

SAUCER NEWS

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE SAUCER AND UNEXPLAINED CELESTIAL EVENTS RESEARCH SOCIETY

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"ART THOU TRULY GOD?" - The above photograph is an Iraqi depiction of an extraterrestrial being, dating from the era of Y'hova, the God of Israel. This ivory carving was found last year in Nimrud, and is now in the Iraq Museum.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

THE EAGLE RIVER "SPACE PANCAKE," which we discussed in detail in our June issue, is finally being analyzed in a laboratory in New Jersey. According to our latest information, only one of the three pancakes was sent to the Air Force. The second was sent to NICAP, and the third remains in the possession of the original owners. When the NICAP organization decided not to make any analysis themselves, they sent their pancake to Civilian Saucer Intelligence (CSI), a nearly defunct research group in New York City. CSI took no action at all from May until mid-July, when your SAUCER NEWS Editor learned of the situation and began pressuring CSI to fulfill their moral obligation to the public. Now we understand that three different chemical tests are being made, which should determine whether or not the famous pancake is of other-worldly origin. We hope to be able to publish a summary of the laboratory report in our next issue. - Incidentally, NICAP has not folded yet, although the organization is still in serious financial trouble.

THE "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR" SECTION is being omitted in this issue, due to lack of space. All worthwhile comments received in regard to both the June and September issues will be printed in our forthcoming December issue. In the meanwhile, we want to thank the many people who have written in commenting on our new improved printing technique. We also want to welcome into the SAUCER NEWS fold the many new subscribers who have responded to our current subscription drive.

OUR DECEMBER ISSUE will feature an article by Ivan T. Sanderson, the world-famous naturalist. Mr. Sanderson is probably the biggest "name" author who has written for us during our seven year history, and we are very pleased to add him to our list of contributors. He is the author of several books, including "Living Animals of the World," "The Continent We Live On," and "The Abominable Snowman." He has also made innumerable radio and T.V. appearances. - The December issue will also include a first-hand report on the 1961 Giant Rock Convention.

IT IS WITH DEEP REGRET that we announce the resignation of John Marana as Managing Editor of SAUCER NEWS. Mr. Marana recently had a "close shave" with an alleged psychic phenomenon in your Editor's apartment, and although his accustomed tranquility was not disturbed by the incident, we both felt that such occurrences could best be avoided in the future by his resignation. He is replaced by Mr. Ted Hunt.

THE FOLLOWING BACK ISSUES OF SAUCER NEWS ARE STILL AVAILABLE: #1; 2; 3; 8 through 11; 13; 17 through 28; and 30 through 44. All are 3 for \$1.00 except #1 and #27 (the Special Adamski Expose Issue), which sell for \$1.00 each.

YOUR EDITOR STILL WISHES TO SELL his collection of saucer clippings covering the years 1954-1961. There are now well over 7,000 clippings in the collection. Write us for details if interested.

SAUCER NEWS is published quarterly in Fort Lee, N.J., by the Saucer and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society (S.A.U.C.E.R.S.) - Editor: James W. Moseley; Assistant Editor: Y.N. ibn A'haron, B.D.; Managing Editor: Ted Hunt; Overseas Editor: Bryan Essenhig; Associate Editors: Melvyn Stiriss, Fred Bro-man, and Edgar Hydall. Subscription price: \$2.00 for six quarterly issues.

WHAT HAPPENED NOVEMBER 9th, 1957?
- by Max B. Miller -

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Miller was, from 1953 to 1960, the editor of "Saucers," one of the pioneer UFO publications. He is also author of "Flying Saucers - Fact or Fiction?", which we reviewed in the June-July 1957 issue of SAUCER NEWS. - We are pleased to announce that with the article you are about to read, Mr. Miller has won second prize in our Giant Literary Contest. The first prize article, by David Wightman, was published in our March 1961 issue.)

Most of us recall the tremendous quantity and quality of UFO sighting reports that followed the launching of Sputnik II on November 3rd, 1957. While this "flap" was of brief duration, it was nevertheless one of the most active on record, and brought to light numerous accounts of radio interference, mysterious globes that landed on highways and at the site of the first atom bomb detonation in New Mexico, and enigmatic reports of automobile ignitions suddenly and unexplainably ceasing to function.

This activity was climaxed when a Pan American airliner bound for Honolulu mysteriously vanished during the early morning hours of November 9th. Coast Guard surface vessels, air carrier aircraft, Air Force aircraft, and the Navy aircraft carrier "Philippine Sea" immediately began one of the most intensive air-sea search explorations ever initiated.

Some of the search aircraft reported sighting aerial flares at night, but these reports were eventually discounted as being unrelated to the missing airliner. Finally, on November 14th, - five days after the great search began - aircraft from the "Philippine Sea" discovered bodies and some wreckage 90 miles north of the intended flight path of Pan American Clipper 944 (a Boeing 377 Strato-cruiser.)

From that time till now we have had no official comment regarding the fate of the airliner. In fact, the entire matter was "classified." (This security, however, is not particularly unusual. Almost all accident investigations are kept under wraps until the final report is completed.) The Civil Aeronautics Board, however, has just completed and released its lengthy and exhaustive report on the incident, revealing some intriguing aspects of the "accident."

Clipper 944 departed from San Francisco at 7:51 GMT (Greenwich Mean Time), November 8th. It carried 36 passengers and a crew of eight, including Captain Gordon H. Brown and First Officer William P. Wygant. Of more than casual interest to the UFO researcher is the name of the second officer - William H. Fontenberry.

