in these matters can say that Adamski's instrument cannot take in any object subtending 7 degrees of arc angle. The best mine does is a little over a half degree. This matter is something imposed by the nature of the instrument. By tearing out all the light stops and placing a film to cover the entire back of the tube, no more than 6 degrees would be taken in. And with a reflector, like Adamski's, the beam is bent back to the diagonal small outlet, and the angle taken there is hardly more than a degree at most. Just make a test: look at the moon with an eyepiece with front lens about the size of the opening in the diagonal. You will just see the moon diameter and little space around it. The moon diameter gives an angle of 30 minutes of arc, or only a half degree. That is all the telescope can place on a photographic film placed there. Yet that photo shows 7 degrees angle. With a 12 inch model, the distance would be 9 feet, but the angle the same 7 degrees. Only an ordinary camera lens can have produced that image, the same kind of camera that took the one credited to you. Will Adamski admit, after all this, that he took the photo with a camera, not the telescope, and only added the telescope because it sounded more scientific? Or will he admit that it is all a hoax with a small model? Who else saw the saucer that Dec. 13? I am inclined to accept the original form of the Nov, 20 story which had 6 other witnesses to the cigar ship at least, but what took place with Adamski alone apart from the others that day is questionable, especially in view of the way the story built up in contradictory fashion from the first simple statement as originally published and told to correspondentxs over the country who told me the essentials. I have, therefore, analyzed not only the photos but the stories. That is another story, though.

Will you tell me the following details? What size negative did Adamski produce with these saucer images? Has anyone to ~~you~~ your knowledge been allowed to see them and critically examine them? Did Alice Wells really see the man with Adamski bhrough binoculars? The story as given in the Phoenix Gazette did not indicate that she saw enough to draw the picture of that "Man from Venus" as Adamski

later calls him casually. The early versions prove that at the time Adamski did not know what planet the visitor came from. What was your impression on these points at the time? And that returned place with the saucer message on it, did you see it, and what size was it? By the way, Adamski should have asked expert advise on printing that one, because after I saw it for the first time in his Book I found immediately that he had printed it from the wrong side of the film, making the writing reversed mirrorwise from what it was written on the film. I made a photocopy from the picture in the book, but I reversed it as it should be, copy enclosed for what it may be worth. Do you think it really came from a passing flying saucer? Does Dr. George Williamson believe it is genuine, and has he made any headway in deciphering it? Not likely, because reading such symbols printed in mirror reversed way is too difficult. But as I have printed it, I can identify about 30 phonetic signs, and two of them mean "disk" or "ringed disk", and two others are astronomical signs for the planet "Mars." This word for the Ringed Disk or Saucer is not in any language that Adamski knows either its alphabet or its root syllables of ideas. I wonder if these findings of mine are purely accidental from a mess of scribbling, or could it be really a message from a saucer being? And finally, did you see any of those footprint plaster casts?

Now, it might be proper for me to give my own predictions of saucer events. Right now, April 4-8, 1954, is the proper time for spaceships to be launching from Mars toward Earth. There should be light flashes over the Earth, especially over the East USA region, and a flash-cloud signal on Mars itself. Also the Red Saucer, sometimes seen, should appear, as a symbol of the Red Planet Mars. The Military is most certain to be stirred up again into making another explanation of the saucers. And some astronomer somewhere is likely to report strange orbiting objects far out in space - during the following weeks - the flying saucer fleet on its way from Mars to Earth. The Richmond Virginia Radio is likely to break the news of this saucer flurry. Later on, April 22-25, another saucer activity. Then on May 10-11 there may be strange radio reception not of this world. This all leads up to the Main Event, the Saucer Arrival at Earth on June 4, 1954, about a month before the closest approach of Mars to Earth of July 2. The three weeks thereafter will be saucers and saucers over the Earth. The feature event will, it seems, occur on June 16, when the Special Cigar-shaped spaceship will appear to welcome the new arriving saucers and direct their activities here. New York City and Washington Capitol may have a field day at saucer sighting, on July 1-2, and on June 24-25 a saucer is likely to scout over my own section of the country. And in the heavens, astronomers might see on Mars and on the Moon strange signals on June 4 and the week of June 24 to July 2. That's about as definite and fully as I can predict from the foreshadow events of past analogous visitiations. Let's see how closely it will be fulfilled.

In closing, I admire you for your frankness in writing to me. And if you care to confide in me, tell me what you think was Adamski's idea in forging your name to that brownie snapshot and having it so published in the Book? You say, "My name appears on the brownie shapshot, but I DID NOT TAKE IT, nor was I within miles of the property at the time it was supposedly photographed."

Did someone else, perhaps Adamski himself, use your kodak and snap that picture unawares to you? I would like a prompt acknowledgement to this letter, and since you are in the midst of saucer investigating at that end of the country, and I at this end, we might profitably compare notes and ideas to the advancement of the real saucer cause and their mission at our planet from out of the greater world in the dkies.

And so I say, very truly yours,

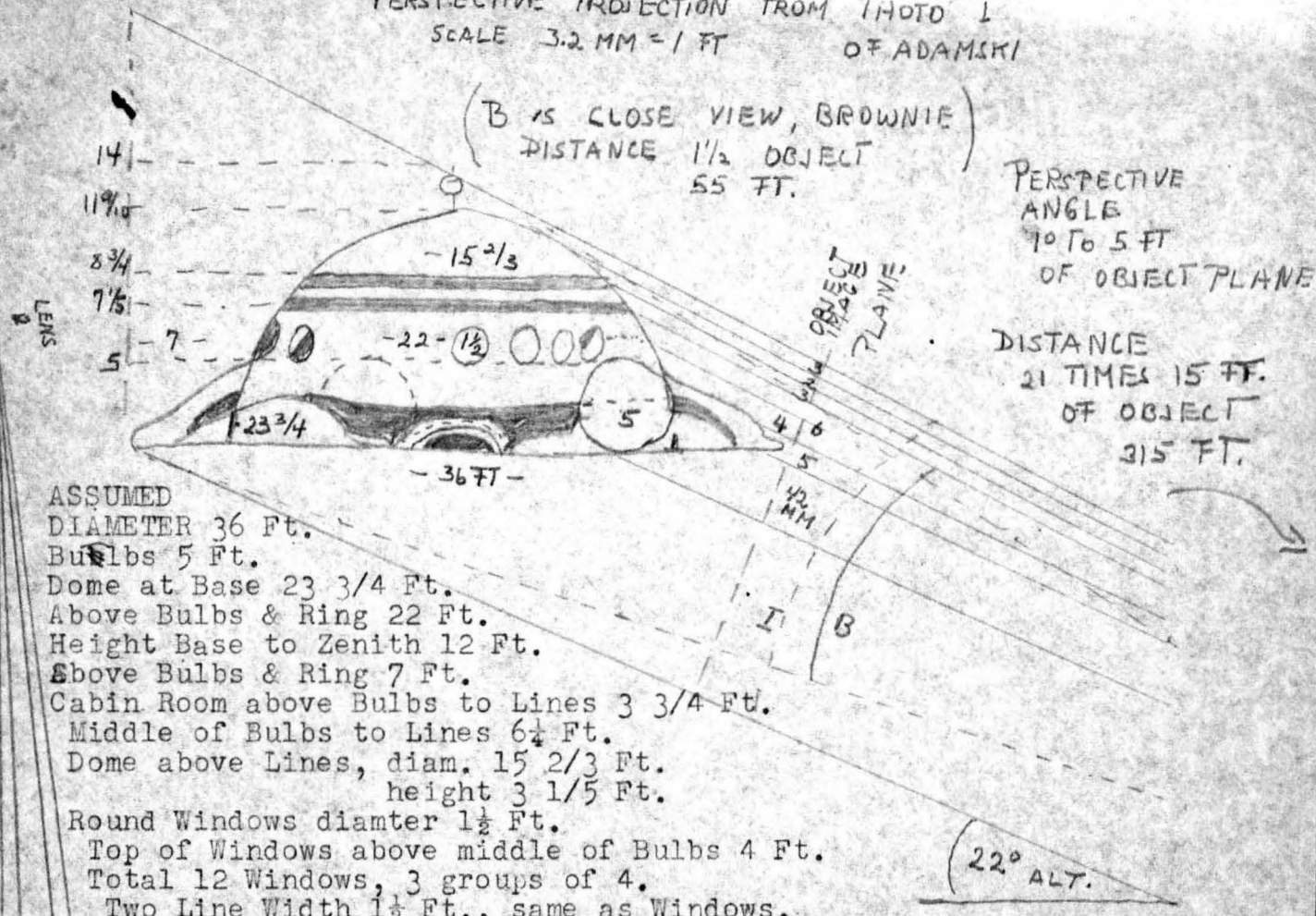
(Signed) Lonzo . Dove

PERSPECTIVE PROJECTION FROM PHOTO I OF ADAMSKI
SCALE 3.2 MM = 1 FT

(B IS CLOSE VIEW, BROWNIE
DISTANCE 1½ OBJECT
55 FT.

PERSPECTIVE ANGLE
10 TO 5 FT
OF OBJECT PLANE

DISTANCE
21 TIMES 15 FT.
OF OBJECT
315 FT.



ASSUMED
DIAMETER 36 Ft.
Bulbs 5 Ft.
Dome at Base 23 3/4 Ft.
Above Bulbs & Ring 22 Ft.
Height Base to Zenith 12 Ft.
Above Bulbs & Ring 7 Ft.
Cabin Room above Bulbs to Lines 3 3/4 Ft.
Middle of Bulbs to Lines 6¼ Ft.
Dome above Lines, diam. 15 2/3 Ft.
height 3 1/5 Ft.
Round Windows diamter 1½ Ft.
Top of Windows above middle of Bulbs 4 Ft.
Total 12 Windows, 3 groups of 4.
Two Line Width 1½ Ft., same as Windows.
Projection above Zenith, 2 Ft high, 1 Ft. wide.
Ring Projection out from Dome, 7 Ft., same as Dome above Ring.
Ring 1/5 Total Diamter. Bulbs 1/7 Total Diamter.
Bottom Center Circle, 5 Ft., same as Bulbs.
Bottom Dark Parts, 13 and 16 Ft., same as Top of Lines in Dome.

In Photo, Front Bulb is 15 feet closer to Eye than Rear Bulbs, and fine measurements shows the perspective shortening to be 1/21 difference. Therefore the distance from object to Eye of Camera must be 21 times 15 feet, 315 feet. At that distance the 36 foot object would subtend an angle of 7 degrees, therefore the image in a 4-foot Telescope would be about 5¼ inch. The Eyepiece lens covers only a fraction of this primary image. Therefore the Photo showing nearly the whole object could not have been taken through a Telescope. The same angles and conclusions would apply to a smaller model of the saucer at closer range. However, a plain Camera of 4 inch focal length would give this image about 1/2 inch size, hence the Photo must be an Enlargement of the original negative image. My Telescope total view is only one degree. A 12 inch model would be 9 feet away to give this image. The Brownie Photo with much shortened vertical perspective and out-of-focus condition, shows closer viewpoint of about 1½ times the diameter of object. At 55 feet the image could not be out of focus with the background in focus. Hence it must be a 12 inch model only 18 inches from the Camera lens -- which would produce exactly this kind of photo image 2 inch size.

Spring of 1954 | April 5 1954

(Signed) Lonzo Dove

Frank Scully's notes from the Spring 1954 issue of *Flying Saucer News*

Correct Coniston in 1st throughout

Stephen Darbishire, 13, of Coniston, Lancashire, England, and his cousin Adrian Meyers, 8, left home on the morning of Feb 15, 1954, to photograph pictures of birds as birdwatching was a favorite pastime. Stephen was the son of Dr. Darbishire of Conniston village. It was a cold day, half sunny, half cloudy when they reached the top of the hill. In the distance they could see Conniston Old Man a mountain 3000 feet in altitude. Two miles beyond them was Lake Conniston where speedboats of the Blue Bird model had set up records. At 11 a.m. Adrian thumped Stephen in the back and shouted, look at that thing. Stephen looked in the direction of the sun and saw a silvery object descending toward them. It disappeared behind a hillock and then a few seconds later it again appeared in view perhaps a hundred yards away. Except for a swishing sound it gave off no noises.

Just before it disappeared behind the hill Stephen photographed it. He took another shot when it came into view again. He got images but they were blurred, and the explanations as to why they were blurred seemed quite logical. He thought he had focused on infinity whith the aperture open at 1/25 second but it was one of those inexpensive cameras where a small movement moves from T to B to 1/25th to 1/50th and instead of opening it at 1/25th he probably opened it at Bulb. This would explain the black quality of the ground below the photograph of the saucerian looking object. Obviously the result of overexposure on a sunny-cloudy day. Before, however, the photograph was developed by a Mr. Pattison of Conniston village, Stephen had told his parents about the object he had tried to photograph, had made a sketch of it and had described it as silvery or glassy in appearance like "metal or plastic which light goes though but which you can't see through"

(Translucent, instead of transparent.)

"It was a solid metal like thing with dome, portholes and three humps or landing domes underneath." He said the first three portholes were visible but then it turned slightly and he saw 4. What looked like a hatch was on top of the dome.

When his father was convinced that the boys were telling the truth and of course the chances of such children faking a negatives was pretty remote, he informed the local press. The next thing he knew the Daily Mail of London had sent out an investigator. He was convinced that the picture was genuine but J. Stubbys Walker described as their "scientific correspondent" thought that the boy may have photographed ice crystals. He hadn't personally gone to Conniston. The natural flaw in this long range observation is "since when did ice crystals give off sound effects?".

Al Griffin of the Lankashire Evening Post devoted a whole p page to the occurrence and reproduced the boy's photograph and Adamski's three ball picture for comparison. The boy himself said he had never read Flying Saucers Have Landed, though apparently he wasn't asked if he had read Scully's Behind The Flying Saucers, as obviously Adamski had, but he said he had seen a picture in Illustrated on Sept 30, 1953 of the much disputed Adamski photograph. Later the Adamski picture and the boy's were blown up to the same size and fitted over each other and it was the report of the Flying Saucer News (Spring 1954) , a quarterly, published in memograph in England, that they fitted ~~it~~ each other practically like idential twins.

The report gets a little bit eery at this point, drawing the parallel that the boy felt impelled to go to the hills tha t morning just a s Adamski felt impelled to go to Desert Center on the day he ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ had a personal contact and conversation

with a man from outer space. (Venus) ?

The commentator concludes ove"If Stephen is telling the truth, so is Adamski" which led Jerry Baker, himself credited with one of the Adamski pictures which he subsequently publicly denied he took, to remark that "This is no more true than the statement, 'If Adamski is lying, so is Stephen.'"

The best that could be said about them was that they showed many similarities and except for the discrepancy of one showing four portholes and the other showing three they had a great deal in common. The commentator adds that what the boy couldn't have known was that in one of the unpublished Adamski photographs four portholes were visible, and

Flying Saucer News is edited by Richard Hughes, 42 Rothbury Road, Hove, Sussex. The Hon. Sec. is a Capt E. L. Plunkett, 71 Chedworth Road, Horfield, Bristol, 7, England. It is apparently the house organ of two groups which have recently merged. It also seems to be the house organ of Desmond Leslie, coauthor of Flying Saucers Have Landed, with George Adamski. Practically half the mimeographed issue is devoted to Leslie, his lectures, and from page 22 inclusive it is given over to questions asked of their readers and answered by Leslie.

The first of these in the spring 1954 issue is as follows: "I would like to know if Mr. Adamski is in any way connected with Silas Newton and Frank Scully, since the saucers described in Scully's book resembled the Adamski ship in that they too had three point landing gear, consisting of steel balls mounted in sockets. Since the Silas Newton story - written up by Scully has been proved fraudulent one begins to wonder. . . ."

"Adamski is not in any way connected with Silas Newton," writes Leslie, "the description of the saucers in Scully's book does tally with Adamski's and my own belief is that such a detailed description could not have been founded on mere imagination. The little burned bodies in Scully's story originated from a US test rocket containing live monkeys which crashed in the area. My own guess is that Newton xxxxxx & Co got hold of bits of both stories , horsed them up together and produced the great Denver hoax.'"

xxxxxx Here Leslie seems to be following, at least half way, the Pentagonian party line. Does he mean the lecture never took place at Denver University? Or does he mean that somebody with far more authority than Adamski, Leslie or Scully has proved it was a hoax? On both counts Leslie, who up to this point hadn't seen either Adamski, Scully or Newton and had not corresponded with those he glibly classifies as perpetrators of a hoax, is guilty with the longest conclusion jump in the whole saucerian inquiry.

The simple facts are that Adamski had scarcely got his photographs back from xxxx a shop where he had the negatives developed at ~~Oceanside~~ Carlsbad, California, a place named Detweiler's than he rode up to Scully's Bedside Manor in Hollywood, 100 miles to the north to lay the evidence before Scully and Newton.

The similarities between what he had photographed and what Scully had previously described in "Behind The Flying Saucers",as the third of three spaceships which had grounded in the Mojave Desert, was naturally comforting to all parties on the saucerian side of the great controversy. At this point it might be said that Adamski was enjoying Gilt by association. But when the powers sought to discredit the Scully story by attacking Newton's geophysical instruments used in oil research, a thing having

absolutely nothing to do with flying saucers, or the truth or fallacy of any having landed in the Mojave Desert, Adamski felt the hot breath of "guilt" by association and naturally wished to be disconnected with Newton's story. At least this is the position that Leslie put Adamski in, though so far to our knowledge Adamski had never publicly done anything so venial himself. His own pictures have been attacked in many directions and I have had top cameramen examine their prints and refute Pentagonian opinion on their phonyness.

When first shown the pictures and particularly when first shown a closeup picture supposedly taken by Jerry Baker of the object as it flew closer I naturally was pleased. This carried the thing into the field of control. Adamski supposedly took his picture and Baker some distance by him supposedly took a closeup of the same object. Baker's picture was blurred and it was explained it was taken with a Brownie and it was not in any sense in as good focus to show details as Adamski's. But it did show identifying marks of objects on the ground with which we were familiar.

The only flaw in all this was that within a month of our being made familiar with these pictures, and long before they were published in Flying Saucers Have Landed, Baker denied he had taken the picture credited to him. His reputation for truth and veracity I have found high. If he signed a statement that he did take it and later repudiated that statement that may confuse the picture some-what but it certainly doesn't fortify the comforting hope that this was the first picture of a flying saucer caught by two cameras from different angles.

