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EDITORIAL

This issue of the CSI News Letter goes to our members and friends with deep apology for the long delay in its appearance. To those who have written to express their concern during the long silence but have not received a prompt reply, we send particular apology.

We shall not tax your patience still more by making elaborate explanations of these delays. Some members are already familiar with the chronic and demoralizing difficulties encountered in trying to operate an organization like CSI on the basis of part-time services from a handful of volunteers, however eager and untiring.

After the frustrations of this last year or more we have had to face facts and to admit that the battle against the workload has been a hopeless one. Therefore, after getting out a few more publications which are already in near-final form, the first order of business will be a reappraisal of our work program and the planning of a new approach. We will search for a formula to narrow the gap between what we would like to do, on the one hand, and what we can do, on the other. The main objective will be to formulate a schedule of publication that can be met punctually and on a regular basis, even if that demands a sharp reduction in scope. We know from experience that we cannot provide comprehensive coverage of the whole flying saucer field with only the tiny reservoir of manpower that is available. Perhaps selective coverage in one form or another which meets a high standard of quality in its accuracy, scientific validity, and punctuality will best serve the interests of CSI members in the long run.

We will give you detailed information on our plans in an early issue of the News Letter.

A word about individual memberships: because of the delay in sending out this issue, we are extending certain memberships which otherwise would have expired or will soon expire. We will notify such members by letter of their new dates for renewal. To new members who have not yet sent in their first year's fee, payment becomes due on receipt of this News Letter.

To all members, whether old or new, who have given CSI moral support, interest, and their patience as well as cash fees we send our genuine appreciation and thanks.

Research Section
September 15, 1959

"LIKE A KITE IN A HURRICANE"—DELAWARE WATER GAP SIGHTING, October 2, 1958

Shortly after 5 p.m. on a very clear evening, Mr. and Mrs. S., CSI members, were driving on a road in New Jersey that runs along a ridge and offers a fine view of the Kittatinny Mountains and the Delaware Water Gap. Glancing at the view from the driver's window, Mr. S. thought he saw smoke rising from a valley that lies between the road and the Delaware Water Gap, 9 miles away. People in that wooded area are fire-conscious, and he looked again, but this time he brought the car to a screeching stop. It was not smoke in the valley, but a solid object, and one that soon appeared by its remarkable maneuvers to be a true UFO.

Both witnesses were out of the car within 15 seconds of first seeing the "smoke," and Mr. S., without taking his eyes off the object, stooped down and scooped up a handful of gravel; he held at arm's length one small stone after another until he found one whose size at arm's length (its diameter was later found to be 5mm.) matched that of the UFO. In addition, the couple knows the locality well, and the distances involved, and both felt that the object was enormous.

Mr. S. first saw it rising like a globular smoke signal, apparently from the V of the Gap. It winked out, then reappeared in the same place with a slightly ovoid shape, with a solid-appearing rim but completely colorless, "void," inside. It then performed a rapid series of complicated "flip-flops" up and to the south; seen from these varying angles, its shape was established as solid, circular, and very thin, like a coin—not lenticular or disk-shaped.

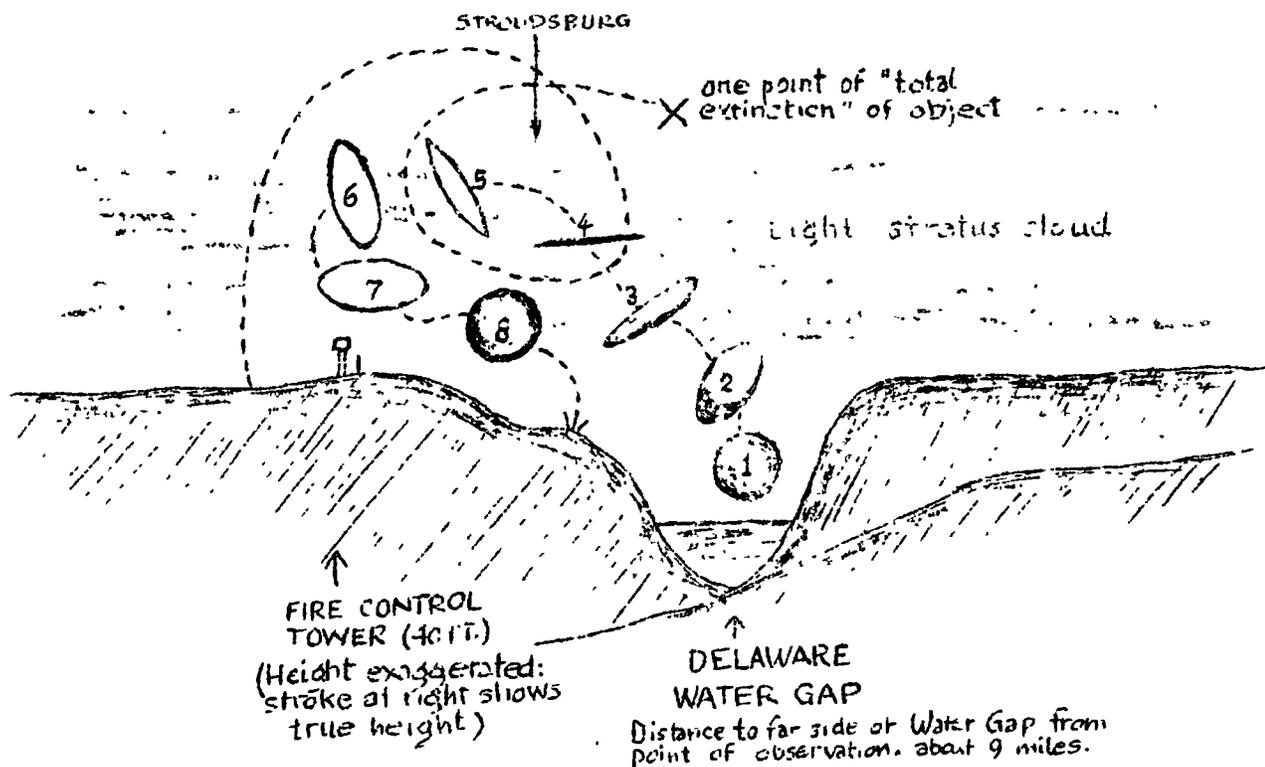
It performed at least three up-to-left, down-to-right, up-again loops. Twice these gyrations carried it below the mountains on the Pennsylvania side of the Gap and up again further to the left, or south. Conditions for observation were ideal: the sky exceptionally clear and bright, the only clouds were some stratus far beyond the Gap. The sun, 26° SW of the object and 20-25° altitude, was very bright. The hue of the object varied from almost complete transparency to solid black, and it sometimes appeared of a dull gray leaden color all over, exactly like an old worn nickel but without any markings. When it turned all or part of a face to the south, toward the sun, it went colorless or flashed out, but when it turned all or part of a face northward it was seen as dark and solid, with a perfectly precise edge. It also turned horizontal to the earth, and about three times was seen directly edge-on; in this aspect it appeared as an extremely thin line, just visible against the horizontal clouds in the distance.

It again winked, swooped upward to the right (N), then vanished completely—to reappear almost instantly down in the middle of the Gap, then looped up-to-the-south again, and again down behind the mountains. Once more it shot up, then tilted away from the observers—the sun flashing on an edge—became a hairline, then disappeared, apparently straight away into the stratus clouds. From their first glimpse of the "smoke" through the end of the performance perhaps 30 seconds had elapsed. The witnesses waited for ten minutes, but saw no more. (These time estimates are approximate, as neither was wearing a wrist watch and the car had no clock.)

Concluding his report, Mr. S. commented: "The best way I can describe the motion was that somebody was flying a 1000-foot circular kite on a 500-foot lead in a 250-mile hurricane over Stroudsburg. The thing had just the erratic flipping, with sudden stops and sharp-angle turns, of a kite in a really rough updraft. The 'winking on and off' really bothered me at first, but after watching one complete

up-and-over it appeared to be almost certainly sun reflections on a dull surface, the 'out' periods being the times when the intense low sun rays were full on the thing, which was just about the color of the distant low sky."

After the sighting, Mr. S. tried to find out through local newspapers and police whether any other calls or reports had come in, but so far as is known none had been received. He described the sighting in detail by telephone to McGuire Air Force Base, and sent them a copy of his report and a county map.



[N.B. UFO shown about twice actual size. Actual size was  at arm's length.]

THE STRAITH LETTER

The notorious hoax letter received by George Adamski in December 1957 brewed vast excitement up and down saucerdom. Most saucer magazines have reported on the affair, commented, and in some cases investigated.^{a/} CSI became embroiled because in December 1957 we too received a hoax letter. This one was signed "Kip," and was an attempt to foment bad blood among the members of our Research Section. It was unquestionably written on the same typewriter as the Straith letter: that was clear even before we had photographic enlargements made of both letters. So much, and no more, is legally certain. The letters and other relevant documents were loaned by us to the FBI, and returned 2 or 3 months later (of course without comment). Since the furor has now died down almost entirely, we will only add that in our opinion UFOlogy has enough genuine problems with which to wrestle, and needs nothing less than it needs these bogus mysteries and controversies fomented by irresponsible amateur Machiavellis.

^{a/} See Flying Saucer Review, Mar.-April, May-June, July-Aug., and Nov.-Dec., 1958; Saucerian Bulletin, May 1, June 15, and Oct. 15, 1958; NICAP Confidential Bulletin, Apr. 4 and July 9, 1958; Saucers, Spring 1958; APRO Bulletin, July 1958.

CSI FIFTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING

To mark the fifth anniversary of CSI, a public symposium on UFOs was held on the evening of Friday, March 27, 1959 in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Diplomat in New York City. The guest moderator was Long John Nebel of WOR's "Party Line," and Major Donald E. Keyhoe, Executive Director of NICAP, was the main speaker. Major Keyhoe was also a participant in the panel discussion moderated by Long John, together with Jules B. St. Germain of CSI; Lester del Rey, author and rocket expert, and Ben Isquith, cybernetician, both "regulars" on the Long John program; and John Lester, newspaperman, whose series on UFOs in the Newark Star-Ledger has attracted wide attention.

The Grand Ballroom (capacity 1200) was filled to overflowing; and the program was opened by John Du Barry, President of CSI, who gave a brief report on membership, publications, and the research which has been carried out by CSI since its establishment. Jules St. Germain then gave a short account of the use of hypnotism as a technique to elicit details overlooked or forgotten by eyewitnesses of UFO sightings. Next, the panel embarked on a lively discussion of the nature and reality of UFOs; Major Keyhoe, John Lester, and Jules St. Germain responded vigorously to questions and arguments of the sceptics --Messrs. del Rey and Isquith.

Major Keyhoe gave a 15-minute talk on the latest developments in UFOlogy, highlighting the Air Force's continued policy of obstruction and the growing interest in this subject on the part of some members of Congress. He also informed the audience that Captain Peter Illian, American Airlines pilot whose February 24 sighting of three mysterious lights had been nationally reported in the press, was not present at the meeting as he had planned because of instructions from American Airlines to stop commenting on his bizarre experience.

After a short intermission, there was a question-and-answer period, panel members answering questions from the audience.

Six reputable books on UFOs were offered for sale at the meeting, and NICAP literature was distributed. CSI member Walter McGraw, interviewer for the Monitor radio program, tape-recorded the first part of the proceedings.

The meeting was the largest public gathering in the history of CSI and was noteworthy for the serious interest in UFOs generally displayed by the audience. The remarkable attendance was unquestionably due to the advance publicity which Long John had provided on "The Party Line" for more than a month before the meeting, and CSI is glad to express its gratitude to him for this vital contribution. The Program Committee, who planned the meeting and carried out and directed its many details, included Mrs. Marilyn Shaw, one of the founders of CSI, and President John Du Barry. Many other members and friends of members were also enlisted and CSI extends warm thanks to them.

To all the others who contributed to the success of the meeting, CSI wishes to express its grateful appreciation.

LIGHTS THAT FLEW, DANCED, AND SANK INTO THE GROUND

One of the strangest reports of 1958 comes from Lampasas, Texas, a town of some 5,000 population about 130 miles southwest of Fort Worth. On Saturday night, December 20, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Richardson, who had been hunting rabbits about 10 miles north of town, were driving along the Spivey-Tapp Road when they saw, hanging 75 feet in the air a quarter of a mile from the road, over brushy country, six blue-white lights about four times the size of the headlights of a car. "We didn't pay much attention to them, but after noticing them for a while, they began moving around so that sometimes they looked as if they were on a string going up and down, sometimes they would blend into one light, and sometimes they would dance crazily without pattern. They would jump and race and blink off and on. We watched them for a while and suddenly two of them broke loose from the rest and approached us very rapidly. They came to within 150 feet of our car, and then stopped and sank very slowly into the ground. (Italics ours.) Shortly afterwards, two lights came up through a pasture, skimming the tree tops, and although they were out of range of a .22 rifle, they lit up the interior of the car."