It will be remembered that on the night of July 14th, 1952, Pan American First Officer William B. Nash and Second Officer Fontenberry sighted eight UFO's traveling below their airliner while approaching Norfolk, Virginia. This was the first UFO sighting on record where the witnesses were above the phenomenon. The Air Force has classified this report: "Conclusion - Unknown." (Nash and Fontenberry recounted this experience in an article entitled "We Flew Above Flying Saucers," which appeared in the October 1952 issue of True Magazine.)

The flight path of the missing Clipper 944 specified a cruising altitude of 10,000 feet and a true airspeed of 226 knots, according to the CAB report. The gross weight was 147,000 pounds, and included fuel for about 13 hours.

All required position reports were made, and Flight N-90944 reported to Ocean Station vessel "November" at 12:30, when a radar fix established its position as 10 miles east of the vessel. The airliner's last posi-

tion report was at 1:04, but nothing unusual was reported. The next report, due at 2:04, was not received. The airliner was then designated "unreported," initiating the gigantic search mission.

As previously stated, some wreckage was discovered on November 14th, and a total of 19 bodies were recovered, 14 of them wearing lifejackets. Immediately, two CAB investigators, representatives of Pan American and the CAA (now FAA), and two pathologists of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology (on loan to the CAB) were flown to the "Philippine Sea" for an on-the-spot investigation.

"External examination of the bodies was made, carefully noting all external injuries," the CAB report explained. "There was no evidence of foul play found on any of the recorded bodies." Evidence of fire was found only on wreckage floating above water, indicating that any fire must have occurred after the airliner had crashed. "No evidence of an in-flight explosion in the fuselage was found," said the CAB.

Cargo manifests, however, indicated the presence of sodium sulfide, a volatile chemical. But this was packed according to stringent regulations, and it is unlikely that the chemical had any connection with the crash. A small amount of radioactive medicine was also on board the airliner.

One of the most inexplicable aspects of this mystery is the fact that Flight N-90944 was equipped with two high frequency radio transmitting and receiving systems. In addition, these systems were equipped with SELCAL, eliminating the need for continuous pilot monitoring of the radio equipment. SELCAL generates pre-set coded tones which are transmitted on a voice communication frequency. This device is on the control pedestal between the pilots, readily usable by both.

But why wasn't at least one of the airliner's transmitters - or SELCAL - used? What could possibly have happened to prevent the pilot, first officer, second officer or navigator from employing this life-saving device, for their position would be unknown to rescue parties without this information? (And remember, the airliner was 90 miles off course, for a reason yet to be resolved.) And if some sudden catastrophe had occurred, how did at least 14 passengers find the time to put on lifejackets?

ARINC (Aeronautical Radio, Inc.) handles all surface-to-air communications for Pan American. Pursuing the possibility that an emergency message might have been sent through without having been detected, the CAB carefully examined the ARINC tape recordings for the frequency over which a message would have been sent.

"Initially nothing was apparent," the report stated. "However, repeated playbacks of the tapes of the period following the 1014 position report disclosed previously unknown transmissions which were extremely weak and subject to varied and conflicting interpretations."

More than three months, utilizing proven and experimental techniques and the finest equipment, were devoted to resolving whatever had been recorded on tape. "Another attempt to understand the message was made by Pan American World Airways," the CAB report continued. "A number of supervisory flight and communications personnel, accustomed to the abbreviated jargon of air radio communication as well as having had personal experience in previously talking with the crew members, were unable to gain any significant intelligence from repeated playbacks of the recorded message. Despite this comprehensive research, the Board could not definitely establish that any emergency transmissions came from Clipper 944."

A check with the officers of 44 other airline flights to Hawaii on November 8th-9th revealed that none had received any communication from the missing airliner.

Investigators have decided that the probable point of impact was 29 degrees 26 minutes north, 144 degrees 3 minutes west. This estimate would place the airliner 105 miles west of the last reported position and some 30 degrees (90 miles) off course to the right (north). Weather conditions were extremely favorable and devoid of turbulence, lightning, precipitation, icing, etc. The sea was reported to have been unusually calm. The air temperature was about 40 degrees.

"However, two pertinent conclusions regarding the final position of the flight are evident," the CAB report notes. "Consideration of the distance flown from the last reported position to the impact point, and of the time required to traverse that distance, shows that the flight did not turn back toward Ocean Station 'November.' Also, the ditching to the north of the planned route indicates that appreciable lateral distance, not on course and away from the ocean station, was traversed after the start of the emergency.

"It is difficult to understand why the captain would have elected to continue away from 'November' had he been able to do otherwise. Weather was not a factor and it is not believed that the shipping lanes to the north offered any inducement to turn in that direction. Conversely, 'November,' a fixed ocean station equipped with radio homing and radar devices and rescue equipment, was in close proximity with trained personnel readily available."

Pathological examination indicated that at least 10 of the 19 recovered bodies had died from drowning. "Further, the lack of extensive crash-induced mutilation, together with the general condition of the bodies, suggested that the water impact, although severe, was not sufficiently great to cause complete disintegration of the aircraft."

Some pathological tests showed evidence of toxication from carbon monoxide. However, the evidence is not conclusive and is being re-evaluated.

Several wrist watches recovered have established a probable time of impact at 1:27 a.m. (GMT).

A check of the records of the entire crew showed nothing unusual.

All officers had had a good deal of previous experience with the Boeing 377, and the crew members were all under current certification by the CAA; Airline maintenance records also indicated nothing out of the ordinary, although the CAB was not satisfied with the thoroughness of some maintenance reports.

These are the findings reported by the Civil Aeronautics Board:

"1. The crew, aircraft, and carrier were currently certificated.

2. The flight was properly planned



"MONKEYS ... dogs ... gadgets ... when are they gonna send some dames?"

and dispatched.