Leslie then takes up the question, "Why are not the American authorities questioning the first man on earth to speak to a Venusian?"Has he been interrogated (possibly under truth drug or lie detectors) or don't the authorities fit his claims fit in with the Pentagon files?"

"He has been questioned," Leslie answered, "and somewhat rudely by the FBI and rather more intelligently by American Senators in Washington who are taking the matter more seriously. Over here (England) I have found a similar pattern - the higher you go, the more seriously authorities regard these visitations. I have spoken to members of our own government who sincerely believe in the Adamski story and I have letters, also from high air force officers couched in a similar vein."

Names please. Leslie is credited with being a cousin of Winston Churchill and they photographs of little Stephen Darbishire and indeed, the boy himself, went to Buckingham Palace were received by secretaries of the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elisabeth's consort. That he was not received by the Duke himself was explained by the fact that the Duke at that time was in Australia.

Another question asked of Leslie goes a little deeper into the mystery. "The author 's friends were not allowed within a mile of the alleged Venusian encounter, yet they are the ones to swear affidavits. The only one who does not swear to the truth of the episode is the one most intimately concerned - Adamski himself. Another small circumstance nagged at my mind. Why did Dr Williamson take plaster of Paris along with him. To me it seems quite incompatible with a casual trip into the desert to look out for saucers."

Leslie's answer to this one goes as follows; " As the space people seem shy of contacting us, it was surely the logical thing not to approach in a group, but to chose one, the most likely

person to go forward should anything happy. There was also another very good reason, agreed by all parties beforehand in the event of a landing taking place, but I do not feel at liberty to give it at present. Just as we have our rules, so the spacepeople have. One of them at present appears to be a restriction of giving of actual physical objects for proof. Therefore the next best thing they gave a photo and a footprint. Tangible things of this earth yet, also of themselves Note also that after Adamski had taken the plaster cast home the second contact was made at his house - a radiesthesic link had been made. Dr. Williamson usually took plaster with him according to his letters, on most of his expeditions. But also on this occasion Adamski received a definite impulse to bring it.

(Considering that Leslie is answering ex-cathedra 6000 miles away from the scene of the alleged happening, he isn't doing too badly, but the fact are these: Note get from Jerry story of who went to Escondido to buy the plaster beforehand, and where Adamski and his group met Williamson and Bailey. Wasn't it El Centro? before all trekked off to Desert Center?)

Another question asked Leslie was "Is it possible that Adamski used an old industrial light fixture for trick photography? I worked, when younger, making light fixtures and since seeing Adamski's saucer photos I could think of nothing else." The reader then sketched a light fixture of the design he had in mind and then sketched how it would look with the glass removed, and tilted. The hook on top, the wholes for the heat to escape near the top and the bulbs showing when the lamp was tilted on an angle. (In Yankee a similar job was reproduced in the issue, and the publisher explained to me exactly how they photographed it.

It certainly looked identical with the Adamski reproductions. But the publisher charitbaly said I photographed mine as I haveexplained and Adamski may have photographed his as he has explained. (Take quote. This is not correct quotation*)

"It is possible, on this planet that anyone can do anything," Leslie answered. Various intelluctuals of astounding IQ ratings have postulated lamp fixtures, copper lids, pneumatic couplings bathplugs, balls (ping pong, tennis, golf and allied sorts) also fitments by Doulton, Shanks and Crapper. The point being that any circular article in the universe has a certain resemblance to any other circular article in the universe. But if anyone has the cunning enough to perpetrate a world-wide hoax he would also have the wit not to photograph anything easily recognizable. It is also worth noting that a scientific analysis of the photo taken by Stephen Darbishire has proved to be identical to the one shewn in Mr. Adamski's photographs. It is a pity that some of the light ffom the light fixtures once made by the questioner did not remain as a permanent fixture to his own outlook."

Leslie's frail attempt at satire isn't the best that can be said in defense of Adamski's pictures (Tell how I substituting for Adamski on the Freedom Forum met Capt Ruppelt's attempt to destroy one thing by proving that he could simulate it and my attributing it this peculiar psychosis of the Air Force Intelligence that anything which could be simulated meant the real thing didn't exist I pointed out to him the simulating of an atomic bomb by George Pal in the War of the Worlds and warned him that if because of this he didn't believe in the reality of atomic explosions he was likely to find hims himself a victim of radioactive dust which would do to him what the Bikini explosions did to the Japanese fisherman .

Question. "I, personally, have misgivings about one of the pictures. As any amateur photographer will tell you, a Brownie camera is fitted with a meniscus lens. That is to say, it is non-focussing, and everything from five feet to finfinity is in focus. On examining plate VII, it becomes apparent that the blurring effect is NOT caused by "the rapid motion of the saucer", since any motion would manifest itself on the film as a streak, from which the direction of motion could be deduced. The highlights, particularly, would show this. But they do not. They are just plain Out Of Focus. Which means. . . that the 'saucer' was less than five feet from the lens, in which case, it couldn't have been more than about 2 ft in diameter."

A. "We are not too happy about that picture outselves. It is not one of Adamski's but is said to have been taken by a Sgt. Baker who supplied a statement with it. Adamski actually wished us not to include it in the publication, but his request came after the book had gone to press. In the recent radiesthesic tests by Dr. Benham* (*See footnote p. 23) all the pictures except this one have shown a peculiar radiation which, Dr. Benham says, is "not of this planet". More tests will be done on this picture, which is quite a bit of a mystery. The radiation it gives is not of ordinary metal, which one would suspect if it were a fake, but - of rock. How anywone could have carved a stone saucer I just don't see; we are trying to clear up this mystery.

P 23 Footnote. Radiesthesic Analysis. The analysis referred to on page 22 is obtainable in booklet form:- "BIOMETRIC ANALYSIS of the 'FLYING SAUCER' PHOTOGRAPHS" - at 2/9d from the Archers' Court Research Group, Archers' Court, Hastings, Sussex. (Mainly statistical, it will be of interest only to those who are qcquainted with Radiesthes techniques.)

Leslie's remark that it is said to have been taken by Sgt. Baker seems to be a cautious retreat from the position taken in Flying Saucers Have Landed. Plate VI entitled Venusian Flying Saucer has a caption "The second telescopic picture taken at Palomar Gardens, California at 9:10 A.M. 13th December, 1952 as the saucer was rising shows the underside arrangements."

The reproduction is faced by plate VII entitled Flying Saucer Passing Over Low Trees. Under this one the caption reads "This photo taken a few minutes later was made by Sgt. Jerrold E Baker with a Brownie Kodak camera as the saucer flew away and passed rapdily over the low hills on which he was standing. The blurred effect is due to the rapid speed at which the craft was moving."

Now these are simple declarative sentences with no "it is said to have been taken by Sgt. Baker" Since Sgt Baker hadn't been any longer a Sgt at that time, but had been out of the Air Force several months, and since further he had repudiated the picture long before it was printed, these two facts make Mr. Leslie's afterthought a little less than candid research or candid photography calls for.

NB Add to the remark about the three portholes, which didn't seem to jibe in the observations of Stephen Darbishire and George Adamski's pictures. The boy said he saw 4 and Leslie said an unpublished picture of Adamski's showed 4. Actually the first picture in the book of Leslie and Adamski shows 5 and judging from the spacing would show at least 12 all the way around though it does not reveal any 4 together. In another photograph 6 are revealed, again in clusters of 3, but in both instances it is possible that a fourth

could be around the bend.

In "Baker's " picture before it was cropped, another identifying mark was a water tower which is a landmark of Palomar Gardens, familiar to us.



SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

SOULCRAFT:
Sacred Psychical Research on Highest Octaves

P. O. BOX 192 · NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA

April 7, 1954.

Dear Fellow American:

Do you happen to be personally interested in knowing the facts about the Flying Saucers and whether or not they are actually traversing the incredible spaces between the planets?

This is to acquaint you with the news that Valor Weekly, published here in central Indiana and now in its fourth year, has consistently been printing more dependable reports on the Flying Saucer phenomena than any other publication in the United States.

You might be particularly interested to know that George Hunt Williamson is Spacecraft Editor of Valor. He was the young scientist who accompanied George Adamski and party to that epochal contact with an alleged man from Venus in the Arizona desert on November 20, 1952. He not only saw the Space Voyager and his ship but later took plaster casts of the Venus man's footprints left in the desert sand. Later he wrote a book, "The Saucers Speak," describing his lengthy converse with the Space Men, via short-wave radio.

Valor being a highly specialized publication devoted to sacred psychical phenomena and related matters, is priced at $5 the year of 52 numbers, $3 for six months. But you will discover it is worth every penny of it.

This copy is being sent you to acquaint you with the general format and printed appearance of the publication. It has never missed an issue since establishment and its circulation is mounting rapidly.

Why not get your name down on its books for a year and obtain the latest and most comprehensive news on Saucer activity?

Let us hear from you. Please do!

Most sincerely,

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

W.L.P.

3-31-54

Mr. Frank Scully
% Henry Holt& Co
N.Y N.Y
Dear Mr. Sculley:

I am writting this letter anticipating your full cooperation. I am Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Milwaukee Junior Chamber of Commerce and have followed all articles pertaining to the "Flying Saucer" investigation conducted by the US Air Force, and also have read all your work on this subject. Just what is the story on this?? Do you sir, have any proof that these things do exist, and if so can we get hold of this information??

Mr. Donald Seymour, Director of Public Affairs of the Junior Chamber and Mr Donald Soucie, Chairman of the Educational Committee of this organization all have great interest in this "Flying Saucer" situation.

I can't help but think that the whole thing is the truth, but we feel that if there is truth and fact in it, we can bring enough pressure to bear on our senetor or congressman to get the Air Force file out into the open and let the public know what the hell is going on.

With your cooperation on this matter we will begin to get things moving,,,,,,,,I hope. If you have pictures, statistics, anything at all that we can read we would appreciate it if you would send it off as soon as possible.

Anticipating a rapid answer

Respectfully

Clifford R Bohlman
4016 West Florist Ave
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

April 14, 1954

Dear Mr. Bohlman:-

Thank you for your letter of March 31 which I just received from Henry Holt and Co., I note that you are chairman of the legislative committee and I will cut to the chase by telling you that on April 4, 1954, five thousand people assembled at Giant Rock, 45 miles in the desert beyond 29 Palms which in itself is considered the desert outpost. There they held the first outdoor convention in the matter of flying saucers and passed unanimously a resolution asking President Eisenhower to take the whole matter of investigating flying saucers out of the hands of the U. S. Air Force and turn the enquiry over to civilians.

At that convention four speakers told in detail their personal contact with flying saucers, members of crews and of communications. In fact their stories including George Adamski's are already in print and go far beyond where I went in BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS.

If your committee can fortify this request to the President to turn Project Saucer over to civilians, maybe we will get out of the area of double talk and get the truth of what is going on in the upper atmosphere. I have always argued that this vast and mysterious subject was literally over their heads of Air Force Intelligence.

Any of the material which you want can be had from these books. For myself I've been trying for three years to get going on a new book but it is a dreadfully difficult job evaluating this material as a one man project saucer. Additionally I am swamped with correspondance, which proves to me the Air Force with all its millions isn't doing the job or I wouldn't be asked to do it. You could write to the Bureau of Copyrights which might give you the title to all these books, as some are published by regular publishers and some are privately printed.

With all best wishes,

Faithfully yours,

[illegible] FRANK SCULLY

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

1220 (R 11-54)

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International Letter Telegram

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

1956 APR 17 PM 10 57

L HDB459 LONG NL PD=HOLLYWOOD CALIF 17=

FRANK SCULLY, DONT PHONE=.

WEEKLY VARIETY=

2071 GRACE AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF=.

A PRESS CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD MONDAY MORNING APRIL 23 AT 10:30 A.M. ACTUAL MOTION PICTURES OF UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS COMMONLY CALLED FLYING SAUCERS WILL BE SHOWN FOR FIRST TIME. THESE SECRET FILMS HAVE BEEN HELD AND ANALYZED BY NAVY AND AIR FORCE SCIENTISTS AND HAVE NEVER BEEN REVEALED TO THE PRESS BY PENTAGON. FILMS ARE A PART OF FULL LENGTH FEATURE PICTURE WHICH WILL BE SHOWN BASED ON OFFICIAL AIR FORCE STUDY OF CONTROVERSIAL FLYING SAUCER SIGHTINGS. OTHER FACTS NEVER BEFORE TOLD ABOUT THIS CONTROVERSY WILL BE DISCLOSED. THIS IS NOT SCIENCE FICTION NOR CONVENTIONAL HOLLYWOOD MOVIE. URGENTLY REQUEST CONTENTS OF THIS WIRE BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL UNTIL SHOWING AND CONFERENCE AT ACADEMY AWARD THEATRE, 9038 MELROSE AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD=

CLARENCE GREENE UNITED ARTISTS HO 7-5111...

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RAY L. HEDDAEUS
VICE PRESIDENT
ALBERT J. HEER
SECRETARY
MRS. ALBERT J. HEER
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EMSWORTH, PITTSBURGH 2, PA.
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R. SCHOENBERGER
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SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPT.
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LIBRARIAN
RALPH G. VOGELEY

New Jerusalem Christian Church
(SWEDENBORGIAN)
SANDUSKY AT PARKHURST STREET
Pittsburgh 12, Pa.
NORTH SIDE

PASTOR
REV. LEON C. LE VAN
120 PARKHURST ST. N. S., PITTSBURGH 12, PA.
CEDAR 1-3265

PAST MINISTERS
DAVID POWELL, 1847-50
W. H. BENADE, 1862-76
H. C. VETTERLING, 1876-80
JOHN WHITEHEAD, 1880-95
H. V. CROWNFIELD, 1895-99
W. E. BRICKMAN, 1899-03
JOHN R. STEPHENSON, 1903-13
WILLIAM G. STOCKTON, 1914-20
G. J. BROWN, 1922-23
GEORGE E. MORGAN, 1924-34
CHAS. D. MATHIAS, 1934-44
H. H. HEER, AUTHORIZED LAY LEADER, 1944-49
LEON C. LE VAN, 1949 TO

May 21, 1954

Mr. Frank Scully
Desert Springs, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully,

I have just read in the March 1954 copy of "SAUCERS" the Resolution submitted by you proposing that the government establish a civilian commission to find and give information on the subject of "flying saucers" (pity such an absurd name has attached to these apparently marvellous craft) rather than to withhold it. It seems to me that is a an extremely good resolution, and I hope that something is being done about it in Washington. If you will advise me how to go about it (that is, to whom to write) I will be glad to write in support of it.

I wonder if you could tell me what (if any) have been the latest developments on the disappearance of two men in or near Los Angeles (Wilbur Wilkinson and Karl Hunrath) who were supposedly in touch with a craft from "Maser" (Mars) and whose wives thought they may have been kidnaped. The disappearance evidently occurred in November, 1953, and received publicity in the Los Angeles Mirror, to which I have written but have had no reply.

A letter from Lucy McGinnis, George Adamski's secretary, who was on the trip to Desert Center, states he has had further contacts with men and women from Mars, Venus, and Saturn; has been on their craft; and was taken up "beyond the fringes of the earth s atmosphere." It seems hard at this distance to get information, and I have been unable to get a report on that development. Do you know of any publications reporting those purported occurrences?

My reading of "THE SAUCERS SPEAK" by Williamson and Bailey leaves me with the strong impression that their "communicants" were actually "spirits" despite the fact the authors reject such a view. I think that Adamski, Angelucci, and Truman Bethurum stand up very well, although I do not know latest developments in any of their cases. You have probably talked with all these men, and I will be interested to have you say a few words about them, if you could find time to write. Also, any further counsel on where I can get further "must" material will be most welcome. Your "Blessed Mother Goose" is a treasure, and it certainly shows another side of you!

Tell baby Moreen Theresa that some people in Chio think she is a jewel! I hope you are not neglecting your book. With all good wishes. Sincerely, L. C. L.

A CENTURY OLD - NOVEMBER 6, 1941
ON SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1841 AT THE HOME OF A. J. KLINE, JOHN H. MELLOR, GEORGE SMITH, ELIZABETH YOUNG, ANNA AIKEN, MARY JANE FOSTER AND M. COATES WERE REGULARLY INSTITUTED INTO A SOCIETY OF THE NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES BY THE REV. RICHARD DE CHARMS.

June 10, 1954

Dear Reverend LeVan:-

Thank you for your letter of May 21. I've not seen any response to that resolution to turn the saucer inquiry over to civilians, have you? At the Giant Rock convention 5000 people endorsed this view and you might try your Congressman, or your Senator, this being an election year, to try his hand at pushing it through.

As to the Hunrath-Wilkinson disappearance I'm afraid it was a planned suicide on Hunrath's part. They had gas enough for only three hours and could hardly get over these high mountains with that. If they lost their bearings and got over the Pacific they might easily be drowned without a trace.

I'm in the position of a pathologist having reported on grounded saucers and dead crews, and listening now to personal histories of those who have talked to live crews and even flown in their saucers. My personal history continues to be much more prosaic. I've been very ill for several months and have been doing much research and little writing, but I hope to get on to the latter this summer in the desert.

With renewed thanks for your interest, I remain,

Faithfully

FRANK SCULLY

Thompson Utah - May 31 21

Dear Frank =

At long last your letter posted May 16th came to me -

Mute evidence was enclosed to the effect that May 6th you sent me a letter to Shirley Savoy - The one I recieved seems to be the May 6th letter - You enclose an envelope addressed to Skip but I dont know what to do with it, unless the copy of letter you enclosed, that went to Harold Sherman, I am taking the clipping and sending it on to Skip.

