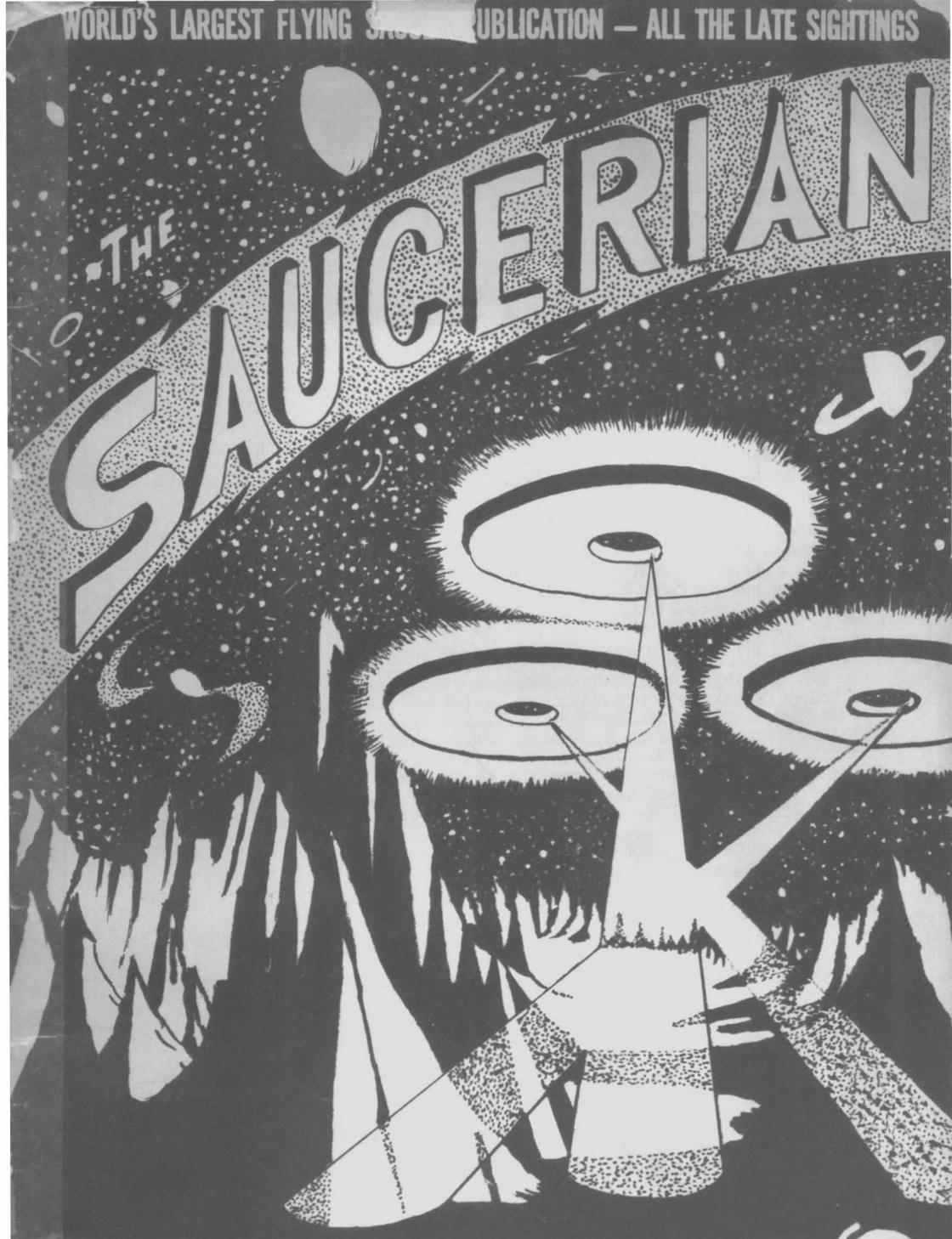


WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING SAUCER PUBLICATION — ALL THE LATEST SIGHTINGS

THE SAUCERIAN



SINGLE COPY 35¢ -- SIX ISSUES FOR \$2.00

VOL. II - NO. II - WHOLE No. IV ----- SEPTEMBER, 1954

35¢

LUCCHESI

**EXCLUSIVE! SAUCER WOMAN IN NEW YORK
MONSTER FRIGHTENS CANADIAN MINER**
SAUCER REPORTS BY CORRESPONDENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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Cover Drawing by D. C. Lucchesi

WE STILL NEED MATERIAL!!

THE SAUCERIAN needs clippings and information about saucer sightings and other unusual phenomena such as you find in this and other issues. We also need articles of a speculative nature, concerning the You-know-whats. We cannot use fiction. Sorry, we can't pay for material, but you will be fully credited. Material can be long enough to cover the subject, but we reserve the right to cut it down to fit our requirements. Art work is also solicited, but write first to learn requirements for photo-offset reproduction. THE SAUCERIAN also welcomes your comments, your praise or condemnation. Although we try to answer our mail, we often get behind, so we hope you'll understand.

THE NEXT ISSUE

Next issue, we hope, will be the December number. Our article on Mars, held out of this issue in the hope of obtaining additional information from the Mars Committee, will likely be in the next issue. We also hope to have a rather sensational article by William Nash, who has said the Air Force is in possession of "hardware from outer space." Other good articles and features are also lined up.

The SAUCERIAN

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

VOL. II, NO. 2 ----- SEPTEMBER, 1954 ----- PAGE 1

EDITORIAL

Fooled you, didn't we? I'll bet some of you must have thought we just wouldn't make it! But here it is--finally. With greatly reddened face at the inability to get an issue out this summer, we pledge renewed effort for the next few issues, at least, to meet deadlines.

As we have explained before, we have a business which has to come first -- even before (unhappily) flying saucers.