3. The gross weight of the aircraft at the time of takeoff was 147,000 pounds, the maximum allowable.

4. Progress of the flight and position reports were normal and routine for more than half of the planned flight distance.

5. Shortly after the last routine report an emergency of an undetermined nature occurred.

6. This was followed by a descent from 10,000 feet.

7. No emergency message was received from the aircraft.

8. Some preparation for ditching was accomplished.

9. The aircraft broke up on impact.

10. A surface fire then occurred.

11. Weather was not a factor.

12. Exposure of the crew to carbon monoxide was indicated but incapacitation could not be definitely established.

13. No evidence of foul play or sabotage was found.

14. Irregularities of maintenance practices and/or procedures disclosed during the investigation could not be linked to the accident.

"The Board has insufficient tangible evidence at this time to determine the cause of the accident. Further research and investigation is in progress concerning the significance of evidence of carbon monoxide in body tissue of the aircraft occupants.

"By the Civil Aeronautics Board:

James R. Durfee

Chan Gurney

Harmar D. Denny

G. Joseph Minetti

Louis J. Hector"

The CAB report admittedly offers no explanation for the crash, and it offered only one possibility that could have accounted for the emergency: "A....probable source of CO (carbon monoxide)," the report stated, "would be an unusual occurrence in a power package which could have initiated a chain of events leading to the introduction of carbon monoxide in the fuselage. Such an unusual occurrence could be a failure which would release part of a propeller blade or the entire propeller, or a failed turbo-supercharger disk. It is likely that such an occurrence would be accompanied by serious flight control problems and possibly fire. If a propelled object, such as a propeller, came through the fuselage, it could easily start a fire, knock out some radio equipment, make emergency smoke evacuation procedures ineffective, and destroy the crew's oxygen supply. Such an occurrence fits the known circumstances better than any other possibilities."

But the facts still remain. As Aviation Week Magazine recently headlined: "PanAm Crash Cause Remains 'Unknown'."

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ARE YOU ON OUR SPECIAL NEWSLETTER MAILING LIST? Since December, 1955, irregularly-issued Newsletters have been made available to SAUCER NEWS subscribers who want to be on the inside of the strange and baffling behind-the-scenes events in saucer research. These Newsletters usually contain material that we consider "too hot to handle" in the regularly-scheduled issues of our magazine. Any SAUCER NEWS subscriber in good standing can be placed on the special Newsletter mailing list for an indefinite period of time for the price of \$1.00. The latest Newsletter (#14) describes a series of weird hoax letters which your Editor has been receiving. A nationally-known saucer researcher is suspected as the author of these letters. Read Newsletter #14 for details!

EXTRATERRESTRIALISM AND THE OAH SPE BIBLE

- by Y. N. ibn A'haron, B. D. -

Since the appearance of my first article on extraterrestrialism almost four years ago, I have not received more than a dozen letters requesting further information. Of these, only one has shown any appreciation of the fact that these articles are not the work of my overwrought imagination, but represent an actual summary of historical writings which are among the oldest of their kind. This reaction is probably attributable to the fact that people today do not learn history, and, when they do, it is the history of Greece and Rome, not of Babylon and Assyria.

I am prepared to admit that, at the present time, the foundations of extraterrestrialism as they have been outlined in my articles for SAUCER NEWS, are almost exclusively literary in nature. So far, the findings of archaeology, as set forth in the technical monographs of the various expeditions, do not lend aid and comfort to supporters of my theory. This, I am convinced, is almost entirely due to the fact that the leaders of the expeditions in question are not looking for scientific apparatus of an advanced order among the ruins of the Chaldean city-states, and do not, therefore, recognize such items when they find them.

When we look back on the uncertainties of past history, let us remember that a worse fate is likely to befall our own civilization. Perhaps within a generation, the traditional patterns of our technology will be disrupted and irreparable decay will set in. It's a safe bet to say that Jim Mosley's television set won't look like much three thousand years from today, when an octopedal archaeologist from Arcturus lands here looking for the relics of a civilization that would have meaning in terms of his own culture and its technology.

The ancient historians who wrote the books of extraterrestrialism belonged to a society that preserved its memoirs in the form of clay tablets about one quarter the size of this page. These tablets gave way to sheepskin and then papyrus, both of which materials are many times more durable than paper. Paper is the evanescent, easily disposable material of a civilization that gives little importance to the preservation of the written word. Perhaps, considering the volubility of the one percent of our people who are, in any true sense, literate, we may be forgiven. The bad novel of today will at least make good fertilizer on the morrow. Without paper, the invention of movable type would not have done very much to make "good reading for the millions." Three of the little-known Central Asian kingdoms that I have mentioned in my articles had movable type, and silk-screen printing, but they did not know the art of making cheap paper.

In the days of Chaucer, the Clerke of Oxenforde would have given his soul for the possession of twenty books. He would have gloated over them, committed them to memory, copied them, translated them, summarized them, commented upon them, and then gone happily off to his new job as the best-educated stoker in the Nether Pit. Today, most people who live near a drugstore will have a furtive shelf in their home piled high with a hundred or two of books that are probably no better and no worse than the Clerke of Oxenforde would have chosen had he the opportunity to patronize the same drugstore. Classical literature is full of the same levity, sardonicism and indecency which is so much decried in our modern days. Yes, even my friends the Chaldeans did other things beside build saucers. The quality of literature today is not much different than it ever was, but our attitude toward cheap literature written on cheap paper is much different than that of our ancestors to the same kind of bilge laboriously transcribed onto the backside of some unfortunate he-goat.

Therein lies the tragedy of today; for this we are about to die. When men lose their ability to savor the quality of the written word, and to ponder its meaning, they are chipping away at the base of an industrial civilization just as surely as alienation from the soil would destroy the fabric of an agricultural society.

