

SPECIAL FLYING SAUCER ISSUE! . . . See Page 4

AMAZING

MAC

OCTOBER 35¢

STORIES

IS THE GOVERNMENT HIDING SAUCER FACTS?

Raymond Palmer Says, Yes!

"OUTER SPACE SAUCERS—A MYTH!"

By Oliver P. Ferrell

"THE ALIENS ARE AMONG US!"

By Gray Barker

Richard Shaver
Rev. Neal Harvey
Many Others



BEST SCIENCE FICTION

AMAZING STORIES

OCTOBER

1957 VOL. 31 NO. 10

AMAZING

STORIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
William B. Ziff (1898-1953) Founder
Editorial and Executive Offices
366 Madison Avenue
New York 17, New York

President
WILLIAM ZIFF

Vice Presidents—
H. J. MORGANROTH

MICHAEL H. FROELICH

Vice President and
Circulation Director
MICHAEL MICHAELSON

Secretary-Treasurer
G. E. CARNEY

Art Director
ALBERT GRUEN



OCTOBER 1957

Volume 31 Number 10

FICTION

IF THESE BE GODS
By Gordon Javlyn..... 6

FAREWELL TO GLORY
By Ellis Hart..... 48

SPECIAL ONE-ISSUE FEATURE

FLYING SAUCER FORUM

IS THE GOVERNMENT HIDING
SAUCER FACTS?
By Raymond Palmer..... 67

THE SAUCERS STILL PATROL
OUR SKIES
By Kenneth Arnold..... 75

THE ALIENS ARE AMONG US
By Gray Barker..... 83

HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE
SAUCERS
By Richard S. Shaver..... 96

OUTER SPACE SAUCERS—A MYTH!
By Oliver P. Ferrell..... 102

LET'S GET DOWN TO FACTS
By Mary Grabkowicz..... 106

THE AIR FORCE STORY
First Report..... 113
Second Report..... 119

WE NEED NOT FEAR THE ALIENS
By Rev. Neal Harvey..... 124

Cover: EDWARD VALIGURSKY

Editor
PAUL W. FAIRMAN

Managing Editor
CELE GOLDSMITH

IS THE GOVERNMENT HIDING SAUCER FACTS?

By **RAYMOND PALMER**

Ray Palmer was born August 1, 1910, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He was educated in Milwaukee and at the University of Wisconsin.

At the age of seventeen he sold his first story to Amazing Stories (1927) and waited until 1935 to see it published. Meanwhile he sold many more science fiction stories to other markets, and achieved a sales record of more than three million words in mystery, detective, western and adventure magazines.

While editor of Amazing Stories he became involved in the flying saucer mystery and employed Kenneth Arnold in saucer investigation which ended in the deaths of two Air Force Intelligence men in the Tacoma, Washington incident which Kenneth Arnold covered for him. He is co-author of THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS with Kenneth Arnold, and has published three other books on flying saucers and the Shaver Mystery. At present he lives near Amherst, Wisconsin on a 124-acre farm with a private lake and trout stream where he has located his publishing house. He is married and has three children.

THE answer is yes. Ten years of constant investigation of flying saucer reports and personalities have convinced me that this is so. It is not merely an opinion, but a matter of personal experience. I shall attempt to outline those experiences, plus certain other bits of evidence and observa-

tion in an attempt to back up my opening statement.

Before we tackle the evidence, it might be well to ask the question: why should the government withhold evidence pertaining to possible visitors from space? There are several reasons, and from one viewpoint they may be considered

valid reasons, but from another they can be suggested as pointless if not actually mistaken.

Reason number one is perhaps the one most often advanced, but most obnoxious to the individual: This is the necessity of "shielding" the man in the street from the results of his own panic and/or enabling the government to set up a defensive action in his behalf in case of inimical invasion from the skies. To the average American, this is like keeping the knowledge of the advance of the British from the Minutemen. It is an imposition upon his freedom to know what is going on; and an insult to his ability to control his emotions.

The second reason is one that comes under a new brand of thinking in military circles which is called "classification." In the event that anything might be a matter of military importance, it is "classified" until it has been sufficiently determined that it need not be kept secret. This is a valid reason, but has the one drawback of being so easy to misuse.

Its misuse most often is in the sphere of "covering up" mistakes, or making it unnecessary to admit to ignorance. Under this brand of thinking,

Henry Ford's first "flivver" would have been kept under fraps forever, due to its military importance! All we would have today would be military vehicles. The suggestion I am making here is that anything classified should be instantly removed from such shrouding secrecy when it has not developed into an assured military matter the knowledge of which could give aid and comfort to the enemy and constitute a real danger to us.

When we speak of governmental hiding of saucer facts, we must relegate it to a specific agency — the armed forces. The government itself, as a political agency, is not hiding facts from anybody. Quite the reverse, the political elements of the government are not being given the facts any more than is the public. The entire handling of release of information concerning flying saucers is a military one.

Is this justified?

In my opinion, it is not. For ten years literally hundreds of thousands of flying saucer sightings have been reported, and it is my frank opinion that had all those who have sighted them made a report, the number would be in the millions. You cannot query a hundred people and not find

at least one who will admit that he also has seen "something."

I know of at least eighty-seven books that have been published concerning flying saucers. There have been many hundreds of magazine articles. There is no subject that has been more widely publicized and discussed in the past ten years. In many of these books information far more important and factual has been published than has been "kept secret" in military files. Quite often the material so classified is available in published books in complete detail. There is no valid reason to continue the classification of such unsecret secrets.

President Eisenhower, when asked about flying saucers, did not deny them, merely said they were matters taken care of by others; that he himself could not venture an opinion.

On July 9, 1947, I received in the mail duplicate negatives of flying saucer photos taken in Phoenix, Arizona, together with prints from the original negatives. I also received a proof of the entire front page of the Phoenix newspaper in which these photos were reproduced together with the account given by the photographer.

On July 10, Army officials

confiscated the original negatives, all prints, the printing plates and cuts from the newspaper office, all issues remaining of this edition, and went house to house collecting every copy that could be located. They did an excellent job, for no copy has turned up since.

This, in spite of the hue and cry that has been raised by the American people and the national dailies for proof. "Show us a picture!" they had demanded. Here was one. Now, by imposed military secrecy, the actual proof was suppressed. Why? Had anyone been attacked? Did the Army *know* that the saucers were possible trouble-makers, perhaps even invaders from space? They did not. The order was issued merely because some years previous Orson Welles had panicked the nation with his radio presentation in news form of H. G. Wells' *War Of The Worlds*; and because, presumably, there was a similar danger here.

From that time on, although reports were multiplying by the thousands, the newspapers (largely because the wire services killed every report before it was put on the teletypes) were silent about the

mysterious disks, except for local stories which somehow never managed to hit the wires nationally.

Here was a story that was just made for *Amazing Stories* and I had an exclusive! Needless to say a special cover was prepared, and a special edition readied, giving the whole story, photos and all. I will never know why the late Mr. William B. Ziff told me to kill the whole thing. But killed it was. Mr. Ziff was very close to Washington affairs, particularly air force affairs, because of his tremendously important magazine, *Flying*. Perhaps he knew something I didn't.

If there was censorship, I was unaware of it. Unable to use the material, it was turned over to *Fate* magazine, and published therein. The result was immediate. I was visited by every branch of military intelligence, officially, and questioned quite closely. And invariably I was informed at the end of the interview that there was no such thing as a flying saucer.

Never was I actually advised not to speak of flying saucers, or to publish material that I gathered. Yet there was always the implied suggestion that I should not. Let me give you an example of the

ways that were devised to discredit any story I might publish:

I was visited by a reader of *Amazing Stories* (or so he said) who was a hair-dresser and owned his own shop. He seemed very interested in flying saucers, and asked that I phone him if I heard anything particularly interesting. He left his phone number. Upon calling the phone company to get the listing on this number, it was disclosed to be the Federal Building, which does not house a hair-dressing establishment. The catch here is that the "hair-dresser" furnished me with a fantastic piece of evidence, which any sane editor with an eye to sales would have followed up. He gave me a yellowed newspaper clipping which stated that a famous electrical wizard had once invented a flying saucer, and had presented it to the U. S. Government, but had been turned down, whereupon he had given it to a foreign country. The clipping stated that the man's son now had the flying saucer in his possession. Had I printed this story without investigating, it could immediately have been discredited, amid great hilarity; had I investigated it, because of the fact that at one

time I had been held for one whole week incommunicado by our armed forces under suspicion of being a Japanese spy (how fantastic can you get!), how easy it would have been to make a "case" out of my second venture into the spying business, in an attempt to gain for my Jap warlords (or their Russian counterparts) an aerial weapon that might be of inestimable value. Naturally nothing concrete could have been pinned on me, but oh how effective it would have been in removing me from the flying saucer picture until it cleared up!

Surrounded by this rash of gold badges, and the cloak-and-dagger tactics, it was no wonder that my belief in flying saucers grew and I was determined to continue my own private investigation. Today, after ten years, I know only one thing—flying saucers are *real*, and when our Swiss Ambassador, Taylor, tells Congress the same thing, I quite agree with him. But, if they are only being told *now*, then there *has* been military (governmental?) secrecy imposed, even in high places!

It is a well-known fact that at Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio, a central clearing house for *secret* information called *Project Bluebook*

was erected, and which functioned for years, was officially dissolved, but went right on functioning. An official report was released which discredited flying saucers in one breath, and labeled a small percentage of the "sightings" as "still unexplained" and considered to be valid.

It is interesting to note that several military individuals, including one man who was *head of Project Bluebook*, wrote books upon their emergence from the service, and that in each case, the stress was laid on the reality of flying saucers, insofar as interplanetary angles are concerned, and quite completely and invariably ignored the great mass of facts which I know quite well to exist, pointing in exactly the other direction.

During my investigations the greatest complaint I have had from persons witnessing and photographing flying saucers or anything unusual in the sky has been the fact that the military investigative agencies requested the photos and negatives, and even the cameras, and most times did not return them, or if they were returned, in deleted, damaged, or completely destroyed form. If this is not secrecy and nullifying of evi-

dence, it is certainly an outrage and a violation of private property, and a valid case for damages. In certain movie films, the number of exposed frames was counted before turning over the film, and upon return, as many as 30% of the frames were missing, and in all cases, the only frames that actually showed anything of value as evidence.

I myself performed an experiment. Those pieces of the flying saucer supposedly wrecked on Maury Island which were sent to me by Crisman were the object of a quite intensive effort on the part of the FBI (they showed their gold badges and cards) to have turned over to them as a voluntary act on my part. They never once gave the impression that they might be important, but they'd be happy to give them a going over if I felt I'd like to have them prove to me that they were not important. So, since they were not important, I merely shrugged, and replaced them in the file in my office, while they were able to see where they were put. The next morning they were gone. Which bothered me not a whit, because I could procure tons of the same stuff any time I wanted to. You yourself can do the same by merely visiting

the Tacoma Smelter Works, where piles of slag extend for blocks.

During my investigations I have talked to many airline pilots, and even to former military pilots, and former aircraft plant test pilots, who can tell you incredible stories of encounters with flying saucers. These men, freed from their associations, often tell persons they can trust (like myself) of their experiences, and of the credibility with which their superiors received their information, and particularly of the inevitable rejoinder to "keep mum" about it. Also, the "pattern" gone through to convince such a pilot that he actually did not see what he saw, or that he mistook it for something else, is remarkably humorous. Most of these pilots instantly realized what they were being subjected to, a rather un-subtle and ineffective bit of "brain-washing," and the reaction was resentment and amusement rather than doubt as to the validity of their sighting.

Airline pilots were repeatedly asked to report anything they saw, and yet, not to publicize it. They complied, because it is almost certain that a pilot subjected to "hallu-

cinations" is grounded as not competent to handle so valuable an aircraft nor to be entrusted with many human lives. Justified or not, this fear prevented publication.

Everyone knows that Frank Edwards was fired from his AF of L newscasting job because he talked too much about flying saucers. This is not governmental censorship, of course, but the "danger of impaired public relations to the American Federation of Labor" because of his saucer stories was hardly a valid reason, because if anything, the audience listening to Edwards was vastly interested and impressed and grateful for his accounts, and speaking personally, this action has alienated at least one American insofar as public relations with the AF of L is concerned! Incidentally, they didn't fire Edwards, he quit.

Speaking of Edwards, let me quote him, from a recent article in *Fate* magazine: "Time after time people ask: 'Why don't I read more about these things in my daily papers?' The answer, I think is fairly simple. Most newspaper editors depend on the newswires for their background information. The newswires depend on handouts from various sources

(primarily the Pentagon) for their reports on scientific developments in the fascinating field of rockets and space vehicles. In order to get these stories the news services must 'cooperate' — which means they must not carry verboten stories on unidentified flying objects. Or, if they do carry such a story, they are honor-bound to carry the prompt denial which the Pentagon will release."