Two weeks hence June 14th I will be sentenced to the Penitentiary - by the Judge whose teeth will rattle as he hands down his dictum -

There will be a lot of talk about Probation and the cabrt will seek to have me pay the States expense of $2800, and pay to their complaining witness about $5000 in cash and $10000 in payments. This they call restitution - I said to Dillon the head of Probation, "Who is going to restore the Dutton Creek property with its $2,000 a year income? Whose going to replace all the equipment there on that was sold under lien foreclosures to pay judgements against Flader? Whose going to restore the Newton Oil Company to normal business life?" I got no answer -

I refused to give the investigator

(2)

Sharon's address as he said he wanted to talk to her - He reported to his Chief Dillon that I would not cooperate - The Chief took over and for 3 hours last Friday we went over things - I told him I had a right to protect my wife as she had had enough and was in no condition to be harrassed any further - He agreed, and said he would not permit anyone to talk to her -

He agreed Aunt Flader was a liar and that Det Bauer had lied to them when the truth would have been better - He said I should not have been tried with Det Bauer - I dodged every way I could any indication of my intent -

I have told my Jew Lawyer Epstein that some hell & high water I'm going to appeal to the last court in the land if need be - He is as much of a lawyer for this case as my boy Howard would be - I have already arranged to get the best brief appeal atty in Denver and will add him to the case as soon as the verdict is announced Pellman is a good man on appeal - no good on trial, but he is Det Bauer's atty and I don't want him at all - My Atty Epstein in N.Y. Both ways -

I now have some friends who have helped me in my new course of action - It will take about a

appear to get the case cleared from the next court in Colorado—

Ed Bauer is taking probation & they give it to him— Hints the opinion of Epstein and the probation head— I refuse to talk to him— He lies without reason, and while he may have been a mental case before his skull fracture 3 days before the trial he is certainly one now, and people close to him tell me he is not in any way the same person—

Sue buried here— I arranged in Denver last Friday so I don't have to be present at the hearing June 1st which is to be continued to June 4 the last day as the Judge must go on his vacation June 20th

I had decided that my life story had killed you off and I did not send the last 40,000 words, which I may say are better than what you've had to date— Do you understand that I simply sat and wrote and the whole first put is my own first draft— Not having what I sent you there may be some repetition— I agree the whole thing should be typed and if you'll tell me what it will cost I'll send the money by return mail— and if you are ready to offer the present output I have here I'll send it along— I have some ideas as to how we might collaborate

if the whole thing is worth while-
Reasons - I'm about to know the
answer to this Uranium - If its
there as it looks to my mine expert
and associate, we'll start shipping
before June 14th rolls around - and
if its as good as the tests - we'll
ship to Thompson where I pay about
$5000 to $6000 worth a day - The
Uranium station here is giving us
property on east of our Volume - and
my only concern is the percentage
of Uranium and Vanadium - If its
no good the last five months will
have been in vain - but I think
we are on our way - So if I make
this Uranium strike - that will
help - on the book idea - and then
with the appeal underway there
may be some value there - Theres
a lot I want to discuss with
you -

I drove down to Phoenix last
week end the 23rd and spent two
days with my family - Jenny seemed
exceedingly sweet - And Sharon
writes that Howard tells everyone
about his father coming to see him -
Strange - She wants me to come
again soon - I found besides Sharon
Howard and Poo - a bitch Poo
with 4 week old Baby Poos - a
massive Bulldog that had tried
to kill Poo after two months of
friendship - and two neighbor

coop - The place was reeking - I bought Howard a fishing pole & line and we went early Thursday fishing - He got a bobble and almost choked with excitement - Bought him a rubber swim pool and he and his playmates lived in it - Sharon said I didn't bring her a surprise, so I left a big bunch of flowers just as I was to leave -

Her arm was bad - Some injections similar to what Dr Magoun in Denver shot into my knee & shoulder helped her immensely. So I think she's safe now =

The minute, long ago, I noted Adamski showing signs of delusions of grandeur I told you he was out - I am not going to comment on the whole weird thing - It has tended to wreck my life and if there is to be a resurrection from the cross they hung me on, I'm ready for it - The only reason I've been able to survive is my knowledge of my innocence in all the vast array of charges and the faith in me held by a select few of Gods immortals -

I'm glad old Bernard is on the mourners bench - I'm afraid of these folk hands as they seldom go beyond the surface - Since he's reading the book twice he may be an exception -

Its a shame the film can't be handled

along the lines we talked of - I can phone to Del Forest if he would take the time the existence of the varties up by Mullholland drive -

Here I am in a little village just beside a railroad track. The motel cabin I live in rattles as the trains roar by night and day - its 24 miles to our diggings from here - thats better than Wheeling 200 miles a day from Grand Junction and back -

All mail hereafter should come to me S.W.N. Thompson Utah - there is 61 souls including the dogs in this spot - A Greek, maybe a descendant of the Jatlees of Magnesia owns the place and the town - He agrees with me this village sits on an oil structure -

I certainly hope you and your brood are in good health for a change - I'm hunting uranium - I've driven 4800 miles last 16 days and shall be up at 5 am to go into Grand Junction to mail this, write all my good wishes, but for somebodys sake dont wait so long next time send it where I'll get you and thats to yours truly

Jim
Thompson Utah

Thats all, no
Street, no motel
Just Thompson Utah -

Transcription

Dear Frank: Thompson, Utah May 31st

At long last your letter posted May 26th came to me.

Mute evidence was enclosed to the effect that May 6th you sent me a letter to Shirley Savoy. The one I recieved [sic] seems to be the May 6th letter. You enclose an envelope addressed to Skip but I don't know what to do with it, unless the copy of letter you enclosed that went to Harold Sherman. I'm taking the chance and sending it on to Skip.

Two weeks hence June 14th I will be sentenced to the Penitentiary – by the Judge whose teeth will rattle he hands down his dictum.

There will be a lot of talk about Probation and the court will seek to have me pay the State's expense of $2800, and pay to their complaining witness about 35000 in cash and 40,000 in payments. This they call restitution. I said to Dillon the head of Probation, "Who is going to restore the Dutton Creek property with its $25,000 a year income? Whose going to replace all the equipment there or that was sold under lieu face closures to pay judgements against Flader? Whose going to restore the Newton Oil Company to normal business life? I got no answer.

I refused to give the investigator Sharon's address as he said he wanted to talk to her. He reported to his Chief Dillon that I would not cooperate. The Chief took over and for 3 hours last Friday we went over things. I told him I had a right to protect my wife, as she had had enough and was in no condition to be harassed any further. He argued that Flader was a liar and that GeBauer had lied to them when the truth would have been better. He said I should not have been tried with GeBauer. I dodged every way I could any indication of my intent.

I have told my Jew lawyer Epstein that come hell & high water I'm going to appeal to the last court in the land if need be. He is as much of a lawyer for this case as my boy Howard would be. I have already arranged to get the best brief appeal atty in Denver and will add him to the case as soon as the verdict is announced. Mellman is a good man on appeal – no good on trial, but he is GeBauer's atty and I don't want him at all. My atty Epstein is N.G. both ways. I now have some friends who have helped me in my new course of action. It will take about a year to get the case cleared thru the next court in Colorado.

GeBauer is taking probation if they give it to him. That's the opinion of Epstein and the probation head. I refuse to talk to him. He lies without reason and while he may have been a mental case before his skull fracture 3 days before the trial he is certainly one now, and people close to him tell me he is not in any way the same person.

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I had decided that my life story had killed you off and I did not send the last 40,000 words, which I may say are better than what you've had to date. I'm sure you understand that I simply sat and wrote and the whole out put is my own first draft. Not having what I sent you there may be some repetition. I agree the whole thing should be typed and if you'll tell me what it will cost I'll send the money by return mail – and if you are ready to suffer the present out put I have here I'll send it along. I have some ideas as to how we might collaborate if the whole thing is worth while [sic]. Reasons: I'm about to know the answer to this Uranium. If it's there as looks to my miner expert and associate, we'll start shipping before June 14th rolls around – and if it's as good as he thinks, will ship to Thompson where I stay about $5000 to

$6000 worth a day. The Uranium station here is giving us priority on acct of our volume – and my only concern is the percentage of Uranium and Vanadium. If its no good the last five months will have been in vain, but I think we are on our way. So if I make this Uranium strike that will help on the whole book idea – and then with the appeal underway there may be some value there. There's a lot I want to discuss with you.

I drove down to Phoenix last weekend the 23rd and spent two days with my family. Things went exceedingly well – and Sharon writes that Howard tells everyone about his father's coming to see him. Strange – she wants me to come again soon. I found beside Sharon, Howard and Poo – a bitch Poo with 4 week old baby Poo's – a massive bulldog that had tried to kill Poo after two months of friendship, and two neighbor dogs. The place was reeking. I bought Howard a fishing pole & line and we went early morning fishing. He got a nibble and almost choked with excitement. Bought him a rubber swim pool and he and his playmates lived in it. Sharon said I didn't bring her a surprise, so I left a big bunch of flowers just as I was to leave.

Her arm was bad. Some injections similar to what Dr. Magoun in Denver shot into my knee & shoulder helped her immensely, so I think she's safe now.

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I'm glad old DeForest is on the mourners bench. I'm afraid of these top hands as they seldom go beyond the surface – since he's reading the book twice, he may be an exception.

It's a shame the film can't be handled along the lines we talked of. I can prove to DeForest if he would take the time the existence of the vortices up by Mulholland drive.

Here I am in a little village just beside a railroad track. The motel cabin I live in rattles as the trains roar by night and day. It's 24 miles to our diggings from here. That's better than wheeling 200 miles a day from Grand Junction and back.

All mail henceforth should come to me S.M.U. Thompson Utah. There's 61 souls including the dogs in this spot. A Greek, maybe a descendant of the father of magnetism owns the place and the town. He agrees with me this village sits on an oil structure.

I certainly hope you and your brood are in good health for a change. I'm bursting with it. I've driven 4800 miles past 16 days and shall be up at 5am to go into Grand Junction to mail this, with all my good wishes, but for somebody's sake don't wait so long next time. Send it where I tell you and that's to yours truly.

Send
Thompson Utah

That's all no
street no motel
Just Thompson Utah.

[From Silas Newton]

Si: Second only to yourself I had the heebee jeebees all last week awaiting word from Denver. Your letter has finally arrived. It contained good news and bad. Apparently Hickey and his hordes didnt want to go up on appeal and be reversed and DeBauer would settle for any [redacted] terms rather than fight. As for you it remains where I always felt it was in the beginning - a bum beef and a bum rap.

Jerry Baker sent me a clip from Phoenix which was an AP story and the lead said Hickey had granted probabtion to two men convicted of doodlebugging swindle , "saying his action was taken in the public interest." Jerry wanted to know what in heaven's name was the public interest and why did the judge now bebome so concenred about an interest he hadnt shown the slightest concern for earlier?

Do I gather from your letter that subject to a CPA auditing of your part in the deal you are accepting the same conditions as Doc on what amounts to a suspended sentence with restitution? I mean there will be no appeal or vindication?

Of course you know you can sue Flader any time for damages as a civil action never has to face a statue of limitations. Apparnetly in Colorado judging from your case a criminal action doesn't either.

I read the rest of your reminiscences and if it weren't for a heavy heart Id say I enjoyed them immensely. I'll get the balance typed for you, editing merely your free wheeling choice of capitals and your dashing punctuation. Ive been reading Rudy Vallee's script too. He wants me to write it. I want $5000 and 50 per cent of what it gets. He thinks that's fair and is shopping in New York to get the advance. He won't get it but at least I won't be writing for him on the cuff when our own things lie inert on a pile. Funny thing, he has a flair for long involved sentences too. Is that peculiar to Yale?

By the way where are all your tape recordings? I ask because Im buying a tape recorder through Murphy and can now play what Gene and you have. I talked out at Dr Gregory's at Encino last week and also last week Gene and I went to USC to a lecture on the Moon by the top am-astron in the world a Welchman named Wilkins. It so happens another Britisher named Wilkins has a book out called Flying Saucers on the Moon. I thought it was the same guy, which brought a lot of laughs.

Just talked to Gene and gave him a recap of the trial's finale. He was heartened by it and felt it was quite a come down from the high and mighty position of the Judge, the D. A. et al of a year ago. In substance the whole thing turns out to have been a civil action at best but the record unfortunately doesn't show it. This way Cahn and his libels are still in the clear.

By the way have you the Tesla biog? Im collecting all I can to take to the desert and make a third attempt to write the sequel. I am heartened by the fact that my mail keeps coming on the favorable side. Behind The Flying Saucers still seems way out in front as the best and most plausible of all the strange tales from Elsewhere.

I will have to hawk this one but feel sure we have a fairly large pre sold public. I told Gene that if it were allright with you and him Id break it up , 20 to you, 20 to him and Id pay the agent, leaving me 50 per cent. By the time the book appears that may be peanuts to you and I hope it will be.

And so to work.

Ever,

FRANK SCULLY

By the way in your Confessions Mr Rousseau you tell nothing of your trip to Washington with Frank Harris.

[Notes by Frank Scully]

Journal SAUCERS

Friday, June 4, 1954, We had to chose between going to a preview of Robinsun Crusoe, starring Dan O'Herlihy of the Abbey Players and a Saucerian Convention at the Carthay Circle Theatre. These conventions come all too often for us and as they rarely have anything new to say get to be a bore. The one at Giant Rock had a bit of novelty in that it was away out in the desert and merely seeing several thousand people collecting in such a remote area had a pioneering air about it. But previously there had been a lecturer at the Troupers in Hollywood who had siphoned out several thousand dollars in a series of lectures which were combined with some book-selling and a newsreel on flying saucers that was a pretty sad exhibit.

This one at the Carthay Circle seemed to be backed by a radio character named Criswell who features predictions. It was thought to be free to the public and was to feature the story of Dan Fry who claimed to have had a ride in a flying saucer from White Sands, New Mexico to New York and back, in 1950. We first heard him tell the story himself at the Giant Rock Convention and also have a tape recording of it, so there would be little learned from hearing him tell it again.

However, we all repaired to Gene Dorsey's house for a little get-together before they went to Carthay Circle and we went to the Goldwyn Studios to see Robinson Crusoe. At the Dorsey were Mr. and Mrs Andy Vail, Rev and Mrs. Jack Aronold of Palmdale, Mr and Mrs. Harry May and Mr Frank Nether, Mr and Mrs. Gene Dorsey and Mr and Mrs. Frank Scully.

They were to report to us what transpired at the convention. It turned out to be very little. An admission charge of $1 was made and a pitch for membership of some organization at $5.00 was added. There were books for sale. Criswell kept walking up and

down the aisles, apparently counting the house to see if it would cover the nut. He talked. Felix Frazar, an unconventional economist talked, admitting he knew nothing about flying saucers, Fry briefed his weird tale and Angelucci had the audience in stitches which certainly wasn't his intention, telling his experience with a flying saucer and a live crew. Apparently he had found more believing people elsewhere, because he had lectured in the east.

An attraction was advertised that a flying saucer film from Germany would be shown. But it wasn't. It was explained it had been shown to some experts in a Hollywood laboratory and was believed to be something less than authentic. So those who paid $1 didn't get even that entertainment. The audience received a further disappointment. There was no question and answer period.

Two nights later Fry was to go on Paul Coates's TV show which comes out of KTTV at 10 p.m. Sunday night. It was advertised that Fry would submit to a liedetector which was operated by one man. This is a pretty unreliable machine as everybody knows and has no standing in court. In fact it needs a jury of experts to establish when it is and when it is not telling the truth itself. Fry knew this, but submitted to it nevertheless.

Coates opened up with a sort of police report on Fry, telling that he had quit highschool a few days before graduation, had received some traffic tickets, but actually had worked at White Sands.

At the end of the interview the lie detector reported that he had not been telling the truth. Coates himself admitted that he didn't have much faith in a lie detector, but obviously it was a good visual gimmick and he showed the machine to his rather limited audience at home with their TV sets.

Fry was obviously nervous and the cameraman kept shooting to his hands where his fingers seemed to be crossing and uncrossing. Maybe the machine caught his fingers when they were crossed and tied that in with what he was saying.

This was the sum total of the saucerian saga in Los Angeles during the weekend of June 4 ~~xx~~ - 6.

During the afternoon performance on Friday, there were about 350 people present. One little woman trotted down the aisle and up on the stage to tell about her experiences on Venus. Yes, she had been there, she had actually lived there for 9 months, and had married one of them. Then she went off stage. There was silence, you could hear a pin drop. No applauce, no nothing, except a silence showing nobody really believed her at all.

wirephoto)

Convicted Pair Get Probation

Phoenix
June 15 '54

DENVER (AP) — A former Phoenix business man, convicted in a swindle involving an oil divining device, was placed on probation here yesterday.

Leo A. GeBauer, 51, who operated a radio parts establishment in the Arizona city, was directed along with Silas M. Newton, who was also granted probation, to pay back $79,452 they had received from Herman A. Flader.

They were also directed to pay $2,734 in court costs.

Flader, a Denver industrialist, had charged the pair with losing $250,000 of his money in investments involving the oil finding apparatus.

They were convicted last Dec. 29 of conspiracy and confidence game, and could have been sentenced to serve up to 30 years in prison. But District Judge Frank E. Hickey offered the probation "in the public interest."

GeBauer was reported in poor health. Judge Hickey said both men had expressed willingness to "right their wrongs and cease their wrongdoings in the future."

Judge Grants Probation To GeBauer

DENVER, June 15 (AP)—District Judge Frank E. Hickey has granted probation to two men convicted in the doodlebug oil device swindling of a Denver man, saying he was taking the action "in the public interest."

Judge Hickey ruled yesterday that Leo A. GeBauer of Phoenix and Silas M. Newton of Denver must pay $79,452 to Herman A. Flader, victim of the swindle, and $2,734 in court costs.

GeBAUER, former operator of a radio parts business, at 1915 E. Washington, maintains a home at 739 E. McKinley.

The two men were convicted last Dec. 29 of conspiracy and confidence game. Flader testified they used a doodlebug apparatus, of wires and dials which they claimed could discover oil-bearing lands.

The Denver man claimed he had lost $250,000 in investments with Newton and GeBauer.

THE PHOENIX man, who is 51, was reported in poor health. He was in a wheel chair at some sessions of his trial. Newton, 66, is a Denver oil promoter and once won the Colorado Amateur Golf championship.

Both men could have been sentenced to a maximum of 30 years' imprisonment, a member of the district attorney's staff said.

Judge Hickey said both have expressed willingness "to right their wrongs of the past and to cease their wrongdoings in the future."

He ordered Newton and GeBauer to pay 15 per cent of their income in the coming year toward restitution, 20 per cent the following year, and 25 per cent thereafter.

