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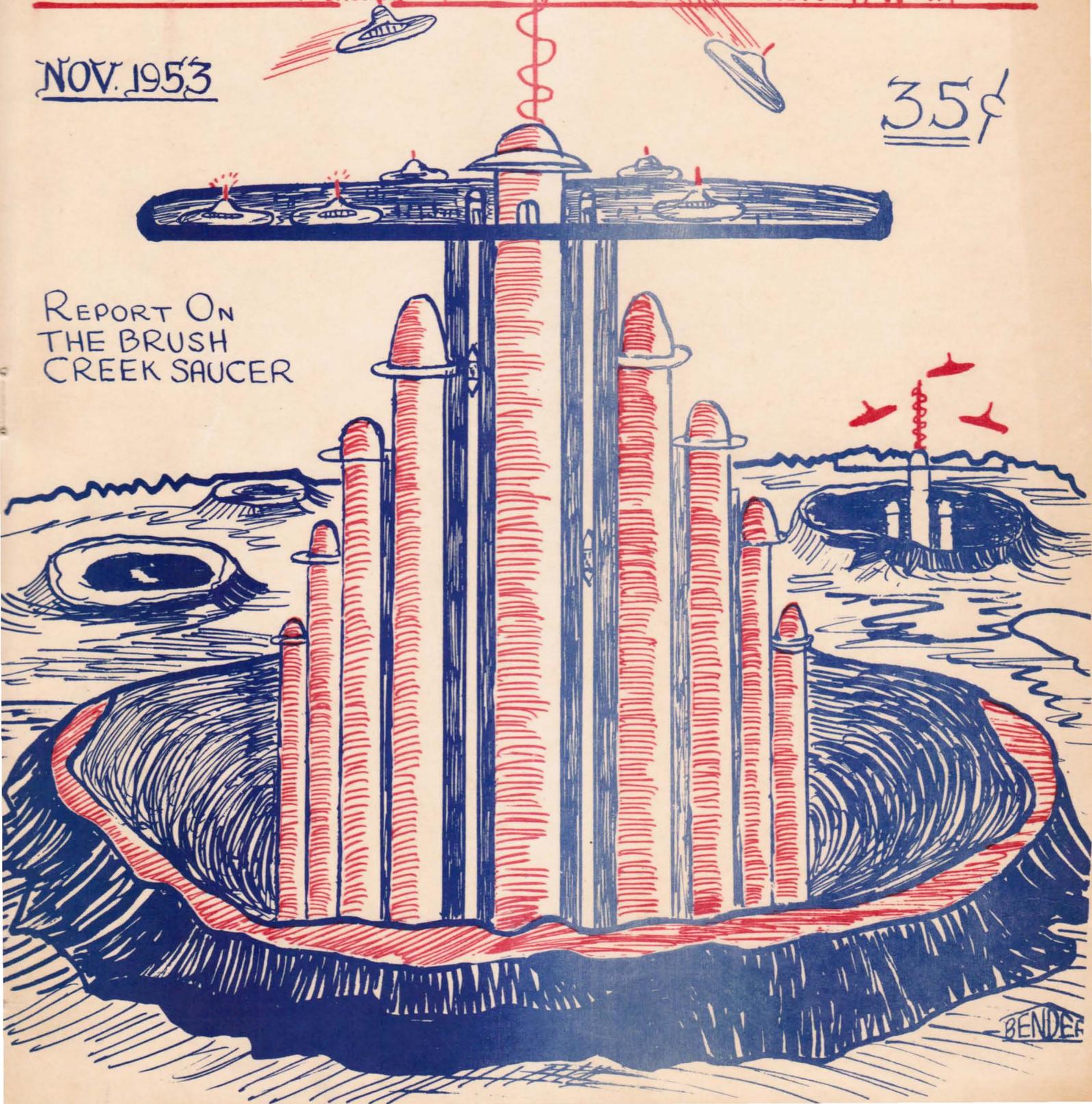
SAUCERIAN

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NOV. 1953

35¢

REPORT ON
THE BRUSH
CREEK SAUCER



BENDER

The Saucerian

"Keep your head in the stars-----And your feet on the ground"

VOL. I, NO. II ----- NOVEMBER, 1953 ----- PAGE 1

EDITORIAL -----

Behold, the second issue is upon you!

Often we fear these numbers are perpetrated, not issued, we are so conscious of our limitations. For the saucer mystery, instead of becoming clearer, is steadily growing more complex. Some saucers don't act like others; their occupants are various. As each day passes we feel more and more as if "other planets" is too simple an explanation.

With the first issue we gave up trying to cope with it.

Hardly anyone is more confused about saucers than is THE SAUCERIAN. There are some theories more attractive and more understandable than others, but we still don't want to stick our neck out.

Two current publications carry saucer narratives, which we must assume are on the level, considering the editorial approval under which they appeared. These have saucer occupants meeting and talking with Earth residents, would lead the reader to believe whoever is visiting us is doing so because of a sort of proprietary interest.

But the general tone of such reports is a bit emotional -- a bit religious.

We'd rather believe the saucers represent a vast number of different phenomena, some of which may be totally unrelated to the others. Perhaps some really are from Mars; some may be exploring and making scientific studies. Some may be from solar systems galactic distances from ours. Or there may be vaporous entities from intradimensional regions, far beyond our present ability to understand. Or some may come from deep under the Earth. Cockeyed? Perhaps.

Such a way of thinking might explain the varied configurations, and the varied behavior patterns.

THE SAUCERIAN shall lay down no dogma, nor try to change the world. Personally we like the world as it is mighty well, and even if we could change it, should we take the risk? After all, it could be much worse, you know.

We are pleased and highly flattered by the letters from people who evidently enjoyed the September issue. We hope they will be as pleased with this one. (Continued--Next page)

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(EDITORIAL--Cont'd.)

We're running a main article in which the Brush Creek, California, saucer is given careful investigation, in much the same manner as the West Virginia "Monster" was handled in the last issue. We couldn't be on the spot personally, but have a great deal of confidence in Paul Spade, who spent considerable time with the miners. We hope you'll be good enough to tell us what you like and don't like about THE SAUCERIAN, and promise to do all we can to satisfy our readers.

It is with regret we find it necessary to increase the price of this publication. Although it is impossible to publish an amateur publication, of limited circulation, without going in the hole financially, and this increase will not pull us entirely out of it, nevertheless it will help. This issue is, despite our earlier qualms, just as big as the first one, although we can't promise so many pages regularly. If we can obtain proper material, however, we shall continue with the same general size and format.

Material is still welcomed, though our readers seem to like technical and speculative articles better than fiction. Short filler items are still urgently needed. We'd also appreciate your forwarding newspaper clippings about events, saucerian and otherwise, which smack of the strange and unusual.

Our editorial policies are pretty well set, although it will be some time before we gain enough experience to forge THE SAUCERIAN into a general policy mould where it will remain, we hope, many many years.

We shall be deeply concerned about flying saucers, but not greatly worried. We shall not (heaven forbid!) preach to you. We shall often have our tongue in cheek, when it can be done with your knowledge. We shall try to laugh with you now and then, but not hysterically. If we can say "boo!" and make you jump, we shall do so, but only to exercise your emotions -- there must be some use for devils or there wouldn't have been so many created over the past centuries.

A friend asked me recently what I'd write about, what the many saucerenthusiasts would do, if the mystery were suddenly explained, to everyone's satisfaction, in a completely natural manner. That is a good subject to think about, but is mainly academic, we believe. If such a great misfortune should befall, it might be hard to find something else with which to occupy our spare time so dilligently.

Of course we could join the Flat Earthers.

(END--G.B.)



SAUCER NEWS

What's Doin' With
the Saucers -----
Data Collected From
Here and There

Since the first issue went to press the saucers were still skimming through the skies, as fast and numerous as ever. Something strange destroyed a signboard, a bat man perched in a tree, a tombstone glowed eerily, and the Air Force still couldn't explain the remaining percentage. A man put up a sign, trying to locate his children, snatched away on Christmas morning.

Otherwise things were normal. Godfrey went back on the air, the Russians exploded a hydrogen bomb, and Dr. Kinsey revealed that women, too, are not to be trusted too far outside the house.

The traditional July 29 rain fell in Waynesburg, Penna. It had rained there every July 29, with the exception of seven years, since 1875. Archie Littleman, Pittsburgh boxing promoter, made his annual bet of a hat with Waynesburg weather record-keeper John Dailey, and, as usual, Dailey won. He has also won free fedoras from Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Elmer Polson, an instructor at Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, was there to investigate the claims. "I'm convinced," he announced, as he regretfully surveyed his newly-washed automobile.

SAUCERIAN DOG FIGHTERS

A Shiloh, Ohio, man watched a 70-second dog fight between two flying disks. Wilgus A. Patton was driving when he saw two "shining things" whirling around each other. He pointed out the objects to his wife and children, parked his auto off the road. "The two things looked like tadpoles at first glance. They were tremendously large and appeared to be flying at about 1,000 feet and about three miles away from us." The objects were diving at each other. They headed north suddenly and disappeared "in a flash."

A Cleveland, Ohio, man saw "a huge white-rimmed saucer, bigger than a house, flying through the northern sky," on August 13. George Popovic and his wife watched it from their front yard for two minutes about 2 a.m. After it disappeared they saw something that looked like two misty clouds in the sky, also very white.

Mrs. James Retter, of Pittsburgh, Pa., saw several small objects she described as "cloud-like" going around in a circle in her yard. They were no more than a foot in diameter. She attached no importance to the things, did not investigate.

Policemen in the San Francisco area saw what looked like a "light bulb" maneuvering in the sky. Four U.S. airmen in Korea watched a small, white, delta-shaped object flying around 80 miles an hour over Communist territory on the western front. First Lieut. Ed. Balocco chased a silvery object over Washington, North Carolina. It appeared to be an airplane at first, with red lights. He soon observed it was traveling too fast for conventional aircraft. He chased it at more than 500 miles per hour, but was unable to keep up with it.

And skywatchers' logs were filled with objects which didn't behave like airplanes.

In Monticello, Indiana, a flying saucer came on invitation, but didn't stay for dinner. It put on an hour-long show for 500 people on the beach. It appeared exactly a year after the chamber of commerce had somewhat jokingly invited a saucer to land there.

And newspapers across the Nation credited the step-up in saucer sightings to the August heat wave.

FIREBALL DESTROYS SIGNBOARD

Whatever it was, it brought plenty of heat with it in New Haven, Conn. A fireball, or something, demolished a sign, making a hole more than a foot wide. It exploded with a noise so loud it gave nearby residents the scare of their lives and caused one woman to have a miscarriage.

