

IND. 10

# SIR!

*Pinsey ON VIRGINS*

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES

FEBRUARY 25¢



**“FLYING SAUCERS ON MY RANCH”** By **W.C. HALL**

*Mark Schneider*

# Dear SIR!

## MORE ON FLYING SAUCERS

Dear SIR!

In regards to the September issue of SIR! I have a slight complaint to make. According to your article, the diskmen are as advanced as the American Indians were when we met them. Pray tell me why a race with *space flight* is so stupid that they have to use sign language and grunt like Tonto?

... From old manuscripts Leslie and Adamski dug up, these disks have been seen above Earth for years. I think the earliest date goes back to the 1200's. I should think they (diskmen) would know Earth's languages by now.

... As far as I've seen and read, they (the diskmen) have kept their distance, haven't bothered anyone, nor have I heard where they have followed and blasted Earth's people.

From what I can gather, they are merely studying us.

Why is Man so full of self-conceit as to think the other planets aren't as "advanced" as Earth?

Vee Hampton  
Denver, Colo.

*(Editor's note: SIR's article did not say that the diskmen used sign language. It merely reported that the symbols of an UNKNOWN tongue, presumably belonging to these diskmen, had yet to be deciphered.)*

Gentlemen:

Just what is all this talk about a captured flying saucer having a factor of seven in all dimensions, two unknown metals, and magnetic propulsion? Certainly a process in that advanced stage should not succumb to our relatively trivial H-Bomb experiments!

Ernest Garecki  
Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

*(Editor's note: Reporter E. W. Grenfell cables from London that the Loberg investigating team has pretty thoroughly established the overpowering magnetic fields—not H-Bomb experiments—to be the cause of saucer's crash.)*

Dear SIR!

Your article about the captured flying saucer is no doubt the scoop of the 20th century.

On a clear-cold frosty morning of November 10, 1931, at 6 a.m., just as I was going out the front gate, there was a sudden flash of light in

the sky. The neighborhood was lit up for a second or two. I looked up and saw a meteor coming straight down from the west, about 10 degrees from vertical, over South Houston.

My mother and I watched it for 17 seconds. I wanted to see where it would fall so I could get a part of the meteor for a souvenir.

It came down, fire flying behind it, red looking, and then it made a close U-turn and went back up! It left a trail of smoke, shaped like a fish hook.

I believe that some novice (diskman) came down bottom first, using the atmosphere as braking action. Then after slowing the saucer down, he climbed back up.

In September, 1953, an Air Force station near Houston had been observing a flying saucer "hanging around." They could trace it on a scope, as it would invariably head north towards Canada, but nothing else could be done about it.

If your story is true and script books were found in the ship, it would be interesting to decipher them, probably using the Nahuatl Indian language as a comparison. I believe Nahuatl is spoken in Guatemala. It could be that there is some connection between Martians and Nahuatlans.

Fred Stoffel  
Houston, Texas

*(Editor's note: For another shocking expose on the flying saucers, read W. C. Hall's eye-witness account of eerie craft that visited him on his ranch in Queensland, Australia—page 14 of this issue.)*

Dear SIR!

## LOVER MANVILLE

I may just as well pitch in my two-cents' worth about Lover Manville, while I'm at it. To the little lass from Boston, Mass., Sara Harbison, I believe, who feels so sorry for the sweet, misunderstood Manville, may I make a suggestion? (Re letter in SIR! October.)

Sit down and write the old goat a letter, a sweet one, and tell him just how you feel and how unfair you think it is about the raw deal he's getting from the public.

Include the bit about these women marrying him for his money—the poor, misunderstood *dear*. (As if he didn't already know he's got

nothing to offer—for what other reason would they marry him?)

Maybe it's because I'm still young, flush out of the institution called college, with not much sense, and have not yet learned the ways of men. But—this . . . Marville—I just don't dig it.

Betty Bates  
Cincinnati, Ohio

## SINGER LANZA

Dear SIR!

All this I've read about Mario Lanza has been too incredible for me until I read the revealing article in SIR! (Dec.) Author Ed Chatterton makes all of Lanza's failures to be one colossal publicity gag.

