

man-made
ufo

by... Ivan T. Sanderson

What do we actually mean when we talk of UFOs? Are they unidentified, or can we guess at their origin?

IN PREVIOUS articles we have discussed the general possibility and the degree of probability that there may be objects dwelling in or entering our atmosphere from outside that have not yet been caught or examined, and which have therefore not yet been identified, described, or even explained. In these discussions, we put forward four basic propositions as to what at least some of them could be. We also analyzed cursorily the behavior of these so-called UFOs as described by those who have seen them or allege that they have seen them; and this in conjunction with what has been published about the observation of these things by radar and certain other mechanical devices such as motion-picture cameras, and so forth.

In each of these five previous articles we have mentioned at the outset that there are four basic suggestions, or categories of possibility, but we have so far dealt only with three of them. At the same time, it was clearly stated that the fourth would have some time to be tackled even though it may perhaps not properly fall within the purview of Ufology. In fact, if this unpleasant

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subject warrants an airing—and in our opinion, it most certainly does—it should be pointed out that it ought to be regarded rather as an outcrop of that underlying strata of *Science-Fiction* that permeates the whole basis of our culture, not only as the modern fairy tale but as the very lifeblood of our imagination and thus the sparkplug of our hypotheation in matters technical and in many scientific.

This fourth rather ominous possibility is—to cut the guff—that *some* UFOs (at least to us, the ordinary, or common public) are man-made. Let us proceed.

First, it is altogether manifest that not *all* UFOs have been made by human beings—unless, of course, human beings have been around for much longer than the sciences of anthropology and zoology believe, and have been greatly more advanced technically than history would give us to suppose. If you can prove that human beings, more or less identical to ourselves, and genetically related to us however far back, dwell on other planets in our solar system, or on other "astronomical" bodies or satellites thereof, no such positive assertion can of course be made. There is no evidence of this that I know of, though it is alleged that manufactured articles were dropped out of the sky into the seas in Cretaceous times (or perhaps teleported into the deposits laid down below those seas at a later date; see *FU*, May, 1958). Be that as it may, history,

since first recorded, is literally stuffed full of ufological reports, and the Bible—a very excellent treatise, whether you regard it as Holy Writ or not—is full of "sightings." As we have constantly pointed out, Mr. Kenneth Arnold, stout soul that he is and defender of integrity that he may be, was not by any means the first to sight UFOs, and lenticular-shaped ones at that. If you do not believe this, please go to a library and read—not the works of the estimable Charles Fort—but the Proceedings of the Royal Society of London for the middle decades of the last century. They believed in the unknown in those days!

Unless, then, *Men* (and presumably also women) have been around for a very long time and working with a very high degree of technology, not all UFOs can be man-made. But still, can some of them be so? The answer—and it is irrefutable—is Yes. The vast majority of UFOs *are* manmade.

Here we run into a slight semantic mess that must be eradicated forthwith. Unfortunately "readers-digestism" has so influenced our reading habits that the essentialness of the "qualifying" word or statement nowadays tends to be missed and thus entirely ignored. This is a very dangerous tendency and is going to get us into a lot more trouble than we have already experienced on this score with the Communists in the U.N. Those persons, and particularly the Russians, lay

more store by the qualifying word than, sometimes, they do by their general statement. We must learn to watch out for and pounce upon qualifying statements, otherwise we are literally doomed. Likewise, when I say that *some* UFOs *could* be *man-made*, I do not mean either that all of them are, that I *think* all of them are, or even that they are necessarily made by *Man*. (It could be women or machines, for instance.) In this case, however, *Unidentified* is the "qualifying word."