You will note THE SAUCERIAN is in new dress as of this issue, and we hope you'll like it. Because of the constantly growing subscription list we could no longer run off enough copies on our spirit duplicator, which we were using previously, to fill orders, hence the photo-offset printing process. By this method, we can run enough copies to fill the demand. Since at this writing we haven't of course seen the finished print job, we can't crow too much, for something could go wrong. We just hope it will come out the way we expect it to, but if it doesn't maybe our mistakes can be corrected by the next issue. If all turns out well, the new print job will represent another in the list of improvements we have tried to bring about in THE SAUCERIAN.

The 50¢ increase in the subscription price (see below) is absolutely necessary, and the price still will not begin to cover the cost of getting out THE SAUCERIAN -- but it will help greatly. With subscriptions coming in faster now, perhaps we can obtain enough so that we can at least break even some happy day. So won't you recommend our efforts to your friends, huh? Thanks in advance.

Be sure to change your records on our box number. It's been changed to 2228. The old box (981) was just too small for all the mail we were receiving. While on the subject of mail, may we apologize for one other thing. With our regular business worries, editing this magazine, and a number of other things, it is not always possible to reply to readers' correspondence as promptly as we would like. We are afraid people will think we don't appreciate hearing from them when we can't sit down and answer right away. But that certainly isn't the case. Your kind letters gives us the courage to go ahead when keeping up with the saucer mystery gets awfully tough. And your clippings are greatly needed and appreciated. And when you send us saucer information you may be assured we aren't going to add it to any private collection and keep it away from everyone else. We believe that this information should be published for all to read, and will act accordingly.

To those awaiting a solution to the mystery surrounding the closing of the International Flying Saucer Bureau, THE SAUCERIAN is again red-faced, since it can offer no further information of value. The last time we talked to Albert K. Bender, former head of the closed organization, he indicated he did not want to discuss the subject of saucers, since he had found out what they actually were. (Continued Page 39)

Edited and published by Gray Barker, Box 2228, Clarksburg, W. Va. Roger N. Parris, Associate Editor and Research Consultant. James Moseley, Eastern Editor. D.C. Lucchesi, General Consultant. August C. Roberts, Photographic Technician. Single Copies 35¢. Subscriptions, 6 issues, \$2.00. Send all correspondence, subscriptions, etc., to Gray Barker at above address. THE SAUCERIAN meets quarterly publication schedule when possible, however this schedule may vary from time to time during the year.



SAUCER NEWS

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

If THE SAUCERIAN did not get out since February, that did not reflect a paucity of news.

Although the H-Bomb and Congressional committees were in the forefront of attention, many saucerenthusiasts with their eyes toward the heavens could see many things--and wondered why the newspapers would not (or could not) report what they were witnessing.

Saucers seemed to be everywhere. But the Air Force continued to double talk, apparently disregarding the hundreds of sightings pouring in each week. And THE SAUCERIAN Editor looked at the hundreds of sightings flooding his own desk and shrugged: there were so many saucers in the skies, to report only the unusual or spectacular ones would take a hundred pages--pages he did not have.

And the summer wore on into August, a summer that was not quite right. There were more freak weather conditions and earthquakes, and in the air were threats of something unknown that was to come. Windshields began breaking mysteriously from coast to coast; there were hints that astronomers had their telescopes focused close Earth, looking for something they could not explain. A second moon, perhaps, but likely something else: an artificial satellite, some hinted.

Meanwhile man threatened man and there were wars and rumors of wars. But to those who could feel it, there was something else, a half-heard rumbling in the air, like a bad dream, as the world whirled deliriously onward, in what seemed to some a mad phantasmagoria of the dance of death.

Whatever it was, it would come. One had the impression something was being sat upon, secrets that struggled for entry into an unsuspecting world. And it seemed whatever was cooking was bound to boil over--one only wondered how soon.

But as the year grew to middle age some of the secrets could not be forever held, and the public pondered strange air disasters as it learned that our planes were not alone in the skies. Seven mysterious objects followed a B.O.A.C. airliner, saucers trailed the Secretary of Air, and in Canada a 13-ft. monster terrorized an Italian immigrant.

And out in space, now only 40,300,000 miles away, a great red eye was watching.....

MARS!!!

The Red Planet was in favorable opposition, closest since 1924, and what some saucerinvestigators had long suspected was now proven: With each approach of Mars during recent years, saucer sightings had grown in number. With Mars far away in the summer of 1953, saucers died down a bit, but in 1954 the sky was swarming with them. The pattern of saucer sightings as related with Martian approaches was now definitely evident, as saucerenthusiasts wondered if the Mars Committee, which took off for Bloemfontein, South Africa, to study the planet, did not do so with an unnatural urgency.

One wondered why the Sunday supplements were not filled with news of Mars, now that surely there was a lot of good material available. Photographs would be clearer than before, undoubtedly, and feature writers could reflect once again on what Martians might look like.

But like saucernews, there also appeared to be a clamp-down on news about Mars. What the astronomers had found out they were not talking about.

HAS SCIENCE
SOLVED THE
MIGHTIEST
MYSTERY
OF THE
UNIVERSE?

What will they find on Mars...
a super-civilization or a planet
of fantastic terror?

And the impression could not be easily discarded that the Mars Committee was sitting on something big--something they did not feel wise to release.

The Air Force

Since our last issue, the Air Force was still trying to keep down the saucer scare, though some informants believed they were hiding deep, dark saucersecrets from a public that might panic if the details were to get out.

A spokesman denied that the Air Force has collected "hardware from outer space," a statement made by William Nash, airline pilot.

"I do not believe the Air Force cares to make its findings public so long as the United States is threatened by unfriendly powers," Nash had stated. Nash also reported he and his crew had recently seen six objects, later joined by two others, lights from which were "20 times brighter than those reported at Norfolk and Newport News."