Mr. Edwards goes on to give a recent example when on March 9, 1957 a Pan-American Airliner crew made front-page news by a violent maneuver to avoid a U. F. O. which was not only visually identified by the crew, but seen on radar by a Miami radarman who clocked it at 4000 miles per hour. This got into the papers—who could have prevented it!—and five days later the "counter-story" hit the headlines. Dr. Hugh Dryden, Director of the National Committee on Aeronautics, appeared before a House Appropriations Subcommittee to discuss the money needs of his agency, and deviated from this order of business to make the sensational statement to newsmen that "there are no such things as flying saucers."

How official this sounded!

It made the Pan-Am crew victims of a meteorite, and a highly imaginative bunch. But this time the tactic boomeranged, and when Rear Admiral Delmar Fahrney offered to dissolve his NICAP (a newly formed private citizen organization to investigate U. F. O. phenomena) if Dryden would prove his statement, Dryden had to admit publicly that his statement was nothing but his personal opinion and that he had not a shred of proof. Neither the House Appropriations Subcommittee, nor the American public is interested in Dr. Dryden's unfounded opinions, and his expression of them in such a "newsworthy" spot is only more evidence of Pentagon "cover-ups."

In Europe, Dr. Herman Oberth (well known to *Amazing Stories* readers) said the result of three years of investigation had convinced him flying saucers were from space, and very real. When he was flown to the U. S. and given a job at Redstone Rocket Arsenal at Huntsville, Alabama, his lips were sealed. Now he has nothing further to say, even when asked, about a subject dear to his heart for three years. Is his silence his

own idea? Obviously not.

Have you ever tried to put a flying saucer publication on sale at the PX of an army camp, or an air force base? I have.

You know, all this secrecy scares me! It makes me think there might be some great danger facing us, and I wonder if my own ten years of investigation haven't misled me—for I am of the opinion that the flying saucers, though their existence is beyond all doubt, are not a menace to us. I have a feeling that behind this veil of secrecy is nothing but an admission that the Pentagon (or the government if you prefer) knows less than I do about what flying saucers are.

When Dr. Dryden said there were no flying saucers, he was speaking from the experience of never having seen one. When I say there are, I speak from the evidence of six personal sightings, and thousands of reliable sightings by others.

Is the government hiding saucer facts? Yes! But it's the poorest job of secrecy on record!

And if they ever decide to tell, I wonder how they'll get anybody to believe them?

THE END



THE SAUCERS STILL PATROL OUR SKIES

By KENNETH ARNOLD

Kenneth Arnold was born March 29, 1915, in Sebeka, Minnesota. He was educated at Minot, North Dakota. Interested in athletics, he was all-state end in 1932-33. His football career under Bernie Bierman of Minnesota was interrupted by a knee injury. In 1938 he was employed by Red Comet, Inc., manufacturers of automatic fire-fighting apparatus. In 1940 he established his own fire control supply company known as the Great Western Fire Control Supply.

He handles, distributes and installs fire-fighting apparatus in five states, using his own private plane in his work, landing in pastures, and on mountain meadows. His present residence is in Boise, Idaho, and his latest business venture is Uranium prospecting and developing, having formed his own company known as the Solar-X Uranium Corporation. He has made Uranium discoveries or developed discoveries in six states. He is married and has three children.

TODAY, ten years almost to the day after I first sighted the mysterious aircraft I called flying saucers, I have one real satisfaction — nobody's knocked them out of the air, nor the props out from under my story!

It gives me a strange feeling, even now, to realize that

although the saucers were there before then, I was actually the discoverer of the disks, and that I gave them their name. As I look back, I regret the comparison that I made: "they were like saucers flying through the air." For ten years I've been the butt of the very unfunny type of

joke that brings in a complete assortment of additional dinnerware to go along with the saucers. Maybe if I'd called them "unidentified flying objects," nobody would have paid any attention to my sighting—but as it was, the public fancy was gripped by my descriptive words, and flying saucers they are, even today—and I expect they always will be.

I don't know how many times I am asked (almost daily) whether or not there *actually* are flying saucers. This in spite of the fact that my story has been the most widely published story of the century. Now, since *Amazing Stories*, whose editor in 1947, Ray Palmer, was the first man to give me serious and honest consideration, has asked me to give my present impressions, I'll give the basic facts so as to correct many distortions. But before I do, I'd like to mention what, to me, is a strange story all in itself. *Amazing Stories*, which I've read since boyhood, is supposed to be a fiction magazine, but the fact remains that when the world was laughing its head off at me and my flying saucers, it was giving me the opportunity for the solid kind of research and investigation that magazines

like *LIFE* and *TIME** never even thought of, perhaps because they lacked the necessary spark of imagination and vision that really makes this world go around.

On Tuesday, June 24th, 1947, I had finished my work for the Central Air Service at Chehalis, Washington, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon I took off from Chehalis airport with the intention of going to Yakima, Washington. My trip was delayed for about an hour while I indulged in a search for a large Marine transport that supposedly went down near or around the southwest side of Mt. Rainier.

I flew directly toward Mt. Rainier after reaching an altitude of about 9,500 feet, which is the approximate elevation of the high plateau from which Mt. Rainier rises. I had made one sweep of this high plateau to the westward, searching all of the various ridges for this Marine ship and flew to the west down and

*The "Tacoma Incident" concerns a report of the explosion of a flying saucer over Maury Island in Tacoma Harbor. In the ensuing investigation, Air-Force Intelligence was called in and two intelligence men were killed in the crash of their plane carrying the fragments back to San Francisco for analysis. The Air Force later called this incident a hoax engineered by Ray Palmer. According to Palmer it began with Fred Crisman, former Air-Force pilot in Burma. Crisman, Palmer said, originally sent the fragments to Palmer and made the claim they were from a saucer. The real truth of this unfortunate affair may never be known.

near the ridge side of the canyon where Ashford, Washington is located.

Unable to see anything that looked like the lost ship, I made a 360 degree turn to the right, and above the little city of Mineral, started again toward Rainier. I climbed back to an altitude of approximately 9,200 feet.

The air was so smooth that it was a real pleasure flying, and as most pilots do when the air is smooth and they are flying at a higher altitude, I trimmed out my airplane in the direction of Yakima, which was almost directly east of my position, and simply sat in my plane observing the sky and terrain.

There was a DC-4 to the left and to the rear of me approximately fifteen miles distant and, I should judge, at 14,000 feet elevation.

The sky and air were clear as crystal. I had not flown more than a few minutes on my course when a bright flash reflected on my airplane. It startled me as I thought I was too close to some other aircraft. I looked everywhere in the sky and couldn't find the cause of the reflection until I glanced to the left and north of Mt. Rainier where I observed a chain of nine peculiar-looking aircraft flying

from north to south at approximately 9,500 feet elevation and going, it seemed in a definite direction of about 170 degrees north to south.

They were approaching Mt. Rainier very rapidly, and I assumed they were jet planes. Anyhow, this was the source of the reflection, as two or three of them every few seconds would dip or change their course slightly, just enough for the sun to strike them at an angle that reflected brightly in my eyes.

These objects, being quite far away, were difficult to identify as to shape or as to formation. But very shortly they approached Mt. Rainier and I observed their outline against the snow very clearly. I thought it very peculiar that I couldn't find their tails, but assumed they were some new type of jet. I decided to clock their speed.

I had two definite points—Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams—to clock them by, and the air was so clear that it was easy to see objects and determine their approximate shape and size as far as fifty miles.

I remember distinctly that my sweep-second hand on my eight-day clock, which is located on my instrument panel, read one minute to three P.M.

as the first object of this formation passed the southern edge of Mt. Rainier. I watched these objects with great interest, as I had never before observed airplanes flying so close to the mountain tops, flying directly south to southeast down the hog's back of a mountain range. I would estimate their elevation could have varied a thousand feet one way or the other, but they were pretty much on the horizon to me, which would indicate they were near the same elevation as my own ship.

They flew as I have frequently observed geese to fly, in a rather diagonal chainlike line as if they were linked together. They held a definite direction, but swerved in and out between the high mountain peaks. Their speed at the time did not impress me particularly because I knew that our army and air forces had planes that went very fast.

What bothered me as I watched them flip and flash in the sun along their path was the fact that I couldn't make out any tail on them, and I am sure that any pilot would justify more than a second look at such a plane.

I observed them quite plainly, and I estimate my dis-

tance from them to have been between twenty and twenty-five miles. I knew they must be very large to permit me to observe their shape at that distance, even on as clear a day as this was. In fact, I compared a zeus fastener or cowling tool I had in my pocket with them, holding it up on them and holding it up on the DC-4 to my left, and they seemed smaller than the DC-4; but I should judge their span would have been as wide as the farthest engines on each side of the fuselage of the DC-4.

The more I observed these objects, the more upset I became, as I am familiar with most all aircraft whether I am close to the ground or at higher altitudes.

I observed the chain of objects passing another snow-covered ridge between Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams, and as the first one was passing the south crest of this ridge, the last one was entering the north crest.

As I was flying in the direction of this particular ridge, I measured it and found it to be approximately five miles, so I could safely assume that the chain of saucer-like objects was at least five miles long. I could quite accurately determine their pathway due

to the fact that there were several of them as well as higher peaks on the other side of their pathway. In flying to this ridge, I determined more accurately, also, that my distance from the aircraft had been twenty-three miles.

As the last unit of this formation passed the northernmost high snow-covered crest of Mt. Adams, I looked at my sweep-second hand. I found that they had traveled the distance from the crest of Mt. Rainier in one minute and forty-two seconds. Even at this time I was not particularly upset by the timing as I was confident that after I landed there would be a satisfactory explanation of what I had seen.

My complete observation of these objects was around two and one-half to three minutes.

When the objects were flying approximately straight and level, they were just a thin black line, and the only time I could get a judgment as to their sizes was when they flipped.

All of them were in the shape of saucers, except one, which was crescent-shaped.

When I landed, I and other pilots figured out the speed, using a map, and when the resultant figure seemed too fantastic, we measured from the

bases of the mountains, instead of the crests, and even then the distance was 39.8 miles. This gave us a speed of some 1350 miles per hour; but today I realize that the speed was actually much more than that, and that our estimate of over 1800 miles per hour was actually conservative.

Since that day I have been fortunate enough to have observed similar objects (and some not so similar), and have even gotten movie films of them. All this has done nothing but confirm the fact of my first sighting, and considering the evidence that has been amassed in ten years, it is incredible to me that anyone can doubt even for a moment the existence of those things I called flying saucers.

There are a few remarks I want to make that seem to me to be important after ten years. I remember when Ray Palmer sent me up to Tacoma, Washington to investigate what (to me) is far more fantastic a story than my first sighting, and about which I am sure the real truth has never been told. Ray Palmer paid me to make that trip, which is more than much bigger magazines offered me. What happened to me (and to Captain E. J. Smith of

United Airlines) is too long a story to detail here, but one point has stuck in my mind: After Brown and Davidson were killed, Ray Palmer told me in a phone call that nobody would find out what the flying saucers were, or capture one—and today, ten years later, that boy is still right! You hear a lot of talk about landings, of people who have ridden in them, of wrecked ships with little men in them being taken apart by the army, and so on. To stories like that I say put up or shut up. I don't believe them!

I know, and you should know by now too, flying saucers are *real*. Even Congress has been informed by many experts that they are real. Perhaps there is a great deal of secrecy, especially in high government circles, and it may be that the government knows more than it admits knowing; but it is my personal opinion that if the flying saucers are from other planets or star systems, the people of the world are entitled to know the facts concerning them. I've told my story to thousands of people, and I've never yet managed to panic one of them although they obviously believed me.

Today, in my business,

which takes in a great deal of flying, I meet many pilots, and always the scuttlebutt turns to flying saucers, and the number of pilots who are familiar with the sky mysteries and who have seen the non-existent things is astonishing to me—and yet not so astonishing, because any person with average eyesight can hardly mistake what he is seeing when they go zipping by.

Perhaps they are all mechanical, but from my own observations, and from stories I hear from other pilots, I believe there are several different kinds of U. F. O. (if you prefer that to calling them flying saucers). I'm fairly well convinced that there is a type of living creature in our atmosphere as well as mechanical contrivances. At least some of the things I've seen exhibit the characteristics of a living thing more than they do of a mechanical thing. Yet, the chain of nine objects I saw over Mt. Rainier was definitely aircraft of some kind. It may be that the other things are from inside these craft . . . who knows?

What I have said here is actually, to the best of my knowledge, all that is definitely known of flying saucers. The details of sightings may vary, but as to actual progress

toward a solution of the mystery, I think there has been little of a definite nature added to what I reported ten years ago.

There has been a lot of scheming in an effort to make money on the subject of flying saucers, and a lot of crack-pots have come along. I don't pay much attention to them. Today I treat flying saucers as something that happened to me, and therefore I know it is real. I know that others have had the same experience, and their sightings have confirmed my own. But my actual activities are not directed toward them, except as may accidentally occur to me. I am a very busy man, developing and discovering uranium deposits from the air, and I feel that this is a much better way to make money than in any activity concerning the disks. I've never made a dime out of them, and it has cost more in time and money than in returns from publishing my book, which probably had one fault, it was too honest and straightforward, and lacking in the element of fantasy that too often strays into this flying saucer picture.

