

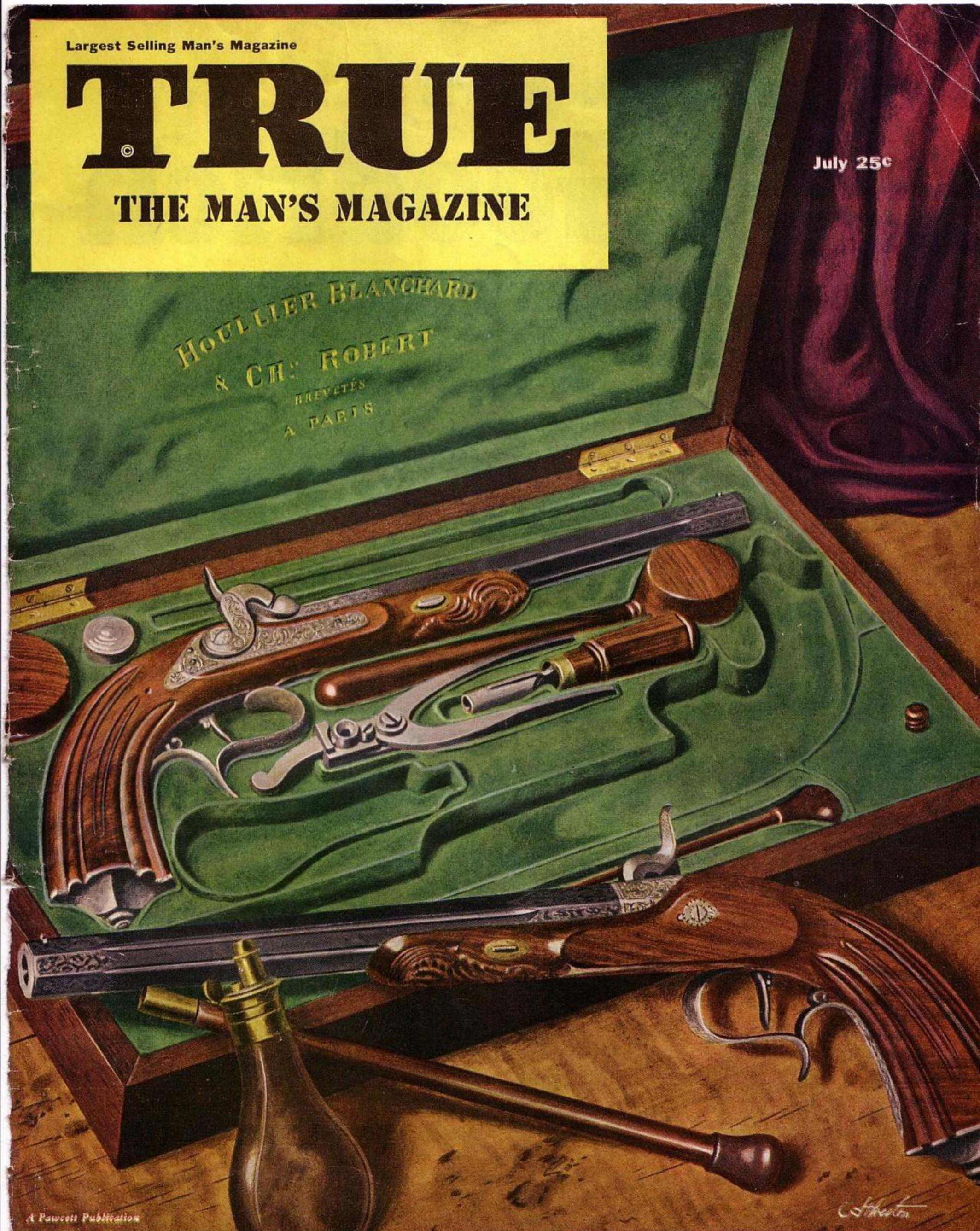
Largest Selling Man's Magazine

# TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

July 25c

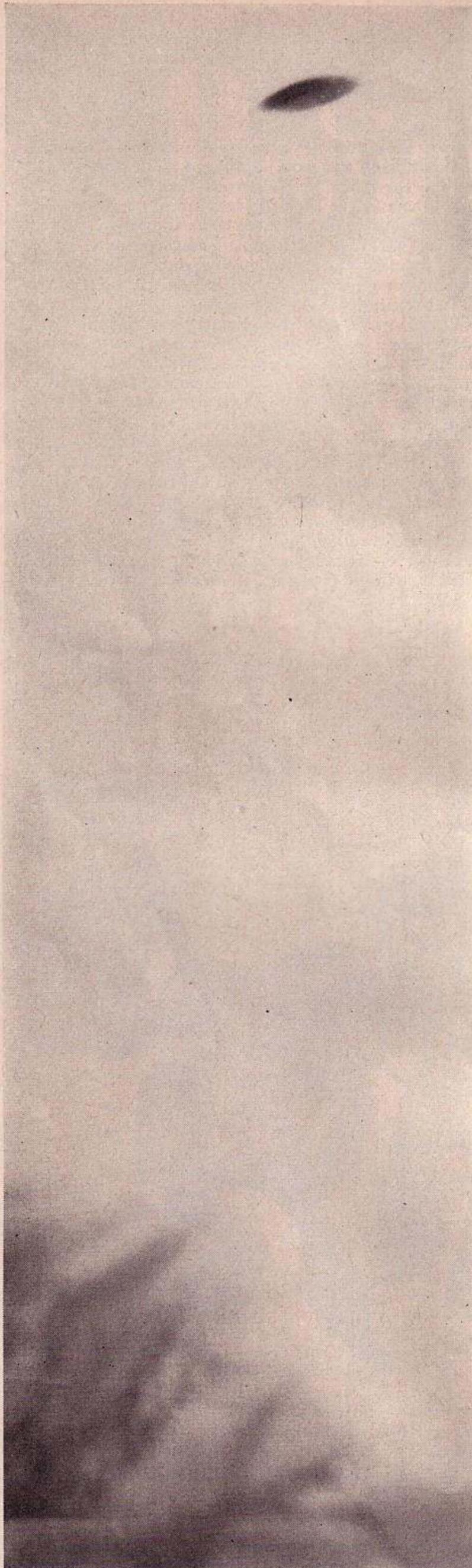
HOULLIER BLANCHARD  
& CH. ROBERT  
BREVETÉS  