Although Air Force officials stated reports of flying saucers had fallen off sharply since 1952, inside reports had it much different. With 1954 and the Martian approach, Lt. Col. John O'Mara, Deputy Commander of Intelligence at Wright Field, said the Air Force was receiving an average of 700 sightings a week, and that the "only 87 sightings" which a June 1st Air Force Release said was all that had been reported this year were really 87 cases that were under "special analysis." Lt. Col. O'Mara also told Leonard H. Stringfield, publisher of the C.R.I.F.O. NEWSLETTER, that more than 1000 of the nation's leading scientists were working on governmental UFO projects.

Meanwhile rumors, not always wild, circulated about something that was under secret inspection at Edwards Air Base, Muroc, California, where top "brains" of the country allegedly were examining an "object." And from another base, in Ohio (Not Wright Field) came even straighter evidence that hardware from outer space really was in the hands of a silent and nervous Air Force.

"Washington Calling," a weekly column appearing in Scripps-Howard newspapers, headed a February writeup as follows: "Air Force knows what flying saucers are but it doesn't dare tell. For the time being, however, it's not alarmed. (Wish we could give you the answer; we can't)." Since that time the column has been remarkably silent on saucers.

Frank Edwards, Mutual Broadcasting Company newscaster, has hinted in broadcasts that the wire services may be censored in regard to saucernews. Sensational stories appear in local papers where the events occur, but do not go out over the wires, Edwards said.

In England the R.A.F. was also non-talkative. Men at the Upwood, Huntington, bomber station, have been warned not to talk to the public about "aerial phenomena." An Air Ministry official said that all ranks were warned some time ago that reports of flying saucers were "restricted information" which should not be made public. The Upwood warning was simply in line with this policy, officials explained.

"Flying Jellyfish"

American and British Air Force Intelligence officers studied a log book of Capt. James Howard, pilot of a British Overseas Airways Corporation airliner bound from New York to London. It described seven weird black flying objects that had trailed the plane for 80 miles on June 30 near Goose Bay, Labrador.

The strange story of what he and his crew and some of his passengers witnessed 19,000 feet over the Atlantic is told in extracts from the log book:

"At 0105 G.M.T. on June 30 about 150 nautical miles southwest of Goose Bay, Height 19,000 feet, flying in clear weather above a layer of low cloud, noticed on our port beam a number of dark objects at approximately the same altitude as our aircraft. I drew the attention of the first officer to them. He said he had just noticed them too."

Howard then saw they were moving along on a track roughly parallel to the plane and keeping the same speed. Goose Bay radioed there were no other aircraft in the area. It was 0107 G.M.T. as the log book continued:

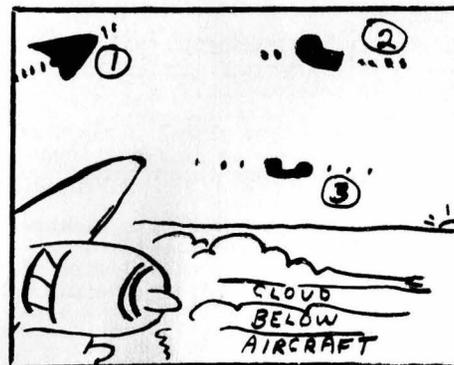
"During this time the shape of the large object changed slightly, also the position of the smaller ones relative to the big one. (See illustration--Ed.) Some moved ahead, some behind. The first officer then told Goose Bay what we were watching and they said they would send a fighter to investigate."

The large object continued to change shape, as the entire group still moved along with the plane, about five miles away, possibly much more, Howard estimated. The crew also watched the objects.

"All were agreed they never saw anything like it before. At about 0120 G.M.T. the fighter reported he was approaching and the objects immediately began to grow indistinct until only one was visible. This grew smaller and finally vanished at 0123 G.M.T., still at the same bearings from us."

"All who watched the objects are sure that the large one, at any rate, was no sort of winged aircraft. The small ones were just dots. They left no vapor trails, no lights were seen, just black silhouettes."

Capt. Howard described the large object to intelligence officers as like "a flying jellyfish." He also said the smaller objects kept station around the larger machine like a group of fighters acting as a bomber escort. Once the large object "looked like a dart, at another



Reproduction of sketch Capt. Howard made showing the changing shape of the large object and the different positions of the formation.

time a dumbbell," Capt. Howard reported.

"In my 7,500 hours in the air," he observed, "nothing like this has ever happened before. I am certain these objects were not the result of reflected light or mirages or any other unusual phenomena one meets at high altitude. This really was something different."

Lee Boyd, the co-pilot, said, "I am willing to swear that what we saw was something solid, something maneuverable, and something that was being controlled intelligently."

Earlier in the year Michael Kuritz, of Weatherly, Pa., told reporters he saw four saucers staging what appeared to be a mock dogfight around an airliner. Kuritz said the disks shot ahead of the airliner, then reversed and moved behind it. On one occasion they shot straight up into the sky above the plane and then dropped down again. He said they were "fairly large" and shone brilliantly in the bright sun. He watched the antics of the disks about five minutes before they moved out of sight, still trailing the airliner. Asked if they could have been weather balloons or reflections from the plane's wings, Kuritz said, "absolutely not," also observing they did not even remotely resemble jet aircraft. The sighting was also witnessed by his wife--all this on March 22.

Saucer Follows Air Force Secretary

Saucers were also buzzing the high brass, although the incident cited was later denied officially. A large metallic-looking disk followed a plane carrying Harold E. Talbott, Secretary of the Air Force, over Fresno, Calif., on March 24.

The saucer appeared to be about 1000 feet under and an equal distance behind the plane when it was witnessed by the entire crew. The Secretary ordered the crew to turn around and chase the disk, but as soon as the plane turned, the thing shot away at tremendous speed.

Later Secretary Talbott was quoted by newspapers as having never seen a flying saucer. Although the incident was scratched from the flight records, information from Donald E. Keyhoe (author of FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE) reveals he has signed documented evidence of the occurrence.

Saucer Chases Workmen

A white-hot ball, 10 feet in diameter, holed up six workmen of Percy, Arkansas, in a house, and circled diabolically overhead for 20 minutes, giving one of the men, Les Reatherford, considerable fright when he walked into the yard to get a better look at the saucer. The blazing sphere made a dive at him and he wasn't long in getting back into the house.