I have a feeling that the flying saucer is becoming daily more and more respectable,

and that no matter what the future offers in the way of actually producing one, and finally proving them, the impact on our civilization has been one that is extremely hard to estimate. They've come into our lives out of the wild blue yonder, and they've made us do a lot more thinking than we've realized. What that thinking will lead to is problematical, but it should broaden us, temper us with the knowledge that we actually aren't alone in the universe.

To me the saucers prove we're only one race of many, perhaps of millions of races. And my impression is that we aren't by far the most advanced! In fact, if you had been with me that day on Mt. Rainier, you'd have felt pretty small and insignificant. There was something awesome in that chain of flying objects, weaving in and out between the mountains at impossible speeds. Other sightings which have been made and accurately clocked by other means have made the speed of the objects I saw seem slow by comparison. Speeds up to 18,000 miles per hour have been observed.

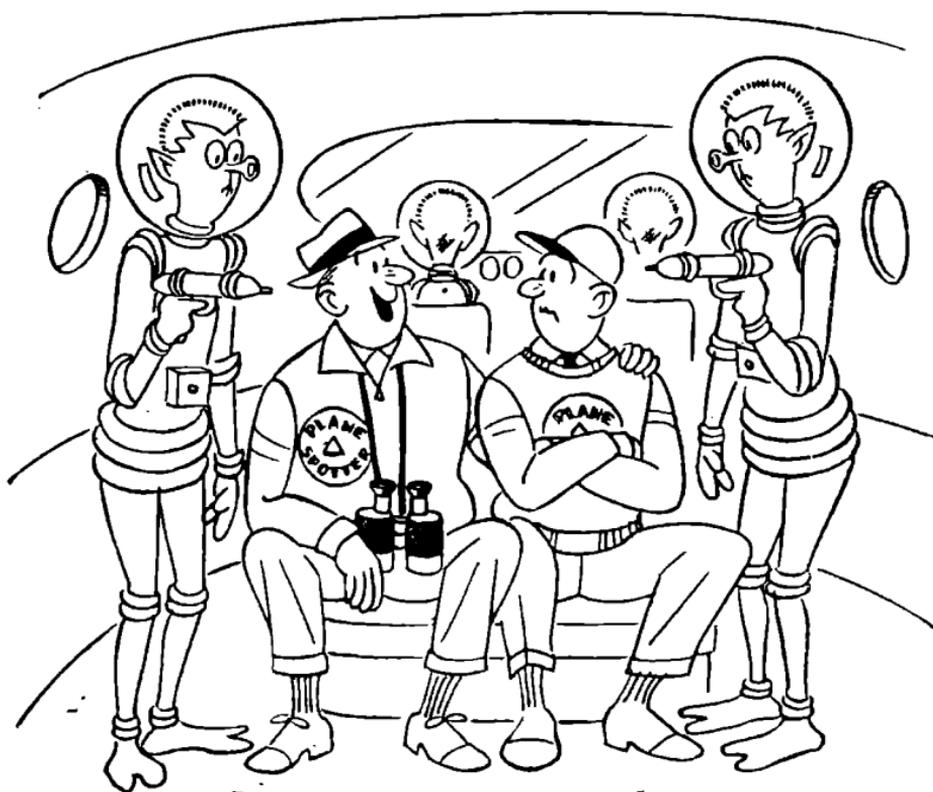
I watch with interest as we prepare to launch satellites into space, and there is actual talk of when we'll reach the

moon and other planets. Maybe there is a definite purpose for the flying saucers showing themselves. If we're going "out there," it certainly would be better for us to know in advance we're not going to be mighty lords and masters of everything we stick a flag

into! We should beware.

As an early reader of *Amazing Stories*, I was always fascinated by the imaginative powers of its authors, but now I've seen for myself, and it's imagination no longer.

I wonder what the next ten years will bring? **THE END**



SULLIVAN

"By George, Kinkaid, we were right!"

THE ALIENS ARE AMONG US

By GRAY BARKER

Quoting Mr. Gray Barker, one of the "big names" in the U. F. O. picture: "I am primarily a business man, mainly occupied with a substantial film booking concern in the West Virginia area. I became interested in U. F. O. when I became convinced—as a result of a local incident—that the saucers are extraterrestrial. Investigation has confirmed this idea in my mind again and again. Many others are of the same opinion if the sale of "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers" is any indication. The book has gone into three printings and the sale approximates 20,000 copies." Mr. Barker is planning a new book—"even more sensational than his first." He also publishes "The Saucerian," a bi-monthly magazine.

JULY 2, 1950, is a day Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harvey will long remember. For although few of their friends believed their story, on that day they looked almost beyond the stars and saw terror.

Maybe it was the terror of the almost unreal, or something alien and unexplainable.

Or something so different from human experience the mind was repelled by it.

On that day Mr. and Mrs. Harvey saw something from another world.

They had been fishing most of the day in Sawbill Bay, near Steep Rock Lake, Ontario, Canada. Before starting home,

they tied up their small boat in a little cove which curved off the main part of the bay. After sandwiches and tea they were ready to push off when a deep vibration, peculiarly without noise, shook them. Harvey clambered up over some rocks to look over the bay.

There, resting on the water a few hundred yards away, was a large shiny circular object.

Startled, Harvey made a dive back to where his wife was still sitting, tried to tell her what he had seen. Cautiously they both climbed up and peered over the rocks.

It was still there. It looked like two big saucers stuck together, one upside-down on top of the other. What appeared to be portholes about four feet apart circled the top edge of the thing. Near the center were hatch covers, standing open. In the exact center a hoop-shaped object, which they guessed was some kind of antenna, slowly rotated.

But the figures—or little men—or *things*, monopolized Harvey's attention. They walked more like robots than men.

The things—ten of them—moved around on the surface of the machine, apparently

following the movement of the antenna. All were dressed similarly except one, which stood under the hoop-like affair, apparently directing the strange operation. He, or it, wore a red skull cap, while the others' caps were dark blue. The four-foot figures wore a shiny metallic substance over their chests; on the legs and arms was a darker material. It was impossible to see their faces. *Harvey had the impression they were not faces at all—just blank surfaces!*

The Harveys couldn't be certain of all the details, because they didn't take too long a look. It seemed they were watching something they shouldn't see—something that didn't belong here on the earth, and they wanted to get out of there, quickly! But if they rowed out of the cove, they knew they would be in direct view of whatever strange creatures they were lucky enough to regard without being seen.

One thing he had noticed carefully, and which impressed him more than any other part of the experience, was the odd locomotion of the figures.

In Harvey's own words: "They moved like automatons, and did not turn around—

they just changed the direction of their feet. Walking on the angle of the surface the leg on the high side seemed to go shorter so that they did not walk with a limp."

Abruptly the antenna stopped turning, and at the same time the little figures also stopped walking, apparently focusing their attentions on something in the bushes opposite the Harveys. The Harveys looked, also, to see what the unearthly radar had discovered. Their eyes caught a movement in the bushes; then a deer stepped from the brush, came to the water's edge. The deer held the figures' interest for a short while, then the weird revolvings resumed and the little men again took up their odd walking.

One of the creatures interrupted its strange perambulations to pick up a hose, which was a vivid green, and walk to the other side of the machine with it. It was then Harvey also discovered that the creatures were drawing in water from the lake, and discharging the same amount, as if examining it or extracting something from it.

If the antenna had been able to spot the deer, it would soon discover them, too, and realiz-

ing this the Harveys ducked down behind the rocks. The rocks must have blocked whatever kind of ray or radar was being used, for the next time they marshaled courage to take a peek the antenna had passed them.

Ducking again they held a hurried council of action. If they fled, the creatures might spot them. They decided to stay put.

In a few minutes they cautiously looked again. Everything had disappeared from the surface of the machine and it apparently was leaving! It had risen about eight feet into the air. Then it tilted to about a 45° angle and with a great "swoosh" made such a rapid departure it was almost impossible for their eyes to follow its exit.

After pausing to read over what I have just written, I realize this account sounds very much like the science fiction stories this magazine regularly prints. Since few will believe it actually happened, maybe it is best that it should appear here. Because it sounds like science fiction the names of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Harvey are not actual names. The couple knew people would ridicule them and refuse to believe their experience. So when they wrote

their story for the *Steep Rock Echo*, a house magazine of the enormous Steep Rock Iron Mines, they asked the editor to omit their names.

B. F. Eyton, editor of the publication, said that while he couldn't verify the story one way or another, he could state it was written by a senior employee of the mine, a man who held a responsible position. The editor also stated others had reported strange flying objects in the vicinity around the same date.

I believe the story is true. At one time, however, I didn't. That was before something from space landed practically in my backyard and scared seven of my neighbors half to death! Since then I have investigated a number of other similar happenings. A host of reports from eyewitnesses indicate the earth is under surveillance by alien intelligences, and that beings from beyond it have actually landed here!

Though difficult to believe, the account I have just written contains some logic. A good science fiction story would have the space visitors employed at some enterprise more romantic, such as visiting the president with an ultimatum about atomic bombs,

for example—or breaking into television programs with dire warnings to earth people.

Instead, the aliens appeared to be engaged in mundane things. They were doing what earth people would be doing when, in the future, they explored another planet. If they found water there, space pioneers would test it; they would observe the environment carefully, probably, by that time in the future, with a weird scanning device.

Which brings us to another account of alleged saucer people, though it is almost classic in simplicity. In this case the saucerian was concerned with getting a simple bucket of water from a creek. But it was like no other bucket on the face of the earth. It had a flat bottom and a bail, but the sides flared out like segments of a cone.

John Q. Black and his partner, John J. Van Allen, operated titanium diggings in a remote section near Brush Creek, in Butte County, California. On April 20, 1953, they saw a saucer-shaped object passing soundlessly against a hillside near their diggings. They didn't think too much about it, for they were not sophisticated enough to read about or discuss fly-

ing saucers. But exactly one month later on May 20, Black had reason to reflect on the earlier sighting. For on that day he happened to come over the top of a rock and discover a saucer-shaped thing close-up, hovering over a sandbar about 150 feet away. It looked like the same thing he had seen previously as it took off with a hissing noise.

Black and his partner probably spent the long evenings talking about the incident, but it was not until one month after the second sighting, June 20, that the miners decided to notify local authorities. For on that day Black came face to face with the unknown.

He was in the woods when he saw a small person bent down in the creek bed. He thought it must be a boy fishing, so he paid little attention. Later, further down the stream, he glanced at the creek again and there, only 40 feet away, was the fisherman, but a fisherman apparently many miles from home.

It was a little man about four feet tall who wore green trousers, a jacket and a tie, and who appeared like a normal person, Black said, except for the small stature and somewhat odd dress. He was broad-shouldered, rather good

looking, but he walked stiffly, as if his muscles were cramped. The little man was quite pale. Black put it, "He looked like someone who had never been in the sun much."

The miner wasn't frightened, only curious, as he crept closer. He could see that the stranger was trying to fill the unusual bucket, made of some shiny metal, in the shallow stream. Black stepped on a dry stick, and the little man heard the noise, looked up and down the creek. Apparently he didn't see Black, who had hidden behind some bushes. Then, bucket and all, he ran from the stream toward a machine, which then drew Black's attention.

It was the same contraption he and Van Allen had seen in the air, though now he could view the detailed structure of the thing. It, too, looked like two saucers joined together, though Black said "soup plates." It must have been about eight feet in diameter, about four and a half feet thick at the center, was a shiny metallic color. He supposed the opening in the side of the machine was a window, though he couldn't see through it.

The little man hurriedly reached the contrivance, then

quickly climbed up the pipe-like understructure on which it rested, and from which hand-holds jutted like spikes on telephone poles. Here Black noticed the oddly flexible shoes, which curled around each spike as the creature climbed upward. When all of the body above the knees had vanished through an opening in the base, the little man seemed to sit down and lift up his legs. The saucer-shaped craft rocked as he got in, then the base was quickly retracted into the body. Quickly, and with a hissing noise, the machine took off. Black said he couldn't see any visible means of propulsion.

Black told his story to a deputy sheriff and the account got on the news wires. Crowds flocked to Brush Creek, hoping the saucer would put in another appearance. But the large gathering which waited at Brush Creek on that date were disappointed; the saucer didn't show up.

Meanwhile the nation laughed at the story, one which seemed too ridiculous, too much like science fiction to believe. Other residents of the area who knew the miners vouched for their integrity. Miss Vi Belcher, owner of a general store at a nearby village, assured reporters the

miners "were not drinking men." Instead, she said, they customarily consumed large quantities of orange pop.

And Black, in thinking over the experience, reaffirmed the truthfulness of his story:

"It's too deep for me. I'm just a miner. I know that I saw it. My conscience is clear, and I have a clear record."

Whether or not Black had experienced an hallucination, the story seemed to fit in with other accounts. The Steep Rock Lake saucer crew and the little man seen by Black had been concerned with water, that much jived.

In Caracas, Venezuela, saucerians were concerned with handfuls of earth, only this time the little men were bolder. They did battle with two people who tried to capture them!

