

SAUCER NEWS

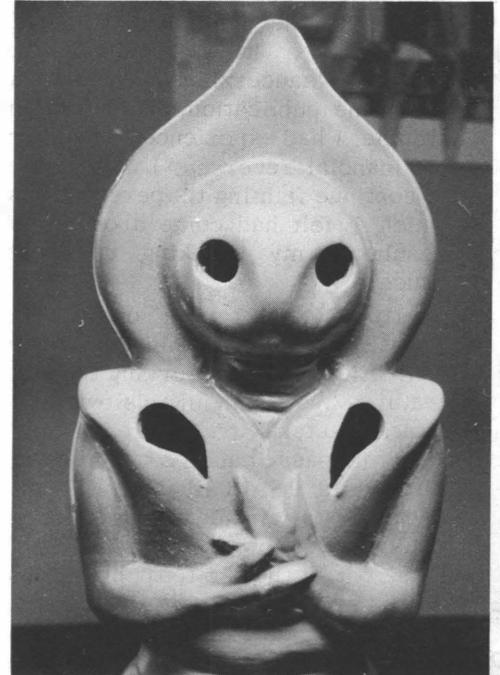
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RIGHT: Photo of the new Publisher as he assumed his duties. All kidding aside, this is a representation of the famous Flatwoods Monster which appeared on a lonely West Virginia hilltop in 1952 and frightened seven of Gray Barker's neighbors half to death. This weird creature is responsible for getting the Publisher interested and involved in the saucer saga, and to the Monster - him, her, or it - this particular issue is dedicated. (Flatwoods monster cast by SAUCER NEWS sculptress, Andrea Flammonde)



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Editorial Notes

TO TOTE A TORCH

In the spring of 1963 I tossed James W. Moseley a Torch and he picked it up and carried it.

I was the publisher of THE SAUCERIAN. It was one of the earliest "saucerzines" and was a very fine publication, but I was in trouble. I had experienced a number of financial reverses. I was unable to continue fighting the persecutions which I felt had come about as a result of my speaking up about saucers.

Jim Moseley took over THE SAUCERIAN and combined it with SAUCER NEWS, preserving the best features and expanding his own publication to take care of the addition.

Time passed and I got on my feet. Meanwhile SAUCER NEWS increased its circulation and importance. It is now in the position of being one of the two top publications in its specialized field.

A short time ago, however, Jim Moseley came to see me. He told me confidentially that due to certain recent events he felt he must enter a new phase of his saucer work. He wanted to culminate his public role by having sponsored the largest UFO meeting in the East, and he was calling on me to reach back for the torch he had accepted from me.

His New York Congress of Scientific Ufology is now history. It took a year of dedicated, unselfish work to put this over. It probably was the most successful Flying Saucer meeting ever held. Despite all of the prophets of doom who said it would bankrupt Jim, he came out of it with a loss of only a few thousand dollars.

But Jim Moseley realizes he cannot carry on this public service role of publishing a UFO magazine and carry out the serious research role he has outlined for himself. He has asked me, Gray Barker, to take over the active chore of publishing SAUCER NEWS, and I have accepted. It is indeed a heavy weight on my shoulders, but I look forward to this responsibility.

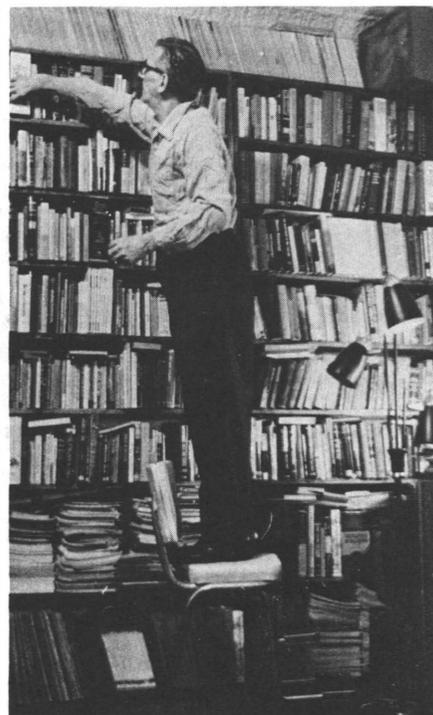
Why must Jim Moseley quit his

active role as publisher? By being able to abandon his 10-hour daily schedule of office supervision and work, he will be able to devote all of his time to pure research and the pursuit of evidence in regard to a new theory he has recently developed. He is not "hushed up" IN THE USUAL SENSE OF THE WORD, but there are certain angles, possibly to be revealed as time goes on, which will better explain his actions.

Despite Jim's tremendous achievement in sponsoring the highly successful convention, he has never received the credit due him. Instead, many people in organized Ufology have become detractors - out of jealousy, we suspect. For one thing, the press descended upon the Convention, and with tactics similar to the Silence Group, heaped ridicule upon it. Even the Saucer Press itself, mainly in the person of Dell's FLYING SAUCERS magazine (not to be confused with Ray Palmer's FLYING SAUCERS, from which the Dell outfit "lifted" the name unfairly), dealt unkindly with the Convention. In a large photo layout of the Convention, Dell concentrated on what might be considered "fringe" aspects, and refused to even mention Moseley's name.

"Dell's 'slick' approach to the saucer enigma did not pay off. The third issue of this publication was, we understand, the last. Considering the inaccurate reporting contained in this publication, this is one rare case where we can say 'Good Riddance.'"

I have taken up the torch that Jim Moseley has thrown to me, and with your help, I will keep it blazing. Although I am now financially strong, I do not have the vast resources that Jim possessed of operating a money-losing publication. From now on, readers will have to bear their fair share. Effective immediately with this issue, the price per issue will be \$1.00, with the annual subscription (four issues) \$4.00. Cost accounting assures us we can break even at this figure, considering certain side benefits such as purchases of books from our ads. Subscriptions



John J. Robinson, Assistant Editor, selects a volume from his vast research library. (Photo by August C. Roberts)

taken previously to the appearance of this issue, at the earlier \$2.00 figure, will be honored until they expire.

For the additional subscription fee I feel we will have much to offer. For one thing, you will note the professional typesetting inaugurated with this issue.

We will continue the publishing of SAUCER NEWS until such time that Jim Moseley wants to accept the torch back into his hands. And I swear to keep the torch going until that time (with a few matches lighted on your part). SAUCER NEWS must not DIE! While not the very oldest publication now in existence (Coral Lorenzen's APRO Bulletin was published earlier) I do think that Jim has published the greatest number of issues (70 to be exact) of any saucer magazine now available.

Despite the narrow viewpoint of some "scientific-objective" publications, such as NICAP's UFO INVESTIGATOR, and the strictly contactee-oriented publications of others, we will continue SAUCER NEWS as Moseley developed it: A sounding board for ANY opinion; a well-balanced journal containing many theories, even if the editors don't personally "buy" them. SAUCER NEWS, the fairest of all

(continued on page 29)

THE UFO AND CYCLIC CONTROL

By Robert Morris

(Although not a member of the academic community, Mr. Morris holds an important technical post with one of the "giants" among industrial concerns. He has made a 10-year study of the UFO phenomena - Ed.)

For ten years I have taken a "hard-nosed" approach to UFO research, and have felt it expedient to follow the NICAP "line" of attributing outer space origin to UFOs within the spectrum of present-day, conventional physics. I must confess, however, that my research along these lines has laid an egg, and that I am temporarily laying it aside and considering different and more exotic approaches.

Among the literature I have read with more than little interest has been some works of the late Meade Layne, who for years headed the Borderland Sciences Research Associates in California. Layne gave an over-simplified "mat" and "de-mat" explanation for saucers, explaining that the objects were of what he termed "etheric" origin. They, in their own physical (to them) dimension, could on occasion "pop out" of that dimension and materialize into our own frame of physical reference, by changing their rate of atomic vibration.

One must not be too quick, however, to throw the research of Layne into the ash can. Taking some of his ideas, and extending them into a form which approaches more conventional framework, I think I have made some meaningful progress toward developing what might be a very important UFO theory. It is still "way out", so far as "modern" physics is concerned, but let me present some of my thought here for

possible reaction from the more thoughtful or scientific reader.

For simplification, let us take a rather common object with which to work and so explain a part of our theory:

One might possibly say, in simplified form, that a common 2 x 4 piece of wood used in construction work is essentially 2' x 4" x 8 feet long. If you add "time" as a dimension, the 2 x 4 is now a 2' x 4" x 8' x so many seconds, minutes, or hours. This in itself is meaningless until you establish the vibratory cycle of the molecules of that particular type of wood.

Once the vibration cycle is determined, then the "time" element becomes more meaningful. The weight and mass, plus the vibration cycle then become cogent, in that now one should be able to conceive of a "timed" 2 x 4.

By physically changing the vibration rate or cyclic control of the molecular structure of our timed 2 x 4, it can be made to heat up or cool down. By increasing the cycles to a rate far beyond our own capabilities at the present, our timed 2 x 4 would simply disappear until the cycles were lowered to the normal or basic range. What happens to the 2 x 4 while in that state is only conjecture at this point, but the implications are fantastic.

Time is actually meaningless until one relates himself, something, or even time, as we know it, to itself.

When we refer to cycles, we reference them to time. Example: 100,000 cycles per second. During this second our 100,000 cycles have moved 100,000 times. If we add directional movement to the object that is vibrating at 100,000 cycles a second, we now have travel at 100,000 cycles a second. For example: If our timed 2 x 4 were suspended by a long wire and it was pulled to the side of the arc that it will swing through - then at the moment of release the cycles were changed to de-materialize the 2 x 4, it will swing through its arc in total invisibility.

Now - applying this theory to the machines that obviously use some exotic propulsion system, I find myself drawn to the possibility that these machines are from another plane of existence, and that "time" is directly involved as far as movement and visibility is concerned.

We can only see things that reflect light in our visible spectrum. In ultra-violet and infra-red, we need conversion equipment to see. Who knows what spectra are above and below these two limits? We do not even have instruments to detect them.

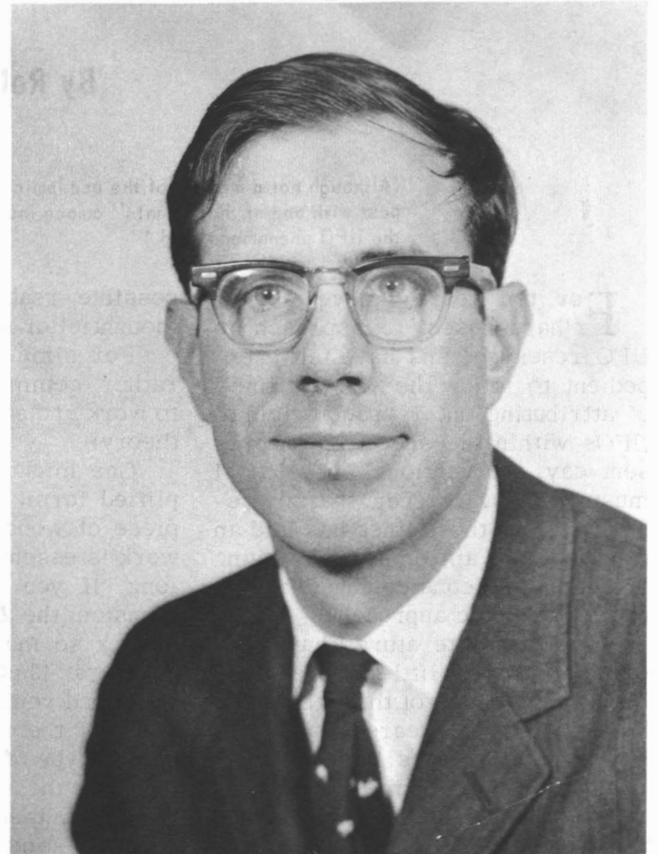
I have probably related this theory inadequately. In any event, it is an interesting thought to me and I hope it may be of value to researchers. If this sheds any light, good! If not, there are many other avenues to explore.

TWO MEN FROM VENUS

By James W. Moseley

(The following is a condensation from a chapter of the author's forthcoming book, "UFO". Mr. Moseley is the former publisher of SAUCER NEWS, now devoting his time to full-time UFO re-

search. Although a different article on this subject by Mr. Moseley was published in an early issue of THE SAUCERIAN, herein, for the first time, the full facts are revealed. - G.B.)



James W. Moseley, as photographed by August C. Roberts.

During a visit to a Hollywood motion picture set where my cousin (who is an actor) had invited me, I made a highly valued personal acquaintance whom I shall remember all of my life. I speak of the late Manon Darlaine who, until her passing in 1964, was quite active in UFO research.

Manon was a free-lance consultant retained by many studios for set decoration, particularly in her specialty, French provincial design.

When, on the movie set, I told her of my interest in saucers, her eyes lighted up and, to my surprise, I became the recipient of a torrent of information.

"Maybe I can take you along when I meet Venutio!" she said. She was tremendously excited. A man from Venus had volunteered information about himself to THE LOS ANGELES TIMES, she informed me, and she was hot after a personal interview with him. She also did some reporting for a French newspaper syndicate, and all her papers were yelling for space information.

And so it was through Manon that I became personally enmeshed in one of the strangest cases I have ever been involved with - that of "Venutio", or "Mr. Wheeler", the man who came from Venus to find out if Venusians could mate with

L.A. women and produce offspring.

Somehow Manon had managed to work her way into the action when a TIMES reporter who wrote under the pen name of Mortimer Bane let it leak out that two not-too-strange-looking, but nevertheless odd, men had visited his cubicle and announced they were from Venus and wanted to sell their story.

I perked up my ears at once, for this was one of the things Krippine had told me to look for. I assumed that the reporter had sensed that flying saucers was a good subject for the moment, probably planned to write a book, and had cooked up the story.

I don't know if Manon had mentioned the Seven Safes to Bane, or whether or not he gave her the information willingly, but he had promised her a meeting with "Venutio" so that she could write a story for the French syndicate.

Manon made the appointment and the two of us invaded Bane's cramped quarters.

"I'm sure it's a hoax," he told us, "and that (he used curse words) is behind all this."

Then he told us how a year previous, this particular friend, a special effects man at one of the studios, had perpetrated a most remarkable hoax at his expense. An impeccably dressed Irishman had introduced himself, and in a remarkably matter-of-fact manner informed Bane he had won \$10,000 on the Irish Sweepstakes, then had gravely handed him a cashier's check in that amount. That Bane had not bought a ticket, or even been approached, made no matter; in fact it had served to increase the believability when the man told him how a maiden aunt in Old Erin had purchased it in his name. Bane fell for this, though he had been hoaxed more than once before - with the same man behind it all. Of course, the check proved to be a complete fabrication, a product of the studio printing department which produced various documents for on-camera closeups. Since that department had just forged the Magna Carta, for a historical film, Bane felt some small comfort in being taken in by experts. Even better than this one was the pitiful lady with the infant, which situation I won't go into here; nevertheless Bane admitted he had fallen for that one.

"But this time I have his number," he announced. "I have a laboratory analyzing how he did THIS."

Bane pulled out a photograph of a piece of metal which appeared to be an engraving plate.

I could sense that Bane genuinely liked Manon Darlaine - perhaps she affected other people that way too - so it seemed that in deference to her he repeated some of the story to me.

"Five weeks ago, this kook comes in here with another character. The one sits down there (he pointed to a chair) and the other just

stands here glaring at me and finally says, 'I'm Mr. Wheeler, and I have come from Venus.'

" 'Sure,' I say; 'tell me all about it!' And he DOES. He's parked his space ship on the desert. You people probably don't know this, but on Venus, you see, due to the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere and all that strange jazz, it's pretty hot and dry. Just like the desert around here. So these kooks pick L.A. for it's more like their own planet.