Talk, in our world, is cheap, and the edge of meaning is dulled as against the opiate thrill of vision, which is the wonder of the age. Some years ago, unhappy dreamers like Nikola Tesla, who started it all, used to tell us of the wonders that television would bring to the world. They did not foresee that the introduction of a new art would foretell the death of an old one; neither did Chaucer, who describes a television set in one of his Tales, or the Chaldeans, who, from all reports, were able to convey images for miles by the use of special reflecting lenses.

We live in a world that says things it does not mean, and means things it does not say. The fact that the science of language has probably received more study in the last hundred years than in all previous ages, is perfectly inconsequential in the face of the breakdown in communications that exists in spite of the fact that the world today uses fewer major languages than at any time in past history. The problem is not interlingual, as so many people allege. It is really an uncertainty and a confusion that exists within the fabric of each language, and in every case the pattern is much the same. Some words, formerly very meaningful, have been so much maligned and overworked that their significance as vehicles of social action is seriously impaired. In past ages, men have fought wars out of hate or greed or ambition. Not many people know the reason for Armageddon, this final conflict of ours. I choose to believe that it is precisely the deep confusion that persists among us with regard to word meanings and word usage that will be the cause of it all. We do not know what we want or when we want it.

This question of word meanings is, to my mind, also the solution to the saucer mystery. Saucers, whatever they are, and from wherever they may come, have tended to become a special kind of problem, divorced from all those other mysteries of nature from which they were formerly inseparable. This change has taken place under the pressure of scientific advance, and it has had its effect on the thinking of a very special little clique of bemused occultists and would-be occultists, who should be tipping tables and chasing sea monsters. Our word meanings have been upset, and we need the saucers to put them back together again. Mother Earth is no longer the safe haven she used to be, and we must look elsewhere for an unchanging, ever-present help in time of peril - and that goes for proponents of the Earth Theory (may their tribe decrease!), as well.

This diagnosis, it should be understood, applies to Ufology alone, and in no way affects the saucers themselves. The presence of strange craft, identified or otherwise, must be the subject of a kind of meaningful appraisal that has been almost totally absent from Ufology. If it were not so, extra-terrestrialism would have generated a good deal more interest as a working hypothesis of the saucers' origin, and the pages of our journals would contain a good many more mathematical symbols and meaningful statistical material than they do now. I say this from the disinterested point of view of one who knows nothing more about mathematics than can be learned from a pre-Christian book on numerology.

My theory about the origin of saucering, as distinct from saucers, is more easily proven than extra-terrestrialism. It may be expressed in two simple words, the latter more meaningful than the former: Newbrough; Palmer.

Way back when Lee Munsick was young, I published an article (which also attracted little attention) showing very clearly that Adamski and Wil-



Williamson had come into the saucer field as a result of the evangelical activities of the "Essenes of Kosmon" movement, the Faithist propagators of the Oahspe Bible. Since that time, Adamski has prepared himself to move on to greener pastures, and Williamson has continued to prevaricate at about the same rate as always, except that he has discredited himself with greater regularity than before, owing to the arrival on the scene of people who have even more in common with my Persian rugs than the redoubtable Ric.

The Oahspe Bible dates from an era when men still loved the sound of words, and would read outrageously dull novels and horrid sermons just for the sound of a few good round proper nouns such as abound in Trollope and the Old Testament. It is one of almost a hundred works that appeared during the 1870's which claimed to summarize the sum total of the wisdom

of all ages, together with observations on their history, political, economic and moral systems, all within the convenient compass of one volume. The greatest and most berated of these books was Helena Blavatsky's "The Secret Doctrine." The worst and most highly praised was John Ballou Newbrough's "Oahspe: A New Bible in the Words of Jehovih and His Angel Advisors," etc., ad nauseum. While Blavatsky's work is preserved today by the Theosophical Society, - a dull, unimaginative, almost conservative type group - Newbrough's opus has engendered the fanatical enthusiasm of one of the most likable groups of crackpots in the history of lunatic fringes. They are called the Essenes of Kosmon, or the Faithists, as mentioned above.

If the lack of word meaning is our problem, its profusion is Oahspe's greatest sin. There are words, rich in tone, weighed down with hidden meaning, - soft, gentle, unpronounceable, beautiful, sedate, and irreproachable. The words, words, words of Jehovih - such as "Hoogalomarakkadanapanwowow king of Itussakegollahamganseocolabah" (Page 369.)

In saying that Oahspe brings all the history of Man within the convenient limits of a single volume, I should mention that it has almost a thousand pages, many of which display diagrams and drawings worthy of a kabbalistic treatise, and in some cases even more puzzling. The Oahspe Bible is very unevenly divided into "Books," the titles of which are even more reminiscent of Mormonism than the contents: The Voice of Man; Book of Cpenta-Armig, Daughter of Jehovih; The Book of Divinity; and the like. The longest is the Book of Saphah, which boasts 24 subdivisions all of its own, including one entitled "Arbania'hiayaustoyi."

Anyone who suspects me of having written my series on extraterrestrialism as a work of fiction should long ago have been aware of the fact that, for sheer scope and breadth of conception, my version of human history is sadly deficient as compared with the overpowering elixir of Newbroughsia, (as I should like to call the malady of Oahspeism.) It has ever been the device of the contriving theorist to present his beliefs in a form so all-inclusive and over-bearing that critics would be effectively silenced by its sheer mass. Joseph Smith knew how to do this; Helena Blavatsky knew; Bishop Usher knew; Jesus Christ also knew how to do this; and so did John Newbrough. The average American of the 1870's owned few books, but his attitude toward the written word differed from that of Medieval and Classical Man because of the availability of newspapers and periodicals, which were inexpensive compared to books, and which were produced in an abundance all out of proportion to the number of books printed, - a condition that persists even now. Journalism has

some highly praiseworthy aspects, but its effect on the word perception of the average man (mythical beast though he may be) is nothing if it is not disastrous. The news media of the 1870's were even less critical of what they printed than the tabloids of today. The American people were accustomed to half-truths; that's how the Spanish-American War began, and that's probably how the next war will begin.