Gustavo Gonzales and a helper, Jose Ponce, operated a grocery delivery service in Caracas. On November 28, in that same strange year, 1953, they were on their way to the suburbs to load up their panel truck. Suddenly Gonzales braked the truck to a screaming halt upon reaching a street leading to a sausage factory, for there, blocking their way, was a luminous sphere, eight to ten feet in diameter, hover-

ing about six feet from the middle of the street.

They leaped from the truck to investigate, were even more surprised to discover a dwarf-like creature near the sphere. Gonzales made a grab for the creature, intending to put it into the truck. When he seized the little man he noted the unusual lightness of the body, which felt like stiff hair and was very hard.

But he did not reckon with the strength and agility of the little creature. With one push the dwarf knocked him 15 feet!

Meanwhile Ponce was distracted from the struggle by two other little men who emerged from some bushes holding handfuls of earth. With this new development, and Gonzales' losing battle to consider, Ponce thought it time to make a disorderly retreat to the traffic inspector's office just around the corner.

The two other dwarfs jumped into the sphere through an opening in the side, but the one Gonzales had grappled with leaped into the air six feet and came at him, eyes glowing with hatred. Gonzales pulled out a large pocket knife, and as the creature approached him with claw-like hands extended, he made a stab for the shoulder.

To his surprise the blade slid off as if it had struck metal.

By that time one of the little men who had fled to the sphere emerged, apparently to break up the fracas, carrying a tube-like affair which he pointed at Gonzales. The weapon shot a blinding light at him, incapacitating him momentarily, but he did see the dwarf he had been fighting and the one with the weapon jump into the sphere, which shot up into the air and was soon lost to sight.

Overcome with exhaustion and fright, the two men related the experience to unbelieving policemen, who thought they were drunk. But when they examined the two men, found them sober, the officers took them to a doctor who gave them sedatives and kept Gonzales under observation for several days.

Local skeptics grew more credulous when they heard a similar story related by another man. That witness, a local typesetter, was in his launch on November 4 when he saw a luminous sphere suspended off the ground a little way from the shore. He approached the spot, tied up the launch, and while some Indians who were with him fled in terror he hid behind some bushes and rocks to watch.

He, too, saw three little men, who were making repeated trips to the sphere with handfuls of earth.

Was it science fiction, made up by imaginative people, or was our planet the unknowing host of unearthly visitors? Somehow it seemed the stories rang with truth; somehow it seemed there must be some fire among the smoke. For one thing, visitation by alien creatures was logical. Already rocket enthusiasts were talking of building satellites which would take the first leap into space. After that, given several years of research and invention, man might land on the moon. Then it would be only a matter of time and money until man had flung himself to the farthest reaches of the solar system, and conceivably the distant galaxies.

If mankind planned such exploration, maybe someone else, or *something* else, on some other world, had similar ideas for exploration, or even conquest. Maybe someone else on some other world was ahead of mankind in technology. Only a hundred years would be sufficient!

If some close planet, such as Mars, were inhabited, and life throughout the universe

evolved according to environmental conditions, space visitors could not be expected to resemble humankind except in basic ways. For Mars and other planets man knew about would not support higher orders of life known on Earth. Space visitors might be so different they would be completely incompatible with man's thinking!

But if extraterrestrials were indeed on Earth, occupied with gathering samples of soil and water, would it not be logical that they eventually turn their attentions to collecting specimens of man himself?

Perhaps they already had!

For example, there was the strange case of Oliver Larch, a youth of South Bend, Ind., who walked outside his house on Christmas Eve, 1889, and was never seen or heard from again.

On that night the Larch family was entertaining a group of friends, sent 11-year-old Oliver to the well for a bucket of water. A few seconds later they heard the boy scream for help.

They rushed outside, but saw no trace of Oliver. Instead they heard terrible cries, coming from overhead. The terror-stricken voice grew fainter as it cried over and

over again, "HELP! HELP! THEY'VE GOT ME!"

Near the well they found the overturned bucket, and Oliver's tracks, which ended abruptly. There was no sign of struggle. Whatever had got Oliver had grabbed him quickly, powerfully, and for all time. The family spent years of search and investigation without result.

But the Oliver Larch disappearance happened a long time ago. The year 1889 sounds so remote the story loses reality.

In fifty years skeptics will shrug off another incident, if they have not already done so. Near Marshall, Mich., three frightened youths relate an account of a frightful ordeal with tears in their eyes.

The hesitating voices tell how the three youths, Otto Collins, 20, and two brothers, Herman and Philip Williams, 20 and 17, returned home after Saturday night dates in nearby Marshall. The boys were itinerant laborers, working a cucumber crop, and lived in a small shack provided for pickers.

About 11:30, p. m. during the month of May, 1956, Philip stepped outside the building for some fresh air, was startled by a huge figure

lurking in the shadows. He ran into the house, shouted for the others. Herman searched for a shotgun as the other two went outside to investigate.

"It must have been behind us," Philip states, "for all at once I felt arms wrapping around me, and I was hoisted from the ground!"

Herman, who couldn't find the gun, heard screams and ran to their aid. He started their car, turned it around and threw the lights in the direction of the cries for help.

Before him was a terrifying sight. A huge hairy creature had a boy under each of its arms, was carrying them away. As the lights flashed on the thing, it appeared startled, veered in its walk so that it brushed a table at the end of the house, where it lost its balance momentarily and dropped Otto to the ground.

Otto sprang to his feet, pushed at the creature, causing it to release Philip. Apparently frustrated, the thing retreated into the shadows.

Otto said he got a good look at it. The body was covered with heavy hair or fur. "It had big green eyes. They were big as light bulbs. They were enough to scare you to death!"

The Marshall story recalled another account from South

America, reported to the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization of Almgordo, N. M.

Two teenagers of Carora, Venezuela, were out hunting when they were attacked by four little men, about three feet tall. The dwarfs grabbed Jesus Gomez, were dragging him toward a sphere-shaped machine when his companion, Lorenzo Flores, beat at the creatures with the butt of his shotgun. According to Flores, the gun butt "seemed to have struck rock or something harder, and the gun broke into two pieces." The creatures then released the youths and fled to the machine.

Elsewhere in Venezuela, in the same year, 1954, Jose Parra, an 18-year-old jockey of Valencia, was out running one day, trying to lose some excess weight, when he encountered a disk-shaped contraption hovering about 10 feet from the ground. Near the machine six hairy little men were busily pulling rocks from the side of the highway and loading them aboard the saucer.

When he started to run one of the little men spotted him, pointed some kind of instrument at him, whereupon a violet light shot from it and

the jockey was unable to move, though he remained conscious. The little men leaped into the saucer and flew away.

The files of those who collect flying saucer accounts contain many other reports of creatures which, if real, could only be alien to the earth. I certainly do not believe all these stories, nor do I give credence to more than half of them. I likely would disbelieve all of them were it not for an incident which occurred near my country home in September, 1952. It was the monster story perhaps most laughed at across the nation.

I am convinced it actually happened. I believe my neighbors are truthful. Seven of them saw the "Flatwoods Monster," as it was called by the news wire services.

In late summer of 1952 I was only superficially interested in flying saucer reports, having read some of the accounts because of my interest in science fiction. When I saw a United Press story written in my home town, I shrugged it off as a hoax.

Some children were playing ball at Flatwoods, W. Va., when they saw a fiery object flash across the sky and apparently land on a hill. Seven

people had gone to investigate, had encountered a "Frankenstein monster with B. O.," according to the story. The monster was 10 feet tall, had "a bright green body and a red face," the account, which dismissed the incident as "mass hysteria," continued.

Since Flatwoods is practically in the backyard of my country home, near Sutton, I decided to drive there and find out for myself just what had been going on. As a result I spent three days investigating the scene of the bizarre incident and questioning the witnesses, came away a very puzzled science fiction fan.

For I was convinced the story my seven neighbors told was true!

It had been a calm, warm late summer evening, when everything seemed normal and the way it should be. The children were, as the newspapers stated, playing ball, when they noticed the fiery object go across the sky and apparently land on the hill.

With more curiosity than fright, five of the children decided to climb the hill and investigate, talked a 17-year-old youth into going along. At the foot of the hill they stopped at the home of Mrs. Kathleen May, mother of two of the children, to borrow a flash-

light and persuade her to accompany them. She thought they were joking until she went out on the porch and looked toward the hilltop. Something odd *was* up there! Something that glowed eerily, pulsating from dim to bright!

She believed it must have been a meteor which had fallen, and, greatly curious, decided to go with the children. It had just grown dark as they ascended the hill.

Near the top they encountered an unusual odor, and a kind of mist, but apparently were not frightened, for they continued the climb.

As they reached the top and looked over into a small ravine, several things happened all at once. They saw a fiery something totally outside their experiences and as they puzzled for a moment, focusing their eyes on the unknown, they failed to see the horror approaching from their left.

The glowing sphere, 50 feet away in the ravine, had first attracted their attention. Some of the witnesses couldn't estimate the size of it, others said it was "big as a house." One of them described it as "just like a big ball of fire," which was pulsating from dim to bright. It was not clear whether it was a complete

sphere, or a hemisphere, resting on the ground.

They didn't know how long they stood there, looking at the sphere, but it must have been a short time. Suddenly one of them thought he saw animal eyes in a tree, flashed his light in that direction.

It was not clearly established whether they just hadn't noticed the thing previously or it had suddenly become lighted, with some strange illumination inside itself. But there, 15 feet away, and towering over their heads, was a vast shape, something like a man. The face, everyone agreed, was round, and blood red. No one noticed a nose or mouth, only eyes, or eye-like openings, from which projected "greenish - orange" beams of light.

Around the red "face" and reaching upward to a point was a dark, hoodlike shape. The body was seen only from the "head" down to the "waist." It appeared dark and colorless to most of the witnesses, though Mrs. May thought she saw clothing-like folds around the body, and terrible claws. No one was sure whether the thing rested on the ground or was floating.

One of the children was particularly emphatic about the

way it moved. Although all said it was moving toward them, the one agreed it was approaching them, but moving in an arc, circling at the same time. His description indicated the "monster" was following a circular path which would take it back to the sphere. During an interview with him I asked him to walk around the room and imitate the movement.

"I couldn't move as it did. It just moved. It didn't walk. It moved evenly."

At the same time all seven were almost overcome by a strong odor, or gas, which they were unable to describe, since they had never encountered anything like it. The nearest they could describe it was that it smelled like "burning metal." Seconds after topping the hill the entire group made a disordered retreat.

A. Lee Stewart, Jr., co-editor of *The Braxton Democrat*, was the first to investigate the hilltop. Hearing of the commotion in Flatwoods, he drove from Sutton, the nearby county seat town, to check on the story. He arrived about 30 minutes after the incident, preceding the county sheriff, who had been away from Sutton when the call for help reached his office.

By that time whatever had

frightened the seven people had gone. Stewart could see nothing unusual on the hilltop. Nor did he smell the odor they had reported. But knowing that some gases settle rapidly, he bent to the ground where he could smell a pungent odor. He said it was irritating, constricted nasal and throat passages.

Returning at seven the following morning, before anyone else visited the hilltop in daylight, he was amazed to find evidence which backed up the story he was hesitating to report in *The Democrat*. About ten feet apart, in the tall grass, were skid marks!

The marks led from the tree where the "monster" was "standing" to the ravine where they had seen the globe. It was as if some huge personage on skis had slid down the hill; however the "skis" had not indented the ground; they had ridden down the tall grass, and tossed a few small stones aside. Where the globe had been reported a huge area of grass appeared to have been crushed down.

It seemed unlikely that someone had perpetrated an elaborate hoax upon the vil-

lagers, for they had seen the "monster" at the same time fiery objects had been observed in the skies of several states.

I cannot hope to explain what seven witnesses saw on a dark West Virginia hilltop; I can only be convinced that they did see *something*—something alien and out of place, something apparently connected with the aerial objects hundreds had seen that night.

Maybe it was a space ship in trouble; maybe the "monster" was a robot, or something from space in a protective suit. Perhaps it landed briefly to observe the countryside: the hilltop was a good vantage point.

But I am convinced that not only in the present decade, but throughout the centuries of recorded history Earth has been visited by aliens. Perhaps they form some basis for mythologies and folklores of nations—or even religions.

The accounts may sound to you like the science fiction stories you customarily read in this magazine.

Perhaps this is best.

THE END



HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE SAUCERS

By RICHARD S. SHAVER

Richard S. Shaver says—

"I early came to realize that knowledge wasn't exactly found in the precise acceptance of the word—because a lot of things the experts said they 'knew,' they didn't 'know' at all! Too much of knowledge is actually dogma, acceptance of previous statements published in error. Knowledge is in doing, not accepting.

"Accordingly I tried doing and finally started writing.

"It is in this last field that I am most misunderstood. Actually I didn't intend to be a writer. I had something to say, and wanted to say it. Ray Palmer gave me the chance to say it, but he also insisted I be a writer. So I wrote, but always with the truth somewhere in my stories. That truth got me into a lot of trouble. I believe more people hate me because of it than I know—but I also know that more, far more, love me because of it; and in addition feel a certain amount of gratefulness for having given them something that isn't in the books. I believe I made some people think—which is an achievement!

I APPRECIATE the editor of *Amazing Stories* wanting to include me in the special flying saucer factual issue; and it is my personal opinion that I deserve a place there, because I *did* tell its readers about flying saucers before anyone else.