"It scared the wits out of me," he said.

The other men corroborated the story, and other reports of saucers over Three Lakes in Hot Springs, 10 miles east of Percy, lent weight to the tale.

Australian Saucers

Nor were the saucers deserting Australia. At Young, a town near Sydney, Marjorie McLennan, 34, looked up to see what a strange humming sound was all about, after her dog began to bark furiously. Directly above her she saw a long, cylindrical object, "colored two shades of white," which "seemed to taper off to one end." The object hovered in the sky for about five minutes, then "seemed to gradually float down toward the skyline until it disappeared." A neighbor woman, Moya Hugget, confirmed the sighting.

Maybe it had nothing to do with saucers, but on March 30 a yachtman reported having seen "jets of flame" spring from Sydney Harbor. The jets came from clear water, exploded, and disappeared in puffs of smoke, Peter Barry declared.

He was sailing near Sow and Pigs (yep, those are two real geographical places) early in the afternoon when he noticed the fiery phenomena. Three patches of flame, each about 50 yards square, sprang up simultaneously near his yacht. Barry said there was no oil or anything else on the surface, and believed that "whatever came up from beneath the sea caught fire as it met the air." A smell of sulphur hung in the air with the smoke from the odd blaze.

While the experts shook their heads, many mariners remembered the fiery wheels often seen at sea, and the disappearances of entire crews from derelict vessels, found floating aimlessly, their strange fates forgotten, along with their passengers, whisked away in some unknown manner.

The Australian Flying Saucer Bureau was still on the track of the elusive sky objects, and the Australian Minister of Air asked E. R. Jarrold, director of A.S.F.B., to attend a meeting with Airforce Intelligence at Melbourne. Jarrold has requested that his trip to Melbourne not be construed as involving any factor relating to public uneasiness regarding UFO intention. The Department of Navy recently turned over the controversial Port Moresby pictures to the A.F.S.B. for inspection.

Earlier the Port Moresby film, which was partially processed in Melbourne and showed a small, light colored object moving across the sky, was sent to America for special processing in the hope it would bring out the object more clearly.

Cobwebs From Space

San Fernando Valley, Calif., was showered with what some thought was stuff from space. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dangelo were watching three jet planes when they discovered a huge silvery ball trailing the planes. At first they thought the ball was some object being towed by the planes, but when the jets peeled off and landed the silvery ball kept on flying, moving up and down and even sidewise.

Suddenly a stream of whitish stuff, which looked like a vapor trail, spewed out of the ball and began settling earthward. The stuff collected on telephone wires, trees, and TV aerials. Holding the white, fleecy material in their hands, amazed witnesses watched it dissolve, after a few moments, into nothingness.

While many scoffed and ignored the stuff from the sky, others were sure it was some unwanted something, spewed out of a ship from another world.

Other trivia were falling from the sky. In downtown Toronto, Canada, John Murphy was hit in the face by a fish which then escaped by swimming furiously in a gutter. Murphy was on his way to a drug store, in a rainstorm, had his face partly covered. "First something black hit me

in the face, then the fish. It lay on the street in front of me, a fish about six inches long, white or silvery, just like a smelt." Scientists thought the fish had been sucked up out of the lake by a high wind and blown inland. As Charles Fort would say, "Up in one place, down in another."

And to climax these gravitational shennanigans, an 80 lb. chunk of ice fell and crashed through a bungalow in Bristol, England, June 7.

Russia Solves Saucer Mystery

Although Russia has not yet claimed to have invented flying saucers first, they have come up with a solution to the mystery of what the saucers are. The saucers represent an "American plot" developed by war mongers to scare the people into another war, according to the Soviet newspaper, Red Star.

According to that paper, the saucer scare is all a plot by Washington to increase the war psychosis in the West, and that the "mythical stories appear when ruling circles of capitalist countries are preparing, on Washington's instructions, to impose on their people a new burden of war expenditure. Those who spread these fables are endeavoring to create the impression that the mysterious objects originate from Moscow."

Meanwhile a Soviet horticulturist was developing a Communistic rose which changed colors--ranging, through a single week, from white to pink to yellow to light brown, and finally, to the inevitable red.

B.S.R.A. Not "Shushed Up"

To dispel rumors that the Borderland Sciences Research Associates has been shushed up by the Government, we have an official statement by the director, Dr. Meade Layne, to the effect that "As of present date the B.S.R.A. is functioning in a normal fashion...We have had no overt and official interferences of any kind."

Rumors started when Dr. Layne requested members of B.S.R.A. to send in ten stamped self-addressed envelopes, preferably No. 10 white 9x4" to be used in the event of a general censorship on saucernews. THE SAUCERIAN recommends that all readers who are members of B.S.R.A. do just that, although there has been no shush-up yet. If you were previously a B.S.R.A. member and haven't paid your dues, better do so at once, for that organization is now coming through with some very interesting material. B.S.R.A. is at 3524 Adams Ave., San Diego 16, Calif.

Saucers in Eclipse Pix

Saucers showed up during the solar eclipse, according to photographer Bjornulf of Oslo, who said he took pictures showing "shiny white objects like flying saucers." These objects turned up quite by accident, since he was interested in photographing the eclipse alone at the time, while on board a Scandinavian Airlines plane at 13,500 feet.

He first noticed the objects while showing a color movie of the eclipse in London. Then he flew back to Norway and examined still pictures he took at the same time, and there, surely enough, were the same saucers.

On one picture taken with the still camera a circular white spot can be seen midway between the sun and the tip of the airplane wing. The object has a very faint tail like the condensed vapor stripe sometimes seen in the wake of jet planes at high altitudes, according to a UP story dated July 7. Another but vaguer "object" can be seen partly hidden by the sunlit clouds, according to the same source.