On subsequent hunting trips the couple again saw lights coming out of the ground and sinking back again. They were always seen on clear nights, and always between 12:30 and 2:30 on Sunday morning. Thus far they had not reported the phenomenon; but on the night of January 24-25, they parked their car to see if they could spot the lights again. In just a few minutes "we spotted a huge light about 20 miles north and to the east; it hopscotched across the mountain and in nothing flat it was directly east of us. Without slackening speed the light made a right-angle turn and headed directly for us."

Mrs. Richardson started the car, looked over her shoulder, and saw the light very close. Trying to watch the road and the light at the same time, she took a curve too fast and stepped on the brakes. The car swerved to the right, bounced off a tree, crossed the road, and struck another tree on the left. The car was severely damaged, and Mrs. Richardson was cut and bruised. Mr. Richardson took his wife to the hospital for treatment (she spent most of the next week in bed), then found a highway patrolman and went back to the scene. Two of the lights were visible, but not close enough for a better look.

On January 29, the Lampasas weekly Record published the Richardsons' story, together with a statement that on the next Saturday night (January 31) the couple, with their parents and a few friends, were planning a "small excursion" to the spot; Richardson would take his deer rifle and try to get a shot and "see what happens"; anyone else who wanted to go was invited.

The results of this publicity could have been prophesied. More than 100 carloads of spectators, some genuinely interested but most of them noisy and jeering, arrived on the Spivey-Tapp Road. Teen-agers drove up and down tooting horns and yelling. Spectators had brought shovels and dug in the area. Fences were damaged, cattle and sheep frightened. Whether or not the noise and confusion kept the lights away cannot be known, of course; in any event, the night was overcast, and Mrs. Richardson repeated that "we have never seen the lights when there were clouds." (Lampasas Dispatch, 2/2/59.)

This case has interesting comparisons—the Elsinore case, and "phantom lights" in general. Such lights, however, unlike the true UFOs, usually seem to be restricted to a particular locality. What is unusual and perhaps unique is their sinking into the ground. It would be interesting to learn whether the lights have been seen again since January, by the Richardsons or anyone else; Mrs. W. D. Borries, a CSI member who lives near Dallas, is going to try to do this.

THE OTIS T. CARR SAGA

Early in 1958, "OTC Enterprises, Inc." of Baltimore, Maryland, issued a beautifully printed brochure, and ran a double-page spread in the April 3 Baltimore Enterprise, with the bold claim that it was ready to build a flying saucer capable of travel outside the earth's atmosphere and to land it "in the inner courtyard of the Pentagon Building." All that was needed was for someone to ante up 20 million dollars. This was certainly something new in the saucer world.

As soon as a little more was known of the founder of "OTC Enterprises," 52-year-old self-styled inventor Otis T. Carr, the nature of his "enterprises" became sufficiently clear, and we have no hesitation in nominating Mr. Carr against stiff competition as "Most Brazen Saucer Quack of 1958." It is our hope that we can get this News Letter into the hands of members while Mr. Carr is still at large, but there is no telling how long that will be. In large-scale sheep-shearing operations, Carr is outdoing even Van Tassel, and the only question is how long it will be before some of his shorn lambs begin to realize what has been done to them. As all of our readers are undoubtedly aware, he is now claiming that on December 7, 1959, he will fly to the moon in his "circular foil spacecraft" (saucer) in the company of the ineffable Wayne Aho. We are quite prepared to believe that Mr. Carr may find it expedient to "fly" even earlier than that, though we doubt that the moon will be his destination.

The "spacecraft" allegedly invented by Carr is much like the ideal spaceship imagined by Plantier and others. It is propelled by an artificial gravitic field (the "Carrotto gravity motor") and, if this were not miracle enough, it uses no fuel. It is powered by the "Utron electric accumulator"--a sort of self-charging battery which "uses the Sun's magnificent force of Electromagnetism by means of natural reproductive chemistry", to quote the interesting language of the Enterprise ad.

What sort of genius is the man who has made these revolutionary discoveries, which at one stroke make obsolete all previous human science and technology? After hearing him twice on Long John's program (June 28 and Nov. 15, 1958), we can only say that in the role of "scientist" Mr. Carr is about as convincing as Jayne Mansfield would be--and not nearly so toothsome. His somewhat more sophisticated associate (described as Director of Sales and Engineering), Mr. Norman Colton, did what he could to salve the situation but it was hopeless. For example, let us quote an exchange from the program of June 28, when Nikola Tesla was under discussion:

CARR: We cannot even begin to enumerate the discoveries that have been made as a result of the work of this humble, dedicated man.

CHARLES LEEDHALL: Perhaps, sir, you could enumerate just one or two of them?

CARR: That's funny--I cannot remember even one.

It appeared to listeners that Carr had just discovered that evening, from Margaret Storm, that Tesla was an object of special veneration to the sort of people whose belief he seeks to attract. With admirable boldness of action, he proceeded at once to exploit this by "revealing" himself as a disciple and long-time associate of Tesla--sublimely undeterred by the awkward fact that he knew almost nothing about the man and had never mentioned his name in any previous OTC literature. Since then, Carr has atoned for his initial inability to identify Tesla's discoveries by generously crediting him with the invention of practically everything electrical or electronic--including radar! (Mr. Carr's familiarity

with radar may be judged from the fact that he christened an earlier "invention" of his "The Magnetron", obviously never having heard of real magnetrons.) He has also published Mrs. Storm's curious little book of Tesla mythology, Return of the Dove, noticed elsewhere in this issue.

On the June 28 program, Carr also proved unable to cite any of Newton's three fundamental laws of motion (Colton rushed to his defense at this juncture, explaining that it was "a waste of time" to learn such things "verbatim"). And on November 15, under probing questions from Lester del Rey, it became apparent, among other things, that Carr and Colton share with Van Tassel the naive notion that the earth continues to rotate only because it is somehow continuously supplied with some sort of power emanating from the sun. Examples of this sort could be multiplied indefinitely, for Carr, like the legendary Irishman, "never opens his mouth but he puts his foot in it"; the fact is that this "great scientist" demonstrates less knowledge of science than the average not-too-bright high-school boy. (Any reader who feels that this evaluation is perhaps unfair should consult Robert J. Durant's eminently objective article on Carr in the Dec-Jan. Saucer News. Durant painstakingly exposes some particularly revealing blunders and analyses a typical specimen of Carr's pseudo-scientific double-talk.)

The Editors confess to feeling a certain admiration for a man with the nerve to present himself in public as a great scientific discoverer without even troubling to inform himself in the barest rudiments of the subject in which he is supposed to be an expert. However, the fact that a confidence man of Carr's calibre (really only a cut above Van Tassel) can succeed in a masquerade of this absurdly transparent kind is melancholy testimony to the ignorance that prevails in our society.

Carr and Colton were questioned by Long John on the delicate subject of their finances. It appeared that "the financing of our research will be by the entire public" but they denied having made any public offer of stock. (Selling stock in a fraudulent enterprise is a risky business because it exposes the perpetrator to direct federal prosecution by the SEC; other forms of swindling may be carried on with impunity unless some victim brings a civil suit.) It appears, however, that "OTC" has actually been selling stock for a long time, if we may take at face value a telegram sent to Long John from Philadelphia on February 17, 1958, which first suggested that he publicize Carr's spacecraft, concluding "I am a stockholder, and I know this is for real." Durant's Saucer News article also states that Carr is selling stock.

In October a more modest line of money-raising was added: "detailed engineering plans" for an "authentic model" of the OTC-XI saucer were offered to a large mailing list for \$5.00. The advertising, handsomely produced as usual, sought to convey, without actually stating, the idea that the model would be a working one: "Animate It! See It Work! Even Fly It Yourself! (Under proper qualification, of course)." A lawyer friend of ours who saw this leaflet expressed the opinion that in spite of the care used by its originators to express themselves with ambiguity, it would undoubtedly qualify as "using the mails to defraud."

On Friday evening, February 20, 1959, Long John Nebel and several of The Party Line panel regulars appeared on Henry Morgan's TV show. Two LJ guests were interviewed by the panel for the television audience: the egregious Andy Sinatra of Brooklyn (the "Mystic Barber" or, as LJ usually puts it, "Mystical Tonsorial Artist") and our friend Otis. Mr. Carr repeated, in emphatic terms, his commitment to leave for the moon on December 7 this year, accompanied by Wayne Aho and possibly Dan Fry also. Asked by LJ whether the vehicle had been built, Carr acknowledged that it had not, but averred that it could be constructed "in five weeks."

Department of Amplification and Correction

The complete fiasco of the much-heralded test of the OTC-XI, Carr's "electro-gravitic spacecraft," which was supposed to put on its first public performance at Oklahoma City on Sunday, April 19, 1959 (billed as "Demo Day"), casts a new and possibly quite different light on all the activities of Carr & Co. Walter McGraw of WNBC, an extremely level-headed observer who attended "Demo Day" and taped interviews to be presented on the Monitor week-end program, has furnished us with many details of the week-end, and Long John Nebel's Party Line program has likewise supplied significant data.

It begins to look as if our first diagnosis was wrong; apparently OTC Enterprises is not so much a fraudulent set-up designed to mulct the public as it is the creation of a would-be Messiah so convinced of his mission and therefore so persuasive to others that he has enlisted anywhere from \$250,000 to \$400,000 worth of voluntary support in six years (estimates differ). His supporters seem to fall into two main classes: those who revere him as a crusader--among these are his immediate staff, who are "dedicated" people--and those who think (with or without a commitment in the crusade) that there is money to be made by getting in on the ground floor of the development of a radically new, untapped, unlimited power source--as indeed there would be money if Carr's claims were true. Neither group has enough scientific knowledge to recognize how completely irrational Carr's "science" is; even the few individuals whose background made them dubious about his pretensions could not help being impressed by his limitless self-confidence; perhaps he did "have something," all logic to the contrary. (And people scoffed at the Wright brothers, didn't they?)

Advance publicity and promotion had been lavish. Norman Colton, publicity director and Assistant President, was sending out a "SPACE-O-GRAM" almost daily to a large mailing list to remind them of the "Countdown" to "Demo Day"; dozens of guests had their transportation and expenses paid, including representatives of two radio-TV networks who were to stand by for the great news; an auditorium was rented for a public lecture by Carr on Sunday, and on Monday "the professional scientists and engineers of the world" were invited to take part in a symposium about Carr's discoveries and how they could be applied to everything from spacecraft to hearing-aids. It all sounded like a colossal build-up for some kind of dramatic but phoney show that would bedazzle the spectators and ensure future funds.

But nothing happened at Oklahoma City. For three days something was always about to happen but never did. The saucer did not fly. It did not get off the ground or even onto the ground: it never left the work bench where Long John and his party saw it, disassembled in four sections, when they found the warehouse early Saturday morning. On Sunday, the big day itself, a new upper-fuselage part was found to be needed; one postponement was announced, then another. At dawn Monday morning a secret test was rumored; sleepy newsmen who dashed out to the warehouse waited from 6 a.m. to 9 before workmen even showed up--no test. Finally a bench test was run, on Monday, "to see if it was properly balanced"; mercury then leaked from the innards of the machine, and the plastic halves began to come apart from the vibration. This test was powered (quite openly) by an outside electric motor. In short, the famed demonstration was a flat tire--"it wasn't even an anti-climax," Mr. McGraw said, "because there wasn't any climax for it to be anti to."

What makes the accusation of fraud now seem inapplicable--or at any rate less likely--is the ineptitude of this grandiose fizzle. No con man out of rompers would fumble things this way from start to finish. He would have provided something for the paying customers to look at, something to support the hopes of past and potential suckers.

The inventor himself was not even present. Otis T. Carr was in bed in Mercy Hospital, where Long John interviewed him and was told: "We burst a blood vessel in our lung and coughed up a pint of blood in thirty seconds, so we decided to take our doctor's advice and go to bed." (This royal "we," a telltale sign of megalomania, is habitually used by Carr on the grounds that "we want to include all the little people; we are not alone in this.") Mrs. Carr, a plump, motherly woman, was on the scene, but was not participating in the technical activities; at one point she was seen listening attentively to Calvin Girvin (one of the more aberrant of the saucerologists).

