

no. 29/68 Summer 68
Nikola Tesla. part V

TOPSIDE



T O P S I D E

Published by: OTTAWA NEW SCIENCES CLUB, 95 Centre Street, Aylmer, Quebec, Canada.

Subscription rate : \$2.00 for 4 issues (approximately quarterly).

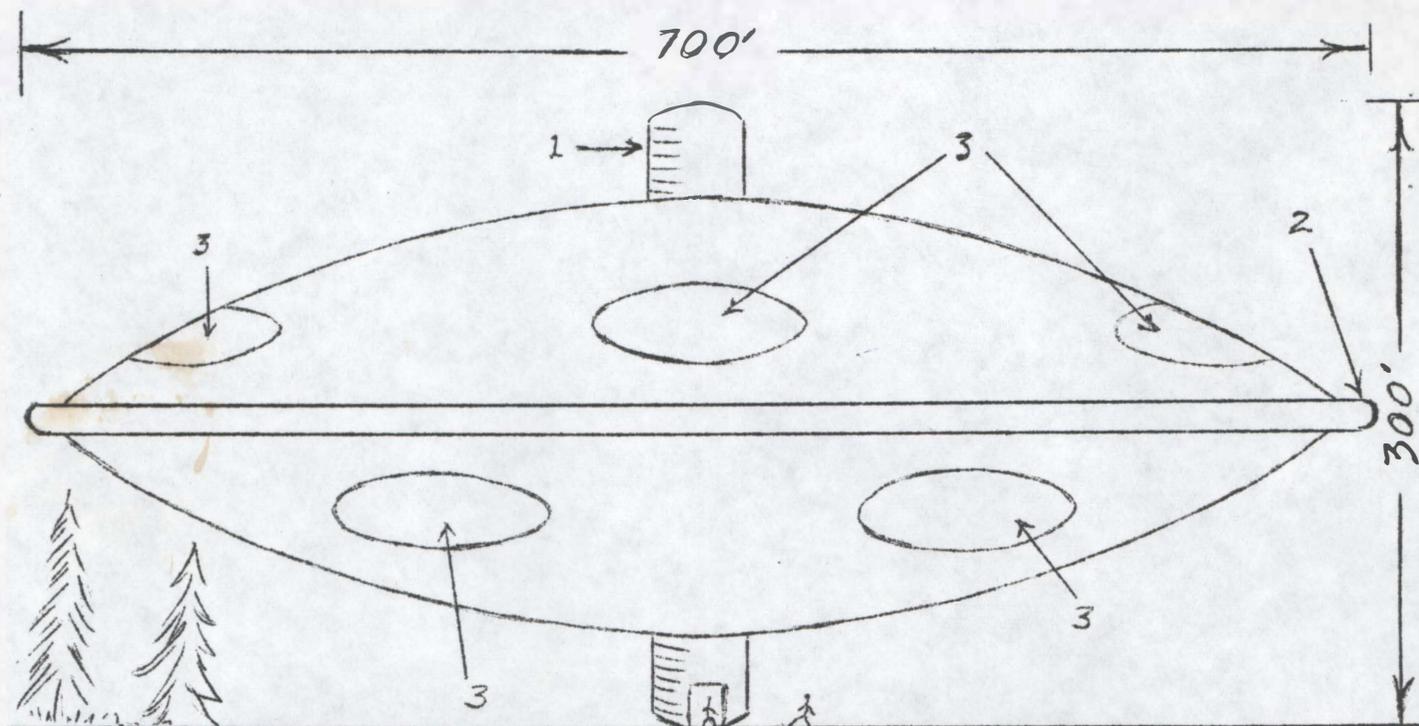
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NUMBER 29

SUMMER, 1968

THE LANDINGS OF THE VENUSIAN SPACESHIP X-12 AT LAC BEAUPORT, QUEBEC, CANADA.

by Arthur H. Matthews.



- 1) Central tubular shaft (50' diameter), free to move in relation to main body of ship, and containing an elevator running from bottom entrance of ship to the 4 levels of main body and up to the Control Centre at top of shaft.
- 2) Unsupported "Guide Ring" surrounding ship 20' away from the main body.
- 3) Hatches (125' diameter) for release and return of the 24 small spacecraft carried by this mother-ship.

In relating this account of the landings of a large spaceship on my property at Lac Beauport, of my strange experience in meeting with people who claimed they were from Venus and what I learned about life on their planet, I would like to emphasize that I consider myself of little importance in this story. If my name is known at all, it is due to my long friendship with Nikola Tesla and an intimate knowledge of his great work for mankind. Perhaps I may be excused if I say that it affords me a certain amount of amused satisfaction to realize that I am now probably the last living person who knew and loved Tesla, but in all humility, I am aware that it was only because Tesla left me some of his ideas to develop that I was thus able to meet these people from Venus who claimed Tesla as one of their own.

Due to the fact that my story covers several visits of the Venusian spaceship, I am, for space reasons, condensing its details into one account and will therefore leave out dates. Sufficient to say that the first visit was in Spring, 1941, with continued landings about every 2 years until 1961 which, to date, was the last landing. These landings took place on my 100-acre property in the hollow of a large meadow formed by the sloping mountainside at the back and the rise of ground at the front.

It was on a spring morning of 1941 that I was standing near my workshop with my son, Humphrey. We were discussing some matter relating to electrical waves when suddenly Humphrey looked up and exclaimed: "There's something wrong with the sun!" I looked to the East and gasped in astonishment. Exactly in the centre of the golden disc there was a round black spot about one-quarter the apparent diameter of the sun. It was too big to be a sunspot and besides, it was moving. As we watched, it crept slowly to the upper edge of the sun and in about 10 minutes had left the solar disc when it simply vanished from sight. We saw nothing more of it that day. I went to bed early that night but could not sleep. An oppressive sense of something strange impending descended on me like a pall. Finally, I arose and dressed. I went outside and looked up at the sky but all I could see were the stars sparkling in full brilliancy. I returned to the house and settled down to read - but not for long, for suddenly the alarm signal on the Tesla Scope rang shrilly. I ran outside and at first saw nothing except the sparkling stars. Then I noticed something queer towards the mountain. It appeared to be darker than usual. It was indeed, for some huge object seemed to cover most of the mountain! I began to walk towards it and as I came near to our barn, I was suddenly confronted by 2 persons. Both men were nearly 6' tall and in the brilliant starlight I could discern their bright blue eyes and golden hair, but what registered with me most was that these beings radiated an aura of perfect health and happiness. Immediately I sensed a feeling of goodwill emanating from them which took away any fear I might have had at this sudden meeting. They were wearing grey coveralls and somehow I knew then that they were space beings. I noted with interest that both were bare-headed, with no helmets or other apparatus and yet they seemed to have no difficulty in breathing Earth air. I have since been asked if there were any physical differences from Earthmen about these space people and I can only say that I saw none - and why should there be? Are we not all built the same, in the likeness of God? Then one of them spoke to me in very good English, saying "Good-morning, Arthur Matthews. May we go with you into your workshop?" If this was a surprise, there was a greater one to follow, as he continued: "We are from Venus and we have come to see what you are doing with Tesla's inventions." Completely taken back, I could only blurt out: "How am I supposed to believe you are from Venus?" The one who appeared to be the leader answered calmly: "When you see our ship, you will believe. But before we go, I will make a sketch of Tesla's Anti-War Machine. No one on earth but you knows it secret. Will that convince you?" I nodded and led them to my workshop. With a few deft strokes, he drew a sketch for me which I could only accept as the truth. A brief inspection and explanation of the work I was doing on the Tesla devices followed. No comments were made and I was left to assume they were satisfied with my efforts. Then the 2 Venusians said they would take me to their