"In my opinion the second flying saucer seems to be a kind of mirage of the first one," Bjornulf said. THE SAUCERIAN supposes this is the first time anyone ever photographed a mirage of a flying saucer; it seems so many have photographed just pure mirages.

The Demise of "Project A"

Dr. Warren Hickman, dean of Ohio Northern University, threw up his hands on saucers, announced that "Project A," set up within the University to reach some solution to the mystery, was no more.

To forestall the flood of letters expected from people who would feel the Project has been closed on request of the Government "or some other organization," Hickman stated such was not the case in a special bulletin announcing the closing. Hickman said the reason for closing was lack of further information needed for research. The Project had asked saucer organizations for loan of their files, but except for one case had received no replies. Also, some of the saucer organizations had closed, and their files were apparently unavailable.

An important fact is that Hickman, in ringing down the curtain, isn't pooh-poohing saucers:

"The information received by Project A indicated that a sizeable fraction of the total sightings throughout the country were sightings made of material objects. These material objects were not standard aircraft."

The Project began an investigation of the relationship of sighting dates to magnetic storms, but this was impossible to conclude, he stated, because of the lack of information.

THE SAUCERIAN surveys the demise of "Project A" with deep regret. Because of the academic connection and the personnel involved, it took on an aura of respectability not always enjoyed by other civilian organizations. We understand that the now closed C.S.I. of the West Coast immediately wired Hickman offering their full cooperation upon hearing of the closing and his need for material; but to date "Project A" is still officially inoperative.

C.R.I.F.O.

Leonard H. Stringfield, an advertising man of Cincinnati, Ohio, formed an organization to investigate and report on saucers. Copies of his CRIFO NEWSLETTER show careful research and a level head. Published on the first Friday of each month, the 4-6 page, neatly offset-printed NEWSLETTER is worth every bit of the subscription price: \$1.00 for six months or \$2.00 for a year.

Since Frank Edwards, Mutual Broadcasting System newscaster, mentioned the NEWSLETTER on the air, Stringfield has been flooded with thousands of letters, so when you write, please have patience about a reply. From the copies we received, the NEWSLETTER is well worth the money and waiting a few days for.

Stringfield evidently feels the Pentagon is holding back vital information re saucers from the public, and fears Russia may pull a surprise attack, claiming the saucers belong to them, and thus use this psychological tactic to subdue a panicky U.S. Address Mr. Stringfield at P.O. Box 1855, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ghost Dept.

A blond ghost, wearing lipstick, and accompanied by a bald-headed sugar daddy, smashed staid English ghostly tradition. The Technicolor 3-D apparition frightened Edward Westwood, of Dudley, England, so badly he moved out of his house and appealed to the Birmingham Psychic Research Society to spend a night there to possibly lay the spirit*

Earlier the pretty blond spirit had (1) rung a ghostly alarm clock, (2) tipped one member of the family out of bed, and (3) grabbed another by the hair of the head.

"Nothing will persuade me to enter that house again," he told reporters.

Seven members of the Psychic Research Society turned up at the house

*No pun intended.

SAUCERNEWS

with recording equipment, a shorthand writer and a medium, but the ghost chose not to appear; and the group had to pass the time "telling each other ghost stories."

A ghost that cast shadows in full daylight, moved the furniture around, and made shaving water suddenly go cold, ran a Mrs. Rose Geary and her husband out of a London flat and back into a condemned slum. Although no previous tenants had complained of supernatural happenings, Mrs. Geary declared "a horrible influence spread through all the rooms" of the flat.

In Huntingdonshire, England, ghost hunters sat up at the Old Ferry Boat Inn to await the appearance of Juliet Tewsle, dead for 900 years, and researchers in York made a second appointment with a ghost said to be a man in Edwardian clothes and to appear at the Yorkshire Museum every fourth Sunday. A month before they had waited in vain for the shade.

Sorry, but we don't have further news on these ghost hunting activities---and besides, what in the world have ghosts got to do with saucers?

Monsters

Maybe they weren't saucer-men--and maybe they just weren't; but the summer brought out a lot of monsters--or monster stories.

There was the semi-human wild man, with green face and large slobbering lips seen near Littleton, Colorado, who, or which swung a chicken about itself in a voodoo-type rite, and smashed billets of wood like jackstraws.

Tom F. Sliger, Warren Jump and Frank Barton got within 400 feet of the creature and watched it toss the chicken 15 to 20 feet in the air, and perform other feats "too hard for a man to do." Sliger, who got a good look at it through binoculars, said, "It had a sickening-looking green face with a mouth about four inches across. It looked like one of those Hallowe'en faces."

Jump said the creature was naked and covered with long dark hair, except the face and the hands. "He was about 5 feet 2 to 5 feet 4, broad-shouldered and with long arms, light gray, and that could have been dirt. It looked like a broad-shouldered dirty man with an idiotic face like a Mongolian idiot might have."

Al Dash, jailer at Arapahoe County jail in Littleton, thought he could explain the monster. He had released an eccentric prisoner, wearing a green suit, four shirts and four pairs of pants, and who had stood on his head quite often during his stay in jail.

The man, according to Dash, was "a combination Yogi and Voodoo cult addict," and had been picked up by a state patrolman after he had said he killed a man in Illinois. Officers checked the story, found it untrue, and turned him loose. When departing, the man went "through some sort of religious gyrations in celebration of his release." Dash thought his belief in Voodoo might account for the jumping and running and throwing the chicken up in the air.

Meanwhile Sheriff John Hammond, of nearby Castle Rock, had figured it all out. He said the monster was nothing but a hoax. He reported how he had gone to a farmhouse and found evidence of the green monster. He found the soles of some old fishing boots, he said, which had been nailed to some boards. This, Hammond said, had been used to make the weird tracks. The hoaxter, Hammond said, had made an attempt to burn the track makers, but had failed. The sheriff said he had confronted the prankster, whom he would not name, with the evidence, and had extracted a confession.