"They want to sell me this story, like so many other nuts that sift in here through the woodwork, and of course I've got no budget, even though Jesus Christ himself would show up.

"Before I could throw him and this other weirdo out of here, Venutio - this Wheeler guy - says he can show me he's actually from way out from the fifth planet - or whichever planet it is. He takes his thumbnail and with proper ceremony puts a deep scratch in the trim of the desk - here, look!"

There was a deep gash in the desk trim, but it didn't prove anything to me - though Madame Darlaine, sensing a good story, took copious notes.

"I figure the guy has a sharp piece of metal from the studio machine shop in his fist, and I go along with it, not wanting at that stage of the game to let on that I was hip."

I got the impression that Bane was a man who protested too much: He had found Venutio's story too credible for his own comfort, and was this blustery, though good-natured manner he employed in relating the account a part of CONVINCE HIMSELF it WAS a hoax?

This was more apparent as he continued the narrative. After he put the two strange men off by promising to speak to his editor about buying their story, they left, promising to return later.

One of them, Venutio, did return the following day, but had changed his mind about selling the story. He had decided he didn't want publicity about his work on Earth, but did need money to buy food. He asked Bane to secure a job for him.

"Whether or not it was a gag, I decided to keep going along," Bane told us. "So I called Hatch Graham - he's the deputy public defender - and told him, 'Hatch, I've got a

man for you. He's from the planet Venus, but he needs a job and you were just asking me for a leg man last week.'

" 'Sure, send him over!' Hatch has a really princely sense of humor. As to Venutio's fine record helping him track down witnesses, you'll have to talk with Hatch. He hired Venutio out of the fund he uses for occasional investigators and informers."

Bane then added a few more details about Venutio: He and the other man did not appear abnormal, just a bit strange. Their eyes, he thought, were wider apart than an average fellow's, and they had small ears, but not abnormally small. They were ruddy complexioned and their nostrils seemed a bit wide. "Just weird enough to make you a trifle uneasy, though you couldn't quite pin it down. My pal when he hired these extras must have really looked over a lot of people. He certainly didn't just pick them off the street. They didn't talk like bums; in fact their English was almost impeccable, except for an occasional misuse of a word. They were probably faking these misused words to go with their story of learning English back on their planet, listening to radio programs emanating from Earth."

"What about the interview with them? Is it set up yet?" Manon inquired.

Bane's gruff tone changed and a look of genuine disappointment came over his face.

"You'll think I'm giving you the business. But you're a real nice girl, and this is the gospel. Venutio worked a few days for Hatch and disappeared. Neither of us has seen hide nor hair of him since. He's gone back to Venus - or he's got enough money to bum it to some other town."

He picked up the phone and arranged for us to interview public defender Graham.

Hatch Graham was much more serious about Venutio than Mortimer Bane had been.

"I only wish he hadn't vanished," he told us. He then related how Venutio had quickly found slippery witnesses and other sources of information important to the cases of poor clients his office was defending.

"Venutio claimed he found them in routine ways, such as looking up job records and the like - but he found people whom other investigators had failed to locate. It was almost as if he had occult powers."

"I kidded Bane that he was responsible for the disappearance," Hatch told us, and he smiled broadly. "I guess after talking to him you've found out how much this spaceman idea - whether or not it is a hoax - has bugged him. If somebody is pulling his leg, they really have him going!"

"Bane kept after me constantly the moment I hired Venutio. Did I believe it? Could we prove it was a hoax? I told him that to me it didn't matter as long as he was doing such an excellent job. I'm afraid I did pull his leg, myself. I was a trifle annoyed with his constant concern, so I made up a little thing or two about the remarkable accomplishments of Venutio the Venusian. But I really didn't have to exaggerate; this man was uncanny!"

"Finally Bane came up with a really wild idea. I should have the police detain Venutio on suspicion, have him fingerprinted, and, most important, strip him down to see if certain details about his body, given to Bane by the spacemen, checked out.

"I didn't want to do this. Venutio, whether from Venus or Ventura, seemed to be an all-right guy, despite this queer line. I couldn't conscientiously have him held for interrogation. I put Bane off by telling him that Venutio probably had telepathic powers and seemed to know things that were going on behind his back. 'If you aren't careful,' I told Bane, 'he'll pick up your thoughts and go back to Venus, or some other city on Earth. Don't ask me to lose a good leg man!'"

"I believe Bane took me seriously. He seemed satisfied and hung up. He didn't get a chance to bug me any more, for Venutio never showed up again.

"In fact," he added, "Now I almost believe my own story."

The telephone interrupted Gra-

ham.

He covered the mouthpiece after listening a minute or two, definitely exhibiting surprise. Then a smile played over his face and I could tell from certain references that he was talking to Bane.

"Well, Venutio has him going again," he told us. "You better get over there right away. I think he really has something for you."

Manon and I hurried back to the TIMES office.

"You know what that creep friend of mine has done!"

(Bane was still referring to the special effects man as he stood staring at a paper in his hand.)

"He's bought off this whole damned laboratory!"

His hand shook visibly as he handed us the document.

During Venutio's second visit to Bane's office the reporter had asked him to repeat the feat of scratching surfaces with his fingernail, only that time he offered him a steel engraving plate such as is used in special kinds of printing. Venutio had, with one stroke of his amazing thumbnail, made quite a dent in it.

I have recently read a magazine article which purports to cover the Venutio story accurately. The account reports on an analysis by the Smith-Emery Company, a highly-reliable and respected testing laboratory. In the article the report states that metallic deposits, foreign to the usual composition of such a steel engraving plate, had been present: calcium, lead, strontium, cobalt, etc.

But the lab report Bane offered to us did not say this.

I DID NOT MAKE AN EXACT TRANSCRIPT OF BANE'S LAB REPORT, BUT IT VERY SIMPLY STATED THAT THE LABORATORY HAD DUPLICATED THE SCRATCH ON THE SAME PIECE OF METAL, AND THAT THE LOAD REQUIRED TO MAKE THE INDENTION AMOUNTED TO 1700 POUNDS!

(In next issue: Another condensed chapter of Mr. Moseley's book, titled "The Missing Film". Learn how the confiscation of film footage of a flying saucer exposed the identity of the Silence Group and bankrupted a motion picture producer. These revelations never made public by Moseley prior to this time.)

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By VIRGINIA BRASINGTON

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UFOLOGY TERMS: A 1960'S VIEW

By Allen H. Greenfield

(Allen H. Greenfield is Editor and Publisher of UFO SIGHTER and ALTERNATE HORIZONS NEWSLETTER, and is one of the Nation's most active UFO researchers and writers. For information

about his publications, write to him at: 2875 Sequoyah Drive, N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30327 - G.B.)

Terminology can be a trying problem, particularly if a field develops an "inside" set of terms so removed from general reference that one becomes lost in trying to understand what the "insider" is talking about. This notwithstanding, it is the opinion of this writer that a set of terms is necessary to a field involved in a specialized area. Two reasons for this stand out in my mind. First, because specialized study leads to specialized thought. To relate specialized thought in a coherent manner may necessitate specialized terminology. Second, there is a psychological advantage to such inside terms. The nature of this in relation to a fraternal spirit that, quite possibly, is a necessity to any well-functioning movement or field of endeavor is obvious enough that I do not think it necessary to elaborate at length.

UFOlogy does, indeed have a set of terms, some borrowed, some quite original. The face of UFOlogy terminology is, however, seemingly a changing one. The following is an informal discussion of some of them.

UFO, UFOlogy: These two terms have been around for some time. The former was, as I understand it, coined by the late Captain E.J. Ruppelt, USAF, as an official alternative to the civilian "flying saucer". It is interesting to note that public knowledge of this term appears to have been somewhat less than common until the March, 1966 wave of reports. The latter term, coined by the late M.K. Jessup meaning the study of UFOs is still principally an insiders term. Getting back to the former term, UFO, it is interesting to note that, despite its direct technical equation with "flying saucer", in popular usage it can (and usually does) have a distinct meaning of its own. Hence, it would be no contradiction in terms to say one "believes in UFOs" but not in "flying saucers".

UAP, UAO: These are terms that are essentially flops. The former is an Air Force term standing for "Unidentified Aerial Phenomena (or Phenomenon)". An interesting point about this is that the Air Force has used the term thusly: UPAs. . . which, of course, is a contradiction of sorts. This term, while probably more desirable in one respect (i.e. the scientific) than more popular counterparts, nonetheless is "artificial", as is UAO. This latter, which stands for "Unknown Aerial Object" or some such is the "exclusive property" of the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, which persists in using it despite the heavy liability of confusion it carries with it.

MENZELFORM: This term is a gem of the field. This writer does not know its origin. In any case the meaning of the term is a pat explanation for a UFO report. To anyone who knows the field, it should be obvious where the term gets its impetus; it is derived from the name of arch saucer foe Dr. Donald Menzel.

UFologer, UFologist: Both terms have the same meaning, which varies from one who devotes himself ardently to UFO study to anyone with a casual interest in UFO phenomena. There are other terms in this same regard; "Saucerologist", "UFO-er", "Saucerer". Of the two in question, the second seems to be the most widely used today. "Ufologer" seems to have been quite popular at one time, but it is interesting to note that it seems to have suffered a decline over a period of years and is now used only rarely. The reason for this more than likely is the "hobbyish" sound of "UFologer" as contrasted to the "scientific" ring of "UFologist". The former will, I think be remembered (if it is remembered at all) as a 1950's term. To our ears it has a "good old days" ring.

FLAP: This is one of the

"borrowed" terms. It is military as are so many terms in this field. In UFOlogy it means a wave of reports, or, less commonly, any great rush of activity. The latter is probably closer to the original.

UFO-naut: This term was coined, as I recall, by the Reverend Guy J. Cyr, S.M. It was one of a number of terms introduced in an issue of the old INS Report. "UFO-naut" is the only one of these terms that seems to have caught on with people in the field somewhat. It means the pilot of a UFO.

BRASS CURTAIN: This term potentially could have been a gem on the level of "Menzelform", except it never seems to have caught on in a widespread way. It means the alleged cloak of secrecy which surrounds official UFO study.

MONGER: "Monger" is such an inside term that I'm not really sure of its origin. Possibly those who do know that read this will snicker about my erroneous speculation, but I would venture to guess the term is in some way connected with Gray Barker's old column in Flying Saucers Magazine, which at one time contained a section allegedly by a person named "Monger" who rendered forth "wild rumors". It means, basically, to bother or something that bothers. Barker himself, gave me an alternative explanation, which concerns a system of gaging a UFOlogists emotional ups and downs. I tend to go along with this.

AR: I am intimately involved in the study of the "AR" Theory, yet I am not at all sure of its origin. It means "Alternate Reality". It started out on about equal footing with a term I invented, "exo cam-pages", but immediately became the more popular term sending "exo" to the "exo". "AR's" most likely originator is Eugene R. Stenberg.

DERO, TERO: These terms were either coined or brought to light

(continued on page 30)

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SPACE SHIPS

By Diophantes of Sirius II

RECEIVED BY THE FIRST MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE GOLDEN CROSS

This is DIOPHANTES of SIRIUS II, now working upon the earth plane, for the Divine Creator, by His Grace and according to His Will, that the people of Earth may gain knowledge of Other Worlds.

Today, I will describe the "Flying Saucers" and the large vehicles used in the Solar System of Sirius. Many other Solar Systems build their space ships similar to ours, but with minor variations.

The entire Universe is an orderly system of Magnetic Vortices. Each vortex has power going into it and energy coming from its point or center. The energy is released by the condensation of solid material out of magnetic energy. Our interplanetary vehicles manipulate this same energy to get high-speed motion in any direction desired. But before any motion can exist, there must be energy converted into motion. This energy is tapped by a series of collector rings, form the Magnetic Forces ever present in the Universe. These Forces are everywhere present, for the Universe is composed of magnetic fields within Magnetic Fields. When these fields are combined, they display a fantastic amount of Power sufficient to create suns, planets, satellites of planets and satellites of satellites; not to mention vast clouds of nebulous material, small meteorites and comets.

The power for our spacecraft comes from these fields. This power is tapped at all ranges of magnetic frequency. Because of this, gigantic displays of energy are possible, even from the smallest craft. This energy is collected by a series of rings and sent to a storage CELL, which then feeds it to a distributing computer. From there it goes into a

computer-controlled Frequency Variator or Stabilizer and from that to the "Propulsion Sphere". Located usually just below the top and inside the umbrella-shaped collector rings.

The propulsion sphere is segmented and each portion is activated in relation to the other parts, to get the desired motion or combination of motions. The three foot, circular, unmanned Robot Monitors have three collector rings and one propulsion sphere, whereas the sixty foot circular craft has three collector rings for propulsion power and a smaller one for power for the other ship's functions.

The larger ships have a series of collector rings and propulsion sphere combinations, in addition to collector rings which supply power to the computers, lighting systems, air conditioning, magnetic beams and the manual control systems. The propulsion power is generated separately in all ships except the unmanned robots. This is in case, one system fails, the other can supply the power so the ship will not be totally disabled.

Any space ship can operate to a limited extent on any one collector ring but for the intermediate space ships and the large ARKS, a disaster of this kind, (loss of other collector rings) would be very unlikely, yet in such a case the ship would function, but very slowly, on any one collector ring. Such operation would require shutting off the computers, the air conditioning, most of the lighting and relying on space suits. Fortunately such emergencies seldom arise, for these space machines are nearly perfect, but all who fly them are instructed what to do in case of power failure.

Malfunctions are rare, and a space ship virtually never wears out. However, it is safer to know what to do, if a malfunction should occur. We fly innumerable miles and nothing goes wrong, yet we have to be ready for anything. We never know what the different types of atmospheric, magnetic or thought conditions prevalent in the conditions we operate in, will do to our ships. The only dependable thing about it is the undependabilities, since we never know what will happen on our next trip out. Usually everything goes according to plan, but not always. We have run into unfavorable magnetic conditions and have even been fired upon by hostile people. In either case, these can cause malfunctions. So, this little element of uncertainty keeps us ever alert. Almost all trips are "joyrides", yet, one can never tell when the next one will be that one out of a million that will turn into a nightmare.

The unmanned robots are monitoring devices and also defensive weapons. In each disc, are cameras and highly accurate receivers of speech, thought transfer, electromagnetic radiation (radio & television) and magnetic sensors to explore the nature of the surrounding magnetic field. All these received impressions are sent back to the Master Station or Master Ship and recorded there. Sometimes the unmanned robots may be on detached duty free from the "Mother" ship, in which case, all information would be stored in cylinders placed on board the robot for this recording purpose.

The sixty foot craft are manned with a crew consisting of a pilot, co-pilot and six monitors, who oper-

ate the nine unmanned robots. At other times, just the pilot and co-pilot handle all functions. If necessary, one person can handle the entire ship and the unmanned robots, but even with the aid of all the computers, it keeps just one person really jumping most of the time. Most assignments call for very little robot use, so one or two people can handle the ship comfortably.

The sixty-foot craft can carry 25 passengers in addition to the crew. However, in emergencies, more can be carried by lining the walls of all corridors, occupying access routes to the computers, loading the central hallway and jamming all possible into the pilot's compartment. But this practice is discouraged for we are just not that short of vehicles.

We also have a ninety-foot, 100 passenger circular vehicle which is a larger version of the turreted umbrella type of passenger ship. This ship carries no robots and is strictly a passenger or freight carrier. For short trips, there is a pilot, co-pilot and stewardess. On longer trips, a pilot, co-pilot, cook, stewardess, a relief pilot, relief stewardess, and sometimes an extra person to fill in where needed.