spaceship. We walked towards the mountain and soon I was staring wild-eyed at the gigantic proportions of the mother-ship X-12, hardly believing my senses, while my 2 companions gave amused chuckles at my bewilderment. The landed ship which appeared to be made of grey metal(?), looked like 2 gargantuan saucers put together rim to rim and circling these rims about 20' away from the main body of the craft was an unsupported band of material (later referred to as the "Guide Ring") which was not attached to the ship by any visible means and appeared to be held in place by some magnetic force. Penetrating the centre of the ship was a tubular shaft 50' in diameter and 300' in height, the top and bottom ends of which protruded from the ringed saucers which were 700' in diameter. The bottom end of this large tube rested on the ground and I could see an opened doorway in which stood 2 of the crew who greeted us with a hand salute. My 2 companions invited me in for an inspection tour of the great ship and we stepped into an elevator which I was told had no cables and was operated by will power! We stopped off at the 1st level which was devoted to the storage of some of the 24 small spacecraft this mother-ship carried, ground vehicles and other equipment. The 2nd level comprised the living quarters of the crew, gardens, recreation area, study rooms and a meeting hall. Living quarters were compartments for single persons or "married" couples (for the crew was made up of both sexes) and these units comprised a small hallway, a large living room, bedroom, bathroom with toilet and storage locker. All rooms were carpeted with some form of pliant plastic and the walls were hung with beautiful paintings. I discovered the outer wall of the living room was in fact "see through", giving a full view of space outside. The outer door of each compartment led out on to a small flower-bedded garden. At this point, I commented on the lack of a kitchen in these units and was informed that Venusians never spoil their food by cooking it. They grew their own produce aboard and ate it fresh. We then came to the recreation area which was covered with some form of simulated grass on which a number of the crew were playing a game somewhat like basketball. This gave me an opportunity to study these Venusians more closely and I noted that they ranged from 5'6" to 6' in height, they were blue-eyed, skin colouring a bronze sun-tan and their hair covered shades from golden blonde to a reddish brown. They all appeared in glowing health and their eyes sparkled with a natural joie de vivre.

Climbing to the 3rd level, I found this was the horticultural section where all their food produce was grown and there were attractive gardens where the crew relaxed and ate their food. The 4th level was divided between storage of more of the small scout ships, heavy material, water supply, etc., and a number of workshops. I had noted that throughout the entire ship all floors were completely covered with some form of plastic material and that all the outer walls were of the same "see through" type. On each wall there was a circular viewing screen, somewhat like television, showing a full view of outer space and the exact position of the X-12 in relation to other planets and its directional trajectory in space, this changing picture being projected from the Control Tower to all parts of the ship. I was also informed that built into these walls were 'accumulators' for storing solar energy which gave constant light and power to operate cooling and heating systems and air conditioning.

We then rose to the exposed top of the tubular shaft which I was told was the Control Room. My earthly mind had conjured up visions of all kinds of complex devices to operate this enormous spacecraft, but to my great surprise, there were no visible controls or equipment at all! In the centre of the room was a raised circular platform on which had been built a circular couch and seated with their backs to this and facing outwards to the North, South, East and West, were 4 persons - 2 women and 2 men. I was informed that these 4 operators, chosen specially for their great mental powers, controlled and directed this giant ship! It all seemed completely unbelievable until across my doubting mind there flashed the Biblical verse: "Faith can move mountains". My leader-companion then took me to a lower level and introduced me to a lovely woman whom he described as his "life comp-

anion". She was indeed a most beautiful creature, with sapphire-blue eyes, golden-blond hair and her face glowed with an inner spirituality delightful to behold. He stood beside her and said simply: "You may call us Frank and Frances, for we stand for Truth." I noticed that the girl was seated before a large blank screen and a further wonder was in store for me, as she demonstrated her ability to project on to it thought-forms of whatever she was thinking, which appeared on the screen as living motion pictures. To my surprise, she showed me a picture of myself coming out of my house, followed by the scene in my workshop when I spoke with the 2 space visitors. There followed pictures of Venus, its people, homes and towns and I just stood there over-awed at its natural beauty. And then a strange phenomenon took place which I know will sound as incredible as it did to me at the time, although there is much we do not know about the power of mind over matter. For while I was fully aware that I, Arthur Matthews, was standing in the physical form in a landed spaceship at Lac Beauport, yet at the same time I suddenly became a living part of the projected scenes, mingling with the people of Venus millions of miles away! Here was a great mystery indeed, for I could not only see them but feel them just as if I was truly there in body as well as spirit. I appeared to be standing at the edge of a vast, cup-like depression. On every side there towered tall pillars of basalt, smooth and perfect as if polished by the hand of man. On the farther side of this huge natural theatre, a mighty torrent of water descended from the brow of the ebony cliffs in a 1000-ft. leap, striking squarely on the edge of the great cup and turning it into a churning mass of foam. Then I saw it was only around the rocky margins of the pool that the water was beaten into foam. The entire centre was occupied by a mass of water perfectly smooth and strangely piled up like a dome of glass. It was not water such as we know for streamers of living light of every imaginable colour darted over the shining surface of the great dome, sometimes blending into masses of rose or green or violet and then mingling into a glittering confusion of rainbow hues. This whole scene of overwhelming grandeur was foiled by a broad band of emerald green turf which framed the central cup, and dotted here and there were graceful palm trees whose fronds glistened with diamond drops of spray.