According to the publicity, this was to be "the first public disclosure to reveal all the principles, the components, and the functions, of Mr. Carr's electro-gravitic spacecraft." But newsmen who tried to examine the "components" of the machine close up were brusquely prevented from doing so by the workmen. There were about 14 of these workmen, none of whom appeared to be more than mechanics (and mechanics of questionable ability at that; one New York observer said, "There isn't one of them I'd trust to wire a lamp"). In charge was Peter G. Varlan, "Operations Director"--his title varies in the literature--who said he was sure the machine would fly "because Mr. Carr told me so." (Varlan and Carr together had overruled Norman Colton when the latter wanted a second postponement of the test.) The newsmen were indeed introduced to a Dr. Jenkins, "one of the foremost scientists," who explained everything in technical terms; this was impressive until it transpired that "Dr." Jenkins was a chiropractor.

No major contactees appeared (Mrs. Daniel Fry was there but not her husband), but lesser ones known and unknown were plentiful. Dana Howard talked about her trip to Venus. Margaret Storm told listeners that Carr is directly inspired by "the Divine Master St. Germain" (this is not, our readers may be assured, Jules St. Germain of CSI). Major Wayne Aho the indefatigable was there, arranging hotel accommodations for those who had not been installed in palatial motel suites at the expense of OTC Enterprises. The president of Horizons Unlimited (a saucer club that co-sponsored the "demonstration") was there; he is a former radio announcer who has seen hundreds of saucers and is now Oklahoma distributor for the OTC-XL. An unnamed lady displayed the letters she has received from spacemen. "Captain Karnu" was said to be there, with his five spaceships hovering invisibly somewhere overhead "to spy on us."

What will happen to the OTC Enterprises now? Questions about its corporate structure have been raised, and some of the large investors were well soured on the whole project after the week-end. But the soaring claims and promises continue unabated, and certainly the crusaders were not seriously disheartened; they reminded everyone of the failures at Cape Canaveral, and felt that if the great demonstration did not take place on schedule, it would do so "soon." The company may well find itself in court before many more months have passed; but if so, the charge is likely to be mismanagement, not fraud. Carr himself lives frugally, works hard--sometimes for 24 hours a day--and obviously cares nothing about money for himself. (He did not even know at first that it was illegal to sell stock; he has now switched to selling options, but what experienced crook would make such a mistake to begin with?) The hypothesis of fraud cannot be ruled out entirely; but contrary to first impressions, it seems more likely that the whole grandiose scheme represents a delusion of grandeur, expressed with the utter assurance that is frequently displayed in psychopathic cases, and further supported by pseudo-mystical scientific jargon.

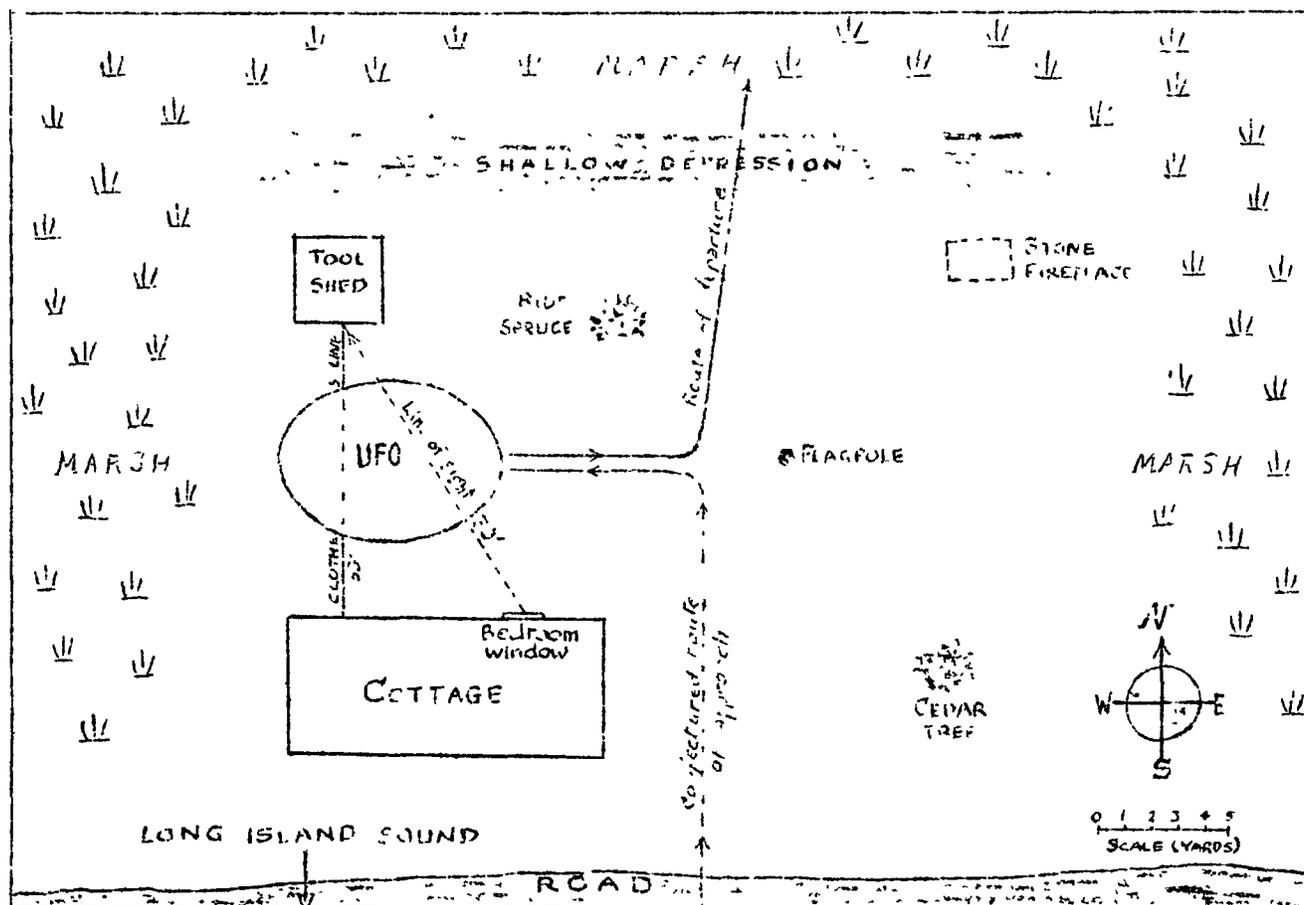
THE NEAR-LANDING AT OLD SAYBROOK, CONNECTICUT, DECEMBER 16, 1957

To the growing list of types of "little men" in UFOs must now be added another, appearing in a report from an unusually reliable source. Mrs. Mary M. Starr, long a resident of Old Saybrook, and holder of two degrees from Yale University, has for some years spent all but two or three winter months in a cottage (actually a well-built two-story house) situated only a few hundred feet from Long Island Sound. At the beginning and end of the season hers is the only occupied building in the vicinity; the nearest houses are some distance away to the north, across marshy ground that surrounds her property on three sides (see sketch).

On the night of December 15-16, 1957, she was awakened from a sound sleep sometime between 2 and 3 a.m. by bright lights passing her bedroom window, which faces north. Looking out, she saw, just coming to a stop ten feet from the house and parallel to it, a huge machine 20 or 30 feet long, dark gray or black, with brilliantly lighted square portholes. Her first thought was, a troop carrier off course and about to crash west of her garden. But the object was now motionless, hovering five feet above the ground. It had no wings, fins, or other external structure.

Behind the lighted "windows" were two forms that passed each other, walking in opposite directions. Their arms were upraised (apparently the right arm of each) and no hands were seen. They wore a kind of jacket, and she thought they were stewards, carrying trays--except that their heads were unusual. They were square or rectangular, of a reddish-orange, with a brighter red "bulb" in each. (The witness suggested the possibility of some kind of helmet.) The feet were out of view below the portholes. Then a third man entered from the left, and Mrs. Starr leaned forward to try to see his face more clearly than the others.

As she did so, the portholes faded and the entire shell of the object began to glow with scintillating brilliance. Immediately, there rose from the nearer end a kind of "antenna," about six inches long. It oscillated and sparkled; Mrs. Starr thought it must be signaling for direction. (Both the square windows and the sparks recall



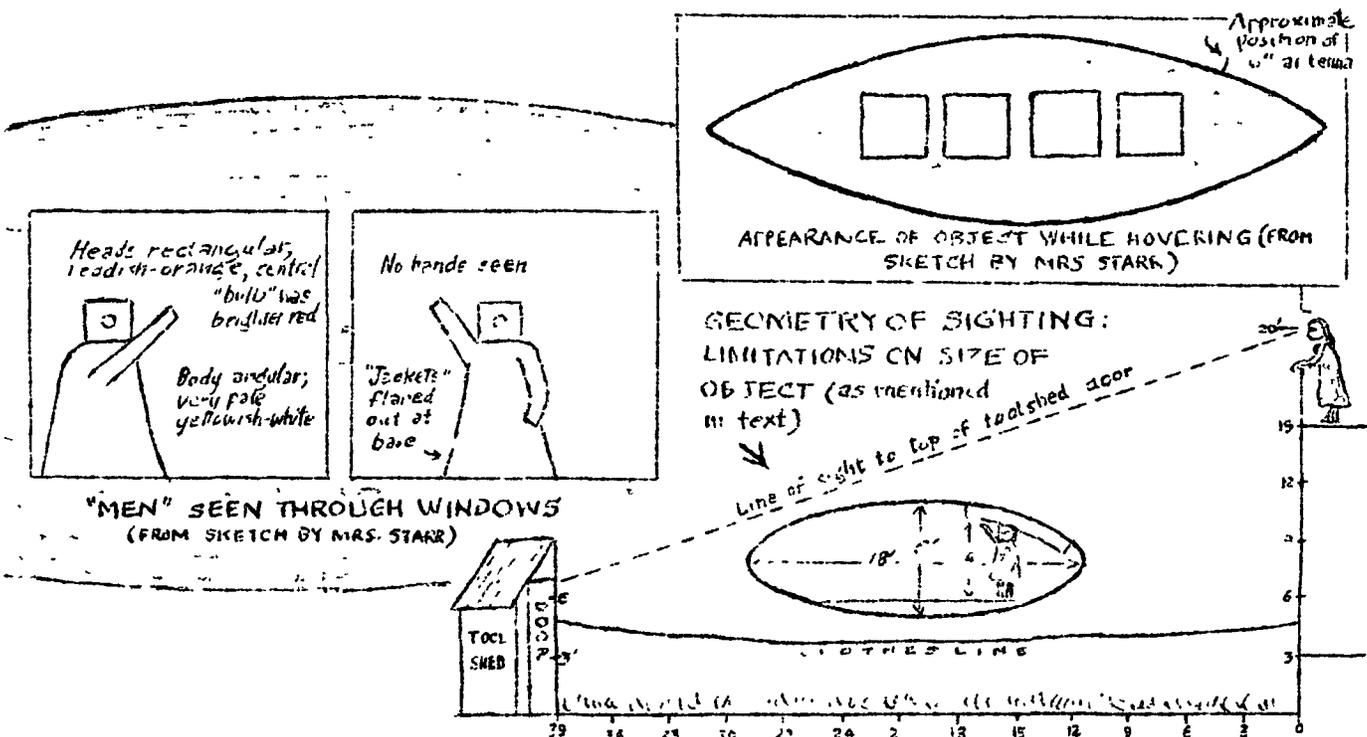
sharply the landing at Marignane Airport in France on October 27, 1952, described in Michel, The Truth About Flying Saucers, pages 151-60; in that case, however, no "men" were seen, and there are other differences from the present report.)

For almost five minutes the glow and the sparkling continued; then the antenna lowered and the craft began to move. Mrs. Starr expected it to circle the toolshed to get away; but it seemed to be a double-ender, and moved to the right, back in the direction from which it had come. It made a very sharp right-angle turn--Mrs. Starr thought it would hit her blue spruce, but it did not; "they had a good navigator," she says. It had turned a dull bluish-gray again, and instead of portholes, small circular lights outlined the entire rim. Its shape now appeared to be oval, and as it dipped, or "undulated," to follow the contour of a shallow depression just beyond the garden, she saw that it was very shallow in depth. Over the marsh it tilted steeply, and shot up into the sky at the speed of a jet take-off, but in complete silence, as throughout the entire affair.

Except for the "men," Mrs. Starr had seen nothing inside the craft (such as chairs, instruments, or the like). And it was not until she began to consider the dimensions of the object that she fully realized how strange its occupants were. For it had been above her clothesline, which is four and a half feet above the ground, yet she had clearly seen, across and beyond it, the white door and eaves of the toolshed. The craft being so shallow, how tall were the "men"? They could not have been more than four feet high at the most.

Although Mrs. Starr did not see the object until it was under her window, she thinks it may have approached the house from Long Island Sound, on a south to north course (see map), because there had been other reports of objects seen over the Sound. (Three weeks before her own experience, for example, the local paper carried a report of a hotel caretaker who had seen about 40 oblong reddish objects, brighter than stars, with one seeming larger than the others, scattered over a wide area of sky and moving north to south until they disappeared, after five minutes, into a cloud-bank.)

