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THE BOB RENAUD STORY

By ROBERT P. RENAUD

PART 39

EIGHTH IN-PERSON CONTACT, AUG. 25, 1964. CONFERENCE AT MASSACHUSETTS UNDERGROUND BASE: It was 1:00 A.M. As I stood out in the cool August night, I let my mind wander over the past few personal contacts with my brothers from Korendor. Each time we met, they had had something new in store for me. As I waited, my thoughts focused into one question: what now?

As Orii-Val had told me on the radio about a half-hour before, this contact was going to be one of strictly information. If that were the case, then why all this bother, when the radio would have served as well? As I was pondering this, a brief telepathic message struck me --- an occurrence which I frankly admit is a novelty to me, so seldom does it occur. It was Orii, and all he told me was, "You question too much. Wait and find out."

WE HEAD FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS BASE VIA SPACE CAR: I hardly had time to consider this when Orii dropped out of the sky! He was flying his little personal craft, the one I had piloted that fabulous day in August of 1963. As he touched down, the top popped open and, without hesitation, I boarded. It felt good to sit in that beautiful little ship again, re-acquainting myself with its many fine details. The top shut and, as we rose, I asked him where we were bound. He replied, "To the Massachusetts Base. We have a meeting that you are to attend." Well, that answered all my questions, except one. What kind of meeting? Nothing to do but "wait and find out."

We were airborne for about three minutes, when Orii stopped over a spot I had seen many times before while driving about. I was about to ask why we stopped here when the ground gave me the answer, as it parted into a relatively small door, down into a lighted passageway. We dropped into it and it shut into its former invisibility. We went down about thirty feet vertically, and arrived at a long tunnel. I can't say exactly how long it was, but it was over three miles. We settled down on a conveyor belt and began a short trip at over 60 miles per hour through the passage. It was about twenty feet wide and fifteen feet high. Illumination was provided by periodic panels of Lumiglow on the ceiling.

WE CHECK IN AT THE BASE: When we reached the end, Orii took out his security card and inserted it into the automatic device that came out of the wall and stopped next to him. When it was satisfied that we

were all good and proper, it went back into its panel, and the door in front of us parted in the middle and slid open. It revealed a hangar, comparatively small in dimensions, with a number of stalls such as I described in my account of January 4, 1964. (See issue #26. -Ed.) We rode along these conveyors and were soon parked in an empty stall, the first one we came to. (The computer had checked to see which stalls were open, and berthed us in the one nearest the door on the far end of the hangar, about a hundred feet away.) We got out and, when Orii had connected the refueling hose, we walked to the door.

We entered a small reception room which was empty at the time, but we were being observed by a conspicuous telescreen camera opposite the door. A voice from a loudspeaker intoned, "Greetings, brothers. You will find a car waiting for you outside the room."

As the voice spoke, a door appeared in the wall next to the camera. It opened into a corridor where a smiling young man in an electric car greeted us and motioned us to get in with him. When we were seated, Orii told me about the meeting we were to attend.

"This is the first in a series of conferences to be held at irregular intervals, by the people involved in controlling and coordinating what we are calling 'Project Terra' which, as you can tell by the name, is our program for your planet. You will recognize some of the people, and others will be strangers to you. You will be introduced to all of them, of course, and you are free to give their names in your report.

CONFERENCE ROOM #2: "Among them are several masters, and you might be surprised to find four women there. They are specialists in their fields, as you will learn." We had stopped at an elevator door. In reply to a mental question, Orii told me, "No, this is a different one." The door slid open and we drove in. Three levels lower we stopped and left the elevator. The hallway was short this time, about 200 feet long. About 150 feet along, we turned off into a side area where many of these cars were parked. We slid into an available space, and Orii and I proceeded to the door at the end of the hall, labeled "Conference Room #2." To the right of the door was a security card unit, which Orii took care of in short order. When we went through this door, we entered a sort of vestibule with a door at each end. We went through the one on the left.

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Dedicated to

GABRIEL GREEN, Editor
HELEN GREEN, Asst. Ed.

The Physical, Spiritual, and Economic Emancipation of Man

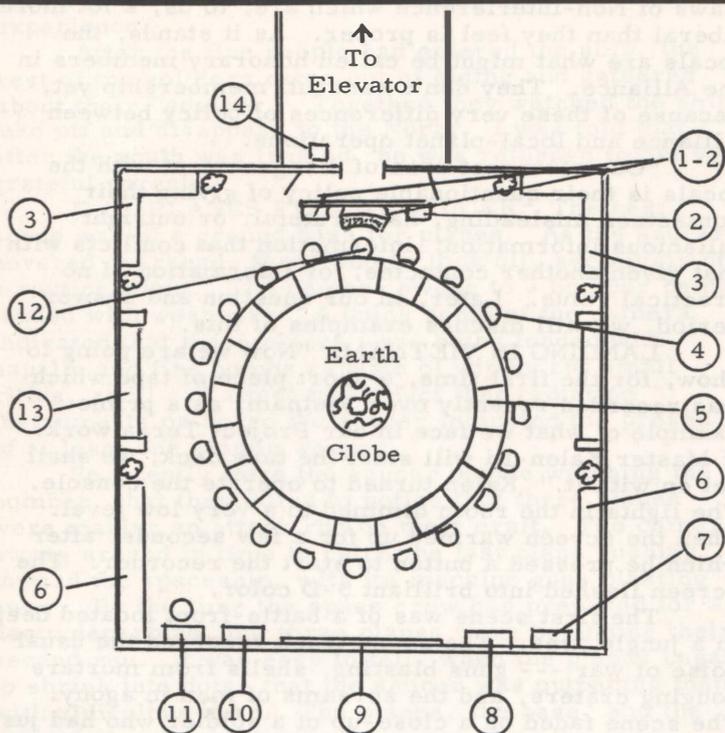
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The room we emerged into will take a lot of description. The first thing I noticed was its comparatively small dimensions, which I learned were about 30' x 30' x 10'. Around the light green walls was a variety of electronic devices. The one outstanding feature was the large conference table in the center of the room. It was in the form of a huge ring, twenty feet across, divided into twenty segments. Each section, separated from the neighboring ones by a small divider of Lumiglow, had a computer feed unit, a readout, a communication module, and a unique type of writing surface. When a button was pressed, whatever one wrote on this surface would reproduce on all the other writing surfaces, providing an effective means of transferring written ideas to others without wasting time. Another button could erase, or the imprint could be stored in a magnetic tape on the recorder unit in the far corner of the room, for future use.

CHAIRS AND TABLES FLOAT IN AIR--DON'T NEED LEGS!: Drawers below the table, for storing stationery and writing utensils, came out at the touch of a button. The table itself was of a mahogany-like wood with a mirror finish. Suddenly I noticed that the table had no supports of any kind! Orii quickly added a comment to my unspoken observation. "It is suspended by magnets in the ceiling. There are steel plates imbedded in the wood. It is far stronger than any legs or stand would be."



CONFERENCE ROOM # 2

1. Master Control Panel
 2. Electronic Cabinets
 3. Tables for Display
 4. Swivel chairs for conferees
 5. Conference table
 6. Computer
 7. Recorders
 8. Tape Storage
 9. Telescreen
 10. Telescreen Control Unit
 11. Communication Panel
 12. Chairman's Seat
 13. Divans
 14. Door Controls and Security Check
- (Room dimensions: 30' wide, 30' long, 10' high.)



BOB RENAUD and part of the electronic equipment he uses to communicate with the Space People.

At each of the divisions there was a contoured bucket-type chair, also apparently magnetically suspended. They swiveled easily to face in any direction desired. They were upholstered in tufted leather like calfskin, of a light tan color. Above each section a spotlight in the ceiling flooded the table with a soft cream-white glow. These could be turned on or off from the table controls.

Directly in the center of this circular table there was suspended a globe of our world, in color and with relief surface, showing mountains, valleys and terrain features. Since it was not labeled with names and places, it looked like a miniature Earth hanging there. It was illuminated from an unknown source.

Near the door, an L-shaped table displayed a variety of literature --- pamphlets, manuals, maps and saucer books, among other things. On each side wall, in the center, a very comfortable-looking divan about eight feet long invited our presence. On the far ends of each side wall were the two ten-foot computer units, quiet as the flap of a butterfly's wing. Each had one red pilot light. No other controls were visible on them.

Left to right on the far wall were the recorders, now on standby; a cabinet with a glass door, in which were stored a number of tape reels; a very imposing 5' by 10' (height x length) telescreen situated in the upper part of the wall. Next to it was the associated control unit. The communication panel completed this wall. Up the far wall to the right were the other computer, the divan, and another display table. In the spaces between machines, potted plants resembling palms added a fresh fragrance and color to the room.

At the head of the table (the Chairman's Post), opposite the telescreen, there was a wide, curved, electronic console with a myriad of controls, no doubt to run the telescreen, lighting, etc. On either side were small cabinets housing electronic equipment associated with the main console.

On the pale green walls were a few landscape photos, all beautiful in three-dimension. Directly over the main console, a large, awesome portrait of Ageless Life glowed as if from within the image itself. The ceiling was composed of Lumiglow panels, at the moment glowing with a soft cream-white color, providing about normal interior lighting intensity.

The floor was carpeted in forest-green, with a deep pile that felt like an extremely thick lawn underfoot, but with a springy resilience no grass affords.

MASTER KALEN-LI HEADS KORENDIAN CONFERENCE: As I completed this observation, the sound of a chime signified that the conference was to

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begin shortly. As its resonating tone faded away, the conferees filed into the room through the two doors. I recognized a few of them, but the rest were unknown to me. We took our places around the table and were seated. The Master Kalen-Li was the Chairman for the conference. I, surprisingly enough, was seated next to him on his right. He opened the conference with a salutation in Galinguan as the chime sounded again. Then he began the actual business at hand.