It may surprise you to know, and it ought to thoroughly alarm you to hear, that hundreds perhaps thousands of *unidentified* objects pass through our much vaunted radar defense screen every day and night, are duly reported to Air Force filter centers and are never heard of again or—as far as the spotters know—identified. Likewise, dozens or even hundreds more are reported daily and nightly by moonwatch teams (a silly title if there ever was one), weathermen, military and civilian airfield personnel including radar operators and others in the control tower; hundreds more by military and civilian, both company and private, pilots; and dozens more by startled or bewildered citizens in all walks of life, of all ages, in all parts of the country, and often in very large numbers—*vide*, Levelland, Texas, in November last.

This is alarming, especially when it shows that at least one aspect of

our national defense is either inadequate, lackadaisical, or so fiendishly secret and clever that it knows everything in advance or can deduce it immediately from the slimmest data given by a harrassed amateur sky-watcher. I don't believe the latter and I horribly suspect the former. If I am right, literally thousands of *unidentified* things are buzzing back and forth over our national borders through our best planned defensive spotting schemes and screens. What are they, we would like to know?

Now, here is where the semantic matter comes in. Just because these objects are *not* identified does not mean that they *could* not be identified. Moreover, to be simply rational one may feel fairly confident in saying that the great majority of them could be identified if they were photographed close up; or may, indeed, actually *be* identified if our Defense organizations *are* really alert and frightfully advanced in their methods and superlatively efficient in their coordination of all reports of every plane and balloon in the air and its exact position at every instant. This also I doubt. It is also only reasonable—and I sincerely hope that I am not wrong—to suppose that the very great majority of similar reports from all the other sources listed above, and from primitive tribesmen, worried astronomers (and there are a few now), and others, are similarly of objects that *could* be identified if only the spotters had had the means

or the instruments to bring them into adequate focus.

So what might these UFOs, but potential IFOs (Identified FOs), be?

First of all there are today a very large number of military, commercial, and privately owned planes cruising about our skies at all altitudes, twenty-four hours a day, and 365 days a year. Although most military planes are on training or scheduled flights and nearly all commercial planes run at appointed times and on prescribed routes, the exact whereabouts of a high percentage of these is not precisely known at any one moment. Winds and other meteorological factors necessitate almost minute to minute deviations from the best planned procedures and all manner of other hazards call for complete changes of plan. Actually, few planes carry radar and many neither follow radio beams nor even keep in constant contact with the ground. Military planes wander about or dart all over the lot. Private planes constitute a web of confusion so extensive and so great as to be a real menace. They come and go at will and often on mere impulse, while the number of "private" pilots, although properly licensed, that are irresponsible or really incompetent is extremely alarming. I know personally of several cases of idiots stealing or "borrowing" planes and flying all over the country without logging an hour of flight or being stopped by anyone. Then, the number of planes

that have and still do disappear altogether verges on the fantastic but is never mentioned either officially or seriously in print.

Then, we have quite a lot of largely financed organizations who spend their whole time hauling into position, inflating, and launching balloons of all kinds, from small but very efficient spherical jobs for meteorological purposes to monstrous aerial zoophytes for cosmic-ray and upper upper atmosphere research. These things go up and up and sometimes don't burst on cue; they mount into winds of all manner of velocities even into the jet-streams, and may go rushing merrily back and forth all over the place. You should see some of the Air Force tracings of identified balloons. Some go straight off to places like Paris, France; others often mill around towns like Milwaukee as if they couldn't resist its smoggy emanations. Many of these lighter than air jobs may whisk across radar barriers or get in front of an astronomer's distantly focussed telescope.

So also may birds. Migrating birds are a damned nuisance to almost everybody. They are supposed to have set "flyways" and to stick to them and to a respectably tight schedule twice a year but they are lousy navigators and often wander all over the lot. Sometimes, due either to loose otoliths or something, they foul up their readings of the Coriolis Effect, or Magnetism, or whatever they use to find their way over long distances and

may be quite clearly seen in binoculars ploughing happily along in the wrong direction to the hysterical discomfort of their brethren who are stolidly heading for their seasonal promised land. Also, some birds fly frightfully high—the Lammergeier of the Himalayas has been encountered wheeling amiably around half a mile above Mount Everest, oxygen deficiency or no oxygen deficiency. Birds can sometimes, at low levels, reflect light from the ground, even as Ruppelt hath it, anent the “Lubbock lights,” in his book.