August C. Roberts, the flying saucer photographer, was in New Haven lecturing to a group called S.P.A.C.E. Shortly after the incident he was able to investigate. One unidentified man was the only one who really saw it first hand, about 30 feet from his car. He said it was a red ball of fire about six or eight inches in diameter. It hit the sign, then went over a hill about a half-mile away. The fire department rushed to investigate the smoking sign but could not explain what had happened. Neither could the police nor nearby Ordinance Department investigators.

Whatever had collided with the sign may have left part of itself imbedded. Samples are being investigated by the International Flying Saucer Bureau. Although the fireball didn't behave like one, the samples appeared like metals usually found in meteorites.

One woman who saw the flash said the ground shook, and the lights dimmed when the object hit the sign. She feared an atomic bomb had been dropped. People who rushed to look at the sign said they smelled something like rotten eggs.

MOON BULLETS

Dr. Fritz Zwicky, famed astrophysicist at the California Institute of Technology, plans to fire miniature projectiles at the moon and planets in order to uncover secrets of the universe, but needs \$10,000 to finance the project. This probably would be done on the Sahara Desert, newspaper reports claimed. The projectiles would be the size of revolver bullets, fired from balloons 20 miles or more above the Earth's surface by electronic controls.

The wrist watch radio, worn and predicted by Dick Tracy, was at last invented. In experimental use by the Army, it picks up broadcasts within the range of 40 miles, and has been dubbed "The Dick Tracy." It weighs 2 5/8 ounces, is worn on the arm, but utilizes an ear receiver, worn like a hearing aid, connected with a short antenna concealed in the wearer's sleeve.

And in Fayetteville, W. Va., George Sodder put up a billboard, offering \$5,000 for information about five children, snatched away from a burning house eight years ago on Christmas morning.

The parents and four children escaped the fire, officially attributed to faulty wiring; at first they believed the children had

perished in the flames, but no remains could be found in the ashes.

An unknown bus driver said he had seen balls of fire thrown on the roof.

AIR FORCE STILL PUZZLED

Air Force investigators still can't explain that remaining 14 per cent of saucersightings, but they are still running them down, according to Lt. Robert M. Olsson, of Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio.

Although "Project Saucer" was officially discontinued, saucer investigations were continued there as a function of Intelligence (no pun intended).

After all, 14 per cent is still a small consideration, in view of the more than 3,000 reports received in the last six years. The other 84 per cent turned out to be weather balloons, et cetera.

Olsson thinks the remaining 14 per cent can be explained if given time and more information. The Air Force has enlisted the aid of trained astronomers, and investigators have equipped cameras with special lenses and attachments. These will be available to airport control tower operators and jet pilots. A special attachment described as a means of analyzing light in the sky, permitting the photograph to show just what the source consists of, evidently is a diffraction grating, a device which will picture a spectrograph of a light source when placed over a camera lens.

The Air Force reviewed one unsolved case near Albuquerque, New Mexico, on January 26, 1953. Several persons saw a bright red light, hanging low on the horizon, for about 40 minutes. Radar picked up a "blip" corresponding in location and time with the visual sighting. Investigators still don't know what it was, but feel certain it was caused by "atmospheric conditions." Such gaseous gyrations of the elements can play tricks even on radar, they say, since beams are often reflected to Earth by temperature inversions. Under such conditions a truck traveling along a highway might be picked up by radar as an object flashing through the sky at 2,000 miles an hour.

Experts can soon clear up everything once they are on the scene, in most cases at least. In May residents of the Darlington, Wisconsin, area, saw a bright light moving from east to west. Interceptor planes failed to find the strange object. Lt. Olsson and an astronomer checked all the information and found they had seen the planet Venus.

THE BAT MAN COMETH

A man seen in a Houston, Texas, tree didn't need a saucer for locomotion, according to a report in the Houston Chronicle. He had a pair of big black wings, and swooshed over the house of Mrs. Hilda Walker "like a white flash of a torpedo-shaped object."

The bat man was seen to alight in a pecan tree. When Mrs. Walker and two other persons looked up they saw "the figure of a man with wings like a bat. He was dressed in gray or black tight-fitting clothes." After perching in the tree half a minute the halo surrounding him began to fade, and the strange figure disappeared.

The bat man was about 6 1/2 feet tall. All this happened on June 18, at 2:30 a.m. The witnesses: Mrs. Hilda Walker, housewife, age 23; Howard Phillips, tool plant inspector, age 33; 14-year-old Judy Meyers.

BETTER KEEP LOOKING UP!

An article in the October, 1953, MAN TO MAN magazine asks, "Are the Flying Saucers Kidnapping Humans?" then answers the question in the shuddering affirmative.

James Greer was lifted bodily from a farm near Zanesville, Ohio, and his brother, Albert, barely missed catching his threshing legs as something pulled him up into the sky. The only other witness was a hired man who came running when he heard the levitated Greer calling for help and saw his wriggling body so high above it appeared doll-size. After he disappeared from sight, there was a blinding flash of light which streaked off toward the northeast.

A Brooklyn, New York, mother prevented a similar snatching by grabbing her child's knees when they were about five feet off the sidewalk. It seemed as if a magnet were pulling on her, not strong enough to lift both of them off the sidewalk. Suddenly the "power" was turned off, and they both fell down. The girl said something "tingly" had taken hold of her.

Leroy Thorpe, author of the article, also relates how three men near Schaffausen, Germany, ascended straight up "with great rapidity." One levitated victim in Pillitsfer, Livonia, wherever that might be, was dropped from several hundred feet and killed. Dogs have been similarly "collected," too, and there are at least 30 instances of ascending cats, the author declares.

The September, 1950, issue of FATE carried a similar story, titled, "What Happened to Oliver Lerch?" After re-reading this one we feel that whatever happened to Oliver Lerch shouldn't happen to a levitated dog.

It was a bright moonlit night. His friends came running when they heard, "Help, help! It's got me!" ending in a piercing scream. It was Christmas Eve, 1890, and Lerch had gone to get a bucket of water from the well. Half-way to the well his tracks stopped; his bucket lay on the ground; beyond the snow was undisturbed. Above their heads the would-be rescuers could hear the terrible cries for help. Some averred he was calling, "It's got me," and others, "They've got me. Whatever had got him apparently kept him, for Oliver Lerch was never again seen on the face of this Earth.

What was that Charles Fort said, about "being fished for"?



POLTERGEISTS AND TOMBSTONES

Maybe they had nothing to do with saucers, but queer things were happening all over the country.

Something was raising hell in Alabama, at Nathan Irving's farm home near Bessemer, in July. An oil heater and a china cabinet jumped around. Several tables and chairs jumped off the floor and fell over. All this was accompanied by a barrage of rocks falling from the roof and bricks falling from places bricks ought not to be. Besides all this, knives "jumped from the dishpan to the floor."

The Irvings have lived in the house 14 years, have five children, ranging from 9 years old to 9 months. Irving told reporters he doesn't believe in ghosts.

In Pittsburgh's South Side a priest rejected the rumors of a tombstone several hundred people declared glowed weirdly. The stone marks the grave of Giovanna T. Cecere, who died October 27, 1948, at the age of 19. The glow isn't visible in the immediate vicinity of the grave, only from St. Paul's Street a half-mile away.

The Rev. Harold Poletti, C.P., said the church was taking no action, and there was nothing about which to get excited. Police Inspector Paul Mozuch could find no paint nor powder on the stone which might cause the glow, but believed it was storing light from the sun and giving it off at night. Chemist Norval Hoge, of the Mineralogical and Lapidary Society of Pittsburgh, gave the only other explanation. He said it likely was caused by "fox fire or phosphorescent rise" that takes place in cemeteries -- particularly older ones. According to Hoge, it is a phosphorescent gas which rises from the ground either as a ball, flame or glow, sometimes appearing to "hug" an object, such as a tombstone.

They "explain" will-o'-the-wisps, also, you know, but bog down when it comes to getting very deep into the matter.

Other ghostly matters gained Pittsburgh's attention. Police Call Box No. 15 was removed in 1918 when Second Avenue was converted to a boulevard, but police headquarters still receives calls from it. In its day the box received a steady workout from beat men kept busy breaking up brawls in the tough neighborhood.

It called in first 20 years ago, and was quiet until September 12, when the tape recording device punched out "1....5". There was no longer a Box 15, nor was there any answer on the other end. Nevertheless radio cars and traffic motorcycles were dispatched to all boxes in the area, since no answer usually means a policeman in trouble.

No harassed policemen with troublesome prisoners, nor phantoms utilizing a non-existent Box 15 were found, and headquarters wondered how a call could come from a box that went out of operation shortly after World War I.

BURIED ALIVE

In New Delhi, India, a yogi had himself buried alive for nine days, but was very much dead when followers opened the tomb. Police said he died of suffocation. When they tried to remove the body for cremation, followers shouted the yogi was only in a trance.

(SAUCERNEWS--Cont'd)

IVY-COVERED SAUCERS

Indicative of the widespread interest in flying saucers was news that they have now invaded the halls of ivy and are being subjected to full-scale academic ratiocination.

Ohio Northern University set up "Project A" for the "Investigation of Phenomena," headed by Dr. Warren Hickman, dean of the University, who concluded, among other things:

"No one explanation fits all sightings and about 20 per cent of the sightings definitely fit the category of unnatural phenomena."

Although Hickman felt the Project needed more data before the mystery could be solved, he pointed out findings not unlike the general patterns of saucerania reported all over the globe. They traveled at great speeds, made impossible maneuvers, were mainly noiseless. On the matter of noise the Project reasoned the phenomena must be flying at high altitudes where less air resistance would explain the silent saucers. Most people sending in the reports had seen disks, some spheres, cylinders and other shapes, in that diminishing order. It was felt some of the different shapes could have been the same objects, observed in different positions.

Most sightings in the U.S. were in July, August and September, and occurred mainly in clear weather. A few saucers were seen at close range and the close view precluded the possibility of their being reflections or other immaterial appearances, the Project felt.

An interesting stop pattern of flight was observed in many of the sightings. The disks ascended vertically, then flew horizontally, ascended vertically again, and repeated the cycle until out of sight.

The University will continue the study, Hickman said.

"SPACE REVIEW" REPORTS

SPACE REVIEW, publication of the International Flying Saucer Bureau, reported a parachute had dropped into the Grand Canyon out of nowhere, with no planes overhead. A helicopter was unable to negotiate the currents in the Canyon, and a Navy expert was sent for, to see what the mysterious, white, round object, lying at the bottom of the Canyon might be. No further information was learned from the correspondent submitting the data.

An attempt to communicate with the saucerians telepathically, made by members of the Bureau early this year, was successful, according to Senator Marconi, whom Mrs. D. M. Woodall, a Bristol, England, spiritualist, contacted in a seance. The spirit dispensed, along with other information, data about life on Mars, said the saucers are flown by human beings, and the appeal by the Bureau will result in peace.