The intermediate ships are much larger and are literally flying cities. There are two sizes of these in the Solar System of Sirius. Our smaller ones are 3 miles long and the larger ones, 5 miles long. Both are dirigible in shape, and each has its own distinguishing style. The 3-mile long ship is powered by four sets of four-collector rings and propulsion sphere units, with another set of four collector rings and propulsion sphere units, with another set of auxiliary rings in various places on the ship. This space ship has storage for 180 sixty-foot "Saucers". They are stored in two vertical cylindrical areas of 90 vehicles each.

These stored saucers face an open flight deck or area in a circular manner, which is literally the hatchway to the outside into space. A maximum crew is 5,000 with a passenger capacity of twenty, to four-thousand people. Also on board, are the sensing devices, and the magnetic defence beams, always carried on these ships, in addition to the ones on the stored flying craft.

The 5-mile long ship is also

called an intermediate ship, and is a larger version of the 3-mile craft. These dirigible-type ships are powered by six units of four collector rings and a propulsion sphere. The crew may number up to twenty thousand, including the full crews of the 360 craft of the 60-foot manned variety. These saucers are stacked in silos of 100 each. In addition to this, there is room for one-and-a-half million passengers. These ships are often used for evacuated planets, or Solar Systems before an expansion, to populate planets, or to haul freight, animals, insects and vegetation to new planets, before a migration of people who are placed there.

Then we have the giant ten-mile long ARKS. These are all dirigible-shaped vehicles, and carry a crew of fifty-thousand. They will accommodate 1,200 sixty-foot craft, and approximately twenty-million people. Some of these ARKS are equipped to carry the 3-mile long ships, but this is not considered practical. Flying one of these ARKS is far different from any other-type ship. Because of its size, it takes 12 to 20 very busy people. There are pilots' compartments in the nose on the right, and left-center sections, and in the tail fins. The steering is done at both ends, sometimes separately. The right and left pilots can institute a sideway motion, if necessary. Communication between these centers, is by thought-transfer, so all know what each knows. This eliminates the need for massive amounts of electric gear.

Everything in these ARKS is controlled from the nose post Command, yet each station will react in the proper manner, when necessary. These ARKS are powerful ships, and can maneuver as nimbly as the smaller craft. Since everything is magnetically locked in position to the ships, inertia has no effect even on the people. Sudden changes of direction for even the largest ships, are possible at any speed.

The defence magnetic-beam is used by all our vehicles, and is a variation of the levitating-beam used to load the ships. The most powerful of course, is on the ten-mile long ARK. This can be sent like a light in a narrow stream or broadcast as a wide circle on the target. Or it can be focused to a pin-point or twisted

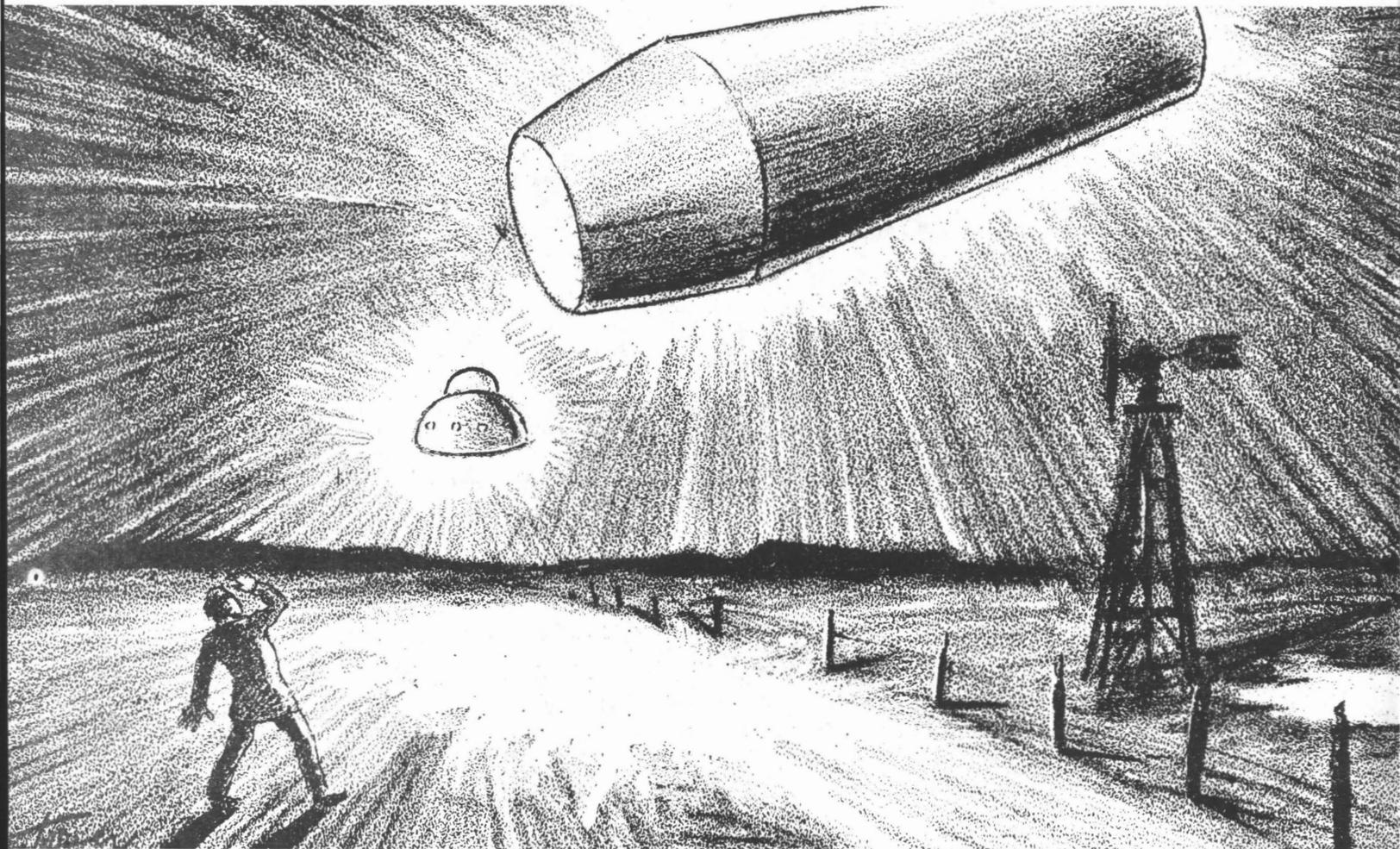
into a crooked, parallel beam, that will avoid obstructions and still reach its target. This beam can be used to heat, chill, disintegrate, freeze, fissionize, alter frequency levels, kill, burn, alter thought patterns, anesthetize, monitor, crystallize, levitate, nullify the magnetic fields, heal living tissue, revitalize and restore energy in living organisms, generate electrical and magnetic force fields. Its capabilities are all of these and more.

These beams are a very powerful force, and most certainly not to be facing as its target. All the space ships are very powerful vehicles, and all that power can be directed into the magnetic beams if necessary. For instance, enough power can be discharged through one of the unmanned robots in 1/5,000th of a second to operate electrically - the whole State of California - for 24 hours.

The beams of the larger ships, are even more powerful than that. Because of this fantastic power, incomprehensible speeds are possible. According to the computers on these ships, 10 billion miles-per-second are possible, on these ships now. Most vehicles top-out at 8-billion 500-thousand miles-per-second. At these fantastic speeds dimensional changes do take place. There is no sense of time or age. This speed has broken into an area of timelessness. The all-over speed-rate is computed at the end of the journey. These speeds place even the most distant galaxies within easy reach. The trip to Orion from the planet Sirius II, used to take 1,500 years. Now it is done in 1-1/2 days. Many many people have ventured to many distant places, not heretofore readily accessible, and have returned while the home-planet is still as they remember it.

We, of the Higher Realms, thank God that greedy, little-minded man of Earth, does not have this type of power at his disposal, for unenlightened man would not have the God-given wisdom to control it. However, when man has elevated himself to where he has learned to live and walk in the Ways of God, the Divine Creator, then he will receive this Power and all that goes with it.

I am DIOPHANTES of SIRIUS II.



RECENT NEWS

FARMER CONTACTS SPACE CREATURES

The Associated Press news machines in newsrooms all over the country suddenly came to a grinding halt with transmitting stories marked "continued". The night of February 26th had been comparatively "slow news" night, "with nothing really sensational from Viet Nam and things relatively quiet on the domestic front.

In some offices so equipped warning bells rang, to indicate an important story coming over the wires. In the small ante room that housed the one AP machine at radio station WTIP in Charleston, W. Va., commentator Hugh McPherson stood by the device and watched a sensational printout. Within minutes he was on long distance, alerting the Editor-in-Chief of SAUCER NEWS to the biggest UFO news break in months.

Near the town of Wellington, Texas, just south of the Salt Fork of the Red River, a 29-year-old farmer, Carroll Wayne Watts, had broken a strange story. He told Amarillo newsmen how he had contacted strange little four-foot men with slit-like "wrap-around" eyes, who had given him a medical examination on board their craft. He exhibited a series of Polaroid photographs of a cigar-shaped object which had photographic experts in a dither.

When Hugh hung up I called my contacts at a local newspaper and asked that they hold the wire copy for me, and at 12:00 P.M. we began alerting S.A.U.C.E.R.S. (Saucers and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society) members in the Amarillo-Houston area. We managed to reach Michael Femora and Associate Editor Richard E.

Wallace, the latter we knew to be visiting in Houston.

Out of their on-the-spot investigations and our contacts with news media the law enforcement officials throughout the area developed a story plagued with strange details of threats, "hush-ups", hypnotism - and disclosures of a concentrated local saucer "flap" of which the national press had seemingly been completely unaware.

The Flying Cigar

Mrs. Hazel McKinney had been the first person to report publicly on the "flap".

The sun had not risen as Mrs. McKinney neared the county line on U.S. 83. She and two companions were driving southward on their way to work in Childress. It was about 6:15 a.m., November 3, 1967, and the morning was clear.

As the car approached the cut-

off road to Loco, Mrs. McKinney glanced to her left and saw what she thought was a headlight in a vacant wheat field.

Mrs. McKinney called the light to the attention of her passengers and as they watched, the light grew larger and larger.

"It was a huge, bright light," Mrs. McKinney said.

"It came on all of a sudden."

As the women watched, the object - they could discern a definite form - turned southward and paralleled the McKinney car.

Suddenly, it changed speed and direction and flew in front of the car, angled up and disappeared.

Later, both Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. Harry Patterson, of Wellington, described the object as silver-gray in color.

"It was big enough to drive a car in," Mrs. McKinney said. "It was shaped like a cigar - one end was round."

The other end, she said, glowed like a fluorescent light. She said she heard no sound from the mysterious craft.

Mrs. McKinney and Mrs. Patterson drove on to work and later returned to Wellington where they told their story. To their surprise, they soon learned they were not alone in seeing unusual objects.

Carroll Wayne Watts, well-known and respected in the Wellington area, was one of the first to confirm Mrs. McKinney's experience.

He said he was measuring a wheat field in February of last year, when he saw what must have been the same object.

"It was about 200 feet above the ground and it came from the southeast at about 50 miles per hour," he said. "It went three quarters of a mile and then turned to the northeast and was gone."

And thus began a weird series of events which would suddenly catapult Watts to national fame, and just as suddenly plunge him into a morass of contempt and ridicule.

Shortly after Hugh McPherson had hung up, after giving me the initial wire story, he managed to get my busy line again, and said, "Gray, are you sitting down? Here's a Bulletin that just came in as a follow-up to that Amarillo story:"

BULLETIN
AMARILLO, Tex. (AP) —A soft-spoken young farmer, regarded as a pillar of his tiny community, crumbled after a lie detector test Sunday and said his story and photographs of contact with alien space-men were a Svengali-like hoax.

"Well I guess there goes your space contact story," he apologized (Hugh does not personally buy the contact stories, but knows of my personal interest in them).

"I don't know, Hugh," I replied. "There's something fishy here somewhere, and I don't think Watts is the culprit." Then I went over some of the suspicious points with him.

But perhaps we should now tell the incredible full story.



TEXAS FARMER Carroll Wayne Watts from Loco, Tex., tells his story to reporters.

Carroll Wayne Watts' second contact with the unknown, after he has sighted the cigar-shaped craft in the air during February, 1967, came on the night of March 31 of that year.

Working late at some chores around the barn, he looked in the direction of his uncle's property, located adjacent to his farm, where he had noticed a light.

The light made him suspicious since it was near his uncle's abandoned house, and he feared thieves might be at work. So he got into his pickup truck and drove the short distance.

The area, in the desolate rolling plains of far Northwest Texas, was

particularly depressing this evening. The final cold snap of the winter was holding on, mud was everywhere and a fierce March wind was blowing. Soon spring would come, Watts reflected happily, and with that would come warm green days, and then the sweat of summer. He didn't mind the hard work, for he was turning the previously unproductive farm into a paying proposition. He thought how hard his wife also had worked and how she stuck by him in earlier "hard up" days of their marriage and their taking over the farm.

The light had disappeared as he steered the car over a dirt road toward the abandoned home. Suddenly he braked the truck to a halt, as there, caught in his headlights, was a dull gray cylindrical object, possibly 80 to 100 feet long, and 8 to 10 feet high, seemingly floating about two feet off the ground.

"At first I wasn't frightened at all," he told our investigator. "I thought it must be some new aircraft the Air Force had developed and that it must have made an emergency landing, or something. I know this sounds odd, but that was the first thing I thought of. I also thought that there might be injured crewmen aboard, and I wondered how to find out, since there weren't any windows or doors. I scrounged around and found an old rotting fence post and pulled it out of the mud, and started banging and sounding out the machine by hitting it with the post.

"Suddenly, a door, that I had never detected before, slid open, something like an elevator door, and that was when I began getting scared; though somehow I just stood there, looking into this opening. Inside there were no crew or anything, just machinery and all kinds of meters and dials, lit up by this strange bluish light.

"Then there was a loud crackling like the beginning of a Victrola record, and then a voice, sounding like it came from a machine or was recorded, began talking to me. It knew my name and everything and it told me that it wanted to give me a physical examination. It said that no harm would come to me whatsoever, and that examination would be completely painless."

At this point Watts' "nerve" broke and, never bothering to get

into the truck, which he abandoned with the motor running and which he felt might get stuck if he tried to turn it around there in the mud, he ran the almost half mile back to his farmhouse, where he panted out the incident to his wife.

After recovering somewhat, he called his cousin, Don Nunnally, who is chief of police in Wellington, 11 miles Northeast of his farm. Nunnally summoned Collingsworth County Sheriff John Rainey, who knew Watts well and later assured newsmen of his "reliable character". Both officers got into Rainey's cruiser and hastened to the Watts farm, but by the time they arrived the strange machine was no longer there, and the only evidence was the truck, with one door open. The motor was running, but it soon gave a cough before they could shut it off, its having run out of gas.

For the next ten days Watts pondered what he had seen, and remembered the many accounts of sightings in the area. He vowed that if he ever saw the machine again he would hold his nerve and try to find out more about the strange device and the disembodied voice.

On the night of April 11th, all the heavens seemed to break lose. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared, as the first spring storm drenched the area in rain and blew down an old tree on the property. To Watts the cacaphony was sweet music, for it heralded the reawakening of the land and his return to tilling the red soil he loved so much. When the rain stopped, he stepped outside to see if he could detect any wind damage, but his attention was soon diverted, again to the vicinity of his uncle's abandoned house. There was the flickering light again, and he vowed this time to investigate more completely.

Before reaching the spot where he first saw the machine, his truck motor died, and he noted that an ovoid craft, much smaller than the long cylindrical object, had descended and was hovering behind him. He got out to see a door standing open and four men beckoning for him to come inside.

Again an electronic-type voice urged him to come inside to take the painless physical examination.