ROLL CALL: "For the benefit of our young guest, let us hold a brief roll call to acquaint him with those of you whom he does not know. Going in a clockwise direction, we have Lin-Erri, a young lady well known to Bob; the Master Arno-Kron Terwi, whom he has met on a few occasions; Alec-Baren, our esteemed Scientific Coordinator; Lani Eldron, SPC-12's fine captain; Vern-Fero, our chief Anthropodynamicist; Arel-Lon, Master Terratologist; Heri-Kim, our finest Sociologist; Sen-Kor, who has a nodding acquaintance with Bob; the venerable Elder Master Akrim-Vesta Antiri of Korendor; Master Veren-Hol Klien, also of Korendor; Master Andra-Kon Forell, of Arcturia; Doctor Astra-Kali, our capable medical supervisor; Miss Wendi Voran, another able Sociologist; Orii-Val, the man with the numbers (mathematician); Miss Jene Kelin, our communications engineer; Master Astir-Jolen Kero, again of Korendian origin; Tedi-Kesta, the renowned Economist; Petra-Dorn, our specialist on Terran Governments; our young guest, Bob, our voice to the people of Terra; and finally, myself."

CONFERENCE PURPOSE: "This meeting is the first of a series, to be held at regular intervals, for the purpose of discussing the progress of our newly-instituted Project Terra. As you all know, up to now our effort has been concentrated on completing our underground facilities, rather than on actual work with the Earth people. Now that our bases are all in operation, we can begin with the business at hand. This conference is the initial effort to establish a format for Phase One of Project Terra, namely the organization of all the separate divisions in a comprehensive way, and to provide everyone involved with some idea of what is in store.

"This conference is being telescreened to all key personnel in the various bases around the world, and they will be able to join us via the telescreen network.

PROJECT TERRA: "Briefly, let me state our purpose in Project Terra. It is of a three-fold nature:

1. Scientific and sociological research.
2. Education of the Terrans in the Universal Laws.
3. Prevention of warfare, inevitably to be atomic.

"I'll turn it over at this time to the venerable Akrim-Vesta, the Project Coordinator." The High Master spoke. "Thank you. During the past few months, our bases have turned out into the Terran society literally thousands of operatives, into every possible endeavor that is of importance to Terran life. These men are part of a multi-point program, some parts of which I will list at this time:

1. Infiltration of all Earth governments and agencies connected with the governments.
2. A similar infiltration of the various public professions, such as religion, entertainment, commerce, industry, education, finance, advertising, etc. At present these operatives are merely on standby.
3. Strategic placement in the various communities of operatives who will work quietly to bring about increased interest in the Flying Saucer Movement.
4. Placement of men in scientific circles to instill this same type of increased interest.

"In addition, we have a number of projects in the works, including these:

First: A program of psychprobing --- of key government people, and also of certain important

private citizens.

Second: Increased use of the news media in a constructive way, gradually presenting the Universal Philosophy to the Terrans.

Third: A series of Somnivision operations to people providing the Terrans with important formulae, inventions, and knowledge.

Fourth: Increased public displays, such as landings, overflights and, occasionally, contacts.

Fifth: Strong support of Terran peace organizations, both the open and the underground types --- groups such as SANE (Society Against Nuclear Explosions), WILPF (Women's International League for Peace and Freedom), AFSC (American Friends Service Committee), etc.

"We also have programs planned to gradually bring about such things as Universal Economics, repeal of the draft laws, establishment of a powerful world government under United Nations auspices, and a more humane approach to world problems. There are also other programs, but they cannot yet be revealed to the Earth people.

CONFEDERATION (OF LOCAL PLANETS) DIFFERS WITH UNIVERSAL ALLIANCE OF PLANETS POLICIES: "While we are willing to cooperate with the local planets, we do not require their assistance, and our operations can be carried on with or without their support. They will probably disagree with us greatly on our interpretations of the limits imposed by the Laws of Non-Interference which are, to us, a lot more liberal than they feel is proper. As it stands, the locals are what might be called honorary members in the Alliance. They don't want full membership yet, because of these very differences of policy between Alliance and local-planet operations.

"Our strongest area of disagreement with the locals is their questionable policy of giving their contactees misleading, half-truthful, or outright fallacious information; information that conflicts with that given another contactee; or information of no practical value. Later, in our question and answer period, we will discuss examples of this.

LANDING IN VIETNAM: "Now we are going to show, for the first time, a short piece of tape which was recorded recently over Vietnam, as a prime example of what we face in our Project Terra work. If Master Kalen-Li will start the tape deck, we shall get on with it." Kalen turned to operate the console. The lights in the room dimmed to a very low level. Then the screen warmed up for a few seconds, after which he pressed a button to start the recorder. The screen flashed into brilliant 3-D color.

The first scene was of a battle-front located deep in a jungle area. The sound track recorded the usual noise of war --- guns blasting, shells from mortars gouging craters, and the screams of men in agony. The scene faded on a close-up of a soldier who had just been hit in the face by a charge of shrapnel from hand grenades.

Then we saw what was apparently a field headquarters. In the center of a clearing, tied spread-eagle between two poles, was a young boy of perhaps sixteen, stripped naked. He was being tortured in unspeakable ways by a laughing, jeering group of apparently drunken soldiers. To my everlasting shame, I saw the unmistakable uniform of the U.S. Army. The wearer was waving a bottle in one hand, occasionally taking belts from it, all the time cursing in the most obscene manner at the terrified youth. In his other hand he held a steel rod, occasionally taking the end of it out of a nearby fire long enough to jab the lad in the stomach with its red-hot tip, apparently delighting in the anguished cries it evoked. Here the Master stopped the film briefly to say, "This is one

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time when we directly ignored the Laws of Non-Interference. We felt that it was justified in this case."

The scene returned, and began to grow as the ship apparently dropped to land. When it was about fifty feet from the ground, one of the native soldiers seemed to sense the approach of the craft and, as he looked up --- he froze in awe. The others, seeing his odd behavior, looked also, and reacted identically. A few seconds later, the craft touched down.

In a moment, three spacemen entered the field of the camera. One was carrying a pocket laser. He directed four quick beams, and the boy's bonds severed in flashes of light. The boy ran almost blindly toward the three from the ship. This galvanized the Army man into action, as his hand plunged to the pistol in the holster at his hip. He had it drawn when one of the three spacemen raised his hand and pointed his laser at the Army man. So help me, that fellow was thrown twenty feet across the field, as if by a giant hammer blow. He reeled and fell against the water tank they had set up for a shower, and was splashed in water and mud as he stretched out on the ground. A sorry sight, but he deserved it. The rest of the soldiers panicked and ran for the shelter of the trees.

A fourth spaceman appeared with a robe, which he put over the shoulders of the lad. Together they went back to the ship. The Army man had revived and was sitting stunned in the puddle from the shower tank, afraid to move for fear of having a repetition of that experience.

After the five people had entered the ship, the rest of the soldiers came out of hiding and gathered about their "advisor." Together they watched the ship take off and disappear to the North. I was told that after the youth was treated, he was returned to his very grateful parents.

U.S. PLANES FIRE AT SAUCER: The next scene was of a ground base for planes. As the saucer hovered overhead, three planes took off, seemingly on a routine flight. The camera swung to a bomber being loaded with weaponry. A quick zoom of the camera indicated that these planes were being loaded with napalm and fire bombs capable of wiping out small cities, and I can attest to the fact that radiation instruments on board the saucer indicated the presence of at least one atomic weapon.

So intently were the saucer people watching the bomber, that they failed to notice that three planes were making an attack run on their craft. The camera swung around in time to catch the last plane rushing toward the spaceship, with its machine guns blasting away. By the time the space crew had prepared for a hasty departure, the three planes were beginning their second run. It was easy to tell, when the planes began to shrink into dots, that the saucer was outpacing them with ridiculous ease. The planes, the base, and the ground dissolved into a green mass, and the scene ended.

The lights went back up to normal brightness, and there was a hum of conversation, until the master began to speak again. The talk stopped instantly, and all attention returned to him. "We have a few more of that last type of film, showing how we were attacked by Terran aircraft. One of them, our most important, shows quite clearly a Nike missile being fired at us from Cape Kennedy, which we had been observing for some minutes. We annihilated the missile with a laser beam about five hundred feet from our craft. I imagine they're still discussing that one down there!

A SPACEMAN TELEPORTS INTO A MEETING AT THE PENTAGON!: "Now, this one is my personal favorite of the films. It was taken about three months ago. It shows the shocked, surprised Terrans in a complete state of confusion." The lights went down

again and the screen burst into life. We were looking down on the Pentagon.

A few seconds later there was a view of the ship's interior. A man was standing inside a teleportation cabinet, dressed in a space suit, and carrying in his hand a telescreen camera, about the size of a cigar box, which included a recorder and transmitter. A moment later, he vanished. The next view was of a large assembly of military men in a conference room. They were all gaping, wide-eyed and slack-jawed, at the figure that had appeared on the platform in front of them.

Finally, one of them moved. As if on cue, everybody moved at once. In seconds there was pandemonium! One of them reached the door and called in the M. P. guard who, after taking a quick look, put both hands on his head, turned and ran out. One of the lieutenants grabbed the M. P.'s gun and fired two shots into the ceiling, which restored order very suddenly. Somebody yelled out, "Who the hell are you and how did you holy damned well get in here, anyway?" The body of officers stood staring at the intruder. He spoke in a soft, gentle, somewhat-amused voice, "I am Kelrin-Ardun, from the planet Korendor. I teleported in here."