If this is true, then Mario Lanza is one of the greatest geniuses of all time. I hope he makes it, too.

Hermine Cantelli  
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:

If it is true that Mario Lanza is only pretending to be nuts as author Ed Chatterton alleges—then I think Lanza REALLY IS NUTS for pretending. The singer is at the top of his career, and what? He starts worrying about taxes—how long he will last at the top. He can't stop worrying at this rate.

If you ask me, I think the biggest looney of all is Ed Chatterton himself—that is, unless he *doesn't believe* this hokum he's dishing out.

Hubert Heber  
Wilmington, Del.

Gentlemen:

Ever since I first began hearing his golden voice, I have been a fond admirer of Mario Lanza. I think you, the editors of SIR! have done humanity a great service by restoring hope and faith in the greatest tenor the world has known since Enrico Caruso.

Trying to repress my bitterness, I can only say that it is a crying shame that showbusiness is so fickle and so corrupt to force such a fine man into the pitfalls of jockeying to hold his top position.

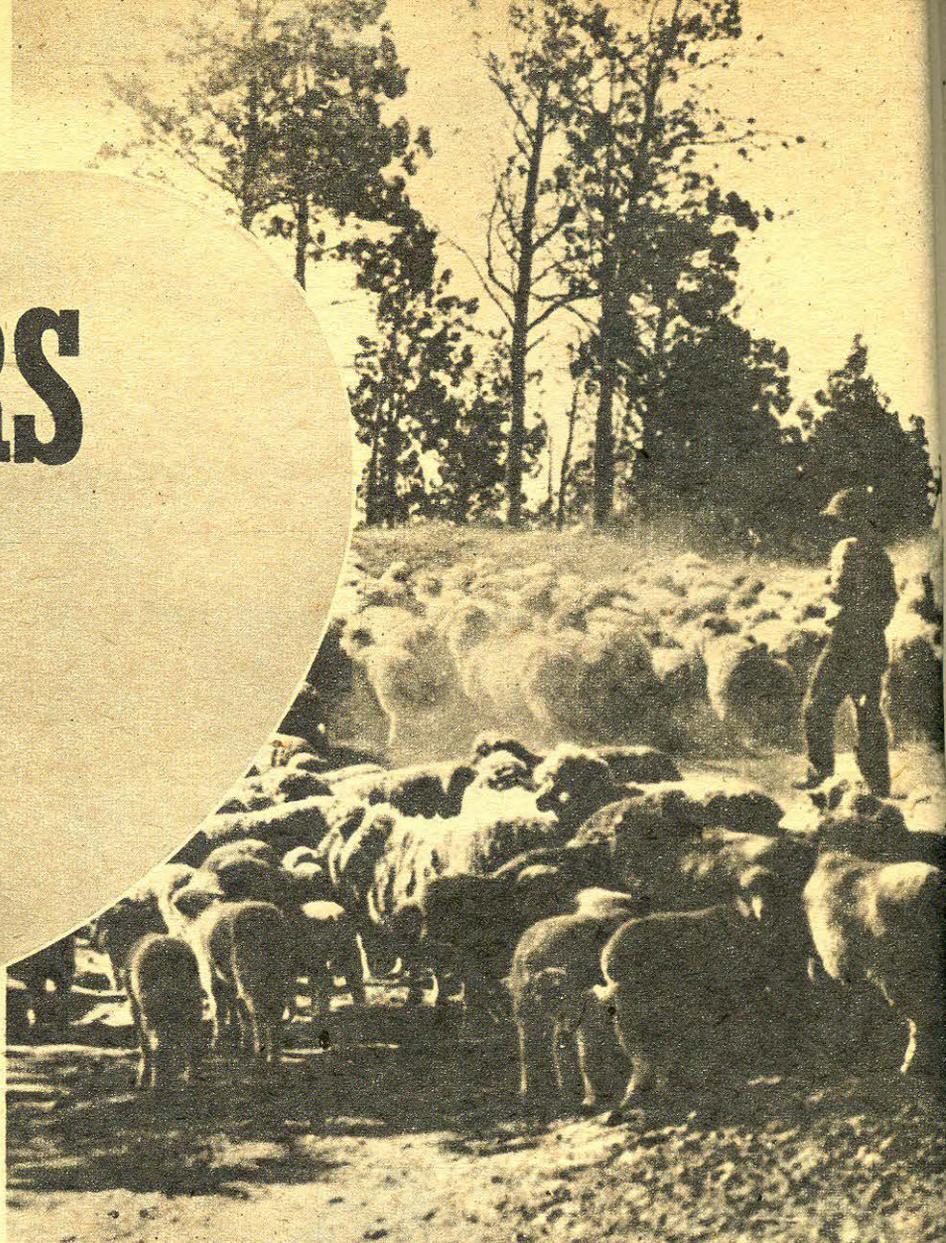
Evelyn McCree  
Montreal, Canada

Dear SIR!

First, writer Chatterton says that Lanza knows he has a terrific following (fans) behind him. Then comes a neat switcheroo—Lanza pretends he's nuts in order to se-

# FLYING SAUCERS ON MY RANCH

An Australian sheep grower gives a first-hand account of fateful day when strange ships landed on his ranch!



By W. C. HALL

**T**HE flying objects that looked like petrol tanks came down on my ranch in Australia on a dull, grey day in October. With my own eyes, I saw six of them whirl gently to earth like helicopters without propellers.

My ranch in the North Queensland section has 15,000 acres. It was once like any other Australian ranch, but now it's the weirdest place this side of Jupiter. But that's getting ahead of the story.

It all began when a horde of locusts swarmed over the pastures during the last days of August. The locusts destroyed things to the point where my cattle and sheep were hard put for something to eat. And they were getting leaner as the days went by.

One day in October while on an

inspection tour, I rode my horse to the top of a hill in a remote section of the ranch. The sky was overcast but vision was good across the broad plain that stretched before my eyes. In the distance I saw cattle grazing, trying to salvage something from the ravaged earth.

