

Fantastic
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saucer
in
the
klondike

by . . . C. G. Scholtz

Life on this planet was a finite continuation of experiences begun a very long time ago when Man was young.

IT HAPPENED during that cold bleak winter of 1913-1914. I was marooned in my cabin in the Yukon Klondike area of Canada by a severe blizzard, and that evening I was seated in a large old-fashioned rocker which had been presented to me some years before by an old prospector who was leaving for a visit to relatives in a city in the States, reading about that snow demon in the Himalayas, when I was conscious of a loud roar much too loud to be caused by the blazing logs in the fireplace, a necessity in this weather.

I went to the door, the entire snow covered countryside was lighted up as though by a huge searchlight. As my eyes grew accustomed to the light I was aware of a large cigar shaped machine the like of which I had never seen before, nor had I ever read in any fiction book about such an odd shaped machine which could apparently suspend itself motionless in the air.

While I stared in amazement from the bottom of the object descended a bowl of shining metal straight to the snow banks around the cabin and from the bowl step-

The author, who is an office manager for a group of insurance companies, writes that he finds it most amusing to tell these stories when with people who expect him to be, well, somewhat conservative—and are understandably shaken to hear him expound on these strange theories.

ped a giant of a man who strode straight toward me.

As he drew closer I saw he was clothed in what appeared to be shining armor, however, I learned later it was a cloth made from material unknown to man on this earth. He spoke a dialect I did not understand and when he observed my inability to comprehend he changed from one dialect to another until he finally spoke pure English.

I invited him inside, he stooped to enter, he was so tall, about 10 feet I judged, I offered him my old rocker for that was the best piece of furniture I possessed. As he sat down he inquired as to which section of the Earth he was in, I told him and he said, "Oh, yes," he remembered reading about Canada centuries before when he was on Earth as a member of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians.

By this time I had recovered from my surprise and started to ask him some questions myself. His statement about being on Earth before intrigued me. I told him I was completely dumfounded, in fact I thought I must be dreaming but I pinched myself and I sure was not dreaming.

He explained that he was stationed on a planet far out into space, not one of the planets attached to our galaxy but one he called Factor 8 which was four light years away from Earth (that would be the distance one would travel in four years going at the speed of 186,000 miles per second). He was not the

man from outer space, a man from Mars, which we read so much about today, he really was a man from outer space.

He further said that planet Factor 8 was the destination of all human beings on our Earth when they died, regardless of race, creed or color. When they arrived at Factor 8 they would assume the physical stature of him but not be flesh and blood as we know it here on Earth, they would be clothed in this special silver colored cloth which actually was their skin as near as I could understand his explanations.

On Factor 8 the inhabitants came from other planets as well as from Earth which would indicate there must be many inhabited planets in the Universe.

I asked my visitor to have a cup of tea but he refused saying all they needed for food and drink was one pill per day, that pill containing all elements needed for energy and any other requirements.

On Factor 8 there are no automobiles, airplanes and boats as we know them for there is no ground, water and very little air; the entire planet is composed of magnetic rock from which have been excavated huge underground rooms which house the population, factories and other things essential to their type of life.

Their transportation is individual, each person being supplied with his own anti-magnetic shoes which enables him to suspend himself above the rock or attach himself to the

rock simply by a button arrangement which changed the shoes from anti magnetism to magnetism; his forward movement came from his cap inside which was a small receiving set which could be set to follow any one of thousands of beams of energy which surrounded the planet, this made for swift travel to any point on the sphere.

Being of an inquisitive nature myself I asked what status did criminals and others who were bad during their lifetime on Earth have on Factor 8—did they have the same privileges etc. as others? What connection, if any, existed between the life span on Earth and that on Factor 8? He replied that as we had had a life on another planet before coming to Earth so life on Factor 8 was a continuation of a series of experiences all similar to a large Book with each episode a chapter in that book. We would never be able to get to Factor 8 by any other means than death. However those who had a bad record on Earth and on the planets before that were given a servant status to spend all their life working for those whose record warranted the positions of overlords, thus was the question of how does it happen so many can do wrong on Earth and apparently get away with it answered by the words ultimately they do not.

I asked what was the life span on his planet and he said 500 years to a day. On their 500th Birthday all must die but there were no deaths before reaching that age.

This phenomenon he could not explain. He said even with their greater scientific knowledge there were many questions still unanswered; undoubtedly some would become clear when they went to the next galaxy for the next chapter in the life parade.

I questioned him about the limit of our knowledge on Earth and he said very definitely man's minds could only fathom certain phases of life the rest were reserved for the future.

On Planet Factor 8 the population could pick up thought waves from Earth and thus keep in fairly close contact as far as events on Earth were concerned but they could not make themselves understood on Earth as we had not and probably would never advance to the knowledge permitting exchange of ideas between the planets.

While as he stated no one can advance ahead of their position in the life pattern, it was possible by the time one reached Planet Factor 8 to retrace their footsteps but only on special occasions. Periodically these super crafts, one of which was then hovering over the cabin, were sent out to check on the progress of man and on some occasions individuals were permitted to go along and visit their old folks on Earth but always they must wear a black cape which had the power to make them invisible to anyone on Earth.

This seemed to me might explain some of the stories of ghosts and

unexplainable events we read so much about these days.

Just at that moment a mosquito buzzed by and I asked what about insects on Factor 8. The answer was that the only insects were ones that ate rock and were the size of an ordinary cat. The population lived in fear of them but they could be and were killed at night and only at night. When darkness descended some strange numbness came over these insects and they lost their ability to fight and thus were easily ferretted out and killed. A special force was kept to handle this work.

By this time the fire in the fireplace had died down so I got up and went into the shed for some more logs and as I turned once again to talk with my strange visitor he pointed to the fire and said that was something unknown on Factor 8 as all their heat came from the interior of the planet itself and furthermore there were no trees and thus no lumber or logs on the planet.

At that moment I heard a low whistle, my visitor stiffened and arising from the chair thanked me for my hospitality and said he must return to his ship, that apparently the crew had repaired the magnetic compass so that they could proceed. It would be a long journey back, a four-year trip, but he must go. As he left the cabin he gave me a

small lead box and told me that some day it would bring me a fortune as it was uranium, naturally an unknown substance at that time.

He told me to bury it until my fellow men came upon the knowledge permitting them to use that element. I did that with much misgivings about the whole matter.

Since that day I have never dared mention to anyone about my experience. I even doubted my senses but with so many accounts of flying saucers today I feel that maybe I was fortunate to be the first to receive an official visitor on Earth from outer space.

You, my readers, must decide whether the above is possible or whether I actually fell asleep in the big chair by the fireplace that wintry night and dreamed the whole affair.

For my part I neither confirm nor deny. Oh yes, I am now on my way back to the site of that cabin, if I can find it after 40 years of storm, weather and neglect, which may have obliterated the building and landmarks, but I shall try to find that box and its contents not only for its present day value but more important to settle my own doubts and to present to the Scientific World proof of the facts until now only speculated on by the wildest imagination.