Knowing that at that time of year all the other cottages near her were unoccupied, Mrs. Starr did not expect any corroborating witnesses, and until September 1958, when she made a report to NICAP, she told no one about the sighting. Because of her background, and because she has no conceivable reason to invent or embellish such a story, CSI places it in the authentic category.



The CONVENTIONAl Thing To Do

Staging a "spacecraft convention" has become one of saucerdom's most flourishing minor industries. The year 1958 saw three such events in different parts of the country. Without taking space to describe each of them in such detail as to do justice to all their inadvertent comic brilliance, the following resumes may serve to indicate the nature and quality of their contributions to saucerology.

Sixth Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention, sponsored by George Van Tassel, took place at Giant Rock, Yucca Valley, California, on May 31 and June 1 with 10,000 in attendance. It is a bigger and better whing-ding every year. Last summer all the old stand-bys were featured as well as some new aspirants among the professional contactists and the swarms of amateurs.

One blow for sanity was struck by two energetic CSI members in Los Angeles, Idabel Epperson and Zan Overall. They sent a press release to 100 newspapers describing in no uncertain terms Van Tassel's notorious "rejuvenation machine" and his schemes for promoting it--including his solicitation of funds from California's innocents--and urged the press to expose the fraud.

On June 22 the Giant Rock convention was given a 10-minute television airing on "You Asked for It", for the benefit of other parts of the country. Jack Smith, the host of the show, had attended the convention and interviewed eight people, including Van Tassel himself, Dan Fry, Reinhold Schmidt, that indefatigable conventioneer Major Wayne Aho, and a Professor Amos John McCoy. Each was asked if he had seen a flying saucer; what did it look like; had he met the occupants; and did they mean harm to us. All of them had seen a saucer except one of the group, a high school student, who had merely photographed one--that is, after taking photographs of the moon she had found the "saucer" on the developed film. As for those who had contacted the space visitors, each of the four reassured the audience that "of course they intend no harm to us."

The most colorful of those interviewed was McCoy, who sports long hair and a beard ("I've been in South America and the natives like it this way"), not to mention an imposing title: "Professor of Psychology at Great Western University, San Francisco." This institution specialises in occult subjects. Its "College of Sciences and Humanities" and its "College of Parapsychology and Healing" offer a correspondence course on psychic questions. According to the advertising literature issued by the institution, the course offers "Bite-Sized Instruction." It does not appear to give any academic degrees which are recognized outside of its own premises.

Buck Nelson's First Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention was attended by few pilgrims compared with the throngs at Giant Rock. This get-together was staged at Mountain View, Missouri, in the Ozark Mountains, on June 28-29. Connoisseurs will remember Buck Nelson, the hopeful impresario, as the vendor who achieved a certain fame at Giant Rock in 1957 by distributing packets of hair clipped from a "385-lb. Venusian dog." Nelson had plied a bulldozer on his remote farm to enlarge the area that he always keeps clear for the spaceships that visit him frequently, and had ordered a truckload of hotdog buns for the 10,000 guests he anticipated. A mere 300 attended; needless to say, this number included the ubiquitous Major Wayne Aho.

The convention was noteworthy for a comical disagreement which broke out among the space experts. Mars, Buck Nelson reported positively (having been there), is the home of a flourishing civilization. But Lee Childers of Detroit, one of the speakers at the convention, turned out to be a space traveller too and he reported just as positively that Mars is not flourishing at all but is a dead planet. With the true courtesy of a good host towards a guest, Buck Nelson deferred to Mr. Childers, commenting amiably, "I guess Lee was there since I was. Something must have happened on Mars that I don't know about." Childers said he had made his first space flight in April 1955, in a shell-like saucer with a ball-shaped cabin in the center. "I buckled on a propulsion belt that made me transparent and light on my feet. We were airborne immediately. A man eight feet tall held me when I got sick, which was when they told me we were travelling at 250,000 miles an hour."

Six months later a man who called himself "Prince Neoson of the Planet Tryphan" (eight and a half light years distant from the earth) was the guest on Long John Nebel's Party Line program of December 3, 1958. Prince Neoson said that he had been born on a Tryphanian spaceship and that at the age of three months he had been brought to earth and substituted for a stillborn human baby. The Prince was dressed in a brilliant uniform, as were the two lady disciples who accompanied him. He refused to reveal his "human" name. He made a series of fantastic statements, devoid of any shred of supporting evidence, including an account of having been shot dead and then brought back to life aboard the spaceship. Thanks to shrewd questioning by Long John and the panel, this fiction and the other absurd claims soon appeared as such, and "Prince Neoson" left the studio abruptly before the coffee break. Later in the morning, Long John received a telegram informing him that the Prince was none other than Childers, the authority on Mars!*

Undaunted by his lack of success, Mr. Childers unfolded his tale to an audience of about 200 the very next evening, this time reporting not merely the one picayune resurrection he had claimed on The Party Line but three. His resourcefulness seems to destine Childers for the innermost circle of contactism--that high echelon of claimants whom even the crackpots call "crackpot." Soon afterward, however, Prince Neoson discarded that trivial title: he announced that he was now Emperor of Tryphan. No wonder the contact business is so popular: advancement is so rapid!

On a grimmer note, it is important to point out that Nelson, like his confrere Williamson, is an exponent of the most bigoted doctrines of racial and religious discrimination. On the other planets, he tells us, "the races are nicely segregated."

First Eastern Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention. Meanwhile, back on the ranch, the Adamski of New Jersey was attempting to become its Van Tassel as well. Howard Menger, the erstwhile sign-painter of Washington, New Jersey, had promoted himself to "author, lecturer, and philosopher," and had acquired a press agent and the services of a major New York City speakers' bureau to book his lectures. (Among the subjects he feels qualified to discuss are "Gravity, and What It Really Is," and "Einstein's Space-Time Continuum Pro and Con.") He was at work on a book, From Outer Space, to be published by Gray Barker, the former UFO researcher of Clarksburg, West Virginia. Menger had also acquired a new wife. After divorcing Rose Menger in the spring of 1958, he married Constance Weber, who claims to be a native of Venus and, under the pen-name of Marla Baxter, wrote My Saturnian Lover. This soulfully spicy book, one of the most badly-written ever to see print, derives its chief interest from furnishing the reader an opportunity to try to identify several prominent members of the contactee fringe, who appear therein under thin disguises. (Howard himself, we need hardly mention, appears as the "Saturnian lover.")

*The Prince's name is spelled Neosom by some authorities.

On their new 100-acre farm near Lebanon, New Jersey, Howard and Connie welcomed the faithful and the curious, about 2000 strong, who attended their convention during the weekend of September 13-14. It was a remarkable spree. For \$2.00 a head, guests could attend on both days, camping out or sleeping in their cars, and bringing their own food or buying orangeade and hot dogs sold by the Mengers. Also on sale were Mrs. Menger's book; photographs of saucers, of the moon seen from an approaching saucer, and of moon scenery, allegedly taken on the spot by Howard; the record of "Saturnian music" played by Howard on the piano; and hula hoops, offered to the customers as "space hoops."

Visitors could listen to Otis T. Carr (for more about this character, see article on pp. 5 to 8), Andrew Sinatra of Brooklyn (the "Mystic Barber"), and other bizarre and uninhibited personalities. They could talk to Major Wayne Aho, who of course was in attendance, and hear him explain in an interview with Monitor (see below) how he lives: "by taking part in various programs that will help or benefit our civilization." They could hear about the "moon potatoes" that Howard claims he brought back from one of his trips, and look at a movie showing a dim shape he said was a UFO. If they happened to be awake during the night, they could see mysterious blue lights inside Menger's house, and, early Sunday morning, observe the balloon-shaped "saucer" that rose opportunely from behind the barn.

Long John Nebel and several of his panel members who had attended the 1957 Giant Rock convention were present at Lebanon also. In an interesting discussion shortly afterward on The Party Line, they commented that whereas at Giant Rock almost everyone seemed to be a believer, at Lebanon probably 60 percent were skeptics.

A useful service was performed by NBC's weekend radio program "Monitor." Interviewer Walter McGraw and his wife Lois attended the convention, and Mr. McGraw taped interviews with the Mengers and a number of the guests. After the convention he also interviewed, in an admirably cool and temperate vein, several people who are not true believers: Joseph Nemovicher, a clinical psychologist, about the pathological aspects of contacteeism; Jules St. Germain, the attorney who has done much to expose Menger's stories; Larry Gordon, a veteran commercial photographer, who stated unequivocally that he could duplicate any of Menger's "moon" and "saucer" photographs; Major Tacker of the Air Force; and Isabel Davis of CSI. On November 30 these conversations were broadcast on Monitor over Station WRCA, in brief interviews spaced at intervals throughout the program, which ran from 10:30 a.m. to midnight.

In the course of the convention the industrious Howard, no doubt carried away by the exertions and excitements of the occasion, managed to be rude to one of his most influential friends, and it is reliably reported that other devout followers are no longer following. But this should not dismay the resourceful prophet, who will surely find new disciples to believe new tales. We have heard, in fact, that he is transferring his home base to the more fertile soil of California, the Eldorado for that whole breed of which Howard is so bold and splendid an example. We wonder how he will get along at Giant Rock. Meanwhile, we contemplate with pleasure the possibility that what took place at Lebanon in September 1958 may prove to be the Last Eastern Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention.

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A MIXED BAG OF SAUCERS IN PRINT

"The First Man Killed by a Flying Saucer." The July 1958 issue of True or False, an illustrated magazine published by "Modern Day Periodicals" in New York, featured an "absolutely true" article with the above title. The anonymous author described his close-range observation of a UFO on the ground near Dallas, Texas, on December 7, 1957; he had received such an overdose of radiation from the UFO as it took off that he was doomed to die within six months. Many details agreed closely with those reported in landing cases that we consider genuine. Nevertheless the tale smelled unmistakably of fish to us, as it did also to Coral Lorenzen, who explained her reasons for skepticism in a long letter printed in FATE for November 1958. Direct inquiry to the magazine and author had gone unanswered, and a decision had to be made on the basis of internal evidence, but internal evidence was sufficient. Tell-tale blunders: the false statement that there were widespread UFO reports on December 6-8 (with citation of fictitious "examples" modeled on the November 1957 cases), and the author's evident lack of knowledge of the symptoms of acute radiation sickness. (The hair falls out by the eleventh day and death ensues within the month.) We agree with Coral that this is a case where the question "True or false?" may unhesitatingly be answered "False." The magazine apparently is now defunct, which is good news.

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Apparently some editors cannot resist the temptation to "soup it up." Ray Palmer, who publishes Flying Saucers, printed in the issue for October 1958 a picture of most of the front page of The Arizona Republic (Phoenix, Arizona) for July 9, 1947, which showed two views of a flying saucer that had been photographed on July 7 by William Rhodes of Phoenix. (The pictures are among the early photo "classics.") Palmer captioned the picture:

"All the copies of this paper were seized by the army, in a house-to-house canvass, and all plates from the newspaper, plus the photo negatives and prints. The only known copy of the paper, plus duplicate negatives, prints from the original negatives, and statements of witnesses outside secret army files at the time were secured by Flying Saucers editor prior to the arrival of the army on the scene."

On November 5 Lex Mebane of CSI wrote to the editor of the Republic inquiring about Palmer's sensational statements. He received no answer but on November 18, 1958, Don Dedera, columnist for the Republic, debunked at least part of the cloak-and-dagger melodrama. "Circulation of three editions then was about 64,000. There was no door-to-door army confiscation. Such a task would have demanded the services of many army divisions, including a helicopter assault squad to seize the bundle of Republics delivered by mule to the bottom of Havasu Canyon." This much of Palmer's tale being phony, there is good reason to reject the rest of it too.

Dedera concludes with the true sequel to the Rhodes photographs: a week after they were published, Rhodes was visited by an FBI agent and an intelligence officer from Hamilton AFB. They questioned him closely, and at their request he voluntarily handed over the pictures for Air Corps evaluation. A month later he asked to have them returned; a letter from Washington said this could not be done. Early in 1948 he was asked to come to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio (headquarters of Air Technical Intelligence Command and of Project Saucer) for an interview. Rhodes replied that he could not make the trip; whereupon two representatives of ATIC came to his home and again questioned him closely. This was the last of his dealings with the Air Force.

Palmer's four-page reply to the column, in Flying Saucers for February 1959, added nothing to the picture except more dark hints of dire deeds in Palmer's well-known mystery-mongering style.