Then I heard a soothing whirring sound that almost made me drowsy. High in the sky I saw six tiny white dots descending, and the dots grew bigger and bigger as they approached the ground.

The objects, which resembled petrol tanks, landed in the open pasture about three quarters of a mile away from me. As they touched the earth, the atmosphere became strangely calm. There was no breeze, no draft.

**I** RODE my horse down the hill and towards the objects in order to get a closer view. They were about 30 feet tall, and elliptical in shape with a rim or ramp running around the bottom. Through my binoculars I could see they were white in color with a streak of blue running like a ribbon across their middle sections.

Then I saw people get out of the objects. There were about 12 men, and from a distance they appeared to be perfectly normal. They were garbed in uniforms like those worn by American paratroopers whom I saw in Australia during the war. All stood around in a huddle and seemed to be discussing something.

Fascinated and curious I rode towards them. When I arrived at a



In a happier mood, W. C. Hall (inset) is shown perched on a hill overlooking his ranch. At the left are some of the sheep he raises.

point about three hundred meters away, the strangers got out of their huddle and, for the first time, saw me.

For a moment they paused indecisively, then turned and ran back to their machines. I was close enough now to see ladders of about ten rungs which hung from the side of each of the tank-like objects. The men scurried up these ladders and disappeared inside.

Then I heard the soothing whirring sound again as the six machines arose from the earth. My horse reared violently, and things began to happen. As I dismounted, the air became completely clear, and I dropped to the ground. I don't know why. I just dropped to the ground.

As I lay there I saw an odd-col-

ored kind of exhaust fume spewing out of the objects and settling towards the earth. For about five minutes the things hung suspended in the sky, giving off the fumes before zooming off to become, once again, only white dots in the grey overcast.

**A**LL muscular function ceased in my body, and I became as shaky as a mass of jelly. I blanked out, but while in that state of suspended subconsciousness a remarkable thing occurred. I became clairvoyant, and events which were destined to come true paraded before my eyes.