All this is very disturbing to a dedicated moonwatcher or CD chappie but then along come also the shooting stars, bolides, proper meteorites, ball-lightning (if it really exists), tectites (if they do), pieces of half-burned copies of Sunday newspapers from furiously belching incinerator shafts in skyscrapers, gliders out of control, hail, assorted bits falling off planes (and they do), and now—so help them—these hunks of crystalline ice such as have been peppering eastern Pennsylvania for the last six months. If you add to this Charlie Fort's galaxy of rains of blood, seeds, coke, fish, frogs, *et alia* you may wonder why the average conscientious skywatcher does not give up heretofore, and the sincere Ufologist tomorrow. Isn't this enough to explain all the UFOs actually seen and reported?

Perhaps it is, but then comes the real rub. Exactly what planes are

those planes that make up a proportion of these UFOs-might-be-IFOs? Where do they come from, and *could* they all be accounted for? If lots of unidentified and perhaps unauthorized planes (or balloons, or other objects) are riding high over us, often in plain sight but positively unidentifiable and even more positively unstoppable, who is to say that some of them are *not* made by man? And, if they are man-made, just what men made them?

This brings up another whole question.

Any engineer can tell you that it takes literally *years* to get a new form of plane into the air from the time that it is conceived in rough on a drawing board. Further, you don't have to be an engineer to realize that, however desperately the Russians may be working, technology advances only just so fast. The mad, or sane, scientific genius working alone in his attic (no, that's artists) or cellar (that's better) just does not exist any more, if he ever did. Today, technology is a collective affair and mostly advanced by teamwork. Great strides are made but nothing can stay really secret for long, even behind an iron curtain, and, what is more, humanity seems to have a sort of corporative mind so that all its thinkers sort of move along together throughout the world, none ever getting very far ahead of all the others. Actually, an entirely original idea is probably impossible: new ideas come

from chance discoveries made while building up old ideas. Thus, a whole new concept of aerodynamics or of propulsion is extremely unlikely to crop up spontaneously and suddenly and quite secretly, some where, and then be developed to efficiency without the rest of the world getting at least an inkling of it. Nonetheless, there is something that can mitigate against this and, in fact, possibly counteract it. This is plain stupidity.

The principle of the rocket has been known for thousands of years. It is alleged that some person in China discovered it. Perhaps it was the Pekin Ape-Men, *Pithecanthropus sinensis*, for they had fire and one of them may well have stuffed a hollow leg-bone of a wild horse with something and set light to it after it had dried or just hit it with a stone, and it "went off." It can be done, you know. Anyhow, the Chinese were setting off rocket fire-crackers in early days; the ancient Greeks used rockets to smear their maritime rivals with a primitive napalm; the British used rockets to attack Indian ports in the seventeenth century; and A. Lincoln was much concerned with new developments in rocketry during the Civil War. Nevertheless, prior to the first world war no one but a single gallant Frenchman—why is it always a Frenchman?—ever thought of or tried to apply rocketry to the propulsion of a vehicle. This delightful bloke built a rocket, invited a lot of savants to take a day out of

Paris, climbed aboard the thing wearing a top hat and tail coat, grasped a pair of reins, lit the fuse and roared into the sky—for some hundreds of yards—turned several somersaults and then blew up. It was all over in a few seconds. The savants are said to have shrugged their shoulders, looked at each other, said "*Eh bien, mon vieux,*" and returned to Paris. True rocket propulsion was shelved.