Our Lonely Planet, by Isaac Asimov (Astounding Science Fiction, November 1958.) The rich and original imagination which characterizes Asimov's prolific work in the science-fiction genre has conferred distinction also on this factual article in which he speculates on the reasons why we have not been visited by intelligent races from outer space. So far as we know, this is the first time that Asimov has treated the topic of extraterrestrials in a non-fiction article; and while it is hardly proof that he "believes in flying saucers," he has obviously been giving the subject some thought, at least.

Since stars exist in numbers of such great magnitude as to be virtually infinite, and since solar systems are the rule rather than the exception, according to Shapley, Hoyle, and other outstanding astronomers, Asimov considers that millions or even billions of planets whose features approximate those of Earth exist within our own galaxy alone. He supports this claim in a series of ingenious mathematical equations and extrapolations, and then argues persuasively that these planets, like Earth, support life; and that ninety percent of that life is concentrated in the crowded center of our galaxy. The incredible distances which seem to constitute insuperable barriers to intragalactic and intergalactic travel will inevitably be overcome, he suggests, as intelligent life develops to its higher levels; granting this, the factor of "chance" cannot operate indefinitely to keep Earth isolated and unknown.

Asimov shows, by analogy to the history of man's exploration of his planet, that organized intelligent life must inevitably reach a stage at which every segment of its universe, however distant or insignificant, will be surveyed thoroughly and all its characteristics neatly summarized in archives. He then offers the climax of his hypothesis--which will remind science-fiction readers of his famous First and Second Foundation stories: that in fact a Galactic Empire must exist in the center of our galaxy, with its subsidiary nuclei fanning outward toward the spiral arms in which our solar system has its home. Its agents have, in fact, visited Earth since the remotest days of unrecorded history.

Why, then, are we unaware of these visits and why have we been excluded from a place in the Galactic Empire? By a somewhat facile analogy with the colonization of primitive peoples by "civilized" man, Asimov concludes that to the Galactic Empire we on Earth represent merely an infant intelligence about which the Empire feels only faint curiosity tempered by mild paternalism. We are odd little specimens, playing with our atomic toys, but for our own protection we are "out of bounds"--relegated to a preserve around which the Empire has posted warnings, "No Hunting: No Shooting." Here we will remain, in quarantine, until we "grow up and show the big boys we're something," as Asimov wistfully hopes we will do someday.

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Man in Space: A Tool and Program for the Study of Social Change, by Margaret Mead, Donald N. Michael, Harold D. Lasswell, and Lawrence K. Frank; in Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences, April 10, 1958 (vol. 72, art. 4). Papers presented at a symposium held by the Section of Anthropology of The New York Academy of Sciences, October 28, 1957. The paper by Lasswell (Department of Political Science, the Graduate School, and the Law School, Yale University) reads like the best science-fiction space travel stories, translated into sober fact and day-after-tomorrow's problems. Lasswell discusses the possible motives and capabilities demanded of spaceship crews; the organization and exercise of authority; the outgoing trip; the visit--should people gifted with ESP form part of the crew, in case an alien culture communicates by telepathy?--behavior if the extraterrestrial cultures are simple, or are similar to ours, or are scientifically superior; the return. "The implications of the unidentified flying objects (UFO) may be that we are already viewed with suspicion by more advanced civilizations and that our attempts to gain a foothold elsewhere may be rebuffed as a threat to other systems of public order."

BOOK REVIEWS

THEY LIVE IN THE SKY! by Trevor James (New Age Pub. Co., Los Angeles, 1958. \$4.50.)
 The publisher's subtitle, "Invisible Incredible UFO Around Us," does only feeble justice to this lethal hodge-podge. We say "lethal" advisedly, for Mr. James (a pseudonym, according to the book jacket) belongs to that small group of saucerologists who bear messages of warning about the UFOs, not reassurance. He will have none of the interplanetary theory; according to his concept, the saucers "are predominantly non-physical objects, beings, or creatures," and plenty of them have sinister intentions. In proof of their hostility he cites personal "experiences" and a number of the more lurid stories recounted elsewhere in saucer literature.

As evidence of their existence he publishes some three dozen photographs. The entities can be snapped only on infrared film, he asserts, preferably on the California desert about dawn. He goes into considerable detail about his modus operandi in taking these pictures. In our opinion, the most significant passages are those that recount his struggles with unfamiliar cameras and his attempts to prevent ultra-sensitive film from fogging; the conclusion is inescapable that all of these blurred "Amoebas," "Force Fields," "Auras," and the like represent photographic accidents of one kind or another. Nevertheless these pictures are unique in one way. They are the first we know of to be guaranteed NOT to have visual confirmation: in sworn affidavits Mr. James and his colleague, James Orville Woods, affirm that they "at no time during the taking of these pictures actually saw" the objects that appear in the pictures.

Finally, Ashtar is on hand for moral and scientific support--George Van Tassel's Ashtar, the space oracle, possibly on leave from Giant Rock. Whenever Mr. James appears to have exhausted his own powers of speculation on a given aspect of his theories, he addresses a query to Ashtar, who settles the matter in a few authoritative paragraphs. We are at a loss to understand why this helpful arrangement ever ended; but Mr. James tells us cryptically that "I terminated contact with him many months ago."

(continued on next page)

Meerloo, Joost A.M., M.D., "The Delusion of the Flying Saucer," in American Practitioner & Digest of Treatment, October 1958. This Holland-born psychologist, now practicing in New York, proves that no nationality has a monopoly on scientific nonsense and uninformed dogmatism. Here are the same Menzelian mirages, "optical illusions," "physiological defects," and mass hysteria (illustrated by the Orson Welles broadcast, 20 years old) that have wearied us so many times before. The article was picked up by the N.Y. Sunday News on February 1, 1959, with an introductory paragraph by Dr. Theodoro R. Van Dellen, who added a few boners of his own: "Between 1947-1957 more than 7500 rumors along this line were examined by the air technical intelligence center. All proved negative." (Italics ours.)

The Department of Economics of the McGraw Hill Publishing Company issues a mimeographed monthly report on the business outlook, for its executives, publishers, editors, etc. The issue dated January 29, 1958, included "An Interim Report on the Flying Saucer Question," by Martin Kohn. We gave Mr. Kohn some of the material for this article, and we report on it even at this late date, first because it is an unusual kind of a publication to carry saucer data and, second, because he turned out a remarkably sensible article. He was both able and willing to distinguish between the claims of the lunatic fringe and responsible investigations like those of NICAP, and that's a rare ability among writers who are not familiar with the subject.

The Complete Book of Space Travel, by Albro T. Gaul (World Publishing Co., Cleveland and New York, 1956. \$4.95.) This is a handsomely produced book, with illustrations by Virgil Finlay and a portfolio of early space ships compiled by Sam Moskowitz, science fiction historian. For UFOlogists its particular interest is Part III, "Host to the Alien," which discusses flying saucers, what their occupants will probably be like, and what a human being should do if he is the "host." If you really want to be prepared to meet an extraterrestrial--not one of the blond "Space Brothers," but a true alien--you might do much worse than study this chapter carefully. What should you notice about the space ship and its landing? What should you do--and not do--when they see you? How can you establish some form of communication with them? What can you expect and deduce about their appearance, habits, and culture? Mr. Gaul's suggestions seem to us eminently logical and practical, and we hope that they will be read by the person who will some day have the opportunity to put them into effect.

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The Science Book of Space Travel, by Harold Leland Goodwin (Pocket Books, Inc., Cardinal edition, New York 1956. 35 cents.) Mr. Goodwin's chapter on flying saucers is shorter than Mr. Gaul's, and covers only the years through 1952, but he is a reader of Charles Fort, as the chapter title informs us ("I Think We're Property..."), and accordingly takes the trouble to analyze briefly several of the classic "explanations" for UFOs offered by the Air Force and others. He finds them unsatisfactory, and says, "...there is no escaping the conclusion that our skies have been host to the saucers for generations...The true interpretation remains to be found...or we may learn that earth has been inspected regularly by alien spacemen."

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What's Up There?, by Arthur C. Clarke (Holiday, March 1959.) Clarke does not believe in flying saucers because he has "seen too many" that turned out to be unfamiliar but thoroughly conventional objects such as box kites, birds reflecting sunlight, strange clouds, clusters of aeronautical spiders, and the planet Venus. He cites a number of personal sightings which yielded, seriatim, to these identifications. He attributes other sightings to the auroral display and to ball lightning--a phenomenon itself as perplexing as the UFOs for which it is often invoked as the explanation. Some of Clarke's examples of natural objects mistaken for UFOs are valuable and may help to reduce honest but erroneous reports of sightings. However, he ignores that class of sightings by qualified observers which, after analysis of the full available data, remain "unknown" even in the classification by the U.S. Air Force, whose fervor to prove the purely conventional nature of UFOs is well-known. He suggests that sightings which cannot otherwise be accounted for may be attributed to "extreme aberrations of the human mind"--a dangerous generalization which disregards that whole category of sightings by pilots and other qualified witnesses to whose mental stability no suspicion can possibly attach. Clarke suggests that only when he can read "the Mars registration plate" will he entertain the idea that UFOs may be space ships from other planets. His contribution to UFOlogy must therefore be considered mainly an essay in complacency and something of an exercise in sophistry--a performance all the more regrettable since it issues from the author of that superlative science fiction novel, Childhood's End.

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Mars: The New Frontier: Lowell's Hypothesis, by Wells Alan Webb (Fearon Publishers, 2450 Fillmore Street, San Francisco 15, California, 1956. \$5.00.) Re-examination of Percival Lowell's famous and controversial theory suggesting life on Mars, which Webb strongly supports; resemblances between the Martian canal system and communications systems (railroad and airline patterns) on earth; in Chapter X, three remarkable UFO sightings, two of them Webb's own.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS

Flying Saucer Pilgrimage, by Bryant and Helen Reeves (Amherst Press, Amherst, Wisconsin, 1957. \$3.50).

Pilgrimages are not undertaken by unbelievers, and although the Reeves of Detroit, whose meetings with well-known contactees occupy about half of this book, profess to have started out in search of facts, what they really did was to pay homage at shrines. Not once do they express the smallest advance doubt of the bona fides of any contactee; on the contrary, it is often perfectly clear that they had made up their minds in his favor long before the actual meeting, which served only to turn their belief into enthusiasm. Not once did they ask any questions about the innumerable blunders, contradictions, or absurdities that have been pointed out in these stories. Not once do they demand any evidence other than "sincerity" and beautiful thoughts from the contactee. They do say they encountered a few "unreliable would-be saucerers," but nothing so vulgar as names or details are given; and otherwise it was sweetness and light and mutual admiration all around.

The authors had been interested for years in metaphysics, and had "probed deeply into the powers of the adepts of the Far East." This tells us what direction their interest in saucers is liable to take, and sure enough, they are soon devoting themselves to the "supra-physical" aspects of saucers, their all-important "implications." This enlarged scope requires them, of course, to include as authentic media of "Outer Space Communication" just about everything in the record to date--contacts in person, plus telepathy and other forms of E.S.P., automatic writing, mediumship, and other psychic manifestations; electronics, something they call "emergence" (the materialization of a spaceship from another dimension), Samadhi meditation, and miscellaneous other channels. They can also make use of that one indispensable word "cosmic." This turns up 90-odd times by our count, applied to everything. When Mr. Reeves underwrites the expense of a hall for one of Adamski's Detroit lectures, he can describe this as a "cosmic philanthropic enterprise," and we also meet such phrases as "cosmic capers," "cosmic honey," "cosmic housecleaning," and "cosmic indigestion."

The book has a great deal to say about truth--"Cosmic Truth" of course,--and the omniscience of the space-beings who presumably possess it. "Truth is Truth," the authors tell us; and, even more sententiously, "Truth Is." But just as often, Truth Isn't. For the Reeves also subscribe to the doctrine of relative truth. This doctrine--always a favorite with the gullible or the timid because it relieves them of the trouble of thinking and the embarrassment of calling anyone a liar--affirms that truth is what you feel it is; truth is subjective, intuitive, a matter of opinion, personal preference, even temporary personal preference--will you have chocolate or vanilla truth today, so to speak. As they themselves put it so well: "Friends, as we see it, at the present time each one of you will have to decide for yourself how you feel about outer-space. There is no other way...Your view, the best view for you at this time is the view you like best, the view that appeals to you most, the one that rings truest to your individual understanding." Thus they constantly bestow on the reader what he has always had anyway--the privilege of disagreeing with them, which they regard as the Siamese twin of relative truth. (Of course the two concepts are in reality quite separable. If my benighted neighbor insists that the earth is round, and I refrain from beating him over the head for his belief, my self-restraint is commendable but it does not prove that the earth is shapeless.)