A PARIS



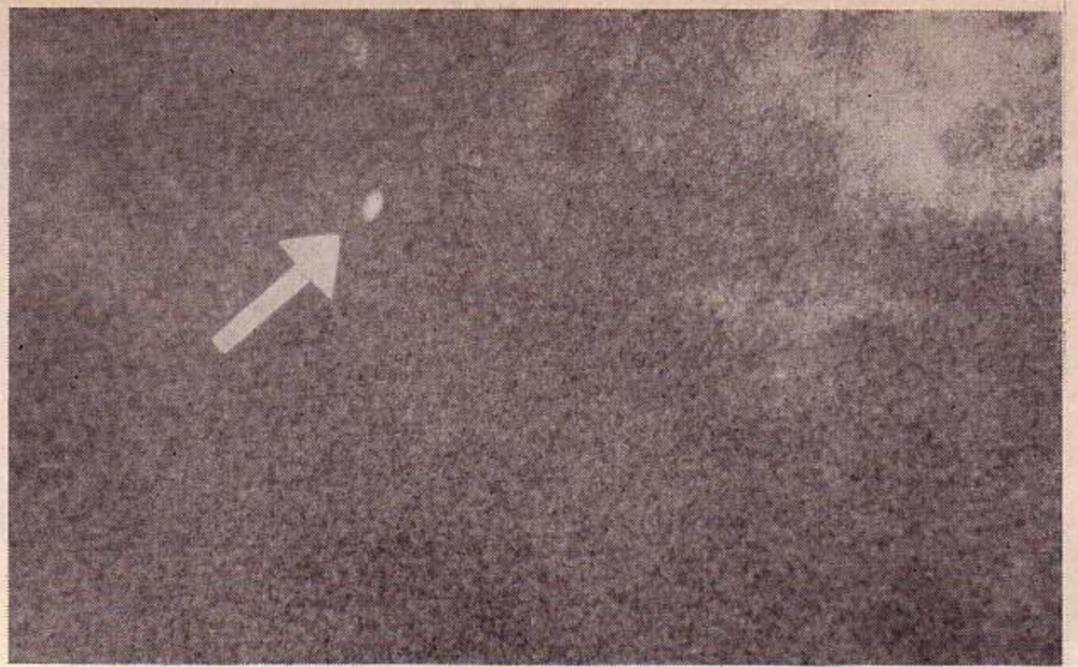
A Pawcett Publication

*Robertson*

FLYING SAUCER PICTURES ON PAGES 44-45



Though Saucer seen low near Chicago by Robert Kirk looked almost glasslike, it produced dark image on film.