During World War II, our Allied intelligence became increasingly alarmed about this business, however, because the idiot and apparently otherwise rather dumb Nazis had become deeply interested in the matter and were known to be toying with the very sound mechanical principles pioneered by the German Rocket Society of which none other than Willy Ley, known to all sciencefictioneers, had been secretary. The next thing they knew was that they had on their front doorsteps not only the V-1 or buzz-bomb, a jet-engined device paralleling the jet-engine of the Britisher, Whitted (another case of parallel thinking, it seems), but also the V-2, a genuine, fullblown rocket of horrible proportions. But worse was suspected to be about to come. Luckily Patton broke through, and we got there just in time. What was really going on we, the public, do not know to this day, but there is a wealth of information lying around in the open for any discerning person to pick up, read, digest, and become thoroughly alarmed

about. It comes in many languages, and in many ways, and from all sorts of odd places, and it has to do with quite a lot of different horrid ideas but it all adds up to one major fact.

The Germans were, by the end of the war, quite far advanced along a very new line in an old, old field. The old field was rocketry (and jet propulsion if you will); the new line was aerodynamics. *Some*—and this is a fully qualifying word—of the results went swiftly to the other side of the Iron Curtain.

A great deal has been written about this, a lot of it hogwash, some of it calculatedly misleading, and a lot more of it hysterical. But there are some stories that I don't like. These concern the oft-called "V-7."

This holds, for me at least, a rather special interest because I got some of it firsthand, entirely by chance, from an engineer who was working in Germany during the war. Further, I have substantially the same story from magazine articles in three languages, and a semiofficial confirmation from a source that ought to know what it is talking about, unless it was trying to be deliberately misleading. The V-7, it should be explained, is said to have been a lenticular shaped airplane, with a revolving (or circulating) flange around its edge, that is alleged to have been able to take off almost vertically and then to whoosh through the sky at any angle, banking and making turns that would

defy any winged plane. It is also sometimes alleged actually to have flown before the collapse of Germany. Now this is what came to me.

It so happened that a lady living in Connecticut had a cage-bird that she had brought from South America and that she loved very much. She was German and had emigrated to this country via South America with her husband, an engineer.

She had recently had a baby, and the bird not only kept it awake all day by peeping but became very jealous of its arrival and started attacking the child's eyes. The lady gave the bird away three times but each time the recipient brought it back because it made too much noise and they could do nothing with it. Then, this lady heard of my little private zoo and that we were kind to our animals and made pets of them all. After much trouble she obtained my firm's phone number and I happened—and I mean happened, because it is a rare occurrence—to answer the phone myself. She poured out her woes and begged me to take the bird. I agreed to do so most gratefully and we made arrangements that she should drive into New York the next day to deliver it. She duly appeared with her baby, the bird, *and* her husband who had no idea who I might be. We exchanged pleasantries and housed the bird. Then I started to excuse myself as I had to leave for a radio show later.

The lady asked me whether I was going to talk about animals. I replied no; and added that, curiously, I was going to talk about "flying saucers," and went on to explain rather hastily that I did not believe in *all* that sort of stuff but that I did feel convinced there are some truly unidentified objects floating or flying about in our atmosphere. The result of this statement was startling. Her husband said simply, "I know there are. I worked as an engineer at a factory outside Munich which supplied the engines for the V-7."

In the conversation which followed, this engineer then told me about a fantastic plane developed by the Germans. These planes were powered by eight engines, each representing an equivalent of 5,500 HP, arranged around the circulating flange at an angle of variable degrees to the lenticular axis of the plane, and two on the upright tail structure. The former engines were used for lift and propulsion, the two latter mostly for steering and stabilization, just as the little propeller at the side of the tail of a 'copter keeps the body from turning contrary to the rotation of the blades. He further said that the prototype had been flown and that it carried enough of its "special fuel" to fly around the world. Further, the speed was developed in short boosts after which kinetic energy took over. The perfectly designed shape of the plane permitted it to cut through the sky and to float like a violently thrown disc. This

allowed it theoretically to not only coast but to maneuver for an indefinite time without appreciable loss of speed. Hitler inspected the prototype; the first two official test flights (not the first plant tests) were made in his presence. These test flights took place over the Baltic Sea, and test reports revealed that these "flying saucers" had reached an altitude of 20 km (12.5 miles) within 16 seconds, equal to an uplift speed of 2,800 miles per hour. They were designed so as to cruise at an altitude of 40 km (25 miles). More of these "saucers" were completed and there was a whole factory full of parts for still more, including a considerable stockpile of their special rocket tubes.