The Albany

Denver

Thompson Utah
June 17 2

Dear Frank-

Just to let you know they made a new switch on the Criminal Felony Farce that's been playing the Denver District court longer than McCarthy has been corrupting the public-

The Judge called every one into chambers, and announced upon his opening gun that he felt very strongly that this was a case for probation and restitution - Doc ordered and paid for a copy of the entire proceedings in chambers and in the court-

There was and is no sentence to prison - but just the subject was not mentioned-

The Judge said the D.A. department

Suit broken down to $50,000, which of course has been a heavy paper headache, and he wanted to know if Gilbert if he signed Jury the States expense about $3000 Gee's Lawyer said yes at once in a few days — They settled in 10 days — Then he said Hader said you $8,500 can you pay And back — "Will in time" — Then he said Here's 1500 — and 49 & 00 Hader paid for interest in property in Needham and Wayne Co. He didn't say who too — So Gilbert and his lawyer wrangled about time — so they let in Oct 1st

As a starting point 15% of his
income 1st year 20% 2nd 25%
3rd and thereafter – at end of 4 years
9 months give Flake a note
for balance and to be paid
each year thereafter equal to
the amt paid last 3 quarters of
last year – All agreed –
Then write that all done they
come to me – and my atty
announced "I had no money," and
I proposed to carry my case to
Supreme Court on appeal – the
Judge said well that settles
that – the place was in an

upon us with deadly silence
then I confronted by request
the statement -

"Next move my attys bombarding
and a friendly advert into a lovely
huddle - then decided that since
this was a collection agency and
as to money fast one - which
there was none - we would
accede to Courts decision - Get a
C.P.A. firm audit the whole
money end - Support audit with
a complete review and show
court by Certified audits that I
never received a penny of any



Kind. He Bower admits he got
money - Then we will go before
court and show Judge Lindsey
of his course, and that Dills
dept had deceived him. This is
the first break down of money and
he claims by the Judge that pay
his and all is well -

So both our atty says - Dills
Judge Lil agree to 1½% of income
beginning Oct 1st no income to
pay, and 20 & 25 etc - The
Judge then made his rules &
announced his ruling -

Lawyers all over Denver were
a buzzin - Nobody ever heard



Denver

of such doings - But there you are - My fight now is to get the Judge the certified facts on the Theory he will dismiss as against me - It saves 1 to 2 more years of court fighting $10,000 of expense and always the chance of losing stock - Not the best, but will vindicate me - My bond is discharged by June 15-12

More next Time

Yours

Sic

Epstein is coming Cal[ifornia] on vacation - may call upon - Heasked for your ad -

Transcription

Thompson Utah
June 17th

Dear Frank:

Just to let you know they made a switch on this Criminal Felony Farce that's been playing the Denver District Court longer than McCarthy has been confusing the public.

The Judge called every one into chambers, and announced with his opening [illegible] that he felt very strongly that this was a case for probation and restitution. I've ordered and paid for a copy of the entire proceedings in chambers and in court.

There was and is no sentence to prison. In fact the subject was not mentioned.

The Judge said the D.A. department had broken down the $250,000, which of course has been a newspaper scarehead, and he wanted to know of GeBauer if he could pay the state's expense about $3000. Geo's lawyer said yes at once in a few days. They settled on 10 days. Then he said Flader paid you $28,500 can you pay that back – "will in time" – then he said here's 1500 – and 49400[?] Flader paid for interest in property in Newhall and Mojave Calif. He didn't say who to – so GeBauer and his lawyer wrangled about time, so they hit on Oct 1st as a starting point 15% of his income first year 20% 2nd 25% 3rd and thereafter – at end of 4 years 9 months give Flader a note for balance amt to be paid each year thereafter equal to the amt paid last 3 quarters of last year. All agreed.

Then with that all done they came to me – and my atty announced "I had no money," and I proposed to carry my case to supreme court on appeal. The Judge said well that settles that. The place was in an uproar with deadly silenced. Then I confirmed by request the statement.

Next move my attys, bondsman and a friend went into a long huddle. We decided that since this was a collection agency now as to money paid me – which there was none – we would acceed [sic] to court decision. Get a C.P.A. firm audit the whole money end – support audit with a complete review and show court by certified audits that I never recieved [sic] a penny of any kind. GeBauer admits he got money. Then we will go before court and show Judge fallacy of his course, and that D.A.'s dept had deceived him. This is the first break down of money and the claim by the Judge that pay this and all is well.

So back our atty goes. Tells Judge I'll agree to 15% of income beginning Oct. 1st no income no pay and 20 & 25 etc. The Judge then with his robes on announced his rulings.

Lawyers all over Denver were a buzzin. Nobody ever heard of such doings. But there you are. My fight now is to get the Judge the certified facts on the theory he will dismiss against me. It saves 1 to 2 more years of court fighting $10,000 of expense and always the chance of being stuck. Not the best but will [word erased]. My bond is discharged by June 25th.

More next time

Yours

Si

[Silas Newton]

Epstein is coming Calif on
vacation. May call you. He asked
for your no.

909 Beverly Drive, Alexandria Virginia
June 17 1954.

Dear Mr. Scully;

How is the melancholy fact by now? I know what it is to be ill. But can only infer why one has to be. I was in active life and doing what I thought a most worthwile job in Contact work in the Veterans Administration In Washington. Has a wealth of experience, and ~~hnnnhnw~~, know how, then just like that was snatched out of that life and put on the shelf to die. But something in me wouldn't let me, and here I am.

Mr. Scully, Frank, maybe. This saucer biz, is something. Take, Mr. A's book there is nothing in it which convinces me that saucers are real or interplanetary, yet I KNOW THEY ARE. This all before I corresponded with Jerry Baker. I have seen a copy of a letter from him to you.

I cannot see why such messing around would be necessary, can yo u. Should something be done about it, and if so what.

Yes, I know that Giant Rock has asked that the Saucer investigation be put in Civilian hands. Seems to me something should pop, but when.

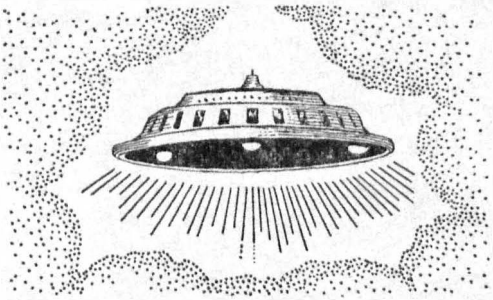
Please forgive this typing, but I thought you might like the enclosed. Jerry Baker has written me frankly.—— I'm sending him a copy also.

Take care of yourself, and write me when you can. I understand Keyhoe has had to have an unlisted phone! !.

Most sincerely

Mary Judith Hyde

Read *Valor* this Year and Keep Informed on Flying Saucers!



VALOR is appearing every Saturday morning, filled with latest news of super-scientific achievement, sacred psychical research, strange experiences of an esoteric or supernatural order, and general articles and editorials that aid in interpreting the current world dilemma from the standpoint of clairvoyant prophecy. Get on the weekly mailing list and don't miss any numbers. The subscription price is $5 per year of 52 numbers; $3 for six months. Fill out the subscription blank below and turn it in. You'll be buying the biggest five-dollars' worth of entrancing reading-matter available anywhere in the nation.

MAY 1 1954

Date 1954

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS,
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Enclosed please find $..... for which send me

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Book

Flying Saucers Have Landed
Review by Arthur C. Clarke from Journal of the British Interplanetary Society March 1954

Readers of the Journal who have already seen this book may well wonder why we are bothering to review it in these pages. We do so partly to save other members from wasting their money— unless they happen to be particularly interested in psychotatholo gy , but primarily because it has been so widely reported that some analysis seems necessary . It is an appalling comment on present day journalis m that even the Observer saw fit to consider this farrago o f nonsence seriously, th reby influencing thousands of readers who might otherwise have treated it with the contempt it deserves.

The book is in two parts. Book One by Desmond Leslie, is an immmmm i ncredible hodge-podge of "Saucer" si htings, going back to ancient eriental writings, and obviously the result o f much reading. We hes itate to s ay "Scholarship" in a book which cannot even get its s hort bibliography in alphabetical order, and which mmmmm in one place refers to "Arthur Clark and Wily Lee" (though w e did not let this prejudice us unduly.) It must be admitted that many o f the pages that Mr Leslie has dug up from Indian religious writings are quite fastinating. If they prove one thing, It is that sc ience fiction has a more venerable antiquity than even its most devoted, advocates imagined. No doubt some diligent reader in two or three thousand years time, will employ Mr. Leslie's technique to prove, from ancient files of Amazing Stories, that early twent ieth century had spaceships, heat rays antigravity and robots.

But let us leave these an ient writings and Mr. Leslie's comments upo them, most of which will only interest those whose brains have already been addled by occultism. We are even prepared to grant the author's premise which is that the persistance o f mu h accounts down the ages proves that "saucers" have always been with us.

Coming to more modern times, there are lists of sightings including many contemporary newspapers , which atfirst makes an impressive ca se. Some of these are undoubtedly "genuine", unexplained "saucers" but such indiscriminate listings are totally worthless without careful evaluation. Even from the scanty information Mr. Leslie gives, it is possible to eliminate many at once, and many others prove yet again the complete inability of untrained observers to describe what they are seeing. Again and again al titudes and speeds are given, despite the fact that these can seldom be estimated even approximately by a single observer. Such phrases as for example " faster than a jet" are utterly meaningless since a jet or its va pour trail (the undoubted explanation of many cases) can move across the sky at almost any apparent speed.

After reading this book a good dose of "Dr Menzel's Flying Saucers" is strongly recommended as a purgative. In our opinion Dr. Menzel has goes too far to other extreme, but he has done a useful service in showing what fantastic effects can be produced by perfectly natural causes. Such an attitude is far better and healthier than the naive credulity with which this book under review is permeated.

One example will suffice. A report is given of a saucer f over the sout west France in October 1952, (the date

is important) which rained down " bright whitish filaments like glass-wool.". Many eye-witnesses gathered whole tufts, but unfortunately it disappeared before it could be taken to a laboratory.

From this report Mr. Leslie conjures up a whole super-structure of speculation involving ectoplasm and celestial circuses. Anyone with an elementary acquaintance with natural history could have told him, on the other hand that this beautiful phenomena happens every autumn over many parts of Europe; although this reviewer has only seen it once, he will never forget the sight of whole fields draped with a continuous carpet of glittering almost invisible threads.

It did not occur to him that it was ectoplasm which was a pity. How much more fun if he had never heard of gossamer spiders.

It would obviously be impossible to explain away all the sightings and phenomena reported by Mr. Leslie, and even if one did account for 99 percent of them, he would still cling desperately to the remaining hundredth. There is a type of mind which will believe anything if it is sufficiently fantastic, and it is a waste of time arguing with it. No one has ever received much thanks for exposing credulity.

The second part of this book consists of a report by one George Adamski, whose small observatory cum-wayside cafe can be seen nestling at the foot of Mount Palomar, to the considerable annoyance of the people at the summit. Mr. Adamski's hobby is photographing flying saucers and he is undoubtedly the most successful of this interesting art.

There are several close ups of saucer space ships, leaving no doubt that they are artifacts. The uncanny resemblance to electric light fittings with table tennis balls fixed underneath (which has already been pointed out elsewhere. At first sight indeed one may almost conclude that Adamski's spaceship photos are so unconvincing that they aren't faked. To us the perspective appears all wrong, and though this is a qualitative impression perhaps not succeptible to rigorous proof, the pictures seem to be of small object photographed from very close up and not a large object seen through a telescope. (Many people, including we suspect Mr. Adamski, do not realise that a large object seen through a telescope bringing it to within 20 feet looks quite different from the object itself 20 feet away.)

We have a much more serious comment, however to make on photograph 3, which purports to show a fleet of saucers taking off from the moon. Alas, something has gone wrong there. We would like Mr. Adamski to account for the fact that one of his saucers appears to be inside his telescope.

This would not be apparent to anyone who was unacquainted with lunar geography, but an inspection of the background shows that the line of saucers is not clear on the moon's edge — as our sight, but extends off the field of view of the lens altogether. It is odd to say the least that Mr. Adamski's telescope is able to see saucer and to ignore the rest of it....

There is one plate (No 9P which is undoubtedly unfaked, and is an insult to the public. It is a night scene of New York, and above a street lamp with "saucer" hanging above it.

If Messers Adamski or Leslie had bothered to show this to any competent (or perhaps even better incompetent) photographer they could have learned at once that this was nothing more than the internal reflections of the camera lens (flare) the almost inevitable result of having a bright light in the field of view. Even the characteristic curves due to skp spherical aberration are clearly visible tangential as they should be, to the line pointing to the source of light. The same camera at the same place, will always produce the same saucer. If there is another edition of this deplorable book, at least the publishers should have the honesty to label this photograph for what it is.

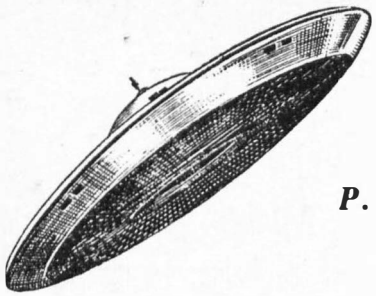
But Mr. Adamski is not content to photograph saucers. With his friends, he succeeds in meeting the respresentative of saucer civilization when he lands his vehicle in the — presumable— totally uninhabited State of Califo nia. The account of this meeting should succeed in blasting any fragments of belief of the more credulous readers may have in Mr. Adamsk's reliabil ity It shouldm is as ludicrous as the idea that for years saucers have been flitting round Palomar— of all places! — invisible to everyone except Mr. Ada sk's and his friends.

This encounter with the Venusian pilot raises a very intriguing question. In his comprehensive account of saucer phenomena, r. Leslie seems to have made no mention of the crashed spaceships described in Frank Scully's book Behind the Flying Saucers. (Though he does mention Scully in passing) Can it be that there is something that Mr. Leslie does not believe in. Or can it be because Mr. Scully's three foot high Venusians do not agree too well with r. Adamski's five foot variety. And that will be do when the seven foot model turns up— as is only a matter of time? I hope he will be sufficiently sporting not to ignore the rival versions as they accumulate.

We think the above comments will be more than sufficient to enable any intelligent person to decide the merits of this book and an entire volume of refutation would be wasted on the saucermanes who are beyond the reach of reason. But we would like to end by saying why we are so annoyed with Messrs. Leslie and Adamski.

For a long time we were completly sceptical of saucers, and it was quite a shock to us when we discovered that they did exist and that for many of them no reasonable explanation (pace Dr. Menzel) has yet been forthcoming. However, despite some serious objections (see our editorial in the May 1953 Journal) the explanation that they are in fact the products of extra-terrestial intelligence is stimulating, has a small but definite probability, and should certainly not be dismissed with scorn.— least of all by members of this society. But this conclusion is of such overwhelming importance that it cannot be accepted without a degree of proof that it would be unreasonable to in a case of lesser significance.

Books like Flying Saucers Have Landed to a r al disservice by ob curing the truth ad scaring away serious researchers from a field which may be of great importance. If flying sa ucers do turn out to be spaceships, Messrs Leslie and Adamski will have done quite a lot to prevent people of intellectual integrity from accepting the fact.



FLYING SAUCERS INTERNATIONAL

P. O. Box 34 - Preuss Station - Los Angeles 35, Calif.

"I will shew wonders in the heavens . . ." - Joel 2:30

20, June, 1954
(0142)

Dear Frank:

I'm writing this letter to sort of renew contact with you, Frank, as I haven't seen nor heard from you in some time.

A lot of water (and a few other things), has gone under the bridge since we last met.

Two conventions (and I use the term loosely) have been held. Unfortunately, I was unable to make Van's for reasons of health but I attended all sessions at that thing at the Carthay Circle---which you must have heard about by now.

I missed you as well as most of the other ol' cronies. The thing was a beautiful fiasco, but I enjoyed meeting most of the saucerians around. Attendance was poor, but what did they expect with a mess like that?

New contacts (or contactees) keep popping up. Noticed where Desmond Leslie (incidentally, he should be in L.A. in about two weeks) said that he thot Si Newton got his "little men" mixed up with the dead monkeys from the New Mex rocket projects. Oh well, that's how it goes.

Ridicule seems prevalent now---mainly because of the convention I surmise. And with the press' censorship (voluntary or otherwise) or lack of interest, things look in a bad way.

Last August the city ed of the TIMES told me that FS were no longer news. Unless we have some really new developments, we are going to see the beginning of the end.

Some months back, Frank, you told me that you were going to begin a new book with the tentative title of OUTHER SPACE. I would very much like to know how its developing and when it will be finished (I believe you thot then that it might be finished by this month)?

I think your book may put us all back into place and am looking forward to it with no little eagerness. I'll appreciate any dope you can send me on it. And, incidentally, any time you would care to write another article for SAUCERS, we'd be more the glad to have it.

In any event, let us hear from you to see how things are going.

Best wishes,

Max B. Miller

1954

The Albany
Denver

June 26
Thompson Sat Night

Dear Frank.

Your letters at hand and in this dreary waste spot of the world they are most welcome Just now, a gentle rain is falling - Its a hesitant sort of rainfall, because 7 to 8 inches a year is about the limit in this Colo-Plateau land It may even get scared and take right off - so Im not going to say another word -

When I wrote the report on Denver I gave the bare situation

I have the Phoenix articles - the very same day in the same paper on front page a big Doodlebug story - with pictures - A steel magnates wife Mrs Smith had been kidnapped and held for $75000 ransom. She was out in the Superstition Mtns, where you did all your "Last Dedotumans" mine yarn 30 years ago Herald man laid he do re mi on the line - She was released - days later they caught a guy wandering about dying from thirst they have him up as kidnaper, but he didnt have the dough - this doodlebug guy took some bills wrapped them about his long rod - Got the Sheriff and a car and away

they went - the money jumped at the bank as they left town, but they got out in the desert East of town and whann away to the Superstitions that rod went - they got the money per se - every penny. hidden where it would have stayed until doomsday - Murders never cease, so they say -

---

I ordered a Transcript of all that was said in Judges Chambers and in the Court on the 14th Its ready now, waiting for me -

First - We were both found guilty by the Jury
Second - We gave notice of appeal -
Third - The Judge then sent us to Probation Dept.
Fourth - according to the Law in Colo, so he told us we were to come before the Judge to be sentenced for the crimes the jury said we had committed.