One of the officers said, "Is this the same Korendor that crazy guy in that nut magazine from that Flying Saucer club in California writes about?" The intruder answered, "Yes, quite the same one." The officer looked as if everyone around him had turned to ghosts. "Christ --- but --- how the hell can that be true? Nobody's ever even heard of Korendor?"

The answer: "There are countless things of which you've never heard, my friend, and countless planets of which you know nothing."

"Then --- you mean to tell me that all that guy writes is the truth?" To this, the reply, "Every last word of it, friend. You may consider it an infallible source of information about Korendor and its people."

Another person, a General, sounded off. "Now, just a damned minute. Who the f--- do you think you are? I know damned well that those Flying Saucer stories are just a lot of B.S. Prove it!" To this, "As you will, my friend." The General abruptly found himself levitated and suspended five feet off the floor, his arms and legs flailing wildly and futilely. "Get me down, Goddamnit. Alright, so you're real. What do you want?"

"At this time, we want nothing. Later we will meet again for dealing. Now, we are merely testing your reactions to sudden intrusions. For the while then, va i luce, friends. I'd suggest keeping this a secret. Nobody will believe it anyway, and you can well imagine the looks you'll get from your co-workers if this leaks out. Goodbye." At this, he evaporated and reappeared in the saucer. The crew exploded into laughter, and one of them said, "That certainly shook the wits out of them."

Then the scene faded. The lights returned to brilliance. The Master was smiling broadly. "There is another which we don't have at the moment, to the same effect, except that we sent a three foot disc through a window into the Senate during one of their closed-door sessions. That one roused more than a little activity. In fact, it was responsible for several bills calling for an investigation of UFO's. These died, of course, after a few choice speeches from the C. I. A. people."

For the next half hour or so, the plans for each specific base were detailed --- how many operatives, where, and when, etc. I was requested not to reveal any of it, and I shall respect their wishes.

SOME CONTACTEES RECEIVE SOME INVALID INFORMATION: Finally, we went into the question and

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answer period. The question uppermost in my mind was, "You mentioned briefly the policy of the local planets to give inaccurate or incorrect information. Could you expand on this, please?"

The Master Kalen-Li took up the question. "Let me offer you a few examples. The most notorious one single thing I can think of now is the nonsense about a cold Sun. Several of your contactees were told, as fact, that the Sun is not hot, which is ridiculous at best. Not only is it hot, but it is hotter than you suspect --- over a thousand degrees centigrade hotter than your present estimates.

"Next, there is a little piece of tomfoolery concerning the alleged flying apart of the solar system, which a few of your notable contactees --- who shall remain nameless --- have allegedly been told. We can tell you this much --- the very notion is preposterous and, even were it so, the rate would be so slow that nobody would be in jeopardy for several million years to come. So for all practical purposes it is not worth worrying about!

"Then there are those who predict a shift in the Earth's magnetic poles, and foresee incredible disasters as a result. Let us inform you that your magnetic poles have reversed eight times since the Earth began, once only a few hundred thousand years ago. The Sun's poles have shifted three times, the last only a few years ago, with no effect whatsoever to anything. By our calculations your magnetic poles are due to reverse themselves within ten years. This does not mean polar flip, and the effects will cause little for you to be concerned about.

"One of your contactees reports that another Sun will move in when the solar system has expanded to a point where the Earth is in the same position that Maldek used to be. This is obviously absurd, since another star would wipe out the balance of the system, in reference to such factors as angular momentum vs. centripetal force, gravitational equilibrium, etc.

"Our own policy is one of all truth or nothing at all. We feel there is no reason to conceal information from you, or to mislead you in any way, and we shall never indulge in such a policy. What we tell you is the truth to our knowledge. In scientific topics, what is told is based upon our own experiments, theories and discoveries, and our applications thereof.

THOUSANDS OF EXTRATERRESTRIALS ARE NOW WORKING ON EARTH!: "With such unpleasantries out of the way, let us return to pleasing topics. I see that the Elder Master wishes to speak again." All eyes turned to Akrim-Vesta, and he continued. "This conference marks the official beginning of stage 2. From this point on, all our efforts will be concentrated strictly on our program, and very little time will be available for personal things. You, Bob, will remain our voice to your people. We have no plans at present to contact anyone else on your world, unless there is a very important reason for doing so.

"All of our many bases are now complete and in full operation, and we will have many thousands of operatives by the end of the year. All of them will be working in secrecy and none will even hint at his extraterrestrial origin. You will be kept up-to-date as to our activities, and what you will publicly disseminate is at your discretion. We feel that your better judgment will be a sufficient guide for you on those matters, brother Bob."

SOVIET UNION PERFECTS THE COBALT BOMB!: At this point, the communicator sounded a chime and a blue light flashed on and off. Sen-Kor walked over to the console and, after a brief period of listening, pressed a button. The small unit on the table in front of the Elder Master Akrim-Vesta sounded, and he took up the conversation. As he spoke, in

the musical Korendian tongue, his and the others' faces grew very serious and attentive. My own grew very puzzled. After a moment, he turned to me directly and told me something that shocked me to the core. "Bob, we have received from our Russian operatives official confirmation of something we had suspected for several weeks. It is this: the Soviet Union has perfected a workable Cobalt Bomb!"

When I had regained my composure, I asked, "Are they planning to test it?" He said in reply, "Not yet. They are going to use it as a propaganda weapon, not against the West as you might suspect, but against Communist China. This will take place in about a month. They won't call it a Cobalt Bomb as such, but it will be termed a Super-Weapon, and they will make a very strong point of its being capable of annihilating all life on Earth. Your own government will probably be noncommittal on it, as their own Cobalt Bomb project is nearing completion. We think it will be announced by the end of the year, possibly as a counter to the Soviet claim. It will also be called a super-weapon, and will remain not specifically identified.

"This, my friend, is another headache we have to face. A resumption of U.S. atomic tests would give the Russians a very strong impetus to send the Cobalt Bomb into the high atmosphere and fire it by radio. If the Soviets do so, your nation will follow suit soon afterwards. The results we can only guess at, but they won't be pleasant.

THE CONFERENCE ENDS: "We are going to cut short this conference to meet the barrage of work which will need to be done as a result of this announcement. On that unpleasant note, I must say *va i luce* to you, Bob. We will keep you in constant close contact, with all developments given you via whatever means are best suited. For now, we must go. Peace be with you."

The Elder Master stood up, bowed slightly to the assemblage, and left the room quickly. The others followed, discussing among themselves the devastating news. Soon Orii and I were alone in the room, which, except for the hum of the computers and electronic apparatus, was now in a state of almost dead silence.

We left quietly, and here I shall conclude. There is no more of importance to relate, and anything further I could say would only be anticlimactic, anyway.

PART 40

VETERAN'S DAY MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF EARTH--FROM MASTER KALEN-LI RETAN, VIA RADIO CONTACT WITH BOB RENAUD--0200 HOURS E.S.T., NOVEMBER 11, 1965: "Alen, brothers of Earth. In this day of great crisis on your world, we are speaking to you, our brothers, in the hope that we might offer you comfort and hope for the future.

"We are saddened by the ever-increasing hostility that you show for your fellow man as each day passes. With the rising of the Sun, a new morning will begin, and it will find a little more hate, a little more fear, a little more violence, a little more death. With its setting, your world will have seen another day of inhumanity among your peoples.

"The stars will shine a little less brightly tonight. The darkness that envelopes your world is draining them of their radiance, concealing their beauty in a cloud of ugliness. For you, the light is fast fading as you drive ever more deeply into the great oblivion of total destruction, heedless of the warnings we and others have delivered in numbers too great to count.

"At times, it seems to us, who wish only to help you into the path which leads to glory, that your peoples are beyond salvation, and that we should

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simply retreat and dress our wounds, and take comfort in being a little wiser than before.

"But we who live by the tenets of love and peace, cannot pass by your world saying, 'It is no use. We can do no more.' We do not know the word failure. We do not accept defeat. We will not be discouraged. Ours is a passionate devotion to truth and justice, an unbreakable tie with the precepts of Universal Law.

"No, brethren, we will not desert you in your greatest hour of need. We will not allow you to die in vain, in despair, in hopeless submission to the fate which you seem unable to control.

"We have chosen this day, Veteran's Day, for its special significance to you. On this day, which you set aside to honor the memory of the countless men and women who have died in your wars, we ask you to contemplate for a moment the futility of war.

"Is it not evident that war only breeds more war, that hatred can only generate hatred, that violence cannot end itself? How many more human beings must perish in the throes of war before your planet's peoples recognize the hopelessness of continued hostility? How much more sorrow must be caused by your adherence to the myth of might, before you realize that the answer lies not in might, but in light? How long will you suffer under the iron hand of power before you decide to take up the path to peace and happiness? How much more wrong can you withstand before you finally seek the right?

"It is these questions which you should ask yourselves, my brothers. It is the answers to these that will show you the hope for your future.

"We of other worlds are here on Earth to aid in our own ways. We Korendians have done all we can, short of direct intervention, to help your peoples. We will continue this policy until the results begin to show in your world. We have stretched the laws of non-intervention to the breaking point, and if it happens that it becomes necessary to go that one step beyond, we will not hesitate to do so.

"After thousands of years of despair and destruction, we feel that you are entitled to a better life, one free of fear and hate. Too long have your people been snared like helpless animals in the giant steel trap of war. Too long has the spectre of death and violence haunted you in your very dreams. Too long have you lived from minute to minute, expecting the next moment to bring the end of all things on Earth. Too long have your children grown in an atmosphere of sadness. It is now time for a great change.

"We are at present engaged in direct encounter with dark forces which control your nations. As each day passes, and they realize more fully that their days on this Earth are numbered, they show their colors more and more. They are in panic now, my brothers.