Where, when, and how "relative truth" solidifies into "cosmic truth," or how the two can co-exist with equal validity in the same universe, the authors never explain, and the reader who tries to reconcile their various pronouncements on the subject invites delirium. Even when the two truths collide head-on, the Reeves do not bat an eyelash.

This occurs when they submit a series of questions about saucers to the "Inner Circle," the group of disembodied entities who are the teachers or "mentors" of Mark Probert, the celebrated trance medium of San Diego, California. The Inner Circle obligingly provides answers at some length. We recall the extreme veneration with which our pilgrims have previously described the Circle and their messages (for Mr. Reeves the "greatest thrill of all" in their trip was the experience with Probert), and we anticipate something really solid in the way of space information. We are wrong. To our vast astonishment, we discover that even under these impeccable auspices we are offered nothing but Relative Truth. Not only do the Reeves themselves cautiously disclaim responsibility for the utterances of the Circle on this vital subject, but the Circle members themselves virtuously refuse to vouch for the statements they make:

"While they (the Circle) seem to possess an endless cosmic perspective, knowledge and wisdom, they never say, 'This is the Truth, the absolute Truth, take it or leave it.' All they say is, 'This is our viewpoint, but if you cannot accept it, you are entitled to your own viewpoint.' Somehow or other, we have always expected that great advanced beings would be like this, and we have not been disappointed." (pp.129-30.)
 "We make no claims that the Inner Circle represents the ultimate in authority in such matters. They would not want us to make such a claim." (p. 132.)

Thus we have the strange spectacle of revered entities transmitting what ought to be Cosmic Truth from allegedly omniscient space-beings, yet so infatuated with Relative Truth that they will not dare to express more than a "viewpoint." The Reeves were "thunderstruck" by such answers. We are not.

We will only add that one type of saucer "contact" is not even mentioned by the authors--the "little men" stories, presumably because the humanoids are not addicted to uttering cosmic wisdom; that the recognizable scientific information is at the high-school level; and that the style is by turns cute and pompous and always hackneyed. The book is the perfect example of the thought processes--such as they are--of those to whom flying saucers are not a riddle but a religion.

"THE THIRD EYE": NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WILL NOT SEE

In November 1956 Secker and Warburg of London published a book called The Third Eye, by T. Lobsang Rampa, allegedly the autobiography of a high-ranking Tibetan lama who had attained mastery of extrasensory perception, astral projection, levitation, etc. The book, well stuffed with dramatic and amazing experiences, sold like hot cakes, and was soon brought out by Doubleday in this country. At about the same time, Flying Saucer Review (March-April 1957) printed an "article" by Rampa (apparently a chapter omitted by the publishers from the book) which began: "Flying saucers? Of course there are flying saucers! I have seen many, and I have even been for a trip in one." The article went on from there to tell in Williamson style of finding a ruined city half a million years old, with an ancient saucer containing automatic film records of the ancient civilization, and ended up: "We, the seven telepathic lamas, were taken in a space ship up into the air...WE know how these space ships work...This is true. If you do not believe it---then that is indeed your loss." The article was illustrated by a portrait of the robed and bearded Dr. Rampa, meditating with a halo-like glory around his head (a visible proof of sanctity conferred upon him by the photographer). It "created tremendous interest" and was followed in the May-June issue by a sequel in which Rampa told of conversing with twelve-foot-tall spacemen ("it is not the size of the body which matters, my brother, but the size of the aura, and the soul within") and visiting the moon in a saucer. People with meager auras, like the CSI editors, concluded from this flimflam that "Dr. Rampa" had visited Tibet just about as often as he had visited the moon, and dismissed the episode as just another of Flying Saucer Review's characteristic performances.

From the first, every reviewer who knew anything about Tibet had reported that Rampa's account contained such serious blunders that it could only be a fictional concoction by a person having no first-hand knowledge of that country: see, for example, "The Tibetan Lama Hoax," an article in Tomorrow, Spring 1958, and "Tibetan Phantasies," a book review of The Third Eye in the same issue, by Chen Chi Chang, a Tibetan scholar of undisputed qualifications. Three authentic Tibetan experts--Marco Pallis, Heinrich Harrer and Hugh Richardson--were indignant enough to do what should always be done in such cases--but unfortunately cannot be done by UFO researchers because it costs so much--they hired a private detective to investigate "Dr. Rampa." It was found that he was an Englishman named Cyril Hoskin, the son of a plumber, and that--true to the type of the pseudologue--he had shown similar behavior before, calling himself "Kuan Suo" before assuming the "Lobsang Rampa" character. (N.Y. Times, February 4, 1958; Time, February 17, 1958.)

The point of the story is that this inglorious revelation was not its end. Devotees of "Rampa," anxious as they may have been to have their third eyes open, were most unwilling to open the other two. When Hoskin explained that his body had been possessed by the spirit of the real Lobsang Rampa (an explanation that did nothing to account for his errors about Tibet), this alibi was gratefully accepted. And to our astonishment, in the April 1958 issue of Saucerian Bulletin Gray Barker made a big pitch for The Third Eye, reprinting the first of the Review pieces and commenting that "the book has a great ring of truth in it"! It is only a guess, but we wonder whether Gray's enthusiasm for Rampa might just conceivably have been inspired by having a large stock of his books on hand to sell.

WILD MEN AND MONSTERS—THE RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA "CREATURE" OF NOVEMBER 8, 1958

Although the stories of wild men and monsters that have appeared in the news in recent months are not UFOlogical, their interest is so great that they impel us to give them some of our limited space. The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas has become the object of intensive research and exploration by Russian scientists, who take him with perfect seriousness and obviously consider him not the product of "native superstition" but entirely real. The Rajah of Mustang, a small territory northwest of Katmandu, has invited the Nepalese government to send scientists to examine the alleged skin of a Snowman preserved in a Buddhist monastery in his realm. In October 1958 gigantic human footprints found in the Weitchpee area of northern California were attributed to a wild Indian of abnormal size, who is said to have roamed the area for many years. And on March 30 three businessmen of La Grande, Oregon, flying over the Wallowa Mountains, said they had watched from their airplane, through binoculars, something "half-man, half-beast, hairy but with patches of skin," that was tearing at the carcass of a small animal near Horseshoe Lake.

Assuming that the report is reliable, this may have been one of the "Susquatch men" described for many generations by the Indians of the Northwest: huge, hairy creatures that live in the fastnesses of the mountains of British Columbia, half-way around the world from the Himalayas.

But the creature reported from Riverside, California by Charles Wetzel makes the Snowman seem prosaic. (UFOlogists will remember Riverside as the scene of another report, equally bizarre but quite different, on August 29, 1955; see Uranus for February 1956.) Mr. Wetzel himself had not wanted to report the experience at all; his wife persuaded him to change his mind, but he may have regretted it, for when Idabel Epperson tried to interview him he was no longer willing to discuss it with anyone. She had several telephone conversations with Mrs. Wetzel, however, and also talked with Harry Lawton, reporter for the Riverside Press-Enterprise, whose objective approach was in marked contrast to the flippant carelessness shown in other press reports. The following account is based on the Lawton news items and on Mrs. Wetzel's statements to Mrs. Epperson.

At about 9 p.m. that Saturday evening, Mr. Wetzel was driving along North Main Street in Riverside to his home in Bloomington, a few miles north, and had reached the point where the road dips down into the almost-dry bed of the Santa Ana River. It was rather foggy, and when he suddenly saw a creature in the road ahead of the car, he put on his brakes to keep from hitting it and tried to pull over to one side, but the creature moved to that side also, getting directly in front of the car again. The car bumped it or touched it, and at this the thing reached its abnormally long arms right across the hood--claws scraped at the windshield, and it gave out what Mr. Wetzel described as "the most peculiar sound I ever heard in my life--a sort of high-pitched gurgling sound." All that the terrified man could think of was to "stomp on the gas and get out of there." He did so, knocking the creature down and running over it.

From the details of his description, it is clear why Mr. Wetzel insisted that the thing was not human--"some kind of a two-legged deal, but not a man." It was the height of a normal human being, with a round hairless head, small "ordinary" eyes; he saw no ears or nose, and the mouth was not protuberant (as reported in some of the newspapers). It seemed to be whitish-luminescent all over, and to be covered by something like scales or leaves. Its body extended down below the upper part of the legs, "sort of bug-like"; and--most curious detail of all--its legs did not go

straight down like a human being's, but outward from the body. Mr. Wetzel never saw the feet. He drew a picture of the creature for his wife, but refused to send it to Mrs. Epperson. At his wife's insistence Mr. Wetzel called the sheriff, who told him to return to the river. There he met two officers, and reporters from the Riverside Press-Enterprise, to whom he told his story while the officers searched for signs of the monster. Near the place where Wetzel had slowed his car they found two large footprints spaced five feet apart, and two deep marks that resembled claws; other footprints trailed across the sand and vanished in the waters of the river. But after 20 minutes of search the policemen said further investigation would have to wait until daylight.

The next day (Sunday), of course, further investigation was impossible. The usual hordes of teen-agers and other sightseers swarmed over the spot and obliterated any possible clues. Bloodhounds were finally brought along, but it was then too late. Sergeant E.R. Holmes suggested that "a large vulture" might have been seen, but acknowledged that not a feather of this remarkable bird had been found. Sunday and Monday the inevitable prankster was at work, for on Monday night more than twenty calls to the sheriff's office said that the monster was still on the loose: something had been seen, dressed in some kind of Hallowe'en costume, crouched in tall weeds on the west side of Main Street. And on Tuesday, sure enough, the remains of this creature were found—a terry-cloth automobile seat cover crudely fashioned into a costume, and a pair of rubber feet of the practical-joke variety (with bones, bunions, and streaks of blood part of their design), discovered behind a filling station in the vicinity. Mr. Wetzel denied emphatically that the practical joker seen on Monday night could possibly have been what he saw two nights before. Apart from its non-human appearance, he pointed out, it had tried to get at him from the front of the car instead of going around to the side, a dangerous performance which indicated that the thing was not familiar with autos or the possibility of being run over.

We hope that one day, when the Los Angeles anti-smog crusade, of which Mrs. Epperson is also an energetic member, has been won, she will be able to try again to interview Mr. Wetzel, who at present wishes, like so many other witnesses to the impossible, that the whole thing had never happened.

Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York was founded in 1954 as a non-profit organization to study Unidentified Flying Objects. The officers are: President, John Du Barry; Vice-President (Administration), Lex Mebane; Vice-President (Organization), Marilyn F. Shaw; Vice-President (Public Relations), Ivan Sanderson; Research Director, Ted Bloecher; Legal Adviser, Jules St. Germain; Secretary, Victoria de Cervantes; Treasurer, Isabel Davis. The CSI News Letter is prepared by the Research Section, with the assistance of other members; the views expressed by the editors do not necessarily coincide with the opinions of all CSI members.

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The following entertaining story appears in UFO NEWS REPORT, issued by the Flying Saucer Research Group in Japan, P.O. Box 18, Isogo Post Office, Yokohama. The Editor is not credulous, however, and the magazine carries brief but provocative sightings from other parts of the Far East as well as other items of serious interest.

"I GONE TO PLANET IRLAND (?) AND BACK BY A SAUCER" SAYS

JAPANESE YOUNG BUSINESS MAN

A Japanese young electrical business man, Tsutomu Nagai of Tokyo, who claimed to have aboard a saucer and traveled to another solar system, the Planet Irland (?). This is a first time - Japanese claimed to have direct contact with space people, if it are truth.

Your editor (Far East Area Investigator for International UFO Observer Corps), accompanied by Mr. Teizi Ogawa, Mr. Ken Hashimoto, and Mr. Tsutomu Kuwada, directors of CBA (Cosmic Brotherhood Association - No. 775 Kokubunji, Kokubunji-cho, Tokyo) were visited his home and made interviewed with Tsutomu Nagai. -His story is as follows:

He gone a fishing alone on March 26, this year, to Jyoetsu quarter of Gunma Pref., Central Japan, when he spotted a white illuminated strange object in the sky and coming to his side. It was supherical object and suddenly it hovered near ground, at about 9 p.m. Then, a spaceman to be invited him from a window (?) so that he approached to the craft while he take up a hand, when spaceman to respond also same pose and to point at the craft. It heard to a hum sound.