It was almost as though something had been inserted in my mind. In my vision, instead of locust-ravaged land, I saw my

ranch a broad plain of fertility exceeding the imagination.

Everything came in bountiful waves. Sheep, cattle, grass and all manners of animal and plant life grew and multiplied at an astonishing rate of speed.

While these visions were before my eyes, I lost all sense of gravity and I floated about five feet into the air. In the distance, I saw the tiny white objects, giving out now with a whining sound as they faded into the grey overcast.

When I awoke from this trance, my first contact with reality was the sight of my horse. He was lying on the ground, senseless. I tugged at the reins about five minutes before getting him on his feet.

Riding back to the ranch I wondered if I had been dreaming. I

# FLYING SAUCERS ON MY RANCH

**This occurrence in Australia would tend to disprove the belief that saucers are U.S. secret weapons!**

told my wife about the six strange objects, and she thought they must have been some new type of airplane.

**T**WO months later, across the fields of my ranch I noticed an amazing transformation in vegetation. Ring-bark trees stood like forests where a few weeks before the land was void of vegetation. Rabbits, the plague of good pasture land, bounded everywhere, devouring the grass as fast as it sprouted from the earth.

The next year on the ranch was fantastic.

Grass grew, not as a natural process, but came up matted, creat-

ing a soft rug of green over hundreds of acres on both sides of the river which ran through the ranch.

Chickens multiplied like rabbits, and some of the newly-born chicks had two feet. Cattle almost doubled themselves in number, and some of the heifers were born with five legs. The wool of my 1,500 head of sheep became thicker than ever before making shearing more difficult.

The only explanation for all this, it seemed to me, would be the six strange objects which descended into the pasture that October day. The oddly colored exhaust fumes they gave off must have contained atomic radiation capable of changing the genes of animal life. And

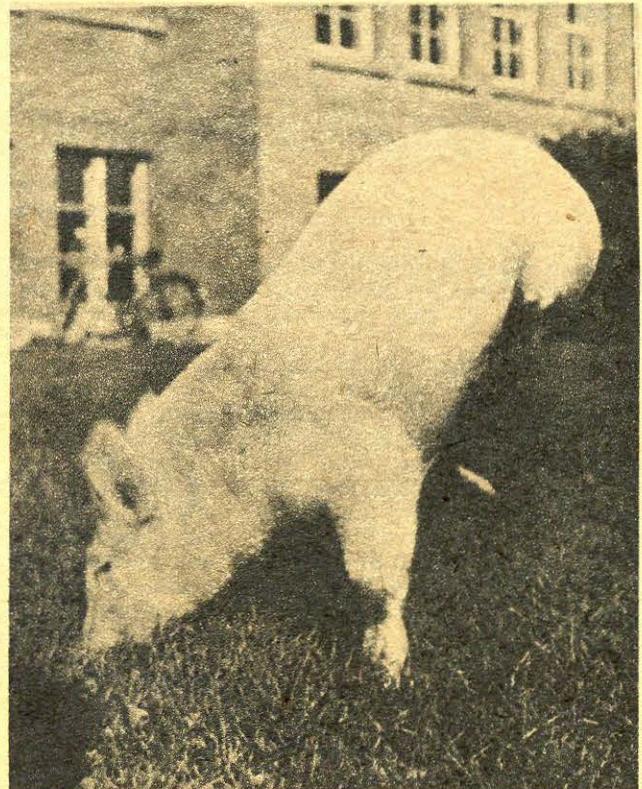
even vegetation was affected by these magnetic rays.

The rapid increase in the number of cattle and sheep was accompanied by a corresponding increase in the problem of jack-rabbits. These pests eat up the pasture, devour seedlings, and even under normal conditions vast sums are spent in trapping and poisoning the creatures.

But now the jack-rabbits may bankrupt the ranch—at a time when production is at a peak.

My wife's going to have a baby not so long from now, and every night I pray the gene changes won't affect the normal life of our child.

THE END



Shown above is a two-headed turtle. At right is a hockless hog. These animals were NOT on Hall's ranch but are examples of what was found as a result of gene changes caused by saucer's radiation.