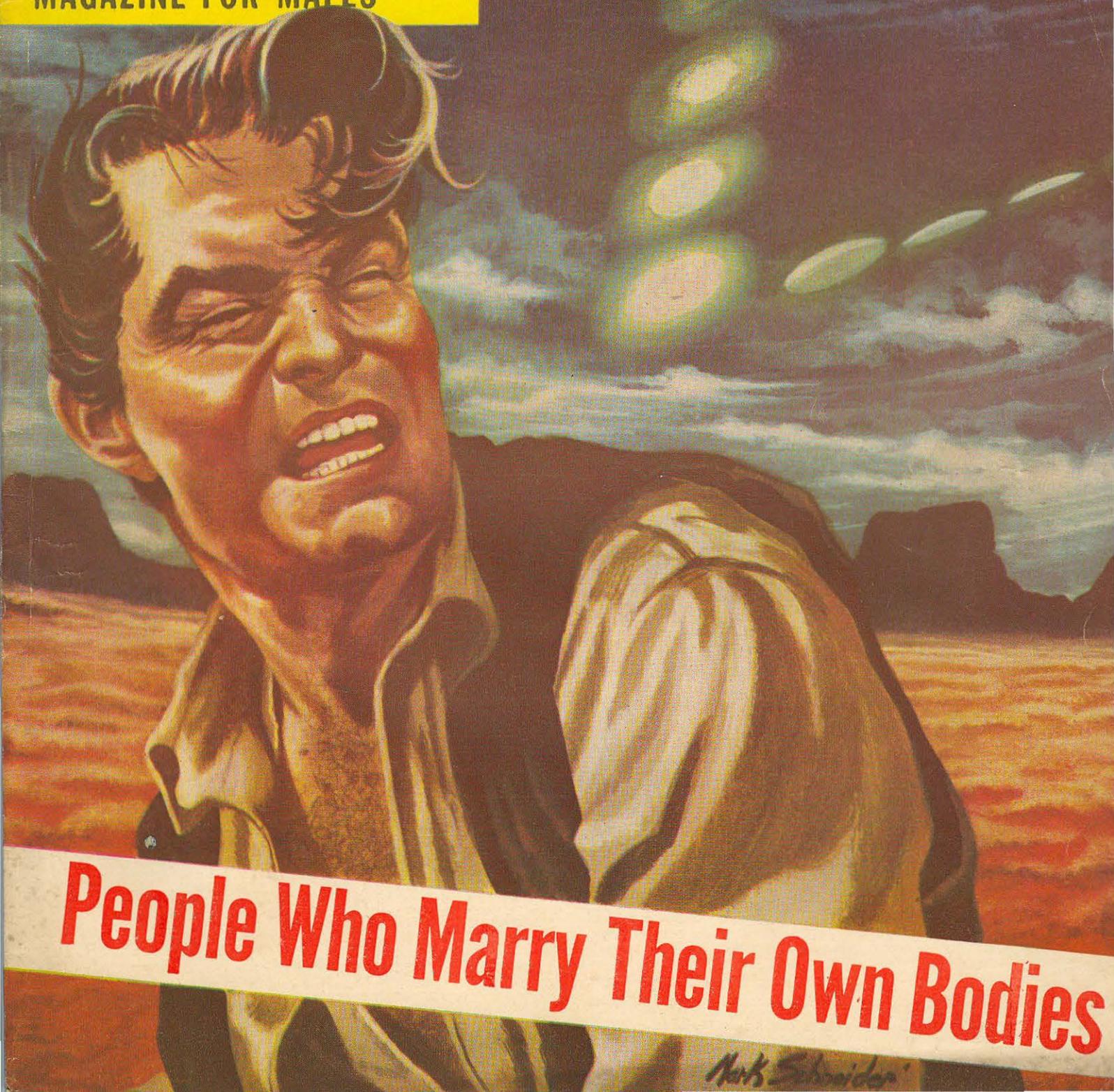


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CAN THE RED H-BOMB STERILIZE US?  
**SIR!**  
MAGAZINE FOR MALES •

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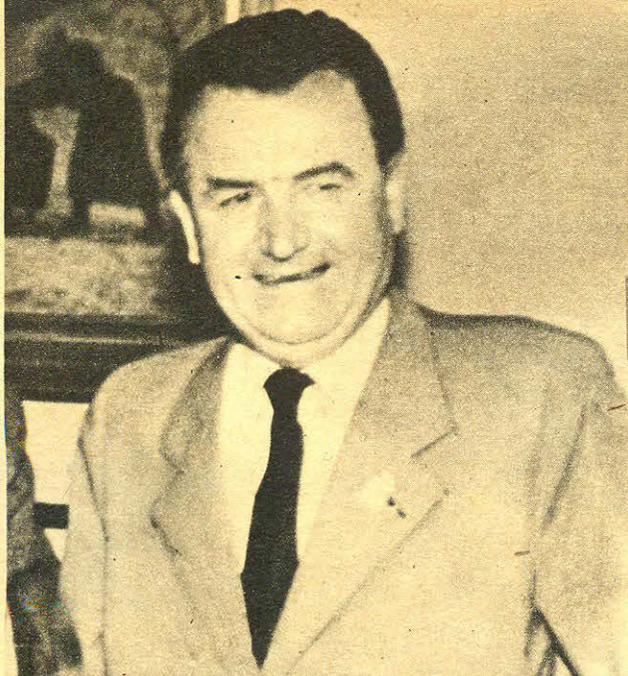


**People Who Marry Their Own Bodies**

Mark Schneider

# First Report on

A secret investigation is trying to



Dr. Hans Loberg of Norway, chief of investigating team, says the first revelations are astounding.

By E. W. GRENFELL

ON a tiny island in the North Sea off the German coast, a secret investigation is in progress to determine whether hydrogen bomb explosions in the Pacific Ocean knocked a flying saucer to the earth. Preliminary findings were revealed recently in Oslo, Norway, by Dr. Hans Larsen Loberg, a retired Norwegian scientist, who said investigators have already made some startling discoveries.

In his report, Dr. Loberg said the mysterious cracking and shattering of automobile windshields in several U. S. cities a few months ago may be explained when results of the investigation are in. Because, he added, the grounded saucer is reported to carry firing instruments capable of shattering glass with magnetic rays.

The saucer came down on Heligoland, a small island which the Germans used as a U-Boat base during World War I. Since the island is only a speck of land in a large body of water, Dr. Loberg believes the disk was forced to earth when H-bomb blasts created conditions of atmospheric pressure that made flight impossible.

It was not a crash-up, and investigators found most of the saucer's instruments in good condition. On the ground surrounding the ship were found the bodies of seven men, all burned beyond recognition. They may, or may not, have been passengers aboard the weird flying craft.

Dr. Loberg, one-time winner of the Hungarian Physics Award, said descriptive details of the saucer were told to him by a fellow-scientist who is with the investigating team on Heligoland.

If magnetic rays from the flying saucer shattered auto windshields, then police in several American cities will close the books on a case which drove them to the boiling point a few months ago.