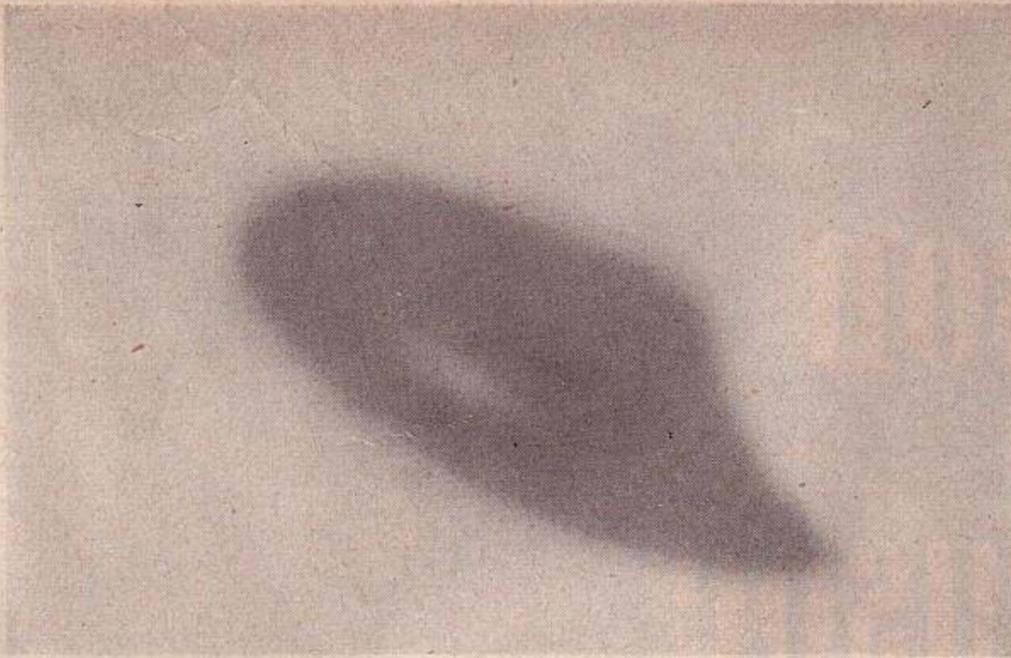


First photo of a flying disk (indicated by arrow) was this twilight-sky enlargement made by Frank Ryman at Seattle, July 4, 1947.

# THE CAMERA SEES FLYING SAUCERS



Two ghostly disks showed up white in color photo, reproduced here in black, which was made by Eugene Havord in Alaska.



At Tucson, William Rhodes snapped a Saucer's picture which, greatly enlarged, revealed an irregular shape and pale center.