Then gazing upwards, I gasped in surprise for there, poised in the air above the rim of the waterfall, was a great crystal ball like a gigantic soap bubble, transparent but gleaming with rainbow hues. Around its centre was a broad band of gold metal. This girdle formed the equator and at either pole was a projecting boss of the same metal from which were suspended, by cables, inverted cups which hung some distance below the globe. As it drew nearer, I saw that the equatorial band was studded at intervals with circular windows of glass-like material from the centre of each projected a long needle which I assumed was for directing the course of the airship, a theory which later I found to be correct. Slowly the great ball sank until the cups touched the grass and the cables were withdrawn into the metal bosses. Here, the shining sphere hung about a foot above the ground, swaying gently. A moment later, a circular window swung open and several figures stepped out.

Then the scene changed and I beheld a rolling, park-like country clustered with groups of palms and other trees. In the distance I could discern the wall of black cliffs and beyond them rose range upon range of snow-capped peaks from which a wide river wound its way. In the central plateau about 50 miles in diameter, the river broadened into a shining lake and then continued its way until it plunged over the cliffs into the Pit of the Shining Pool. Returning my gaze to the immediate scene around me, I realized I was in the centre of a beautiful Venusian town. Innumerable buildings were sparsely scattered among groves of trees. While of varied size, these structures were of the same general design, consisting of an ellipsoidal roof of prismatic crystal supported on a circular colonnade of marble pillars. Above them, hundreds of balloon-like airships darted through the air. Many of the houses were built on top of the basalt columns bordering the river and I could see groups of people standing on the verge of the cliffs. I then observed, standing on an elevation, a very large building of the same circular design which I was told was the community meet-

ing place of these Venusians. I then found myself walking with the crew of the X-12, through a broad avenue of stately palms towards the white pillars of the great assembly hall. Soon we were climbing a noble stairway flanked by mighty columns until we stood in the centre of a splendid amphitheatre surrounded by tiers of marble seats in which a large group of people reclined. As we entered, they all arose, their hands raised in the Venusian salute and I heard a unanimous cry of "Brothers! Goodwill unto you!" It was then that I realized that these Venusians wore no garments but stood as nature created them, but such was their noble build, I could feel no embarrassment, only admiration of their physical beauty. I was led by Frank to a seat at one side of the huge auditorium and he then addressed me: "Friend from across Space, Earthman Arthur Matthews, we welcome you. The people of Venus ask me to speak for them because I can talk your language freely. We have brought you here out of no idle curiosity, but because we believe it lies in our power to offer your world some help in its present troubled state. We have a priceless gift to offer you which is known to us as the Truth, but first we would ask you to tell us more of the world in which you live. Tell us something of its history, social conditions, science and what you call religion, and we will then judge if we are right in revealing to you the Secret of Truth. Speak in your own tongue, for all will understand your thoughts. Fear only to say that which is not true, for we shall know immediately the true from the false." Somewhat bewildered, I arose and after a pause, I spoke: "People of Venus, I thank you for your kind welcome and your offer. I do not know what this Gift of Truth may be, but if all the radiant health, happiness and beauty I see among you are due to this Truth, I greatly desire to know its secret and share it with the people of Earth. But before I tell you something of conditions on my planet, may I first ask a question?" There were nods of approval and I continued: "Why have you chosen me to speak for Earth instead of going to the leaders of my world? I am a humble person whose name is unknown and I have no power with which to convince few, if any, on Earth." "We understand your question." Frank replied. "We have chosen you because, as a friend of Tesla, we believe you will tell us the truth. As for your humble origin, did not the Supreme Creator in Whom we of Venus all believe - your God - choose One of lowly birth to spread the truth of your Christian Philosophy? In your Bible you will read "In the Beginning there was the Word" or the Truth as we call it, and of God's desire that His children should believe in the Word. If we decide to pass on this Truth to you, then God will surely see that channels are opened up to you to pass on His Word." In deep humility, I replied: "In the name of Jesus Christ, I thank you."

And then, to the best of my ability, I proceeded to tell the Venusians what I knew of Earth's history. I described the development of war from the days of the cross-bow and sword to its present stage of destructive sophistication. I dealt with what ancient history I knew and briefly brought it up to modern times. I talked on present day social conditions, our technological achievements, a little on medicine, psychology, philosophy and comparative religion, and then I turned to science. Up to this point, these god-like Venusians had listened to my poor talk with absorbed attention, but as I attempted to explain Earth's concept of Physics, there was a great commotion as members of the assembly leapt to their feet and I heard repeated cries clamouring for the Truth! I could only conclude from this that our scientists' present knowledge of Physics left much to be desired! A few words from Frank, explaining that I was telling the truth only as I knew it, quietened the group and he apologized to me for the interruption. At the conclusion of my talk, I was invited by Frank and his beautiful companion, Frances, to spend some time with them and to my great delight, they took me for a flight in their small airship where I sat back entranced at the glorious landscape unfolding beneath us. And then, as mysteriously as I had been "teleported" to Venus by the thought projection process, I suddenly found myself back in the landed spaceship at Lac Beauport, facing an empty screen.

Over the years of the continued landings of the X-12 at Lac Beauport, I was able, by means of Frances' strange ability to project me into her living pictures, to continue my contacts with the Venusians whom I grew to love for their gentle, courteous ways, their radiant happiness and beauty of mind and body. Always, Frank and Frances acted as my host and hostess and I spent many happy hours with this gracious couple, sometimes wandering on pleasant walks through groves of cinnamon and nutmeg trees, breathing in the soft, perfumed air, sometimes going on fabulous flights of exploration in their airship, and at other times, we relaxed in their beautiful crystal dwelling, discussing many matters, exchanging information on our respective planets, and all the time, I learned more of the harmonious way of life of these happy Venusians. Frank talked freely on all aspects of the life of his people, with one exception - the nature and meaning of the Truth - from which I gathered that the time was not yet right for this revelation.

I was amazed at the perfection of the Venusian mode of one planetary government guided by a small council of wise leaders and also at the extreme simplicity of the social relationships of its people who appeared to be one large family bound together by love and understanding. At one time I asked Frank if Francis was his wife. "No, not in the sense your world interprets this word." he replied. "We have mutually elected to become life companions." "Then surely you have been united by some ceremony such as we call marriage?" "No, with this mutual desire in our hearts, we have no need for meaningless words." "So there is nothing to prevent you from separating at any time?" "Nothing at all." "Then what we call divorce must be common on Venus." I ventured. The Venusian couple laughed outright. "As common as the rose voluntarily cuts itself from the bush." remarked Frances with a gentle laugh. "Let me explain." said Frank. "When Venusians couples unite, because of their knowledge of the Truth, it is impossible for them to make a mistake, for they recognize each other as soul-mates and the union is forever. It is sad that your world lacks this knowledge, for it would appear that such legal ceremonies are necessary because your people are insecure and uncertain of each other."