William C. Lamb, who saw the "Devil In a Flying Saucer" in the February issue, believed, in a letter to THE SAUCERIAN, that the green monster was "The same 'Old Bird' camouflaged as an ape--who I claim is the Devil or one of his Demons. It would seem to me that the saucer

surrounding this creature has been dissolved and he is being seen by eye-witnesses as a green faced ape. And who ever heard of a green faced ape?"

After all, who ever did?

It seemed missing links had been turning up all over the world, and THE SAUCERIAN wondered why they were coming out of hiding all of a sudden.

Troops were still looking, without success, for a group of hairy, manlike creatures with fang-like teeth, and wearing loincloths, who frightened Chinese and Malay rubber plantation workers late last year. One of the female creatures had approached two Chinese girl plantation workers as they were tapping rubber trees and put a hairy arm around them in friendly fashion. The frightened girls said they had a strange, animal-like smell and a sense of humor evidenced in a rumbling chuckle when one worker became frightened and fell into a stream.

The weird, half-ape, half-human creatures apparently had a weakness for tapioca and had been known to raid tapioca patches. Except for the bad smell, the creatures seemed otherwise to be quite pleasant.

Excited anthropologists speculated they might be descendants of a race of hairy aborigines who, according to old legends, once roamed through the forests of northern Malaya.

Wolf Boy

Medical authorities in Lucknow, India, were trying to rehabilitate a nine-year-old "wolf boy" who snarled at humans and whose only interest seemed to be in hunks of raw meat. The left arm and hand were deformed, and his legs contracted, so that doctors doubted if the "wolf boy" would ever walk.

Although the boy was supposedly brought up by wolves, or other animals, as have other "wolf boy" characters of legends, some postulated the child may have escaped from an institution for mentally defective children. Such children, they said, may have unusual facial appearances or be unusually hairy over the body. Or, maybe a seriously retarded child had "escaped" from the seclusion in which his family had been keeping him.

If these monster stories could not be explained, coastguards on the Isle of Wight were wanting an explanation of footprints, 20 inches long and 10 inches wide, found recently in the snow. The footprints ended at the edge of a 200 ft. cliff, suggesting that the animal (or whatever it was) had fallen over. Yet no trace of any large creature could be seen on the beach.

Another monster story was postponed, at least for the time being, when an expedition financed by the London Daily Mail gave up the search for an abominable snowman. Snow was melting, obliterating tracks of the yeti, as the natives call them, and monsoons were expected. The expedition said considerable proof of the snowmen's existence was found, and that a return trip may be made some other year to continue the search.

Space, Gravity and the Flying Saucer

T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., publishers of FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, are coming out with another saucer tome, SPACE, GRAVITY AND THE FLYING SAUCER, by Leonard G. Cramp, with a foreword by Desmond Leslie.

Cramp produces a theory on the motive power of the saucers, based on "a thorough study of the subject extending over a large number of years." He claims the reports of sightings from all over the world have assumed such a definite pattern that they contain a clue to the secret of their means of flight. The book contains a number of photographs and drawings, according to the publisher, who also states Cramp will offer proof of the authenticity of Adamski's saucerphotos.

Venusian Talks Swap For Auto

Desmond Leslie, co-author with George Adamski of FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, said he had proved the authenticity of Adamski's photographs used in the book by the use of an "aura biometer," a strange device that allegedly can analyze objects in a photograph and determine their composition.

Working on saucer photographs, Leslie declared most of the saucers were metal, possibly an iron alloy, and that the radiations indicated living things were piloting them. Photographs of the Coniston Saucer (see article elsewhere in this issue) and the Adamski saucer yielded the same radiations. Leslie was able to unmask one "fake" picture wherein the saucer turned out to be an ordinary rock.

But in the U.S. jokesters were making mischief with Mr. Adamski's photographs. YANKEE, staid New England publication, ran an article in the May, 1954 issue, kidding the photos, and relating how the author, one "J. Seneca Smelk," ran into an Adamski-type saucerman while he sat "munching health bread." The article, written in dead-pan style, was believed by many saucerenthusiasts, who took it seriously. Smelk, like Adamski, interviewed a Venusian saucerman, whose "long hair blowing in the chill wind made me suppose this was a woman...I now saw it was a young man of remarkably fair appearance."

YANKEE's saucerman, however, wasn't interested in atomic discourse, but kept pointing to Smelk's car and saying "Prrt!" It turned out (after Smelk interpreted the written message the saucerman left by going back through old manuscripts) the Venusians had no automobiles and were interested in buying his: "The all powerful, supremely omniscient Plut of Venus may commission me to purchase a large number of machines like yours! According to the comic article, the saucerman was to return and trade the saucer, together with "1000 spoles" (evidently the currency on Venus) to boot, for the auto.

The saucerphotos printed with the article are dead ringers for Adamski's, excepting the portholes which are larger in the YANKEE version; but the editor explained that the YANKEE saucer probably was a later model.

After the magazine was out the publisher was deluged by mail asking for more information, written by trusting saucerenthusiasts who thought the article was for real, and the editor was so befuddled by the controversy he indicated to THE SAUCERIAN that he wanted nothing further to do with the matter.

He told another party the YANKEE saucer was made from ping pong balls, a hub cap and a coffee can.

Adamski Back From Venus

Meanwhile Adamski was back from a trip to Venus in a flying saucer, according to Monroe Johnston, who interviewed the planet-hopper for the Toronto Daily Star while he was lecturing in Toronto, Canada.

The saucer trip was quite uneventful, and he had no illusion of speed, as he coasted through space at unbelievable velocity. Since there was an artificial atmosphere inside the saucer, similar to that of Earth, he was able to carry on conversations with the Venusian crew in comparative comfort.

Although he was able to converse only by mental telepathy with the first Venusian he met, on the desert in 1952, the saucerians spoke perfect English during the last encounter, and could speak Polish also when Adamski spoke to them in that language. All this the saucerians have learned, says Adamski, by monitoring our radio and TV programs.