Many thousands of people

have seen flying saucers. Or, rather, they have seen what is more properly called Unidentified Flying Objects. It was a mere happenstance that Kenneth Arnold's catchy phrase describing what he had seen was adopted by the newspapers, and has stuck until today. It will no doubt continue

to stick—and it's fitting that it should, because this flying saucer business is a matter for the whole populace, not just a few. Call them UFO, if you wish; to me they will always be flying saucers.

And, along with those thousands of people, I have also seen flying saucers. I saw them twenty years ago. But I was more fortunate than Kenneth Arnold. I was able to determine a fact he could not possibly have determined. I found out they were not "solid" objects, but something you might relate to a mirage. They were what I call "projections." A sort of television broadcast in which a receiver was not necessary.

Now don't get me wrong—not all sightings are projections. There *are* real space ships, and they *do* visit Earth. They have visited it for thousands of years. But not all flying saucers are from space—most of them are native to this Earth. If you had a secret saucer base on Earth, and you wished to avoid observance, you would try to create a diversion—you would use your projection apparatus to cause saucers to appear where they actually were not, so as to draw attention away from the *real* ship. That is the primary purpose of the projection.

Space travel is older than the pyramids. Other investigators (Charles Fort, as an example) have gathered together evidence of this, which you can read for yourself if you are truly interested in the matter that is readily available. There is a book in print today called the *Oer Linda Boek*, which mentions them, and also mentions the oldest written date deciphered—3700 B. C.

This book mentions flying saucers in ancient Atlantis, and then proceeds to date the sinking of Atlantis as 2139 B. C. It does not mention the Flood of the Bible, but it would seem they were coincident. In the Bible itself there are many accounts of flying saucers. Ezekiel saw one, several times, and actually was taken for a ride in one. Elijah was taken aloft in a "flaming chariot," in the presence of a witness.

Ancient records of India tell of aircraft which rode on a "beam" which conquered gravity.

In our own America, as long as a hundred years ago, huge airships were seen by whole city populations. The same is true of recent years, such as in Farmington, New Mexico.

Legend is full of flying devices, such as magic carpets, witch's broomsticks, winged horses, and rushing whirlwinds that obey the human command.

The ancient city of Babylon was destroyed, archaeologists tell us, by fire. This falls in line with the persistent legend which can be found throughout the ancient world that the city was destroyed by an attack by aircraft which "spat fiery death from their nostrils" and dropped explosive bombs.

In one place we have a discovery of an ancient ruined city, destroyed eight times, and each time rebuilt on the ruins—and in the earliest layer we find the typical "glass" made by fused sand, and the evidence of *melted* stone walls as only an atomic bomb could have caused.

In ancient records, as one studies what remains to be studied, the evidence of a super civilization that once existed on earth is overwhelming. A prime factor in that evidence is the same sort of thing we today call the flying saucer.

It is nothing new!

In more recent times, I can list dozens of sightings which it would be much better for

you to research for yourself, but I will give them briefly:

In Scotland, November 26, 1758: Machines like cones appeared in the night sky, velocity very great, lights so powerful that the most minute object could be seen in the street.

At Koln, Germany, March 10, 1756: A pencil of light, with the emission of incandescent gases.

On May 18, 1710, over Leeds, England: A queer apparition like a trumpet, moving broad end foremost, emitting light. This same machine seen in three countries on the same date.

A "football" of immense size seen over Colchester, England on December 31, 1758.

August 12, 1883, Mexican astronomer Jose A. Y. Bonilla at Zacatecas, Mexico, saw 283 singular bodies pass across the solar disk while watching sunspots through his telescope. The next morning he counted 1166 more!

1880, Kattenau, Germany: An enormous number of luminous bodies rose from the horizon and passed in a horizontal direction from east to west.

Russia, near St. Petersburg, July 30, 1880: A large sphere and two smaller ones, all il-

luminated, moving noiselessly, seen for three minutes.

During the World War, the strange case of the "Foo Fighters" will be remembered. Hundreds of pilots today can verify the existence of these strange disks and lights that so often accompanied them on their bombing missions over Germany.

Saucers? Historically speaking . . . ?

It would be senseless for me to continue an interminable listing of historical evidence. You can gather your own, until you have amassed a vast category. And when you have done so, what will you have? Proof that we are not alone on this Earth, and never have been!

The big question brought up by the history of flying saucers is the question of identity. It is the question that is asked today by every investigator, from the military and governmental agencies, to the veriest tyro in the street who cranes his neck and sees Venus and gets all excited.

I have seen them. I say also that they come from vast caverns inside the earth.

In 1944 I wrote and described flying saucers, giving intimate details of appearance, pattern of flight, nature of

propulsion, and described conditions in the upper atmosphere and in space which were not then known as fact. Today, almost every detail of factual information which I described is a matter of record due to rocket exploration of the upper atmosphere and of space, and of information worked out because of observance and performance of flying saucers. How could I have described Kenneth Arnold's saucers in advance, unless I knew? Especially the "saucer" appearance, which appears nowhere in older records?

When I outlined the details of Einstein's last theory—that magnetism and gravity are not things of themselves, but only manifestations of some other single phenomena—in the pages of *Amazing Stories* years before the mathematical wizard expounded them, I was derided. Yet I knew them because of observation of the aircraft later known as flying saucers. Today our government is spending money investigating the very propulsive forces I outlined; magnetism, anti-gravity, photonics, ionics. In my stories I described space ships propelled by accelerated ions, jet-expelled and told of how ships were trailed by instruments that could detect these ions in

space, and thus pursue a ship which had passed days before at speeds near that of light. Now we have our government actually working on an ion motor!

History is not found in history books, in the main. The real history is found in more concealed and camouflaged places. Legend is especially rich in disguised history. Much fiction is written to carry a truth, and avoid being pilloried or burned at the stake for relating it. A wonderful example is the description of the two moons of Mars in fiction centuries before the telescope's eye confirmed them to the last detail, even to precise size and orbital motion! How did Swift know these moon's existed?

I believe I know how he knew, and the very fact of his knowing strengthens me in the knowledge that my own experiences are valid. Mars moon are not moons, I know. They are what we call "satellite vehicles." They are made of metal. Their albedo is that of polished metal. Any astronomer can tell you that. Swift knew it, and I know it, and astronomers know it. But because man has been so egotistic as to make himself the highest form of life in the universe, and the only intelligent

life, he has always refused to admit to the contrary evidence all around him.

If you wish to prove saucers, don't wait to see one—because even then you most likely will be looking at a deliberately created illusion. Instead examine the history of the past, written, legendary, archaeological, geological, and anthropological—and you cannot but be convinced.

There will be more, much more, to *add* to the history of flying saucers, upon that you can depend. Having been around this long, they will not go away because you now know they are there. They have ignored you for thousands of years, and will continue to ignore you—unless you interfere seriously with their activities. And if you do, you will find your own history being written by flying saucers—and to your detriment!

In closing my history, I'd like to name a few things which I'm sure are not "historical" in the sense that they are true. I refer to those people of today who go about lecturing on how they have travelled in flying saucers, and of how these saucer people are benevolent creatures intent on saving the Earth from their own H-bomb folly, and bring-

ing a so-sweet message of peace and love. I don't doubt that in some cases these people are speaking what to them is truth, but I can only feel downcast at the ease with which they are being deceived by scientific instruments and energies they cannot even suspect exist.

If their stories were true, should we expect aid from them now who have not given it in many thousands of years? No, these dreams are empty ones. History proves them so.

The saucers, historically and presently provable, are real. They are in our skies. They have nothing to do with us, and do not intend to have

anything to do with us. They will continue to be around. They are the products of intelligent races far beyond us in capability.

They are not angels in disguise.

They are not the spirits of the dead.

They are not from another dimension.

They are not from heaven or hell.

They are other human races far more favored than we, and it is sad indeed to contemplate that it is so.

I sincerely pray that we can change the record of history, and make contact. It would mean an infinite enrichment of our lives!

THE END



A newly discovered star (known only as L886-6, and which is only about one-third as large as the earth) has such a tremendous gravitational pull that a man weighing only 150 pounds on the earth would suddenly find himself weighing at least a couple of million pounds if he were ever to set foot on this tiny star.



OUTER SPACE SAUCERS—A MYTH!

By

OLIVER P. FERRELL

Oliver P. Ferrell is credited with having independently discovered the radar detection of meteor trails (published in Physical Review, January 15, 1946). His plan for tracking and sizing mysterious ionic clouds some 65 miles above the surface of the earth (published in Science & Culture, Calcutta, India, May, 1944) was adopted by the U. S. Air Force in 1948.

From 1949 through 1952, he served as Project Supervisor under Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories contracts AF19(122)-72 and AF19(122)-242. These projects evaluated the radio observations of 600 observers scattered throughout the western hemisphere. The results of these contracts (135,000 observations) have not been published, but information obtained during this period has become a guide to research during the International Geophysical Year.

From 1952 to 1954, Mr. Ferrell was Managing Editor of CQ, a magazine devoted to radio amateurs. Since then, he has served as Managing Editor of Popular Electronics, a magazine which encourages hobby interest in electronics.

THE OTHER NIGHT, two saucer "experts" lectured on UFO in the main ballroom of a New York hotel. This writer attended. The tickets were a dollar and a quarter, the chairs were hard and uncomfortable, and the place was as hot as the Gobi at high noon. But these annoyances

were mild to what happened during the ensuing ninety minutes.

According to the publicity, our two experts had had personal contact with extraterrestrials in flying saucers, and they were here to tell us all about it. They did tell us in such vivid detail that five hun-

dred people sat spellbound, hanging on every word. The first to speak had such a fine presence and rhetorical skill that thirty minutes passed before I woke up and realized what was going on; realized that here was a team of estimable gentlemen who had come to the platform without one single shred of tangible evidence to back up a yarn so wild as to make Dorothy's adventures in Oz highly factual by comparison.

In short, the whole thing was completely ridiculous.

But the flying saucer myth can't be banished by laughter, so the question arises—exactly what is it? We have here an amazing phenomenon that is achieving continuity from almost every public information channel in existence. It has developed such weight as to force the already overloaded military branches of our government to take official notice or be accused of laxity. The saucers are being discussed everywhere. Books filled with idiotic sensationalism are selling out edition after edition while those—and here may be a key to the popularity of the fantastic myth—written by serious-minded men honestly trying to set down facts, aren't selling nearly as well.

And of course the old cliché pops us as it always does relative to "promotions" of this sort: *The Government is suppressing the facts.* This canard is being shouted by irresponsibles from coast-to-coast, while the harried air force is expending valuable time and money in sending high-powered aircraft after the mirages, optical illusions, or plain weather balloons, which are seen and reported by sometimes hysterical observers.

Not only are the authorities dutifully pursuing these phantoms, but they are publishing and distributing reports on their own procedure and findings. These are available to all. I would suggest you study the air force reports in this issue and see if by any stretch of imagination you are able to read into them any intrigue, cloak-and-dagger double-dealing, or any intent whatsoever to deceive. The reports are exactly what they purport to be—details of an honest effort to get at truth.

Now let's analyze a little of the "Incontestable evidence" that's kicking around the country in support of flying saucer authenticity. In relation to the government censorship angle, there are some "men in black coats" who show up very

mysteriously to interview any citizen who is unfortunate enough to have made direct contact with the extraterrestrial saucer jockeys. These government agents have never actually been seen by anyone. But almost everyone has a friend who knew someone who was told by another that the black coats talked to a friend who had seen a ship. And as a result of the interview, this person shut up like a clam and was never heard to speak again. Naturally, evidence like this—which would of course stand up in any court—is unassailable proof that the government has agents roaming the land. Solid evidence indeed, but let's hope that if you're ever up for murder, the evidence of your innocence is a trifle more solid.

In the realm of tangibles calculated to prove the saucers came from outer space, we have pieces of smashed ships; we have the skeletons of small space dwellers who came afoul of our atmosphere and died far from home. I believe also, one "witness" who was picked up on a desert and was given a quick ride to some far point and back, was so ungrateful as to steal a piece of spaceship furniture when he left the ship. Sadly, enough, our friend lost the piece, it was

stolen while he was enroute to the nearest bar for a double pick-me-up, or else the blame thing was disintegrated by a ray gun from outer space.

In short, how ridiculous can we get?

Take the dead-body bit. On-the-spot accounts of the deaths of extraterrestrials can be found in a best-selling book on flying saucers. But you can rest assured that no one inside the government or out—inside any research laboratory or out—inside any insane asylum or out—has ever seen the dead body of a space invader.

Another spot of proof has been conjured up around the famous *Project Blue Book*, a report compiled by the Air Force on UFO. Rumor—and what could possibly be better evidence? — has it that the report is brimful of actual air-force contacts with space ships; that it proves beyond doubt the existence of the aliens among us.

As a matter of cold fact, and I speak from personal knowledge, the report is merely an expansion of the release you can read here and now by turning the pages of this magazine. It says the same thing, comes to the same conclusion: *We found no evidence whatsoever of the existence of outer*

space craft of any description.

