

U.F.O.I.C. NEWSLETTER

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SIGHTINGS

Please report any U.F.O. sightings to our Investigation Officers, Mr. Barry French and Mr. Martin Drawbridge, so that investigations can begin as quickly as possible.

Tel. 6076608 or 6070615 day or night.

LIBRARY

The new postal rates for library postal service is as follows:

Within 30 miles of Sydney	30 cents
Elsewhere in N.S.W.	40 cents
Adjoining States	60 cents

These rates apply for parcels of one or two books. Please remit stamps to the Librarian, Mr. M. Duggan, 22 Ferguson Avenue, Springwood, N.S.W. 2777. The Library is well stocked with interesting books about U.F.O.'s and related subjects, so why not make use of it. As a Member of U.F.O.I.C. you are invited to make good use of the Library.

NEW MEMBERS

Anyone wishing to join the U.F.O.I.C. can do so by contacting Mr. Moser, the Secretary, at P.O. Box E170, St. James, Sydney, 2000 — or by coming to the next meeting in the Adyar Hall on 3rd August.

OLD MEMBERS

Why not encourage other people to join, too. Don't keep U.F.O.'s to yourself.

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If, as so many people think, U.F.O.'s are alien spaceships visiting this planet, the public must gradually become acclimatised to this revolutionary concept. For revolutionary it is. Putting men on the moon has surely done a great deal in helping humanity accept the possibility that if we can reach another world, what is stopping another world from reaching us?

(Taken from *Perception* No.22, 1971 — Ed.)

TO ALL MEMBERS

Following the appeal in the last Newsletter to pay membership fees for 1971, there was quite an excellent response. Unfortunately some of our members still have not paid their fees, so therefore if you see a red cross again and do not pay your fees by July 31st, 1971, then this will be the last Newsletter you will receive. If any of our members find it difficult to pay the fees — \$5 per year for single person and married couples, \$2 per year for Senior Citizens, Students, etc. — kindly contact the Secretary and an arrangement can be made. Also, it is necessary to contact the Secretary immediately of changes of address, as, for example, more than eight copies of No. 30 Newsletter were returned "address unknown."

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DATES TO NOTE IN YOUR DIARY

August 3rd We have pleasure in welcoming Dr. K. Sims, B.Sc., Sydney Observatory. His talk is titled *Measurements of Distance in Astronomy*. Adyar Hall, 8 p.m.

October 5th We have Mr. F. Dixon, Lecturer at the University of New South Wales, coming to our meeting, when he will speak on *Some Aspects of Cosmology*. Adyar Hall, 8 p.m.

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MEMBERS' SOCIALS

July 3rd Members' Social in the home of Mr. Alex Berg, 36-42 Mandoon Road, Girraween. Please help with the refreshments by bringing some refreshments.

September 4th Meeting will be at Mr. & Mrs. Iron's home, 33 Wybalena Road, Hunters Hill.

It would help if members would let the Secretary know if they are coming to these Socials — and the usual assistance with refreshments would be appreciated.

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A FULL REPORT ON THE BURRAGORANG VALLEY EXPEDITION

Rumours of strange happenings have been emanating out of Burragorang Valley for years now. Each person to whom I spoke of it had, it seemed, a different tale to tell. True, many were only conglomerations and extracts of others, but all were none-the-less interesting. Martin Drawbridge and Barry French, both U.F.O.I.C. Investigation Officers, and myself, the Research Officer, had spent many enjoyable hours discussing the pros and cons of the various stories. We had put the Valley expedition on our now rather long list of places to investigate — one day. Then I was told this story, which was later verified by our new sightings officer, Gordon Dempster.

Approximately three years ago, a pilot flying a small plane over the Burragorang Valley noticed on the ground a large metallic looking disc with a type of aerial protruding from the top. Startled by what he'd seen he was well past the object before his mind had registered. He circled his craft back over the clearing at which he'd seen it for a better look, only to find the mysterious disc gone. The pilot, both disturbed and puzzled by this, on returning to base arranged for himself and a friend to hike into the area and investigate.