Newbrough's purpose in putting together a work such as Oahspe should be clear to those who are familiar with the intellectual philosophy of those times, which was not so different from that of today. There was something about fame that made it attractive, even if fortune did not accompany it. This attitude did not represent a reversion to the older principles of chivalry and personal honor, but was instead symptomatic of the individualistic megalomania that plagued the early years of American Big Business, in much the same way that it infects Russia's industrial bureaucracy today. About Newbrough himself there is a dearth of trustworthy biographical material, but there seems to be little to conflict with the impression that he was a canny, knowing, self-respecting member of the dental profession. His knowledge of the human mouth did little more for him in the way of culture than it does for most of his twentieth-century counterparts. Sound mind, sound body, perhaps; but what does that have to do with sound teeth?

Newbrough set out to produce a work that would outdo all others of its genre, and which, for downright obscurity, would excel in the annals of literature. In this he succeeded admirably. I do not believe that he intended to produce a work to be taken in lieu of the veritable truth; instead Oahspe is a work of the ideal world, in which thought is accepted in place of substance. It is a fabric beautiful to behold and worthy to be woven, but not to be depended upon as one's daily garb; the end result of such an experiment would be much the same as that of the well-known Emperor and his New Clothes. Indeed, Oahspe has had an almost disrobing effect on most of the people who have come into contact with it, - their personal ambitions coming to the fore in each case. Without exception, the leading proponents of Oahspe are men who view it only as a means to an end. Newbroughsia appears to act as a stimulant whereby the novice finds new ways to implement his old ambitions. Oahspe has not bred a cult of true believers, in the proper sense, - which is to say that its adherents do not teach that it is the only form of truth presently at work in the world. Such tolerance always serves to make me suspicious, bigot that I am. Whenever a man says that one creed is as good as another, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that he has no creed of his own, to begin with.

Is Oahspe true? Certainly not in any traditional sense, although Newbrough made some remarkably well-informed guesses that have been, and are about to be borne out by the events. On the other hand, I don't think he did any better than most practitioners of what Isaac Asimov has called the "mathematics of history" would be likely to do in his place. The Mahatma Letters predicted radio astronomy; and John Newbrough invented flying saucers as we know them; for it was from Oahspe, which has spawned forth more than its share of illegitimate children, that Ray Palmer first conceived of flying saucers. Oahspe has been the source book of Mark Probert, George Williamson and Richard Shaver, of Dero Cave fame. Mr. Richard Ogden of Seattle, Washington, who is not nearly so likable as most Oahspeists, has suggested that Ray Palmer gives the world a new mystery every five years. Be this as it may, the mysteries that Palmer does produce come straight from the pages of Oahspe, and may be "solved" by reference to its pages. No doubt his re-publication of the 1882 edition of Newbrough's work is not without significance in this connection.

Oahspe contains copious data on such subjects as the Elder Race, the Nether World and the races living therein, pyramidology, Christology, and

vortex physics. Of the various ships mentioned in the index, the one closest to the saucer of today was the avalanza. On Page 196 of the Essene edition, the Son of Jehovih is made to say, "Go build me an avalanza....capable of descent and ascent, and east and west and north and south motion, and prepare it with a magnet, that it may face to the north whilst traveling." On Page 497, we find that the avalanza of the goddess Ye'agoo was "egg-shaped and veiled without, and was seven miles high and five miles wide, every way, habitable throughout. On the outer surface, but under the veil, were twelve thousand porches with banisters. The propelling vortices were within the center, and the workmen were in the summit." Also of special interest is the description of the adavaysit (another type of saucer) belonging to Jehovih: "...and around about the whole ship was the photosphere of its power, so that the whole adavaysit was like a crystal ship within a globe of phosphorescent light; and yet in fact, the ship was the true light, while the photosphere was really the shell of darkness made reflective.....As the earth is opaque, with a transparent vortex around it, so not so, but opposite is the structure of an ether-ean adavaysit." The origins of Shaver's Caves may be found in Newbrough's temples of Darkness.

Newbrough carefully gives himself an "out," when he admits that the book is not infallible. I suspect that he did so not out of modesty, but from dislike of the Pope who was at the time busy establishing his right to spiritual infallibility. On the other hand, it seems to me that no one is entitled to present a work designed for the spiritual betterment of his fellow men, with the concomitant assumption of intellectual superiority on the part of the author (incarnate or otherwise), and then to fall down so badly that he is guilty of heinous, unnecessary and irrelevant errors, - made with the evident purpose of impressing the gullible public who knew no better. For example, on Page 215 of Palmer's edition, we are treated to the assertion that "in any language descended from the Phoenician, or the ancient Hebrew, 'i' should be preceded by 'y' or 'w'." Were this so, how could he call one of his own Ships by the Hebrew name "onnyah," which does not conform to this "rule"? The second error that I would like to point out is one which occurs in the good dentist's summary of the phonetic properties of Earth's most ancient languages, "Panic, Yi'haic, Vedic, Hebraic, and Sanscrit." There, at the top of Plate 64, which is a facsimile made from Newbrough's own manuscript original, is the statement that "A as in 'awe'" is represented by a certain symbol, which is duly appended thereto. This apparently innocent bit of information is pretty frightening when it is remembered that, for purposes of phonetics, the A in "awe" is not an A at all, but an O! Self-pronouncing dictionaries should have an "A as in 'awe'" sign, as a concession to the inconsistencies of the English language, but just why Panic, Yi'haic and Vedic should follow suit, I don't know. At any rate, I tremble at the thought of living in a universe which in any way resembles the alleged cosmology of a man who would do a thing like that!