THEY SAW A SAUCER WOMAN

By D. C. Lucchesi



Mr. Lucchesi made this drawing while the witnesses looked on. The saucer woman holds what apparently is a black rubber hose in one hand, a black box with wire attached in the other. The saucer is shown in the background. When asked about certain parts of the drawing, Mr. Lucchesi said the wavy lines around the figure represent a transparent covering such as plastic. Due to what Mr. Lucchesi said was simply bad drawing, the figure appears to be floating in the air, but he meant to show her standing on the edge of the saucer.

(Ed. Note: Mr. Lucchesi is a technician in an Eastern plant that manufactures key parts for guided missiles and other articles he can only hint at. Knowing the author for quite a long time and considering the key position he holds, we are not inclined to believe he would create a hoax. Because he cannot give the full names of the Forsters, the story is impossible to check; however we believe the story authentic as far as Mr. Lucchesi can determine it.)

I cannot give you the first name of Mr. Forster nor that of his wife, because to get this story I had to promise not to reveal his full name or address. Forster holds a responsible position in his community, and fears the ridicule he might receive if he were to gain publicity over the story. But as far as my investigations into the character of Forster can determine, he is a reliable man who has a reputation for truth and honesty. Then, too, the fear in Mrs. Forster's face was real, and is still there, months after that frightening evening in upper New York State.

In February of this year I was talking to Mr. Forster's brother-in-law, an acquaintance of mine, who casually mentioned that his sister was sick and nervous due to a severe shock incurred the week before, when she and her husband went to New York state to examine some property. At the time the information didn't strike me as unusual, but being interested in occult phenomena and other unusual happenings, I happened to think about the conversation that evening, and decided to query him further.

Though quite reluctant to say anything more about the matter, he finally said his sister mentioned seeing an odd or weird creature, or something of that nature.

I then visited Mr. Forster and told him I was curious about the nature of the thing seen by his wife, and that, because I had read widely on occult subjects, probably could assimilate the information into some kind of practical explanation. After my promising not to involve his full name and address in any publicity, Forster finally agreed to relate the story of what he and his wife had seen. The following is not the exact wording, for I was not permitted to make a tape recording, but I did take notes of the narrative which went about like this:

"My wife and I drove up to Peakskill. That's where I am going to build a summer home. Upon arriving at the entrance to a dirt trail that leads to my property, I pulled the car off the highway, and she and I began to walk toward the rear of the acreage. This area is wooded and extends about 300 yards, and then drops off in a steep bank before continuing to the slope of the mountain or hill. We walked around for a while, making mental plans for the house. It was starting to get dark--you know, the way it gets before it really darkens. Well, anyway, we started to walk toward the highway, about a mile away, when she called my attention to a light showing between the trees.

"I was in an exceptionally good mood, very calm and absent-minded, the way you get sometimes when you're out in the country, so like a damn fool I started to walk toward the light. After walking about 200 ft. we rounded a big rock.

"I don't know quite how to put it; I know you're going to think I'm nuts, or something. Well, anyway, I saw her---or IT---and the thing, gleaming sort of brassy-like. And she---IT---well anyway, SOMETHING, was standing on the side or deck of this thing. It was a GIRL, I'm sure, and so is my wife!"

For a few moments my mind must have gone blank, numb or something, since I did not feel frightened as I tried to study the thing, or the GIRL. I was trying to get a look inside the thing, since the port, or door was open. But it seemed hazy or misty inside. All I could see through the port were a few glass-like rods with bluish balls or sphere

--By Jacqueline Sanders--

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on the ends. It looked like high frequency stuff---you know that sort of thing pretty well.

"I saw some black piping, too. The outside of the thing, the top part anyway, was brassy colored, and appeared dimpled or hammered like, and that bottom had that funny gleam like stainless steel--dull and shiny at the same time. Pipes came out of the bottom of the top, if you can understand that, and went down to the edge of the thing. I suppose like all technicians I was interested more in the mechanism than in the creature.

"This girl thing had a black rubberoid hood that extended half way down her back, and it seemed to be inflated, since I could see it pulse or change size. She was holding a tube, which went back into the port, in one hand, and a black box with a wire attached in the other. She had a plastic-like mask over her face and wore goggle-like things.

"Then I noticed THOSE EYES!

"It might have been my imagination, but they seemed luminous as they showed through the dark goggles. It was then the realization hit me that here was something not to be idly looked at, and I began shaking like a leaf. My wife was gripping my hand so hard it hurt and seemed frozen to the spot. I pulled at her, but she was stiff as a board and wouldn't move until I yanked at her and shook her. I half dragged her into the car, gunned the motor and got out of there. After driving about three miles I stopped to see how my wife was. She was white as a sheet. Her mouth was moving but she couldn't talk.

"I started the car again, but found I couldn't drive because my feet and legs were shaking so badly. I had a smoke, which calmed me a little, and then started for home.

"That's about all of it. Knowing it sounds funny, I suppose you think I'm really 'gone', but I told you only because you seem to believe in some pretty crazy stuff yourself. Besides, maybe you might have an idea what it was and where it came from."

Mrs. Forster verified his statements, adding only a small detail here and there. They described it over and over to me as I sketched the "girl" and the saucer. Finally, after we had worked for quite a while, Forster commented, "It's so damn close are you sure YOU never saw one?"

I assured Forster I had never.

Missing from Forster's narrative were a few details told to me as the sketch was being drawn.

The seeming haze around the figure (see illustration) appeared to be a very fine, hazy plastic suit, extending about three inches from the body. Forster thought it was inflated. The fingers of the creature seemed excessively supple, since Forster stated he thought he saw them bend the wrong way, though he was not sure of this point and said the strange light may have created the effect.

The location was examined later, indicated a heavy oval object was there at some time, or else the area had been trampled purposely as a hoax. Since the interview, however, I have talked further to Forster, feeling he might change his story. But he seems to be telling the truth and I can't break the story down.