He didn't know quite what to do. After his first experience he had



Farmer Carroll Watts of Loco, Texas, says he took this picture of an alien spacecraft 80 to 100 feet long.

talked with an Air Force officer who had heard about the incident through the Sheriff and had come to interview him. The man had only asked questions, however, and had given him absolutely no advice or reassurance. In fact Watts had told his wife he thought the Lieutenant had "put him off".

The occupants of the craft were 4-1/2-to-5-foot tall, muscular, clad in white coverall type suits, and had what he described as "wrap-around eyes". They had only superficial ears and noses, and slit-like smiling mouths which did not move, as they presumably talked and created the electronic voice.

The rain suddenly started again, and he felt he had to make a quick decision. Quickly he stepped through the doorway into the small craft. The door slammed shut, seemingly automatically. Watts said it reminded him of a heavy car door, such as that on a Cadillac, closing.

He was pointed to a metal chair, on which he sat. Surprisingly the chair seemed to be flexible and gave slightly to the contours of his body and was most comfortable. He didn't have much time to examine the interior, for the lights suddenly dimmed to almost darkness, and his weight pushed at the flexible chair in a short jolt. He knew they had taken off, but following that then there was no sensation of acceleration whatsoever. In what seemed like a couple of minutes, "though

it could have been longer or shorter," as he put it, there were three very light bumps and the craft seemed to vibrate slightly. The lights came up, and the door opened, but this time not to the outside, but to what appeared to be a large room. Later he figured that the small machine had attached itself to a larger craft, ingress to which was provided by the matching doorways which may have comprised an airlock.

Then followed a strange physical examination, with delicate wires probing gently on his stripped body. The small men stood in another room, huddling over an illuminated circle, apparently studying the results raptly. Wanting some proof of his experience, and seeing a small green cube, "like an over-size dice cube, though with no dots on it," sitting on a table, he surreptitiously slipped it into the hip pocket of his jeans which had been left hanging nearby. Later, after he had dressed, one of the men simply reached into the pocket to retrieve the object. Watts said he grabbed the man's arm, and was immediately struck unconscious.

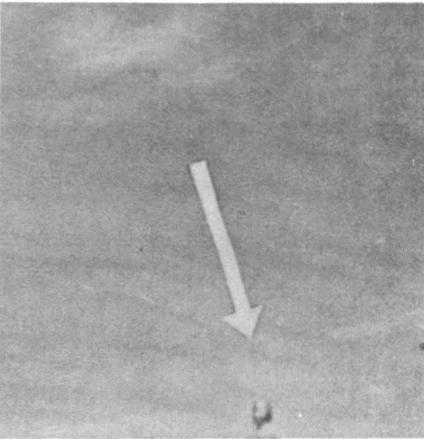
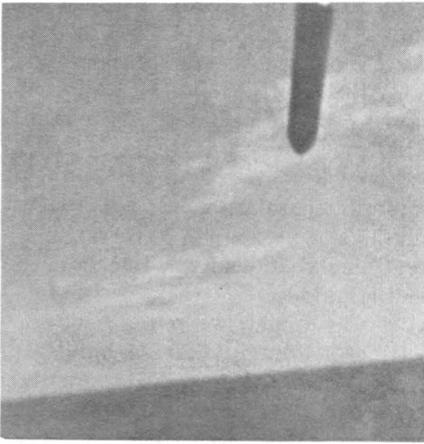
That was the last he remembered of the strange encounter. When he gained consciousness, he was again sitting in his truck. He felt no ill effects, however. When he returned to the house his wife was unworried, for he had been gone only a half-hour and she supposed he had been at the barn during that time.

Details of Watts' later experiences are still sketchy at this time, and SAUCER NEWS will endeavor to publish a follow-up story in the next issue.

It was during these later experiences that Watts was able to get some Polaroid pictures of the cigar-shaped cylindrical craft in the air.

Although he knew the experiences had been real, still he could scarcely believe they had occurred. He was curious to learn just where the craft and the strange people were from and he hoped to find experts who could explain the incidents to him.

Eventually he learned of the University of Colorado saucer investigation, headed by Dr. Edward Condon, and communicated with them. In the course of his contact with the Air Force and other officials a set of pictures was sent to Dr. J.



Two additional pictures by Watts, which were not released to the news media and supplied to SAUCER NEWS through the courtesy of Robert Loftin, Early Warning Network Coordinator for the Condon Committee. Top: Another view of the cigar-shaped object. Bottom: Arrow points to head and shoulders of one of the space creatures who (or which!) Watts allegedly contacted.

Allen Hynek, civilian advisor to the Air Force.

Hynek reported that his preliminary examination of the photos revealed no obvious fraud. "If this is a hoax, it is a very, very clever one," he said.

"In fact, it would be such a clever hoax that it would be almost as interesting as what this farmer claims has happened to him."

Insisting that he did not want his story or photographs published until he was assured of proper confirmation, Watts showed the pictures to the Associated Press and to the Houston Post and told his story.

When Hynek suggested that Watts take a polygraph, or "lie detector" test, Watts welcomed the idea and drove to Amarillo where it was administered by L. R. Wynne, owner of the Amarillo Security Control Co., and a member of a state board which licenses "lie detector" oper-

ators in Texas.

According to Wynne, WATTS FLUNKED THE TEST!

Threats and Harassments

➔ The Editor-in-Chief has made a wide investigation through S.A.U.-C.E.R.S. members, and a series of telephone calls, including one to Watts himself. A peculiar pattern has begun to emerge which may be much more important than whether or not Watts is telling the truth. It appears that one of two things may have occurred: (1) Watts was deliberately "set up" by some agency working through a hypnotist, and then "exposed" to discredit the reality of flying saucers in the mind of the general public; (2) Watts' experiences were real; his life was threatened, and he feared the worst if he passed the test. Thus, he deliberately discredited himself.

These ideas, however, contain some very serious speculation, that have been handled in our NON-SCHEDULED NEWSLETTER #30. The Newsletter, as most subscribers know, often contains news deemed "too hot to handle" in the regular pages of SAUCER NEWS.

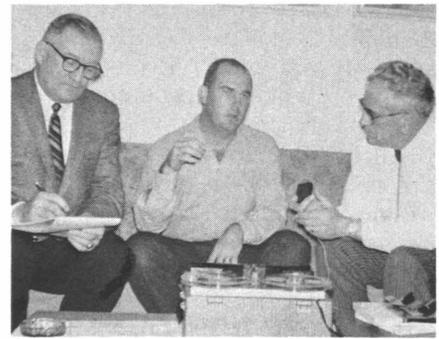
Suffice it to say here that Watts claims to have been confronted by "visitors" who waylaid him on his way to take the tests, and that by the time they got through with him, he was in no mind to refuse to follow their orders!

The Wellington "Flap"

Whether or not Watts had been telling the truth, the concentration of close sightings in the Wellington area tended to back up the farmer. Most of them had occurred about one year before the story broke on the wire services.

For example, early on the morning of March 24, 1967, S. Sgt. Johnny Ferguson, 35, and his wife and three children reported that they were chased by a lighted object near the Texas-Oklahoma border.

He said the light began following them about 5:30 a.m. on a country road between Hollis, Okla., and Memphis. The light, the only part of the object he could see, first appeared to be about 18 inches in diameter, but as it came closer it grew as wide as the road. He described the light as "soft and bright". During the chase, as Ferguson approached a farm house, the object split into two separate lights



(Photo by James H. Hartley) Robert Loftin, Early Warning Network Coordinator for the University of Colorado (left), interviews Carroll Wayne Watts (middle), while William L. Courter, director of the Oklahoma section of A.P.R.O. assists. Loftin, author of IDENTIFIED FLYING SAUCERS (David McKay Spring release), has reported unofficially to SAUCER NEWS on his investigation, and his work is partly responsible for the coverage in this issue.

At press time Gray Barker had paid a personal visit to Loftin while in Tulsa to lecture to the American Society for Metals, and learned that he had just invited Watts to take a second polygraph test, this time under more appropriate conditions with an A.P.R.O. and N.I.C.A.P. witness on hand. SAUCER NEWS will give the Watts story continuing coverage.

As a readers' service we are making available Loftin's earlier work, a booklet titled GHOST LIGHTS, available at \$1.00. Order from SAUCER NEWS, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va. 26301.

and disappeared. Police Chief Nunnelley and Sheriff Rainey had received numerous reports of UFOs in the area, but they're at a loss about what to do.

"There's not much you can investigate," Rainey admitted. "But, I think they really have seen these things. There are just too many people who have claimed sightings to scoff at them."

One of the stranger sightings was reported by Mickey Kendricks, owner of Kendricks Oldsmobile of Wellington. He said he was awakened about 4 a.m. on April 11 by what he thought was a truck coming into a freight depot behind his business. Kendricks lives above his office.

When he looked out the window he saw, not a truck, but "the weirdest thing I have ever seen." It was a cylindrical shaped thing, about 20 or 30 feet long, with red and yellow lights around it.

He left the window to search for his binoculars, in order to get a better look at it. As he fumbled in the closet for the glasses he heard the same noise again, and, when he ran to the window to look again, the object was gone.

During the summer, however, things were quiet in Wellington, and most of the residents, some

of whom had even organized "saucer hunts", thought the UFOs had gone away for good. But with the coming of winter, people began seeing the things again.

N.E. Childers, who lives on a farm near Quail, in the area, said that on September 20, he and his wife saw three lights on the ground and three lights hovering in the air behind their house.

He said he could hear a faint noise - a whine - from the objects.

"I don't know what it was," he said, "It was just a round light. It wasn't just weather balloons."

About two weeks before Thanksgiving, Jake Maxwell of about two miles west of Wellington, saw a bright light north of his house after investigating the barking of his bird dogs.

"The yard was all lit up," he said, "I looked up the road west and the light was hanging in the air. It wasn't but about 150 yards from the house. It was about as low in the air

as a high line."

He estimated it to be 30 feet across. He watched it about two minutes, after which "it moved east about 50 yards and just faded out."

Reports Cancelled

We cannot report all of the Wellington sightings because of their volume - and then many of them are repetitious. This exclusive reporting on the Watts case has unfortunately crowded out other longer news stories which have been announced for this issue. One of these reports, the Peruvian airliner case, has been postponed partly for this reason, but mainly due to the disappearance of some of our files, along with a photograph, while the Editor-in-Chief was in New York City for a lecture.

Late Reports

Late reports reaching SAUCER NEWS tend to confirm the validity of various reports in the area.

In Childress, near Wellington, Chief of Police Alvis Maddox had joked about the many sightings and the Watts affair - until March 2nd when he chased what he believed to be a flying saucer.

About 8:30 on that night he found himself chasing a "huge bright light" down U.S. 83 toward Childress, and that was when he laid all kidding aside.

"I was about two miles south of Wellington when I saw a big light coming catty-cornered from the northwest," he said. "I was going south and it was about a half-mile in front of me."

Maddox said the light, which looked as bright as a light bulb, was between 500 and 1,000 feet in the air. Trying to catch up with the object, he speeded up to 105 miles per hour - but the light matched his speed and stayed ahead of him. Finally, after a long chase, the thing veered to the southeast and speeded out of sight.



SENSATIONAL SAUCER FILMS

Published for the first time (above) are three "stills" from a Super 8mm movie film allegedly made by a man at the Benendum Airport, Bridgeport, W. Va., while waiting on a flight delayed because of mechanical troubles. The three photos are shot directly off a movie screen while the film was being shown and are therefore not too clear.

The first two photos show the object while hovering, fairly close to the camera, and the last picture, truly the most sensational we have seen, shows the dome-shaped, Adamski-type object pace an airliner during its landing.

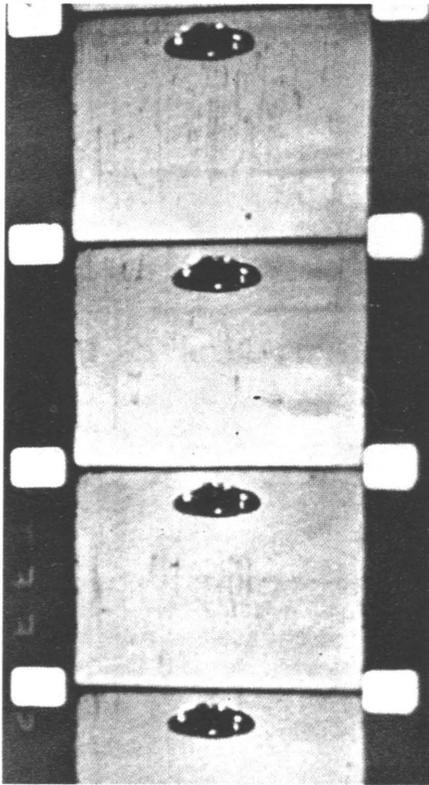
Modern Film Distributors, an educational film firm operated by Gray Barker, has gone to considerable expense to have master 16mm negatives made from the original, so that all sizes of prints could be made for people seriously interested in evaluating the film and subjecting it. It is designated as No. UFO-1002, "The Airport Saucer".

We are also advised that "The Lost Creek Saucer", a film shown widely in lectures and on TV by James Moseley, is now also available to interested parties. The original film has been augmented by an enlarged "freeze frame" sequence, and another sequence slowing down the object for easier study.

Still a third film, "Life Form

From Outer Space", filmed at Blue Mountains, Pennsylvania, by Howard Menger, has also been made available. It shows what is purported to be a large "mother ship" which discharges a life spore which grows into a saucer-like object, changing shape and color. It is no doubt by far the most interesting UFO film ever shown publicly.

Neither SAUCER NEWS nor Modern Film Distributors vouch for the authenticity of any of the three films, but we are making these available to any interested party who wishes to subject them to the most stringent scrutiny and analysis. Prints are available in either regular 8mm or Super-8mm films, at \$6.95 for each subject, or all



Enlarged strip of film from Howard Menger's film, "Life Form From Outer Space."

three, mounted on one reel, for \$17.50. Single subjects in 16mm versions are \$25.00 each, all three for \$62.50. You may order from SAUCER NEWS and may write or use order blank on Page 30. Be sure to state which film size you desire.

LANDLADY SEES LITTLE MEN

From our Intelligence Director comes a most unusual item involving an elderly Ohio woman and the most peculiar action of "little men" in our saucerian history books.

Mrs. Erma Grimble owns a small apartment house in Ashtabula, Ohio. She ekes out a frugal living from rentals from elderly people who live in the house, a small insurance policy from her late husband and social security.

Mrs. Grimble is a very early riser. On the morning of January 3, 1968, she had arisen at 5:00 A.M., and, as customary was sweeping the upper hallway and tidying up - for even at 69, Mrs. Grimble is very active.

Suddenly she heard a commotion downstairs in the front hallway and the banging of tenant mail boxes. Knowing it was the first of the month

when residents received pension and social security checks, she became alarmed, for there had been a pilfering of the boxes three years before.

Flourishing her broom, Mrs. Grimble hobbled down the stairs as fast as she could, yelling, "Get away from those mail boxes". As she turned the corner and could look down at the boxes she was amazed to see two little greenish-yellow "men" or creatures, clambering around the boxes, attaching themselves to the wall by means of what she termed "suction hands and feet". The creatures glistened as if they were made of metal, yet they were flexible - possibly they were wearing flexible, metallic clothing, or uniforms.

At her appearance the two creatures leaped to the floor, out of her sight, and she heard the door open.

"There may have been more of them," she told our Intelligence Director, "for I heard quite a scrambling around as if there may have been five or six of them."