All you nice people out there who don't like my musty, academic recollections of what the Chaldeans thought about Venus, and who make fun of Duns Scotus' famous question about how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, - you should stop and think some time about how many saucerers Ray Palmer can make dance on the head of an avalanza: "Accordingly these things were accomplished; the twenty thousand million angels were carried away on the avalanza which was walled around on every side with pillars of fire, so that not one spirit could escape, even were he chaotic or imbecile."

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Ibn A'haron's articles on Extraterrestrialism appeared in issues #28, 31, 32, 34, 37, 39, and 42 - all of which are still available.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is reprinted from the August 1954 issue of SAUCER NEWS (then called "Nexus.") We feel that many of our readers are confused enough already, without any help from us. Therefore, we wish to carefully explain at this point that the material below is a parody on the George Adamski desert contact of November 19th, 1952. The story is therefore not intended to be taken seriously. - Modesty prevents us from revealing the true author of the article.

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 Of recent months many stories have reached our desk concerning contacts between earthlings and beings from other planets. In the interests of impartiality, your Editor has decided to print the following weird message which was relayed to us by means of automatic writing during a seance on the night of February 13th, 1954.

I SPOKE WITH AN EARTH-MAN

- by Melvin Morbid, Flight Leader 669, Squad 8, Planet Masar (Code 3) -

I am Melvin Morbid of the Planet Masar, which you call Mars. Until recently my life was nothing more than the ordinary dull, drab existence of a Masarian. Since we have eliminated all social problems on Masar, and have achieved the ultimate in scientific and moral advancement, there is nothing much left for us to do except sit around and pass the time by exchanging thought messages. This can get boring after awhile, as you can well imagine, and on the night of November 18th, 1952, I decided to borrow my father's flying saucer and take a spin down to the Planet Filth (meaning Earth.)

I had intended to ask my father's permission before taking the saucer, but he was engaged in a game of darts with a friend of his on Venus, via trans-video-telepathy, and I hated to interrupt him. So I backed the saucer carefully out of our pseudo-electronic garage, and blasted off. I quickly speed-shifted the controls from the fourth dimension right into the sixth, and taking advantage of a gigantic magnetic fault line, I arrived at Filth in less than an hour. As I cruised at approximately 100 miles altitude over the area known on Filth as Southern California, I noticed a knock in my electromagnetic generator, and decided to land in the nearest uninhabited area to take a look at the trouble.

As I descended to a lower altitude, I circled around several times in search of a good landing spot. Finally I saw a large desert area that seemed to be just right, and I lowered my saucer slowly onto the ground, being careful not to damage my three-ball landing gear. Just as I was getting out my thought-controlled tool kit, I noticed a strange creature running toward me, waving its arms wildly. My father had told me of these weird, barbaric men of Filth, and immediately I was seized with an uncontrollable fear. Since our civilization has long ago ceased to engage in warfare, I hesitated to use either my instant-death ray gun or my U-441 atomic disintegrator, but I kept them handy just in case, because there was no telling what this strange creature might do.

The man of Filth approached to within a few feet of my saucer and stopped. There he was, A CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD! I looked him over carefully. What a strange sight he was to behold! He had two arms, two legs, and only one head. I was astounded, but trying to appear casual, I asked, "From Earth?"

"Yes," he replied. "And you?"

"Masar," I explained.

"Oh! Glad to meet you. I'm John Adams Sky."

"No, stupid!" I retorted. "My name isn't Masar. Masar is where I

come from. It's the planet you-all call Mars.

I could tell that I wasn't going to get far talking to this untelepathic man of Filth, and I was just about to go back to my repair job, when I happened to notice his automobile, which was parked about five saucer-lengths away. We do not have any form of surface transportation on Masar, and I was overcome with a desire to see how this strange craft operated.

"How about a ride?" I asked, pointing to the car.

"No! How about you giving me a ride?" he asked, pointing to my saucer.

There followed a battle of thought waves, too horrible to describe, but in the end, the man of Filth succumbed with a splitting headache, and the next thing I knew I was riding along in his new car, which he explained to me was one of the latest models - a 1912 Rolls Royce.

"Man, this car of yours is really cool!" I commented.

"How did you learn American slang?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, we listen in on your radio programs all the time," I replied.

"Which reminds me - I have a very important message for you."

"Yes, I know," he answered. "You want to tell me that unless we stop using atomic weapons for destructive purposes, we are going to destroy our civilization."

"WHAT civilization?" I retorted. "If you'd only stop trying to read my mind and listen a little, we'd get a lot further. Our people on Masar don't give a damn about your atomic bombs, but what I wanted to tell you is this: The singing commercials on your radio programs have got to go! They transmit at a vibration rate of 960 ectograms, which means, obviously, that they pierce the ionosphere and go right out into outer space. They are lousing up our trans-video-telegraphy, our intra-visual-telepathy, and our psychosomatic radiography, to say nothing of our pseudo-auditory telegraphy. Do I make myself clear?"

"I will make this my Mission in life," the man of Filth replied solemnly.