END OF THE WORLD

Biggest August news to some was the failure of the world to end on the 20th. Several different esoteric groups believed the world would end, or at least something world-shaking would occur. One SAUCERIAN correspondent based his calculations on information in the Great Pyramid, the number "666" and Stalin's birthday.

A search of the papers disclosed nothing unusual had happened, excepting that the Brush Creek, California, saucer didn't put in its monthly appearance. Nothing in the papers but the usual matters and the ordinary murders, and 600 inmates of the Washington State Reformatory rioting, setting five buildings on fire.

CANADIAN SAUCER

To the top defense scientists it was like seeing science fiction come true. Although the official reason for the visit to Ontario, Canada, was to inspect the new Mark IV Canuck Jetfighter, Lieut. Gen. Donald L. Putt, head of the Research and Development Command of the U.S. Air Force, became much more interested in a forty-foot model of a flying saucer, still in the experimental stages at A. V. Roe, Ltd.

Lieut. Putt and his associates stood in open-mouthed amazement as they heard details of the revolutionary jet aircraft, expected to fly at 15,000 m.p.h., make 180° turns without banking. Although still unofficially tested, the saucer-shaped jet is said to be so revolutionary it will make "everything now in the air obsolete."

An interesting feature of the saucer is a whirling power plant, rotating around a central stationary cockpit at fantastic speed, which, it is said, will impart gyroscopic action to the disk. The machine is not a perfect disk; the trailing edge is straight, but the rest of it is saucer-shaped. Exhaust is directed through a series of vents along the port and starboard rims of the disk. Accompanying illustration is not official, but based on the information received from various sources.

Although it was rumored the saucer will need booster rocket assistance at takeoff from an inclined launching platform, others said it probably will be able to ascend and land vertically. Engineers pointed out the suitability of saucer-shaped design for reducing drag, but one writer believed it would have to be flown at least 65,000 feet in altitude. Only disquieting news to science-fiction and saucer fans was word that it will be two years before the first one can be launched.

And as inevitable as was designing a practical flying saucer was the observation of many that perhaps it would be much less than two years before Earthian saucers will be flying -- perhaps they were in the skies already. The writer could not help observe that his story, "Foreclosure," (See Page 24) might be coming true. If flying disks do exist and are practical, it is logical engineers should be copying them; it is also logical that in a few years from now it will take an "expert" to tell which belong to us and which belong to "THEM."



In England there seemed to be an odd periodicity of events, suspiciously close to the doings at Brush Creek, California. Harold T. Wilkins, our England Correspondent, linked three incidents with the U.S. happenings.

Although no one could say why the parson was out that time of the morning, the Vicar of Oakridge, in the Stroud Valley of the Cotswold hill regions, Gloucestershire, England, was driving his car up a lonely road at 2:25 a.m. when he saw a thing like a white hot poker in the sky, from which fire dropped. A police patrolman and a post office mail van driver also saw it. This was on July 21. A nearby Royal Air Force station said the phenomena could not have been caused by planes.

On the night of August 20 a group of youths on a bicycle hike rushed from their hostel where they were staying overnight to find a nearby shed ablaze. It was raining heavily at the time. On the following nights so many mysterious fires occurred on Cotswold farms that the farmers mounted a fire watch. Police were baffled. Wilkins observes that phenomena like these can be traced back to as early as 655 A.D.

Wilkins is quite vociferous about official attitudes on flying disks and other allied phenomena. "You can rely that all these stories will be officially bawled or sneaked out by authority, and that academic gentlemen will try their slickest best to hint to editors that writers who publish them are writing fantasy in the guise of pseudo-science. But these mysterious entities from outer space won't care a damn for that! They will continue to appear, to mystify, and generally raise Cain and hell on farms, in cycle sheds, -- and in atomic bomb carrying planes. And I have what I regard as evidence that some -- not all -- of these saucers are hostile, and that their enmity is not always the psychological derivation of fear. There is, for example, the type of space craft that looks like an ellipsoid with a ring rotating around it. I have two photos of it, and I guess it is the devil and old Harry when it decides to cause serious trouble. Sad, of course, but some of them do not seem to like us Earthians.

"Well, keep your eye lifting, even if you do not shut your obedient trap, and you will perhaps conclude that if 2 and 2 do not make 5, they do, it is believed, make 4.

"Personally I do not think that your War and Security Depts. have such idiots on their staffs as they would lead folks to suppose -- re the nature of these visitants. But when or if some of these visitants get really nasty, there may or will be quite a lot of very wild terrestrials speaking, and what they will say will not be 'Goodness Gracious!' Or 'Dear Me!' But wicked words and oaths of the sort that caused the parrot to be scragged for psittacosis."

Nor was everything, in other sections of England, completely quiet. A police launch swept a wide area of Table Bay because of a strange white light seen over the sea in the direction of Green Point. A Cape Town radio expert said it was "a brilliant white rocket streaking almost vertically into the sky. The Royal Observatory said this was the time of year when part of the sky could be expected to produce a swarm of meteors with fireballs among them.

MONKEY BUSINESS?

Not much more received on the "unearthly creature" run down by a truck in Georgia. The past issue reported how three Atlanta men, Arnold Payne, a butcher in a Brookhaven grocery store; Edward Watters, 28, a barber; and Thomas Wilson, also a barber, ran over the creature. Similar creatures made for a red flying saucer and zoomed away.

According to the witnesses, they were in a pickup truck on Highway 78, about two miles from Austell, when they topped a rise in the road and one of them yelled to stop. "Right there in the middle of the highway," Watters told newsmen, "was this thing, glowing red all over. Three of the little men were running for it. They all jumped. Two of them made it. I hit the other one."

Another car passed at the time they hit the creature, he said, but apparently did not see the saucer. The machine then rose into the air, turning bluer and bluer as it gained height, then zoomed away.

The Atlanta Journal, which supplied information to THE SAUCERIAN, asked Dr. W. A. Mickle, Professor of Anatomy at Emory University, to examine the corpse. Dr. Mickle decided: "If it's a creature from outer space, they haven't invented anything new."

"It fits the rhesus monkey family closer than anything I know of. The animal shows signs of having had a tail -- it had a fractured tail vertebra -- and used the simian grip of the monkey because of no opposing thumbs. In such a grip, the animal must grasp with the finger and with the heel of the hand."

Dr. Mickle could not explain the lack of hair, but it was suspected the witnesses had shaved it off or used hair remover, and cut off the tail.

Cobb County Police Chief John Lee said he had a warrant for the arrest of the three, charging cruelty to animals. It was reported they had admitted the whole thing was a hoax, to gain publicity.

And so the incident was closed, but THE SAUCERIAN still would like to know all the facts.

SPIRITUALISTIC PARAPHENALIA

Nelson Enterprises, of Columbus, Ohio, one of the Nation's largest suppliers of magical stage supplies, believes in helping the spirits along, when they are timid, especially on the stage where "the show must go on." For \$5.50 every man can become a mind reader by the use of Nelson's New Plastic C-Thru Transparent Clip Boards ("You can see through the board, but not the trick!"). The subject writes something on the board (which looks like an ordinary clip board) never suspecting the mind reader has a crisp carbon copy inside the board. Office spirit slate reading is a trifle more expensive. The "absolutely fair slates (no apparatus or fakes)" sell for \$5.00. A complete ghost show, complete with "eerie and spectacular effects" can also be had reasonably, and with the deluxe outfit, the "ghosts come right out into the audience, frightening the people out of their wits."

Report on the

BRUSH CREEK

SAUCER

— By Gray Barker —

WHATEVER THE CREATURE WAS, ITS MISSION SEEMED TO BE A BUCKET OF WATER. JUST WHAT DID MINERS JOHN BLACK AND JOHN VAN ALLEN SEE AT BRUSH CREEK?

You are John Q. Black.

You stand there near the sandbar, surrounded by 200 people, waiting for a flying saucer to return.

You hope it will so you can prove to the world you aren't a liar.

But there is no flying saucer, and there is no little man, dipping water from the junction of Jordan and Marble Creeks. Dipping water in a bucket that is like no bucket on the face of this earth.

When the saucer doesn't show up, most of the crowd are nice to you.

Altogether you have seen the thing seven times; four times you saw it in the air; it wasn't until you saw it taking off from under your very nose you began giving much thought to it.

But on July 20 you came face to face with something so unusual, yet something so real, that no one, not even yourself, can convince you the story you tell is a falsehood.

A MIDGET AND A BUCKET OF WATER

Out of Brush Creek, California, broke a strange story. Reporters and columnists had a field day relating how a man from space had alighted from a flying saucer and got a bucket of water from the creek. Two gold miners had seen the odd events on two separate occasions and had applied for permission to shoot at it the next time it landed.

For the record, let us quote one of these stories:

(BRUSH CREEK SAUCER--CONT'D)

Miner Reports Flying Saucer

By Bill Earle

OROVILLE -- "The Government can push flying saucers, but I saw one."

That's what John Q. Black, owner of the Big Springs Mine near Brush Creek, told Sheriff's Captain Fred Preston yesterday.

And he saw not only the saucer but also a four foot man with broad shoulders and short legs emerge from it, Preston said.

The metal contraption landed on May 20 and June 20 near the junction of Marble and Jordan Creeks. It was about 12 feet wide and seven feet deep, consisting of two large metal plates.

The top of the saucer was curved and what apparently was the front end was a glass or plastic observation dome. The metal plates were silver colored.

Four metal legs emerged from the bottom of the saucer as it made its landing. When it took off the legs were retracted into the main body of the ship.

A man four feet tall, weighing approximately 110 pounds descended from the parked contraption on a rope ladder, which was dropped from its belly.

After leaving the saucer the man carried a two gallon aluminum bucket to the banks of Marble Creek. He filled the pail and returned to the saucer where he handed it up into the ship. The person who took the bucket was not seen.

When the saucer took off the four foot man was seen sitting in the observation dome. The ship rose straight off the ground, disappearing above the trees at a sharp angle within a matter of seconds. It had no visible means of propulsion but let out a hissing sound.

The newspaper story continues with observations on the character of the miners and states they "were not drinking men."

THE SAUCERIAN duly recorded the story in the past issue, with consideration to the expected inaccuracies in early reports. Although the editor laughed along with the others at the tongue-in-cheek cartoon in the San Francisco Chronicle, somehow the story smacked of truth, and we wanted to get at the bottom of it.



Drawing by Gail Sprague

Artist's conception of incident is based on early reports and is not technically accurate. Only one of the miners, John Q. Black, saw the saucer on the ground. The saucer looked like two soup bowl shapes put together and rested on a cylindrical base.

GAIL

(BRUSH CREEK SAUCER--CONT'D)

Through the aid of objective investigators near the scene we believe we have an account far more accurate than any we have read so far. In the following pages we believe we can relate, without many errors, just what really went on at Brush Creek.

