

PIC

JULY 25c

LAS VEGAS EXPOSED

Complete Story of Vice
By **BOB
CONSIDINE**



Joan Collins

**THE ARMY DID
THIS TO ME!**

By Baseball's Billy Martin

**OUR NEW WALL IN
THE U.S. SKY**

**What the British
Didn't Tell the World**



THE AUTHOR left, and Don Mills leaving their private plane. It was their experience at Paducah that is herewith described.

You Too Can Have A Flying Saucer

By **ROBERT R. KABLE**

IT WAS a rough ride from Leesburg, Georgia, to Paducah, Kentucky, an ominous fore-warning of events that evening. Our Bonanza streamed along at 2500 feet under a leadened ceiling which turned thoughts of the warm sun of the ranch and the idiotic gobbling of turkeys to a distaste of all things damp and clammy, including hometown weather.

As the day progressed, the radio reported more serious weather ahead; freezing rain, low ceilings, and a duke's mixture of fronts

which could mean anything could happen. It did!

The first indication of anything strange was our gyro compass. Apparently, some unique force was present for as dusk crept upon us it gradually lost its sense, finally ending in a diabolic spin which completely eliminated it as an instrument of navigation.

It was unusual that our talk that day had been of flying saucers—how pilots had stopped reporting them because of official ridicule which soon poured down on them.

Our party included my old friend, Don M., one of those rare people whose knowledge encompasses the range of stud poker, an intimate friendship with fine thoughts of all ages, and an appreciation of good whiskey, sparkling music, adroit craftsmanship and honest men. Our pilot, we counted as a friend and enjoyed his stories of army flying. Me, I like fat cattle in the feed lot, rain on a tin roof while fat-wood simmers in the fireplace, a good downhill ski run, all tempered by a healthy respect for Mother Nature's secret ways. You might say we were a pretty normal bunch of guys who would be likely to kick a flying saucer in the teeth to see what the reaction might be; we certainly aren't gullible, and yet it happened to us!

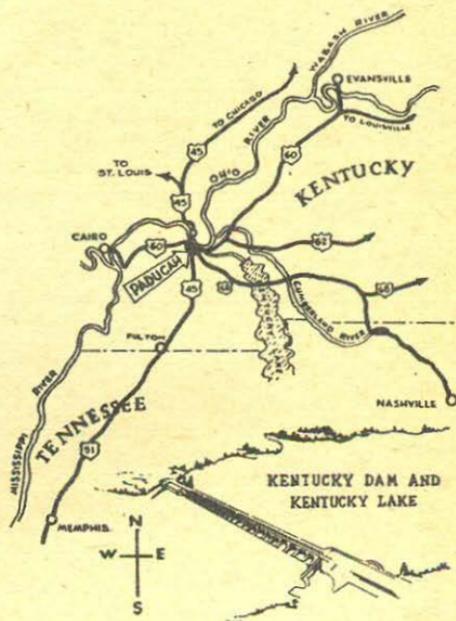
With our compass out, we found a most convenient railroad track which led us directly to the airport at Paducah. Because of the foul weather due, we could not get hangar space so tied down securely and caught a ride to town. As we left, we noticed two Air Force planes, one scouting the surrounding country and the other preparing to take off in the teeth of a weatherman's dilemma. Had we not been tired by the trip, our suspicions might have been aroused but as we look back we see that while no official announcement was made by the Air Force, it does tie in to subsequent events.

We checked in at the Irvin S. Cobb Hotel. While this fine hostelry has no historical connection with the famous man, its warmth, hospitality and food pay suitable homage to him. A shower, and a scouting trip around the block put us in the mood for a quick one. The ceiling had dropped to an estimated 1000 feet and by now, there was a slightly noticeable drizzle. People went about their ways with a brisk-

ness that only a cold front can induce in a Southern city.

We sat in the bar where we could watch the passers-by on the street and only coincidentally enjoyed a fair view of the blackness which was sky outside. I'm personally allergic to alcohol and stick to tonic and lime. My two friends know and respect their capacity, so being rested from our trip and only relaxed by our drinks, it can be definitely stated that what we saw was not flavored by fatigue or giddiness.

The first of the two pairs of objects appeared to move towards us on what seemed to be a platform-like shape which may account for the saucer-like description found in other reports. We did notice a reddish color to the two objects in the center which seemed in general to be flat on top with a gentle taper towards the bottom. Faintly discernible behind was a dark oval object with two light apertures



MAP OF THE AREA

towards the top, and lower down a row of rectangular light objects giving the illusion of windows or teeth.

I realize this is a thoroughly unscientific description of our experience and yet we mortals are limited like children in transmitting our experiences to others. However, one student of the subject summarizes a widespread belief as follows:

"There has recently been an intensely increased awareness, heightened by newspaper reports, of the possibilities of space travel, and people of this earth have seen phenomena which might well be mysterious and uncanny aerofoms from other planets. It is believed that intelligence departments and highest Government circles in many countries have strictly secret dossiers on space ships that have been sighted, among other places, in such divergent countries as England, U.S.A., the Far East and Australia."

Apparently this is not a new phenomena since we find recorded history when carefully examined has such reports such as in A.D. 1387: "In Novr. and Decr. of this year, a fire in the sky, like a burning and revolving wheel, or round barrel of flame, emitting fire from above, and others in the shape of a long fiery beam, were seen through a great deal of the winter, in the county of Leicester, Eng., and in Northamptonshire." (Henry Knighton: Continuation of the Chronicle of Leicester, by another hand).

Well, to get back to our story, we had two rounds of drinks, ate dinner and had a good night's sleep. The next day, believe it or not, we sneaked through some marginal weather and arrived home safely by noon. This proves to me at least that the automobile, sex, and the airplane are here to stay.

If the described objects intrigue you, the next time you're in Padu-

cah, go to the Irving Cobb Hotel bar and ask the colored boy, whose eyes and teeth sparkle in the dark atmosphere of the place, to bring you a flying saucer cocktail shown on the bar list.

If you haven't time to go to Paducah, here's how to mix it at home:

1/2 oz. Whiskey, 1/2 oz. Cherry Brandy, 1/2 oz. Gin, 1/2 oz. Lemon Juice, 1/2 oz. Sugar.

Or if this sounds too rich for your blood or the weather, here's Irvin Cobb's recipe for a mint julep:

"Take from the cold spring, some water, pure as the angels are; mix it with sugar till it seems like oil. Then take a glass and crush your mint in it with a spoon—crush it around the border of the glass and leave no place untouched. Then throw the mint away—it is a sacrifice. Fill with cracked ice the glass; pour in the quantity of bourbon which you want. It trickles slowly through the ice. Let it have time to cool, then pour your sugared water over it. No spoon is needed, no stirring allowed. Just let it stand a moment. Then around the brim place sprigs of mint, so that the one who drinks may find taste and odor at one draught. 'And that, my friend, is one hell of a fine mint julep.'"

One word of warning: When you begin to give off a reddish glow too, better weigh down your stomach with some food before they bring you down with anti-aircraft fire.

AFFIDAVIT: We, the undersigned, under penalty of perjury, hereby affirm that the statements of fact in the article entitled "You Too Can Have A Flying Saucer" are to our best knowledge and recollection, misleading and true.

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