There was no sentence - It was not even mentioned -

We were called into Chambers, before Court met -

The Judge began by questioning Mr Baer - My name was not mentioned - He knocked down the $250,000 swindle sum himself as follows -

All over $2000 Hader spent on wells in Wyoming in his deals with Rockefeller Oil Co. did not concern him -

But as to the $2000, he said -

The states cost $758 + or -, Mr McBaer should credit some out of the $3000 you are paying - Mr McBaer, Mr Hader paid you $28,500. That must be repaid -

Also Hader paid $1500 for an interest in the Newhall property - Also he paid $49,400 for interest in Mojave desert property - The Judge did not say to whom Hader paid this money - But the about statements are false (100%)

The whole theory of restitution is to pay back what you got -

The Judge of course doesn't have the slightest idea as to what he meant or said -

Lew given 4 years 9 months to repay something

I never got - This is far from conspiracy to commit confidence game - which is a felony and punishable by a prison sentence -

Lawyers and others sitting in on the matter (my attys excluded) saw in this act of the Judge a chance for complete vindication on my part. DeBauer admitted his end - I did not - In fact I refused the offer of Probation on the grounds laid down by the Judge -

I later accepted part of the grounds, so that we could be free to proceed with our present plan -

Am now released from Bond, as of yesterday For the first time a price has been put on his head -

No part of the $28,500 DeBauer admitted he got was ever even claimed to have gotten into my hands - The $49,400 was left in the air -

Once we audit the Newton Oil Co books - the Flader - Mid Oil Co contracts, and the expense money drawn by me from July 1949 - to Feb 1950 - and what shown the Newton Oil Co at all times had



Monies over and beyond the Hader monies - Then price money loses its identity once its in the company treasury - the Judge on his own premise will have to set aside his order - If he refuses then we have action appeal and thereunto - but think we are safeguarded at last -

Sue Hader 3rd - We are actively via Kenton Ak Co, now getting papers underway to sue Hader from Hell to Breakfast, but we are going to sue the daylights out of DeBauer - Jim now free of DeBauers lawyers, and my brief lawyer Epstein, and have my personal and company atty on the job -

I have a lot of papers out there and may come there next 10 days to get them

Are meantime working like hell here - looks good - mind clear - track fast - On my way to better days for us all - Here's check #50 on the tiffing - keep any extra



Denver

on our family acct.

My fine friend, I wrote down during magic hours all that yarn of mine—I canedent stop to break up, edit sentences Once it's typed, that can and should be done. I already note endless minor errors— but the story is there—Sure die take Harris to Washington & that I did so—Anyway its encouragin' to have you say you enjoyed it immensely—

As to the copy of my work I believe in the short paragraph—and short sentences. Am sorry to learn Vallee is also guilty—I don't think it came out of Yale—Its as tho I am talking, when I write and thats different in your case—Your trade is writing—You talk a lot different—

So long until tomorrow

Yours

Di—

Transcription

June 26
Thompson Sat night

Dear Frank:

Your letters at hand and in this dreary waste spot of the world they are most welcome. Just now, a gentle rain is falling. It's a hesitant sort of rainfall, because 7 to 8 inches a year is about the limit in the Colo Plateau land. It may even get scared and take right off, so I'm not going to say another word.

When I wrote the report in Denver I gave the bare situation.

I have the Phoenix articles. The very same day in the same paper on front page a big Doodlebug story – with pictures. A steel magnate's wife, a Mrs Smith had been kidnapped and held for $75000 ransom. She was out in the Superstition Mtns where you did all your "Lost Dutchmans" mine yarn 30 years ago. Her old man laid the do re mi on the line. She was released. Days later they caught a guy wandering about dying from thirst. They have him up as kidnapper, but he didn't have the dough. This doodlebug guy took some bills wrapped them about his long rod. Got the sheriff and a car and away they went. The money [illegible] at the bank as they left town, but they got out in the desert East of town and wham away to the Superstitions that rod went. They got the money pronto – every penny hidden where it would have stayed until doomsday – wonders never cease, so they say.

I ordered a transcript of all that was said in Judges chambers and in the court on the 14th. It's ready now waiting for me.

First – We were both found guilty by the Jury
Second – We gave notice of appeal.
Third – the Judge then sent us to Probation Dept.
Fourth – according to the law in Colo, so I'm told we were to come before the Judge to be sentenced for the crimes the jury said we had committed.
There was no sentence. It was not even mentioned.
We were called into chambers before court met.

The Judge began by questioning GeBauer. My name was not mentioned. He broke down the $250,000 swindle sum himself as follows –

All over $82000 Flader spent on wells in Wyoming in his deals with Newton Oil Co. did not concern him –

But as to the $82000 he said –

The states cost $2758 for – Mr GeBauer will come out of the $3000 you are paying. Mr GeBauer, Mr Flader paid you $28,500. That must be repaid.

Also Flader paid $1500 for an interest in the Newhall property. Also he paid $49,400 for interest in Mojave Desert property. The Judge did not say to whom Flader paid this money. But the about statements are false (100%) The whole theory of restitution is to pay back what you got.

The Judge of course doesn't have the slightest idea as to what he meant or said.

I'm given 4 years 9 months to replay something I never got. This is far from conspiracy to commit confidence game – which is a felony and punishable by a prison sentence. Lawyers and others sitting in on the matter (my attys excluded) saw in this act of the Judge a chance for complete vindication on my part. GeBauer admitted his end. I did not. In fact I refused the offer of Probation on the grounds laid down by the Judge.

I later accepted part of the grounds, so that we could be free to proceed with our present plan.

I'm now released from Bond as of yesterday. For the first time a price has been put on this deal.

No part of the $28,500 GeBauer admitted he got was ever even claimed to have gotten into my hands. The $49,400 was left in the air.

Once we audit the Newton Oil Co. books, the Flader - N Oil Co contracts, and the expense money drawn by me from July 1949 to Feb 1950 and it's shown the Newton Oil Co at all times had monies over and beyond the Flader monies, then since money loses its identity once it's in the company treasury, the Judge on his own premise will have to set aside his order. If he refuses then we have action appeal and otherwise. We think we are on safe ground at last.

Sue Flader? We are not only via Newton Oil Co now getting papers underway to sue Flader from Hell to Breakfast, but we are going to sue the daylights out of GeBauer. I'm now free of GeBauer's lawyers, and my trial lawyer Epstein, and my personal and company atty on the job.

I have a lot of papers out there and may come there next 10 days to get them. In meantime working like hell here. Looks good. Mind clear. Frack fast. On my way to better days for us all. Here's check $50.00 on the typing – keep any extra on our family acct.

My fine friend, I wrote down during tragic hours all that yarn of mine. I couldn't stop to break up, edit sentences. Once it's typed, that can and should be done. I already note endless minor errors – but the story is there. Sure I'll take Harris to Washington. I thot I did so. Anyway it's encouraging to have you say you enjoyed it immensely.

As to the copy of my work, I believe in the short paragraph – and short sentences. I'm sorry to learn Vallee is also guilty. I don't think it came out of Yale. It's as tho [sic] I am talking when I write and that's different in your case. Your trade is writing. You talk a lot different –

So long until tomorrow

Yours

Si

[Silas Newton]

The Albany

Denver

Sunday June 27 51

Dear Frank.

First here's the check that wasn't in yesterdays letter - I wonder if the typist if not already finished cared use second sheets that would give a little better imprint -

I notice she doesn't believe in Capital letters - Where did you get her idea they don't belong -

Whatever you do see the Saucer book is OK by me -

Since you've read the draft of the last section sent you, I'm sure you need must do a lot of boning and timing on a lot of the scientific dope there -

I have all my tape recordings in L.A. will dig them up when I come out. Had our tape recorder - Shaw sent by 2 weeks late - They never knew they didn't know where it was. $45 for $200 Machine

Our attys have already commenced war on the suits against Hader and Heberer - My associates in this Uranium deal are

The Albany
Denver

fully aware of all the facts and are backing me in my programme -

I have to go to Tulsa to get Deblin to work on the company audit - on Blade deals July 49 to Feb 1950 -

Then we have to employ C.P.A. firm in Denver to examine the entire case, all the contracts, make audits, make analysis report of the contracts, what was done - and who got the money, my connection with the Newton Oil Co, my interest in same, the stockholding record - In fact make a report will show, what never appeared in the trial, because the Newton Oil Co was not on trial, but the Judge has brought them into it because of the money angle -

Gene has some of my books - He'll see about the Tesla book when I come out - I want to pick up my bags and baggage you have so kindly cared for during the long months -

3

The Albany

Denver

Gene has sent me complete copy of Trip's book = all this stuff - Fry - Van Tassell - Bethurum. Adamski is so much science-fiction crap that its funny - and this secret <u>one</u> man contact business leaves me cold -

Sin here in the best spot on earth for them to alight and see me - but two days - Sin waiting -

There may be appeal - But the program is for 100% vindication -

Best of everything

D.

Transcription

Sunday June 27th

Dear Frank:

First here's the check that wasn't in yesterday's letter. I wonder if the typist if not already finished could use second sheets that would give a little better imprint.

I notice she doesn't believe in Capital letters. Where did you get the idea they don't belong.

Whatever you do re the Saucer book is OK by me.

Since you've read the draft of the last section sent you, I'm sure you see I must do a lot of honing and timing on a lot of the scientific dope there.

I have all my tape recordings in L.A. Will dig them up when I come out. [Pawn?] our tape recorder. Sharon went by 2 weeks late. They swore they didn't know where it was. $45 for $200 machine.

Our attys have already commenced work on the suits against Flader and GeBauer. My associates in this Uranium deal are fully aware of all the facts and are backing me in my program.

I have to go to Tulsa to get Devlin[?] to work on the company audit – on Flader deals July 49 to Feb 1950.

Then we have to employ C.P.A. firm in Denver to examine the entire case, all the contracts, make audits, make analysis report of the contracts, what was done – and who got the money, my connection with the Newton Oil Co, my interest in same, the stockholding record. In fact such a report will show what never appeared in the trial, because the Newton Oil Co was not on trial, but the Judge has brought them into it because of the money angle.

Gene has some of my books. I'll see about the Tesla book when I come out. I want to pick up my bags and baggage you have so kindly cared for during the long months. Gene has sent me complete copy of Fry's book. All this stuff – Fry – Van Tassell – Bethurum – Adamski is so much science fiction crap that it's funny – and this secret one man contact business leaves me cold.

I'm here in the best spot on earth for them to alight and see me, but no dice. I'm waiting.

There may be appeal. But the program is for 100% vindication.

Best of everything

Si

[Silas Newton]



Thursday June 29th

Dear Frank.

You mentioned that Butler gave you the story in the Phoenix paper—

There two—one the AP story, garbled as usual—The Judge made no such statement The Post asked me for one and with DeBauer Hader and the attys all in ten feet. I said sure I'll give you a statement so you can put your usual $250,000 swindle lying paragraph in it as a head—You just save the Judge knock $170,000 of your yarn for a loss—Write that in your paper and as far as those two lying thieving crooks standing there, (and I pointed to Hader & DeBauer) Be my book they are a pair of a kind. and what's more their day is coming—My position is exactly as it's always been—I haven't a party to this deal—and I haven't changed one vote!! That was that—

The second story is 1st & 2nd page with pictures—A Coddle bug framed the money



Denver

just like Carr - Paul Beamer Jimmy Baker and I did when we took off across the desert to look for the home of that chunk of gold ore -

If this Uranium comes to pass and it looks like it will - I'm going to dig that gold and silver up for free down at that old mission east of Riverside on the way to Palomar - and will let the Press know that I supported by the Fathers at the mission - I'm going to have a lot to say to the all fraternity one of these days, about doubting all finding - Upon would be surprised at the actual favorable record on that scare - It beats the 8 to 1 shots of the geologists and geophysicists all holland -

The next 3 months will be about the busiest life ever had - We have all those lawsuits of the Company against Baker

to prepare and file - there will be two or three of them, aggregating about 7 million dollars -

Then there will be two important suits against DeBauer - and we are thinking very strongly of a Federal prosecution against him -

Next, there is the audits from our Tulsa Tax & CPA men, and a CPA firm in Denver, and the preparation of motions to strike at this Judge arising out of his findings and rulings - Our last dozen of these incompetent legal lights have been armed with them and this case - and by the way what ever happened to Brigham Rose?

Guard these two papers with your life. There is meat in them -

Best of every thing

I want to get that map about 12 to 15th & shipped with the next

Transcription

Tuesday June 29th

Dear Frank,

You mentioned that Baker gave you the story in the Phoenix paper.

Here's two – one the A.P. story, garbled as usual. The Judge made no such statement. The Post asked me for one and with GeBauer Flader and the attys all in ten feet, I said sure I'll give you a statement so you can put your usual $250,000 swindle lying paragraph in it as a head. You just saw the Judge knock $170,000 of your yarn for a loop. Write that in your paper and as for those two lying thieving crooks standing there (and I pointed to Flader and GeBauer) in book they are a pair of a kind and what's more their day is coming. My position is exactly as it's always been. I wasn't a party to this deal – and I haven't changed one iota! That was that.

The second story is 1st & 2nd page with pictures. A doodlebug found the money just like Carr, Paul Beaver, Jimmy Grider and I did when we took off across the desert to look for the home of that chunk of gold ore.

If this Uranium comes to pass and it looks like it will. I'm going to dig that gold and silver up for free down at that old mission east of Riverside on the way to Palomar – and will let the Press have that supported by the Fathers at the mission. I'm going to have a lot to say to the oil fraternity one of these days about Doodlebug oil finding. You would be surprised at the actual provable record on that score. It beats the 8 to 1 shots of the geologists and geophysicists all hollow.

The next 3 months will be about the busiest I've ever had. We have all the lawsuits of the company against Flader to prepare and file. There'll be two or three of them, aggregating about 1 [or 10?] million dollars.

Then there'll be two important suits against GeBauer – and we are thinking very strongly of a Federal prosecution against him.

Next, there's the audits from our Tulsa Tax & CPA man, and a CPA firm in Denver, and the preparation of motions to throw at this Judge arising out of his findings and rulings. I'm not using these incompetent legal lights I've been cursed with thru out this case – and by the way whatever happened to Brigham Rose?

Guard these two papers with your life. There's meat in them –

Best of everything

Si

I want to get that way about
12th to 15th. I hope it will work out.

[Silas Newton]

Desert Springs Chamber of Commerce

(INCORPORATED)

DESERT SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

BEDSIDE MANOR June 29 1954
HOLLYWOOD

Dear Si:

Time gallops on and we stand still. We should have been out of here two weeks ago but we are still here. But in two days some of us will get to get to Desert Springs so Alice can get this house in order for renting, something we have been trying to do for two months.

Thanks for the follow-up, which included the check and the news of your counter offensive. Remember what old Frank used to say: Revenge is best when served cold."

That's allright provided the offended party has not died and been iced himself while waiting for justice to wake up and get moving.

Our Pat ran into your Pat yesterday. She seems to have been graduated from Hollywood High at last, is in good spirits and hears some good news from her Mother. In fact it concerned a possible reunion. True?

We tried to get deForest to look at some stuff Gene has been accumulating which backs up your orginal researches in that suspected vortex area. But he is off for a vacatio

Seeing Rose tonight. He's swinging his weight around on a trial involving liquor and the attorney general's staff wish he'd get lost. I guess as long as he has to drink it he will defend it.

LA COURT HOTEL
GRAND JUNCTION
COLORADO

Monday the 19th

Dear Frank-

Your letter buoyed me up into the clouds where I regret I can't find a flying saucer. You didn't tell me about the Big Rock convention-

I hand you herewith three more segments of my yarn - as you will note when you get far enough into it, I mention the 2 stories I wrote - and figure they belong in this work -

Please if and when you make these this allotment tell me what it really sounds like -

There a lot of things I haven't written about and I'm puzzling over them - My idea in this work has been to lay the foundation where by the reader can judge me - Does it appear from the record that I belong in the swindler category - Does it look like I'm running about seeking to conspire to commit confidence game - Does it appear that I seeking an opportunity to gain access to Geophysical methods that would make oil finding easier - Did what any prudent man would do to look into it - Did Flader

Marshall and Jacobsen buy 2½ to trade
em an oil lease in California as a sucker
play- or did they believe the work of their own
man- I spent $40,000 trying to drill a
well on the lease they bought an interest
in- was that crooked or a confidence game-?
This whole thing requires a literary Sherlock
to solve it- It becomes involved as I tackle
it- I dont think the attys understand it even
tho- their problem now of course is the
legal errors that can reverse the lower court
when they go before the Supreme Court-
I've spoken to all kinds of audiences with
the material we got you find here- they
loved it- the same is true as to the Romance
of oil- Does it belong in a Book?

Yours

Ed

Transcription

Dear Frank: Monday the 19th

Your letter buoyed me up into the clouds where I regret I can't find a flying saucer. You didn't tell me about the Big Rock convention.

I hand you herewith three more segments of my yarn. As you will not when you get far enough into it, I mention the oil stories I wrote – and figure they belong in this work.

Please if and when you wade thru this allotment tell me what it really sounds like.

There's a lot of things I haven't written about and I'm puzzling over them. My idea in this work has been to lay the foundation whereby the reader can judge me. Does it appear from the record that I belong in the swindler category. Does it look like I'm running about seeking to conspire to commit confidence game. Does it appear that I seeing an opportunity to gain access to geophysical methods that would make oil finding easier – did what any prudent man would do to look into it. Did Flader, Marshall and Jacobsen buy 2½% each in an oil lease in California as a sucker play or did they believe the work of their own man. I spent $40,000 trying to drill a well on the lease they bought an interest in – was that crooked or a confidence game? This whole thing require a literary [literal?] Sherlock to solve. It becomes involved as I tackle it. I don't think the attys understand it even now. Their problem now of course is the legal errors that can reverse the lower court when they go before the Supreme Court.

I've spoken to all kinds of audiences with the material on golf you find here. They loved it. The same is true as to the Romance of oil. Does it belong in a book?