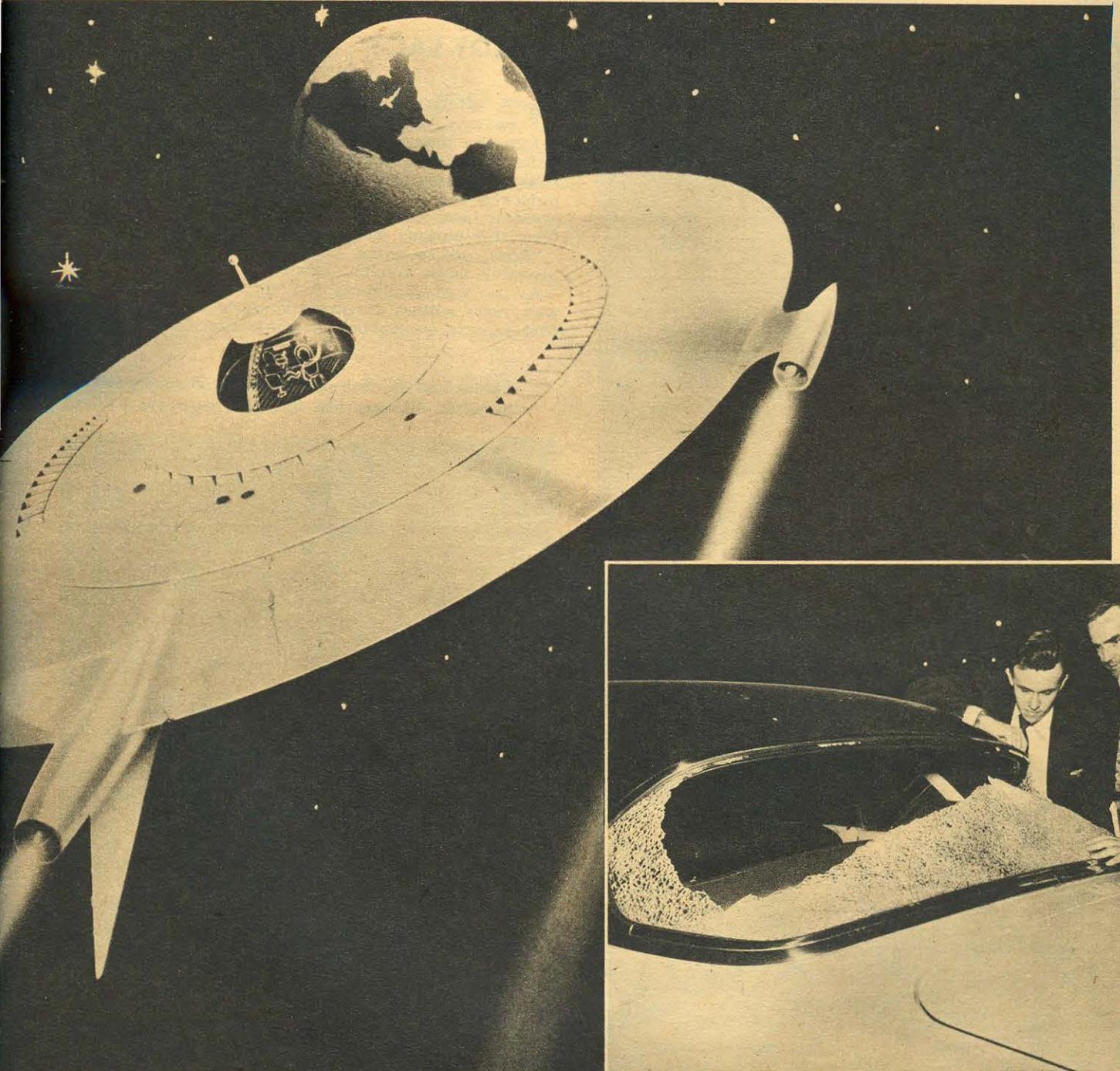
It all began in the little city of Bellingham, Washington, where horrified citizens learned that, in one

(Continued on page 56)



# the *Captured* Flying Saucer!

determine what caused this strange craft to crash off German coast



Scientists believe mysterious epidemic of pocked windshields have been caused by flying saucers.

the alcoholic problem but have no known method of dealing with it—were the least cooperative and the most hostile.

"Despite this the Bronx County Medical Society made a thorough investigation of my method and the operation of Bridge House, endorsed them, and recommended expansion of our facilities."

In a tenth anniversary report to the City of New York, McGoldrick pointed with pride to the hundreds of thousands of dollars Bridge House has saved taxpayers since its inception.

The cost to the city of one alcoholic going through the revolving

door of futility has been estimated by authorities to be about \$3,000 per year in hospitalization, imprisonment and welfare grants to him and his family.

Bridge House rehabilitates men at a maximum cost of \$145 per man—a record seldom achieved in this country.

Yearly, Bridge House receives increasing requests for therapeutic aid both from residents and non-residents of New York City (the latter cannot be accepted), but with facilities limited to about 400 men a year, several hundred applicants, including women, have to be refused admittance.

Of those men taken in for treatment, usually more than two-thirds have tried medical and psychiatric therapy, and the assistance of volunteer organizations, without being helped.

It is McGoldrick's hope not only to extend his bureau's work among men, but also to set up facilities comparable to Bridge House for female alcoholics.

According to statistics, approximately one out of every six alcoholics is a woman. In a city the size of New York, that would indicate a goodly number of ladies who need help in straight-thinking.