During one of our aerial excursions over the wooded countryside, I remarked on the absence of any burial grounds and that the word "death" had never been mentioned in our talks. Frank countered with: "How old are you, Arthur?" "48 years." "What is the normal life-span on Earth?" "70 - 100 years." "Then you will probably be surprised to learn I have seen over 800 summers and Frances over 650." "You must be joking!" I exclaimed. "Sickness and old age sap the vitality of the body and within 100 years, it dies." Frank shook his head. "Because we apply the knowledge of the Truth, we know nothing of sickness or old age. True, we finally leave our bodies, not because they are worn out but because our appointed time has come to transfer to another sphere of existence. But a few of us with special missions here, such as those with the required wisdom to govern our planet, may live on in perfect health for thousands of years!" I was left dumbfounded at these remarks which seemed more than my earthly mind could absorb.

And thus the periodic contacts with the Venusians continued, with information exchange and progress reports on my work on the Tesla devices passing between us until finally the great day arrived when Frank informed me that the Venusian Assembly had decided that the Gift of Truth should be extended to me and through me, to the people of Earth. You may well imagine my excitement on learning that this great mystery was at last to be revealed to me! It was to take place, Frank said, at the Venusians' most sacred shrine, the "Palace of Truth" and although he spoke of its great beauty, I was little prepared for the further wonders in store for a bewildered Earthling! First, I was taken to the edge of the cliffs where the river gathered for its final plunge and Frank led the way to a flight of spiralling steps carved out of the solid rock. We descended these steps which eventually entered the rock itself and we came out on to a small platform directly under the mighty waterfall which thundered down to the abyss. With a thrill of horror, I realized we were

standing on top of one of the towering basalt columns and I admit I shook with fear. But Frank grasped my hand and led me to a further flight of spiralling steps. Down we went, sometimes passing close to the water whose roar grew louder as we descended, and sometimes passing through tunnels in the rock. Behind us there followed a seemingly endless line of figures. Finally we came to a great cave directly under the fall and the living rock trembled with the force of its tremendous impact. On we went until we passed through an arched opening and stood at last in the Palace of Truth! At the glory of the sight that met my eyes, I let out an involuntary cry of delight and amazement. We stood on a broad shelf of black basalt surrounding a great circular depression about 1000 ft. in diameter which was filled with a mass of coloured water which surged and rippled like a sea of rainbows. A closer inspection revealed that it was in fact a floor of living crystal (See Chap. 4, Revelations) and looking up, I saw it was reflecting the underside of the great dome of water in the centre of the pool below the waterfall. By some strange magic beyond my comprehension, the crystal lake held this mass of churning, multi-coloured water suspended in mid-air, its under-surface reflecting into the crystal like a mirror in which its darting, changing colours were intensified a thousandfold. It was the most breathtakingly beautiful sight I had ever seen.

While I had been absorbing the indescribable beauty of this natural kaleidoscope, the basalt shelf had been filling with the great company of people assembled for this meeting. Then Frank raised his hand in salute and spoke: "Friend from Earth, the glory you behold is our Palace of Truth and we have brought you here as a fitting place to reveal to you its Secret. You have told us truly of the world in which you live and we are grieved at your story. Therefore we hope this revelation will in time lead to a great improvement in conditions on your planet. Make no mistake! We do not worship the Truth. We worship the One God Whom no man may know. As for the Truth, we know not from whence it comes - only that it fills all space and permeates all things. It is no great mystery confined to our planet alone - it is free for all to seek and use throughout the Universe. You yourself have revealed that you have known the Truth for many years, but you have not recognized it as such. Did not you tell us that your friend, Tesla, had discovered and used the Cosmic Ray? This, my friend, is the Truth which we also call the Power of Life. It is the essence which animates all living things - man, animal, vegetable and mineral. It is the vibration which responds to the mind and spirit of all life and once one has learned to use this great natural law wisely, one mind beholds another in all its truth, so that misunderstanding is impossible. Thus it is we are able to understand you when you speak your own language for we see not only the outer shell as you do, but the living mind within that shell. It is because of our understanding of the Truth that we enjoy long life in perfect health, happiness and harmony, that we are able to construct and operate by pure thought our spacecraft and other technological wonders you have seen, erect beautiful dwellings with every comfort and convenience, ~~transmute~~ our planet into beauty and agricultural productivity, effect climate control and avert natural disasters - in short, we have transformed our planet into an earthly paradise. And all these things, my friend, may be achieved by the people of Earth if they learn to recognize and use the Truth!"

I had listened in some surprise to learn that the Truth should be none other than the Cosmic Ray, which I knew something about, for Tesla had built his "Scope" and other wonderful inventions to utilize the power of this Ray. I knew too, that more than a purely physical force was involved because in harnessing the Cosmic Ray, Tesla had discovered that it responded to mental vibrations. But one big question burned in my mind and I asked Frank: "But how can the people of Earth recognize this Truth?" "We do not see the Truth with the physical eye" he replied. "We see it with an inner eye that lies in the metaphysical area of the mind and which is opened up by spiritual development."

"You seem to forget" I returned. "That most of us on Earth lack this special 6th sense which enables Venusians to visualize mental images produced by the Truth. You can tell a blind man of the light, but you cannot make him see!" "Arthur, this special faculty is not the exclusive possession of Venusians. It is common to all mankind - inherent in life itself. For countless generations, your race has lived and died like men who bandage their eyes that they might not see the light! Listen carefully." And then in words so simple that the humblest person could understand, Frank revealed the secret whereby people of Earth - if they choose to accept it - can learn to develop this marvellous 6th sense and the full consciousness of Truth. In essence, it was nothing more or less than to carry out the Philosophy of Love of God and all His creatures, as taught by Jesus Christ, which in turn, would open up that special spiritual area of the mind to see the Truth! Then, in ringing tones that sounded like the clear notes of a bugle, Frank addressed me: "Go back to your Earth, Arthur, and tell its people of the things you have seen and the knowledge you have acquired." "But Frank!" I cried in an anguished voice. "Although I shall speak the truth, few will believe me. Most will dismiss my words as, at best, a Utopian fantasy! Many will label me "crackpot" or worse!" Frank grasped my shoulders and spoke firmly. "Heed not the words of the foolish. Speak for those with sufficient wisdom to learn. If you only reach a few, your efforts and all the ridicule, will not have been in vain. Go forth with the Word, Arthur - and God go with you."