"Your days of sorrow are also numbered, dear friends. Soon, very soon, there will begin a vast change in your lives. You will see the horror of war laid to rest; you will see the ghosts of poverty, hunger, and disease exorcised; you will see the fulfillment of your great teachers' predictions. Be assured, that we are working steadfastly with you and for you --- to deliver unto you the paradise you have suffered so long to achieve.

"Be not despairing, brothers. You are not alone. We are by your side each step of the agonizing way, from the easy path that leads to annihilation to the harder path that curves upward toward the stars. Your destiny is ours, friends. We are with you always.

"Va i amare eno nol si unir. Farewell for now."
(End of series)

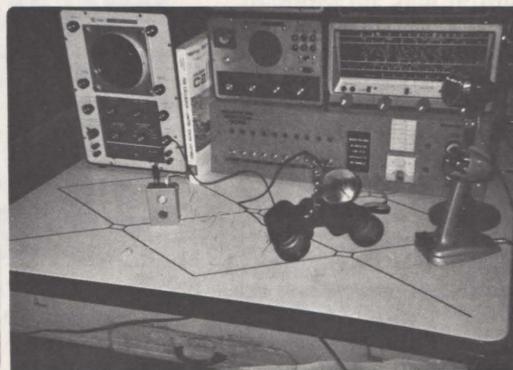
(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is not really the end of The Bob Renaud Story. For when the world starts to realize its true import and significance, then it will be only the beginning --- of a great new era in the history of the Earth.

In the meantime, there are other stories to tell, and it's all part of the greatest drama in the history of our planet, as civilization struggles to survive and to transcend this most crucial period in our evolution.

There is a lot more that Bob could tell, but it must await the time when the world is ready to hear. In the years to come, we expect to be hearing a lot more from this remarkable young man. You as an individual can hasten that time by helping to spread the story of the Space People to your friends. Within three years, according to our space contacts, as the world comes to accept the reality of Flying Saucers, Bob's story will no doubt be published in book form and, who knows, it might even be made into a movie!

During the next two decades, as the Flying Saucer Movement achieves its goals of world peace, security, justice and abundance for all people, it will be due in large measure to the determined efforts of the Bob Renaud's, and those fellow pioneers of the same courage, dedication and understanding who have helped most to make it possible.

Thank you, Bob Renaud, for your efforts on behalf of mankind, and for sharing with us your incomparable experiences and knowledge.)



The above photos show some of Bob Renaud's radio, television and electronic equipment which he uses in his work for, and in communicating with, the Space People from the planet Korendor.

How Bob made his original radio contact is described in issue #18, followed by an account of his television contact in issue #19, in which he sees the Space People on his video screen as they converse with him

from their spaceship. Issues 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28 describe Bob's in-person meetings with the Space People, his trips to their underground and undersea bases, and his rides inside their spaceships.

Single copies of the back issues containing Bob's story are still available from AFSCA for 50¢ each. For all 10 back issues listed above, send \$5.00 to: AFSCA; 2004 N. Hoover St.; Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.

THE LESTER ROSAS STORY

By LESTER J. ROSAS

PART 1

(EDITOR'S NOTE: On December 23, 1966, Lester J. Rosas (age 19), a young college student in Puerto Rico, took a photograph of a Flying Saucer hovering over his home and, at the same time, received a telepathic message from its two occupants who said they were from the planet Venus. Three months later he met these same people in person and was given a short ride in their spaceship. Since his saucer ride, Lester has had two more meetings with Space People. One with a Saturnian girl in a restaurant, and one with "Orthon," the same Venusian to first contact George Adamski near Desert Center in the California desert on November 20, 1952.

While there are perhaps few concepts in Lester's experiences which would be new to serious saucer researchers, we feel that his story is indeed a significant wedge in the support of other contactee's experiences. Also, it is encouraging to see that the Space People's plan and promises of making more and more contacts is gradually being carried out. Who knows, perhaps you will be the next new contactee of the Space People!

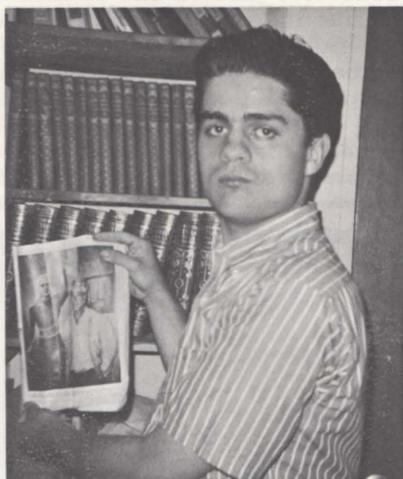
In Lester's words: "I beseech you to please publish my story as soon as possible in your magazine, so that each of your readers may know that even we Puerto Ricans are also a part of the Great Plan."

I PHOTOGRAPH A FLYING SAUCER: My name is Lester Rosas and I am a first-year student at the University of Puerto Rico. I live at home with my parents and my aunt, and am the youngest of four children (2 boys and 2 girls). I began studying English in high school and am continuing to study it at the University.

Ever since I first heard the words "Flying Saucers," I wondered where they came from. Mostly, though, I thought it was all a big joke --- until one day in August, 1966, when I bought an issue of REAL magazine, about half of which was devoted to saucer articles and photos. That day was a turning point in my life, because I learned that there were many people who had photographed UFO's (Unidentified Flying Objects) and, even more amazing, that some of them had actually contacted the Space People!

This really made my head spin, and I decided that there must be more to this whole thing than "meets the eye." It was no joke that these things could happen to so many people in different parts of the world. There were many questions and doubts in my mind, but something within urged me to investigate on my own. At first I ignored this urge, but it became so strong that I finally had to do something about it.

To start, I read everything available in my area on the saucer subject, which wasn't much. Then I



LESTER ROSAS

ordered some books which were advertised in a magazine. This cost me a lot of money, which I earned by selling many old phonograph records which I really didn't need any more. The work involved in "peddling" the records to get the money was worth it though!

As the days passed, I became firmly convinced that Flying Saucers did really exist, and that also did the Space People. My desire grew daily to see a saucer with my own eyes.

I began to watch the night skies for two hours every evening. However, this was time taken from studying, and soon my grades began to go down. Then I decided to reduce my sky-watching time to two or three times a week, in order to devote more time to studying, so that I could improve my grades.

When it was time for my final tests, I had the strange feeling that help was coming to me from somewhere, and for some reason I felt sure that it was from the Space People. My mind was unusually keen during the test periods so that I could remember the answers very clearly. To my joy, when my grades were given out later, they were quite high.

My continued sky-watching paid off eventually, for one day --- December 23, 1966 at 7:00 A. M. to be exact --- I actually spotted a saucer over my home! I grabbed my camera, which was loaded with a new 12 exposure roll of Black and White film, and which I had equipped with a 600mm telephoto lens for just such occasions as this. I rushed out and snapped eight shots of the object. It was about 2,000 feet high and appeared to be a beautiful bluish color. I guessed it to be about thirty feet in diameter. While I watched and waited to see what it would do, suddenly a strange, tingling sensation came over me. It was not at all fear, but rather the feeling of being in the presence of wiser minds than ours. In the next instant, I received what I think would be called a telepathic communication, although I had had no previous experience with this sort of thing, but firmly believe in ESP.

The voice I heard seemed to be inside my head and it sounded like a man's. He spoke in my native Spanish.

"I am Laan-Deeka" (spelled as it sounded), and a higher voice (a woman's) said, "I am Sharanna."

I wondered where they came from and before I could ask it they answered my question.

"We come from the beautiful planet you call Venus. We have contacted you so that you may help to promote the good work already started by other Earthlings whom we have talked with, both by telepathy and in person. We are human in appearance, and our hair is what you call sandy-colored, like many Venusian's. Our height is about average by your Earth standards. We live in peace on Venus; there have been no wars on our planet for eons."

My head began to ache from the strain of the unusual communication. A question came to my mind but I did not need to speak it for they answered me immediately. I wanted to know if they believed in God.

Laan-Deeka replied, "Yes, dear Earth brother, we do but we call Him 'Universal Father'."

This, to me, suggested a broader understanding than most people have here on Earth.

"Although you are suffering from the strain of communicating with us, we see that you are determined to learn more about us. You want to know if there is intelligent life on other planets in our solar system."

RETRATA EN SANTURCE LO QUE PARECE SER PLATILLO VOLADOR

Por P. A. REYES-VARGAS

Lo que posiblemente sea un platillo volador, según los entendidos en la materia, fue retratado hace poco más de un mes por un fotógrafo aficionado del área del Condado, cuando el objeto, situado a una altura estimada en 2,000 pies, se mantenía quieto, sin emitir ningún sonido, para luego cambiar su color azulado por rojo rubí y dirigirse al Norte a gran velocidad, perdiéndose en la distancia.

El objeto fue retratado por Lester J. Rosas, vecino de la avenida Magdalena 1356, sector del Condado. El propio Rosas describe su aventura fotográfica y científica en la forma siguiente: "A las siete de la mañana del 23 de diciembre de 1966, viernes, yo había decidido cambiarme la ropa y recostarme un poco después de haber regresado de la Misa de Aguinaldo en la (Pasa a la Página 66)



¿PLATILLO VOLADOR? — Este es el objeto volador no identificado que retrató desde el patio de su residencia, en Santurce, el joven Lester J. Rosas.

10

EL IMPARCIAL

EL DIARIO  ILUSTRADO

68

AÑO XXXIV

San Juan, Puerto Rico, Jueves 16 de Febrero de 1967

Retrata En Santurce
Lo Que Parece Ser

(Viene de la Portada)

(True, that question was in my mind!)

"Yes," said the Venusian, "all are inhabited by intelligent beings who are in a more advanced stage of life than yours. We all use telepathy, especially when communicating over great distances, since thought is instantaneous and distance is no barrier to thought communication. But we also speak vocally whenever it is necessary.