### **TRUE presents the first photo roundup of the mysterious sky craft**

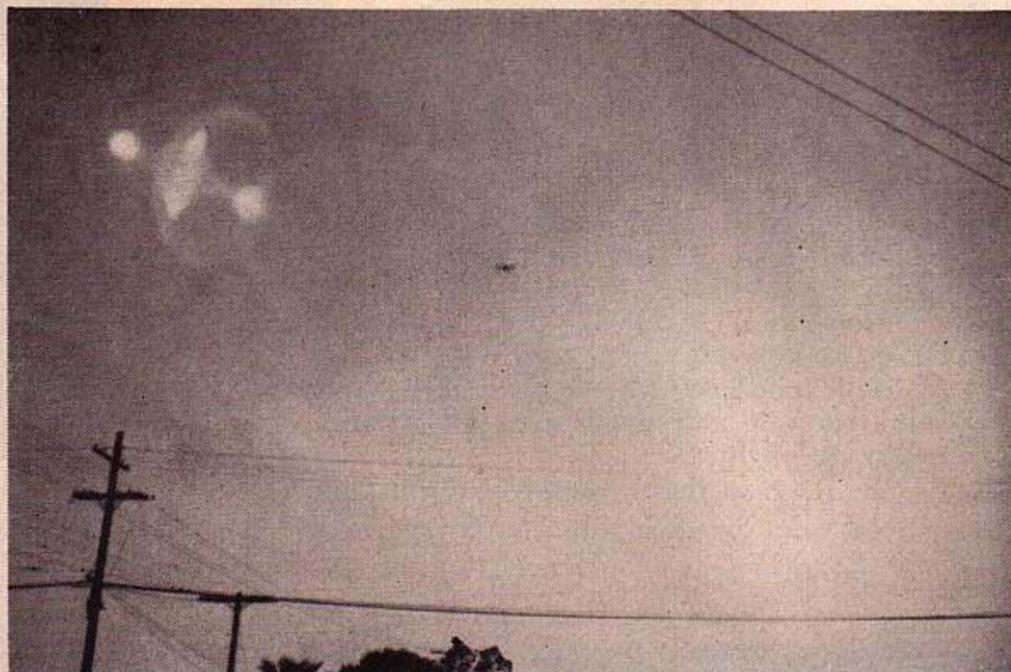
In the half year since TRUE revealed, in our January issue, that the Flying Saucers are real, we have been collecting answers to the question often asked, Why haven't the Saucers been photographed?

Of course, they have been. TRUE's investigation has recorded, to date, some fifteen incidents that have yielded pictures. That no greater number of photographs exist, after hundreds of sightings going back three years, is probably due to the circumstances that surround the appearances of these mysterious sky objects. A considerable proportion occur at night, many daytime appearances are of brief duration, often the object is far away, small, or in fast motion. Cameras, too, are seldom at hand at the right moment.

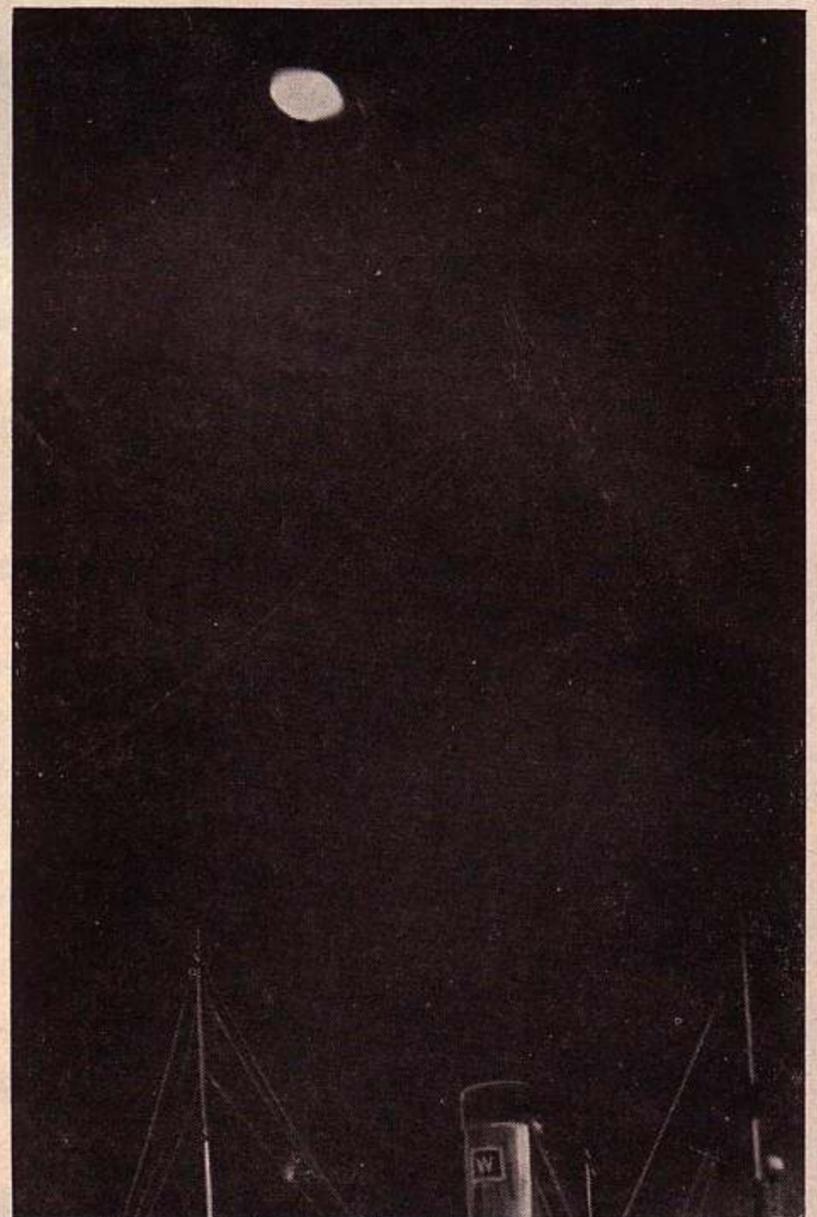
Where photographs have been made, the results in some instances have been contrary to expectations. Sky objects clearly seen and watched [Continued on page 82]