With these words still ringing in my ears, I found myself back in full consciousness on the landed X-12. As I prepared to depart, the beautiful woman of countless years rose from her blank screen and with a lovely smile, she extended her hand in farewell. Later, from a distance, I watched the great X-12 rise silently and swiftly and take off into that summer's night of 1961 - since when it has not returned to Lac Beauport.



WHAT DO WE KNOW OF THE COSMIC RAY?

Earth's present scientific knowledge may be summed up very simply and briefly as follows. Our atmosphere is continually being bombarded by atomic particles from outer space. These are known as "primary cosmic rays". These high-speed particles, mostly protons, when crashing through our atmosphere, break up some of Earth's atoms, the particles of which are called "secondary cosmic rays".

Both of these minute cosmic rays are extremely energetic and can enter and pass through almost any form of matter. Every minute, hundreds of them pass through everything on Earth, including Man.

Our scientists admit that they do not know exactly where the primary cosmic rays come from. They theorize on three possible sources: (1) The sun, which shoots off atomic particles, including protons and neutrons, especially during solar "storms"; (2) Stars known as Supernovae, which suddenly explode, shooting off protons and neutrons at high speeds; and (3) Dust and gas moving about in outer space, the atoms of which rush around in giant whirlpools, often shooting off nucleon from their atoms.

It would appear, therefore, that we still have much to learn about the Cosmic Ray, both from the physical and metaphysical viewpoints.

ARE YOU WILLING TO SUPPORT A WORLDWIDE BID FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF AN OBJECTIVE UFO RESEARCH INVESTIGATION BY A GROUP OF INTERNATIONAL SCIENTISTS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE UNITED NATIONS ORGANIZATION?

As it now seems pretty obvious that we are not going to get an objective UFO investigation with release of the true facts to the general public, by world governments, it would appear that our only hope of securing such an investigation lies with the United Nations and the only way to achieve this successfully would be by means of a worldwide petition to the Secretary-General of the U.N.O. As UFO phenomena is a global problem, it seems more than appropriate that the U.N. should carry out this investigation and it might be of interest to recall here that in an earlier issue of Topside, messages purporting to come from the Space Brothers stressed the vital importance of the United Nations as our only hope of securing justice and eventually, peace on this troubled planet.

UFO journals and writers across the world have continuously expressed justified criticism of the "Silence" policy of world governments - but is this enough? Are we, as individuals, now prepared to do something constructive about the situation? We should, if we are ever to learn the truth of the UFOs. If sufficient voices were raised on a global basis and submitted as a joint petition to the U.N., requesting that one of its agencies undertakes an objective world study on UFOs, something would have to be done, and remember, Sec.-Gen. U Thant has already expressed the personal opinion that the UFO problem is second only to the Vietnam War! A few individual attempts have already been made to interest the U.N. in such a project, but what is needed now is one big concerted effort representing the Voice of people all over the world. Are you prepared to play a small but vital role in this fight for the Truth? If so, here is a wonderful opportunity to do so.

One of Britain's oldest and most dedicated UFO groups, The Anglo-Polish UFO Research Club of London, England, has, under the leadership of its Chairman, Mr. Antoni Szachnowski, undertaken as its major objective, the distribution and collection, on a global basis, of a questionnaire-type petition which is intended to form the basis of a direct appeal to the Sec.-Gen. of the U.N.O. to consider the establishment of a special study group of international scientists to investigate the UFO problem within one of its agencies, preferably U.N.E.S.C.O., and to make periodic reports of its findings to the world at large.

Mr. Szachnowski appears very well qualified to handle this project as he has been on the UFO scene longer than most of us, his first encounter with a UFO taking place during World War II, several years before the expressions "flying saucers" and "UFOs" were coined, and in this regard it may interest our readers to learn a little of his background and how his UFO group was originally formed.

Antoni Szachnowski, who was born in South-East Poland, originally intended to become a doctor, but his planned career in medicine was interrupted by the outbreak of World War II. As soon as he was old enough, he escaped from Poland and in 1942 he joined the Polish Army which was fighting with the Allied Armed Forces against Nazi Germany. His first experience with a UFO took place in Italy in the summer of 1944 during an offensive action around Loreto, Castelfidardo and Osimo. About 10 a.m., in an almost cloudless sky, there suddenly appeared an egg-shaped, metallicly-glistening, motionless object. Immediately, his Regiment's anti-aircraft guns opened up a barrage of fire. Shells were bursting below the object and then came the order to Cease Fire as it was realized with astonishment that the German batteries were also shelling the same object! Apparently, both sides thought it was some secret weapon of the enemy. The Germans continued firing for a while, then stopped. The object remained motionless for a minute or so, then it tilted about 50° and suddenly shot upwards speedily, disappearing into the blue Italian skies.

With the war over, Germany was defeated, but Poland was not free. Faced with this situation, the majority of the Polish soldiers had to make the bitter decision to remain

'in exile'. Thus there came into being the "Polish Resettlement Corps" which was stationed in some British Army Barracks in the Norfolk Forest, England. On arrival from Italy, Mr. Szachnowski's Regiment joined one of these camps. During the gradual process of transference to civilian life outside Poland, ample opportunity was given to the men for long discussions on many topics and a fair share of the time was devoted to the mysterious or 'Fortean' phenomena that abound in time of war. One evening, Mr. Szachnowski related his queer experience in Italy which immediately aroused the interest of some Polish Airmen present. On 2 occasions, they stated, they had had some very strange 'escorts' in the air during bombing sorties over Germany. They had discovered too, that other Allied Airmen had had the same experience and had even given a name to these mysterious aerial objects - 'foo fighters'. This gave the group food for thought and when, in 1947, "flying saucers" burst into the news, they decided to investigate the phenomenon seriously and keep in touch with each other by letters. Soon afterwards, they left for civilian life; many of them scattered all over the world and since Mr. Szachnowski had settled in London, England, he became a sort of clearing-house for these letters. With time, people of other nationalities joined in the flow of letters and so the "Polish International UFO Correspondence Club" came into existence, and finally, on March 1, 1955, it developed into the Anglo-Polish UFO Research Club, with correspondents all over the world and headquarters in London, England. This Club was one of the original founders of the British UFO Association and its ultimate aim is to establish an International Federation of UFO Research Societies under the patronage of U.N.E.S.C.O.