In due time, *Project Blue Book* will be printed and made available to anyone who wants to mail ten cents to cover costs. And I'll bet that not one of of ten of those who have been shouting *Coverup* will bother to send for a copy. After all, truth can be pretty dull.

One more point: The time-worn cliché, "Take me to your leader," may look ridiculous as the caption of a cartoon, but doesn't it actually make sense? Isn't it far more ridiculous to conceive a superintelligent race that would *not* seek out the leaders on a strange planet? Yet we are asked to believe these extra-terrestrials contact only persons without authority and always by dark of night or in

some remote, uninhabited section of the country.

This, to me, is hardly a sign of intelligence.

The foregoing may well indicate me to be a stubborn cynic, irrevocably wedded to the negative in this matter. Actually, I am not. So what would make me a believer? The same thing that would push me to the other side of any proposition. Evidence. Even a small bit of undeniable evidence. And this does not constitute something flashing across the sky. But if you can bring me a souvenir I can have analyzed, classified, and labeled as definitely coming from outer space, I'll become an enthusiastic convert.

Or better yet, ask the next flying saucer man to stop off and speak to me.

THE END

A list of available books on flying saucers for those who wish to go more deeply into the subject was prepared for this issue by Ray Palmer. However, lack of space forced us to delay its publication for one month. The list will therefore appear in the November issue of *Amazing Stories*, on the newsstands October 10.

LET'S GET DOWN TO FACTS

By
MARY
GRABKOWICZ

You've noticed, of course, that every writer appearing in this Saucer forum is overburdened with personal opinion. Therefore, bias in one direction or another runs rampant.

So this article is doubly pertinent to the whole. Mary Grabkowitz is an able writer—not to mention a skillful logician who has no opinion one way or another. She has no facts of her own but feels those available to all have not been properly evaluated. She feels the truth can be arrived at if we proceed with some semblance of intelligence.

I, A COMMITTEE of one, hereby call a court of arbitration into session to look into, and settle, if possible, the case of the people who have contacted The People, vs: the scoffers, written and verbal. In speaking of the people of the first part, they with a lower case "p" for people,

I am including all those individuals who have not only seen flying saucers, but have actually taken sojourns, short or otherwise, in any type of space craft, not manufactured by mundane earthlings.

This is the tenth anniversary of the first sighting of the illusive saucer. This is

also the year when saucerers, a name I like to use (by some simply labeled sorcerers) have decided that their group is now large enough, and sufficiently representative, to elect a President of the United States, and have led off with Mr. George Van Tassel, well known to most SF'ers, and the Elected One, so to speak, of The People.

To start the ball rolling in that direction, and get into the public eye (not unlike a cinder to a few), they are converging on many sources of authority and communication, and urging an intensive investigation of UFO.

And they will probably succeed, if not in having Mr. Van Tassel elected, or obtaining a sizable inquiry for their cause, at least in making the people (with a lower case "p" of-course, who are not yet aware of them), conscious of their presence. It is to be noted that such conservative newspapers as the *New York Times*, the *Herald-Tribune*, and the *New York World-Telegram*, have given them considerable space reporting their doings, and at times have even editorialized on the probability of the flying discs. They have continued to receive attention in spite of a whole lobby, as it were,

of the Lester del Reys, and the L. Sprague de Camps, who look upon the doings of the saucerers as the most ar-rant, irritating nonsense yet invented by mature man.

Lest the scoffers are sitting back comfortably, ready to enjoy a man-sized sneer in the feeling that the writer is with them, let me call it to their attention that the mental hospitals are singularly free of saucer sighters. We know that if we were to publicly announce that we saw some plates and napkins flying about in space, it wouldn't be long before we would be enjoying the ministering attention of certain gentlemen in white.

It wasn't so long ago that Dan Fry announced to a skeptical world that he took a transcontinental round trip flight in a saucer in thirty-two minutes flat. Only a week ago, a jet pilot zoomed across the continent in three hours, twenty-three minutes to set a new record. One hundred years ago if anyone tried to convince scientific circles that this could be done, they would not even bother to raise their eyebrows in disbelief, but say, the man's nuts, or use a more colorful vernacular expression of the times.

There are those who remem-

ber when traveling by railroad cross country considered a seven day journey quite a feat. The jet pilot accomplished this same task in about one forty-fifth of the time. Mr. Fry asks us to believe that he crossed the continent in about one-twelfth of the time consumed by the jet. When we compare the time used in these trips, Mr. Fry's alleged snapping of the sound barrier, does after all, not seem so fantastic in our own days of electronic man-made miracles.

On 1/10/46, a radar signal was hurled at the moon from Belmar, New Jersey, and returned in 2.4 seconds. Who is to say, but that some day, objects more material than radar, at least to our senses, will not approximate some kind of comparable speed? Or that we will just think of Fry as that old slow poke?

The time has come therefore, for some disinterested group, or groups, to come forward and act as arbiters, for we do have an investigative procedure which we can apply, so that part of the truth at least can be unearthed concerning the validity of statements made by saucerers. This would be more in line with scientific training, than their discrediting, or taunt-

ing them with the statement, "show me."

However, before we go into the courtroom, let us consider a few more facts.

How do generalized opinions come into being? It is probably as important to consider the nature of that, as to determine if UFO's exist. These are the days of mass communication. Word gets around pretty quickly. An individual may announce that he has made a uranium strike in Colorado, and eight thousand miles away it will be featured in the evening newspapers that same day.

If a man gets into the limelight with enough push, and speaks with authority and persuasion, pretty soon he will have gathered followers about him, even if he says that it is better to walk around with one shoe, and carry the other one in our pockets. For in our present day of only awakening semantic development we who have nowhere in particular to go, "will follow the leader, all day long, all year long, all century long." We want to belong, and this characteristic remains irrespective of our education, background, or training. And a physicist or an engineer is a man, just like any other man, with similar emotional set-up. Incidentally,

a predominant group of the saucerers, have had mechanical and engineering training.

Ancient, medieval and modern history, and the study of the humanities have indicated that even the best minds can be corraled, and caught in a mass psychotic trance. Generally, however, during such movements, the beliefs of the mass are pretty well standardized. Thus, if one man saw a purple cow, another who was more boastful, would see two, bigger purple cows, maybe with a little calf and bull thrown in. But they would still see purple cows, not unicorns or dragons. Now, in the case of the saucerers, one sees The Intelligences as having thirty eyes ringed around their heads, and levitating themselves from place to place; the other sees them as The People, who are just like you or I, but better looking, with hair whisper soft, and golden like the sun, wearing jaunty berets.

Incidentally, one might ask, what did nature have in mind when she supplied thirty-two eyes to creatures who were so far advanced, that they could locomote by levitation, and did not have the need of special appendage-like legs for this purpose. According to our

accumulated knowledge we surmise that only the least evolved creatures, living in a most hostile environment, are supplied with an abundance of eyes because of the constant necessity of being watchful, or being destroyed. Now, what do The People need with so many eyes, when they are peace loving and brotherly? And furthermore, why can't they see without eyes, when they can walk without legs? We could throw our hands up in despair, and lament—shades of the modern fairy tale!

We could do all that. But in that case, we would be repeating the same mistake we have been making since the recording of history—the mistake of forming judgment before we are aware of all the facts; facts of which we may not even have an inkling at this time. An open mind therefore, is an absolute necessity, just so long as it isn't so open, that its full of holes.

Before going into a scientific method of investigation, let us step aside for a moment, and throw a question into the lap of the reader. Now, the skies are the natural habitat of our feathered friends, are they not? Could not some of the UFO's be birds which we have never seen, who have

been dislodged from remote domains by the atom bomb? Everything else has been blamed on the bomb, why not this?

Or maybe the birds are motivated by an explorative urge, just as we are, and are trying to delve into space?

We know that fishes are shaped by nature in all forms, from disc-like objects, to furry strings, to translucent creatures, etc., why not birds? Perhaps there are some disc-like whirly birds, whom we have not yet met socially. I make this statement of course, with my tongue in cheek (I think).

Recently the writer spent a hot afternoon on the roof, and for nothing better to do, I watched the planes as they droned by almost with the regularity of street buses. As a plane flew off in the distance, it looked more and more like a bird with its wings spread in flight, and from a really great distance it was hard to distinguish whether it actually was a bird or plane. Amongst the craft were included quite a number of helicopters. The support of this aircraft is derived from the reaction of a stream of air driven downward by propellers revolving around a vertical axis. Mark this: a vertical

axis. This is a means of flight. The birds were in the air before us. Could they have preceded us in evolving a means of air locomotion which we have now gotten around to copying prior to having met them.

But to return to the Dan Frys, and the George Van Tassels. It has been said that the burden of proof is on the discoverers. That is neither reasonable, nor fair. If, on a journey to France, I saw a strange-looking fish, or Ann Blyth type of mermaid cavorting in the seas, no one in his right mind would call me a liar if I was unable to give a perfect description of the species, or hand them a souvenir specimen. One doesn't go around with a camera slung over his shoulder, or a net, or is a Charles Van Doren. Except in the case of the mermaid, the burden of proof would not be on me, but interested scientific circles would scamper over one another to be the first to reach the scene, or lay in wait for another of these denizens to show themselves.

Why should we not treat saucerers in the same fashion? They deserve this courtesy, which is very little reward, unless of course, we believe that they are downright

insane, or out to make a fast buck.

"There is a principle which is a bar against information, which is proof against argument, and which cannot fail to keep a man in everlasting poverty and ignorance. That principle is "condemnation prior to investigation."¹ It is my belief that condemnation is not so much a matter of disbelief, as it is the product of a I-don't-want-to-be-mentally-bothered attitude, with the necessity of having to do something about it, once the truth is unearthed. Can we count all the thousands who have gone to their death, their dreams buried with them, because of our mental inertia. We weep at the bier of a man, but not at the shattered products of his mind. As Shakespeare said, we shed our tears into the sea, but not on the dry land where it would do some good.

At one time we kept the mental pioneer quiet by refined tortures, today, we use the less refined one of ridicule.

I think that we have had enough of trial by fury, of branding and labeling without adequate reasons. I also think that investigation can be begun at once, according to one

1. Herbert Spencer

of our present levels knowledge.

After all, flying platters, are nothing unheard of. There is the case of a German engineer, who, thirty years or so ago, devised a round flying machine, which from a distance could appear like a saucer. Adding that to the principle of the helicopter, to the "miracles" of electronics, to the principles of the jet with the extreme reduction in flying time over distance covered, and the flying saucer doesn't seem so strange, in the real meaning of the word. Naturally, too, if it does exist, what would be strange, is to photograph it, since the object would be gone even before the reflex action of snapping the shutter on a camera could take place. As for the era of manless aircraft, that is almost upon us, what with the guided missile, to be followed almost with a certainty, by the manless guided plane that will hop cherrily across the country with its cargo or passengers. Maybe we will have to wait a few years, but it is in the realm of things to come.

What if Mr. Van Tassel, or Mr. Fry, or other well known saucerers were to throw the gauntlet in the face of the

scoffers, and say: I am ready to show you my sincerity; I will come forward and take a lie detector test, not for personal vindication, but for the many thousand who loyally believe in what I have said, and as a result, they, their wives, and children, have been called psychotics, crackpots, liars, and purveyors of the old bunko game in modern trap-pings. What if these gentlemen were to say, I will help them, because to them such help is an absolute necessity.

But far, and beyond all other considerations, if we are to believe that the country that controls space, will indeed, control the world, flying saucers, if fact, and not fiction, are a matter as serious as any that face us today.

The leaders of the movement are in a position to wrap the cloak of respectability about their followers. It does not require any courage to tell the truth, if one knows, that after verification this truth will be accepted. Nor does it require persuasion or appeal. It might be argued, of course, by those who doubt the accuracy of the lie detector test, because if one actually believed in what he said, it would show up as the truth, whether or not it was so. The

test, therefore, would be said to indicate sincerity only, irrespective of whether or not it was also factual. Be it as it may, it should be borne in mind that this form of interrogation is in use in police agencies, and that the police are anything but nebulous when it comes to digging for facts.

The test could be performed by an experienced analyst of a hospital, university or police agency, who has had no prior opinions for or against saucers.

Test number two: This is strong stuff, but is probably even a more definite method of sifting the truth from story telling. If individuals, who have had enough courage to announce that they have taken trips in space craft, asked that they be hypnotized, and put into a deep trance by a psychiatrist of undisputed reputation, they could be questioned. None with any understanding of psychiatry could say that they were faking while in this trance.

Come forward, therefore, all you pioneers, and in a painless and jet propelled fashion, help to clear up the muddled morass of thinking.

May the truth win.

The committee of one is hereby dissolved. **THE END**

THE AIR FORCE STORY

[In response to a request by the Editor of *Amazing Stories* the following permission to print was granted.]

Dear Mr. Fairman:

The Air Force certainly has no objection to your publishing the reports furnished by Captain O'Connor. I feel they will help the undecided intelligent reader to reach a decision in the matter of U.F.O.'s

I will be looking forward to your special issue on the subject.