Yours

Si

[Silas Newton]

Moab Utah- July 2,

My dear double barrelled, Wednesday July 21st
Grand father Scully=

That boy certainly put his mind on his work, and showed the old man how to make good right from the start. I'm certain both you and Alice are thrilled at the prospect of a couple of boys bearing the Scully name- My good wishes to Mother and father when you write them

It seems that Moses of old went over in to the land of Moab- and they buried him there, age 120, an even up to the last hour he was in full possession of all his faculties his vigor (whatever that meant) and his manhood. Moses is supposed to have written his own obit.- because the good book says and I quote, "and they buried him in the land of Moab, and no man knoweth his burial place unto this day" The internal evidence of these works indicate that Moses was not writing, and that it was written long afterwards- I think I've found the place, because those old fellows knew location in those days and this is the place, just beside the swirling waters of the Colorado, up beside my new Uranium property- See fact he was buried in Monument Valley where the movie people have centered

big camps, and on a small hill overlooking the river, a lonely grave is marked by a marble slab, and an iron picket fence - that's where old Moses lies a mouldering in his grave - so be it -

Well I'm here at last and I shall follow in Moses' footsteps because my birthday was last Monday the 19th and I decided I had reached the half way mark - I am now starting the last half of the run, when I get to the Nile past where Moses lay down for the long sleep, because I will have things so magnetically balanced that I can probably take off for another run down the sandy shores of Time's ~~[illegible]~~ great Sea of Life -

The cooling system in my cabin room at Thompson is a square and a delusion, and the old Greek who owns the place won't fix it, so with 110-1- degrees in the day time it doesn't get below 90 at night - so I'm giving up. My mail will still get me at Thompson until further notice -

I have branched out in the Uranium business, and have after a month of negotiation bought the world famed "Red Head" claims, from which the Curies of France took 40 tons & are running 10% and better Uranium they shipped it to France for their Radium research - so my friend

I now have what the ward nine boys know as "The Tennessee Queen Mining Company" and will start shipping ore next week - We of ours are busy at Mellard Cat across the river 4 miles air line away, but we have to go 70 miles to get there - I do 250-300 miles a day - Am hard as nails, brown as a Indian, up at 5:30 am and I can see daylight - I may give you a story in 60 days that will warm the cockles of your ever skipping heart and smooth its beat to a ~~[illegible]~~ sweet running engine again -

Wanted to leave for Calif this Friday but looks like I can't move yet - will give you and Rene 2 or 3 days notice of my take off - I hope it will be inside ten days -

Things are better at the Arizona retreat of E. and Howard -

Love

Pa

cc

Transcription

Moab Utah, July 21st

My dear double barrelled [sic] Wednesday \ July 21st

Dr[?] and father Scully:

That boy certainly put his mind on his work, and showed the old man how to make good right from the start. I'm certain both you and Alice are thrilled at the prospect of a couple of boys bearing the Scully name. My good wishes to mother and father when you write them.

It seems the Moses of old went over in to the land of Moab – and they buried him there, age 120, and even up to the last hour he was in full possession of all faculties, his vigor (whatever that meant) and his manhood. Moses is supposed to have written his own obit because the good book says and I quote, "and they buried him in the land of Moab, and no man knoweth his burial place even unto this day." The internal evidence of these words indicate that Moses was not writing, and that it was written long afterwards. I think I've found the place, because those old fellows knew levitation in those days and this is the place, just beside the swirling waters of the Colorado, up beside my new Uranium property. In fact he was buried in Monument Valley where the movie people have several big [illegible], and on a small hill overlooking the river, a lonely grave is marked by a marble slab, and an iron picket fence. That's where old Moses lies a mouldering [sic] in his grave. So be it.

Well I'm here at last and I shall follow in Moses' footsteps because my birthday was last Monday the 19th and I decided I had reached the half way mark. I'm not starting the last half of the run when I get to the milepost when Moses lay down for the long sleep. Science will have things so magnetically balanced that I can probably take off for another run down the sandy shores of Time's great sea of life.

The cooling system in my cabin room at Thompson is a snare and a delusion, and the old Greek who owns the place won't fix it, so with 110 – 1[rest cut off] degrees in the day time it doesn't get below 90 at night, so I'm giving up. My mail will still get me at Thompson until further notice. I have branched out in this Uranium business, and have after a month of negotiation bought the world famed "Red head" claims, from which the Curies of France took 40 tons of ore running 10% and better Uranium. They shipped it to France for their Radium research. So my friend I now have what the world will soon know as "The Tennessee Queen Mining Company" and will start shipping ore next week. We of course are busy at Mellow Cat across the river 4 miles air line away, but we have to go 70 miles to get there. I do 250 – 300 miles a day. I'm hard as nails, brown as an Indian, up at 5:30am and I can see daylight. I may give you a story in 60 days that will warm the cockles of your ever skipping heart, and swoon its beat to a sweet running engine again.

Wanted to leave for Calif this Friday but looks like I can move yet. Will give you and Gene 2 or 3 days notice of my take off. I hope it will be inside ten days.

Things are better at the Arizona retreat of S. and Howard.

Love

Si

[Silas Newton]

THE TENNESSEE QUEEN
MINING COMPANY
URANIUM — VANADIUM

OFFICE OF
MANAGING DIRECTOR

July 31st [1954]

Dear Frank -

I was in Grand J. yesterday morning
there had been a squib in the local paper
announcing that Fry would talk - I went
over to see the owner of the Sentinel - He and
his wife went - Mrs Walker stalked to the
letter end. Walker couldn't take it - He told
me he had an hours talk with Fry, the
day before the lecture - Said he was impressed
with the man - and told him I would
surely be present - But I didn't see the
paper until 7:30 PM and I was a hundred
miles a way - No saucer to ride in, so
I didn't make it - The Walkers had seen
the movie Welo made and I had briefed
them on the whole saucer business. They
are my very good friends, and are coming
out Tomorrow, to spend the day and
see The Tennessee Queen - from which
we should start loading ore by
the time you read this -

My story of this strike may be the biggest

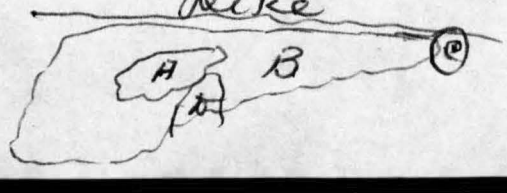
MADAME CURIE OF FRANCE, DURING HER RADIUM RESEARCH USED URANIUM ORE FROM THE WORLD FAMOUS "RED HEAD" CLAIMS OF THIS COMPANY

2

THE TENNESSEE QUEEN
MINING COMPANY

King since they started the Queen build up -
I found this property 4 miles from our
Yellow Cat operations. Studied it with my
instruments for over 30 days - The whole
Uranium predensity had turned it down
even tho Madame Curie took 40 tons and 6
the west shaft at 24 feet depth of 10% +.
Uranium - That made 5 grams of Uranium
I have the chair she sat in - and have
it photographed for Smithsonian - I photographed
Wm H Lamb, 81 years old, famous Mining
Engineer whom she visited at Idaho Springs
in 1905 at one of his big mines, with
some problems -

I have uncovered one "roll" and it
is now exposed to the blue sky above -
It contains 2000 - 2500 tons of Ore - with
the bonus we found get over $100,000 per ft
5 feet below it is the next ore body. It is
surveys 150 x 70 x 6 - about 93,000 tons -
That is partialy uncovered and will all
be ready when we load and the 2000 tons
It is shaped funny



a is the 2000 tons

B is the 93000 tons - C is old shaft 30 ft deep - the side next to the outline has 6 ft of ore - same as hole #2 encountered the outside is mere traces - ore finished out. It was dug 50 years ago looking for copper - D - is the section where side of hill was opened and side drift of 6 feet into ore was cut - It had 6 ft wall of ore. No copper except stains - so when my depth measurements were verified when we put ladder in old shaft and climbed down. I figured my outline survey measurements to be O.K. The assays verified my checks. See all uncovered was exactly as I outlined it - If the B section is as surveyed, will load over #2,000,000 of ore into trucks in 3 to 5 months - will that be a story - People are coming to the operation every day - as I walk down Moabs main Boom street people stop me to ask about the strike - I say, "well it looks fair" We have 600 acres surrounding this claim - so no one can get close -

So we shall see how the old luck runs! All my life when it starts my way, its a flood— How do you like the name— "The Tennessee Queen"? Figure it out—

I haven't told Sharon anything except to say we are making real progress. This is the first report of actual operations to anyone—

England are paper reports of trips talk, and Uranium report same day same paper—

Pass all this on to Gene—

And now for a hot one— The La Sal Mts 3 big 11,000 ft peaks are young and when they rose they uplifted the whole country and made the Colorado Plateau— 3 or 4 major faults resulted 30 to 5 miles long— Uplifted at flanks one fault for 25 miles, and our Tennessee Queen is in this major fault— I began with 3 other men to explore the length of this great fault start 10 days ago; All of a sudden— I said Stop the car, there's a magnetic vortex— They had heard the vortex story— They are Geologists and Mining

experts - So I shot this Vortex a mile away - It was an alternating vortex about 1/4 mile from it was another, It turned out to be a Direct current vortex - We traveled over 15 miles along the fault area - Have found 5 all told - Traversed Sunday, the Walkers are away for the day, to see the mine work and the Vortex phenomena - Walked made 3 trips down the San Juan & Colorado Rapids in flat bottom boat, so his an explorer on his record - Have we found something real under the sun in these Vortexs - Are the common to major fault areas? We shall see - I shall dedicate some money out of our operations to this research and let Gene head the research - He already had done heroic work out there -

Thursday night Muddy Face - a grand old Bulldog - Howards get. went out to take a leak - Some murderer killed his

friendly kindly old dog. He protected Howard as his duty - they buried him in his sleeping blanket, amoid tears, yesterday - There are still vicious purple on his old bumbled mud ball -

So ended his epistle - I hope to head your way next Friday, but will advise - Love to all

Ri

Transcription

July 31st 1954

Dear Frank:

I was in Grand J. yesterday morning. There had been a squib in the local paper announcing that Fry would talk. I went over to see the owner of the Sentinel. He and his wife went. Mrs. Walker stayed to the bitter end. Walker couldn't take it. He told me he had an hours talk with Fry with day before the lecture. Said he was impressed with the man – and told him I would surely be present. But I didn't see the paper until 7:30 PM and I was a hundred miles away. No saucer to ride in, so I didn't make it. The Walkers had seen the movie Welo made and I had briefed them on the whole saucer business. They are my very good friends, and are coming out tomorrow to spend the day and see the Tennessee Queen from which we shall start loading out ore by the time you read this.

My story of this strike may be the biggest thing since they started the Steen buildup. I found this property 4 miles from our Yellow Cat operations. Studied it with my instruments for over 30 days. The whole uranium fraternity even tho Madame Curie took 40 tons out of the west shaft at 24 feet depth of 10% f. uranium. That made 5 grades of uranium. I have the chair she sat in – and I have it photographed for Smithsonian. I photographed Wm H Lamb, 81 years old, famous mining engineer whom she visited at Idaho Springs in 1905 at one of his big mines, with some problems.

I have uncovered our "roll" and it is now exposed to the blue sky above. It contains 2000 – 2500 tons of ore. With the bonus we should get over $100,000 for it 5 feet below it is the next ore body. It surveys 150 X 70 X 6 – about 93,000 tons – that is partially uncovered and will all be ready when we load and the 2000 tons. It is shaped thusly [hand-drawn diagram] a is the 2000 tons B is the 93000 tons – C is the old shaft 30 ft deep. The side next to the outline has 6 ft of ore – some as high as 2% on counter[?] – the outside is mere trace-ore pinched[?] out. It was dug 50 years ago looking for copper – D – is the section where side of hill was opened and wide drift of 6 feet into ore was cut. It was 6 ft wall of ore. No copper except stains. So, when my depth measurements were verified when we put ladder in old shaft and climbed down. I figured my outline survey measurements to be O.K. The assays verified my checks. Sec a all uncovered was exactly as I outlined it. If the B section is as surveyed will load over $2,000,000 of ore into trucks in 3 to 5 months – will that be a story. People are coming to the operation every day. As I walk down Moabs main Boom street people stop me to ask about the strike. I say, "Well, it looks fair." We have 600 acres surrounding this claim – so no one can get close. So we shall see how the old luck runs! All my life when it starts my way, it's a flood. How do you like the name – "The Tennessee Queen"? Figure it out.

I haven't told Sharon anything except to say we are making real progress. This is the first report of actual operations to anyone.

Enclosed are paper reports of Frys talk, and uranium report same day same paper. Pass all this one to Gene.

And now for a hot one – the La Sal Mtns 3 big 11,000 ft peaks are young and when they rose they uplifted the whole country and made the Colorado Plateau. 3 or 4 major faults resulted 30 to 5 miles long. Yellow Cat flanks our fault for 25 miles and our Tennessee Queen is in this major fault. I began with 3 other men to explore the length of this great fault about 10 days ago. All of a sudden I said stop the car, there's a magnetic vortex. They had heard the

vortex story. They are geologists and mining experts. It was an alternating vortex about ¼ mile [illegible] it was another[?]. It turned out to be a direct current vortex. We traveled over 15 miles along the fault area. Have found 5 all told. Tomorrow, Sunday, the Walkers are coming for the day to see the mine work the vortex phenomena. Walked[?] made 3 trips down the San Juan & Colorado Rapids in flat bottom boat so he's an explorer in his record. Have we found something new under the sun in these vortex's. Are the common to major fault areas? We shall see. I shall dedicate some money out of our operations to this research and let Gene head the research. He already had done heroic work out there.

Thursday night Muddy Face – a grand old Bulldog, Howard's pet, went out to take a leak. Some murderer killed his friendly kindly old dog. He protected Howard as his duty. They buried him in his sleeping blanket, amid tears, yesterday. There are still vicious people on this old troubled mud ball.

So endeth this epistle. I hope to head your way next Friday, but will advise.

Love to all

Si

[Silas Newton]

Notes made by Frank Scully from Silas Newton's letter dated July 31, 1954 for Scully's planned book titled "Journal of a Saucerian."

ADD -- JOURNAL OF A SAUCERIAN July 31, 1954

From the office of the managing director of the Tennessee Queen, a mining company specializing in uranium and vanddium, came a letter today with an account of a lecture by Daniel W. Fry, 46-year-old rocketeer from El Monte, California. The lecture was at Grand Junction, Colorado, not far from the Tennessee Queen, which is at Thompson, Utah. Some of those of the mining company went over. One, Mrs. Walker stayed to the bitter end, but her husband couldn't take it. He had an hour's talk with Fry the day before the lecture. Said he was impressed with the man, but apparently not enough to stay till the end of the lecture.

The managing director of the Tennessee Queen said he couldn't make it as he was 100 miles away and had no saucer to ride in. He explained that the Walkers had seen the movie of an Ufo which Welo had made, so they were not unfamiliar with some phases of flying saucers.

The Daily Sentinal of Grand Junction of July 30, 1954 said that a vicarious ride on Mr. Fry's Saucer was taken by 168 persons at Lincoln Park auditorium. They paid 75¢ a head and bought 21 copies of his book, "The White Sands Incident", for $1.50 per copy. Mr. Fry's gross for the evening was $157.50.

The reporter described Fry as a husky slightly nervous person who spoke for an hour and a half about his space ship ride. Thereafter followed a pretty faithful summation of Fry's alleged trup from White Sands to New York in a flying saucer on July 4, 1950.

He also makes mention that the current issue of Time says a lie detector test was given Mr. Fry on a Los Angeles television program The program's director is quoted as saying "He failed the test on the air, and got furious in front of the camera."

Actually this is far from the truth. In the first place

Fry had a pretest with that lie detector before the program and as is usually done, gave correct and false answers to check the machine. These subsequently were used against him and a studio hired hand was palmed off as a private detective who had done original research on Fry. This was on "Paul Coate's Confidential", a title lifted from the popular books of Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, and not noted for its depth or accuracy, though it has gone down as far as putting homosexuals on the radio for Sunday night home entertainment in a city which claims more churches than Brooklyn.

(1) The detector presented both true and false answers given by Fry in the pretest as true.

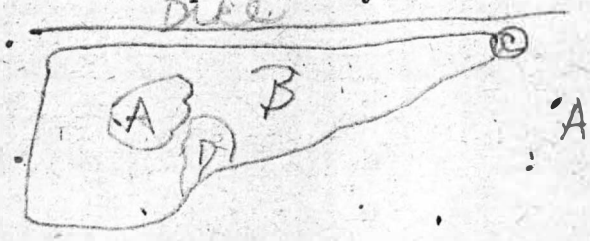
Notes on Newton August 9, 1954

On July 31, 1954, I received a letter on stationary of the Tennessee Queen, a mining company specializing in uranium and vanadium, located near Thompson, Utah. The stationary claimed that "Madame Curie of France during her radium research, used uranium ore from the world-famous 'Redhead claims' of this company," The letter was from the office of the managing diredtor, who turned out to be Silas M. Newton, and the letter revealed that he discovered the uranium deposits by doodlebug techniques which brought him more grief in the previous two years, ending with a conviction of a conspiracy to commit a confidence game, but no sentencing. The whole attack was a drive to descredit the authenticity of two witnesses to certain facts printed in "BEhind the Elying Saucers".

"My story of this strike, " he wrote , "may be the biggest thing since they started the Steen buildup. I found this property four miles from our Yellow Cat operations. Studied it with my instruments for over 30 days. The whole uranium fraternity had turned it down even though Madame Curie took 40 tons out of the west shaft at 24 feet depth of 10% f. uranium. That made 5 grams of Uranium. I have the chair she sat in, and have photographed it for the Smithsonian. I photographed Wm. H. Lamb, 80 years old, famous mining engineer whom she visited at Idaho Springs in 1905 at one of his big mines with some problems.

I have uncovered one "roll" and it is now exposed to the blue sky above. It contains 2000 - 2500 tons of ore. With the bonus we should get over $100,000 for it. Five feet below it is the next ore body. It surveys 150 X 70 X 6, about 93,000 tons -- That is paritally uncovered and we'll all be ready when we load and the next 2000 tons.