Antoni Szachnowski, now aged 45, is an international shipping clerk in London and apart from his considerable UFO activities, he finds time to broadcast on Radio Free Europe and the Polish Section of the BBC Foreign Service. In launching "Operation Questionnaire", he hopes to collect thousands of signatures for the UN petition from all over the world. The questionnaire has already been translated into 5 major languages and further translations are underway. The questionnaire incorporates a system of simple "Yes/No" answers and Mr. Szachnowski stresses that "Yes" answers to the last 5 questions are particularly important because they cover the 3 major points of the Petition:

- (1) OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF THE UFO QUESTION AS A SERIOUS MATTER OF GLOBAL IMPORTANCE.
- (2) THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A GLOBAL UFO OBSERVERS' NETWORK, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF U.N.O., AND UNDER THE ORGANIZATIONAL SUPERVISION OF U.N.E.S.C.O.
- (3) THE CREATION OF A SPECIAL UFO RESEARCH CENTRE, RUN BY UNESCO, WITH AN INTERNATIONAL PANEL OF SCIENTISTS (EQUIPPED WITH COMPUTERS) FOR THE ASSESSMENT AND STUDY OF REPORTS.

All the preceding questions form a general UFO Opinion Poll and while the "Yes/No" answer system has certain inherent drawbacks, it is pointed out that this is the standard and necessary procedure in Public Opinion Polls. The questionnaire is constructed on the "Socratic Principle" which too, has some limitations, but with all these unavoidable shortcomings, the questionnaire has one great advantage - IT WORKS!

When completed, the International UFO Petition will represent an expression of global opinion - a Voice from all over the world which the powers-that-be will not be able easily to ignore. Mr. Szachnowski then proposes a final 3-pronged line of action for presenting to the Secretary-General of the United Nations Organization:-

- (A) A formal Petition covering the 3 points mentioned above.
- (B) A Memorandum developing and substantiating these points and suggesting some practical solutions to the problem.
- (C) Thousands of completed Questionnaires from all over the world as a factual basis for the above two documents.

The final form of these documents will be derived from the proposals of participating

groups and outstanding UFO researchers and then finally agreed upon, with Mr. Szachnowski and his group acting as the Co-ordinating Centre, and in this regard, he welcomes any constructive suggestions from interested parties. The method of presentation will also be agreed upon and it is suggested that there should be a delegate from each country, carrying his country's volumes of bound questionnaire forms. It is also proposed that prior to the presentation, on an agreed date, statements covering details of the project could be released simultaneously to news media all over the world by participating parties in every country. At the same time, appropriate speeches and public addresses on the project could be given, possibly with the help of various 'celebrities' adding their weighty support. Mr. Szachnowski sums up: "All this could well produce a great wave of public interest - an upsurge of feeling that something should be done about the UFO problem on a global scale. It would certainly create a helpful climate in which the presentation of the International UFO Petition should reach its full potential of intended impact and produce the maximum results." In conclusion, Mr. Szachnowski emphasizes that he is not seeking any personal publicity from this project. He is prepared to speak out and support it, if and where necessary, but is not looking for personal public attention. Persons promoting "Operation Questionnaire" in other countries may conduct their campaigns in any reasonable manner they wish. The only thing Mr. Szachnowski requests is that he should be advised of progress and developments in any of these countries in order that he can execute efficiently the task of international co-ordination.

We therefore invite our readers and other interested parties to become active participants in this worthwhile project which may well lead to an important milestone in UFO history. If you are genuine in your desire to do something constructive about the present lack of factual information on UFOs from official sources, here then is a golden opportunity. All that is required of you is to tick off the Yes or No answers on the Questionnaire - and sufficient moral courage to append your signature to something you believe in! Copies of the Questionnaire may be obtained from the Editor of Topside, who is acting as a North American co-worker in this project (Address: 95 Centre Street, Aylmer East, Quebec, Canada). In the case of UFO groups, please state number of copies required. We urge you to support "Operation Questionnaire" which may be our only hope of getting the truth of the UFOs. Anyone seeking further information on this excellent project may write directly to: Mr. A.W. Szachnowski, 75 Oakfield Road, Anerley, London, S.E.20, England, and the courtesy of mentioning Topside as the source of this information would be appreciated.

LATEST REPORT ON THE MYSTERY METAL.

Readers will recall that in June 1967, the Ottawa New Sciences Club wrote to Dr. E. Condon, heading the UFO Study group of scientists at Colorado University, suggesting that his group might like to investigate the 3,000-lb. chunk of hardware in the possession of the Club in view of the mysterious circumstances surrounding the finding of the metal and subsequent tests on it which suggested that it might not be a normal terrestrial material. After a considerable delay, Colorado turned down the offer. In the meantime, further tests and analyses were made on samples of the metal by a professional metallurgist in Montreal and Professor John Jonas, heading a group of scientists at McGill University. Again, their findings suggested the possibility that the metal might be of extraterrestrial origin and at the suggestion of Prof. Jonas, we got in touch with 2 of his colleagues in Ottawa, Canadian Government experts in metallurgy, who took samples of the metal and promised that on completion of some new equipment they were working on, they would carry out a thorough investigation of the metal and send us a report of their findings.

In mid-June this year, our Secretary received an Express airmail letter from one of the top scientists of the Colorado UFO Study group, stating he would be in Ottawa the

following day and would like to take the opportunity of examining the chunk of hardware on site and at the same time to take photographs and samples of the metal. We were naturally surprised at this sudden change of heart by Colorado and even wondered if the recent bad publicity on its UFO Study, as revealed in John G. Fuller's article "Flying Saucer Fiasco" (Look magazine, may 14, 1968) might have brought about a last-minute effort to produce something concrete in the forthcoming Colorado Report! However, like so many other private UFO groups, we welcomed the opportunity to play our part in assisting the Colorado investigation and duly arranged for the scientist to be driven out to the site where he took photos of the metal and we chipped off samples for him and supplied him with copies of the last 2 analysis reports. He also asked for copies of all available written material by Wilbert B. Smith and this too, was arranged. While not committing himself that the material we supplied on the metal and WBS would be used in his report, he said he would give the matter some serious consideration. We entertained our guest and an interesting discussion on UFOs followed, but as much of this was on a strictly "not for publication" basis, we can only honour our word to this scientist, who stated that it was hoped that the Colorado UFO Report might be ready for publication in September. As for our small contribution and the Colorado Report itself, we can only hope for the best and that it will be factual and objective reporting.