The story goes that neither the pilot or his friend were ever seen again. A search party was sent out by the army and they also lost two men. By the way, the army spend a lot of time in this area, but that is another story.

Our curiosity aroused to fever pitch, we were just the same a little frightened when we contemplated a similar expedition. In the meantime Gordon Dempster had been roughing out a grid system for the area and informed us that it was more than probable a cross-over point existed directly over where the mysterious disc had been sighted. What could we do? We volunteered to go and Gordon, having been to the area as a youngster, was to be our guide.

Now to organise people, transport, equipment, etc., for the expedition. We chose three others to accompany us. Big Wayne, a genial 19 stone car dealer, who later proved to be as strong as he was big and Garry Search, a song writer and musician, who composed the recent hit song *Saint Bernadine*. Then, last but not least, Samson Drawbridge, Martin's pedigree Boxer dog.

At 3 a.m. on the 19th of December 1970, loaded to the hilt with guns, knives, food, bedding, tape recorders and assorted U.F.O. detectors, the six of us and Samson set

U.F.O.'s — SETBACK OR ADVANCE?

Many people eagerly awaited the Condon report, which was supposed to give us the answer to the U.F.O. question. When that report came out stating that there was nothing to the U.F.O.'s which merited further investigation, quite a number of people crossed U.F.O.'s off as a far-out something of the imagination, accepting without question the answers given by the Condon Report. Many others felt that the Condon report was prejudiced, incomplete and sadly lacking in real investigation.

Did you know that in August of 1969, a group of six leading scientists met in a conference and public discussions of U.F.O.'s? The meeting was held in Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. and was billed as the first public discussion of the U.F.O. question by an all-scientific group.

After a three-hour discussion of the viewpoints of the six panelists, they all rejected the Condon report, agreeing that it should not go unchallenged and that more U.F.O. study is needed.

Over the holidays, another conference of scientists was held in Boston, Mass., U.S.A. This was a two-day meeting of world-famed scientists as part of the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. We understand that Dr. Condon tried to stop this U.F.O. discussion from appearing on the program. We wonder why?

After many statements, pro and con, the general opinion of this group was that more study in U.F.O.'s is needed.

Then, in December, the official Project Blue Book of the United States Air Force was closed down. This was the Air Force investigation project on U.F.O.'s and was discontinued because they felt there was no need of it in the interests of national security or science. Although carrying much prestige at one time, this project was run by only three people from a small office.

U.F.O. interest seems to be at a very low ebb since the negative Condon report and the closing of the Project Blue Book. We can't help wondering why more people don't think for themselves instead of simply accepting the opinion of others.

There seem to be far fewer reports of U.F.O.'s, but are there really fewer sightings, or are people simply not reporting them because of fear of ridicule, since so many have unthinkingly accepted the said reports?

Many who believe that there is more to U.F.O.'s than is generally realized feel that the results of the Condon report and the closing of Project Blue Book are a big setback for the case of U.F.O.'s, but are they? We present here the opinion of one of our alert members: "Perhaps it is just as well that such an ineffective group be disbanded." It may be that we can go ahead now with open minds on the question.

By N. SHEWCHENKO.

out from Liverpool, three to a car with Martin and Barry driving. What then began as a two hour drive turned into a five hour nightmare of driving through rugged bush tracks, most of them under water. You see, Gordon had forgotten, after all those years, which cairn of stones marked the correct side trail. I for one, by this time was long past caring, as an old spinal injury had come against me. As I lay groaning on the back seat, Samson the Boxer bounced back and forth over my corpse, slobbering drunkenly from his loose black jowls. Around 8 a.m. we reached our jumping-off point and Big Wayne, before moving from the car, christened Gordon "C.G." meaning "cow of a guide," a nickname he was to keep for the rest of the expedition.