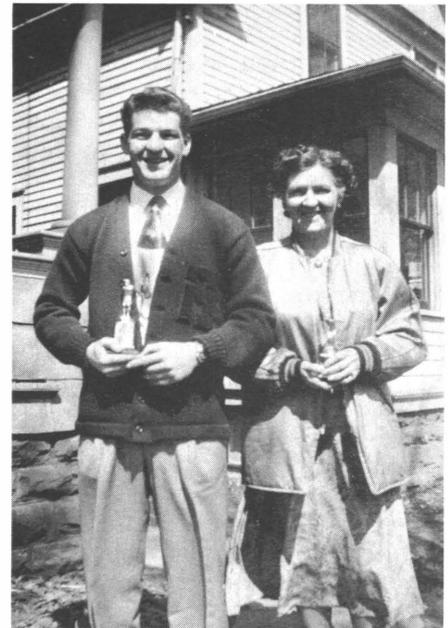
Although the mail boxes were kept locked, they were quite ancient and could be opened without great effort, she said. Examination of the boxes by an inspector disclosed that there was still mail in one of the boxes, for one of the residents who had been away visiting over New Years and had not yet returned. No mail had yet been delivered early that morning.

Mrs. Grimble didn't seem to be so upset over seeing the weird creatures as she was about the security of her apartment house and her tenants' mail. The front door was kept unlocked to facilitate the coming and going of tenants.

After the initial investigation Mrs. Grimble realized that few if any people would believe her if she told the story, and that it would also alarm tenants, so she vowed to keep the story to herself. Mr. McCulty, our Intelligence Director, learned about the story while visiting with relatives near Ashtabula and interviewed the witness who gave him the information with the stipulation that her address not be given out. Mrs. Grimble has an unlisted number, after receiving a number of hoax calls from people to which the story evidently was leaked out by officials.

About Saucer News Intelligence Department

This department operates in



Erma Grimble and son, Michael. (circa 1947)

complete autonomy to other editorial services, and no records are available to us nor our readers unless voluntarily given to us by Mr. McCulty. We feel this is a good thing, for people who are otherwise afraid to give out information often confide in Mr. McCulty, knowing that he will respect their desire for confidence. He will release only that information specifically designated for release by confidants. As a result of his work and policies, SAUCER NEWS is receiving valuable data not otherwise available.

CANADIAN UFO PIX

For the first time in the U.S., SAUCER NEWS reproduces the photographs taken by Mrs. Evelyne Brown, female school bus driver of Shaunavon, Saskatchewan.

Though taken with a Polaroid camera in July, 1966, they were not reported to the Defense Department until November, and finally published on December 5th by the Sun, a daily newspaper of Swift Current, Sask.

She described the thing as "a saucer-shaped object with a cabin on top." Mrs. Brown stated that she had seen saucers on two other occasions, both while driving the school bus. During one of them her ignition conked out while a luminous thing hovered overhead.

She was backed up by several Shaunavon district residents who reported seeing groups of saucers

at one time. In some of the cases, electric power failed in homes for minutes at a time, without explanation, when the UFOs were overhead.

Residents over a wide area were also reporting the saucers. At Gull Lake on the Saturday afternoon in December, Mrs. William McLeod and her 18-year-old son, David were looking out of the living room window of their ranch home beside Swift Current Creek when they say "a curious object with what appeared to be a saucer on the bottom and on the top a squarish central structure. It hovered over the McLeod home and remained in position between 15 and 20 minutes.

"It didn't look exactly like those pictures from Shaunavon", said Mrs. McLeod. "The structure between the two saucers was more square. We saw it quite clearly. I don't know quite how large it was, but it looked like a big thing. The place where it hovered over the ridge was about a mile away."

She said it was silvery in color, and that the sun was glinting on one side of it to indicate metal construction.

On December 5th a crowd of about 40 people jammed Cheadle Street outside the Healy Hotel at 11:30 p.m. to watch a strange bright light zooming in and receding in the chilly southwestern sky, though Ken Crosby, an investigator for the U.S. based Aerial Phenomena Research Organization of Tuscon, Arizona dismissed the sighting as a "flaring star phenomena".

But Bruce McPherson of Gull Lake could not easily discount his frightening experience of December



MANY MORE?

Here Mrs. Evelyn Brown shows the pasture near her ranch home where she has sighted several UFOs in addition to the one she photographed in July. Neighbors say they have been seen in "clusters" for months.

12th on the Carmichael road, when a dazzling aerial light that emitted a strange swooshing sound hovered over him then sped away at "incredible speed."

"I believe it was the real thing," McPherson told The Sun.

He said his car had run out of gasoline and as he waited in the ditch for help "I heard a strange whistling sound and saw a blinding bright ball of fire coming toward me from the east. It was like looking at the sun."

Badly frightened, McPherson jumped into the front seat of the car. The "thing" hovered over the car for about five minutes and then started to diminish.

"When I looked out of the car window, it was moving off to the east across the prairie at an incredible rate of speed," he said.

McPherson said it took him about 15 minutes to gather enough courage to walk to the nearby Alex Becker ranch house. On his way to the house, he saw the bright object returning. It hovered again directly overhead, then sped off again to the east where he saw it hover again about five miles away.

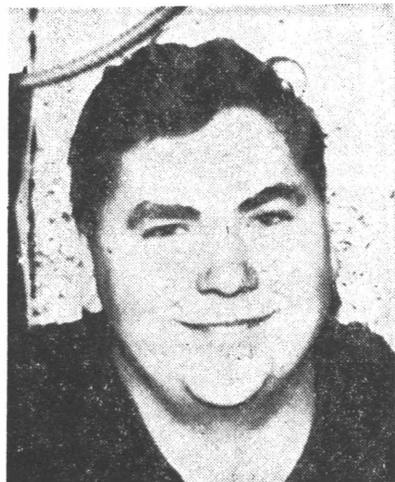
Meanwhile, the Royal Canadian

Navy was making an on-the-spot investigation of Mrs. Evelyn Brown's ranch, where she saw and photographed the saucer, to make precise measurements shown in her Polaroid photo.

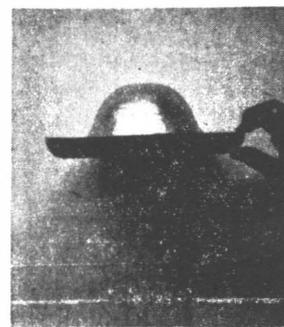
Also, the pooh-poohers had gotten busy and had dug up what is known in the vicinity as a "Trojan Seismic Blow Hole Cover", a device used in an oilfield near Mrs. Brown's home. They not only released pictures of the cover, which indeed appears similar to the saucer, but tossed one of them into the air for a photo (see photos).

Mrs. Brown was threatening to sue for damages to her "reputation for veracity in the community".

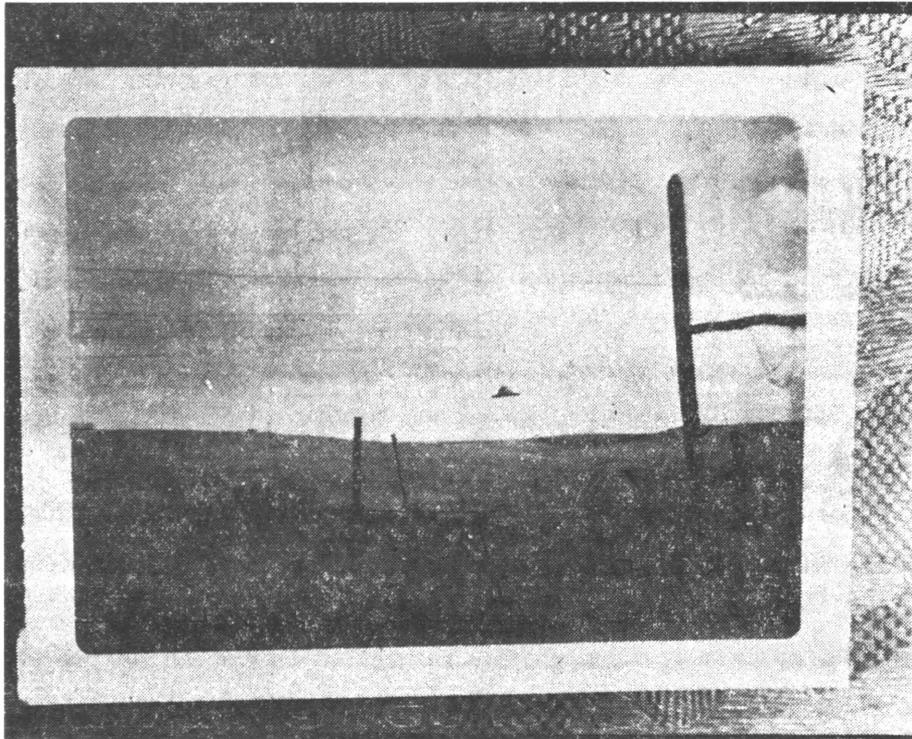
(Thanks to Gavin Neil Ferguson for this investigation and story)



McPHERSON



'TROJAN'



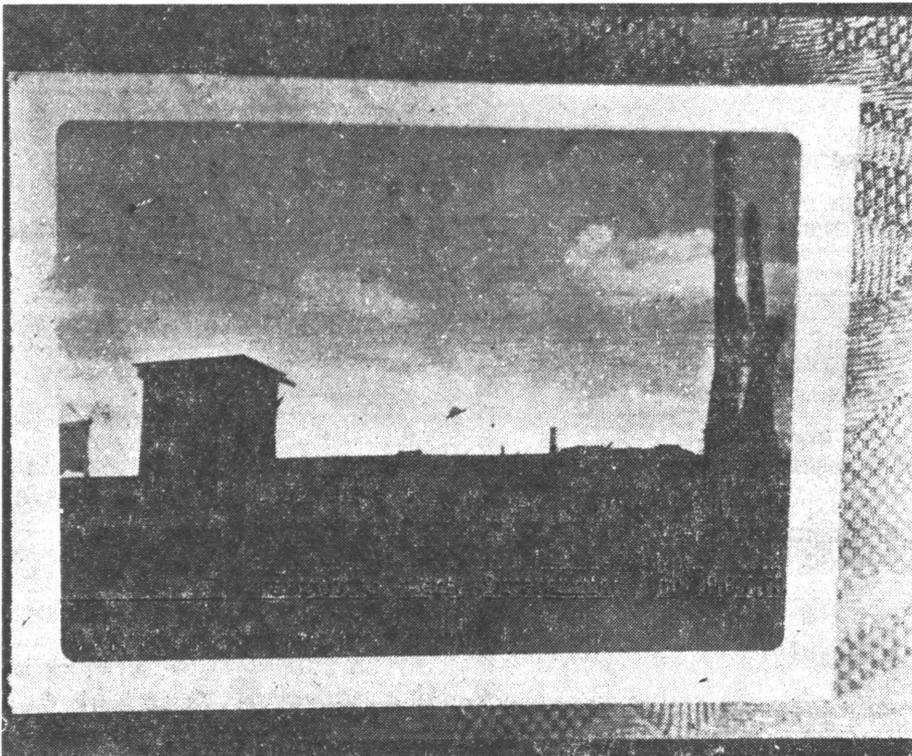
EVEN KEEL

This picture is a contact print made from the original negative exposure of Mrs. Evelyne Brown's famous Polaroid picture of a "flying saucer" taken near her Shaunavon home last July. It shows the UFO on an even keel.



THE REAL THING?

This is an enlargement of the significant section of the original Brown UFO negative showing the controversial object hovering.



BANKING

Mrs. Brown says this picture, also taken as a contact print from the original negative, is what the UFO looked like as it veered off and disappeared out of sight behind the ridge in the background at "great speed."



A SEISMIC COVER

This is an "in flight" picture of a Trojan "seismic blow hole cover" used in the oilfield near Mrs. Brown's home. It looks like our UFO.

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ZAYRON - BEFORE AND AFTER

Most of the time Norman J. Schreiberstein is a mild-mannered young man who is director of the Rissler Observatory of Philadelphia, Pa. (also functioning as the liaison agent with N.A.S.I. for SAUCER NEWS). A few years ago, however, he had a puzzling and almost frightening experience. At an Observatory staff meeting Schreiberstein suddenly went into a trance state, fell to the floor and arose with a completely different personality and an amazing change in physical appearance.

He announced his name was Zayron, and that he came from another planet, speaking through the body of Schreiberstein. After a short period "Zayron" disappeared and Schreiberstein became his normal self.

This transformation occurs rarely, and without warning. The Editor-in-Chief considers himself and SAUCER NEWS lucky that during a recent visit by Schreiberstein to our Clarksburg headquarters, the transformation again took place. Luckily, also, we had a loaded flash camera on hand, and managed to take these photos (see opposite page) during this brief and exciting experience.

"Zayron" certainly isn't a space visitant who is all sweetness and light. Instead, he seems to be a very aggressive individual who usually makes dire predictions. During this appearance he predicted the space people would destroy the earth if we used atomic bombs in Viet Nam.

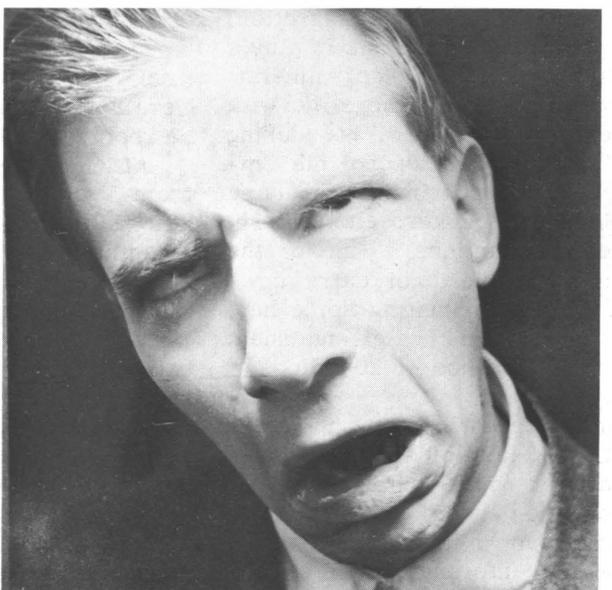
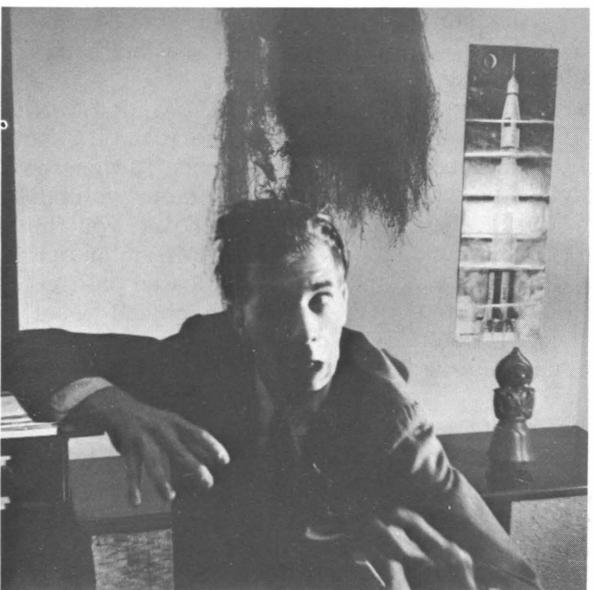
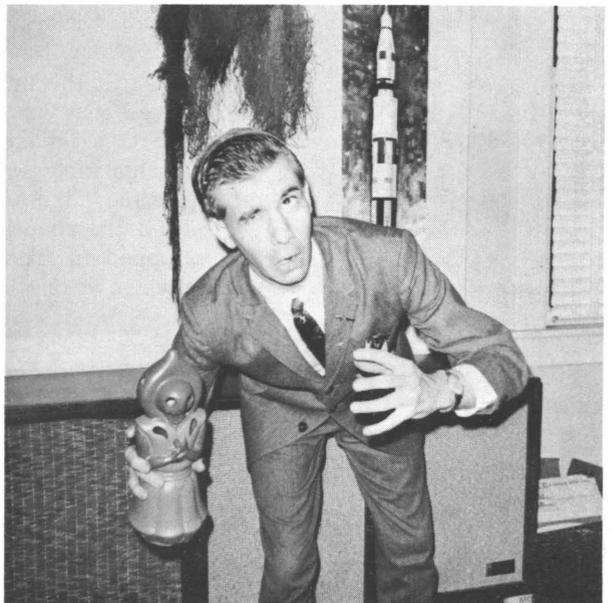
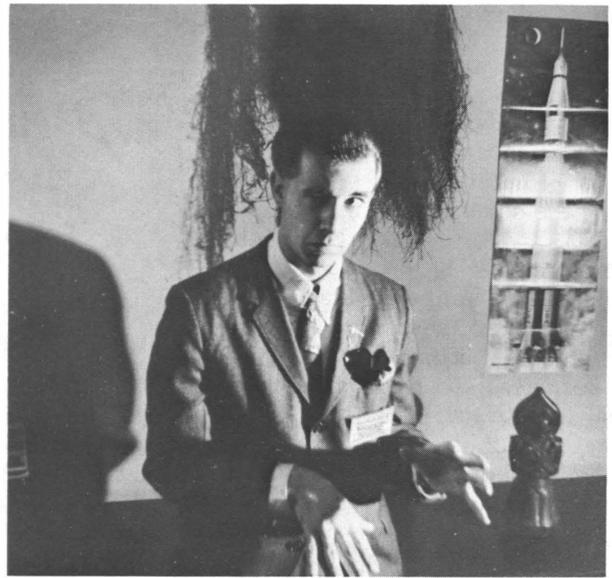
Other more checkable and successful predictions included:

*Gray Barker would take over publication of SAUCER NEWS sooner than it was thought. *The Tet invasions of cities in Viet Nam. *An important saucer landing in the South (This would be the Watts case).