Meanwhile, over the past months, we have been periodically telephoning the Ottawa Government metallurgist regarding progress of the new equipment and the testing of the samples of metal. At last report, we were advised that the new apparatus was not completed yet due to protracted delay in obtaining some special parts from Japan. In answer to a frank question as to whether there was a genuine intention to test and analyze the samples of metal, we were assured that as soon as the new equipment is working successfully, a thorough investigation would be carried out at the first available opportunity and a report of the findings sent to us. We will keep our readers informed of future developments.

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ALLAN VEZINA'S "DATELINE CANADA"

We extend congratulations to our Canadian colleague, Allan Vezina on his recent appointment as Canadian Director of the International UFO Bureau, with headquarters at P.O. Box 12405, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112, U.S.A. Allan, who describes himself as a "Professional UFO Investigator", is also Toronto Chairman for NICAP and despite the heavy commitments of his professional career in optics, he is still very active in his other 'profession', UFO Research and we wish him continued success in this work. His report on the latest findings of the Steve Michalak case follows.

Steven Michalak, who had an encounter with a landed saucer-shaped UFO in May, 1967, near Falcon Lake, Manitoba, when he suffered chest burns in the definite shape of a grid, several of which rimmed the object, reports that over the past year he has had several recurrences of the burn marks, causing great discomfort, vomiting, etc., and then, as mysteriously as they appear, they disappear.

In May of this year, Michalak and a friend, Martin McGregor, returned to the location of the incident where they uncovered several pieces of radioactive metal shaped in the identical pattern of an elongated "S", each piece $4\frac{1}{2}$ " in length. Michalak feels that these pieces substantiate his story and states that he and his friend dug the S-shaped metal out of a natural fissure in a rock located in the area he claims the UFO landed. The couple, who were equipped with geiger counters, noted that after the pieces had been removed from the rock, the radioactivity count in the general area diminished. Canadian Armed Forces officials expressed extreme interest in analyzing the metal and picked up a few samples at Michalak's home. Mr. Michalak decided some independent analysis was in order and he has sent samples to the University of Manitoba and to APRO (Tucson, Arizona), the group which originally investigated his experience.

REPORT FROM NEW ZEALAND.

"Harmonic 33"

Word has reached us from New Zealand that Capt. Bruce Cathie's long-awaited book "Harmonic 33" will now be published by the N.Z. Publishing House of A.H. & W. Reid Ltd., who are arranging for simultaneous publication of the book in Australia and New Zealand and are at present negotiating to dispose of the Canadian and United States rights. Those who have already ordered copies of this book are assured that it will definitely be out on the market in September. Any of our readers who may wish to obtain a copy of the first edition of this remarkable book which, it is predicted, will prove an early sell-out (Price: \$2.50 Canadian or U.S. funds), may order it from: The Murray Organization Ltd., C.P.O. Box 2237, Auckland, New Zealand. A review of this book and others, will appear in the Fall issue of Topside.

AUCKLAND'S RADAR TRACKS UFO!

The above headline which appeared in the "Auckland Star" recently made history as far as UFO news reporting is concerned in New Zealand, as the UFO concerned was tracked by N.Z. Government officials and even their names were mentioned! The report states in part: "An unidentified flying object was tracked by Department of Civil Aviation radar observers in Auckland from Waihi almost as far south as Tauranga. The UFO was then seen by two Tauranga Aero Club members south-east of Tauranga Airport. They observed "a long white cigar-shaped object" for a few minutes before it disappeared to the south-east. They immediately reported the sighting to Tauranga Airport. Soon after, DCA officials spoke to the Air Traffic Controller at Tauranga Airport and received "negative" answers to inquiries as to whether any aircraft being controlled by them were in the area in which the unidentified "blip" was picked up on the radar screen. While it was being tracked by radar, the "blip" was moving from Waihi to Tauranga at between 80 and 100 knots."

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AND NOW - "NUDE LITTLE MEN"!

The July 8, 1968 issue of the "Ottawa Journal" carried a report of some mighty strange goings-on in the rural area of Joliette, Quebec, some 40 miles north of Montreal. Apparently, on Tuesday, July 2, hundreds of persons in the Laurentian villages near Joliette had reported seeing a "strange, tumbling ball of fire" falling from the sky, which was also reported to have been seen in several parts of the North-Western United States, from Vermont to Maryland and from Atlantic to Ohio. A farmer in the Joliette area saw a large burning object that illuminated the sky, fall into a nearby field and later he discovered an egg-shaped piece of rock, still hot, in the middle of a burned patch of grass. A farmer friend, Paul-Emile Desbiens, aged 73, doggedly stood guard over the precious rock with a loaded shot-gun until the federal authorities arrived to analyze it!

To add to the mystery, the Quebec Provincial Police in the area confirmed that they had received several telephone calls on that Tuesday reporting that a bunch of "nude little men" had been seen running along a country road! The "Montreal La Presse" had quoted Constable Michel Michaud as saying that he and a fellow policeman had checked on the "nude little men" reports and they arrived on the scene just in time to see these nude dwarves jump into a ditch and flee, after which they mysteriously disappeared and not one was caught. We can only presume that these midget humanoids didn't want to be caught with their pants down!

THE LIFE OF NIKOLA TESLA.

Part 5 of a condensed version based on a tape recording by Arthur H. Matthews.

When Nikola Tesla stepped ashore at New York in 1884, practically penniless, he was brought face to face with stark reality and his rosy dreams of life in the Land of the Golden Promise quickly dissolved. As an unemployed immigrant, with only 4 cents in his pocket, his immediate prospects were understandably bleak. Fortunately, his friend, Szigeti, had given him a letter of introduction to a relative in New York and so Nikola consoled himself with the thought that he was assured of at least one night's lodging, and hopefully, Edison would give him immediate employment. Completely lost in the big city, pushed and jostled by the thronging crowds, he tried in vain to get directions to the address from passers-by, who rudely pushed him aside. And then, in his own words: "I saw a burly policeman twirling his stick which, to my unaccustomed eyes, looked as big as a log. I approached him politely with the request to direct me. He glowered at me menacingly. 'Six blocks down and to the left!' he barked, with murder in his eyes. 'Is this America?' I asked myself in painful surprise." With such a reception, it is perhaps understandable that Nikola Tesla's first impressions of New York were that this city was "crude, uncultured, machine-rough and unattractive", comparing very unfavorably with the courtesy and culture he had known in Europe. Five years later, however, he was to write: "I have come to the conclusion that the U.S.A. is more than 100 years ahead of Europe and nothing to date has happened to change my opinion."