Garry sitting on a log to get into his pack, had to be assisted to his feet. The rest of us hardly better off, but accepting Gordon's estimate of a one and a half mile trek into the valley, began our descent Indian file. Leading the way was C.G., then came Martin and Samson, then Barry, Garry, Big Wayne carrying a 4 gallon drum of water and then myself bringing up the rear. Now pointed in the right direction, we staggered down the steep inclines until we stopped at last for a rest. When we had our breath back we asked C.G. how far we had to go. "About half way," he answered. Satisfied, we totted our loads, convinced our next stop would put us in camp, but we reckoned without Gordon. Five more times we had to stop and each time C.G. gave the same answer, "half way" — but, wait, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Big Wayne had lagged behind with his heavy pack and 4 gallon drum of water, and I had stayed behind with him. Then as we rounded the next bend we were surprised to see Barry and Martin leaning over a cliff hanging on to Garry for dear life. Garry with his pack still firmly in place (an expression of sudden death on his face) was treading empty space. Big Wayne dropped his 4 gallon drum and bounded to their aid, grasping Garry and heaving him bodily back to terra firma. Everyone was noticeably shaken and we all flopped where we were, silence reigning supreme except for the flies, one of which had followed me personally since we'd left the cars. Soon back to normal — and refreshments were declared in order, while Garry told us how he'd walked too close to the edge and the path had crumbled beneath him. We continued much in this manner until we were able to look down the mountain at our target — the flat cleared area with a small stream passing by it. Now we knew we were past "half way." By this time everyone including Big Wayne was perspiring profusely and tottering close to exhaustion, but the valley hadn't finished with us yet!!

The incline we had next to descend was extremely steep and consisted of loose earth and pebbles, making every step likely to cause a landslide. An old injury of Barry's came against him, causing his knee to collapse and I, who had badly sprained my ankle 22 years previously, found it swollen to twice the normal size on reaching the bottom. Only a couple of hundred yards to go now after crossing the river and we were in camp. As we hit the

(Continued on Page 4)

clearing, we dropped our packs, stripped to the waist and became immobile for about two hours. Most of us slept where we'd stopped, replenishing our energy for the long night watch to come. Then on awakening we took inventory of what had been lost on the trek through the valley and proceeded to cook lunch, or whatever it is you eat at that hour of the day.

Thus feeling refreshed and satisfied, if still stiff and sore, we began to collect timber and make ready our fires in preparation for the long night. Then as day fell we cooked a meal and by the light of the camp fire, told each other tall tales of what we might expect that night.

The night proved to be black as pitch and long indeed. We had to make many treks into the bush for more firewood, guiding each other back to camp with torches and our walkie talkies. Yet in all our efforts it seemed were for nothing and by 4.30 a.m. only Martin, Garry and myself remained awake. We decided that having lasted this far we'd move our bedding down on the beach in front of the fires, have a cup of coffee and watch for another hour.

Then it began! Martin and Garry began to see blinking lights on the mountainside directly ahead of us and on the far side of the clearing we had named "the landing strip." As we strained to see the lights again, 3 brief red streaks like tracer bullets crossed our line of vision. These were approximately 200 feet high at about a 33° angle from where we sat. Then as we moved our heads to follow their trajectory a blood red light appeared just above where the two mountains met. The red light though did not go on and off, but opened and closed as would the shutters of a camera. We were wide awake now and talking excitedly about the phenomena, determined to remain vigilant as long as possible. As if hearing us, the sky became overcast with dark heavy clouds only occasionally leaving a break in the firmament to let a star or two peep through. The wind that brought them though seemed to be on our side and set to work blowing the black monsters from our sight.

Just as the sky began to clear a brilliant white star like object cut a path through the low clouds, followed by a long smokey coloured, slightly tapering tail flecked with what looked like glitter. Moving slowly enough for us to wake the others, Barry at least saw it. It didn't crash or explode, but just seemed to hang there in the sky under the clouds drifting slower than a bird in flight. Suddenly it just went out. At no time did the tail diminish or the head expand or contract. The whole thing, trail and all, just went out in an instant. Looking back to where it had come from, we found the path it had cut through the clouds still clearly discernible, and so it remained for some time.

