

Valor

The Golden Times Weekly...

Volume VIII

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, January 22, 1955

Number 13

IS THIS A 'MONSTER' FROM MARS? . .



AT SUNDRY times and seasons up the past two generations world humanity has had its scientific-fiction scares about "monsters" from Mars landing on this planet and taking over. H. G. Wells started this bugaboo, and another Welles, one Orson, pulled off a bogus radio report of its happening a few years ago and frightened residents of the Manhattan district into panic.

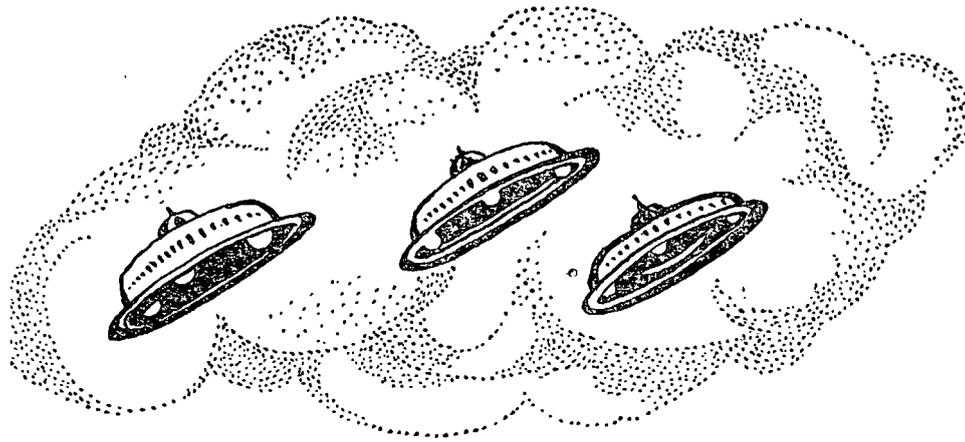
Now from England comes what purports to be a camera photograph of a real Man from Mars, snapped by one Cedric Allingham in Scotland about 4:20 p. m. on February 18, 1954 as the interplanetary visitor turned back to his Space Ship after landing, emerging and conversing with Allingham. VALOR is indebted to the British Book Centre for the print from the original photograph from which this accompanying picture was made.

The British Book Centre is publishing Allingham's



book about the whole experience, on February 11th next, of which VALOR has received an advance copy. It runs to 152 pages and will retail throughout American bookstores at \$2.75 the copy. Its title is *Flying Saucers from Mars*.

THE MARTIAN, who looks in rear view like a youngish Lindbergh, stood about six feet tall and wore a single-piece garment. A double harness, seen in



the photo, served some function, with a detachable headpiece. Allingham says in his account of the experience that the Mars man also wore a breathing gadget attached to his nostrils, enabling him to live in our unaccustomed heavier atmosphere. But his facial expression and his voice conveyed his culture and temperamental kindness.

Of course the Mars man was unable to converse fluently in English. Allingham determined his origin in the following manner—

"I reached for my pad," he says, "and scrawled a diagram on it. In the middle I put the Sun, starring it with rays so as to make clear what it was meant to be. Around it I drew three circles to represent the orbits of Mercury, Venus and the Earth. I pointed to the third circle and then to myself. He nodded. Next I pointed to second circle and then to him. To my surprise, he shook his head.

Not from Venus? I pointed again and said the word Venus. He repeated after me "Venus?" It was the first time I had heard his voice and no longer could there be any doubt that he was of nonterrestrial birth. It is difficult, if not impossible for me to explain his tone but it had a limpid quality about it—not the gurgling liquid laugh of the ancient club man but the clear liquid of a hillside spring.

A third time I pointed to the sketch of the orbit of Venus. A third time he shook his head.

I tried again. Outside the orbit of the earth I drew a fourth circle to represent the orbit of Mars. I pointed to it, then to him and said: "Mars?"

He nodded at once.

ALLINGHAM confesses he lacked the mental telepathic capabilities attributed to George Adamski, and could make almost no progress in getting details of life on the Red Planet.

All the time that the attempt at conversation was going on, the Space Ship was resting in the gorse less than a hundred feet distant, with hatch open awaiting the Mars man's return. Allingham secured pictures of it in closeup, the best of which are reproduced in *Flying Saucer from Mars*. The ship was almost a duplicate as to construction of the one that had come down in Arizona desert in 1952, which Ric Williamson beheld.

"I was about to try a new line of inquiry," Allingham went on, "when to my surprise, he asked me a question. I don't know why I should have been surprised, obviously there must be plenty of things the Martians cannot know about life on earth, but I had taken for granted at the start of our meeting that I was the questioner—there seemed to be so much more for me to learn.

"Needless to say I could not understand his words. But his gestures were clear enough. He was asking me if the peoples of earth were about to start another war. What was I to say? I shrugged my shoulders, shook my head and tried to give the general impression that I hoped there would be no war, though I could not be sure. He seemed to understand, and for a moment his face looked serious and troubled.

"I returned to my pad. Now, if ever, was the time to find out about those Martian canals. I drew a quick sketch of Mars with its light and dark areas and its polar caps. I passed it over, repeating

the word 'Mars.' He examined it and nodded. Next I sketched in a long straight line from one vegetation area to another. Once again he nodded. The canals, therefore, are artificial . . . So Lowell had been right all along. Like so many pioneers, he suffered more than his share of criticism. The truth, however, nearly always emerges in the end."

OF the termination of the epochal forty-minute interview Allingham says—

"It was clear that my time was up. The Martian, who had walked a little way down the sloping hillside with me, motioned me away as he turned back toward the Saucer—still in a friendly way, but nevertheless firmly. Obviously he was in a hurry to be off. Suddenly I remembered that I had not taken his own photograph, I felt that it would be almost criminal to miss such an opportunity, so, as he was walking back toward the space-ship I managed to take a quick snap. If I had not been in such a hurry and the light had been better, it would of course have made a more satisfactory picture. However, in endeavoring to take as much of his profile as possible, I failed to get the Saucer likewise into my finder. But even so, it shows something of the one-piece garment worn by the space-man . . ."

WITHOUT a doubt, the Allingham book takes its place with the truly great books of the year and perchance of the century. As a collection of apparently authentic photographs of spacecraft, nobody's library can afford to be without it. The least service it can perform is to settle in the public mind for all time that inhabitants of our planetary neighbor Mars are "monsters", abnormally equipped with death-ray guns or grotesque paraphernalia calculated to frighten earthfolk out of their wits.