Another prediction, very likely to come true, concerned more racial tensions in the cities this summer.

We are withholding two predictions, because of their unpleasantness. One of these involves the fate of James Moseley and the other concerns a researcher named Milton X. Scott.

The reader can easily note the remarkable physical transformation of Schreiberstein, shown first as his normal self (posed afterward in the same position) to the twisted and distorted personage of "Zayron".

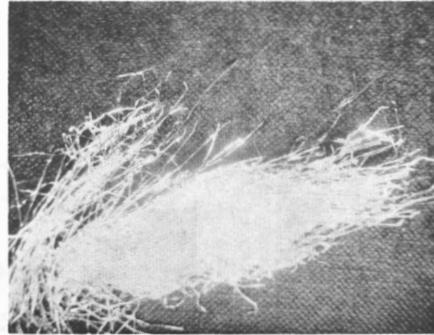


ANGEL HAIR IN ALABAMA

Mr. Wayne Ruple, Director, and members of the International Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, in Steele, Alabama, may have made quite an important discovery regarding the so-called "Angel Hair", which the Air Force takes the credit for dropping.

The AF has said the metallic foil is used in exercises for confusing radar signals, but it has been somewhat secretive about this also, as a recent article by John Keel in a national magazine has disclosed.

Members of IAPRO had found some of the material but had as-



cribed no great significance to it until they read Keel's article. Going back to the area where it had been found they found quite a large quantity of it, along with a box which had evidently contained it originally. A photo of a photo copy of the box is pictured here, along with the "Angel Hair". The information on the box reads: "RR72B/AL Date 230366 RCB Cont. No AF33 (657)14124".

After the investigation Ruple believed that he was harassed in an effort to make him stop the investigation. A car, with only its parking lights on, drove up and down the road in front of his house, stopped in front of his mail box for a while at one instance.

CONDON INVESTIGATION EXTENDED

Latest word from Dr. Edward U. Condon, head of the University of Colorado, Defense Dept. - sponsored saucer investigation - is that the project has been extended by the Air Force.

The project to expire on February 1, 1968 has now been extended until the end of June. Unless further renewed, this will mark the end of extensive field investigations; however, the staff will devote the summer months to the preparation of a final report, with a view of delivering it to the National Academy of Sciences review committee by September 30th. Thereafter, it will require at least two months for review, and another period of time for the printing of a final report for public release. The guess of SAUCER NEWS is that the project will be further extended.

Readers with important reports may call the project at any hour of the day or night at 304-443-2211. If you do this, you should ask the operator who answers to put you in touch with whoever is receiving UFO reports at that time.



Recent Gossip

By Evan Scott

Many years ago Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lantern that, according to tradition, started the Great Chicago Fire. Last month RAY PALMER'S cow, Betsy, started a far more minor conflagration. The power failure at one of Ray's barns on his farm at Amherst, Wisconsin, had nothing to do with saucers, we are told, but during the brief blackout one of his employees, who still insists on using an old fashioned kerosene lantern, lighted the antique. One of the considerable herd of dairy cows kicked it over, igniting some hay. The fire was quickly extinguished, but at the expense of 20 gallons of fine milk.

On a recent plane trip JOHN KEEL, well known New York saucer researcher and writer, started a conversation with a distinguished looking man in the next seat who expressed interest in UFOs and

talked animatedly to John about them for more than an hour. John thought he knew the familiar-looking man and kept trying to remember him. When John got off in Pittsburgh he shook hands with his new acquaintance and said, "My name's John Keel. I'm a writer." "My name's Gerald Ford, and I'm a politician," he replied to the non-plussed Keel.

ALICE CRANDALL, SNScriber from Trenton, N.J. advises us that her Doberman-Pincer, Maud, has given birth to a new litter of 3, which she promptly named for saucer celebrities: "George, Howard, and Donald" (All were boy dogs). Don't call or write her for the puppies are already spoken for.

SNScriber BETTY MAY, of Pasadena, suffered a bad fall and a resulting broken arm when she slipped in a rain puddle, but don't sympathize with her! While attending a political meeting, Governor Ronald Reagan

singled her out and autographed the cast. She is now the most popular person in the neighborhood, where everybody wants to see and talk about the autograph. Her only regret: She was so excited she forgot to ask the Governor what he thought about flying saucers.

Recently LONG JOHN NEBEL, dean of the American talk show was taking a beeper call when the other party became quite voluble and a little loud. "Who do you think you are - to form so firm an opinion on such a complicated political subject," the voice chided Nebel. John, who can have a pretty fiery temper at times, raised his voice, and retorted, "Well, who do you think YOU are!" "Barry Goldwater," replied the then, suddenly familiar voice.

MRS. HARRY BOWENS, of Little Rock, Arkansas, who, despite being a SNScriber is a saucerskeptic,

didn't know what to think when her three-year old daughter, Nellie, came into the kitchen and reported, "Mommy, dere's a taucer in the fack yard." Nellie had never before mentioned "taucers" (saucers) before and Mrs. Bowens presumed she'd picked up conversation from the two older children. Being very busy, she tried to put the child off with, "Nellie, there's no such thing as saucers." "Tome see, Mommy," the little girl insisted and took hold of her hand. Mrs. Bowens assented and Nellie led her into the yard. She then pointed to a hole she had been digging with her toy gardening set, and there, sure enough, was a saucer partially unearthed - but of the down-to-Earth CROCKWARE variety. The neighbors are still laughing with Mrs. Bowen about the cute incident.

JOHN C. SHERWOOD, young saucerauthor (FS ARE WATCHING YOU) and budding magician, recently presented a magic show to a civic group in Dearborn, Michigan. Reaching into the hat for the traditional rabbit, he grasped instead a frayed copy of FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, put there as a gag by the program chairman - who is also a magician!

TIMOTHY GREEN BECKLEY, of New Brunswick, N.J., was happily surprised at an unexpected birthday party given by his loyal "secretary" (his mom). Dominating the party was a large cake shaped roughly to meet the specs of the classic Adamski "scout ship". After the guests had cut into the cake they found in the pilot's compartment a beautiful electric razor inscribed to Beckley - his first.

GABRIEL GREEN, head of the Amalgamated Saucer Clubs of America, is not usually absent-minded, but after getting together his recent issue and losing a lot of sleep in the process, he suffered a monumental mix-up in his neighborhood supermarket.

After stacking the weekly shopping into the cart, his eye caught the new TRUE special saucer issue on a magazine rack. He temporarily abandoned the cart, went to the rack and picked up two copies of the magazine, stuck one under his arm and glancing through the other.

Pushing the cart almost to the checkout counter he heard a strange

noise in the cart, looked down, and there was a small baby babbling and pointing at the saucerzine. To his horror he realized he had got the wrong cart. He thought how terrified the mother would be when she missed her baby, but was reassured by a smiling woman right behind him, pushing Green's cart. "Don't you think we'd better trade carts, Mr. Green," the lady said laughingly. It was a neighbor from the same block who Green had known only slightly. As a result of the mix-up he gained a new friend, and, incidentally, a new subscriber!

GRAY BARKER, who is also an audio-visual salesman, was returning from dinner with a client and had invited him into the motel room to demonstrate a new type of slide projector. Throughout dinner and on the way back, Barker had been entertaining the assistant superintendent with frightening stories about monsters, little men and flying saucers, and the latter was eating it up. Barker opened the motel door and motioned for the client to go in first, when suddenly from the darkened interior came a high, piercing whinnying noise. The school-

man, just in the right condition for this sort of thing, yelled, "My God!" and retreated to the car. Barker, although flabbergasted showed he was an old pro at the saucer game by quickly identifying the noise as originating in the heating system where there was a faulty fan. P.S. Barker got the order.

JOAN WHRITENOUR, editor of the newsy SAUCER SCOOP (6464 34th Ave. No., St. Petersburg, Fla.) recently missed one of the copies of that publication and stapled her finger instead. But she just put on iodine and a bandage and went ahead stapling, since she was a little late with the issue (which she mimeographs and assembles herself, with the help of her husband, Ron). Ron swears that Joan just grimaced and declared, "I regret I have only ten fingers to give to the Saucer Cause."

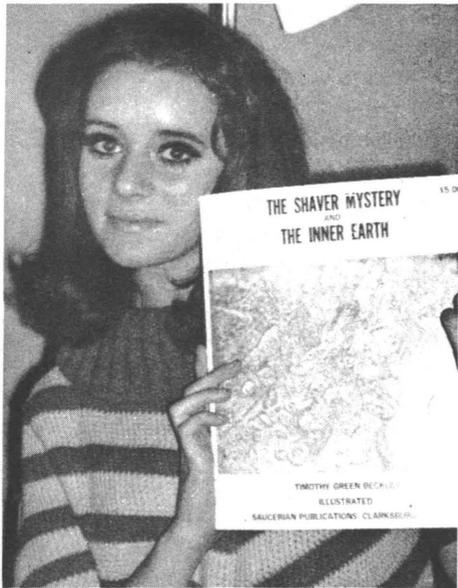
(Send your gossipy items in. We will use the best ones. They need not be about famous people, but we particularly want to hear those. Send each gossipy item on a separate sheet or card. No malevolent or "catty" gossip requested or printed, please.)

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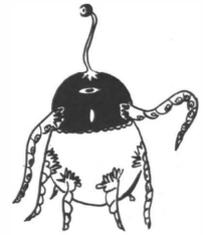
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The Wild Rumor Column

By R. Monger



Mr. Monger

(Because his rumors are so wild and unchecked, not much attention is usually paid to Mr. Monger. However, due to the fact that the UFO mystery itself is indeed fantastic in itself, and that some of his rumors have a habit of turning out to be true, SAUCER NEWS has resurrected Mr. Monger from the old SAUCERIAN and gives him another opportunity to monger his terrible rumors. Often Mr. Monger gets completely out of hand. It is he who is responsible for all the saucer rumors you hear going about. We doubt if many of them are true - if only we knew which were which! - Ed.)

WILD RUMOR: That a Point Pleasant, W. Va., newspaper reporter was "silenced" shortly after the Silver Bridge collapsed there in December. The reporter has built a theory connecting the disaster with sightings of "Mothman" in that area. Vibrations of Mothman's wings was said to have caused houses to shake, according to alleged reports.

WILD RUMOR: That a blood bank storage building near Cincinnati, Ohio, has been under surveillance by cigar-shaped craft. The chamber of commerce allowed pictures of the plant to be scheduled for a TV show, but rushed to the station and snatched them back just before airtime (Courtesy of L.S. Drummond, Peyote, N.M.).

WILD RUMOR: That a saucer was seen landing on top of a ridge near Huntsville, Ala. Hikers saw a man get out of the saucer. The man opened a metallic box and withdrew a large photograph printed on heavy plastic and with scan lines evidencing it had been blown up from a TV screen. He set the picture up on a built-in easel and prostrated himself before it for a few seconds, then folded everything up, re-entered the craft and flew away. The hikers swear the photograph was of Ronald Reagan!

WILD RUMOR: That a radio station in Saskatoon, Canada, announced on its noon broadcast, of July 8, 1967, "Visitors from outer space are landing in the United States," and that Government and responsi-

ble news media were trying to hush this up and hide the facts from the public. (Courtesy G.K. Bergen, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada.)

WILD RUMOR: That one of the three men in black has been identified as Mr. Clinton Stromberg who lives in a small hotel on Vine Street in Cincinnati, Ohio. His sartorial tastes run to sports clothes, however, while not on duty.

WILD RUMOR: That the cancellation of "The Invaders" T.V. Show was not due to poor viewer ratings as announced, but that the real reason was due to the impending resignation of Roy Thinnes from the title part. It is said that Thinnes has been threatened on numerous occasions when the show dealt with topics "too hot to handle". When reached for comment, Thinnes would say only that, "I have no comment other than the fact that there is more truth behind the TV plots than most people realize."



WILD RUMOR: That George Emerson Fox, prominent in UFO and Occult circles in N.Y.C., saw a Venusian woman on a subway train in early December of last year. She was reportedly 6-1/2 ft. tall, and "had eyes as big as saucers".

WILD RUMOR: That there is a secret room in the Pentagon, available only to persons of very special clearance, where experiments are made in projection of three dimensional images, probably with the aid of lasers. These projections are of futuristic aircraft, including saucer

shapes. These experiments are thought to be involved with psychological warfare applications.

WILD RUMOR: That divers were very busy on Lake Wanaque, N.J., site of many saucer landings. This was carried out on Christmas Day, when there was no or little traffic in the vicinity. Traffic was rerouted on the excuse of road repairs.

WILD RUMOR: That Dr. Donald H. Menzel is writing a new book on UFOs, and that the forthcoming volume will be much more favorable toward the idea of interplanetary saucers than he has expressed in the past.

(If you want the WILD RUMORS you hear to be widely circulated and possibly take on a few more details with each telling, by all means send them in to Mr. Monger, care of SAUCER NEWS, and he'll run them in this column - if the rumors are wild enough!)

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Jim (Moseley):

This is written in a rare and disquieting seriousness that could only be brought about by what I am to reveal below.

What I will relate here is to be considered in strictest confidence, and if any part of it is in any way released to even a select audience, I request that I remain in total anonymity as to its authorship.

You are, of course, aware of my contact work, to one degree or another, and unfortunately, with a most minute level of credence in what I claim. However, belief or disbelief is immaterial - the fact is that you are at least aware that I CLAIM to be in contact with extraterrestrials. THIS is the only IMPORTANT point.

I read your editorial in the Fall issue with a great deal of discomfort, and as you related the odd and frightening events that are even now transpiring within UFOlogical circles, I debated whether I should even reveal this at all, thinking maybe it would be preferable to simply let it remain under the hat, and continue on as if nothing had happened, with no one the wiser.

Whether my choice in telling you this is wise or foolhardy is a moot question, and only time will be the ultimate judge. But, for what it is worth to the total understanding of the unnerving phenomena that UFOlogy is now besieged with, I open the doors unto you, content that your better judgement will conduct you properly with this information.