At last we had a clear sky again but not I'm afraid clear heads! So after some discussion we dragged our bedding back up the bank and prepared to sleep, leaving Barry to take the last shift. I had settled down under a tree and as I lay looking up at the stars through the branches, thinking of the many wonderful sights we'd seen, I thought I saw a star moving, but put it down to my blinking eyes or the movement of the leaves. Still it continued to move. That's when I started to yell!! Next it turned a 90° angle moving slowly towards Taurus. Wide awake again, I found myself running down the beach yelling and pointing and gathered everyone was doing the same from the noise around me. A strange thing happened then. It stopped at the second star on the left leg of Taurus, so that we couldn't distinguish one from the other. We sat down by the smouldering remains of our fire and waited for it to move. Half an hour later we gave up. That was as much as we three could take without sleep so once again we left it to Barry.

Several hours later Barry woke us with coffee and stories of the many things he'd seen and been unable to categorise.

A leisurely breakfast followed, at which I managed to blow up my last tin of spaghetti trying to heat it in the fire. We discussed the uphill trek back to the cars and what we could leave behind. The lists of "musts" became shorter and shorter the more we talked. All of us left bedding behind. Some left items of more value. Martin tied his light sleeping bag to Samson saddle fashion. Then we broke camp. The going was tough and we stopped frequently for smokos but didn't have the breath to light up!! About a quarter of the way along we came across an abandoned army camp site by a stream. We, all of us dived in, clothes and all, only to find ourselves bone dry again after 10 minutes on the track.

Further up the track, Samson, whose tongue grew longer with each step we took, almost stepped on a black snake, so tired was he. Martin fortunately noticed it first and grabbed his collar. The snake, his sun-bathing disturbed, slithered off and we one by one gingerly crept past where he had disappeared.

We could see the cars now and quickened our pace until we topped the last hill, then stretched out full length under the trees for a smoke before moving another inch while Samson happily slurped warm Coca Cola out of a tin.

I'd love to go back tomorrow, but I doubt that I ever will. I'm sure, though, we'll talk about the "Burraborang Valley" for a lot longer than we heard about it.

— Frank W. H. Wilks, U.F.O.I.C. Research Officer.
89 Fowler Street, Camperdown, NSW, 2050. Tel. 5192965.

ALBURY PHOTO, AUGUST 30th, 1970

We refer to a paragraph in Newsletter No. 30 about this matter.

Our committee member, Mr. G. Dempster, was recently in Albury on relieving duty for his bank, and he had a chance to interview both the gentleman who took the photo and the photographic developer. The gentleman who took the photo "Overflow of the Hume Weir near Albury" did not see any object. During developing a U.F.O. was shown on one of the two photos taken. We were able to procure the original film and had it analysed by Photo Laboratories at Lucas Heights, Sydney University and C.S.I.R.O. The C.S.I.R.O. Report is the most comprehensive and contains two narrow-spaced foolscap pages. They even went to the trouble to procure the same type of Instamatic Camera.

In brief, then, here is a reconstruction of the event:

For some reason it was thought that the film was not winding up properly; the camera was opened in a dimly lit room, taking a grossly underexposed picture of same with exception of the strongly exposed lamp. To verify this a desk lamp was photographed in a dark room, shutter reset without winding on, showing an interesting picture of an U.F.O., invisible to the naked eye over Epping C.S.I.R.O. Laboratories. No photographic instrument can detect such a double exposure. Further tests showed a very weak spring in this type of camera, resulting

in the film to spring back one frame, giving a double exposure when the next picture is taken. The picture of both U.F.O.'s is very similar to a cover picture in Dell's Magazine some years ago.

Let us hope one day to get an absolute genuine U.F.O. picture. Both photos to hand are very interesting, and the Albury photo was due to a fault in the camera and not to any other cause. We refrain from giving names here. They are in the possession of U.F.O.I.C.—Sydney, if desired.

(Secretary)

PROFESSOR McDONALD

We regret to announce the death of Professor James E. McDonald of Arizona. News has just been received that he passed away on June 14th.

He visited Australia three years ago, and the U.F.O. investigation centres of the world have indeed lost a valuable member.