Latest photo, taken April 16, 1950, by Ira Maxey, shows three strange objects in thunder cloud at Fort Worth.



Betty Malles saw a glitter in the sky when about to photograph a plane over Hawthorne, Calif., and recorded this weird object.



Disk sighted at Catalina Island registered clearly above steamship in foreground in this night photo by Bob Jung.

until we have killed that ram. We will not return without its head and skin for the Black Dragon village. Do you agree?"

"It is the proper thing. We will leave before the sun rises in the morning. Now I will bring the elders and Green Jade's family."

Shu served tea and *kaoliang* wine to the dozen people gathered in my cave. The family wore white, the Chinese dress of mourning. I made a little speech and gave Bato an order on the Bank of China, in Kwei-hua-cheng, for \$500. I regret to record that grief for Green Jade was completely forgotten in the excitement of my announcement. This would put the Black Dragon village on the provincial map. Every man, woman and child would have a part in the grand funeral.

At daylight Na-mon-gin and I were astir. He carried our light pack and my extra rifle.

"This," I said, "is serious business. I wish greatly to kill the sheep myself, but if I miss you are to shoot."

It was a long hard climb to the ridge behind the village, across the basin and into a maze of jagged peaks where the ram had disappeared the previous morning. We saw perhaps fifty sheep, but not the big one.

Late in the afternoon, Na-mon-gin suddenly stiffened. A dozen sheep were feeding near the summit of a hill to the west and the ram stood out like a colossus among the females. It would be an easy stalk. The Mongol dropped his pack, took a quick look about for location, and we crept into the valley, sliding from rock to rock. The sky was overcast but the light was good for shooting.

The sheep had almost reached the crest when suddenly the sun burst through the clouds directly in our eyes. Vainly I tried to find the ram in the sights, but there was only a blinding glare. Nestled behind a rock, the rifle against his cheek, Na-mon-gin cursed fervently in Mongol and Chinese. While we sat, utterly impotent, the ram walked slowly over the ridge and out of sight, the ewes straggling behind. We ran up the slope, hoping to find them on the other side, but they had disappeared like wraiths.

"Surely," said the Mongol, "that sheep is protected by all the gods of evil. But we will get him tomorrow. It can not always be like this."

Dawn found us traveling the ridges, scrutinizing every valley. We saw dozens of sheep, some so big that I was tempted to shoot. Then I thought of Green Jade and my promise to the Black Dragon village not to return until the evil ram was dead. It might be feeding, or asleep, on the next slope. A rifle shot, echoing up the canyons, would put it on the move.

By late afternoon I was very tired; even Na-mon-gin dragged. I could not remember how many peaks and mountainsides we had climbed. The Mongol was making a systematic survey of every mile of country between us and the village, for he was convinced that the ram would appear on the rock spire in another day or two. It was not behind us in the broken rocks and ravines, of that he was sure.

The second night our bed was in a tiny rock cave on the very summit of a ridge three miles behind the basin where we had seen the sheep on the day Green Jade died. I was utterly pooped out. Why, I asked myself, was I punishing my body with fatigue and discomfort to kill one animal? Of course, that particular beast had come to mean more now than just the biggest ram I had ever seen, but originally that reason did not exist. It was, I admitted wearily, because I am a primitive at heart. I find my happiness in seeking out the wildest and most inaccessible corners of the earth.

