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# SIR!

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES



The Song the Jelke Canaries Won't Sing

Mark Schneider

# Dear SIR!

## SAUCER RHUBARB

Dear SIR!

You are doing well in bringing the saucer phenomenon to the attention of the public.

I would like to reply to some of the letters to the editor in the February issue.

Our space friends DO know our language. People who have received voice messages from them via radio report that they use perfect English.

It is misleading for Mr. Hampton to conclude that they are only studying us. Their interest in us is not merely that of analytically amassing cold facts about homo sapiens. Instead, they feel the utmost concern for our spiritual development. Yes, the saucer people have been coming here for centuries.

Only in this generation, however, are they finding an awakened public consciousness necessary for acceptance of extra-terrestrial life. This generation can be the first since antiquity to bask in the light of a new age—if we will but let our inner intuition unite with mounting external evidence. Our friends in space are manifold.

Mr. Garecki calls our H-Bomb experiments relatively trivial. Our space friends have WARNED us to discontinue experiments with atomic weapons. Yet, we go ahead recklessly, upsetting the fundamental building blocks of nature.

It is impossible for us to see and imagine the devastating destruction we may well be bringing upon others and ultimately upon ourselves.

At the Brookhaven National Laboratories, photos have been taken of a Wilson Cloud Chamber in which electrons appeared in the future and vanished backward in time. Physicist Dr. Dirac theorizes that time travel by "anti-nucleous anti-atoms" is mathematically possible. The energy required for such results is well within the potential of the betatron at the University of California.

I disagree with Mr. Drescher when he says that the past and present could not coexist. From the above it appears that time travel will co-exist. In fact, it seems that in some way, all periods of time co-exist.

It is very possible that we are being visited not only by creatures from other worlds—but from other times. Mr. Drescher contends, "Impossible!" Nothing is impossible.

Darold Powers  
Washington, Iowa

Gentlemen:

I would like to know of the authenticity of "Flying Saucers on My Ranch" (Feb.). I am wondering if this was thoroughly checked or is this just another story where someone has written something for monetary gains and publicity.

W. C. Hall (the author) should have been able to get a picture of the men emerging from the UFOS. If it was authentic, he seems to have taken a very good shot of one of the Craft coming in for a landing.

To anyone who has read the books of Charles Fort, there should be no doubt as to the existence of spacecraft in the material world that do NOT come from THIS planet.

I am one who feels that it is foolish for intelligent men to fall into their shells, thinking that they are the only exalted beings in the universe—particularly when one considers the vastness of it all.

Another thing I believe, is that some of the sightings have been of craft that are not of a material substance with which we are familiar. I believe that they exist at a much higher rate of oscillation or vibratory rate than do substances of the material world known to us. These saucers come from an entirely different dimension, but they are able to enter into this dimension and be seen by lowering their vibratory rate to a much smaller value.

Just how these craft are propelled is unknown as far as the public is concerned. I have an idea that they are propelled by various means, including possibly atomic power, cosmic rays, and magnetism. This, of course, is speculation.

I am employed on defense projects in the field of electronics. I have amateur radio and photography as a hobby.

J. S. Kern  
Seward, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Regarding the article, "Flying Saucers on My Ranch," by W. C.

Hall, I find it very difficult to believe anything about W. C. Hall except that he undoubtedly had conversed with the bottle once too often during his reading of a space mystery comic book.

I have read many many reports on this subject and have yet to see one to beat W. C.'s. I believe the only fumes that placed W. C. in his state of semi-consciousness, causing him to feel like a mass of jelly, were the vapors from a darn good bottle of "corn squeezins"—perhaps from some moonshiner's still in Kentucky.

My advice to W. C. is by all means to change his brand before he comes to riding herd on a bunch of meteors between here and Mars.

LeRoy Gobbell  
Seaside, Calif.

## THE HAYSTACK GIRL

Dear SIR!

To Edythe Simmer (author of "Back to the Haystack" Nov.):

I'd like to know if your article published by SIR! was your first sale. I'd like to know if you're a good-selling writer—or if you're God's little angry woman because no one will buy your "imagination."

You voiced your opinion of men—which I believe to be the most spurious allegation ever made—and now I'd like to tell you why men are better than women.

A woman comes forth from the womb, just as a man does. She begins to visualize the life about her, and she becomes cognizant that there is a world. But there is something perplexing in her ideology; there is something she must do before she dies.

She loves, but she actually doesn't know what love is. She becomes older and finds out that she's different from a man.

She becomes mature, and she discovers the thing that has been perplexing her throughout her youth: She must get married. She's got to get herself a man.

She looks at herself in a mirror. She finds out if she's beautiful. She won't be pleased with her looks. Then she begins to work on herself. She buys cosmetics. If she's fat, she'll wear something that makes her look thin.

If she's thin, she'll build herself out with clothes. She's got to find her man. She isn't a success until