"I don't know what I got on the craft - but, I just into the machine with him, after I have to noticed," said Nagai. The saucer contained a crew of only one. He questioned to spaceman in Japanese (he can't speak English) but him smiled and no answer. He questioned again in mental telepathy (he is a member of occultism) as of follows:

- Q. What a this craft?
- A. This is a called to spaceship
- Q. What energy have used in this ship?
- A. It was a you may know
- Q, Space travel by a rocket propulsion is that possible?
- A. Is not in possible
- Q. What your name?
- A. (no answer)
- Q, Where do you come from?
- A. (no answer)
- Q. Hereafter we go where?
- A. You may understand after landing of ship

Few minutes later, the spaceship were descending and hovers over plants fields. He looking out over these towns - the buildings are built in a circular pattern and have no electrical poles and wires. He questioned: "What is here?" Spaceman answered: "This is Irland - not your solar system" and he added: "Today, you are invited to a theatre". The spaceship moved again, and just landed in roof of an big circular theatre. They got into the door of theatre, when in stage have already played something like a play of fairy tale. He looked round about him in every direction. Planet Irland people is not different from our Earth people and somewhat like to the Japanese. They had seeing this play more about an hour and backed to spaceship. The return trip were he into the sleeping and to be awaked him later about a few minutes at the his branch office's garden in Gunma Pref.

(Ed. - "This telepathy contact case is a very poor, I can't find any evidence (is physical contact? or not?) and ofcause I never believe it". Another investigators of CBA...they to have 20 or 10 % in conviction and Mr. Kuwada say, who is 50 % of that the story are may be true, however)

THAT AVRO SAUCER - ALMOST AS MYTHICAL AS OTIS CARR'S

We've all seen too often that picture of a "real flying saucer, soon to appear in our skies" that the newspapers like to run over their UFO stories--a toothy-grilled disk, dashing briskly through the clouds. Seldom accurately captioned, it's an Air Force handout of October 1955, an artist's conception of the "Avro saucer." This disk-shaped jet aircraft, designed in 1951 by John Frost for Avro Aircraft, Ltd. of Toronto, Canada, has been under development for more than seven years, and by now it is beginning to take on the characteristics of a legend--"a modern myth," as our fellow-UFOlogist Dr. Carl Jung has so well put it.

As early as 1954, the anonymous European author of one version of the "V-7" or "Nazi saucer" yarn wove the Avro saucer into his tale: he informed his readers that the V-7's creator, "Dr. Heinrich Richard Miethe," was at that time in Canada, reconstructing his wonderful craft under the auspices of A.V. Roe (Avro). The latest reprinting of this fable occurred in 1958, when the English translation of Robert Jungk's interesting but factually-careless book Brighter Than a Thousand Suns (Zurich, 1956) was issued in this country. (Jungk copied the tale, without acknowledgment, from another 1956 book by Rudolf Lusar.) Although the Research Staff is pretty strongly of the opinion that all "Nazi saucers" were propelled solely by hot air^{1/}, we did take the precaution of asking Avro to comment on the Lusar-Jungk story. Not exactly to our surprise, we were informed by Avro's Publicity Supervisor that "if this man Miethe exists, we have never heard of him."

One might add that, "if he exists," he certainly doesn't seem to be much of an asset to Avro. In late 1954, the Canadian Government withdrew support from the saucer project, because (in the words of Defence Production Minister C. D. Howe) "it did not seem sufficiently promising to be worth going on with...it did not seem to have any useful purpose" (Manchester Guardian, 12/2/54). A few months later, the U. S. Air Force picked up the tab, and immediately proceeded to shroud the project in its habitual ridiculous secrecy (Toronto Globe & Mail, 8/23/55). Four years have now passed since the Air Force took over, and yet it appears that Dr. Miethe has still not succeeded in rebuilding the marvelous craft that he developed in wartime Germany in 1945.^{2/}

However, anyone reading the newspapers of mid-April 1959 might well have thought that he had finally succeeded. We quote from a UPI item by Norman Cornish datelined Washington, 4/14/59:

The United States will test-fly its first "flying saucer" this summer, a defense expert said today.

The expert, who is connected with the program, said the public will be "absolutely amazed" at the new manned aircraft when Pentagon secrecy wraps finally are taken off, perhaps this year.

1/ Our cogent reasons for this opinion would take too long to set forth here. If the topic (a fairly active one in 1958) doesn't die a natural death in the meantime, we hope some day to write it up in detail.

2/ Just to avoid any misunderstanding--this is simply a bit of sarcasm, directed at anyone who may happen to believe in "Miethe" (we know, for instance, that Lusar still does). In our own view, "Miethe" and his "V-7" are just as much fictional figures as "Ashtar" and his "ventlas."

"I've never seen anything like it," he told UPI. He said the saucer will be able to skim close to the ground, dart between trees, dip into small valleys...thus confounding enemy radar. It will also be able to hover over a fixed spot and move sideways.

The saucer will provide the Army with a modern airborne "cavalry," he said. "Troops and supplies could be rushed anywhere..." etc.

This sounded pretty exciting, and some wigs began to flip. "The disclosure that the United States has the flying saucer is tremendously significant news, exclaimed the Lehighton (Pa.) Leader. "Beyond doubt we have had the flying saucer for years--since the time people started seeing them--but our government did not feel ready to admit it...Some people couldn't help but notice it flying around. These people were ridiculed...America owes an apology to everyone who saw a flying saucer...It is good to know that we were not being observed by space after all..."

We quote this effusion as a typical example of the way many people will grasp avidly and uncritically at any "conventional" explanation of UFOs, no matter how patently inapplicable it may be. When (and if) the Avro saucer finally flies in public, we may expect to see many editors come up with this fatuous "now it's all explained" reaction.

For it was indeed the Avro saucer that UPI's "expert" was rhapsodizing about.^{1/} "Brig.-Gen. Frank H. Britton, director of development for Army research, said the new craft is the result of a joint Army-Air Force program carried out by Avro Aircraft, Ltd., of Canada" (AP dispatch, 4/14/59).

Well, just how good is this "amazing" Avro saucer, after its seven years' gestation? (All right, you can guess what's coming. We're sorry to be so cynical and "negative" about so many things, but unfortunately that's the way reality is apt to be. This world is full of disillusionments for the too-ready believer, and a good vinegary skepticism is a healthy attitude--if not an endearing one for the student of UFOs.) In illustration of this maxim, we conclude with some quotations from an enlightening article in the Toronto Daily Star (2/26/59):

Avro's Flying Saucer - Is It a Joke or Will It Fly?

... A spokesman in the department of national defence said he had learned Avro might test a hand-made model of the saucer "within a few months"...The test vehicle would be an early prototype of the final product...Even if the test flight of the vehicle were successful, he said, it would be years before it would go into production. "I understand they are fairly well along with the first flight tests," he said. "It may be two months, six months or a year before they get it into the air."

^{1/} The emphasis on flying close to the ground, however, probably reflects confusion between the Avro craft and several "ground effect" devices that were shown to the House Space Committee on April 13, 1959. These are simply flat platforms that are kept just off the ground by compressed air blown out by fans underneath. Their military value was, as usual, grossly exaggerated by the newspapers; no one seemed to realize that something of this sort will only work over a perfectly smooth surface.

In Washington, top defense officials indicated they had pretty well given up hope the company's experiment would come to anything. "So far, we can't see any great hope for the future," said one official, "but we may continue the contract in case the company can turn up something."

A former Cabinet minister [probably Howe—CSI Eds.] who was directly involved in the Liberal governments's decision to withdraw support of the project in 1955, said the saucer "was of no use to Canada whatsoever, either commercially or militarily."

Speculation that the saucer could cross the Atlantic in two and a half hours was "ridiculous," he said. "It's a vertical take-off plane and has no forward speed—or very little." He described it as similar in principle to a helicopter, using jet engines instead of propeller blades.

"I wasn't interested in the project in 1955 and I'm even less interested now," he said.

P.S. It is interesting, to use no stronger a word, that we have to go to a Canadian newspaper to find an honest account of the status of this United States military project. It seems safe to say that no U.S. newspaper would print criticisms such as this; the Air Force would undoubtedly consider them a violation of its "security." As we UFOlogists have good reason to know, the Air Force is apt to define "security" as its right to do just as it pleases in absolute secrecy—"secure" from any inspection and possible reprimand by the public that foots all its bills.

O R D E R B L A N K

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THE "RADIATION BELT" AROUND THE EARTH

The most important discovery yet made by man's artificial satellites is that there exists around our planet a vast, hitherto-unsuspected zone of intense radio-activity—the so-called "Van Allen radiation." It was James A. Van Allen, in charge of cosmic-ray instrumentation of the U.S. satellites, who (with Carl McIlwain) realized in April 1958 that the "zero" radiation counts being recorded by U.S. satellites Explorer I and III actually signified that their Geiger counters were jammed by radiation levels higher than they could handle.

This interpretation was fully confirmed by Explorer IV, launched July 26, 1958, which was fitted with counters for recording intense radiation. Pioneer III, the "moon shot" of December 6 which fell back after travelling 70,000 miles, revealed that the belt consisted of an inner and an outer ring. According to Van Allen's authoritative article in Scientific American (March 1959), the inner ring is about one earth-radius (4000 miles) wide and is centered about 2000 miles above the equator; the outer one is about five times as wide and five times as far out, and curls inward. The system is somewhat like a marble surrounded by a doughnut (flattened vertically) and a tire. (See cross-section on pp. 40-41.)

Only the polar regions are substantially free from this radiation. Even between the belts, at an altitude of about 6000 miles, the radiation level is about 1000 counts per second; and at the center of each belt it reaches 25,000 counts sec. This is somewhere between 10 and 100 roentgens/hr. "Since a human being exposed for two days to even 10 roentgens/hr. would stand only an even chance of survival, the radiation belts obviously present an obstacle to space flight," says Van Allen. The obstacle is indeed serious. All modern writers on space flight agree that manned rocket-powered spaceships cannot, as a practical matter, take off directly from the earth. They will have to be based on a large permanently-inhabited artificial "space station," which was to be assembled in an orbit about 1000 miles up.

This plan now appears to be conclusively prohibited by the killing radiation. "A space station must orbit below 400 miles or beyond 30,000 miles from the earth," Van Allen concludes. But the 400 miles is so close to the outer fringe of the atmosphere that it is scarcely practicable, and 30,000 miles is so distant that one might just as well go on to the moon instead of taking off. As things look now, man's "advance base" for space travel will have to be a distant one indeed—the moon.

The moon, incidentally, "probably has no radiation belt, because its magnetic field appears to be feeble." But "according to present knowledge, the other planets of our solar system may have magnetic fields comparable to the earth's, and thus may possess radiation belts of their own. (Thus) the hazard to space travellers may not end even when they have passed the terrestrial radiation belts."

The radiation girdles are tentatively explained by Van Allen as regions where high-energy protons and electrons emitted from the sun are "trapped" (though he adds that "it is difficult to explain how charged particles can get into the earth's magnetic field in the first place.") and it seems plausible that the outer one causes the aurora borealis, when its outer edges curl in far enough to touch the upper atmosphere. "The two-belt configuration may be a transitory phenomenon, though the data from Explorer IV and Pioneer III indicate that it persisted in essentially the same form for at least five months. We should bear in mind, however, that 1958 was a year of great solar activity. Three years from now we may well find a much lower intensity, and perhaps a different structure altogether."

It is interesting to inquire what information—if any—the "space brothers" gave their favoured "contacts" about this very important and spectacular phenomenon, prior to its discovery by science. "Just in case you've forgotten, George Adamski told of this very situation, in his book Inside The Space Ships, date 1955," crows Norbert Jariety in his S.P.A.C.E., December 1958, page 4. "We would certainly like to know

what passage Mr. Gariety had in mind when he made this claim. So far as we can find, Adamski's celestial friends were totally, and conspicuously, and embarrassingly silent on the subject. The only radiation they ever mention is the man-made kind--which is negligible in comparison with the Van Allen radiation. Williamson does somewhat better, perhaps: he draws a picture of a "vortex" or "RMF," which he asserts surrounds all planets, stars, atoms, saucers, people, etc. (O.T.O.F., see pp. 48-71; picture on p. 59), which has the correct shape over the northern latitudes, though nowhere else. He also identifies it as "the Earth's auroral force," which might pass muster, but alas! puts his foot in it by explaining that this force, or field, or vortex, "emanates from the polar vents at north and south poles...recent polar expeditions have discovered the actual vents or openings"! We hope it is unnecessary to remark that if "recent polar expeditions" have established one thing beyond peradventure, it is that our planet does not have holes at its poles! 1

Since the above article was written, some further information has become available.

* The trapping of high-energy particles by the earth's magnetic field was experimentally confirmed by the fantastic "Project Argus" tests of Aug. 27-Sept. 6, 1958, in which three very small atomic bombs were detonated at an altitude of 300 miles over the South Atlantic. The high-energy electrons released by these blasts shuttled back and forth along the lines of magnetic force, forming a thin Van Allen-like belt that encircled the earth within an hour, produced man-made auroras, and took several weeks to fade away. These effects had been correctly predicted by the self-taught Greek physicist Nicholas Christofilos, who instigated the tests. "Mr. Christofilos warned that large explosions would inject enough electrons to be fatal to anyone riding a satellite whose orbit lay within the bomb-produced electron shell"--even if the satellite were on the other side of the world from the spot where the bomb was fired. (N.Y. Times, April 30, 1959. The Times broke the Project Argus story on March 19, over strong opposition by military authorities who had wanted to sit on it indefinitely.)