An hour after sunup we were moving slowly down a shallow canyon. A patch of long brown grass, perhaps two acres in extent, lay among the rocks almost at the top. Na-mon-gin walked in front. Suddenly came a snort and a clatter of stones. There stood the Great One, broadside, gazing at us. I dropped to one knee, sighted just behind the left foreleg, and fired. At the dull thud of the bullet on flesh, the sheep gave a convulsive leap and plunged over the crest out of sight.

Na-mon-gin looked at me, completely crushed. For the first and only time during all the years I knew him, he lost his temper.

"Anlao-yeh, how could you miss that

sheep! I thought you were a good shot; so I have told all my friends. I have traveled the mountains with you day after day and seen you kill many sheep, yet you lose the only one we want! Were you blinded by the Evil One?"

This time I laughed at him. "Bah to you, Na-mon-gin, I didn't miss. It lies nearby. I know how a beast acts when its heart is torn to shreds. If you don't find it within a hundred yards, this rifle is yours."

The Mongol shook his head but climbed like a cat to the spot where the ram had stood. I followed slowly. Suddenly he yelled, "Blood! You hit him!"

There, ten feet away, lay the most magnificent sheep I had ever seen. What impressed me first was the body size—the animal was colossal. Three inches behind the knee-joint of the left foreleg a tiny hole oozed blood.

I lit my pipe and gave Na-mon-gin a cigaret. For a time we sat and smoked, just looking at the beast. Then I got out my tape and camera. The right horn measured 20 inches in circumference at the base and 54 inches along the curve. The left was a trifle smaller—19¾ and 53½ inches. A world record for *Ovis ammon comosa*, as I knew it would be. Each horn had lost four or five inches at the tip, for sheep wear them down by rubbing on rocks if the curl is too close and interferes with vision. We took a dozen photographs and then skinned the ram.

Our entry into the Black Dragon village was dramatic. Every man, woman and child joyfully gathered in the court before my cave to view the sheep. They were free at last of its evil influence, but Green Jade was dead; I could not forget that. I spread the skin before the altar in the cave temple, clapped my hands three times to call the gods' attention and kowtowed. That was that.

We did not remain for Green Jade's funeral because the astrologers had decided that the *feng shui*, the "spirits of earth, air and water," would not be right for at least six months, but Bato proudly showed me her sealed coffin of fine pine boards two feet in thickness at the end. She rested happily, I hope, in the knowledge that she had made history for her village.—Roy Chapman Andrews

---

## The Camera Sees Flying Saucers

[Continued from page 45]

by many persons have failed to register on film or have shown up only as distant specks. In other cases, the photographic image has disclosed more than the photographer saw. A possible explanation lies in the fact that ordinary film emulsions respond less than the human eye to some effects, notably shades of color, but much more in other ways, such as reaction to extra-visual wave lengths (for example, X-rays) which the eye can't see.

TRUE presents on pages 44-45 a selection of the more interesting photographs made up to the present time. We can

vouch for their authenticity to this extent: we have verified that each is a true photographic image appearing in the original negative. Whether the objects shown are Flying Saucers, we cannot state with certainty, since we are not able to testify, out of our own knowledge, concerning the circumstances in which the pictures were taken. We offer them, therefore, merely as represented to us in the accompanying captions.

Good sky-object photography is more difficult than ordinary picture-taking. Ideal equipment would comprise a fast-lens camera with infrared film and deep-red filter to darken the sky, operated under normal light conditions at f-4.5 at 1/100th second, range infinity. Next choice would be a fast telephoto lens, yellow filter, and panchromatic fine-grain film, f-11 setting at 1/200th or higher.

But our advice to would-be Saucer photographers, should opportunity come suddenly, is to grab any camera that's loaded, even if it's only Junior's box model, and snap away. Call witnesses to the scene, and take as many pictures as possible. If there is time, move around to get some portion of the ground or a structure into the picture, to give perspective and measurable angles. Put the film in the hands of a good professional photo finisher, with instructions for special care; unless you're an expert, don't try to develop it yourself.

And when the pictures are done, send the negatives and a set of prints to TRUE immediately for our scrutiny. We'd like to have a look at them, and perhaps publish them, as part of our continuing investigation of Flying Saucers.—The Editors