"We want you to give your story of contact with us to a Flying Saucer organization which will circulate your message. Because you are young, you will sometimes be discredited, but you must continue."

In answer to my unspoken question about the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, they said that many of its members had been contacted by Venusians and other Space People as well.

Then Laan-Deeka and Sharanna said farewell to me.

"Beloved Earth brother, although we say goodbye to you for now, perhaps in the near future you may have a personal meeting with us. Until then, may our blessings --- and those of the Eternal Father's be with you in your daily life."

The saucer then glowed a bright red, flew off to the north at a fantastic speed --- and disappeared.

So ended my first contact with the wonderful people from Venus. It had lasted for only a few minutes, but I felt as if I had been touched by another world. It was difficult to "come back to Earth," and for days I found it hard to concentrate on routine things.

I didn't tell anyone but my Aunt about my experience. She is very interested in these things, and she was the one who suggested that I send my story to AFSCA. But I wasn't quite sure yet what to do. There were many things to think about.

At times I even wondered if I had really had the experience. It was almost too much to believe. I wondered if the shots in my camera would come out. The conflict in my mind was terrible. If I didn't publish my story, my conscience would never leave me alone. Yet people would often laugh at me if I did (as the Venusians had mentioned). And what if the photos didn't turn out, who would believe me? I wondered whether I could stand the ridicule. The indecision was agony.

Then one day in January (1-18-67) a newspaper

reported that some UFO's were seen near Mayaguez. That gave me the encouragement I needed. I quickly took the remaining four shots in my camera of insignificant things just to use up the roll, and took it down to be developed. Unfortunately, only one of the eight saucer shots came out. But sure enough, there was one fairly good negative of the object I had seen and photographed! It gave me quite a thrill to see the actual evidence of my sighting, even though the photo was somewhat blurred from the camera motion, due to my excitement at the time, and the difficulty of holding the extremely long-focal-length-lens steady without a tripod.

At once I sat down and wrote my story and asked my Aunt to type it for me. Then I sent it with the saucer snapshot to a local paper, "El Imparcial." You can imagine how overjoyed I was when they printed my account on February 16, 1967! It was a beginning! I was on my way! And even more --- I had the hope of a personal contact with the Space People to look forward to! I could hardly contain my excitement and anticipation!

iglesia de San Jorge. Había bajado abierta la ventana que da a un solar vacío. Entonces vi aquel objeto extraño en el cielo. Rápido yo salí a retratarlo. Tenía yo un lente telescópico que me había prestado un amigo tres días atrás. La cámara estaba cargada previamente para hacer pruebas fotográficas a distancia. Como el lente no le encajaba a la rosca del objetivo de la cámara, me fijé que éste tenía un protector de goma, pues también se puede usar como un monocular. Lo ajusté lo mejor posible al objetivo de la cámara, utilizando cinta de hule, y así dejé el sistema fotográfico listo para hacer pruebas".

Y agrega Rosas: "En la fecha antes mencionada, yo había observado el objeto. Se veía de un aspecto azulado oscuro, no brillaba y estaba quieto a una altura de 2,000 pies. Me extrañó que no emitiera ningún sonido. Sin pensarlo más, enfoqué y retraté. Luego lo seguí observando hasta que se dirigió al Norte y se perdió de vista".

Dice Rosas que el objeto que él vio era igual al que le habían descrito de antemano. No le dio mucha importancia después de retratarlo, por temor, conforme dice, a que la fotografía se hubiera dañado. Agrega que al mes siguiente leyó en los periódicos algo relacionado con objetos luminosos que se vieron en Hormigueros. Dice que esto lo puso a pensar en la fotografía que había tomado. Mandó a revelar el negativo y tuvo la suerte de que, después de todo, como él mismo dice, no todo se había perdido.

PART 2

MY RIDE IN A VENUSIAN SCOUT CRAFT: The message which the Space People had given me a few weeks before was constantly in my mind. I wondered how to go about publishing my story, so as to help as much as possible to tell others about the existence of people on other planets.

First I became a member of AFSCA, as my Space friends had mentioned it as being a large Flying Saucer organization which prints stories of contacts with Space People.

Several sightings were made between December and February, one of which was photographed by a young boy of 14, in Bayamon, and whose story was published in a newspaper called El Mundo.

Nothing unusual had happened on Friday, March 31st (1967) up until the time I left school for the day at about 3:00 P. M. I remember that when I got home I didn't feel very hungry. (Usually I'm famished!) I ate a very scant supper (I don't eat much meat) and afterwards I had a strange feeling of peace, and I felt very light. What could it mean? I didn't know, but the feeling grew stronger by the minute.

Shortly after 7:00 P. M., I suddenly found myself changing into street clothes. Then I went out and took a bus until it came to the end of the line in a coastal area. I wasn't sure exactly where it was but I realized that it was somewhere near the Yacht Club. Something compelled me to walk on, but all the while the main thing that puzzled me was the strange feeling that had come over me before I left home, --- and this feeling was still with me.

Finally I found myself on a deserted beach called Pinones, the most desolate place I have ever been in my life. And it was a pitch black night. I stood silently, looking around --- waiting for I knew not what.

In a few minutes I felt, rather than heard, my name called. When I turned around, I saw someone approaching me and waving in a friendly way. Then the same odd feeling took hold of me that I had experienced during my first (telepathic) contact. As the figure came nearer, I saw that it was a man about my own height (5 feet 9 inches). I estimated his weight at 145 pounds. I could tell that he had long hair to his shoulders and was wearing a close-fitting garment that looked like a one-piece suit. Suddenly, it came strongly into my mind that the man was not of this world, and at the same time I remembered Laan-Deeka's and Sharanna's promise that someday they would contact me personally!

The man offered his hand in greeting and I responded in the usual way we do here. But the

stranger merely pressed his palm lightly onto mine. The flesh was soft but firm, and later I noticed his hands were slender and artistic.

Then he spoke (in Spanish). "Yes, beloved Earth brother, I am Laan-Deeka, of the planet Venus, with whom you 'spoke' telepathically several weeks ago. We have been studying your world since long before you even started to live in cities. We have used our powers of clairvoyance and telethought for this, as well as living among you, unnoticed."

"Laan-Deeka," I asked, "why did you call me 'brother,' and what are these powers you call telethought and clairvoyance?"

"I will answer your questions in order, Lester," he said. "Do you believe in reincarnation?"

"Yes," I replied.

Laan-Deeka said, "Many Earthlings, if they observe nature's laws, may reincarnate on other planets which are more advanced than your Earth. The more one advances spiritually, the more he realizes that all men everywhere are brothers, because they are all the creations of the same Universal God."

"In answer to your other question, telethought is the ability to hear or pick up another's thought at great distance, by telepathy --- or mind-to-mind communication. Even interplanetary and interstellar thought communications are possible. However, most of your people (Earthlings) have not yet developed their telepathic abilities. This is partly due to the fact that most people do not even realize that such a thing is possible, although many of your scientists are now convinced of it. Clairvoyance is the ability to see or to perceive with the mind's eye, events that occur in far away places."

While I was quietly musing about what he had told me, Laan-Deeka said, "Beloved brother, let's go beyond that little rock wall. I want to show you something very marvelous."

When we arrived on the other side of the wall, Laan-Deeka stood quietly beside me for a few seconds, when I saw a disk-like outline start to materialize! And there before me, hovering with its top tilted toward me and with its flange about two feet off the ground, was an actual spaceship from another world! Boy, was I astonished!



The above photos show the place on Pinones Beach, Puerto Rico, where Lester Rosas met Laan-Deeka and Sharanna of the planet Venus, and took a

ride in their spaceship on March 31, 1967. Arrow in photo at right points to the spot near the waters' edge where the Venusian Scoutcraft hovered.

THE LESTER ROSAS STORY (Cont'd)

It seemed somewhat larger than the one I had sighted before when I took the photo. This one looked about forty feet across but was the same general shape as the one I had photographed previously. A power coil near the dome shone softly in a very beautiful color display. The main body of the craft appeared to be made of translucent metal. The part near the cabin shone in a low tone of blue.

Suddenly a door slid open in the side of the ship. This was most amazing to me as there was no indication of any door at all when it was closed. Then a well-proportioned woman stepped out and greeted me with the Venusian-style handclasp (palm to palm). She was so lovely that I was speechless for a moment. Her hair was long and fair, and she had a fantastic figure, which was none-the-less obvious in her one-piece "space suit" type garment. I estimated her measurements at 5'4" and 37-27-35.

Just as I was wondering if this was Laan-Deeka's companion of my first telepathic contact, she said, "I am Sharanna, Laan-Deeka's fiancée."

In the soft, bluish light that came from within the ship, she looked very young --- maybe still in her teens. Laan-Deeka also was very young-looking (about 20), and his face was as hairless as a child's. But their manner was one of older, wiser people. Their foreheads were high and their features clean. Their eyes had a slight slant (his were green and hers were blue) and sparkled brilliantly, especially when they laughed. Their voices were very musical and indicated a great joy of life.

Just then the tide came up and caught us unaware. The Venusians only got their feet wet, but I was thoroughly splashed all over! Both Laan-Deeka and Sharanna laughed merrily, but there was not a trace of ridicule in it.

I noticed how gracefully they both moved in their suits, which looked very light-textured and comfortable. The material was a pale orange color and there was a yellow band at the waist. They explained to me that they wore that color when landing in deserted places, so as to be more easily followed by the crews of their ships (the color contrasted with the ground), and to avoid getting lost.

Suddenly Laan-Deeka said, "Quick, my brother, inside the ship. I sense someone approaching us."

He climbed up the slanted flange first, then Sharanna, and I followed behind her. Fortunately my shoes had rubber soles so I didn't slip. As soon as we passed through the door, it closed silently and left no evidence that it was there.