On the date of 16 December 1967, at 0200 hours, I received a brief communication from my contacts - a normal, routine conversation that lasted for perhaps twenty minutes. As we were about to close off, I detected on their end a good deal of agitation, and seconds later, the speaker informed me, "We are being monitored. Cease communication immediately. This station is clear." Everything went silent, for about a minute, and I was about to switch off the receiver when a tremendous burst of very-high-speed code rattled the speaker for ten seconds. When it left, there was nothing. Just dead air.

Having left my recorder running, I managed to copy the code trans-

mission. I relate it here for what it's worth, because it is totally unintelligible to me.

RANSE DEMMA HYYPO LRATX
CRWAW MMERM GRGAI HUUF
NIMRO XERCI TRIEO. COMPUTE
744-K. CL-5 OUT. CL-9 AC-
KNOWLEDGES. OUT.

That's it. Just those unbreakable five-letter code-groups, and that cryptic English tag on the end. The part, "CL-9 acknowledges. Out," was in a different tonal scale and slightly lower speed, and I assume that it was a second station replying to the first.

Continuing, I pored over this peculiar exchange for some three hours, trying a dozen types of substitution codes in an effort to break the message, to no avail. I believe it to be an alien language, or at least not English. The five-letter grouping is a standard technique of breaking down code messages, and makes deciphering almost impossible.

At 0600, I decided to hit the sack to catch a few winks. I slept very badly this particular morning. As soon as I drifted off, I began to dream - a most peculiarly horrifying dream, repeating itself over and over, in which I found myself thrust naked from the airlock of some unknown spacecraft into the black void of deep space. I awoke four times, and each time I went back to sleep, this distressing sequence repeated itself. After the last time, I decided to stay awake for a while, and hope that at a later time I could catch up on my needed rest without further repetition of this awesome and disconcerting dream.

I noticed soon after that I was beginning to develop a severe headache, especially acute in the form of shooting pains in the temples and in the center of the forehead. At one point, when it had become unbearable, I will swear that I heard a raucous, hollow laughter ringing in my head, interspersed with a mocking voice shouting, "Death to enemy". For fully two minutes, this torment continued. The sounds grew more intense, and I began to see things that weren't there - horrifying faces, grotesque masques twisted into disgusting semblances of human faces. Bestly apparitions,

with bulging, pulsating red-streaked eyes that stared unblinkingly into my very soul; nostrils flared and emitting yellowish vapor; a slit mouth, with grisly green teeth, and an infested tongue slaveringsaliva downward, to run in a slow trickle from the monster's unshaven chin.

I managed to stagger over to my bed, or where it should have been if I could see beyond those phantasms from hell. As I fell back, clutching the sides of my head with my hands, a huge figure appeared beside the bed, a deformed, hairy creature like unto an ape, with a face so very much like the vacant insentience of a mongoloid idiot. In its bristly hand it wielded a most vicious-looking dagger hewn from stone, which it brought up above its head and thrust downward in a plunge right for my chest.

I believe I screamed - at least that's what my folks say. I can't recall for sure. In any event, it was over. Only a lingering trace of the head pains stayed on. The apparitions were gone, as were the haunting voices.

For an hour I simply lay on my bed, unmoving, trembling in uncontrollable spasms, breathing in quick, shallow breaths, fearing to open my eyes lest the ghastly demons be waiting to start anew their torment.

As the day wore on, the morning slipped into the afternoon, I had almost managed to forget the fearsome moments hours earlier. The family had gone into Pittsfield (the nearby large town to Washington), and I was alone in the house.

At about 1300, I went out to pick up the mail, a routine for me on Saturdays. The usual junk occupied the box - ads, bills, and a catalog. Tucked in amongst them was a strange envelope - a dark brown in color, almost black, to be sure - and of a size completely out of standard dimensions. On it was the single word, "Contactee".

I brought it inside, and opened it carefully, not knowing what to expect. The second shock of the day came then. I have enclosed the 'letter' that was in the envelope, and would like to have it returned. Photocopy it if you so desire, but

I'd like to have the original for my files.

Continuing, I placed this aside after a while, having become accustomed to nut mail by now, and thought no more of it. I didn't even pay attention to the fact that there was no stamp on the envelope, and that it thus must have been put in the box in person by the one who sent it.

At 1500, the events of the morning were just bad memories, and I was settled down to a day of reading once more the various saucer mags in my file. I became deeply engrossed in one, and was unconscious to the entrance into my room of three men, until one spoke to me, saying, "... , we would have words with you."

I think I jumped about three feet in the air, and when I had regained my composure, I stammered, "Who . . . who are you?" The one who spoke before replied, "Look closely. Do you not know us from your books?" I gave a cursory glance at the trio - that was all I needed. The sudden realization hit me like a charge of dynamite - BENDER'S THREE MEN IN BLACK.

"We are not of the same," he corrected me, "but a close union with them. Our purpose is similar." I took time to look over each one carefully. They looked like identical triplets, about thirty-five to forty years of age, with olive complexion, black, piercing eyes deep-set behind heavy eyebrows, Romanesque noses, and thin lips in what might be called a Mona Lisa smile. They were observing me in an unblinking stare.

They were dressed identically - black turtle-neck shirts, and black suits. The only variation was the charcoal-grey socks worn by one.

Since they seemed to be content to merely observe me, my fears abated somewhat, and I asked them what they wanted with me.

The leader of the group - or so I assumed, as the others seemed to let him have the run of the show - took a seat in one of my chairs, and while toying with a microphone on my work-bench, he said, "You are involved in flying saucer research. This is correct?" I could only answer, "Yes, of course. Why?"

"Here is where you receive your alleged communications from the

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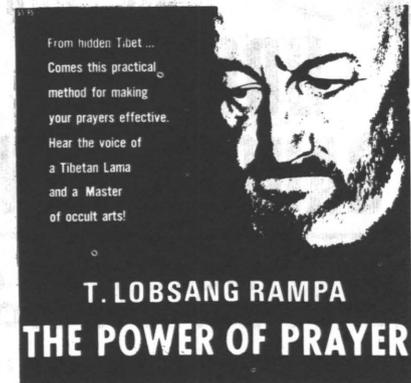
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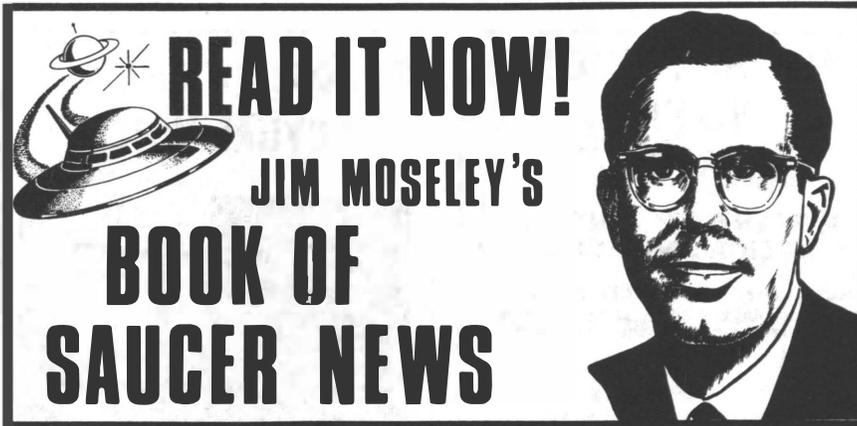
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space people. Is this correct?" he queried, ignoring my question. "Yes, but why ..." He again avoided my interrogation, as he slowly swept his gaze over my charts and Playboy centerfolds hung about the room. For

a moment, he stopped to look at one in particular, then nodded appreciatively, and with a half-smile, commented, "You have most excellent taste in women."

Before I could acknowledge the

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Some of the Contributors

DR. M. K. JESSUP ★ FRANK SCULLY ★ LONZO DOVE ★ IVAN T. SANDERSON ★ MICHAEL G. MANN ★ DR. JOHN J. ROBINSON
MAX B. MILLER ★ THOMAS M. COMELLA ★ GRAY BARKER ★ DR. LEON DAVIDSON ★ BRINSLEY LE POER TRENCH ★ RICHARD HALL

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compliment, he returned his attentions to me, once again toying unconsciously with the mike. "I am told that you had visitations this morning." I was abruptly aware that everything was beginning to fit. I had just opened my mouth to ask something, when he interrupted me. "Very unpleasant ones, they say." He seemed to be lost in thought, and allowed his voice to trail off as he said quietly, "A very effective weapon, indeed ... but ..."

He came back to reality as quickly as he had left, and noticed the letter still lying on my desk. "I notice you have most strange correspondents, also."

By now I was beginning to become quite a little ticked off, and said

rather harshly, "Just what the hell do you want with ...?" A cutting glare from one of his companions shut me off instantly. He exhaled loudly, and admonished, "Belligerence will never do,"

He suddenly assumed a very serious composure, and riveted his stare into my eyes. I could feel his penetrating glare boring into my brain like a hundred little needles. "We are here to offer you a choice. You had a rather bad dream this morning, in which you were ejected into space quite unclothed."

"This is one alternative. The other is to cease your saucer work, refuse further communications from your alien contacts, and destroy all your files on the subject. When this

is done, you will forget all you know. You will speak to no one, you will not discuss saucers, and you will terminate all related correspondence. In short, for you, flying saucers will cease to exist."

"That's impossible," I protested loudly. "How the hell am I supposed to just dump everything in one big bang, and not create a mess of suspicion? Tell me THAT." In reply he said, "Who has care about the suspicions of others? It is your life we discuss now, not theirs."

He stood and walked directly toward me, stopping three feet in front of me. "They who are suspicious will not be beside you as you are thrust into space." As he spoke he reached forward and pressed his ring against my head.

I was inside a space ship, in an airlock, alone, naked, terrified. I felt the cold hard metal beneath my feet, the draft of icy air as the pumps emptied the lock, the chill of space permeating every exposed inch of my skin, the irrational panic that precedes inevitable death.

I was back once more in my room. The three had regrouped, and the leader was saying to me, "... and this is as it must be unless you heed our warnings. Good day, You are an intelligent man. You will come to our ways."

With that he and his partners spun on their heels and left the room. I followed them at a discreet distance, and watched as they boarded a red Volkswagen, and proceeded toward Becket. It was perhaps only the fact that I stood there a long moment just looking upward that enabled me to catch a glimpse of a silvery disc streaking skyward, to disappear into the clouds.

And that is that. I have evidently defied them, and as yet nothing has happened. Whether they were bluffing remains to be seen. My contacts have told me that I need have no fear, but that feel of cold vacuum on my skin doesn't allow me to take very much comfort in the assurances my space friends have given me.

Again I say: IF ANY PART OF THIS IS USED, I WILL NOT ALLOW MY NAME TO BE USED WITH IT. YOU MAY SHOW THIS TO YOUR ASSOCIATES IF YOU SEE FIT, BUT I FULLY EXPECT THAT THIS WILL REMAIN CONFIDENTIAL WITHIN THE SAUCER NEWS OFFICE.

I request comments as soon as possible, else I might not be here when they come. If this fits in with what you've found so far, let me know, okay? Frankly, these men have me quivering in my shoes.

(Name Withheld)

● We have not reproduced the note for certain good reasons. Readers may be glad to know that the correspondent is continuing with his research despite this unpleasant experience and the threats by the three visitors. - Ed.

Dear Mr. Barker:

Since the flying saucer mystery is on its last leg - and the ANSWER is HERE, now - there is no reason for further study!

Milton X. Scott

● If Mr. Scott knows what the answer is, we certainly would appreciate his communicating it to SAUCER NEWS readers. We think Mr. Scott owes it to our readers to tell us whatever answers he knows - IF HE INDEED KNOWS ANY. - G.B.

Dear Mr. Barker:

In a recent letter to your state governor, Hulett C. Smith, I asked him for any material on UFOs. He sent me your address.

I would like you to know that I have started my own research project on UFOs for my science class at school.

Bill Moore, Jr.
R.R. #1, Box 34
Mt. Perry, Ohio 43760

● Very pleased that Governor Smith continues to be interested in this subject. - G.B.

TO ALL CONTACTS:

Today an amazing thing happened. Do you recall my letter to you some time ago . . . telling you of strange phenomena which has occurred in my own apartment? The night I woke and saw a man's face and torso ten feet high in the air . . . another night I woke, about the same hour, 4:00 A.M., and saw a circular disc filled with beautiful colors floating near the ceiling. My wife woke me to see it.

My wife and I are positive it is "Si phenomena". (She woke up at

4:00 A.M. several nights ago and found a bright beam of light shining through the wall over her head! After she saw the beam of light, it vanished.)

Today I received a letter from a lady in California. Weeks ago I sent her a Si disc, as per my article in Fate magazine. This disc is "charged" with power from the Si dimension, in a way the Si's taught me.

In her letter she states that after she received my disc (and she had never in her life seen a vision) she woke up at 2:00 in the morning, saw a cloud of smoke, and a man appeared. Also she saw "something floating on the ceiling". In other words, what has happened in my own apartment has been duplicated in like phenomena in this lady's apartment! I do not know her . . . she is a complete stranger . . . I just answered her letter request for a disc.

Therefore, the Si's are indeed going very close to all the people receiving these Si discs!

Ted Owens

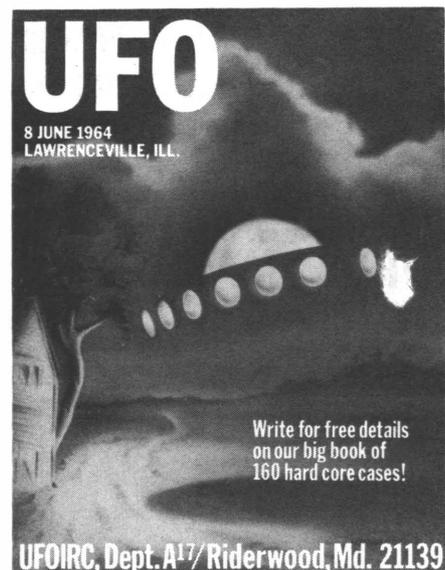
● We don't think we want one of these ourselves, for we'd like to have peace and quiet at night: but if YOU want a "Si Disc", you may write Mr. Owens at Box 17005, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105! - Ed.

Dear Jim Moseley:

Your picture of the creature discovered in Russia, presumably from a UFO greatly excited me. Because in 1965 I drew, with crayons, a picture of the intelligence that I communicate with . . . of two creatures that work for the Si's . . . which receive my communications on a machine they call a "Men-Tel" for mental television, and which I nick-



"Twitter and Tweeter" as seen by Mr. Owens.



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named "Twitter and Tweeter" because of the hissing, squeaky, high-pitched noises they make when they converse with each other.

There is absolutely no doubt but that the picture on the front of this recent Saucer News of the UFO creature is the same as those I sketched in crayon in 1965! Note the three distinguishing features: huge eyes on the side of the head, the triangular shape of the head, and the mouth which comes to a point. Then see my drawing, enclosed, which is completely accurate!

Furthermore, as you can see from my drawing, my creature has

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the odd-shaped head, but a humanoid body, which parallels the description given for the photograph accompanying the SAUCER NEWS cover!

Another thing that might interest



"Space Monster" pictured in the Winter SAUCER NEWS.

you: I had lunch with a friend of Gray Barker the other day, name of Norm Schrebstein. After lunch Norm left me and he walked a half block to Market Street . . . and that's all he knew! They took him to a hospital and gave him medical attention, and when he came to, he couldn't talk. Next day he phoned me and told me all about it.