All those who knew him will be shocked at the loss to the world of such a young man.

UFOLOGISTS AWAKE!

By Frank W. H. Wilks, Research Officer & Assistant Secretary to U.F.O.I.C.

This could well be the year of the Flying Saucer. The year Ufologists the world over have long awaited. Why then is the silence so deafening? Why is mine the only voice to speak out? Do we no longer care who is invading our skies, or has boredom slumbered our wits?

Since the world wide flap of 1956, U.F.O. sightings and information have dwindled to practically nil, making it possible for E.S.P. and other varieties of research to find their way into our thoughts, for want of new paths to follow in our investigations of the U.F.O. enigma.

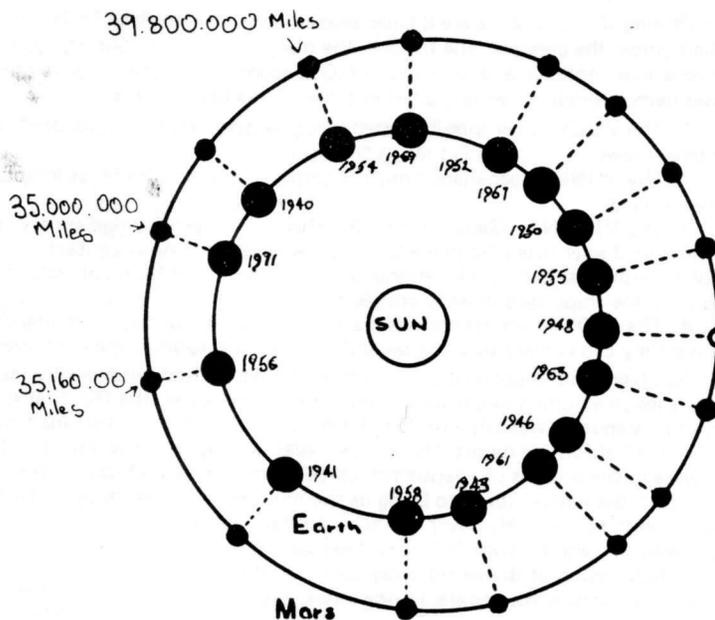
NOW is the time to put all this behind us, to get our house in order and to be prepared for the hard facts we expect. Already the quickening pace is being felt by U.F.O.I.C.'s industrious committee and our Sydney investigation officers Martin Drawbridge and Barry French. The pattern is world wide and not just local. Not so long ago New York had another stifling blackout. Western Australia is active, too, especially Perth, where a motorist was besieged by two or more Flying Saucers, according to newspaper reports. In New South Wales we have actual photos of a Flying Saucer at the Hume Weir — not to mention numerous other sightings and a number of mysterious explosions around Sydney and outlying areas. We have in hand explosion reports from Richmond, Parramatta, Tooths Sydney Brewery fire, not forgetting the Roselands fire, and also a report from Sugarloaf Point (all unexplained by the authorities), plus a few things we can't openly discuss at this time — and still more on the way!

Still, not one person has mentioned the long awaited EARTH-MARS conjunction in August this year. An event which occurs only once every 15 years. Soon the mysterious Red planet and her equally mysterious Moons, Phobos and Deimos, will be upon us. Yes — just think, in August this year Mars will be just 35,000,000 miles away and, even more exciting, 160,000 miles closer than the previous nearest EARTH-MARS opposition in 1956. Just a hop, skip and a jump — as the U.F.O. flies.

SO, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, start your camp-outs and sky watches NOW! Get out your cameras and your dusty U.F.O. detectors and start those reports coming in. LET'S NOT BE CAUGHT NAPPING AGAIN!

To refresh your memories on points of interest regarding the Planet Mars, I suggest you study diagrams and attached information.