THE END

## FIRST REPORT ON CAPTURED FLYING SAUCER!

(Continued from page 16)

week's time, 1,500 automobiles had turned up with cracked windshields—and no one could explain the reason why.

Bellingham's 34,000 people began to wonder if ghosts had invaded their midst. Even house and store windows slithered into bits.

The windshields at times cracked up while cars were in motion, but no one could pin down any concrete cause.

While the astounding story made headlines throughout the U.S., Bellingham's city officials were dodging frantic citizens, police were going crazy, and local glass manufacturers were making a fortune.

Then, windshields began falling apart in Wyoming, in Oklahoma City, in Pittsburgh and finally in New York City. Nobody, not even glass experts, could come up with a reasonable explanation.

The saucer's magnetic ray gun, which Dr. Loberg believes responsible for all the disintegrating glass, may also provide a solution to still another mystery—an airplane crash near Fort Knox, Ky., on January 7, 1948.

On that day an unidentified object was sighted over Goodman Air Force Base at Fort Knox by both military and civilian observers. Air Force Captain Thomas K. Bandell, flying his plane over the base, radioed the Goodman Tower and reported the object was traveling at half his speed.

"I'm closing in now to take a good look," he reported. "It's directly ahead of me and still moving at about half my speed. This thing

looks metallic and of tremendous size . . . It's going up now and forward as fast as I am. That's 360 miles per hour. I'm going up to 20,000 feet and if I'm no closer I'll abandon chase."

The time was 1:15 P.M. And that was the last radio contact Bandell had with the Goodman Tower. Several hours later, his body was found in the wreckage of his plane near the base.

If the Heligoland saucer's magnetic ray gun is in good condition, it may reveal the power to shatter airplanes as well as glass.

Dr. Loberg contends the craft apparently landed under guidance of its own instruments and the investigators studied it at a distance for two days before risking closer observation.

The area where the saucer came down was bombarded with cosmic rays, Geiger counters and other protective devices before investigation began.

**T**HE seven charred bodies found around the saucer are yet unidentified.

Their clothing was burned away completely and there were no clues to indicate whether they were passengers aboard the craft, or whether they were Heligoland residents ventured too close to the saucer too soon.

Curiously, all seven men seemed to be from 25 to 30 years of age and of the same height—about 5 feet 8 inches. All had excellent teeth.

Investigators have one theory:

That the seven were passengers who were consumed by fire inside the descending ship. The blaze probably had been caused by sudden changes in atmospheric pressure conditions inside the saucer's hermetically sealed cabin.

Atop the craft, was a trap-door through which the seven bodies could have been thrown by the impact of landing.

Even more curious were the ship's measurements. It was 91 feet in diameter and the cabin was 70 feet in height. In fact, all the dimensions were divisible by seven.

On the control board were a series of push-buttons, but the investigators are still studying the interior mechanism to learn what propelled the saucer in flight.

Dr. Loberg's theory is that the disk may have traveled by harnessing magnetic lines of force which scientists know encircle the nine planets of the solar system.

He points out that there was no motor and no propeller, but if magnetic force is involved, the saucer would move just as a nail moves when approached by a magnet.

The landing gear resembled a tripod of three metal cylinders which could revolve in any direction. There were no bolts, rivets or screws on the saucer and in the construction were found two metals which are entirely unknown to scientists.

Outer metal of the ship was light in weight and resembled aluminum, but it was so hard that even 15,000

degrees Fahrenheit could not melt it down.

Two men could easily lift one side of the saucer.

**A**LTHOUGH it was not immediately established that the seven burned men were former passengers of the ship, investigators found equipment inside which definitely resembled living quarters!

Wall-enclosed bunks were ingeniously placed on one side of the cabin's interior.

A liquid resembling water but almost three times as heavy as normal drinking water, was found in two small containers. On a wall-

bracket was a tube filled with a large number of pills, possibly tabulated food.

The saucer's radio, which had no tubes, no wires and no aerial, was about as small as a king-size cigarette package.

Pamphlets and booklets, which seem to deal with navigation problems, were also found but investigators are still trying to decipher the script used in the text.