Laan-Deeka and Sharanna sat in two pilot chairs in front of a control panel. Laan-Deeka pushed a button and then I heard a humming sound and felt a slight movement.

On looking at the view panel in the floor, I saw that we already were very high up! Sharanna said, "We are now about 50,000 feet above sea-level, Lester." Her eyes sparkled merrily at my amazement, for we had gained that altitude in seconds! I had felt no discomfort or pressure at all. There was no more sensation or sense of motion than going up in an elevator.

The seat on which I sat surrounded a center pole about 18 inches in diameter. Laan-Deeka spoke, "The center pole is magnetic, and it harnesses the natural force which holds the planets together in an orderly fashion (gravity). This craft is only a Scout Ship." (It was much like, or perhaps the same as, the well-known bell-shaped Venusian Scout Craft that George Adamski described in his books "Flying Saucers Have Landed" and "Inside the Spaceships.") "It is used only for traveling within a planet's atmosphere. For broad-space travel, we use great cigar-shaped transport

ships 1000 feet or more in length. They carry aboard many smaller ships like this one we are in now. We will now stop for a while and give you a chance to examine the ship's interior."

It looked about twenty feet in diameter and the roof about ten feet high. The magnetic center pole extended from the floor through the dome of the ship, where there was another view panel, or glass lens. Through it I could see the stars looking huge and very beautiful in the blackness of space. It made me marvel at the wonders of the Creator.

There was a chart in the area where the door had been. It consisted of many different patterns of color, criss-crossed. The Venusians told me it showed the magnetic areas of the planets.

"We use a system of scrambling radar and light waves," Laan-Deeka said, "by the use of that special machine there by the control panel. It works electromagnetically and prevents us from being shot down by radar-guided missiles, and it also can make our ships invisible!" They kept amazing me more and more!

Sharanna then said, "It is too bad that your Air Force tells people that UFO's, as they call them, do not exist, and try to explain them away as weather-balloons, mirages, illusions, etc. They also say that photographs of these UFO's are fake. No doubt a few are fake --- made purposely by insincere persons trying to discredit all such photos. But to discredit all saucer photos is not right or true. Neither is it right for them to discredit 'contactees,' as you call them, and their experiences. If their stories (the contactees) are sometimes contradictory, it is with good reason. Your Earth people are contacting Space People from different planets and different cultures, and in different stages of advancement --- and these things are happening at different times and places. Therefore the reports could hardly be the same. However, it will be noticed that there are principles which are basic in most all the experiences. Your Earthly defense systems seek to destroy all the UFO's they see. Why do you think they would try so hard to destroy something they say does not exist? It is something to think about, isn't it?"

"We Venusians, and most other Space People as well, are loving and peaceful beings. We do not attack because that would be interfering with the Creator's laws. It is shameful that your Earthly brothers are more and more engaged in destructive activities of warfare with each other. This current war (Vietnam) is senseless and stupid --- as are all wars --- and could lead to the most terrible war in your Earth's history: World War III and atomic warfare, which would destroy your civilization. War is a monstrous violation of the Creator's laws."

Sadly I agreed, and I realized the vast ignorance that we Earth people demonstrate. Just then Sharanna pressed a button and one of the porthole windows appeared! I noticed that it was about twelve inches in diameter, and the glass (or whatever it was) was very thick. (I wondered what would happen if the glass were broken at that altitude, as there was no air there in space.)

There below was a breath-taking view of my small island, Puerto Rico! A magnified scene in color on the 2 1/2' x 3' view screen showed San Juan City, the capitol, and Sharanna said that the scene was relayed by a mother ship which was in another area of space at a greater altitude. She explained that they used a disc about the size of our L. P. records which contains a telescopic color TV camera and transmitter. She said the spaceships from Venus and from other worlds are constantly in the Earth's orbit and sometimes are in its atmosphere. They are not seen unless they choose to be, because of the use of the radar-

scrambling device.

Then Sharanna brought a tray with three cup-like vessels filled with a golden liquid, and medium-sized dishes of fruit salad. We all sat on the center seats to have our refreshments.

Sharanna lifted her glass and proposed a toast: "To a world of greater understanding and the forthcoming New Age --- which will be brought to your Earth by many wonderful souls, including you, some of whom we and our brothers from other planets have already contacted."

We all drank to that, and the delicious fluid tasted similar to apricot juice. The salad fruits tasted like peaches, apples, cherries and grapes. They didn't look like our own fruit, but I could recognize one that looked like a grape, except that it was as large as a plum!

I had been feeling a bit weak because I had eaten only a light supper, but after this refreshment I felt much better.

"This food was richer in vitamins than one of your one-pound steaks and two big glasses of milk!", said Sharanna, reading my thoughts. "We Venusians are strict vegetarians; we never eat creature-food, except honey. Plant food is more full of energy from the Sun than are animal foods."

I looked again at the beautiful faces of the Venusians --- so tan, so youthful and healthy-looking. (I wondered if maybe their golden coloring was due to the fact that their planet is closer to the Sun than ours.) They were so friendly and understanding, and I was sure that they knew every thought in my head!

They told me that there is no disease on Venus and that the people live for a very long time and continue to be youthful. However they do use a certain technique to heal injuries caused by accidents. A master healer or adept applies the natural law of Universal Magnetism to heal the injury.

My Venusian friends told me that everyone of us is charged with a special kind of magnetism (called "Vril" by the Hindus), but that most Earth people have not yet developed it. They said that certain adepts in Earth's history have had this healing gift from birth: Laotse, Buddha, Confucius and Jesus. I thought of Tony Agpaoa, the "Psychic Healer of the Philippines." Sharanna and Laan-Deeka told me that when Tony was a small child he had been visited by a master healer of Venus, and that afterwards he began to display his amazing healing abilities, which are not yet understood by Earthlings and, because of that, cannot be explained by medical science.

They spoke again of the wars on our planet, and said that if they are not soon abolished, we will completely destroy ourselves. They told me I must find a way to publish my story so that it could reach many people, especially young people of draft age. They suggested that it be my mission to try to influence as many young people as possible against war and the draft. Gabriel Green's organization (AFSCA) was mentioned as a channel through which my story could be published.

Then a wonderful thing happened: Sharanna kissed me on the cheek, and I was really ecstatic! It was so different from any kiss I had ever experienced.

"Dear brother," she said, "we will have to return you to Earth now. But do not feel sorry about our departure. You will have no more personal contacts such as this one for quite awhile, unless needed to help you on your mission. But in the future --- when you are more mature, we will have further teachings for you. There are many of us among your own people. They are there to study and to help those who are ready. Talk to others about your experiences with us whenever you can. We are aware of the negative

attitudes and reactions of many Earth people to these ideas, but you must keep trying. For the present, get your story published."

Then Laan-Deeka and Sharanna again took the controls, and I could tell that we were descending very fast.

Soon we were hovering over the area where we had left only a short time before. After saying their farewells and I disembarked, they told me to stand well back, so as not to be injured by the magnetic field when the ship lifted off again. Then the door panel closed, and as the ship began to ascend, I noticed the three ball-shaped landing gear on the bottom. In a few seconds the ship glowed a bright red, rose at great speed with a low humming sound --- and disappeared into the night sky.

It is difficult to describe the way I felt after my new friends had gone. I had been given so much, and in seconds they had vanished completely from my life. I'm sure I have been a different person since then. One could not have such an experience without being changed by it.

Before heading for home I looked to see if the ship had left any marks on the sand as evidence to back up my story. But there were no marks, as the ship had hovered both times. However, I found Laan-Deeka's footprints and marked them with a small twig that I imbedded in the sand near the footprints.

When I returned home, via the same bus line, it was about 11:00 P. M. by the clock in our living room. In my haste to dress, I had forgotten to put on my watch, but I remembered that it was about 7:20 P. M. when I left home. The actual time of contact with my Venusian friends was about an hour and a half to two hours, the rest being travel time to the beach location and back. Somehow, even though my mind and heart were so full, I slept very soundly that night.

The next day I couldn't wait to tell my good friend "C. J." about my experience. He had photographed a mother ship about a month previously on the outskirts of Arecibo, so I knew he would be more disposed to understand my experience than most people.

That afternoon we returned to the remote beach area to photograph the footprints of the Space People, but unfortunately they had already been messed up. I took a few pictures of the location anyway, just to have for a reminder.

For several weeks I had the feeling of being in two worlds at once and, again, it was very hard for me to concentrate on my school work.

I know my story will be hard for some of you to believe, but I tell you very sincerely, it is true. I am only one of many who have had such experiences.

I urgently appeal to all people of all countries, but especially to the young people, to work together against war and the draft, and to let your wishes be known --- your desires for a peaceful, harmonious world --- and against the continual destruction which could lead to oblivion for all of us. The Venusians told me their people could help us to resolve our problems, but we must first learn to trust, respect, and acknowledge them as friends and brothers. I firmly believe that this better world they tell us about is possible here on Earth. But we are the ones who must take the next step, and it must be in the right direction: Towards a change of mind and heart, with understanding and acceptance of these wonderful people who can teach us so much. Then the terrible destruction can be ended, to make way for a better way of life on Earth for us all.

PART 3

I MEET AL-DEENA, A GIRL FROM SATURN:

On Friday evening, February 16, 1968, I was taking a walk about 6:00 P. M., when I suddenly felt an impulse to go to the Howard Johnson restaurant nearby. For some reason I felt drawn to a secluded corner.

Moments after I had ordered a grilled cheese sandwich and a glass of orange juice, a young woman came to my table and sat down. She seemed tall --- about five-feet seven-inches --- and she wore the uniform of a Pan Am stewardess. She looked about twenty years old and her complexion was a warm pink and white. Her black hair hung in waves to her shoulders, and her eyes were olive green, much like my own. I started to shake hands but before I could do so, she pressed her palm lightly against mine, in the same manner I had first learned from Laan-Deeka!