A FEW APPROXIMATE OPPOSITIONS OF EARTH AND MARS



WHAT ARE U.F.O.'s AND WHO IS IN THEM? An important feature of U.F.O. (or any) research is CLASSIFICATION. Added to the problems all researchers have of inaccurate reporting, reports coloured to suit the reporter's opinions, etc., U.F.O.'s have the additional disadvantage of being a contentious, emotional issue, and this adds the huge problem of the bulk of "non-sightings" among the sightings — either unintentional (so-called "mass hysteria," faulty cameras, or just forgetfulness or shock) or intentional (fabrication in order to gain notoriety or to discredit U.F.O. investigators). The problem of classification, then, is made much harder by not knowing which reports to include, and which to disregard. However, informal attempts have been made to classify U.F.O.'s, and, more difficult, their crews. More difficult because, whereas U.F.O. sightings are fairly common (an estimated 5,000,000 people in the U.S. alone had seen them by 1967) contacts with inhabitants are much rarer, and the ratio of "crank" reports would seem much higher.

Among U.F.O.'s there are 8 basic shapes, according to Brad Steiger in *UFO's Are Hostile*. They are: the domed, the cigar, the half globe, the crescent, the fireball, the disc, and the rarer Saturn and gyroscope types. Gavin Gibbons in his books has studied actual contacts, and classifies U.F.O.'s according to their specialized tasks. He claims that there are 4 main groups, and he uses names which are widely cited in other works on U.F.O.'s:

1. The VULYA: for long interstellar flights, they are many hundreds or even thousands of feet in diameter, and have very large crews.
2. The VUNU: cigar-shaped mother ships, several hundred feet long, and usually remain high in stratosphere, may not be able to land.
3. The VIMANA: (Sanskrit for "sky chariot"): the "Flying Saucers" so often seen. They are scout ships, and usually contain 2 or 3 scientists who make landings. Adamski's famous contact with a Venusian had a description of a ship which complied with this. Early rock carvings and descriptions of flying objects in Hindu and Old and New Testament texts suggest these were the ships used in early contacts.
4. The VIDYA: unmanned scanners, inches to feet in size, scanning devices far more sophisticated than earth ones — believed they can convey to Vimanas and Vunus sight, sound, smell and even human thoughts.

As I have said, reports of occupants are harder to find, and usually much harder to believe. The most common form of contacts involve human-like beings, sometimes explained by the fact that they are remnants of an older culture from Earth. Adamski's Venusian was tall with long hair — and appeared in a Vimana from a clearly visible Vunu on the 20th November, 1952 in the Californian desert. Daniel Fry never saw his contacts, but they hinted that they were humanoid by the fact that they were in the process of adapting to earth's atmosphere and micro-organisms so that in about 4 years they might be able to mingle with the natives (only to bring us the message of peace though). This was in 1950, which implies they have been among us for at least 17 years. However, since his contact was a descendant of Lemuria (which, in a nuclear war with Atlantis blew much of the world away about 30,000 years ago) we can consider his people, in one sense, expatriates.

Another humanoid form sometimes seen is similar, but much smaller. Some rather gnome-like, 3 foot men were seen by a couple of miners, for example, sampling a couple of buckets of stream water and taking it on board their miniature Vimana. The group that Norman Bethune made contact with were about 5 foot high, with skin darker than an American's, but lighter than that of a Spaniard or Italian. Their captain, who happened to be a beautiful woman named Aura Rhanes, claimed they came from Earth's sister planet Clarion, which we couldn't see because it is hidden by the Moon. Gavin Gibbons, recounting Bethune's story, butts in at this point of the story to say rather sheepishly "perhaps she meant another dimension", whatever that means. There are some other variations on this humanoid theme.

The H.G. Wellsian and similar grotesque monsters, and the B.E.M.'s of Van Vogt and others (Bug Eyed Monsters, that is) have not so far shown up, but there is at least one variation that has the ability to turn the viewer into a gibbering wreck. This has obvious disadvantages from the point of view of getting a cool, clear description, but the impression is one of a reptilian Frankenstein's monster, about 7-8 feet tall, and, while there is no record of it being dangerous, due mainly to the fact that no-one has stuck around to find out, it apparently inspires terror in the seer, who is often found wandering about in a state of shock hours later.