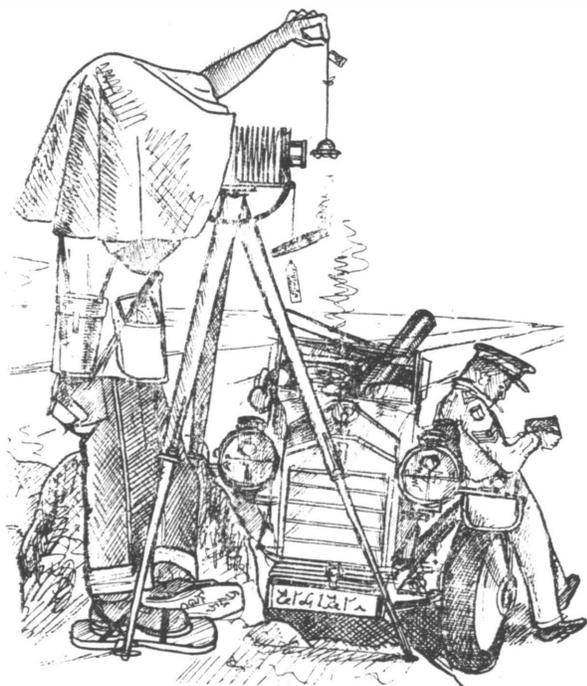
"I will spread far and wide this vital information you have given me. Perhaps only a few will believe me, but I will do my best."

"You do that, Jack," I said. "And now, take me back to my saucer, will you? You're driving so fast that you're going to knock us clean into another dimension if you aren't careful!"

"Wouldn't you like me to take you into Los Angeles?" he asked hopefully. "I have a friend there at the Los Angeles Times who would simply love to meet you."

"You're off the beam!" I retorted angrily. "Those crackpots out there would give me a hard time. They'd expect me to solve unsolvable crimes to prove I'm really from Masar. And then I'd have to show up at saucer conventions, and shake hands with people by rubbing palms together, and all that sort of thing. Maybe next time we meet I'll go to Los Angeles with you."

There followed another terrible battle of thought-waves, and this



time the man of Filth passed out, so that I had to take over the controls of the automobile for him. However, by the time we had driven back to my saucer he had fully recovered. While I tried to concentrate on the job of repairing my electromagnetic generator, he kept annoying me with requests for some material proof that he had really met me. Finally he handed me a steel bar, and asked if I could make a deep impression into it with my thumb.

"Why sure," I replied. "Anything to get rid of you! How's this?"

"Pretty good. You've made a quarter-inch gouge in this solid steel bar with only a touch of your thumb, and I can see at a glance that you have changed the chemical composition of the metal by adding at least fifteen elements that were not present before. But can't you do better than that?"

"Oh all right!" I answered curtly. "How's THIS?" I asked, as I made a second gouge in the steel, this time fully a half-inch deep.

"Better," he replied. "But why are you rolling around on the ground writhing in agony?"

"Because I've sprained my thumb, you dumb ox!" I groaned, picking myself painfully up off the ground. "Now see what you've made me do! And how will I ever get this thumb fixed, since there are no doctors on Masar, as naturally we have long ago conquered all known diseases (and some unknown ones too)?"

"A close friend of mine is a doctor," replied the man of Filth. "His name is Williamspoon - "

Now my Masarian anger was really aroused. "Don't be silly. He isn't a real doctor and you know it! I'm blasting off for home before you get me into any more trouble!"

"Will I ever see you again?" he asked.

"Not if I see you first!" I answered. With my thumb still throbbing with hyper-schismatic pain, I climbed into my saucer and began warming up my X69 5,000 Durge-Power supercharged Hydromagnetic engine. As I eased gently into the stratosphere, I could still see the creature from Filth standing there on the desert, waving at me. For a long moment I was sorely tempted to let loose at him with my atomic disintegrator, but I quickly remembered again that our planet has not engaged in warfare for the last 312 eons, so I reluctantly put the weapon away. How pleasant it was to get back to the peace and calm of Masar! As soon as I had parked my saucer I quickly joined a game of inter-galactic ping-pong, just to get my mind off the horrible experience I had had on Filth.

Yes, you people of Filth will continue to see flying saucers, but there is one thing you can be sure of: I won't be in any of them! My experience with John Adams Sky was enough to convince me that contact with the barbarous inhabitants of Filth should not be attempted for at least another 2,000 light-years, and maybe not even then!

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RECENT NEWS STORIES

CALIFORNIA NEWSBOY ATTACKED BY SAUCER: A Sacramento, California newsboy either has an unusually wild imagination, or else he has had one of the most interesting experiences with a UFO on record. Thirteen-year-old Phillip Wayne claims that at dawn last July 11th, he was delivering his papers as usual, when a series of astounding events occurred. He was holding a newspaper over his head, ready to throw it onto a porch, when suddenly the paper disappeared from his hand. He reached for a second paper, and the same thing happened. A third paper was also jerked from his hand, at which time he "felt a suction," but heard no noise. "I looked up," said Phillip, "and saw two things

that looked like flying saucers. One was larger than the other, and both were about 80 to 100 feet above the ground. The larger saucer was 50 feet in diameter, and the smaller one was 40 feet across. They were shiny aluminum and seemed to be standing still. I've seen pictures of saucers, but these were different. They had lots of corrugated pipes protruding from different angles, like organ pipes of different lengths." Phillip added that he "took off like a scared bird," and went back later, checking for his three missing papers. He never found them. The boy told his story to high Air Force officials, who apparently did not take it seriously, although they claim they are investigating the incident.