* The radiation intensity at the centre of the inner belt was more accurately measured by a Thor rocket fired in May: it proved to be "sufficient to kill a man in 4 hours." (This would be 100-150 roentgens per hour.) Even as low as 750 miles up, the radiation "equals in an hour the amount a man can safely be exposed to in a month." The particles responsible are chiefly high-energy protons, produced by cosmic-ray bombardment of the outer atmosphere. (N.Y. Times, June 1, 1959.)

* The rocket Pioneer IV, fired past the moon on March 3, 1959--the first American rocket to escape from the earth--found the radiation belts much changed; the outer zone had become much more extensive, and the total radiation encountered was more than five times that found by Pioneer III. The most penetrating and dangerous radiation was found in the inner zone. Van Allen attributed the greatly increased radioactivity to the strong solar flare of Feb. 25, which had produced brilliant auroras. According to Science News Letter of May 9, reporting these findings, "the increased radiation means that manned vehicles would either have to be launched from polar sites--since the Van Allen belts leave a 20-degree "escape cone" at each pole--or would have to stay earthbound until the solar effects had subsided." (It is very disadvantageous to fire space rockets from polar sites: the best place for that purpose is the equator, where the earth's rotation contributes 1000 mph of initial velocity. Unfortunately, the radiation belts are most intense over the equator.)

I Williamson can at least take comfort in the fact that he did better than Donald Menzel. In Menzel's book Flying Saucers (Harvard, 1953), on pp. 234-242, may be found a beautifully-illustrated exposition of the precise way in which particles emitted by the sun interact with the earth's magnetic field. It bears no resemblance whatever to the true state of affairs as discovered some five years later by Van Allen.

Steps To The Stars, by Daniel W. Fry. (Understanding Pub. Co., 1956; 83 pp. \$2.50.)

This attractively-produced cloth-bound booklet, published by the author, purports to be an exposition of some of the new principles of physics taught him by his space friends. "Most of those persons who have established contact with beings from other worlds have, as a result of this contact, received, among other things, certain somewhat advanced concepts of the physical science." This is the closest the prudent Fry ever comes to making any explicit or unequivocal claim that his statements are of heavenly origin--a careful avoidance of definite commitment that is characteristic of the author. But his enthusiastic disciple Gavin Gibbons, presumably with Fry's consent, has not hesitated to reprint virtually the entire text of "Steps To The Stars" in the form of a direct quotation from Fry's space crony "A-Lan" (see NL #9, p. 23.)

"It will be interesting and perhaps helpful to consider and discuss the basic physical concepts necessary for the construction and operation of a true space vehicle" (p. 21.) However, Fry coyly adds, "those who hope to find herein a blueprint for the construction of a space ship may be disappointed"--because "I have no desire to accept the responsibility which will devolve upon the individual who first builds one." At the end (p. 81) he expansively announces: "Having resolved the misinterpretation of our mathematics, the job of the theoretical physicist is done. The next move is up to the practicing physicist and to the engineer."

What Fry has done in the sixty intervening pages to justify this grandiose claim is undeniably a well-executed piece of mountebankery. He has tossed back and forth a salad of physical terms and impressive-sounding dicta with an air of confident authority. The awestruck layman can be counted on to be so far out of his depth that he is quite unable to say whether Fry has indeed "resolved the misinterpretation of our mathematics" and "done the job of the theoretical physicist" or not. All he can honestly say is that Fry certainly gave the impression of knowing what he was talking about. And of course those who do not understand what he has said are at liberty to suppose that he has said something profound, even though they cannot explain just what it is.

Like many intelligent self-taught men, Fry has picked up a smattering of physics sufficient for him to formulate science-fictionish, or crankish, speculations--which, unlike most men, he sees fit to dress up in the robes of Revealed Truth. To expose all his fallacies would call for a physicist as reviewer; we can only point out a few tell-tale instances.

"The term velocity has no significance except as an observed kinetic energy differential": this absurd statement occurs on p. 61. It is made in order to justify the following assertions about c (the velocity of light): "The velocity c represents the greatest kinetic energy differential which can exist between two given reference points" (p. 27); "the quantity c is actually the kinetic energy equivalent of the mass energy of matter" (p. 26, followed by a fallacious assertion about mass-energy conversion "which can easily be verified by anyone who is mathematically inclined.") Clearly, to call c an "energy" (or energy differential), rather than a "velocity", is a pet notion of Fry's; yet such a use of words is entirely inadmissible. Velocity, as defined in physics, has the dimensionality "v", and energy has the dimensionality "mv²"--that is, energy is proportional to mass, while velocity is independent of mass. Only a person who does not understand what he is talking about--or who cynically thinks he can get away with it--would propose to equate the two terms.

Fry goes cheerfully on to compound the confusion. Having illegitimately imported the impressive-sounding word "energy", he converts it by Planck's equation into the even more crank-beloved term "frequency": "We can now see that a frequency differential which by Planck's formula is equal to 9×10^{20} ergs per gram (c²: Ed.) also represents the quantity c. When such a frequency differential exists between the observer and the point which he is observing, such as a spacecraft upon or near the surface of the earth, it would cease to exist as matter and would enter the plane of energy insofar as the observer on earth was concerned" (pp. 62-63.) This idea that a material object, considered as a whole, possesses a "frequency" is one that has long been dear

to the hearts of cranks of all kinds, who are unaware of the fact that it has no physical meaning whatsoever.

Fry (or A-Lan) also has some notions about gravitation that deserve comment. He asserts flatly that an electron, though it possesses inertial mass, "is not in the least affected" by gravitation (p. 46); which is untrue. He asserts that nuclear fission reactions, such as that of uranium, are due to a mysterious reversal of gravitation in unstable nuclei; which is not only untrue, but absurd, since gravitational forces in the nucleus are known to be negligibly weak compared to the nuclear binding forces. He asserts also that at very great distances the force of gravitation becomes negative--which is not provably false, though improbable--and jumps from this to the conclusion that therefore gravitation can be reversed (in his pretentious language, "the spaceship can be placed within the negative portion of the curve") at any distance one pleases. Of course, he does not indicate how this is to be done. ("When we acquire a better understanding of the laws...the pattern for the modulation of the gravitational curve will soon become self evident.") And on pp. 41-42 he draws a false analogy between the gravitational field (which is unipolar) and the magnetic field (which is bipolar), again showing his failure to grasp essential distinctions.

Fry thinks that "any physicist will agree" that light has mass, and that therefore any beam of light disproves Einstein's conclusion that infinite energy is required to accelerate a mass to the speed of light (p. 50.) It would appear from this that our author's acquaintance with physicists is as slight as his acquaintance with physics.

Chapters 5 and 6 represent Fry's attempt to demonstrate the error of Einstein's theory of special relativity (the speed-of-light restriction); but since he does not understand what he is undertaking to criticize, a royal mess results. The imaginary spaceship experiment described at great length on pp. 69-77 begs the question by simply taking it for granted that there is no difficulty about going faster than light, and ignoring relativistic effects throughout; it reads like a science-fiction story of the '20s, before s-f writers were expected to know about the Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction.

At the end of his performance, Fry adds insult to injury by recommending Keyhoe's book "The Great Saucer Conspiracy" (sic!)

It should not be thought that we take Fry lightly. He is undoubtedly the most dangerous, because the most sophisticated, of the "contact" claimants now in business. His book of pseudo-science is ably and plausibly, though pompously, written, and contains many perfectly true statements and some acute comments, along with its false and fallacious allegations. It shows lack of education, and of course it shows lack of honesty, but it does not show lack of intelligence. Probably three out of four of its readers will be unable to discover anything definitely fishy about it--which is more than can be said for the more transparent fictions of Adamski, Angelucci, Bethurum, Van Tassel, or Buck Nelson. In this sense, Mr. Fry deserves to be congratulated: his new book will doubtless serve him well for the purpose for which it was intended.

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Fads and Fallacies, by Martin Gardner. (Dover, 1957; 363 pp. \$1.50, paperbound.)

This is Gardner's 1952 book, In The Name Of Science, reissued by Dover with notes and comments on each chapter to bring it up to date. It's a treasury of cranks, crackpots, and pseudo-scientists, and it's extremely amusing--as well as decidedly valuable and pertinent. All saucer students ought to be familiar with the earmarks of the crank. But watch out for your blood pressure! You'll find that Mr. Gardner isn't too discriminating. To him, UFOs--like dowsing, general semantics, and parapsychology--are just one more "mania."

We hope Mr. Gardner won't mind if we quote from his friendly postcard of October 22 to Lex Mebane: "...Would you care to go on record by stating a future date (1960? 1967? 1977?) at which you will be willing to agree with my original chapter and call the whole thing a mass mania, if no evidence stronger than just someone's visual report has turned up by then?"

Well, that's Martin Gardner as of 1957--unchanged since 1952.

WHO "DISCOVERED SPACE ANIMALS"?

After we'd written an article for the September Fantastic Universe suggesting that "angel hair" might be interpreted as organic tissues cast off by stratospheric creatures, we began to wonder who was the first to think of UFOs as animals. Consultation of our non-too-complete records showed, as usual, independent "discovery" (or "invention") of the idea by several people. Ivan Sanderson, probably its most eminent advocate nowadays, was principally influenced by the detailed exposition of Countess Zoë Wassilko-Serecki (published in this country in American Astrology, September 1955). This theory postulated ionospheric, energy-feeding, quasi-electrical entities. In Paris-Montparnasse, Summer 1954, French engineer René Fouéré had published a somewhat different hypothesis, conceived in late 1953 (and since abandoned in favor of the spaceship interpretation): that the UFOs were "disc-beings" able to live and move in interplanetary space (see the English translation in Uranus, February 1955). Quite independently, Commander Walter Karig had remarked, in American Weekly (November 22, 1953), that the behavior of UFOs was more suggestive of "puppies" than of spaceships.

Desmond Leslie, in his noteworthy, though badly flawed book of 1953, played with the thought that the cylindrical UFO of Oloron-Gaillac might have been a "huge living thing" which its escorting saucers "had just captured in some backwater of the atmosphere" (Flying Saucers Have Landed, p. 138). He even suggested that the angel hair that fell was organic matter related to ectoplasm. (Leslie thought it had fallen from the cylinder, but actually, it fell from the "saucer" objects, which Leslie takes for granted were space vehicles.)

Going further back, "I believe that the small saucers are the beings themselves" (David W. Chase in FATE, January 1951). This prompted veteran saucer researcher John Philip Bessor to put in a claim to priority on the conception: "The saucers are a sort of 'poltergeist-animal' capable of materialization, which normally inhabit the stratosphere ... I presented this theory to the USAF July 7, 1947" (FATE, May-June 1951). Some time during this period, too (we don't have definite references), the idea was first publicly advanced by pioneer saucer investigator Kenneth Arnold, and by an unidentified "top biologist" (FATE, April 1953, p. 9). In Project Sign's thoughtful essay released by the Air Force April 27, 1949, the authors remark that "the possible existence of some sort of strange extraterrestrial animals has been remotely considered, as many of the objects described acted more like animals than anything else." Who suggested this isn't stated, but aeronautical engineer Alfred Loedding, who says he was "the civilian head of the first Air Force investigation" in 1947, has stated, "I suspect that they may be a kind of space animal" (Trenton, N.J., Times-Advertiser, October 10, 1954). And in 1948 the famed physicist Luis W. Alvarez had remarked that radar "angels" or "gizmos" appeared to be "alive" (quoted by Wesley Price, Saturday Evening Post, March 6, 1948).

In prehistoric times (i.e., pre-1947), the idea was already an old one in science fiction; see, for example, Raymond Gallun's "The Beast of the Void" (Astounding, 1936: free-space life) and Eric Frank Russell's famous "Sinister Barrier" (Unknown, March 1939: ionospheric energy-feeding entities). Russell acknowledges his debt to—who but Charles Fort? We see once again that old Papa Fort had thought of all these things before half of us were born. See Chapter 16 of The Book of the Damned (1919): "hosts of rotund tourists in interplanetary space," etc.; Chapters 10 and 14 of Lo! (1931): "Unknown luminous things, or beings, have often been seen," etc.; Chapter 17 of New Lands (1923): "It seems no more incredible that up in the seemingly unoccupied sky there should be hosts of living things than that the seeming blank of the ocean should swarm with life."

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P.S. This brief review is doubtless quite incomplete; readers can do us a favor by bringing to our attention any important "space-animal" theorists we have overlooked.

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