Sincerely,

(Signed) ROBERT F. SPENCE,
Major, USAF
Deputy Chief, Operations Branch
Public Information Division
Office of Information Services

FIRST REPORT

THE Air Force feels a very definite obligation to identify and analyze things that happen in the air that may have in them menace to the United States and, because of that feeling of obligation and pursuit of that interest, the Air Force established an activity known as the Unidenti-

fied Flying Object Program.

This program was established in 1947 when unidentified flying objects were being reported in various parts of the United States. The reports of sightings reached a peak of 1,700 in 1952 and dropped to a total of 429 in 1953.

From a survey of the vol-

ume of sightings received by the Air Force, it has been determined that over 80 percent are explainable as being known objects. Generally, sighted objects fall in the category of: balloons, aircraft, astronomical bodies, atmospheric reflections, and birds. All reports of unidentified flying objects result from either radar or visual sightings.

Explanations pertaining to sightings reported from military and civilian radar facilities are as follows:

1. Temperature inversion reflections can give a return on a radar scope that is as sharp as that received from an aircraft. Speeds of these returns reportedly range from zero to fantastic rates. The "objects" also appear to move in all directions. Such sightings have resulted in many fruitless intercept efforts.

To possibly bear out the theory of temperature inversion reflection is an incident which occurred in January, 1951 near Oakridge, Tennessee. Two Air Force aircraft attempted to intercept an unidentified "object" and actually established a radar "lock" on the object. Their altitude at the time was 7,000 feet. The unidentified object, according to their radar, appeared to be at an elevation of

10 to 25 degrees from this altitude. Three passes were made in an attempt to close on the object. In each instance the pilots reported that their radar led them first upward and then down toward a specific point on the ground. (One scientific theory holds that light can be similarly reflected from a layer of warm air above the earth. If this proves to be correct, many visual night sightings could be accounted for.)

2. Ionized clouds have caused some unidentified radar returns. Thunderstorms are identifiable by radar and radar returns have also been received from ice formations in the air, balloons, ground reflections, frequency interference between other radar stations, and windborn objects. Obviously, such returns are very difficult to identify, especially when they occur during darkness.

3. The radar screen has picked up birds and in one case a flock of ducks. Flight interceptions proved these phenomena.

An explanation of known types of visual sightings are as follows:

1. Present-day jet aircraft, flying at great speeds and high altitudes, are often mistaken for unknown objects by the

untrained observer. Sunlight reflections from the polished surfaces of aircraft can be seen plainly even when the aircraft itself is too distant to be visible. The exhaust of jet aircraft emits a trail and often this is seen rather than the aircraft itself.

2. Weather balloons account for a substantial number of sightings. These balloons, sent to altitudes of 40,000 feet and higher, are launched from virtually every airfield in the country. They are made of rubber or polyethylene, swell as they gain altitude, have very good reflective qualities, carry small lights when launched after dark, and can be seen at very high altitudes.

3. In addition to the ordinary weather balloon, huge 90-foot balloons, which sometimes drift from coast to coast, are used for upper air research. These balloons also have a highly reflective surface and are visible at extreme altitudes.

4. Often, unusually bright meteors and planets will cause a flurry of reports, sometimes from relatively experienced observers. At certain times of the year, Venus, for instance, is low on the horizon and will appear to change color and move erratically due to hazy atmospheric conditions. Since

the stars are charted and most of their characteristics known, many cases are traced to them. Meteors on the other hand are of rapid single-direction movement and are only visible for a few seconds. Meteor activity is more common at certain times of the year than others, and reports of UFO's have shown a tendency to increase during these periods.

5. Some cases arise which, on the basis of information received, are of a weird and peculiar nature. The objects display erratic movements and phenomenal speeds. Since maneuvers and speeds of this kind cannot be traced directly to aircraft, balloons, or known astronomical sources, it is believed that they are reflections from objects rather than being objects themselves. For example: suppose we would hold a mirror in hand under a light, causing a reflection on the ceiling. Only a slight, quick movement of the hand would result in erratic movements and phenomenal speeds of the reflected beam. Reflections may be projected to clouds and haze both from the ground and air. Many things which are common to the sky have highly reflective qualities, such as balloons, aircraft, and clouds. Accurate speeds are also difficult to determine

due to the inability of the reporter to judge distance, angles, and time.

6. Brilliant flashing lights that sometimes appear red and white in color have been reported by observers. This type has been traced to a new lighting system of commercial airlines and military aircraft. Atop the tail section of these aircraft highly reflective red and white flasher type lights have been installed and are many times misinterpreted by the ground observer.

In the analysis and investigation of the radar and visual sightings described, there are some yardsticks which have been established from experience and trends to measure and attempt to determine the source of UFO's. Some of these are general in nature and are subject to change as new scientific and factual information is received. It should be remembered that any object viewed from a great distance appears to be round. Nearly all the sightings reported are described as round and would tend to indicate that most of the objects are at a greater distance from the observer than is generally estimated.

Another misconception centers about photographs of unidentified flying objects. At

best the majority of photographs have proven non-conclusive as evidence of this program mainly due to type cameras used. Also, it might be mentioned that because still photographs can be so easily faked, either by using a mock-up or model against a legitimate background, or by retouching the negative, they are worthless as evidence. Innumerable objects, from ashtrays to wash basins, have been photographed while sailing through the air. Many such photos have been published without revealing the true identity of the objects.

More attention is given to moving pictures of unidentified flying objects since they are more difficult to retouch. However, only a very few movie-type films have been received by the Air Force and they reveal only pinpoints of light moving across the sky. The Air Force has been unable to identify the source of these lights because the images are too small to analyze properly. Since ownership of these films remains with the persons taking them, the Air Force is not in a position to give them out.

The difficulty of evaluating reports of all types is based largely upon the lack of basic data surrounding the sight-

ings. The drop in sightings during 1953 is largely due to the increased accuracy and the completeness of reports being received. To be of value, a report should include such basic data as size, shape, composition, speed, altitude, direction, and the maneuver pattern of the objects. Without such information, it is impossible to establish the identity of the object sighted. In addition, a recent study has shown a direct correlation between the number of sightings reported and the publicity given to "saucers" by the nation's press.

The Air Force took a further step in early 1953 by procuring Videon cameras for the purpose of photographing this phenomenon. These cameras were distributed to various military installations. This type camera has two lenses, one of which takes an ordinary photograph, and the other has a diffraction grating which separates light into its component parts. This aids in determining the composition of the object photographed. A small number of photographs have been received from this camera; however, only light spots of no detail have been indicated in the photos to date. As more photographs are taken by

these observers, it is believed that a great deal of the mystery will be lifted from the program.

The Air Force would like to state that no evidence has been received which would tend to indicate that the United States is being observed by machines from outer space or a foreign government. No object or particle of an unknown substance has been received and no photographs of detail have been produced. The photographs on hand are, at best, only large and small blobs of light which, in most cases, are explainable phenomena.

It may be concluded from the above and from past experience that no new significant trends have developed out of these cases. There was an increase in public interest which occurred simultaneously with the publication of various books and articles on the subject; however, this trend has been noted several times previously.

In order to overcome the lack of basic data, and to standardize all reports, a detailed questionnaire is now submitted to each person reporting an unidentified aerial object. It is felt that the information thus obtained will

lower still more the number of unexplained sightings.

For observers who wish to report unidentified aerial objects, the Air Force would welcome the information. Attached to this report is a brief basic summary form. It would

be appreciated if observers would send the completed form to the nearest Air Force base.

If and when new developments turn up in this program, the Air Force will keep the public informed.

PLEASE SEND TO YOUR NEAREST AIR FORCE BASE

DATE: _____

TIME OF SIGHTING: _____

SIZE: _____

SHAPE: _____

COMPOSITION: _____

SPEED: _____

ALTITUDE: _____

DIRECTION OF TRAVEL: _____

MANEUVER PATTERN: _____

COLOR: _____

SOUND: _____

LENGTH OF TIME OBSERVED: _____

SKY CONDITIONS: _____

VISIBILITY: _____

GROUND DIRECTION OF WIND: _____

NAME, AGE, MAILING ADDRESS OF OBSERVER: _____

REMARKS: (general description of what you saw) (use back if necessary) _____

SECOND REPORT

THE results of an investigation begun by the Air Force in 1947 into the field of Unidentified Aerial Objects (so-called flying saucers) were released by the Air Force today.

No evidence of the existence of the popularly-termed "flying saucers" was found.

The report was based on study and analysis by a private scientific group under the supervision of the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Dayton, Ohio. Since the instigation of the investigation more than seven years ago, methods and procedures have been so refined that of the 131 sightings reported during the first four months of 1955 only three per cent were listed as unknown. (A summary of the report is attached.)

Commenting on this report, Secretary of the Air Force Donald A. Quarles said: "On the basis of this study we believe that no objects such as those popularly described as flying saucers have overflowed the United States. I feel certain that even the unknown three per cent could have been explained as conventional phenomena or illusions if more complete ob-

servational data had been available.

"However, we are now entering a period of aviation technology in which aircraft of unusual configuration and flight characteristics will begin to appear.

"The Air Force and the other Armed Services have under development several vertical-rising, high performance aircraft, and as early as last year a propeller driven vertical-rising aircraft was flown. The Air Force will fly the first jet-powered vertical-rising airplane in a matter of days. We have another project under contract with AVRO Ltd., of Canada, which could result in disc-shaped aircraft somewhat similar to the popular concept of a flying saucer. An available picture, while only an artists' conception, could illustrate such an object. (Photograph is available at Pictorial Branch, Room 2D780, Ext. 75331).

"While some of these may take novel forms, such as the AVRO project, they are direct-line descendents of conventional aircraft and should not be regarded as supra-natural or mysterious. We expect to develop airplanes that will fly faster, higher and perhaps

farther than present designs, but they will still obey natural laws and if manned, they will still be manned by normal terrestrial airmen. Other than reducing runaway requirements we do not expect vertical-rising aircraft to have more outstanding military characteristics than conventional types.

"Vertical - rising aircraft capable of transition to supersonic horizontal flight will be a new phenomenon in our skies, and under certain conditions could give the illusion of the so-called flying saucer. The Department of Defense will make every effort within bounds of security to keep the public informed of these developments so they can be recognized for what they are."

Mr. Quarles added: "I think we must recognize that other countries also have the capability of developing vertical-rising aircraft, perhaps of unconventional shapes. However we are satisfied at this time that none of the sightings of so-called 'flying saucers' reported in this country were in fact aircraft of foreign origin."

SUMMARY

(Analysis Of Reports Of Unidentified Aerial Objects)

Reports of unidentified aer-

ial objects (popularly termed "flying saucers" or "flying discs") have been received by the U. S. Air Force since mid-1947 from many and diverse sources. Although there was no evidence that the unexplained reports of unidentified objects constituted a threat to the security of the United States, the Air Force determined that all reports of unidentified aerial objects should be investigated and evaluated to determine if "flying saucers" represented technological developments not known to this country at the present time.

In order to discover any pertinent trend or pattern inherent in the data, and to evaluate or explain any trend or pattern found, appropriate methods of reducing these data from reports of unidentified aerial objects to a form amenable to scientific appraisal were employed. In general, the original data upon which this study was based consisted of impressions and interpretations of apparently unexplainable events, and seldom contained reliable measurements of physical attributes. This subjectivity of the data presented a major limitation to the drawing of significant conclusions, but did not invalidate the applica-

tion of scientific methods of study.

The reports received by the U. S. Air Force on unidentified aerial objects were reduced to IBM punched-card abstracts of data by means of logically developed forms and standardized evaluation procedures. Evaluation of sighting reports, a crucial step in the preparation of the data for statistical treatment, consisted of an appraisal of the reports and the subsequent categorization of the object or objects described in each report. A detailed description of this phase of the study stresses the careful attempt to maintain complete objectivity and consistency.

Analysis of the refined and evaluated data derived from the original reports of sightings consisted of (1) a systematic attempt to ferret out any distinguishing characteristics inherent in the data of any of their segments, (2) a concentrated study of any trend or pattern found, and (3) an attempt to determine the probability that any of the UNKNOWNNS represent observations of technological developments not known to this country.

The first step in the analysis of the data revealed the existence of certain apparent

similarities between cases of objects definitely identified and those not identified. Statistical methods of testing when applied indicated a low probability that these apparent similarities were significant. An attempt to determine the probability that any of the UNKNOWNNS represented observations of technological developments not known to this country necessitated a thorough re-examination and re-evaluation of the cases of objects not originally identified; this led to the conclusion that this probability was very small.

The special study which resulted in this report (Analysis of Reports of Unidentified Aerial Objects, 5 May 1955) started in 1953. To provide the study group with a complete set of files, the information cut-off date was established as of the end of 1952. It will accordingly be noted that the statistics contained in all charts and tables in this report are terminated with the year 1952. In these charts, 3201 cases have been used.

As the study progressed, a constant program was maintained for the purpose of making comparisons between the current cases received after 1 January 1953, and those being used for the report. This was

done in order that any change or significant trend which might arise from current developments could be incorporated in the summary of this report.

The 1953 and 1954 cases show a general and expected trend of increasing percentages in the finally identified categories. They also show decreasing percentages in categories where there was insufficient information and those where the phenomena could not be explained. This trend had been anticipated in the light of improved reporting and investigating procedures.