Dr. Loberg emphasized that when the Heligoland investigation is completed, the report will add a new chapter to flying saucer history.

THE END

## FOUR TO ONE

(Continued from page 33)

ace. "Oh, you're the visitor Daddy told us about. My name's Edna. I'm Gwendolyn's sister."

"Told us?" I asked myself confusedly. Gwendolyn knew I was here. Reinstadt told Edna and who else? It was strange . . . these girls being here.

I dismissed all questions, planning to thank them and take off. "Is your father around? I want to thank him for the room because I'll have to be going now."

"No please don't go yet," she begged in her disturbing monotone. "At least stay for breakfast. I'll make it for you right now."

"I'd love to but I have an appointment at eight."

I started for the door and then felt Edna's warm flesh pressed to my side.

"Mr. Tracy," she said, tugging gently at my arm, "come into the kitchen. We'll talk while I fix you up something."

With reluctance I stayed, but not because ham and eggs are particularly pleasing to my palate.

Sounds were coming from the cellar again. Different sounds than before, but still sounds. I wondered if the old guy had a private torture chamber in operation down there.

Muriel, another sister that was obviously the "us," good morninged me with a hungry look. The two beauties pattered around and finally came up with a scrambled egg.

They conversed intelligently but in a toneless voice. They were also practically identical, and both very beautiful. I noticed the starved looks they were giving me.

Reinstadt appeared just as I finished the egg.

"Hello, my friend." His manner was more cheerful than it was last night. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes I did, and I want to thank you for the lodgings and to thank your daughters for the nice breakfast they gave me."

I wished that I could pay but was down to my last two bits. I rose from the chair, determined to leave then and there.

"You certainly don't want to leave now, young fellow. No one will be on the road for several hours yet."

**I**HAD not counted on that and groped around for another excuse to leave. I thought of telling him that I'd go down and try to find what the trouble was with the car, but he answered this as if he had read my mind.

"Edna telephoned for a mechanic this morning. He'll be here at nine."

I glanced down at my watch and it showed seven-thirty. That meant an hour and a half in a place I liked less every second. The whole thing didn't add up, the wizened old man and his daughters.

"You can tell me of the outside world while we wait. I don't see much of it any more."

For over an hour I told him of the world, about myself, my job, other things. As I was talking, I noticed that a far-off look would sometimes settle on his face. He was probably recalling the world

as he knew it, and putting my words into mental pictures.

I talked, and learned little about him. An ex-scientist who retired to a deserted country estate. That was all I could put together. When the big hand of my watch moved on the twelve, I rose to leave. I knew I'd never miss the four of them.

Then, "Just a minute, Mr. Tracy," Reinstadt said, "I have another daughter I want you to meet."

I knew I'd never miss the five of them.

"You do like my little girls, don't you, Mr. Tracy," he asked slyly.

"Sure," I answered, "fine girls. But I really have to go now. Thanks for your hospitality, Dr. Reinstadt."

I pedaled backward and turned around, I came face to face with a very good-looking girl holding a very ugly-looking gun.

"Mr. Tracy," Reinstadt said, "meet Annette."

**T**HE smooth, enameled table that I lie on is in the center of the mansion's cellar. Strong leather straps restrain my arms, legs, and chest.

On the left is Dr. Kurt Reinstadt, the crazed scientist whose ideas on human to automaton transference were rejected as ridiculous. He was laughed at and called a foolish old man.

He had bubbled this information as the robot-girl, Annette, led me down here. A warped genius, he had spent years perfecting his sinister plans.

He built four beautiful molds of young women, then had forcibly made his daughters submit to the experiment. Their brains, along with controlling devices, and other parts of their insides, were transplanted into the cleverly-made molds.

Reinstadt's explaining voice buzzed in my ear.

"You see, my friend, I do not have altogether complete control over my daughters. Nature still resides in them. In short, they want a man. They pleaded with me to keep you here."

I strained against the leather straps. Reinstadt noticed me.

"Don't fight, Mr. Tracy. My daughters are lovely. You'll be happy."

He walked away and came back rolling another table. On it was peculiar scientific equipment and the framework of a robot-man. He pushed it alongside me.

"I regret, John," Reinstadt said calmly, "that I have no ether. A blow on the head may injure your