It is difficult to reconstruct such a series of happenings. Things saucerian are so alien to ordinary human experience it is difficult for even a first-hand participant to describe just exactly what he did see. We may be wrong, but we believe the miners are telling the truth, as best they can.

John Q. Black and John Van Allen operate a titanium mine about eight miles northeast of Brush Creek, California. Some reported it was a gold mine, and others speculated that titanium is a metal thought to be used in the construction of flying disks, perhaps the reason the little man was interested in scouting the vicinity.

It is generally agreed that the two are honest and truthful. Miss Vi Belcher, who runs a store where the miners buy provisions, says to her knowledge they are not drinking men -- of anything stronger than orange pop, of which, she adds, they are very fond.

But let us start at the beginning, and relate, as thoroughly as we can, the odd sequence of events.

A CAMPFIRE AND A FISHERMAN

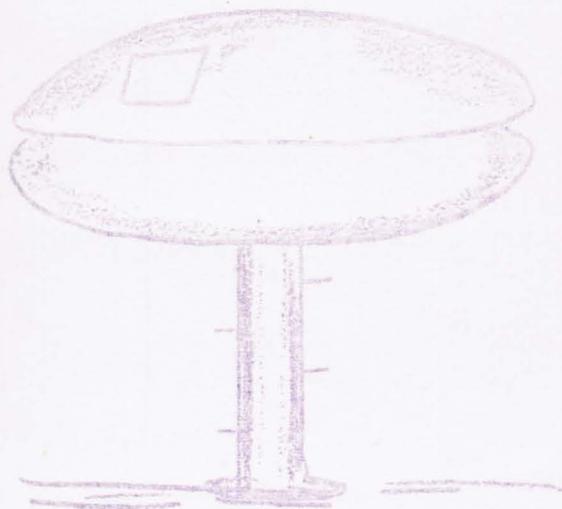
Altogether there were seven sightings of the saucer-shaped craft. Four times it was seen in the air, apparently not too close the ground, nor spectacular, for the miners never bothered to set down those four dates.

But on April 20 the saucer was bolder. They saw it about a quarter of a mile away, passing soundlessly against a hillside, from north to south.

Van Allen had seen it twice in the air, but the close appearances were witnessed by Black alone. Evidently little thought was given to the goings-on until May 20 at 6:30 p.m. On that date Black came over the top of a rock about ten feet from the junction of Jordan and Marble Creeks, saw the saucer hovering above the sandbar about 150 feet away. Then it took off, flew east down the creek with a hissing noise. It was from this and the following closer view that Black was able to estimate the size and describe the shape accurately, although the machine seen earlier in the air appeared identical as far as he could tell.

On May 20 someone or something had built a campfire, because they found coals floating in the creek and could see where the fire had been built on a rock. This evidently is the basis of the newspaper story which had the saucer starting a brush fire when it took off. Black found small five-inch footprints at the site, and on one occasion his compass had spun around wildly, although he had seen no disk at that particular time.

But it was on June 20 only Black saw any creature connected with the saucer, the craft at rest on the ground, and the bucket-of-water episode.



There was a window in the side of the saucer, but it afforded no view of the interior. Black supposed it was a window; it looked like one. There was no observation dome, no smell connected with it.

The little man climbed up through an opening in the base of the saucer, making use of hand-holds. He went up as far as his knees, then seemed to sit down and lift up his legs. The craft rocked as he got in, the base was drawn up into the body, and the saucer hovered in the air for a few seconds, then took off at a 45° angle with a hissing sound.

No visible means of propulsion could be observed. One one occasion (it is not stated whether on June 20 or May 20) the efficient control of the machine was evident as it was rising through some trees, without room to clear the tops. It slipped sideways between them until it gained altitude. On one occasion Black waved his hat at the saucer in the air, and it seemed to reply by wobbling a little.

OPEN SEASON ON SPACE MEN

The world first heard the story when sheriff's captain Fred Preston was in the Brush Creek area on June 24, investigating a burglarly case, when he ran across Black. According to newspaper reports, Black asked him if he had been hearing any reports on flying saucers. When the sheriff said he hadn't, Black replied, "Well, I saw one," and then told of the incidents.

Neither Black nor Van Allen had any intention to shoot at the visitor. Newspaper picked up the story after Black jokingly asked the sheriff if it were "open season on space men."

OTHERS SEE SAUCERS

Maybe it was the same saucer, maybe people were just looking for them, but the Brush Creek incident touched off a wave of saucer reports in the surrounding territory.

On July 13 Mrs. Ethel G. Carson saw a disk darting through the skies at 4 a.m. traveling toward the Cohasset area. It was emitting sparks, "just like fireworks." Mr. and Mrs. Allan Rice, of Pleasant Valley, whom she was visiting, also saw it. They said it was "about a quarter as big as a full moon," and "seemed to be hanging right over the foothills."

On July 15 Mrs. Joyce Battrell, of nearby Chico, saw a silver-colored disk-shaped object hovering in the air about one-fourth of a mile from her house. She was standing on the front porch about 7 p.m. when she noticed the object hanging in space above an almond orchard across from her house. It then began to revolve slowly and move away. She summoned a neighbor, Mrs. E. H. Burnight, but when the latter came the object had moved off in a northwesterly direction until it was only a speck in the sky. Don Burnight, the neighbor's 24-year-old son, thought it was an airplane, but the women said there

was no motor noise. Mrs. Battrell drew a sketch which resembled the saucer seen at Brush Creek.

Another woman, who refused to give her name to reporters, said she was working in the garden of her Linda Way home when she spotted a "real shiny" object practically standing still in the sky. She had talked with Mrs. Battrell after reading of her sighting in the papers and they found they both had been looking in the same direction.

On July 16 Mrs. Hannah Stone, of Chico, saw a silver-colored object in the sky, which "veered like it was going over the city, then it turned sharply toward the north and rose rapidly until it went out of sight. It was round, looked something like a large transparent baseball. It was approaching Chico from the west, almost lazily at first. Then it turned northward and speeded up."

On July 21 Mr. and Mrs. Joe Carlos, of Chico, saw a "bright object, just like a flying saucer," at 6 p.m. while fishing on the Feather River near Oroville. The object went toward Oroville. On August 16 Mrs. Susan Perdue, of Oroville, saw five saucers with green lights, zooming overhead toward the west at high speed. They flew at low altitude, making no sound.

On August 16 J. R. Bowling, of Chico, saw four flashes of light between 2:30 and 3:00 o'clock while fishing on the Feather River, about four miles from Brush Creek. These looked like they might be magnesium flares---"That's what they reminded me of. They were a kind of bluish green in color. The first one appeared round and then flat on the edges. It was going too rapidly to attempt a description. The others were just split-second flashes of light."

Nor do recent happenings hold monopoly on strange goings-on in the area. A rain of small fishes fell in Chico from a cloudless sky, covering several acres, on August 20, 1878. On the night of March 5, 1885, a large object weighing several tons and of a very hard material fell from the sky near the town. In the early part of 1922 a series of rock showers attracted nationwide attention.

THE SAUCER WATCH

Black and Van Allen figured in that the flying disk had shown up on April 20, May 20 and June 20, it likely would put in another appearance on July 20.

Paul Spade, who furnished much of our information, decided to visit the Brush Creek area four days in advance to be on hand for the event. He found the miners friendly and hospitable. They didn't seem to want publicity, but gladly gave him an account of what had happened so far. Spade camped with them, spending most of the days fishing at a vantage point where he could see any saucer that might come visiting. But he saw nothing.

One night after he had turned in, Black came to him, asked him to go with him up the road to check on a light he saw in the canyon. They could see a kind of glow, and the tree trunks seemed to be lighted up from all sides, not from one direction only. Spade went down into the canyon, where he was able to see a light flickering through the trees. Black also saw the light, which soon disappeared. Spade also saw

(BRUSH CREEK SAUCER--CONT'D)

no violence toward the visitors. Because the saucer showed up on the 20th of each month, she believed they were moon men.

"Please tell these miners not to shoot at them," she wrote, reviewing the terrors of a war between Earth and another planet.

Another Chico Enterprise-Record reader, John Gray, gave freely of interplanetary advice. He believed "whatever can be said of flying saucers they do not come from outer space."

"A fish swims because it has a muscle in its tail. Not that alone for it must have been in the element called water. Shag him, yank him out on the bank and we say of him that he flops violently....The element he is in does not respond to his wiggles. In the water and with two such wiggles he is out of sight."

Aircraft, flying saucers, "such as are said to have lit to take on a pail of water, are in their element. The tail of which whirls instead of switches." But to take an aircraft out of its element, according to Gray, would be quite disastrous; "As the ship travels out of the air envelope, rockets exploding would just be a noise no one could hear, there being no air to kick back against, that would be an end of the flying.....The ship would fall back into the air envelope, and let's hope it got going again."

INTERGALACTIC IMMIGRATION

In San Francisco, California, a district enforcement officer for the Immigration and Naturalization Service provided an interesting sidelight to the Brush Creek flying saucer story, and, to THE SAUCERIAN's knowledge, set down the world's first interplanetary (or intergalactic) interpretation of immigration laws.

Ralph Holton would discourage any such visitors from taking sight-seeing tours in the U.S.

"Brush Creek is not a port of entry. Men from Mars are not citizens. Non-citizens are aliens. Aliens without visas issued by American Consulates cannot enter. There is no American Consul on Mars or anywhere else in outer space."

Such visitors would not be sent away without a hearing, according to Holton, who further observed, "It is inconceivable, however, that the outcome could be other than an order of exclusion and deportation to point of origin, aboard whatever carrier brought them here."

He added that such deportation would be strictly "at the carrier's expense."

Royce Brier, "This World Today" columnist in the San Francisco Chronicle, analyzed some of the social and political aspects of the situation, in tongue-in-cheek manner. He praised the sheriff for "having his wits about him up in Butte county," and agreed no pot shots should be taken. "It is not recorded that the visitors have hurt any of us yet. Every time anybody has spied one or more of them they have been bouncing like rabbits for their machine, to get the hell out of there. They don't seem to care for human companionship, and there are times when you can't blame them."

"Besides, their machines, or saucers, seem to be fool-proof. They don't collide with our machines or fall into apartment houses."

Brier also praised the saucerman for seeking water, which was "certainly a commendable quest, considering all the deleterious soft and hard drinks available on this planet."

At the Chico Art Club, members sat spellbound as Robert Coe Gardner, flying saucer lecturer from San Francisco, told tales of sailing disks. The saucers, he believed, were United States and Russian experimental aircraft, mixed in with craft from "out of this world."