SAUCER BRIEFS: Meade Layne, the founder and former director of BSRA (Borderland Sciences Research Associates), has died of brain cancer. The present director of BSRA, named Riley Crabb, took over the organization from Layne a year or so ago.....Another recent death was that of Arthur Constance, author of "The Inexplicable Sky," which we reviewed in the October-November 1957 issue of SAUCER NEWS. Constance was also a regular contributor to "Flying Saucer Review." He was considered one of England's leading Ufologists.....The Little Listening Post (4811 Illinois Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.) is currently advertising a picture which is, according to the advertising blurb, only slightly less wondrous than the headbands manufactured by the Mystic Barber of Brooklyn. To quote the ad: "We would like to see this picture illumine (sic) the walls of every New Age home, everywhere! It will haunt you. The power, in concept form, for bringing in the New Age has been captured and packed into this picture. What is this power? The picture carries no name. It needs none!" If this series of non-sequiturs doesn't scare you off, send \$2.00 to the above address, and receive your "illumine" now.....Gabriel Green, president of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, has announced his intention to be a candidate for the United States Senate from California in the Democratic primary next year. SAUCER NEWS readers will recall that Green ran for president of the U. S. in 1960, but graciously withdrew in favor of John Kennedy in the closing days of the campaign....It looks like Otis T. Carr, of "free energy" fame, may have to spend at least six months behind bars. A news clipping from Oklahoma City, dated July 20th, informs us that Carr is still unable to pay the \$5,000 fine he received in 1959 for selling unregistered stock in his OTC Enterprises, Inc. The ingenious Mr. Carr is now in the county jail awaiting action on a legal petition his lawyer has made.

TWO CLOSE SIGHTINGS BY OHIO PILOT: On July 4th and again on July 5th, the owner of a small fleet of airplanes in Akron, Ohio, saw a UFO while on flights in the Akron-Cleveland area. Ernie Stadvec, who is a former World War II bomber pilot, said that he was flying with two other Akron men over the northwest section of that city, when they spotted a brilliant green and white light suspended at the right of the plane. The object came toward his plane on a collision course, and then stopped, made a violent turn to the northwest, stopped again, and finally shot upward and disappeared. The next night Stadvec saw a similar object which began climbing and sped off.

An object that behaved like a falling star showed up at about the same time on July 5th on radar screens at the Cleveland Hopkins Airport tower, according to Operations Supervisor John M. Gieb. He said that the UFO flared up on the screen and faded out in a matter of seconds.

Stadvec stated that the object he saw on the night of the 4th came to within a half mile or so of his plane, and that it was moving much faster than a jet. Major Robert Friend, who is chief of the UFO investigation at Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, said that he believes what Stadvec saw was

"atmospheric refraction of the star Capella," a star of the first magnitude. However, in a statement to the U.F.O. Research Committee, a private saucer investigation group in Akron, Stadvec disagreed sharply with Major Friend's explanation of the sightings. Said Stadvec: "Friend's supposition that myself and two other pilots on the first night and one other on the second night saw a refraction of a star, was strictly a 'grabbing for straws' deal.....I have been flying since 1942.....and over the years I have seen many falling stars and other phenomena associated with atmospheric conditions. What we saw was not an astronomical or meteorological phenomenon. The object (on the first night) dived at us on a collision course to the extent that I actually called out to my passengers that the thing was going to ram us....I have never seen a star climb and maneuver and I doubt that anyone else has either...."

SAUCER "FLAP" IN PENNSYLVANIA: It seems that saucers are still being seen as often as ever in some sections of the country, though the newspapers do not usually give them such big write-ups as they used to. On July 24th, Mrs. Anthony Paone of Lower Makefield, Pa., near Bristol, was looking out the window of her bedroom when she saw a lighted object "coming right at me." After a moment it disappeared, and another UFO came by. Mrs. Paone described the objects as "the same color as the moon, round, with no tail, although both had a smoky streak following after them." They made no noise. On the night of the 25th, six residents of Bristol saw a UFO blinking a giant red light at them. Mrs. Helen Hammet was the first to spot it. The UFO made several erratic movements in the sky, and finally stopped abruptly over the home of one of her neighbors. A similar sighting was made later the same night. The incident was reported to Edwin F. Bailey, assistant director of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, who admitted he was baffled.

NEWS BRIEFS: A short clipping we received from Bay City, Michigan, dated July 10th, is so intriguing that we only wish we had more details. We quote the clipping in full: "Mt. Pleasant - Air Force officials at Wurtsmith AF Base at Oscoda have promised a full investigation to the sheriffs' department of Isabella County on the UFO that flew over the area last week. The officials stated to Isabella County Civil Defense Director Ray Martin that a full radar study and report would be made. Many Central Michigan area residents reported the large round object flying northeastward over the area about a hundred or so feet off the ground. One motorist reported to state police at Mt. Pleasant that he thought he was going to be hit as he drove along highway U.S. 27. The UFO gave a brilliant blue light as it passed over."...A meteorite fell only ten feet from the back porch of a man in Marshall, Texas, who was sitting up watching a series of fiery meteors streaking across the sky. The meteorite, a red ball of fire coming in from the west, buried itself four inches in the ground. It resembled a piece of charred, petrified wood, and weighed 16 pounds....Mount Rainier, famous for Kenneth Arnold's 1947 sighting, was back in the news again recently. A strange object with probing beams of light circled southwest of Mount Rainier during the early morning hours of July 13th, startling state and local law enforcement officers. Investigating officers said they saw one large light surrounded by several smaller ones. The lights moved up and down and back and forth for several hours before disappearing....A crowd of more than 400 people gathered in the little town of Munger, Minnesota, last July 16th, in response to telephone calls received by about 300 people in nearby Deluth. "I am the outer space man from Mars," the voice on the telephone said. "I am going to arrive at 9:30 p.m.; I will land on U. S. Highway 2, seven miles west of Proctor." Munger is seven miles west of Proctor; but the crowd waited in vain, as the space man failed to show up.