But on that first day of his arrival in the United States, he set off on his long walk to seek a night's lodging, in deep depression, little dreaming that the old magic, which had saved him from disaster so many times before, was yet again to come to his aid in a strange manner. As he walked on to the address, he was startled to hear loud cursing in his own Serbian tongue. Arrested by the flow of invective, he stopped to find it was coming from an open shed. Peering in, Nikola saw an elderly man bending over a small dynamo. "What is the trouble?" asked Nikola in Serbian. The old man's eyebrows shot up in surprise and he quickly apologized for his language. "No-one in this neighbourhood speaks Serbian, so I feel free to let off steam!" he explained, with a sheepish grin. Then turning to his work-bench, he added: "It's this damned dynamo - something wrong with it!" Nikola offered immediate help and after a brief inspection, he announced: "The field coil has gone. I'll have to make some new parts for it." While the old man looked on in amazement, Nikola deftly worked on the parts for the dynamo and 4 hours later it was working again, purring like a contented cat. Delighted, the Serb expressed thanks and asked: "What do I owe you?" "Well, even the price of a sandwich and a cup of coffee would be welcome." suggested Nikola, with a wry smile. "Rot!" snorted back the old Serb. "I'm no cheap skate. You did a fine job. Here, take this - you've earned every cent of it!" And, to Nikola's surprise, two crisp \$10 bills were thrust into his hand. It might be added here that this strange trick of fate which, for an act of kindness, was to re-line Nikola Tesla's empty pockets with well-earned cash, was later to pay an even greater dividend.

Tesla's interview with Thomas Alva Edison took place the following day at the great man's headquarters on South Fifth Avenue (now West Broadway). Perhaps somewhat generously, in view of subsequent events, Nikola summed up his first meeting with Edison as follows: "The meeting with Edison was a memorable event in my life. I was amazed at this wonderful man who, without the early advantages of scientific training, had accomplished so much." Edison's dynamic flair was, in fact, the ability to buy out cheaply and develop other men's inventions and put them on a sound commercial basis to

build up his vast electrical empire. All his equipment, of course, operated on direct current and when, during the interview, Tesla tried to interest him in developing his new alternating current system, Edison laughed at the idea and dismissed it as dangerous. Undoubtedly, there was a certain amount of personality conflict on Edison's side. To him, Tesla represented the pure scientist, whereas Edison was first and foremost an astute businessman. Furthermore, he was completely unable to grasp Tesla's strange ability to construct working models from mentally-visualized diagrams instead of the more normal blueprints. Again, Tesla stood for the new alternating current system and Edison was strictly a direct current man. Nevertheless, he was quick to realize Tesla's potential value to his organization and, impressed by Charles Batchellor's glowing recommendation, he decided to hire Tesla. Probably too, being a very shrewd man, Edison considered that in employing Nikola, there might be less danger of another employer developing the Tesla alternating current system in competition with his own direct current equipment. In somewhat grudgingly offering employment to Nikola, he hinted that Tesla should prove his worth and live up to his self-confidence in his own abilities - clever psychology that worked well with Tesla, who was a sincere, trusting and somewhat naive man, and immediately he set out to win Edison's confidence. Within a few weeks, Nikola was able to give an impressive demonstration of his value to Edison.

Edison had installed one of his modern lighting plants aboard the S.S. Oregon, considered the fastest and most luxurious passenger ship of its day. Suddenly, a day before the ship was due to sail from New York, the dynamos in both of the lighting systems broke down. As the superstructure had been built after their installation, it was impossible to remove the dynamos and replace them with new ones. Edison was faced with a serious predicament. If the sailing had to be postponed, with cancellations, he would be sued for heavy damages and worse, there would be loss of prestige in the Edison name. When his engineers failed to locate the trouble, a crisis developed. In desperation, Edison sent for Tesla, who was despatched post-haste to the Oregon to solve the problem. Within an hour, Nikola had discovered the trouble - short circuits had caused some of the armature coils to burn out. Assisted by the crew, Tesla worked all through the night and by 5 a.m. both dynamos were running smoothly. Despite a gruelling night, working against time, Nikola returned immediately to the office to report that his mission had been successfully completed. On South West Avenue, he ran into Edison who was returning with Charles Batchellor, over on a visit from Paris, and whom he had just met at the boat. After an exchange of greetings, Nikola reported to Edison: "Both dynamos operating. Ship will leave on schedule." Edison received this news which had saved him thousands of dollars and resultant bad publicity, without comment, but as Tesla walked away, he heard Edison say to Batchellor: "Dammit, that man's not only as good as you said he was, he's even as good as he thinks he is himself!"

Tesla had indeed won Edison's confidence and when, a few months later, he came up with a proposal which he estimated would save Edison thousands of dollars in the construction and operation of his dynamos and motors, the electrical tycoon listened intently. Tesla outlined his plan to improve the design of the Edison dynamos in such a way as to greatly reduce their manufacturing and operating costs. Impressed by Tesla's enthusiasm and confidence in the success of the project, Edison agreed he should proceed with the work, adding: "If you make a success of this, I'll see to it that you get a \$50,000 bonus."

In the months that followed, Tesla worked day and night at the task. He designed 24 new types of dynamos which eliminated the long-core field magnets and incorporated the more efficient short cores. He invented some new automatic speed controls which immediately Edison, with his usual business acumen, had registered at the Washington

Patent Office in the name of the Edison Company. The machines were built, incorporating the Tesla magnets and controls, and thoroughly tested. They proved completely satisfactory. Tesla had achieved successfully everything he had set out to do for Thomas Edison, who was now free to sit back and reap the considerable financial rewards of all Tesla's hard work and inventive genius.

A week later, in the Spring of 1885, Nikola Tesla found an increase of \$10 in his pay packet. Bewildered and dismayed, he asked himself: 'Is this my puny reward for all my work to save Edison a mint of money?' It was not only the loss of the promised bonus but also the betrayal of his trust in the great Edison that cut so deeply. His mixed emotions suddenly turned to justified anger and he marched into Edison's office, demanding an explanation and the payment of the \$50,000 which he had been promised. "\$50,000?" queried Edison, in mock surprise and laughing heartily. "Obviously, Tesla, you don't understand the American sense of humour!" Shocked beyond speech, Nikola Tesla walked out of the room. Returning to his own office, he silently picked up his hat and left the Edison Building - forever.

And thus, history repeated itself, as for a second time, an Edison Company had used the brilliant mind of Nikola Tesla for its own monetary gains and had cheated him out of its promised remuneration for a job well done.

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