He told about a twelve-foot green giant who stepped out of a space ship in the South (presumably the Flatwoods, W. Va., "Monster"--see September issue--Ed.) and how amateur radio operators had reported making contacts with other planets. According to one "ham," someone had advised him, in a "mechanical-like voice," that he was from Venus. A number of local people had told Gardner saucerstories. One Chiecan was flying in his small plane when a saucer came alongside, and sped away, after hovering there for about a minute. Many people don't report such incidents, he said, because they are afraid of being laughed at.

As far as the Brush Creek episode was concerned, he believed Black and Van Allen had experienced a "psychic aberration," which "resembled a mirage."

And that is the Brush Creek Story, amazing, fantastic, undocumented.

Did Black actually see a flying saucer, or was he telling tall tales? Or was it an hallucination, or one of those mysterious Menzelian mirages?

Was it a visitor from the planet Grand, described by the tellers of fiction? There delicate glass cities spin between us and the moon, where water is a curiosity and a laboratory child. Or was it an Esoteric One, or an envoy from the secret rulers of the Earth, reporting if the time was right?

Or was it from the caverns, deep in the Earth's core, extending from the Great Plains to the storied cities of the East, where, it is said, red light casts fantastic shadows--and great hammers beat through the endless night?

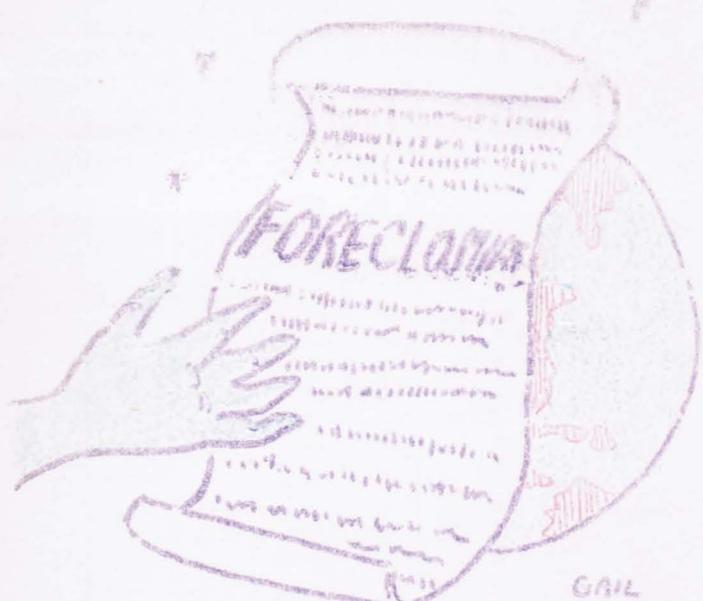
Whatever it was, the story sounds almost too good for someone to think up, especially when credited to an isolated miner, who likely isn't very well-read on modern science fiction.

But why so prosaic a mission--getting a bucketful of water? Literarily there is something epocal or classical about it.

We don't expect you to believe the story--we've only reported it as Black told it. As with the West Virginia "Monster" story we related in the past issue, the reader is invited to pay his money and take his choice.

If you don't believe, perhaps you have been entertained. (END--D.B.)

FICTION



Illustrated by Gail Sprague

--By Gray Barker--

Section of lecture by Prof. J. H. H. H., Sector MCHV College at some point in time. Reprinted here by permission.

Bulk of lecture not printed, since it is generally technical in nature and likely would not hold sufficient interest to warrant full publication.
.....Ed.

In conclusion (the Professor continued) let me reiterate the importance of the intermediate steps in Foreclosure of a planet.

Although the final steps are most complex and delicate, they cannot be instituted without the years of observation and conditioning which must precede them.

While the concluding phases may vary to almost inconceivable degrees -- I refer you again to the antithetical cultures of the Monorbs and the Antennids -- these necessary variations, in all successful Foreclosures, have been made clear by the long periods of observation at close hand.

Were it possible, with our present technology, to observe a culture at long range, and still acquire all necessary information, that, indeed, would be most advantageous. But with the recordings, samples, the actual communication with units of the culture, and capturing of specimens, it is quite beyond our present means to presume such a task.

So close observation becomes the greatest problem in our Projects.

I cannot emphasize too greatly the hazards inherent in the initiation of the observational process, and this phase calls for the most zealous application of Gandt's Theories by the Project Director.

Philosophers have termed Gandt the greatest practical psychologist of alien minds. The most amazing point to the inexperienced is that his Theories work remarkably well with all cultures, even among those on completely antithetical ranges.

He has found what he terms the "reverse psychological principle" to be a common denominator of reaction. At the inception this principle was the one most generally misunderstood.

.....
("FORECLOSURE"--Fiction--Cont'd.)

For example, Gandt was ridiculed for suggesting that early observational expeditions make their craft visible to large centers of population, to operators of alien craft at close range, and in general making little effort to conceal the advanced technology of our invading forces.

It is common to all cultures, he believed, to presume an invading civilization would not make itself known during such an observational period. His theory has been found workable in nearly 100% of the cases in which it has been applied; and it is the opinion of many that our few failures have been due to misapplication of his Theories, rather than their employment.

Thus the alien culture does not believe it is being observed from the outside, and finds other explanations for the phenomena it witnesses.

Even Gandt's wildest experiments have met with marked success. His landing a craft in the square of Bipedia's largest city, his half-hour display of our harmless Moluptra -- which to that culture were most frightening to behold -- was criticized as rash. Bipedia's communication system buzzed with discussions of this phenomena. Half of the population did not believe the occurrence had taken place, particularly those who had actually witnessed it, but enough of them accepted the situation to formulate the general theory that it could not represent a visitation from outside the planet, although inter-planetary flight had long been contemplated by their scientists. They reasoned no such visitor would bring himself into such proximity and resultant scrutiny.

This reverse psychological attitude is necessary to foster before the next step is instituted, leading to the ideal period in which no notice at all is made of the invaders.

Within this latter period the real observation is commenced and effected.

However the interpretation and institution of Gandt's Theories are more critical than the theories themselves.

Take the Second Step, for example.

Observation of a culture is begun when it has developed efficient craft for travelling above the surface of the planet, particularly with that type where there is an abrupt change from the surface to the surrounding gaseous envelope.

Such craft are usually crude machines using the vacuum principle of lift, and are powered by screw devices. The extent of development can usually be observed from some distance, and that is one reason a planet satellite makes such an excellent vantage point for beginning observation.

Our observational craft must be constructed along the same general principles of flight, but with the critical degree of superiority of design and performance, always featuring some abrupt gap in both.

This degree is most critical, for it can mean success or failure of an entire project.

Since our craft are built to be imitated in appearance and function, it is obvious that our degree of advancement reflected in such should not be to that degree which would allow space travel, or represent any great gap in scientific development that would make duplication impossible in a short time.

Once the scientists of an alien culture have produced like designs and performances, our observational project can be continued unnoticed. Since these alien machines will naturally reflect constant advancement, we also must alter our designs accordingly.

Another reason our machines must always be to a certain critical degree greater in efficiency is to allow the safety factor in performance to be employed when absolutely necessary. Automatic teleportation, for example, must be a built-in feature, since it would be fatal to the Project for one of our machines to be investigated closely, should it crash or in some other way fall into the hands of the culture.

Gandt now believes the interiors and many functions of the observational craft not previously disclosed must also be made known to the culture, probably through deliberately allowing special models to be investigated, although this will demand a great amount of development both in the mechanical and psychological departments.

The Bipedia Project was almost wrecked in this stage, for example, when a fleet of our odd disk-like craft, developed for that planet, encountered an unknown magnetic condition and was about to crash in mass. When this fleet appeared to vanish, “in thin air,” as the Bipeds might, in their vernacular, put it -- and that might be a rather accurate description of their atmosphere (chuckles) -- this unusual action was recorded by a Biped unit, who happened to be an amateur recorder. As a result, the scene was flashed, in retrospect, before most of the population shortly thereafter.

This individual also recorded the incident in a language pack and this was offered for exchange all over the planet, being translated into most derivations.

Although much notice was taken of the disks at their inception, and the many language packs and visual recordings that were circulated were all a part of Gandt's plan, such publicity during the second stage was most dangerous.

This was particularly so when the manager of the political subdivision in which the incident took place made a statement to the effect that he felt the planet was being made subject to interplanetary visits.

But, fortunate to the Project, an election was in progress, by which the manager was attempting to perpetuate himself in office, and this provided fuel for the opponent's drive for public sentiment. As a result the manager was widely ridiculed and made to appear degenerate of faculty. Their primitive public art pictured the manager astride

.....
 ("FORECLOSURE"--Fiction--Cont'd.)

their conception of an interplanetary craft, making a trip to their satellite (the one from which our operations were launched).

Gandt, hurriedly called to the scene of operation, immediately put into effect some repetitions of the earlier stage, sufficient to carry the culture's propensity for humor farther to the correct degree. The manager was re-elected, but only because of another issue hurriedly evolved by his advisers by which he accused the opposition of machining the destruction of the fleet of public disk-craft, in order to initiate manufacture of replacements, thus benefitting special interests.

The complexity of final Foreclosure I am sure you have already absorbed. The intermediate steps were emphasized because of their apparent but false simplicity, and of their inherent complexness.

I have neither the time nor the inclination to go into other aspects of Foreclosure, particularly the intrusion of Others, who might be found competing for the same culture. Nor is this the place to discuss the time concepts involved.

Gandt is now working on a theory which he believes may prove that through some concept of time alien to our present knowledge, one of the cultures we have Foreclosed has, through some mistake in our future, and at some point forward in time, come backward and are, in turn, Foreclosing our planet. Gandt now thinks that, in effect, we have already been Foreclosed.

But since Foreclosures are never evident to these cultures Foreclosed upon, the matter is of little practical importance to our concern, and is a matter for academic reflection only. (END--G.B.)