It was then that I realized what that strange feeling was that I had been having since I first sat down, and which had been getting stronger all the time. It was the same kind of feeling I'd had just before I met Laan-Deeka and Sharanna, of Venus, a year ago and had been given a ride in their spaceship. Now I wondered if this girl could be one of them!

Then, in a soft, clear voice, she spoke: "Yes, brother, I am from the planet you call Saturn. You may call me Al-Deena, as a means of identification for your writings, although our concept of names is different from yours."

Her speech had a slight oriental accent which may have been due to her planet of origin. Even though our conversation was all in Spanish, I had the impression that she could also speak fluent English.

She then ordered a light supper, explaining to me that she ate no meat or meat-products.

"Lester," she continued, "I see that you are faltering in your mission, as outlined by Laan-Deeka and Sharanna, our Venusian brothers. We know that you have been ridiculed by your classmates at the University because your saucer-photo and sighting were printed in the newspapers, and that this has affected you negatively. You have wrongly thought that you were the only one in your country who has met us 'in the flesh,' as you say. But the truth is that we are also contacting other people in your area." (I had verification of this recently when a friend of mine told me that he had met a Venusian last March and, because of the impact of that experience, he formed a Flying Saucer organization which is now growing steadily. He is Carlos Ochoa, 651 Casimiro Figueroa St., Ponce de Leon Ave., Santurce, Puerto Rico 00907.)

Al-Deena suggested that I join my efforts with those of my friend, so as to give more strength to furthering the message of the Space People. I have since done this.

She went on to say that there was great opposition to contactees by the forces which always try to stop the spreading of enlightenment. These forces (often called the Dark Forces, or the Silence Group, etc.) take many forms in order to do their work of suppressing the truth. They include extraterrestrials who are advanced scientifically but not spiritually. They are responsible for apocalyptic messages that mislead people and tend to thwart the effectiveness of the Flying Saucer Movement.

"These forces are stronger than ever now," the Saturnian girl said, "and they are now active here on your island of Puerto Rico."

She told me that they were also the ones responsible for the deaths of the famed researcher and saucer-book author, M. K. Jessup, and also of Arthur Bryant, who had met with Venusians in England. Jessup's death was easy to fake as a suicide, she said.

Although Al-Deena spoke to me in quiet earnestness about these things, her sparkling clear eyes revealed the same calm joy of life that I had seen in the

eyes of Laan-Deeka and Sharanna. It seemed to come from a very deep understanding within them.

At one time Al-Deena took a purple handkerchief from her purse. I noticed that it had a pink embroidered rose in the middle of it, and the whole thing seemed to emanate some kind of radiance.

I wanted that handkerchief very much as evidence of my contact with her, and I finally summoned the courage to ask her for it.

Al-Deena said very kindly, "No, Lester, but when you are more mature (I am not yet 21) and at the right time, you will be given ample 'proof' of the truth of your experiences. Right now you are constantly being tested."

I know that I have yet to pass the biggest test: not to use my experiences for personal gain, but only to enlighten others.

Among other things, Al-Deena told me that I would eventually meet the Venusian pilot, Orthon, whom contactee George Adamski wrote about in his now-famous books. I was really going to look forward to that experience!

She also told me a secret word which would, in the future, be used in addition to the palm-to-palm greeting, in case some pranksters tried to fool me.

"Dear brother," she went on, "friendly Space People radiate an unmistakable feeling of well being and good will. So if someone tells you that he is from another planet and you do not sense that good will radiating from him, have no more to do with him! Get away from him immediately! We will help you." I could see that she was concerned for all of us who might have this experience.

Then she arose and said that she must leave. Her eyes sparkled as she asked, "Why do your women insist on wearing high heels? We women from other worlds have healthier legs --- and pretty ones, too --- because we wear only low-heeled shoes. My feet are killing me!"

We laughed together, 'shook' hands and said farewell --- and then parted.

I went home to think about this new experience. But soon the pressures of my school work left me little time for anything other than facing my responsibilities in the mundane world.

PART 4

I MEET ORTHON OF VENUS: Since February of this year (1968) when I met the Saturnian girl, Al-Deena, I have lived constantly with the promise she made me that I would one day meet Orthon, the Venusian space being whom George Adamski met and wrote about in his books.

One warm November morning about 10 o'clock --- it was November 12, 1968, to be exact --- I decided to take a dip in the ocean, as I didn't have any classes at the University that day. It didn't take long to accomplish, as my home is just across the avenue from the beach.

While I was drying out on the sand, I thought I heard my name being called. At first it was so subtle that I ignored it, but when it persisted I looked around to see if it could be one of my school friends.

Indeed it was a friend! But this 'friend' had very long, blond hair --- and I couldn't think of any acquaintances with long hair except girl friends!

As this person sat down beside me, I got that odd feeling again that I'd had before when I was meeting the Space People. It was a kind of emanation which I've never felt from anyone but them. He was dressed in yellow swim trunks and a blue-green turtle-neck sweater. The strange feeling got stronger and I realized then that I was again in the presence of a

brother from another planet. I also realized that when I had heard my name being called, it was not vocally but telepathically.

Then he spoke the password which Al-Deena had given me. As he pressed his palm to mine in the now-familiar greeting, he told me that his name was Vi-Dal of Venus.

"Yes, Lester," he said, "I am the same one who first met George Adamski at Desert Center, California on November 20, 1952, and who later took him on trips with me inside the spaceships. He chose to call me Orthon, which means Universal Perfection. Since you are familiar with Adamski's story of his experience, you may prefer to call me Orthon also."

I wondered why he was here and he answered, "I came to help my brothers of other planets in their missions here on your beautiful island. You see, one of our scout craft was sighted about two weeks ago at Mayaguez. We are 'keeping tabs,' as you say, on what the Arecibo Observatory is doing regarding space exploration. More of our craft will also be seen in coming months."

As I wondered why he wore his hair so long, he said, "It won't be conspicuous. After all, most of the young people wear it long now. I won't be spotted because I just look like a hippie, and it would be the last thing anyone would think of that I am not of this Earth!" We had a good laugh about that.

He spoke of many changes to come, and said that one of them is the awakening of the young people to social injustice. (That is happening now all over the world.) He said, for example, that the philosophy of the hippie movement is, to a considerable extent, in accord with the Great Plan, even though their methods and excesses are not. But he said it would all straighten out.

Orthon went on, "Many Cosmic changes are due: the Earth is very unbalanced and is seeking to balance itself. It's magnetic field is out of balance and many of your scientists are aware of this. They know, for instance, that the location of the poles is now changing constantly --- that on one occasion, the North Magnetic Pole may be situated in Greenland, and that later on it will have shifted to the northern part of Canada. Even though this is a very dangerous situation, the balancing process will be carried out without much ill effect, unless the atomic testing is continued. You see, my brother, if the tests are continued, they will intensify the disturbance at the center of the Earth's core, which could cause such imbalance that it would bring about the destruction of your entire planet. We are doing as much as possible to neutralize the tests by the use of the green 'fireballs' which are often seen near testing sites in the western United States."

"Some of these changes," he continued, "will also affect the minds of the people --- especially the young who are already tired of materialism and continuous warfare, and who are demanding that changes be made."

The Venusian said that the main cause of evil in the world is ignorance of Universal Laws. This is the reason for all our imbalances, and all forms of life are being affected, especially human beings.

All things, as well as humans, are electro-chemical in nature and are, therefore, affected by magnetic fields. Since our Earth's magnetic poles are unstable, we Earthlings are in constant discord as our nervous systems try to adjust to the ever-changing vibrations. As people are conductors of electricity and also can be affected by magnetism, the human organism is constantly seeking to rebalance or adjust itself as these variations take place in the Earth's magnetic field. This constant readjusting contributes to our tensions, hostilities and war-like attitudes

toward our fellow human beings. According to Orthon, this is completely opposite to the situation on other planets, where the people are in tune with the more stable magnetic poles of their worlds.

"This situation may seem a hopeless one for your people and for the salvation of your planet. However, changes are coming soon which will correct this condition, and Earthlings will eventually become peaceful and loving toward each other. It has been so written in Revelations in your Holy Bible."

Orthon told me many other things but, because of their controversial nature, he suggested that I refrain from writing about them until people were better able to accept them.

As Orthon spoke, I noticed how smooth his skin was --- how lacking in the bodily hair that we Earthlings usually have. He said that the Space People don't have it until they have been here on Earth for about three months. Then they grow it much the same as we do. But it disappears when they go back to their own planets. I inferred from this that he had not been here very long.

"You are right," he said, "I came here on this particular mission only a couple of weeks ago."

His skin was the same healthy tan color that Laan-Deeka's had been. "We Venusians are fond of swimming, so many of us have a good sun tan."

His face was round and his slightly-slanted eyes were light green, as also were both Laan-Deeka's and Al-Deena's (of Saturn). Orthon was a little shorter than my five-foot nine-inches and his physique was also the same type as Laan-Deeka's: well-proportioned, but very slight --- almost delicate.

I was amazed when Orthon told me that he was 215 years old! "But I'm just a teenager," he said, "compared to our older people, who are 900 or more years old!" He didn't look any older than I do, and I'm now 21 years old! (November 1968.)

He said that long ago he had lived on the Earth, and that in a past life he had been known as Enoch, of the Bible, who was carried off by "a flaming whirlwind" (actually a Flying Saucer). He was then taken to Venus in the flesh, where he lived out the rest of that life. Later he reincarnated on other planets, until his present embodiment began on Venus 215 years ago, Earth time.