A fourth kind is what is probably responsible for the actions of so-called poltergeists. These are either invisible, or else have a Vietcong-like ability to disappear into the surroundings. And contacts with these seem to be of a fairly hostile form. Besides thousands of traditional accounts, such as stones thrown at roofs (which are not normally associated with U.F.O.'s, although they would seem the most likely explanation), there are accounts of actual scare tactics, often against U.F.O. investigators. A common one is a strange, overpowering stench which was recently experienced by one of U.F.O.I.C.'s investigators. Ray Palmer of *Flying Saucer Magazine* and Amherst Press (publishers of *The Shaver Mystery*) admitted some time ago that he had been badly scared by something which happened with his typewriter.

What these beings have told the contactees is another field of study. Suffice it to say that there are some claims which, if investigated and proved, would revolutionize Physics. Physicists would be doing a great service by investigating the claims of such people as Daniel Fry.

FEES: Members who have not yet paid their 1971 fees are reminded by a conspicuous red mark. Please forward your fee to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Moser, Box E170, St. James, Sydney, 2000. Full Membership \$5. Senior Citizens & Students \$2. Have you heard about Associate Members?? Only \$2. How about that?

NOTES . . .

THE SOCIAL held on 1st May was attended by about 25 members. One of the biggest interests was the "Albury" photos, which were shown around.

There was a demonstration of a Detector — Magnetic detector — Mark Bidwell demonstrated. This caused a stir amongst the younger members.

The film of the dam with the saucer has been left with an expert to examine it, with the idea that it might be a fake.

It was reported about Mr. Phillips, the President, having been on TV, but as the session was at 7.30 a.m., only one or two members had seen it.

A new book by Dr. Bill Williams on a miscellany of talks on ABC Radio called *The Four Prisons of Man* was recommended to be purchased.

The gathering ended up by looking at the Moon and stars through a huge telescope owned and made by Fred Ship.

During the afternoon everyone was treated to a scrumptious feast made ready by Mr. & Mrs. Taylor. We thank them very much for all the trouble they went to, and indeed for the use of their house to hold our meeting in.

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Mr. Moser, the General Secretary, gave a talk in Canberra at the weekend of 15/16 May. He had a good sized audience and they showed great interest in his subject of U.F.O.'s.

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Radio Australia had a three-way talk about U.F.O.'s during the month. Our President, Mr. Phillips, was one of the "ways." Mr. Peter Norris, Victoria's President of the U.F.O.'s and Dr. Bill Williams in Brisbane, the Senior Scientist in the C.S.I.R.O. were also in the three-way talk.

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BOOKS & MAGAZINES FOR SALE from the Secretary or at our Public Meetings.

U.K. F.S. Review, Nos. 4, 5, 6 of 1970, Nos. 1 & 2 of 1971.
Case Histories FSR, Nos. 1 & 2.
Special Reports FSR No. 2 "Beyond Condon" and No. 3 U.F.O. Percipients.

Spacelink,
S S and S (Canada) No. 60 & 61.

Besides these (which were delayed through the postal strike) we have about a dozen other publications to hand. All prices on application through the Secretary.

We draw your attention to the Canadian magazine S S and S (Saucers, Space & Science) under the editorship of Gene Duplantier.

We also have a few copies left of M. Hervey's "UFO's over the Southern Hemisphere" (95c posted), a few copies of R. Tampi's "Flying Saucers — Where do they come from?" (75c posted), Bearne's "Flying Saucers over the West" (60c posted).

UFO books can also be bought in the E.F.G. Bookshop, 57 York Street and the Pocket Book Shop, 137A King Street.

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U.F.O. Kits (50c), Badges (75c), Car-stickers (\$1), all plus postage. You can obtain any of these through the Secretary, or any committee member. Why not be proud of belonging and WEAR A BADGE?

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HARMONIC 695. Yes, another sensational publication by Capt. Bruce Cathie now in the hands of the printers. This book is even more factual and fantastic than his previous "Flying Saucer" mathematically explained best seller "Harmonic 33"! We look forward in anticipation to the time when this is in the hands of the booksellers.

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