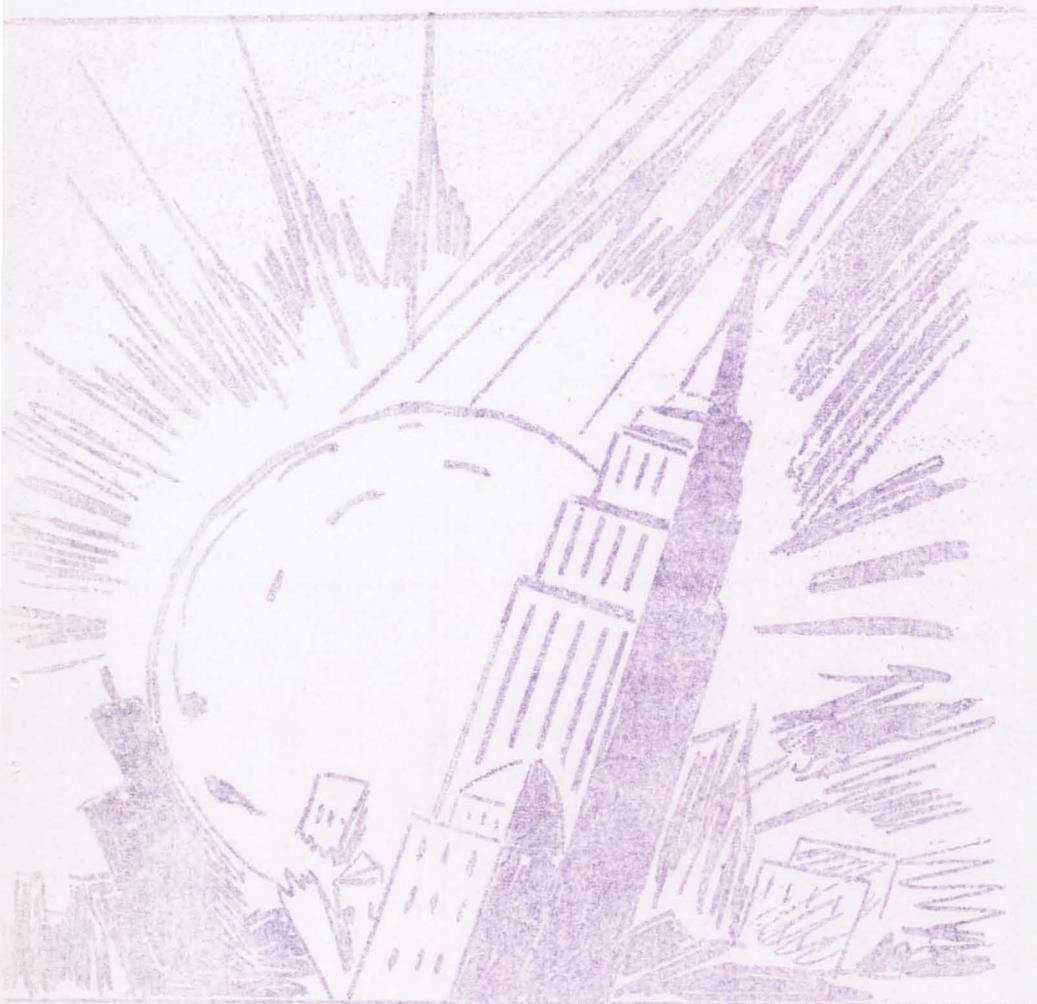
GRANDMAW AND THE SAUCER

When Grandmaw saw the saucer whirling down
 She raised a crooked cane into the air.
 "We folks don't believe in you!" she cried--
 "(This younger generation, I declare.)"

.....G.B.



The Great Hollywood Saucer Invasion



--By Gray Barker--

Hollywood has launched a flying saucer invasion that puts any attempts of these honest-to-goodness saucerians to shame. Complete with Technicolor bug-eyed monsters menacing buxom beauties clad in the brevity of a dotting post-war Hayes Office, these movies have, in general, been surprisingly good. Your editor makes his living from a theatrical film buying-booking agency, and welcomes this opportunity to discuss those magical ribbons of cellulose acetate which to him are body and soul as well as bread and butter.

Most satisfactory invasion of Earth so far is by the Martians in George Pal's technical masterpiece, THE WAR OF

THE WORLDS (Paramount). Pal is already famous for producing DESTINATION MOON and the lesser masterpiece, WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE.

In THE WAR OF THE WORLDS the setting of the H. G. Wells story has been switched to Los Angeles, mainly for economic reasons, since shooting locations were thus close at hand. The Martian machines are saucer-like, do not walk on stilts as in the Wells original.

Sir Cedric Harwicke narrates the foreward, explains how the Martians decided to invade Earth because resources on their planet were being depleted. The machines land in cylinders all over the world and proceed to raise hell with their death rays. Most of the footage is done with models, although difficult, and through most of the picture impossible to detect. It is in the technical department that the movie excels, though a great deal of suspense, and effective horror, is packed into the script, particularly when a scientist hero and his girl friend are hiding in an abandoned farm house, with the Martians after them. By showing the actual Martian only once, and then in only a fleeting glimpse, the producer is able to build the hair-raising

(HOLLYWOOD SAUCER INVASION--Cont d)



The Phantom From Space came in an outfit like this.

aspects admirably. Through all this spectacle your reviewer was most impressed by a small element, the sound of the cobra-like "television" scanner extending from the saucers. The weird ticking sound of the scanner, and the sound of the rays are something out of this world, especially created in the sound effects department, and gave us cold chills. The reader interested in the technical aspects of the film is directed to read Pal's article in the October issue of Astounding Science Fiction, which tells just how it all was done.

OTHER MEN FROM MARS

In INVADERS FROM MARS the invasion is confined to one saucer, and the spectacle subdued, likely because of the limited budget of this independent color production (Edward L. Alperson Production released by 20th Century-Fox).

Alperson's saucer burrows underground and traps any Earthians who might wander by, then releases them after putting them under a type of radio control effected by a small transmitter placed near their brain by surgery. These human robots go about wrecking a secret rocket project which evidently threatens the Martians. There is some confusion about just what the setup is -- some sort of entity in a glass bubble evidently is bossing huge stupid-looking humanoid individuals, who work the heat ray and do the dirty work.

Though not on a productional par with WAR OF THE WORLDS, the latter effort is satisfactory and should interest most saucer-fans.

The PHANTOM FROM SPACE (A. Lee Wilder Production released through United Artists) has an even more indefinite mission. Technicians trace radio interference evident since a meteor-like object is seen to flash across the continent and land on the West Coast. The Phantom turns out to be invisible, except when lighted by infra-red (or was it ultra-violet) lamps, can be viewed normally when he is wearing a space suit which he later discards.



Art work from press book on United Artists' NEANDERTHAL MAN, a half-man, half-beast offering. Above was suggested to run as coloring contest for children.

But he must return to the suit intermittently in order to breathe some special type of gas stored in the helmet. After killing some people who try to capture him, the Phantom finally runs out of gas and the picture ends without anyone finding out just what he was here for. To further thwart scientific study and enable the writer to get out of a bad hole, his body (the Phantom's not the writer's) disintegrates.

The saucer in IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (Universal-International) comes complete with 3-D and hurls itself right at the audience. By the time the teen-age girls have been hugged up by their escorts, their chief reason for squealing feverishly at this episode, the plot develops that this saucer, also, has burrowed underground, conveniently near an old mine entrance through which they can bring snatched humans. These captives are put under trances and put to work repairing the saucer.

Just where these visitors are from never is related; in fact they apparently didn't know where they were going, since they landed on the Earth through a mistake. They want to go on about their business soon as the ship can be repaired, and want no interference, threatening dire consequences. They say they are not yet ready to contact humans, and, after all, they are so horrible looking it probably would scare terrestrials to death just to look at them. The audience gets a quick look, but there were no ill results during the showing we caught.

One of the better science fiction pictures, IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE is further enhanced through employment of 3-D. Not too many missiles are thrown at the audience, although some rocks in an avalanche look as if they're just sure to brain you.

CONRAD'S SAUCER

We feel we'd better write a favorable review on THE FLYING SAUCER, a M. Conrad Prodnov being released by Realart Pictures, since one of our subscribers, Mr. Jay Goldberg, is distributing this show in the Cincinnati territory. We haven't been able to catch this reissue, but

the press book relates how U.S. secret agents are sent to Alaska to investigate reports of a flying disk seen thereabouts. It seems foreign powers are also interested in getting control of the saucer which a scientist has invented there. Plot is resolved then the saucer explodes.

Press book also blurbs about secret footage Conrad had filmed. The government had seized it, but permitted him to use it for the film. As far as we know, there is nothing sensational about the picture, except the advertising cuts.

(END--G.B.)

Monster menaces
female in Fox's
gift to the
squealing
ladies---
"INVADERS
FROM
MARS"



WHERE SCIENCE FEARS TO TREAD
(Review of B.S.R.A. Activities)

"An association of persons interested in 'borderland' facts and happenings....facts and events which orthodox or official science cannot or will not investigate...."

This quote from the Borderland Sciences Research Associates, 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego 16, California, sums up the aims and activities of the large group headed by Meade Layne.

Scientists find phenomena such as the vortexes of the West, materializations, teleportation and the like embarrassing to explain. After all, present scientific methods and attitudes would be quite ineffective in dealing with these somewhat elusive circumstances. Among subjects considered by the group are mysterious disappearances of persons, effects of atomic bombs on weather, the question of underground races, action of mind on matter, the Koch treatment for cancer---and, of course, the flying saucers.

To Charles Fort such questions were the damned, the excluded. Layne feels that in investigating such matters it is acceptable to employ any methods which will yield valuable information, even if orthodox science would tear its hair if such means were suggested.

Layne feels the group has learned much about flying saucers, which he prefers to term Ether Ships, through a medium, Mark Probert, and an unidentified person, with the initials, R. H., who authored a lengthy brochure, "The Flying Saucers." A more complete article in a forthcoming issue of THE SAUCERIAN will outline the findings of the Association regarding the saucers.

Basically the disks are immaterial, as we would understand their construction, according to Layne. They are piloted by a race of Etherians who inhabit a universe co-existent with ours, but on a higher vibrational plane. In his book, THE ETHER SHIP MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION (\$2.00, order from B.S.R.A.), he outlines the theory in a much more thorough and clearer manner than is possible here.

In respect to the variability of the phenomena Layne has similar beliefs as the writer: the flying disks represent a great many different phenomena.

Some of the saucers may be from outer space, he feels. There may be different races of people or beings on multitudinous missions. Some come from physical planets, but many are from Venus Etheria, an ethereal plane co-existent with Venus and similar to the co-existing invisible realms of our own Earth.

Principal periodical of B.S.R.A. is ROUND ROBIN, a fascinating bi-monthly crammed with weird and unusual happenings, and speculation upon such phenomena. Current July-August issue contains articles such as "Weather Abnormalities and the Atomic Bomb," "Description of a Mermaid," "Weird 'Mystery Spot' of Santa Cruz," and a description of the disk landing at Brush Creek, California. Even to the unbeliever the publication is well worth the \$5.00 yearly membership fee, which includes subscription to ROUND ROBIN.

(Continued--Next page)

(WHERE SCIENCE FEARS TO TREAD--Cont'd)

The B.S.R.A. also publishes CLIPS & QUOTES, a semi-monthly compendium of shorter items, gleaned from reports reaching headquarters. Issues inspected were informative, to the point, and well-written.

THE SAUCERIAN highly recommends B.S.R.A. to anyone who can accept the investigative methods used. To their employment of mediumship, and the ether-ship theory, we say "glory go with you," although our limited knowledge in that field precludes, for the time being, our own immediate acceptance, and we shall confine our work to data which can be seen, felt or smelled, even if it is often discouragingly inefficient.