All this reminded me of Methuselah, the Bible character, who was said to be 900 years old! Orthon said that Methuselah really lived more than 10,000 years ago, before the fall of Atlantis, when life spans were much longer because at that time the Earth's magnetic field was fairly constant. Also, the Earth was then enveloped in a misty cover (as Venus is now) which shielded it from the harmful cosmic rays of the Sun, which shorten the human life span.

"So you see, Lester," Orthon continued, "In comparison to our ages, you Earthlings are mere suckling infants! Ha, ha!" We were speaking in Spanish all this time, and that particular phrase sounded especially funny in Spanish: "ninos de teta!"

I asked what caused the Lost Continent's destruction. He answered, "They were tampering with atomic energy, as you are doing today. They warred against Mu, and eventually destroyed each other. Our ancestors lived among them and taught them how to build interplanetary spaceships. They were built on the magnetic principle and could generate their own power as they went along. We cannot yet trust you Earthlings with the knowledge of how spaceships are built until you have learned to live peacefully with each other. This is for your own good, since you would use this knowledge destructively, as did your ancestors. We would then be contributing indirectly to your destruction again. This we naturally do not want to

happen."

I asked Orthon about the life span of the Martians, and he replied, "Mars has sufficient water but no cloudy cover, as Venus has. Therefore our brothers and sisters of Mars, as you call it, live about 300 to 500 Earth years, on an average. Some live to be 700 years old."

"Another reason for our longevity is our way of life. Love prevails on our planet --- Universal Love, instead of the hatred which is so prevalent on Earth. Also, we live without the constant hurrying that is so typical of Earth people. We eat in a healthier way, too, mainly vegetarian."

"We don't have smog, either. Our air is sweet and clean. There is no pollution from exhaust smoke, and no radiation. My brother, the radiation from your atomic tests will not only shorten your life spans, but will cause more retarded and deformed children to be born every day. Many children recently born on Earth are starting to 'grow old' in as few as 10 years of age! Also, your diets are not good, and you are eating dead material when you eat meat."

Orthon went on to say that liquor and tobacco are poisons which are causing genetic damage. (Some doctors are now beginning to admit that smoking mothers run the risk of having premature babies.) Also, genetically very damaging are the 'pain-killers' and the chemical sprays used on foods.

According to Orthon, only natural fertilizers are used in growing crops on his planet. Their improvement has not stopped with crop-growing, either. They have used their science to improve their breeding to the point where deformed births are practically non-existent. Also, by a program of planned parenthood, the population is kept in balance with the planet's resources.

Children are sent to schools where their own individual potentials may be developed. Education is free to all and is of a vastly higher quality than ours. Schooling is not tiresome and is accomplished by audio-visual means, as well as on-the-spot teaching. There are even excursions into space, and visits to other planets!

Orthon told me that money was obsolete on their planets. Money was replaced long ago on all advanced planets with a non-money economic system which enables distribution of the abundance on the planets so that there are no poor people. Because they are more spiritually advanced, they are not materialistically minded and do not covet possessions because of insecurity, or in an effort to show off or to appear superior to someone else.

Although there is private property on these planets, most public services, such as transportation, are publicly owned. The family is also the basic unit of their societies.

Orthon continued, "Transportation is free on our world. Your scientists will one day discover that they have been mistaken in thinking that it is impossible to travel faster than the speed of light. We have been doing it for a long, long time! We have no smog, as our power systems use the same energy as do our spaceships, and do not pollute the air as do your internal combustion engines.

"We have no churches, either, as you have them. There is no need for church edifices, as we live according to God's Laws and our lives are therefore a living testimonial of our worship of Him."

Among the many things Orthon told me were that George Adamski is now reincarnated on Venus. He also said that Howard Menger (another early contactee) had succeeded about ten years ago in making a free-energy motor, and that he is continuing to study dietetics with the Space Brothers' help. It was inter-

esting to hear that Mr. Menger was once embodied on Saturn and was then known as "Alyn."

Many more people will be contacted by the Space People in the coming months, Orthon told me, unless otherwise determined by their Masters of Wisdom, who are the leaders of their planets.

"And now, beloved brother," he said, "it is time for me to leave. Try to get your story printed so that it may reach as many people as possible. The sooner, the better. I suggest that you send it to Gabriel Green, who is head of a large organization which is interested in contactee experiences. The people must be reached soon, or your planet will not stand a chance of survival. All who can must speak out now. There is no more time to waste."

"May the Universal Father be with you always. Though I leave you physically, you are always under our surveillance and protection, as are other leaders of your movement who are trying to enlighten the people."

Again I felt the welling up of joy and love that these people seem to inspire in me with their presence of overwhelming goodness.

Orthon pressed his palm to mine in farewell, and I watched him walk away.

Somehow I felt a hope for our future. We could learn so much to help ourselves and our world from these brothers who are so much more advanced than we are.

I crossed the avenue to my home, and was amazed to find that it was already mid-day! I had been privileged to have almost two hours with Orthon! It is my fond hope that I will have more such meetings to report on in the future.

(The End)

FLYING SAUCER NEWS IN BRIEF

AFSCA UNIT 1 MEETS IN LOS ANGELES:

Contactee Hal Wilcox was the guest speaker at the Jan. 16th meeting of AFSCA Unit 1. Stephen Putnam of Scituate, Mass., also showed slides of an interesting series of saucer photos at the Jan. 11th and Feb. 20th meetings. Marvin Mochel, Director of the Unit, promises more interesting programs now scheduled for the 2nd Sat. of each month. Phone him at: 463-0824.

ISSUE #28 CORRECTION: The scale of the diagrams on pages 8, 9, 12 and 16 of issue #28 is inaccurate as given on the drawings, due to being reduced in the reproduction process. The outside diameter of the craft shown on pages 12 and 16 is 155 feet. The internal diameter of SPC-12 on page 8 is 625 feet. The external diameter is about 635 feet, due to wall thickness.

TWO NEW AFSCA UNITS FORMED:

106. AFSCA Unit 106; Chris W. Morton, Teen-Dir.; 1996 N. 450th E.; N. Ogden, Utah 84404. Phone: (801) 782-9297.

107. AFSCA Unit 107; Howard J. Chegwiddden, Dir.; 2 Stephen St.; Dover, N.J. 07801. Phone: (201) 366-4042.

BRYANT REEVE, author of "The Advent of the Cosmic Viewpoint" and co-author with his wife, Helen, of "Flying Saucer Pilgrimage" (1957), died at his home in Fremont, Ohio in December 1968.

"JOURNAL OF SPACE DRIVE RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT" is the title of a new quarterly magazine edited and published by James E. Cox; HHC, 1st Inf. Bde., 5th Inf. Div. (Mech.); APO San Francisco 96477. Single copies are available on a donation basis. Persons interested in Space Drive Technology should find this magazine not only of interest as a good source of information on the subject, but also find it a way to contact other individuals of like interest.

AFSCA FLYING SAUCER AND NEW AGE BOOK LIST

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE	AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE
ADAMSKI, George & D. Leslie:	"Flying Saucers Have Landed"	\$4. 10	THOMAS, Paul:	"Flying Saucers Through The Ages"	4. 15
ADAMSKI, George:	"Inside The Spaceships"	5. 10	TRENCH, Brinsley Le Poer:	"The Sky People"	5. 10
ALLEN, Gordon:	"Space-Craft From Beyond Three Dimensions"	3. 65	TRENCH, Brinsley Le Poer:	"Men Among Mankind"	5. 10
ANGELUCCI, Orfeo:	"Son Of The Sun"	4. 10	TRENCH, Brinsley Le Poer:	"The Flying Saucer Story"	5. 10
ARNOLD, Kenneth; Ray Palmer:	"The Coming Of The Saucers" (Soft Cover)	2. 65	TROXELL, Hope:	"The Mohada Teachings" (Soft Cover)	1. 65
BARKER, Gray:	"Gray Barker's Book Of Adamski" (8 1/2" x 11" Soft Cover)	4. 10	TWITCHELL, Cleve:	"The UFO Saga" (Soft Cover)	2. 15
BARKER, Gray:	"Gray Barker's Book Of Saucers" (8 1/2" x 11" Hard Cover)	5. 10	VALLEE, Jacques:	"Anatomy Of A Phenomenon"	5. 10
BECKLEY, Timothy Green:	"Book Of Space Brothers"	5. 15	VALLEE, Jacques and Janine:	"Challenge To Science: The UFO Enigma"	6. 10
BENDER, Albert K.:	"Flying Saucers And The Three Men"	4. 15	VAN TASSEL, George W.:	"Science And Religion Merged" (Soft Cover)	3. 65
BETHURUM, Truman:	"Voice Of The Planet Clarion" (Soft Cover)	2. 15	WILCOX, Hal:	"Zemkla: Interplanetary Avatar" (8 1/2 x 11 Soft Cover)	3. 15
BRASINGTON, Virginia:	"Flying Saucers In The Bible" (8 1/2" x 11" Soft Cover)	3. 15	WILCOX, Hal:	"UFO Flight" (8 1/2" x 11" Soft Cover)	3. 15
BROWNING, Barry H.:	"The Bible And Flying Saucers"	4. 10	WILLIAMSON, George Hunt:	"The Saucers Speak"	3. 65
BUCKLE, Eileen:	"The Scoriton Mystery"	6. 10	WILLIAMSON, George Hunt:	"Other Tongues, Other Flesh"	6. 90
CONSTANCE, Arthur:	"The Inexplicable Sky"	4. 10	WILLIAMSON, George Hunt:	"Secret Places Of The Lion"	5. 10
DEAN, John:	"Flying Saucers And The Scriptures"	4. 10	WILLIAMSON, George Hunt:	"Road In The Sky"	5. 10
DRAKE, W. Raymond:	"Gods Or Spacemen?"	5. 15	POCKET BOOKS		
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