Now, here comes the interesting part. When the War was over and the Allies—up to that point military friends—regarded each other as brothers, a Russian detachment, suddenly and as if from nowhere, rolled up to the factory with a large supply train and empty heavy transport. They marched straight into the factory premises, loaded up finished V-7 parts, as many essential parts as they could, took other parts out of every unfinished engine, emptied the drafting offices of all blueprints, and, to cap all this, herded all the technologists they could grab into closed trucks, and then left for an unknown destination. This was under the Reparations agreements. The Russians had already got the V-7 plants while combing East

Germany. Now they had the engines and the brains needed for the developing of these flying machines.

This story, if true, is sad enough but this man's account of what followed is even sadder. He tells me that the Americans went around looking for anything that resembled military machinery but seemed totally disinterested in anything else, and least of all in the great pile of rocket tubes designed for this alleged V-7. Then, they told the factory to get back to work making any damned thing they liked as long as it was not a plane or a piece of military equipment. They did, and this is where even the new German management got its big shock.

As there was no new steel available and little scrap, they simply cannibalized their own stockpiles including the engines for the V-7s but when they came to the rocket tubes they found to their amazement that no conventional methods could be applied for melting them down; only when employing the greatest heat and the best furnaces they could get—and they had the best—were they able to master them and to reshape this mysterious metal into blocks for gasoline engines, so badly needed at that time. Even when my friend left, years later, there was still a considerable number of rocket parts lying on the "scrap pile."

Now, this is but one of several almost equally hair raising stories that I have been told but it is one of the best in its field and it should

suffice to make several of my points clear. There is confirmation of a sort from both sides of this picture. First, Vladimir Sjabinski, who was with the Russian occupation forces, describes the 20 kilometers long tunnels in the mountain six kilometers north of Nordhausen that sheltered the surviving factory for the assembling of the V-2. He counted more than a thousand machines for the production of V-1 robots. "The store-rooms were filled with reserve parts for the rockets, special steel, copper plates, and extremely complicated instruments, intended for radio-steering." (Literal transl.) Everything that could be moved, and the workers and engineers who'd been employed at the plant and who were still in the district, were sent to Russia by the NKVD. The author quotes the Russian police major who supervised this as stating that the Americans had left behind "an almost complete set of blue-prints for the V-weapons, and in addition to this some drawings of larger rockets, among them the inter-continental A-9/A-10." Most of Germany's leading rocket research people had left Nordhausen with the Americans (who had first occupied the area), but by "combing" East Germany, the Russian police, Sjabinski adds, were able to locate some experts. Others were kidnapped from West Germany.

Manufacturers, be they governmental or purely commercial, customarily number their products

serially and the Germans are perhaps the most picky people on earth in this respect. So here we have rocket devices No. 1 (the Buzzbomb), No. 2 (the V-2), and Nos. 9 and 10 (on the drawing board). What happened to Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8? Perhaps they were all duds; perhaps not. A young American recently returned from Germany says, it is alleged, that he was shown a lenticular-shaped "plane" or aeroform on a Czechoslovakian airfield, that had a continuous series of rectangular ports around its periphery, each containing in its mouth a moveable and vertical vane. The plane also had a vertical flange (at one side, as he put it), which formed triangles above and below the periphery. From these, he said, two cannon-mouths protruded.

This description fits almost exactly that of my engineer friend, if we suggest that the two "cannon-mouths" on the "tail" fins are rocket vents, and if we consider one other point. The frontal air-intake vents on the V-1 contained a series of vanes, like a venetian blind that automatically controlled the amount of air- (oxygen) going into and needed by the engine. It is quite possible that a similar device was found necessary to control fuel consumption in this V-7—at least for its main peripheral engines but not for its guiding tail jets.