Ted Owens

Dear Mr. Barker:

I had an experience to lead me to believe that flying saucers do exist. I was working for E.M.R. (Electro Mechanics Research), sub-contract work. This company supplied Cape Kennedy parts for rockets back at that time, in 1955. I had occasion to have lunch with some high ranking officials from the Cape. During the course of lunch a major sitting beside me asked me what I thought of UFOs. I said I believed they were possible, however, I had never seen one.

He then related a story to me about a close friend of his whose plane disappeared while trying to check out a UFO report. This all happened on an Army base and was seen by the naked eye and on radar. Nothing was ever found. The Army searched a 40-square-mile area and found no trace of the aircraft.

Bob Neilson

Dear Friend:

This is in response to your request for the document published by the Committee on Armed Services April 5, 1966, concerning Unidentified Flying Objects.

This document is now out of print. The Committee's supply has exhausted, there is no other source of supply, and there will be no reprint.

Check with your nearest library for any copies they may have available on a loan basis.

Committee on Armed Services
U.S. House of Representatives

● Is this report being hushed up, like so many official documents on saucers? - Ed.

Dear Mr. Barker:

I do believe in UFOs as I have seen one in July, 1957, flying over my house. It was shaped like a cigar, no windows, no wings, no tail. It had an emblem in red and yellow like

this:



The UFO was about 40 ft. long and 20 ft. in diameter and appeared to be made of aluminum.

Mrs. Ella Woods

● This symbol is strikingly similar to the one described by Lonnie Zamora, who experienced the spectacular sighting at Socorro, N.M. - Ed.

Dear Sirs:

As an agent from the distant planet LIBERTAS I feel it is my duty to ask, why do you cheat the American public? Who do you lead the American people to believe that life on the other planets in your solar system exists? As any "space" agent could tell you, NO LIFE EXISTS EXCEPT FOR THE PLANET EARTH IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM. My Planet, LIBERTAS, has been watching the Planet Earth for the past 200-250 years. Other reports could come from other distant planets also holding life. We of LIBERTAS hope you will stop hoaxing the American People. Thank you and good luck in your other research.

LARC

Dear Science Research:

Please join me in a write-in campaign to elect Jesus Christ for President. He might accept if elected.

Ron Amos

● I doubt if He would accept a draft! - Ed.

Dear Gray:

Yes, all of those rumors are true.

1.) I am a salaried employee of the C.I.A., F.B.I., N.S.A., C.I.C., Interpol and the Boy Scouts of America. My job is to investigate UFOs undercover and to pinpoint certain "ufologists" for harassment and arrest.

2.) During the month of October I spent eight days aboard a flying saucer and visited Venus, Mars, Jupiter and the Moon. I was also taken on a guided tour of the caves.

3.) Yes, the UFO powers are

(continued on page 31)

saucerzines, and with the most complete reporting of ALL phases of the saucer mystery, will remain the same, if not "more so".

With the publishing of SAUCER NEWS come many responsibilities, which we feel obligated and honor-bound to accept. But we feel we must institute ONE very important change. While Jim tried to obtain mass circulation, we have decided to pass up this opportunity. We deliberately WANT A SMALL CIRCULATION limited to those readers who are more than casually interested. With this specialized circulation we will not have to "talk down" to our readers. We are going to deliberately LIMIT circulation. This can best be done by letting those subscribers who are not greatly interested just naturally drop out when their subscription expires. We will not engage in any "hard sell" to get them to renew and probably will limit our renewal reminders to ONE notification. Those who are really interested will automatically re-subscribe.

John J. Robinson, who last year resigned as Assistant Editor to become Research Director, has graciously agreed to resume the former position, and will function also in Research until that position can be filled. He is pictured elsewhere in this issue.

Al K. Bender has joined our staff as Western Editor, and will be in charge of all editorial affairs on the West Coast. Bender, almost a legend in Ufology, has been out of the field since 1953, when he closed the International Flying Saucer Bureau, one of the world's most successful UFO organizations, after certain events which he described in his book, FLYING SAUCERS AND THE THREE MEN. In a statement issued to West Coast news media, our new Western Editor stated:

"Since my exit from my active role in the field of Ufology many changes have occurred in the general situation. I feel it is now time to assume a more active role in this important field of activity and investigation. My exit from the field was upon the advice of a higher source, as stated in SPACE REVIEW. Now a higher source has stated that the time is right for my assuming a more

active role. I urge all interested parties to double their investigations, and all Americans to keep watching the skies!"

HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO SAUCER NEWS EXPIRED?

Whether or not you received a renewal notice with this issue, your subscription is up for renewal if the number 71 follows your name on the envelope. Due to the high cost of mailing reminders with the advent of the new postal rates, it may not be economical to mail you additional notices. And since we are adjusting our print orders to take care of only those whom we feel are SERIOUS UFO students, the number of subscriptions is limited. By sending your renewal NOW you will be assured of a continuing reservation to receive this publication.

WE NEED CLIPPINGS and information on saucer-events. Our extensive clipping services to which we subscribe do not always include local news media. We may not be able to acknowledge this information, but your contribution will be used wisely in the solving of the Flying Saucer Enigma.

SAUCER NEWS is not responsible for re-mailing issues if you do not provide a change of address 30 days in advance of each new issue. Mailing and clerical expenses average 48% per issue, believe it or not. The post office charges us additional for every issue returned because of change of address.

Inquiries and comments about the current issue and other matters are welcomed. Please do not feel badly if we cannot make lengthy personal answers to your letters. You may be assured of a response, however, if you enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with your inquiry. Please send such an envelope, also, when you have any complaint.

1968 CONGRESS

The 1968 Congress of Scientific Ufologists will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 21-22 and 23, at the Inn America, 6287 Pearl Road.

Although there will be an open (public invited) meeting at the Valley Forge High School Auditorium on

the evening of June 22, emphasis this year will be placed on the closed sessions, rather than on the public aspect.

Executives of any UFO organization, and their authorized delegates may participate in the closed sessions. Since the next issue of SAUCER NEWS (where more information will be available) may not be circulated widely before that date, we suggest you write for complete information to: Clevecon, P.O. Box 9811, Cleveland, Ohio, 44142. It is hoped that all members of the SAUCER NEWS staff may attend en masse, and that you will have the privilege of meeting them in Cleveland.

While attending the closed sessions of the 1967 Congress of Scientific Ufology in New York, we had some bitter disagreements on the floor with William H. Lutters, mainly about his motion to condemn the Condon Committee before they issued their first report, in anticipation of a negative one. Let me also say that these disagreements were confined to the meeting and that we became the best of friends.

I bring this up in complimenting Lutters for the most accurate and fairest report yet published on the 1967 convention. This appeared in the Winter 67-68 Convention issue of his very fine publication, UFO REPORT. For information about this issue or a subscription, write to UFO Report, 227 Old Tavern Road, Orange, Conn., 06477.

Speaking of other publications, one of the editor's favorite is SAUCER SCOOP, at 6464 34th Ave. North, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33710 (\$3.00 per year). Crammed with the latest saucer sightings, the publication also has a gossipy "Saucer Snoops" column which is always enjoyable. How they got the info we don't know, but SAUCER SCOOP scooped everybody by first carrying the news of the change of publishers of SAUCER NEWS, and the fact that it was going to be professionally typeset and printed!

If you're seriously interested in the Shaver Mystery, you should subscribe to SEARCHLIGHT, edited by Timothy Green Beckley, at 3 Courtland St., New Brunswick, N.J. 08901. Beckley is in close touch with Shaver and publishes a great deal of his material. \$2.00 per year.

UFO Warning

By JOHN STUART

First published in 1963, the first edition of "UFO WARNING" sold out quickly. Because of its shocking and terrifying nature, the publisher did not reprint this book. Things have changed, however, and students of the UFO Mystery are more knowledgeable and mature. Also, a wave of strange happenings, similar to those described in "UFO WARNING", has recently developed, and sincere saucer students should and must have this information.

So the publisher has decided to make a limited re-printing of what is probably THE MOST FRIGHTENING AND HORRIFYING BOOK ever published on the subject of UFOs. It tells the strange story of John Stuart, head of the Australian group, "Flying Saucer Investigators". He and his pretty co-director, Barbara, discovered what they felt was the secret of the discs, after which they were beset by strange occult forces and terrible warnings. Their failure to stop their work resulted in the appearance of a vile, lecherous monster. "UFO WARNING" will tell you what NOT to do in UFO research and what subjects to avoid, lest you too, be given the WARNING.

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(according to which story you buy) by Richard Shaver and/or Ray Palmer (again depending on which story you prefer). To fully explain them would involve a discussion of the Shaver mystery itself. Suffice it to say that the meaning varies from the literal Shaverian meaning of good and evil beings beneath the surface of the earth, to demons from the lower astral.

ANGEL HAIR: This is a borrowed term, and seems to derive from the stuff you might put as a decoration around a Christmas tree. In UFOlogy, it means matter dropped from UFOs or simply found lying around, or falling from an empty sky which looks like the more conventional "angel hair". Other terms have been used for this matter, but this is by far the most popular.

FA, AFB, PIO: Air Force, Air Force Base, Public Information Officer, et al. A considerable amount of Air Force terminology is shared by UFOlogists for obvious reasons.

LITTLE GREEN MEN: One of the most popular terms for UFO occupants (rivalled by "Men from

Mars"), "little green men" is a paradoxical term in that not one substantiated case of a "little green man" has ever been made! Little men, yes, but where the green came from beats me.

FORTEAN: A term that predates organized UFOlogy, it means any type of strange, unexplainable physical phenomena. It is derived from the name of Charles Fort, the great American writer. Interestingly enough, it seems to be used in connection with parapsychological phenomena as well.

It should be emphasised that this discussion was off the cuff, and therefore none of this should be taken as final word. The actual origin of some terms is obscure, and this discussion has been based on what I have developed as my own understanding of them. I could quite easily be wrong.

UFOlogy is rich in terminology. What is lacking, however, is a more precise technical terminology for the phenomena being dealt with. Perhaps time and research will precipitate this.

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Sands" by J. Mortimer Sheppard; "Trail of the Abominable Snowman" by Gardner Soule, etc. If you look at the title page of the latest Funk & Wagnalls dictionary you will find me listed as "Geography Editor". "Researchers" who are too lazy to find their libraries need only turn on their TV set and watch for reruns of the many TV shows which carry my writing credit. There is no mystery whatsoever about my life or my activities. Extensive material has been published about me in everything from the VILLAGE VOICE to SEMANA (the Spanish news magazine). Any researcher worth his salt could uncover a massive amount of information about me within a few hours and dispel the silly "mystery".

If any further rumors develop I would appreciate hearing about them immediately and will endeavor to track them down to their source. If you receive any anonymous letters or other documents mentioning me I would like to have photostatic copies. In the meantime, I suggest that "ufologists" dedicate themselves to the UFO problem and spend less time circulating rumors and half-baked speculations.

John A. Keel.

P.S. Don't quote this letter out of context.

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OUR BACK COVER

It is said that in 1947 Henri Matthey was vacationing in the Swiss Alps when he spied an Unidentified Flying Object cruising along a mountainside. He snapped a picture. The object did not appear in the photograph, but, to his amazement, he realized that the highlights and shadows of the snowy mountain formed perfect picture of the Christ. This picture is reproduced on our back cover. You may not see the image the first time you look at the cover; in fact, many people never do see it. If you see the face, you may possess unusual occult and spiritual insights. In looking for the picture, note that the top of it is toward the binding of the magazine.

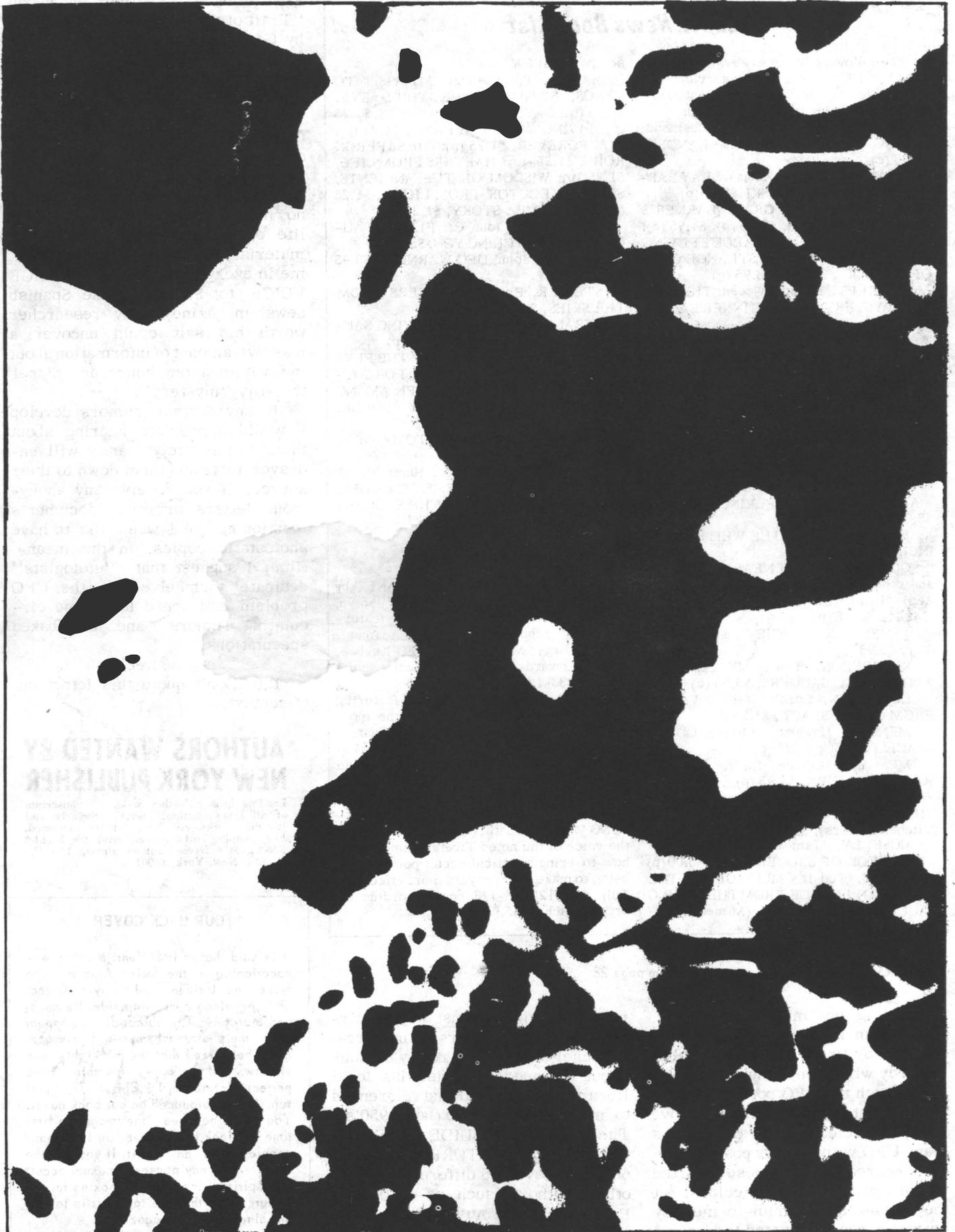
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR continued from page 28

controlling my mind at all times. Their plan is to make me famous and run for President in 1972. Bobby Kennedy will be my running mate.

4.) Both the UFO powers and the government agencies listed above have instructed me to "silence" as many UFO witnesses as possible.

Now, really, all of these assorted rumors are not only ridiculous, but they could be harmful to me. My lawyer is now instructed to take im-

mediate action against anyone circulating such rumors. Any "researcher" who is really curious about me need only visit his local library where he will find references to me in WHO'S WHO (late 1950's), The READERS' GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE (50's and 60's), and over 25 different books by other authors such as "Cocktail Party for the Author" by Alex Jackson; "Sailing The Sahara



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