Official reports on hand at the end of 1954 totaled 4834. Of these, 425 were produced in 1953 and 429 in 1954. These 1953 and 1954 individual reports (a total of 854), were evaluated on the same basis as were those received before the end of 1952. The results are as follows:

Balloons	16 per cent
Aircraft	20 per cent
Astronomical	25 per cent
Other	13 per cent
Insufficient Information	17 per cent
Unknown	9 per cent

As the study of the current cases progressed, it became increasingly obvious that if reporting and investigating pro-

cedures could be further improved, the percentages of those cases which contained insufficient information and those remaining unexplained would be greatly reduced. The key to a higher percentage of solutions appeared to be in rapid "on the spot" investigations by trained personnel. On the basis of this, a revised program was established by Air Force Regulation 200-2, Subject: "Unidentified Flying Objects Reporting" (Short Title: UFOB), dated 12 August 1954.

This new program, which had begun to show marked results before January 1955, provided primarily that the 4602d Air Intelligence Service Squadron (Air Defense Command) would carry out all field investigations. This squadron has sufficient units and is so deployed as to be able to arrive "on the spot" within a very short time after a report is received. After treatment by the 4602d Air Intelligence Service Squadron, all information is supplied to the Air Technical Intelligence Center for final evaluation. This cooperative program has resulted, since 1 January 1955, in reducing the insufficient information cases to seven percent and the unknown cases to

three percent of all the totals.

The period 1 January 1955 to 5 May 1955 accounted for 131 unidentified aerial object reports received. Evaluation percentages of these are as follows:

Balloons	26 per cent
Aircraft	21 per cent
Astronomical	23 per cent
Other	20 per cent
Insufficient Infor- mation	7 per cent
Unknown	3 per cent

All available data were included in this study which was prepared by a panel of scientists both in and out of the Air Force. On the basis of this study it is believed that all the unidentified aerial objects could have been explained if more complete observational data had been available. Insofar as the reported aerial objects which still remained unexplained are

concerned, there exists little information other than the impressions and interpretations of their observers. As these impressions and interpretations have been replaced by the use of improved methods of investigation and reporting, and by scientific analysis, the number of unexplained cases has decreased rapidly towards the vanishing point.

Therefore, on the basis of this evaluation of the information, it is considered to be highly improbable that reports of unidentified aerial objects examined in this study represent observations of technological developments outside of the range of present-day scientific knowledge. It is emphasized that there has been a complete lack of any valid evidence of physical matter in any case of a reported unidentified aerial object.

THE END



Only 50 miles skyward, a 70 degree temperature (on the earth's surface) will drop down to minus 150 degrees, and climb all the way up to about 3,500 degrees 250 miles away from the earth.



WE NEED NOT FEAR THE ALIENS

By REV. NEAL HARVEY

Almost every aspect of the U.F.O. problem has been explored and reexplored except the spiritual aspect. Whether this neglect bears any significance is an aspect in itself. In an effort to get a new viewpoint, we contacted Reverend Neal Harvey, world traveler, explorer, author, and theologian. His comments certainly open a startling new channel for consideration and may well stimulate important reappraisals of our world-situation.

ONLY TODAY I read that a government radar set had tracked four objects flying at 3600 miles per hour over California. I know that many people will be disturbed by this. Many of my own congregation already are.

The evidence that flying saucers exist is accumulating

so that we can no longer ignore it or call it a freak of nature. These objects are not things we have created. We know they exist and we must assume that they come from outer space. We must accept the realities of life as we know it today, and live with them.

In my work as a minister

I strive to keep in touch with the things which go on each day—to keep in touch with the realities so that I can try to help my people with their problems. They have fears. We are all beset with them and it is very difficult for us to have faith today. I cannot withdraw into mystic realms of contemplation for my congregation have very real needs to which I must, with God's help answer. Many of them are frightened by the flying saucers.

It is growing more and more difficult to keep our faith in God in the face of the Atomic Age. The flying saucers have caused many of the people to come to me with their fears about them. I do not know what these objects are but I do know that they are not harmful or hostile in their intent.

The thing we must remember is that God is love. And since this is so and since He created the universe He wants life to love life. In His universe we are but tiny things. Perhaps our whole world is as an atom in a mote of dust floating in a shaft of sunlight in relation to that awesome universe. But God says, "—Be not afraid . . . for the Lord thy God is with

thee, . . ." and we must have faith and fear not. I can only help those who fear the saucers if they can have faith. God created the universe and all life in it. He loves that life and wants it to love itself and not be hostile to itself.

If we had been less hostile and more loving of life in all its forms, but especially in the form of our fellows, we would have progressed much further in the achievement of space travel. From the beginnings of man we have been hostile and power-seeking for what we called security. We have fought and tried to conquer each other. We bred hate instead of love with our conquests. Even now our thoughts have been largely directed to the use of atomic power for defense and security and self gain in this sense, so that we are against ourselves in that all men are ourselves.

The very fact that we have thought in terms of using atomic energy for war has kept us from using the talent and brains of those men who create this energy, turning it to more useful and peaceful ways. If we had used their talents toward space travel or for the benefit of man instead of in a destructive way, who can say that we might not have been to another

planet and back by now? We waste our energies and talents in hostility and "security" and dissipate our love for each other in so doing. I live through your living as you do mine and what I have to give of love is yours for the taking just as yours is for me.

Our great need is love and we are unable to have enough faith in it to accept it when we are offered it. We more often than not don't even recognize it but think it is a fake love being offered us for some ulterior purpose. "What is he wanting now," is usually our reaction to an offer of any kind, and especially between nations today.

This is our sin and our defeat.

Our very life is choked by it. We are thus living in the past and not the moment. As Lot's wife was turned to salt for looking backward so are we just as symbolically frozen with fear of pain or death when we approach the unknown with the past as a rule book. *There are no rules.* And though this may seem insane to some, it is the rule-bound person who can not move and who must escape into a world of complete unreality and fantasy which is truly insanity.

To experience the moment with all our feelings is terribly difficult but we can return to what we once knew how to do and have forgotten. Children have this ability to experience the feelings of the moment and to know pain or joy as it comes to them and have faith in their feelings. As we grow older we lose this ability until we forget who and what we are. It is the faith of our feelings which is lost and thus our faith in God, ourselves, and our own kind. We are no longer able to trust one another or believe in our good will. This is our most tragic loss and cuts us off from each other until we seem to live in a glass box through which we can see but not communicate with each other, no matter how loud we may shout.

This is the dreadful aloneness we feel in ourselves today and there are constant complaints about it from people everywhere yet no one seems to understand why. The answer is very simple, so simple in face that it is very difficult to achieve.

It is to love one another.

But this is far from easy. It involves seeing and knowing each other for what we are and accepting what we

find without demanding that we fit some old rule which no longer has validity today. Each moment forms us anew and no rules hold because a rule for the old is dead and static and each moment is a new one. It involves seeing the difference in each other and taking pleasure in it as simply as one might take pleasure in the difference in each snowflake for no two are alike and neither are we.

It means letting go our fears and material desires and our wish to be secure in them and in the security of power and the rule books. This is not easy and creates an anxiety that is dreadfully hard to bear at first. But if one can dare to face this anxiety, realizing that it is the result of being free for the first time and that freedom holds no security in our ordinary terms, the anxiety gradually lessens and faith is born.

When the Oriental philosopher said to go to the center of the flame to escape the heat of suffering, he merely meant to open up ourselves and cease to resist its source and recognize it for what it was, to experience it without fighting it. This resistance, which comes from the wish to go by the past made rules, causes the

anguish but when we cease to resist and truly experience the moment as it is, peace comes to us and the suffering and fear lessen until finally we feel them no more.

Then our faith is restored and we can experience each moment as it comes and know fully and truly who and what we are. When we know this, fear is gone along with our external rules and demands to be secure, strong and powerful, hostile and mistrustful. We can meet each new experience with the faith we need and know that we can feel whatever comes with the strength and joy of living. We can trust each other and love one another for what we are and most of all, love ourselves and life from any source in the universe. We cease to be isolated and alone.

To be secure in ordinary terms is to have no fear of the future or the past because of some material or external thing, but to be secure in the terms of faith is to let go of these externals and find the internal security of experiencing life.

We are never the same from moment to moment and to catch one moment and call it life is like catching a zoological specimen and preserving it. You are left with the

form of life but there is no life left in it, it is dead and motionless. Most of our lives have become dead. Even though motion remains it moves according to a rigid set pattern which has only the form but no life. For life is ever changing and disintegrating and forming anew. Life can not be held and preserved or it becomes dead. The only way life can be of any value is to experience it moment by moment and to apply no rules of the past to it, to accept the moment for what it is and this includes the pain as well as the joy and to know these moments as deeply and feelingfully as it is possible for us to do.

Let us suppose a man comes to me with his fears of the future and more specifically the future which must include flying saucers. If I tell him to experience that fear, he will say that is what he is telling me about. But that is precisely the point, he is telling *about* his fear and he is not truly experiencing them; if he were he would forget his "self" as separated from his fears and not be divided from that experiencing. When finally he learns that this division against himself is merely his trying to escape those fears—

to find a way out—and that there is no escape, but that they, those fears, are the reality of the moment, then he will relax and cease to be divided and the fear will go out of him and faith will take its place.

The flying saucers may simply be another step in the evolvment of life in the universe. The evolvment of life is God's manner of creation. We must open up to this evolvment and not resist life for that is destructive to life and hindering to growth and thus life itself. It is hostile to life and from this hostility come all our pain and none of our joy.

We came from outer space ourselves and though we have no memory of it, we are composed of the elements of that universe God created. Who can say from what ancient pole, from what far antipode the softly shifting stardust came. From what nor where the atoms came to form the cells thus flung cleaving together in rhythmic surges of ecstasy to become one, then two. And with surging speed of joyous growth become countless as the stardust itself to be expelled in spasmodic thrust with lusty shouts of terror and cries of pain from the dark and floating

warmth into outer cold and troubled fury to light and sensing and being, to become one again, unlike any other.

And who knows what vast cosmic force created the star-dust to form these wondrous creatures, this race of man. Nor how came life within them making each his own self, each different yet destined for a specific one among the teeming dust of the universe that they should create again the miracle of life for themselves.

This was God's way of forming us and the universe we exist in. Who knows where in that universe we stand or what our destiny shall be. We exist in such small ticks of time and it is so vast that we, as we are, shall never know. And our only means of glimpsing any part of it is to open the gates of our being to experiencing in miniscule, the part of it that is given us. This part though small in the vast schemes of things, is enough, for we are not evolved enough to experience more than a fragment of it. The infinite depths of ourselves is a constant wonder and amazement to us when we being to know love and truly experience the facets of ourselves, one and another.

Each man is different from

every other man and when the barriers are broken down through experiencing and opening up to each other without fear of pain the world within each is so fast as to seem another universe.

Communication begins between men with the sensing and experiencing of life and then the sense of being cut off starts to fade and the glass cage shatters and we are no longer alone nor lonely.

It is only when we retreat from each other in fear of pain or through mistrust or conquest that the glass cage again forms and the division within us comes to make us frantic at our loss of faith.

When we can take the moment for whatever it brings and clasp it to us with anticipation, no matter what it contains, and feel the true experiencing of that moment with a wholeness of being, then faith is in us and we know what life is.

It is when we go against the stream of life that we are destructive of ourselves and our fellow man. It seems that man has spent the greater portion of his history going against this stream through his ignorance and wish for "security" which was only apparent. Our wars have been

against this stream and used our resources both material and spiritual. We have dissipated our inner selves because we did not know that self existed or had forgotten it somewhere in the furor we had created.

We became dead to the sound of our souls speaking so softly in the fury of the days we had created to build power and security. It is a sad commentary on our state of inner faith that we must have an imagined threat such as the flying saucers to make us turn to God and seek our faith once more.

The fear of the unknown is with us still and we shall have to learn anew to experience the moment. To open up to it and accept life in all its newness and wonder. Remembered things are static and only the *now* is ever alive.

Each moment we are thrust into the unknown as a child is thrust through birth into the world and it can only be our trust in God and our faith which takes us from moment to moment with joy and aliveness. Time will pass and no one can stop it, thus we are thrust into a new moment regardless of all our precautions and securities. Those who resist fail to see the excitement

and wondrous beauty of each moment as it exists in reality and do not receive the sense of life and rhythm that goes with the experiencing of it. It is such a waste and such a dreadful loss to each of us who are unable to receive life fully and have the faith it takes to receive this beautiful gift from God.

The flying saucers may well be such a gift. Certainly we not fear them for God loves the life he has created and if we need proof we can remember that he promised Noah that he would never destroy that life again. Thus it is clear that he would never give to any form of life which would use such forces against life, the knowledge to create that force.

The flying saucers can not be any threat to us because God would certainly not allow any form of life the power of space travel if their intent were hostile to other life, particularly when such force necessary for such travel could so easily destroy this life.

Very likely the beings inside the saucers are long beyond wars and we are simply making the flying saucers into symbols of our own terrors of the unknown. Have faith!

THE END