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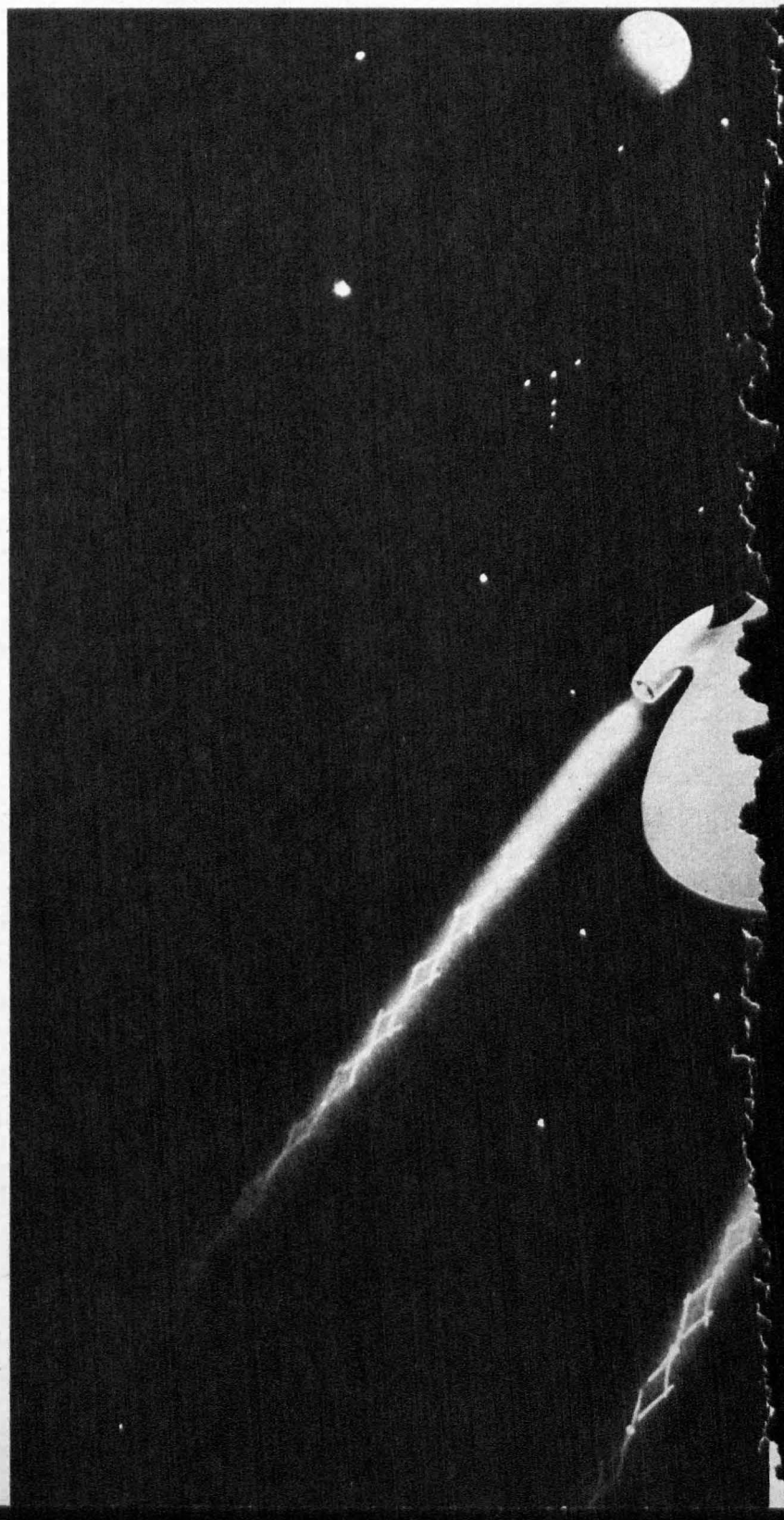
[Sir magazine, September 1954]

First Report on

A secret investigation is trying to



Dr. Hans Loberg of Norway, chief of investigating team, says the first revelations are astounding.



By E. W. GRENFELL

ON a tiny island in the North Sea off the German coast, a secret investigation is in progress to determine whether hydrogen bomb explosions in the Pacific Ocean knocked a flying saucer to the earth. Preliminary findings were revealed recently in Oslo, Norway, by Dr. Hans Larsen Loberg, a retired Norwegian scientist, who said investigators have already made some startling discoveries.

In his report, Dr. Loberg said the mysterious cracking and shattering of automobile windshields in several U. S. cities a few months ago may be explained when results of the investigation are in. Because, he added, the grounded saucer is reported to carry firing instruments capable of shattering glass with magnetic rays.

The saucer came down on Heligoland, a small island which the Germans used as a U-Boat base during World War I. Since the island is only a speck of land in a large body of water, Dr. Loberg believes the disk was forced to earth when H-bomb blasts created conditions of atmospheric pressure that made flight impossible.

It was not a crash-up and investigators found most of the saucer's instruments in good condition. On the ground surrounding the ship were found the bodies of seven men, all burned beyond recognition. They may, or may not, have been passengers aboard the weird flying craft.

Dr. Loberg, one-time winner of the Hungarian Physics Award, said descriptive details of the saucer were told to him by a fellow-scientist who is with the investigating team on Heligoland.

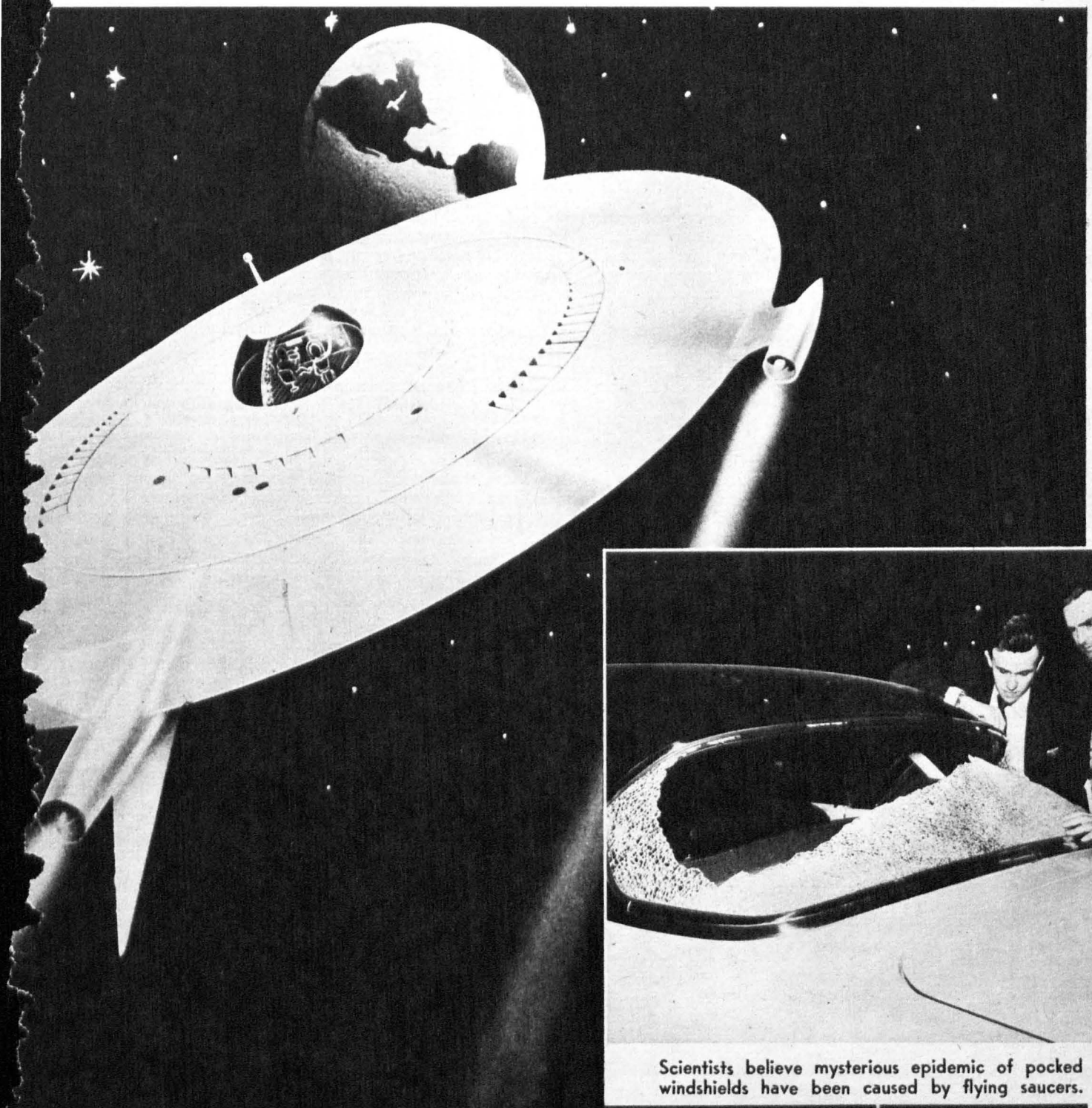
If magnetic rays from the flying saucer shattered auto windshields, then police in several American cities will close the books on a case which drove them to the boiling point a few months ago.

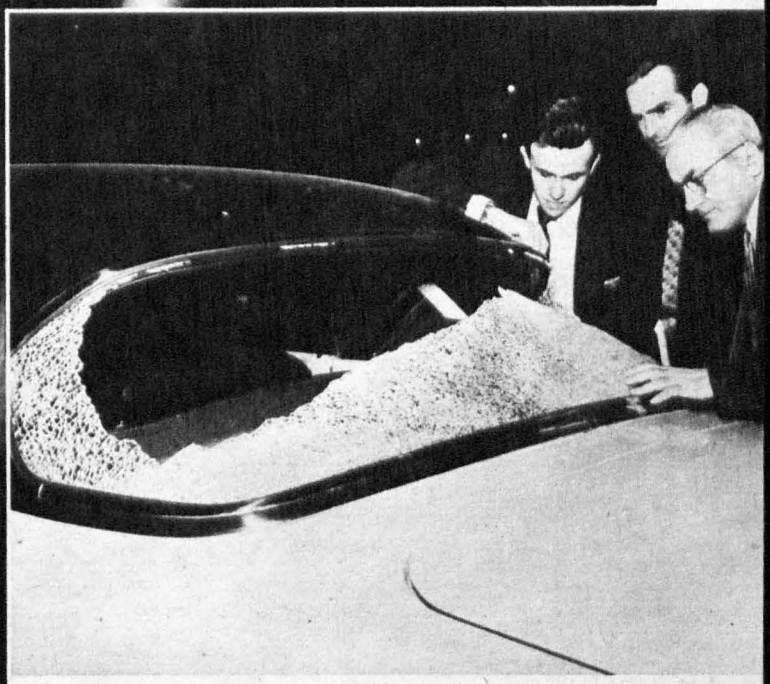
It all began in the little city of Bellingham, Washington, where horrified citizens learned that, in one

(*Continued on page* 56)

the *Captured* Flying Saucer!

determine what caused this strange craft to crash off German coast





Scientists believe mysterious epidemic of pocked windshields have been caused by flying saucers.

the alcoholic problem but have no known method of dealing with it —were the least cooperative and the most hostile.

"Despite this the Bronx County Medical Society made a thorough investigation of my method and the operation of Bridge House, endorsed them, and recommended expansion of our facilities."

In a tenth anniversary report to the City of New York, McGoldrick pointed with pride to the hundreds of thousands of dollars Bridge House has saved taxpayers since its inception.

The cost to the city of one alcoholic going through the revolving door of futility has been estimated by authorities to be about $3,000 per year in hospitalization, imprisonment and welfare grants to him and his family.

Bridge House rehabilitates men at a maximum cost of $145 per man—a record seldom achieved in this country.

Yearly, Bridge House receives increasing requests for therapeutic aid both from residents and nonresidents of New York City (the latter cannot be accepted), but with facilities limited to about 400 men a year, several hundred applicants, including women, have to be refused admittance.

Of those men taken in for treatment, usually more than two-thirds have tried medical and psychiatric therapy, and the assistance of volunteer organizations, without being helped.

It is McGoldrick's hope not only to extend his bureau's work among men, but also to set up facilities comparable to Bridge House for female alcoholics.

According to statistics, approximately one out of every six alcoholics is a woman. In a city the size of New York, that would indicate a goodly number of ladies who need help in straight-thinking.

THE END

FIRST REPORT ON CAPTURED FLYING SAUCER!

(Continued from page 16)

week's time, 1,500 automobiles had turned up with cracked windshields —and no one could explain the reason why.

Bellingham's 34,000 people began to wonder if ghosts had invaded their midst. Even house and store windows slithered into bits.

The windshields at times cracked up while cars were in motion, but no one could pin down any concrete cause.

While the astounding story made headlines throughout the U.S., Bellingham's city officials were dodging frantic citizens, police were going crazy, and local glass manufacturers were making a fortune.

Then, windshields began falling apart in Wyoming, in Oklahoma City, in Pittsburgh and finally in New York City. Nobody, not even glass experts, could come up with a reasonable explanation.

The saucer's magnetic ray gun, which Dr. Loberg believes responsible for all the disintegrating glass, may also provide a solution to still another mystery—an airplane crash near Fort Knox, Ky., on January 7, 1948.

On that day an unidentified object was sighted over Goodman Air Force Base at Fort Knox by both military and civilian observers. Air Force Captain Thomas K. Bandell, flying his plane over the base, radioed the Goodman Tower and reported the object was traveling at half his speed.

"I'm closing in now to take a good look," he reported. "It's directly ahead of me and still moving at about half my speed. This thing looks metallic and of tremendous size . . . It's going up now and forward as fast as I am. That's 360 miles per hour. I'm going up to 20,000 feet and if I'm no closer I'll abandon chase."

The time was 1:15 P.M. And that was the last radio contact Bandell had with the Goodman Tower. Several hours later, his body was found in the wreckage of his plane near the base.

If the Heligoland saucer's magnetic ray gun is in good condition, it may reveal the power to shatter airplanes as well as glass.

Dr. Loberg contends the craft apparently landed under guidance of its own instruments and the investigators studied it at a distance for two days before risking closer observation.

The area where the saucer came down was bombarded with cosmic rays, Geiger counters and other protective devices before investigation began.

THE seven charred bodies found around the saucer are yet unidentified.

Their clothing was burned away completely and there were no clues to indicate whether they were passengers aboard the craft, or whether they were Heligoland residents ventured too close to the saucer too soon.

Curiously, all seven men seemed to be from 25 to 30 years of age and of the same height—about 5 feet 8 inches. All had excellent teeth.

Investigators have one theory: That the seven were passengers who were consumed by fire inside the descending ship. The blaze probably had been caused by sudden changes in atmospheric pressure conditions inside the saucer's hermetically sealed cabin.

Atop the craft, was a trap-door through which the seven bodies could have been thrown by the impact of landing.

Even more curious were the ship's measurements. It was 91 feet in diameter and the cabin was 70 feet in height. In fact, all the dimensions were divisible by seven.

On the control board were a series of push-buttons, but the investigators are still studying the interior mechanism to learn what propelled the saucer in flight.

Dr. Loberg's theory is that the disk may have traveled by harnessing magnetic lines of force which scientists know encircle the nine planets of the solar system.

He points out that there was no motor and no propeller, but if magnetic force is involved, the saucer would move just as a nail moves when approached by a magnet.

The landing gear resembled a tripod of three metal cylinders which could revolve in any direction. There were no bolts, rivets or screws on the saucer and in the construction were found two metals which are entirely unknown to scientists.

Outer metal of the ship was light in weight and resembled aluminum, but it was so hard that even 15,000

degrees Farenheit could not melt it down.

Two men could easily lift one side of the saucer.

ALTHOUGH it was not immediately established that the seven burned men were former passengers of the ship, investigators found equipment inside which definitely resembled living quarters!

Wall-enclosed bunks were ingeniously placed on one side of the cabin's interior.

A liquid resembling water but almost three times as heavy as normal drinking water, was found in two small containers. On a wall-bracket was a tube filled with a large number of pills, possibly tabulated food.

The saucer's radio, which had no tubes, no wires and no aerial, was about as small as a king-size cigarette package.

Pamphlets and booklets, which seem to deal with navigation problems, were also found but investigators are still trying to decipher the script used in the text.

Dr. Loberg emphasized that when the Heligoland investigation is completed, the report will add a new chapter to flying saucer history.

THE END

FOUR TO ONE

(Continued from page 33)

ace. "Oh, you're the visitor Daddy told us about. My name's Edna. I'm Gwendolyn's sister."

"Told us?" I asked myself confusedly. Gwendolyn knew I was here. Reinstadt told Edna and who else? It was strange . . . these girls being here.

I dismissed all questions, planning to thank them and take off.

"Is your father around? I want to thank him for the room because I'll have to be going now."

"No please don't go yet," she begged in her disturbing monotone. "At least stay for breakfast. I'll make it for you right now."

"I'd love to but I have an appointment at eight."

I started for the door and then felt Edna's warm flesh pressed to my side.

"Mr. Tracy," she said, tugging gently at my arm, "come into the kitchen. We'll talk while I fix you up something.

With reluctance I stayed, but not because ham and eggs are particularly pleasing to my palate.

Sounds were coming from the cellar again. Different sounds than before, but still sounds. I wondered if the old guy had a private torture chamber in operation down there.

Muriel, another sister that was obviously the "us," good morninged me with a hungry look. The two beauties puttered around and finally came up with a scrambled egg.

They conversed intelligently but in a toneless voice. They were also practically identical, and both very beautiful. I noticed the starved looks they were giving me.

Reinstadt appeared just as I finished the egg.

"Hello, my friend." His manner was more cheerful than it was last night. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes I did, and I want to thank you for the lodgings and to thank your daughters for the nice breakfast they gave me."

I wished that I could pay but was down to my last two bits. I rose from the chair, determined to leave then and there.

"You certainly don't want to leave now, young fellow. No one will be on the road for several hours yet."

I HAD not counted on that and groped around for another excuse to leave. I thought of telling him that I'd go down and try to find what the trouble was with the car, but he answered this as if he had read my mind.

"Edna telephoned for a mechanic this morning. He'll be here at nine."

I glanced down at my watch and it showed seven-thirty. That meant an hour and a half in a place I liked less every second. The whole thing didn't add up, the wizened old man and his daughters.

"You can tell me of the outside world while we wait. I don't see much of it any more."

For over an hour I told him of the world, about myself, my job, other things. As I was talking, I noticed that a far-off look would sometimes settle on his face. He was probably recalling the world as he knew it, and putting my words into mental pictures.