FLYING SAUCERS INTERNATIONAL

How Truman Bethurum was inside a "monstrous" disk-shaped flying ship, and there met a beautiful female captain, Aura Rhanes, from the planet Clarion, is the main piece in the second issue of SAUCERS, publication of the Flying Saucers International organization, headed by Max B. Miller, Los Angeles 35, Calif. Their address there is Box 34.

The twelve-page publication is neatly printed by offset, contains two photographs (one a shot of a saucer taken by August C. Roberts), and a great deal of interesting reading. Articles include "Lubbock Lights," "How to Photograph Flying Saucers," a department, "Short Shots" and the controversial main piece.

Irvin Norfleet, Jr., staff correspondent, believes flying saucers are from Mars, since he finds the concentration of sightings in definite cycles correspond with proximity of Mars to Earth. It takes Mars about $1\frac{1}{2}$ years to complete its journey around the Sun and Earth, corresponding with the stepping up of sightings about every $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 years. That would schedule a great surge of saucers this fall, he wrote.

But it was Truman Bethurum who reported the most amazing data. He had fallen asleep in a truck near Nevada's Highway 92, was awakened by a mumbling "in an unintelligible tongue." About eight little men were standing around the truck looking at him. The saucerians spoke perfect English, upon request took him to see their captain, who turned out to be a talkative female with no modest physical attributes.

Bethurum visited with Miss Rhanes on seven different occasions, but had not seen her since November, 1952, when SAUCERS went to press. Nothing was indicated in the article about the motive for visiting Earth.

Editor Miller welcomes details of sightings, photos, and saucer fragments ("which will be investigated by competent authorities"). Factual articles, well documented and reflecting a positive attitude are requested. Miller is president of the non-profit group, membership fee for which is 25¢ per year. Membership does not include subscription to SAUCERS, priced at \$1.00 for four issues, 25¢ per copy. Limitations of membership are few, but it is pointed out "People with any subversive ideas toward the United States are definitely not welcome."

A RIDE IN A FLYING SAUCER

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

MYSTIC MAGAZINE, Published bi-monthly by Ray Palmer Publications, Inc., Evanston, Ill. 35¢ per Copy, Subscription: 12 issues \$3.00, 24 issues \$6.00. Mail subscriptions to Mystic Magazine, Ray Palmer Publications, Inc., Amherst, Wisconsin. Ray Palmer and Bea Mahaffey, Editors.

How two space visitors lectured Orfeo Matthew Angelucci in 3-D and took him for a ride in a flying saucer is the saucerian piece of resistance in Palmer's new publication venture, launched with the November issue.

Angelucci relates the strange narrative through writer Paul M. Vest, in what purports to be a factual article in the new fiction magazine. Angelucci was led to a lonely stretch of Forest Lawn Drive, in California, by a glowing saucer. The thing then shot upward to be replaced by two smaller disks, from between which a three-dimensional image of a man and woman appeared, and conversed with the witnesses.

"Don't be afraid, Orfeo, we are friends!" the saucerpeople assured him, although most of the conversation was done telepathically. He couldn't understand some of the conversation, but gathered that the people of Earth have been under observation for centuries, but are now being re-surveyed because of a great danger. All this information is filed by some glorified recorder in a mother ship, and stored on "crystal disks."

Although they said beings from planets other than theirs were visiting the Earth, they in particular felt a deep sense of brotherhood toward us. They were rather glad saucers had been treated humorously, so that Earthians would become aware of them slowly, and without panic.

Later on a deserted street Angelucci walked into some kind of space ship which looked something like an igloo, and was wafted a thousand miles out into space, from where he got a glimpse of the Earth and other heavenly bodies. While on the jaunt a concealed loud-speaker played his favorite song to calm his nerves and later he was treated to a genuine performance of the Music of the Spheres.

Other interesting points came out: The saucerpeople operate at the speed of light, so that time is non-existent, utilize universal magnetic forces, and had to shoot down Capt. Mantell because he was trying to capture them. Angelucci was one of three people contacted on Earth (the other two are in Rome and India) and was told to go back and tell what he had witnessed. Evidently he hasn't seen the saucerpeople since.

The narrative is one of the new-style saucerstories which have Earthians contacting assorted garrulous outer-space entities with Messiah complexes. If the stories are true, we are in good hands, for in them the visitors have only the best intentions toward us -- that is, if we are good. Otherwise they hint at various catastrophic agencies, such as rains of fire, which they can use to put us in line.

The article could be fascinating fiction if it hued the line with other material in Mr. Palmer's very nice new bi-monthly. Our understanding is that in MYSTIC Palmer will publish fiction based on the varied aspects of the supernatural, the list of which, in his editorial, includes reincarnation, vampires and witches, the soul, the subconscious

mind, the unconscious mind, the superconscious mind. He will also spin tales "of hell, of heaven, of the devil, of super beings, of angels, of demons, of elementals, of familiars, of spirits, ghosts, phantoms, afreets, djinns; of magic, both white and black, legerdemain, illusion, of cults and secret societies....."

Lead story in the kickoff issue, "The Hidden Kingdom," by Palmer himself, concerns the Secret Rulers of the Earth, astral characters re-visiting the Earth in flying saucers. "League of the Living Dead" is about vampires and ghouls in modern guise, and "The Astral Exile," by Chester S. Galer, is a suspenseful tale of atomic spies in astral form infiltrating U. S. secret defense projects. The stories read well, are packed with suspense and other popular elements. MYSTIC will find the most readers among fans of the occult, rather than the dyed-in-the-Venusian-wool science fiction audience. If it can retain the quality of the first issue, MYSTIC is heartily recommended to SAUCERIAN readers.

There will be varied opinions on Palmer's "Man From Tomorrow" department, formerly a feature of OTHER WORLDS, the suspended science fiction magazine. In that column Palmer predicts coming events, in the first issue reviews those prophecies which have come true in the past, though admits the prognostications were made just by sitting down and writing "whatever came to mind, with little regard to whether it was reasonable or not."

As fiction we believe MYSTIC will continue to be most entertaining. The reader, however, is cautioned to accept it as such. (G.B.)

COLD'S NEW FANTASY MAGAZINE

--By Roger N. Parris--

BEYOND, Published bi-monthly by Galaxy Publishing Corp., 421 Hudson St., New York 14, N. Y. 35¢ per copy, Subscription \$2.00 on either American continent or any U.S. possessions. Elsewhere \$2.50. Harry L. Gold, Editor. July issue reviewed.

Following the appearance of Lester Del Rey's light on the darkened waters of present day fantasy (FANTASY FICTION--reviewed past issue), H. L. Gold, father to the much-vaunted GALAXY, has made his bid for a place of similar honor with a similar type mag in a hitherto much ignored and greatly scorned field. Perhaps this reviewer would be more receptive to the same if it had not made its initial manifestation after Del Rey's opus magnum (Del Rey has since left FANTASY FICTION Magazine--Ed.), to which it supplies merely a sense of anticlimax and vague dissatisfaction without a real grasp of where the trouble arises. Under any other circumstances I might be raving over the fact that there was such a deluge of imaginative literature which was also of concrete value to the aesthetic sense. For I would be the last to deny that Mr. Gold's writers gave me a pleasant and somewhat chilling evening and also raised some interesting new concepts which, if they lacked development, were, nevertheless, satisfying because they were trail blazers.

Especially commendable, Theodore Sturgeon's "And My Fear Is Great," is an attempt to place a problem novel into the unlimited expanse of fantasy. Always intriguing, occasionally moving, it also illustrates

my sense of dissatisfaction with the whole, which I believe others will also find in their readings (for I certainly hope this finds many readers as it is the type of novel which deserves to be commented on).

Our old friend, Jerome Bixby, formerly of PLANET STORIES, is also present in a collaboration with Joe Dean which has resulted in the best story in this issue, one featuring, believe it or not, a sensitive vampire. This tale amply confirms to a principle we have had occasion to speak of before: never neglect the balancing of horror with more human qualities, an axiom which James McConnell ignores in his "All of You," to the ruin of what, while remaining, in Mr. Gold's phrase, "a terror-laden nightmare," could have been much more.

Roger Dee offers a pleasing contribution with his "The Springbird," and most readers will probably get as many chuckles as yours truly from "Eye for Iniquity" by a new name (at least to me) in the field, T. L. Sherred.

Whether or not BEYOND can weather the storm depends on the faithfulness of that the small but devoted group of us who anxiously await each gleaning of unworldly delight; I hope there will be enough of us to support it, both with patronage and constructive criticism.

AN INTELLECTUAL "FATE"

TOMORROW, published quarterly by Garrett Publications, 11 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. 50¢ per copy. Subscription \$2.00. Eileen Garrett, Editor. Summer Issue reviewed.

Eileen Garrett, the same who sat so successfully for J. B. Rhine and Harry Price, is now editing an attractive and much needed "world's digest of the psychic and occult" titled TOMORROW, which reaches its first birthday with this issue. For those of us who believe in the possibility of communicating with the dead, Mrs. Garrett, a non-professional seer, has provided some of the most concrete proofs in modern times, and she is now engaged in collecting a similar body of evidence all over the globe.

While Mrs. Garrett's endeavor may be cavalier to the general, a sort of intellectual FATE, all who are seriously interested in scientific study should hasten to obtain copies of this hitherto obscure publication. Professors of the more "rational" school of thought may chuckle into their test tubes over such goings on; but until they provide equally solid evidence, being grounded on better logic, I can remain immovable in my belief and of a strong and militant faith.

(R.N.P.)

Picture credits: COVER, by Albert K. Bender. "Flying Saucer Launching Base on Earth's Moon." Artist's fictional concept shows immense retractable apparatus elevated from craters. Elevators haul up food supplies and personnel from below. Huge columns contain fuels and other gases. When retracted, launching platform seals off interior of crater from cosmic rays and the cold of Lunar night, also affording protection from possible attacks. Other illustrations: Page 2 by Gail Sprague; Page 6, suggested by advertising art on Paramount's "WAR OF THE WORLDS"; Page 24 by Gail Sprague; Page 25 suggested by advertising art on Paramount's "WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE"; Page 26 based on advertising art on U.A.'s "PHANTOM FROM SPACE"; Page 27 based on advertising art on 20th Century-Fox's "INVADERS FROM MARS".

THE MAN WHO SHOT SANTA CLAUS

FLYING SAUCERS by Donald H. Menzel, 313 pages, Published by Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass. \$4.75

"To them I am the man who shot Santa Claus," observes Donald H. Menzel, professor of astrophysics at Harvard University in his book, FLYING SAUCERS. He is speaking of those he terms devotees of "the saucer cult," one of whom wrote:

"Dr. Menzel -- I wish that one of those space ships would land on top of Observatory Hill, and that a squad of the Little Men would seize you, put you in their ship and take you away to Venus. Then, maybe you'd believe."