Unless this and the considerable supporting evidence for it that I have seen is all a tissue of lies or a

deliberate propaganda plant, it means that technology did take a considerable jump in Germany during the last full war. Second, it would indicate that the Russians were aware of this and of its potential, and that they got there first. Third, they being agile, aggressive, in *some* respects terrifyingly open-minded, and constantly pushed on by the threat of imminent disaster from within, would not have sat on such a choice morsel but have put the metallurgists they seemed to want so much to work along with their own excellent engineers. Two years later they *could* have been maneuvering in formation around Mount Rainier, looking for a plane they had inadvertently downed thereabouts two days before, to see if there were any possible survivors. They would have been plainly visible to Mr. Kenneth Arnold. And, *his* "flying saucers" banked and twisted at incredible speeds and *skittered* through or *over* the air, just as my friend says the V-7 did.

But, everybody will say, if the Russians or anybody else have had such an efficient aeroform for over ten years, why don't they either keep the things a dead secret in their own territory, attack us now, or, alternatively, why do they bother to send up Sputniks with rockets and make intercontinental ballistics weapons? These are good points but they are not good enough in a world of cold war or in an all out fight to conquer the world. There could be a dozen reasons why they don't use them

offensively; they may be much more useful for reconnaissance, for propaganda, or for intimidation. They may have inherent deficiencies or limitations. They may need some special very rare something to make them go, so that their number is limited. They may just not want to use them yet, except for exploration. As long as the western public scoffs at UFOs, why should they worry? They can come in over our radar net by day or night, high up or low down, do what they will, including shooting down planes with irksome people in them, and flit off again either *unidentified* or just because nobody can catch them. Presumably, also, they could land almost anywhere; and this brings us to another alarming point.

Let us go back for a moment to the events at the end of World War II in Europe. As I mentioned above, a great deal of *baloney* has been written about what we found or what some people said they found inside Germany after its collapse. Until recently, however, most of this was obviously platitudinous and not very informative though, there were a number of most curiously detailed articles in foreign (to us) language magazines, and notably in South America. Recently, however, all sorts of bald statements have begun to appear, almost all, if not all of which seem to most fully confirm both my engineer friend as quoted above and the said esoteric Latin-American articles.

Take, first of all, what one UI-

bricht von Rittner, allegedly a former officer of the Technical Services of the Wehrmacht, says in two chapters of a book, VIENEN LOS PLÁTILLOS VOLANTES, the rest of which was written by Enrique Miguel Borges, published in the April-May 1958 issue of *Saucer News*, edited by James Moseley of Fort Lee, N. J.

In this, Von Rittner tells us that there was a "Joint Intelligence Objective Committee" — presumably jointly "Allied"—that was empowered to "gather all products of German science and take them to the United States." This, he says, resulted in 1500 tons of secret papers being taken to and then sold in the U. S. to any bidders at the price of \$1 per sheet and which, he also asserts, were snapped up by the Russians. Among these papers were complete blueprints of a 52-ton rocket, itemized the A-4, and devised to travel at 6000 m.p.h. He further mentions another device, also calculated to go at 6000 m.p.h. (named the A-10) and far enough to have carried a two-ton load of TNT from Germany to New York in thirty minutes. Most significant is his statement that, among over a hundred separate designs for pilotless missiles, two—the V-8 and V-9 (he probably means the A-8 and A-9)—were *lenticular* in form, which is to say "saucer-shaped" to all us benighted idiots who believe our Press and who have either never looked at a saucer in a kitchen or who cannot describe its shape accu-

rately. Then, after a lot of very interesting observations, Herr von Rittner gets back to these particular two devices and blandly gives us specifications for them that exactly coincide with those given by my engineering friend. These include a peripheral flange, powered by jet (or rocket) engines set at an angle of 45 degrees, whirling around a central lense-shaped cabin, housing the main power control unit, fuel and so forth, the latter being specified as "oxygen, alcohol, compressed air, peroxyde (sic), and hydrogen."