I talked, and learned little about him. An ex-scientist who retired to a deserted country estate. That was all I could put together. When the big hand of my watch moved on the twelve, I rose to leave. I knew I'd never miss the four of them.

Then, "Just a minute, Mr. Tracy," Reinstadt said, "I have another daughter I want you to meet."

I knew I'd never miss the five of them.

"You do like my little girls, don't you, Mr. Tracy," he asked slyly.

"Sure," I answered, "fine girls. But I really have to go now. Thanks for your hospitality, Dr. Reinstadt."

I pedaled backward and turned around. I came face to face with a very good-looking girl holding a very ugly-looking gun.

"Mr. Tracy," Reinstadt said, "meet Annette."

THE smooth, enameled table that I lie on is in the center of the mansion's cellar. Strong leather straps restrain my arms, legs, and chest.

On the left is Dr. Kurt Reinstadt, the crazed scientist whose ideas on human to automaton transference were rejected as ridiculous. He was laughed at and called a foolish old man.

He had bubbled this information as the robot-girl, Annette, led me down here. A warped genius, he had spent years perfecting his sinister plans.

He built four beautiful molds of young women, then had forcibly made his daughters submit to the experiment. Their brains, along with controlling devices, and other parts of their insides, were transplanted into the cleverly-made molds.

Reinstadt's explaining voice buzzed in my ear.

"You see, my friend, I do not have altogether complete control over my daughters. Nature still resides in them. In short, they want a man. They pleaded with me to keep you here."

I strained against the leather straps. Reinstadt noticed me.

"Don't fight, Mr. Tracy. My daughters are lovely. You'll be happy."

He walked away and came back rolling another table. On it was peculiar scientific equipment and the framework of a robot-man. He pushed it alongside me.

"I regret, John," Reinstadt said calmly, "that I have no ether. A blow on the head may injure your

[Article incomplete]

Notes written by Frank Scully regarding the article "First Report on the Captured Flying Saucer!" from the September 1954 issue of *Sir* magazine. Scully' is taking notes for his planned book, "Journal of a Saucerian."

ADD -- JOURNAL OF A SAUCERIAN August 2, 1954

Jerry Baker, sent me by Airmail Special Delivery a copy of a magazine entitled "Sir". Though it was September ø 1954 issue, volume 11, #11, and published at 21 West 26th Street, New York, 10, N.Y. On page 16 it had a doubel truck article entitled "First report on the Captured Flying Saucer", by E W Grenfell. In the top left-hand corner was a likeness of Dr. Hans Loberg of Norway. In the right-hand corner, (lower) was a photograph of three men examining a pock- marked windshield, and in between was a huge likeness of a flying saucer done by an unnamed artist specializing in simulating photographic effects.

The story went on to reveal that on the island of Heligoland which the Germans used as a U-boat base during the first World War, a secret investigation was in progress to determine whether our hydrogen bomb explosions in the South Pacific knocked out a flying saucer in the North Sea and forced it to land on Heligoland.

Dr. Hans Larsen, Loberg, described as a retired Norwegian scientist, said investigators had already made startling discoveries, though he does not at any time mention the investigators.

"It was not a crash-up", it was explained, "and investigators found most of the saucers instrument in good condition. On the ground surrounding the ship were found the bodies of seven men, all burned beyond recognition. They may or may not have been passengers aboard the weird flying craft.

Grenfell says that Dr. Loberg, whom he describes as a one-time winner of the Hungarian Physics Award, said descriptive details of the saucer were told to him by a fellow scientist, "who is with the investigating team on Heligoland.

Dr. Loberg also ties in the shattering of windshields where this same explosive distrubance, indicating thatthe glass was shattered by magnetic rays, not from the hydrogen bomb explosion itself, but from the flying saucer -- a sort of chain reaction. Most of this cracked glass will be remembered as happening around Bellingham,, Washington, a city of 34,000, where 1500 automobiles reported cracked windsheilds in a short time, to be followed by other reports from other cities across the country.

Grenfell then goes on to say that the saucers magnetic gunray ~~was~~ which Dr. Loberg believes responsible for the disintegration of windshields may also provide a solution for an airplane crash near Fort Knox, Kentucky, on January 7, 1948. The victim, he described as Air Force Captain Thomas K. Bandell, though obviously he means Reserve Air Force Officer Thomas Mantell, because he then gives the Mantell story in detail as described in one of the reports of Project Saucer. But following ~~my~~ Scully's party-line presumabley, on what caused the disintegration of Mantell's body and ship.

"If the Heligoland saucer's magnetic raygun is in good conditon, " Grenfell writes, "it may reveal the power to shatter airplanes as well as glass."

He says that Dr. Loberg believes that the space craft landed under guidance of its own instruments, and "The investigators studied it at a distance for two days before risking closer observation." He adds that the area where the saucer came down was bombarded with cosmic rays, geigercounters, and other protective devices before investigation began. This sounds so much like a garbled version of "Behind the Flying Saucers" that I doh't know quite what to believe about its source. If either Grenfell or Loberg had said that this grounded saucer in many respects was similar to those reported in

"Behind the Flying Saucers, " and different in others, I could give the report more credence, but as it stands, either Loberg or Grenfell seem to be the victims of a third party who read "Behind the Flying Saucers" in a bad translation.

The details were in this sighting differ from mine are these: The men are described as five feet eight inches, all however, as in mine have "excellent teeth". Their bodies being burned seem to follow a description of the first flying saucer I reported as having been found near Aztec, New Mexico. "Even more curious were the ship's measurements", Grenfell writes. "It was ninety-one feet in diameter and the cabin was seventy feet in height. In fact all the dimensions were divisible by seven."

Those reported to me, you may remember were divisible by nine. And these figures struck a snag when our method of measurement was translated into the metric system.

On the control board were a series of pushbuttons, but the investigators are still studying the interior mechanism to learn what propelled the saucer in flight. Drl Loberg's theory is that the disk may have travled by harnessing magnetic lines of force, which scientists know encircle the nine planets of the solar system. He further pointed out with no motor andno propellor, but if a magnetic force were involved the saucer would move just as a metal washer moves when approached by a powerful magnet. The landing gear resembled a tripod of three metal cylinders would could revolve in any direction. "There were no bolts, rivits or screws on the saucer and in the construction were found two metals which are entirely unknown to scientists." Does all this sound familiar?

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"Pamphlet and booklets which seem to deal with navigation problems were also found, but the investigators are still trying to decipher the script used in the text.

Dr. Loberg emphasized that when the Heligoland investigation is repeated the report will add a new chapter to flying saucer history."

A new chapter? Or a badly garlbed old one?

DESERT SPRINGS
VIA WRIGHTWOOD
CALIFORNIA, USA
AUG 8 1954

DEAR KARSTEN:

COULD YOU CHECK FOR ME IF THERE IS SUCH A PERSON AS DR. HANS LOBERG IN NORWAY?

THIS THING LOOKS NOT SO MUCH LIKE A HOAX AS A GARBLED TRANSLATION OF PARTS OF BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS, REWRITTEN AND THEN SENT BACK TO AMERICA. IF IT ISN'T, IF IT'S TRUE IT IS GOING TO MAKE A LOT OF FACES RED AND THEY WONT BE MINE.

I AM LOATHE TO BELIEVE IT BUT I RUN INTO SUCH FANTASTIC STUFF ALMOST EVERY DAY AND NATURALLY I WANT TO RUN DOWN THE TRUTH OR FALSITY OF THE STUFF.

THE MAGAZINE THIS APPEARED IN IS A TRASHY, SEXY THING BUT SOMETIMES YOU FIND GOOD THINGS IN TRASH CANS AND JUNK IN HIGH CLASS PUBLICATIONS. SO I DONT WANT TO CONDEMN THE SOURCE WITHOUT CHECKING.

AS YOU KNOW BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS APPEARED IN SWEDISH AND DANISH TRANSLATIONS AND HELIGOLAND IS NOT FAR FROM EITHER.

IF THE THING TURNS OUT TO BE AN OUT AND OUT HOAX GIVE ME THE DETAILS AND RETURN THE CUTTING, PLEASE?

THIS IS JUST A FLASH NOTE SO FORGIVE MY WRITING IN BREVITY. YOU KNOW ALL OUR LOVE GOES TO ALL OF YOU AND IF YOU CAN EVER MAKE THE TRIP TO CALIFORNIA WE HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ALL OF YOU FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN STAY.

EVER,

FRANK SCULLY

PRESIDENT
RAY L. HEDDAEUS
VICE PRESIDENT
ALBERT J. HEER
SECRETARY
MRS. ALBERT J. HEER
178 PENNSYLVANIA AVE.
EMSWORTH, PITTSBURGH 2, PA.
LINDEN 1-7330-J
TREASURER
ROBERT L. FISCHER
TRUSTEES
GORDON R. GRAHAM
R. SCHOENBERGER
JOHN R. MUCKA
SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPT.
G. T. HEDDAEUS
LIBRARIAN
RALPH G. VOGELEY

New Jerusalem Christian Church
(SWEDENBORGIAN)
SANDUSKY AT PARKHURST STREET
Pittsburgh 12, Pa.
NORTH SIDE

PASTOR
REV. LEON C. LE VAN
120 PARKHURST ST. N. S., PITTSBURGH 12, PA.
CEDAR 1-3265

PAST MINISTERS
DAVID POWELL, 1847-50
W. H. BENADE, 1862-76
H. C. VETTERLING, 1876-80
JOHN WHITEHEAD, 1880-95
H. V. CROWNFIELD, 1895-99
W. E. BRICKMAN, 1899-03
JOHN R. STEPHENSON, 1903-13
WILLIAM G. STOCKTON, 1914-20
G. J. BROWN, 1922-23
GEORGE E. MORGAN, 1924-34
CHAS. D. MATHIAS, 1934-44
H. H. HEER, AUTHORIZED LAY LEADER, 1944-49
LEON C. LE VAN, 1949 TO

August 11, 1954

Mr. Frank Scully
c/o VARIETY
2071 Grace Ave.
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

I was very sorry to hear of your long illness some time back and have appreciated your circumstances the more since I too have been almost wholly de-activated for the past three months with an injured spine which causes much pain and may require a serious operation. My wife does the typing for me (as she is doing now) which otherwise I could not do.

As I keep coming upon new matters concerning the "flying saucers" I often wish I could consult with you, whose information is so great and whose feet are solidly on the ground. First, there is the matter as reported by B.S.R.A. in San Diego of the reported landing of five space ships on an Edwards Air Force Base field on or before April 15 of this year. I am sure you have the story. The space craft are said to have landed; the crews emerged, the commander asked for President Eisenhower, who came at once (purportedly for a "rest" at Palm Springs) and received a message. The five ships were thoroughly studied by our air and government scientists, who were assisted by the crews— with the result that our people are said to be completely dismayed by their discoveries.

I am trying to run this story down for any possible verification, as you, no doubt, already have done. Have you found anything concrete and dependable indicating the story may be substantially or partially true?

Here are some other questions which I hope you may have information upon and may feel free to answer: Do you know whether Truman Bethurum is now "in the desert" for his further attempted contact with the Clarion people? Still more important, do you know whether he has met with any success?

I judge you have read Williamson and Bailey's "The Saucers Speak," and I would be interested to have your opinion concerning the there-promised "Masar-landing" for 1956. What do you make of George

Van Tassel's I Rode A Flying Saucer? I wrote to him once but did not get a direct reply. However, Miss D. J. Van Tassel (now married, I believe) replied for him saying his actual contact with a space ship was not yet available in print; but I understand she is now to write the account herself, which presumably then will be published.

While I was at summer camp in Michigan last week, I gave three talks on the subject of planetary travel and flying saucers but was met with mixed reactions. One of the most influential ministers tried to brush it all aside as completely non-existent, and another of the members insisted "it's all spiritualism." I think it is fair to say that most of the other hearers accepted the reports as true, with some probably having honest doubts.

I recall that you were to start writing your manuscript this summer. If so, I hope you are making a good beginning and that the result may finally be as significant, or more significant, than Flying Saucers From Outer Space. I hope you will have time to write, and I will be looking for your reply with deep interest. With kind wishes.

Sincerely yours,

Lou C. LeVan

Sir brown as an Indian -
Healthy as old Mafadden claims he is -
and full of wine, wiger and [illegible]

THE TENNESSEE QUEEN
MINING COMPANY
URANIUM — VANADIUM

OFFICE OF
MANAGING DIRECTOR

Aug 17/5x

Dear Frank - Gene Hall -

Your letter by mass production came today Sir putting a stamp on it, to send it on its way. Mass production is my problem here now, I have shipped 20 truck loads of low grade ore - as it lay on top of the main ore beds - Today in Pit # 2 we cutted into what we had surveyed as the main ore body - Rich beautiful carnotite heavy in Vanadium turned up - I dont know if its a tribute to my magnetic instruments or not, but my two head miners are goggle eyed. They say, "you hold in your hands the solution to all mined troubles that have beset miners from the ages". My answer "Dont be too sure, this is experimental research and I learn something new each day. I have mapped down in detail 3 main ore bodies, on the Tennessee Queen, two of which we are un-covering - the pinple on No 1 Pit, we surveyed exactly and it is all uncovered and we are fast down into the body directly below it. So far our measurements are correct, and if the entire body 150 x 70' uncovers as per survey I can feel that a victory is won - No 2 Pit. so far is uncovering exactly as surveyed we found many small stringers of ore all

of which are exactly as surveyed, so if we have lost the main body all is well- There's 50,000 tons in it and 70,000 tons in the no 1 pit- ten dollars that's over 4 million dollars in ore 11 feet below the vein in No 1 pit is 27 feet & or about 400,000 tons, that's 12 millions in dollar value- we have surveyed at the old Madame Curie pit 230' x 60' and there are 3 ore bodies, one of which ten 40 tons was mined from. It graded 10% and better- that ore is now worth $700 a ton. Our survey shows over 100 feet of thickness in the 3 zones. If this is true and the ore only averages 1% not 10%, (and if you were here I could take you down in the old shaft and extract 12% ore from the ore body exposed,) there's over 100 million dollars of ore in this one hill- you would be very happy for me if you could be here and see the 10/ rambling mining people who visit the property each day- like dust down on any publicity as I want all my debts in a row, all my debts paid, before I let out a peep- and I want all my suits filed against Flaher and Ret Bauer- This is all going to take 60 days time, and its work from 5:30 am to 10 at night- This all

brings me to my trip there. I can't comment that's all there is to it. I must have things running smooth. 200 tons a day as big production - I hope to have it going in another 10 days. and then I can say when I take off for 2 or 3 days there -

"I found a hundred million dollars with a doodlebug" can easily be my next lecture subject, - and if it happens, which I now believe will happen - I promise you that I'll have a stamp on hand at the next mining congress in Denver with one whole day set over to my research, and I shall give to the world the first scientific explanation of Human magnetic research and I'll bring Trump, from Univ of Cairo, whose book is a classic, Kenneth Roberts, the literary God father of Henry Gross and his dowsing rod. I'll have Frank Scully there as star reporter to the world - I'll put the Denver Post where it belongs bury it in its own cesspool - and will endow a research agency to educate the dowsing world along real scientific lines and let the 5 coppers be damned - Well

Frank if you've gone this far, you'll say. He's crazy nuts for sure -

But you are nuts because you wrote to some admiror in Tulsa and sent it to me first, but I ask you to pass my last Vastey letter on to Gene, and you don't pay a damn bit of attention to my request, 20 days Gene, as I had a delightful telephone talk last Saturday from Grand Junction via a friends telephone. He, my friend, wanted me to get this film back to Grand J. but Gene said the FBI. had searched Weld's house "Hooey" says I. I get leary when they begin this line of talk - Have they searched your place or mine? Lee are their prize exhibits -

I hope to be shipping High grade by the time you read this - Monday I hope - You get 2071 Gene on envelope, so here it goes. I hope you get it. and for crying out loud pass this letter on to Gene, as it now 10 PM and my bed team and I must roll out at 5:30 and to the diggings -

Love to all Yours

Ri

Transcription

I'm as brown as an Indian –
Healthy as old McFadden claims he is –
And full of vim vigor and vitality August 12/54

Dear Frank: Gene et al –

Your letter by mass production came today. I'm putting a stamp on it, to send it on its way. Mass production is my problem here now. I have shipped 20 truck loads of low grade ore as it lay on top of the main ore beds. Today in Pit #2 we catted into what we had surveyed as the main ore body. Rich beautiful carnotite heavy in Vanadium turned up. I don't know if it's a tribute to my magnetic instruments or not, but my two head miners are goggle eyed. They say, "You hold in your hands the solution to all mind troubles that have beset miners thru the ages." My answer, "Don't be too sure, this is experimental research and I learn something new each day[."] I have mapped now in detail 3 main ore bodies on the Tennessee Queen, two of which we are uncovering. The [illegible] on No 1 Pit, we surveyed exactly and it is all uncovered and we are part way into the body directly below it. So far out measurements are correct, and if the entire body 150' X 70' uncovers as per survey I can feel that a victory is won. No 2 Pit so far is uncovering exactly as surveyed. We found many small stringers of ore all of which are exactly as surveyed, so if we have hit the main body all is well. There's 50,000 tons in it and 90,000 tons in the no 1 pit. In dollars this is over 4 million dollars in ore 11 feet below the vein in No 1 is 27 feet of or about 40,000 tons, that's 12 millions in dollar value. We have surveyed at the old Madame Curie pit 230' X 60' and there are 3 ore bodies, one of which her 40 tons was mined from. It graded 10% and better. That ore is now worth $700.00 a ton. Our survey shows over 100 feet of thickness in the 3 zones. If this is true and the ore only averages 1% not 10% (and if you were here I could take you down in the old shaft and cut out 12% ore from the ore body exposed) there's over 100 million dollars of ore in this one roll. You would be very happy for me if you could be here and see the top ranking mining people who visit the property each day. I've shut down on any publicity as I wanted my ducks in a row, all my debts paid, before I let out a peep – and I want all my suits filed against Flader and GeBauer. This is all going to take 60 days time, and its work from 5:30 am to 10 at night. This all brings me to my trip there. I can't somehow. That's all there is to it. I must have things running smooth. 200 tons a day is a big production. I hope to have it going in another 10 days and then I can say when I take off for 2 to 3 days there.

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Love to all

Yours

Si

[Silas Newton]