"Well -- maybe I would!" exclaims Menzel, whose main thesis is that all the flying saucer phenomena can be explained by natural occurrences which do not include men from outer space.

Captain Mantell, for example, was chasing a mock sun, or "sundog," an optical illusion caused by the reflection of the sun on ice crystals in cirrus clouds. The same illusion gave Ezekiel quite a scare in Old Testament days, although the prophet interpreted the arrangement of the sun images as a wheel composed of terrible beings.

The foo fighters of Japan, and later Korea, were reflections of the moon, or aircraft lights, in whirlpools and eddies of ice crystals formed by the plane going through the air. Kenneth Arnold's saucers were billowing blasts of snow, ballooning up from the hog back, reflecting the sunlight. Then he isn't so sure but that the aurora borealis has been at fault on many occasions when men have looked at the heavens and wondered at things which should not be there. Radar can be fooled by temperature inversions, as can the eyes.

Naturally this old saucer cultist isn't going to let the Professor get away with all this if possible, but at the very beginning he puts us at a disadvantage. Pointing to the remaining 20% of sightings the Air Force has been unable to explain, Menzel swears these are "true flying saucers." But the true flying saucers of Menzel are vaporous, the stuff that dreams and refractions are made of. Working on this remaining 20%, he believes these cases can be explained as natural phenomena such as mock suns, the aurora borealis, blood capillaries on the surface of the retina of the eye, mirages, comets and meteors, and the Specter of the Brocken. All summed up, Menzel's "true flying saucers":

- (1) Do exist
- (2) Have been seen
- (3) Are not what people thought they saw.

Menzel accepts tentatively the thought that other planets might be inhabited, but points to the enormity of the universe and the unlikelihood, by the law of averages, of any "tourist trade" ever selecting the Earth for a visit. If the saucers are guided by intelligent beings, he wonders why they have not attempted to communicate with us.

Following several pro-saucer books it is refreshing to read one

in which logical reasoning against their existence (as conventionally interpreted) is presented. Even those who swear by their saucers must realize much of the phenomena reported as flying disks may be natural and unconnected with interplanetary visitors, whatever the saucers of THE SAUCERIAN are. Reading the book can add objectivity to the investigations of those seriously interested in the subject.

But to the editor, even though Menzel may have explained a great many of the remaining 20% of unexplained sightings, there is no convincing evidence that he has solved the entire problem satisfactorily. Saucerenthusiasts are often too pat in insisting unexplained phenomena cannot be explained naturally. And Menzel moves to a similar extreme in the other direction. We believe if he examined all the facts of all the occurrences he explains away, he might turn out to be as confused as THE SAUCERIAN is about what the saucers really are and what they are up to. But four years of college have conditioned us against arguing with professors.

Menzel either avoids or has no knowledge of the documented accounts of actual saucer landings and that strange melange of characters seen alighting from, getting into or connected with them. And if he explains away 100% of the aerial sightings, he has left several mysteries unaccounted for.

In his chapter, "The flying-saucer Scare of 1897," the author almost fails to convince himself he can explain what it was all about, and hurriedly gets on to the next chapter, after devoting more than a dozen pages to 1897 newspaper accounts of a strange cigar-shaped vessel, seen in different parts of the U.S. This touched off a scare almost equal to the present one, led to countless hoax reports, and finally died down after Thomas A. Edison, the supreme authority on matters of science at that time, said no airships had been invented yet. Therefore most people felt what they had seen just couldn't have been.

The author is illuminating, however, when he reflects on the reason why people love flying saucers and perhaps put out magazines about them. Everyone is nervous, he states, living in a world suddenly turned hostile. Most people believe we have unleashed forces we cannot control and are drifting toward a terrible war. Some look upon the saucers as a great power from the beyond, which might be able to straighten us out. Then others seem to enjoy just being frightened. Some believe they're interplanetary because they don't want to believe they're coming from Russia.

"The flying-saucer believer is somewhat like a man forced to spend the night in undesirable quarters, say in a dirty hotel; expecting to find bedbugs in the bed, he begins to notice every tiny twitch of his body. Characteristically, he is afraid because he is uncertain whether or not any bugs are there; he almost hopes that one will bite, so as to remove his uncertainty. Thus do attitudes and emotions rule behavior."

To this editor Menzel is often convincing, and now and then he almost has me giving up altogether the hope of ever seeing a real, honest-to-goodness flying saucer.

But we have never seen one. It is not so easy to convince someone who has got a good look at one of the things. When you run across

.....
 (THE MAN WHO SHOT SANTA CLAUS--Book Review--CONT'D)

someone scared so bad he's vomiting, and, who, with shaking voice, describes in detail what he's seen, you can't very well shake Menzel's book under his nose. And there may be something inside you that tells you when you definitely haven't seen a mirage.

Although the Professor may have taken a shot at Santa Claus, I am pleased to report the old boy is convalescing, though temporarily hospitalized. As for ourselves, we always have believed in Santa Claus, but have always been at a loss to explain how he can be on so many different street corners at the same time. (G.B.)

THE COLLECTION

By Gail Sprague

There once was an old, old man
 With hair of silvery gray --
 He lived for only one thing
 To work on his collection, night & day.

Collection? Stamps, shells? Oh, no!
 His was the finest collection of chinaware--
 Ancient Roman cups, precious Grecian goblets,
 His was so complete none could compare.

Then one day, out the window he saw
 A piece of ware, the collection lacked --
 Bitter with anger, he solemnly vowed
 A flying saucer he'd get, whole or cracked!

Eager with joy, he rushed out
 And as it descended --
 He jumped and jumped with glee,
 His collection was to be commended!

But alas and alack!
 It turned out to be the reverse --
 It was the old man and not the saucer
 Who ended up in a collection of the universe!

WELL, THAT'S THAT.....We've finally got the issue to bed, even though it did run some extra pages. Sorry to be a little late. We weren't in too big a hurry to get this one out, since we had wind of some big news that might be breaking. If it breaks before the magazine is printed and assembled, we'll tack on an extra page. If not, you can be expecting a special bulletin in letter form.

Gail Sprague

PRESS TIME BULLETINS

As every day goes by the saucerplot seems to be thickening, and we want to pass along the very latest available on the mystery. We're adding another page, or whatever it takes, to the end of THE SAUCERIAN, and will assemble the magazine as it is sent out so that more can be tacked on day-to-day if necessary.

Latest is a U.P. story, MYSTERY VOICE ON RADIO WARNS EARTHIMEN TO BEHAVE, which we will quote:

NEW YORK, Oct. 7 (U.P.)--A high thin voice professing to be from "outer space" interrupted a local radio show today with a telephone call warning Earthmen to stop talking about flying saucers "or your planet will be annihilated."

That was the start of a king-size "whodunit" mystery.

The call came into the NBC studios in the Waldorf Astoria hotel during the Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg breakfast show. At the time they were interviewing former Marine Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe about his new book, "Flying Saucers from Outer Space."

The telephone company was sure the call hadn't come from outer space, because it was made on a dial phone and couldn't be tracked. NBC officials said they didn't know who called, why or from where. And McCrary, stunned by the call, told his listeners he didn't know anything about it yet hoped to be able to explain the whole thing later.

Bob Klew, NBC producer who took the call from the hotel switchboard, said he listened to the caller for about five minutes before turning the phone over to McCrary. As he talked McCrary held a hand microphone near the telephone, the caller's voice whined out over the air:

"This is a voice from outer space. I warn you Earthmen to stop talking about flying saucers, about bombs and preparations for war, for unless you learn to live in peace your planet will be annihilated. I am reaching you with difficulty. You cannot see me and you could not bear the sight if you did. It would be too hideous."

McCrary said he hadn't intended the voice to be picked up by the microphone. Both Keyhoe and his publishers, Henry Holt & Co., also said they had no connection with the call.

The caller said first he was calling from a space ship over Los Angeles. Later, he said he was "now" over Salt Lake City.

Later, an NBC spokesman said the mysterious caller phoned the McCrary's home in Manhasset, N. Y., which has an unlisted number, twice to repeat the warnings. The McCrary butler said the caller added: "We do not want to harm the children." The McCrarys have two sons, Paddy, 7, and Kevin, 5.

On the surface this seems to be a hoax or crank report, but it can bear consideration. It could be a publicity stunt for the new book by Keyhoe, but we doubt it, since Keyhoe has always impressed us as being sincere.

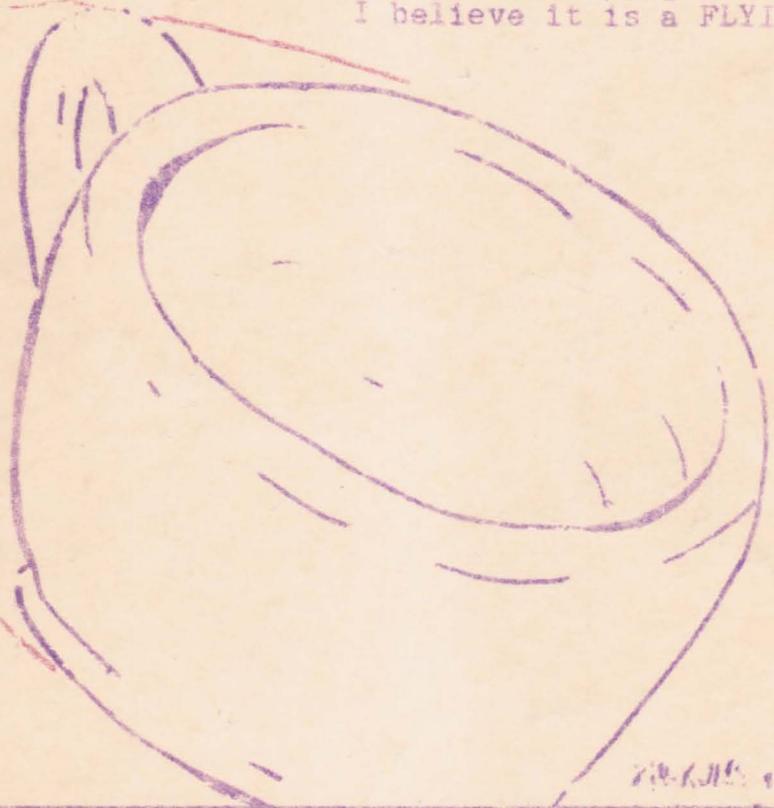
The reader is directed to Keyhoe's article in the October 20th LOOK magazine, in which he points out how the government very likely has reached the conclusion the saucers are interplanetary and are trying now to figure out when to break it to the public. There is no room here to review the article. The reader is directed to watch for some big news that seems to be cooking now, and almost at the boiling point.....G.B.



FLYING CUPS

By Mary Judith Hyde

What is that light there in the sky?
It glows and bounces up and up,
It's not a Flying Saucer -- WHY
I believe it is a FLYING CUP!



Illustration, "Cups
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