This information—if true—is, to say the least, "informative," but it brings forward several further worthwhile ideas. Von Rittner himself points out that many of the designers of these two particular "missiles" *did* get to the U. S. but that others were grabbed by Russia, and he seems to feel that both parties have most probably continued their researches and should have developed at least workable examples of these machines. Further, this development *should* (not could) have been very rapid in view of the facts that, not only the plans for them but much of the engineering research on their construction had already been done but also because both the Russians and the Americans were extremely eager to get them into the air and had enormous technical and industrial resources to back up and put into effect their desires. He seems to feel, in fact, that one or the other, or both, had them in the air by

1947—hence Kenneth Arnold's shock.

Herr von Rittner as quoted by *Saucer News*, says a lot else, much of it most interesting and apparently sober but some of it manifestly as far off the rails as everything else that has ever been written about this loathesome problem—by which I mean UFOs, *not* guided missiles. He, like almost everybody else, falls into the bottomless pit of illogicality when he starts—as he does—talking about "*The Saucers*" as if they were only one kind of thing, though he does admit (as herein quoted at one point) as saying that, if "they" are proved to be above a certain size, "then, the extraterrestrial theory of their origin must be true after all." (Note: I would point out that the *theory* of their origin is *not* extraterrestrial but entirely *terrestrial*; and that he does not specify just which or what "theys" he is talking about—Author.)

Other evidence of a confirmatory nature comes from an entirely different and altogether more impressive source. This is the well respected British magazine entitled *FLYING*, the official journal of the Royal Air Force, published rather naturally in London. In its issue for June, 1958 (price one shilling and sixpence) is an article entitled "Rocket Arsenal," being an account of the investigation by British Intelligence of Hitler's surface and underground factories for the manufacture of these "V" (as we call them) or "A" weapons.

This also is a rather sad story of complete initial misunderstanding by the Allies of the extent and importance of German rocketry—and, I suspect, a basic misunderstanding of the importance of anything that we, on our side, had not already thought of, which seems to be the chief characteristic of our dying civilization. However, after the usual bungling, with Americans dashing about and missing the point, and the British doing nothing, somebody actually got moving and sent a team to have a second look. And what they found then has to be read to be comprehended. This was the team that asked the first *intelligent* questions of such outstanding scientists as Wernher von Braun, now our greatest standby, and who alone seems to have at all appreciated just what was going on. And here again we read of the same "missiles" numbered one to ten; of the same radio controls; of the same things

that fell on Sweden; and again of the endless trains of machines, parts, experts, and even workers that meandered off east into Russia.

To sum up, there is just so much published evidence now that the Germans had both blueprinted and built experimentally, lense-shaped guided missiles before the end of the war that it is perfectly useless for any government spokesman or retired general to try and convince anybody that there never was such a thing or, what is even more idiotic, that neither we ourselves nor the Russians have carried on the experiments, made the damned things, and flown them. Further, if these devices are *not manned*, they could do anything Mr. Kenneth Arnold's first "saucers" did.

Take it as certain that 75% of reported UFOs *could* be IFOs and that 99% of those that are, are man-made.

NEXT MONTH—

We have a rendezvous with Fear in

Stanley Mullen's story, LET THE DREAM DIE

Our chances in Space are discussed in

Lester del Rey's new article SURVIVAL IN SPACE

We enter the Palace of Medusa in

Clark Ashton Smith's SYMPOSIUM OF THE GORGON

Steve Vannevar fights to save a burning world in

Lee Chaytor's exciting novelet OPERATION DISASTER

and

We meet the extraordinary Boliver Chadwick in

William F. Nolan's LAP OF THE PRIMITIVE

—in **FANTASTIC UNIVERSE**