And there is still fear in Mrs. Forster's eyes----eyes that have looked upon a shade from Hell, or a creature from outer space.

(A striking similarity between this creature and the Flatwoods, W.VA. "monster" is evident. It was associated with a gleaming ball and the witnesses noticed a HOOD-LIKE affair one of them said was shaped like "The Ace of Spaces." Beams of light were said to come from its eyes.)

(After the last issue went to press THE SAUCERIAN began receiving delightful reports on West Coast saucerdoings from the writer of this piece. Apparently this writer, who carries on such investigations as a hobby, is on the "inside" on much of the saucerbusiness--or maybe monkeybusiness--going on in Sunny Cal. and parts nearby. Our only regret is that we don't have room for all the material she has submitted, but we hope to use it in further issues as space is available. Meanwhile your fan letters may encourage Mrs. Sanders--yes, she is happily married, boys--to do some more peeking around for us--Ed.)

"Let's go to the Van Tassel Saucer meeting tonight!"

This enthusiastic proposal by my family came as no surprise. We had wanted to go over ever since we had heard that Mr. George Van Tassel, author of I RODE A FLYING SAUCER, communicated with the saucers, by telepathy, every Saturday night.

We are now agreed that, whether or not you BELIEVE in Mr. V.T., attending one of his meetings is a fascinating and an out-of-the-ordinary experience!

The decision made, we scurried around, and scorning thought of motels, threw camping equipment hurriedly into the car. Our destination was Giant Rock Airport, in the desert about 125 miles southeast of Los Angeles, 16 miles north of the 29 Palms Highway from Joshua Tree. It is a CAA approved, public airport operated by V.T. and family.

The population seems to consist of V.T., wife, three grown daughters, one son-in-law, several members of V.T.'s organization, and assorted and sundry goats, cats, dogs and chickens. We arrived in time to see V.T. before the meeting began. He is a vigorous, suntanned man, intelligent and easy to talk with. He is proud of what he terms his "Twenty years experience in the air game," most of it spent as a test flight engineer.

We stood in the crowded little lunch room and talked. He was friendly, and seemed pleased to be asked to describe his experience in boarding the saucer. He told us his first contact with the saucerpeople was on the brilliant moonlit night of August 24, 1953 at 2:00 A.M. As he walked through the magnetic vortex surrounding the disk he became extremely dizzy and nauseated. This seasick feeling vanished, however, as he entered the saucer. Remove all metal from our person, he warned us, if ever we approached a saucer. If we did not we would be burned by the heat of its melting--as he had been burned by his flashlight.

The man in the saucer was described as looking like a "young Ronald Coleman without the mustache." He had no visible hair on his body other than the dark hair on his head. Neither he nor his people had any evil intentions toward us, V.T. said. We learned V.T. had a record of 4 1/2 years' communication with the saucers. He told us they came from some 51 solar systems, and others came from Venus, Mars and the Moon. They hover overhead, but we cannot always see them. They do not use food, or at least food as we know it. The saucers vary in size from two feet to several thousand.

About 8:00 P.M. we went down into the office and lounge--and I do mean DOWN. A large room has been hollowed out under the Giant Rock. The rock itself is more than 50 feet in diameter and about seven (house) stories high.

The setting and atmosphere was certainly conducive to putting us all in the proper mood for strange goings on!

About 30 or 40 were there, including several children. We sat on divans, chairs, benches, the stairs, and those of us in jeans, on the floor. Many different types and classes of people were present, in all manners of dress.

V.T. welcomed us with a short speech--with a special welcome to the "government man" he knew was present, and to the saucerman he "suspected" was also present! He asked if there were any questions before proceeding with the meeting. Someone asked, "Have the saucers ever contacted Washington, or landed on an airfield?" He answered that all governments had been contacted, but that he could not make a statement as he was not at liberty to say--and anyhow, he did not want to go to jail. We were informed that, in order to make contact with the saucers, it was necessary to turn out the lights and go through certain procedures to establish proper level of vibrations and harmony.

The only source of light was a glowing symbol  on the wall to my left, and starlight from a small window just below the ceiling directly in front of me.

We sang many songs, popular and religious, suggested by the audience. V.T.'s daughters sang songs they said had been given them by the saucerpeople. The singing was interspersed with long periods of silence for meditation. Occasionally Mrs. V.T. would break in with a chant, "Peace----Love----Harmony----Breathe deeply----exhale-----." We exhaled on a long drawn out "Peeee-eeee-ace!"

It was a weird experience, and I for one was in the proper mood. If someone had said "Boo!" I would have gathered my ectoplasm together and zipped up and out of that hole like a bullet!



No one knows how closely I came to doing just that. I felt a cold breeze, and skylighted by the window, I could see a little man with a large head moving slowly in front of me! I reached out cautiously, prepared for anything, and discovered one small boy crawling slowly and silently in the direction of his mother!

The preparation for contact seemed to go on interminably before V.T. finally was heard to say, "Yes, we are here. Who am I talking to?"

We listened for several minutes to a one-sided conversation, V.T. sounding as if he were on the receiving end of a telephone. It seemed the method of communication they were using involved an instrument called the "OMNI-BEAM." It had been practically forgotten, having not been used for hundreds of years. It was explained as being similar to our telephone, or TV, in that it projected pictures and voices, but required nothing more than a "brain" as a receiver.

They were having difficulty in adjusting the machine and all we could hear was the voice of V.T.: "NOW who am I talking to? Well, somebody else keeps butting in! CONFOUND IT, YOU KEEP SWITCHING AROUND ON ME! Let's settle on who is to do the talking tonight!"

Suddenly V.T. began speaking in a loud,

Better watch your saucer secrets, for Mrs. Sanders may be looking over your shoulder. Of course this isn't a true picture of the writer, since she is shown here in disguise.

harsh voice! The "voice" identified itself as "Knut."

"I am Knut. I bring you love."

He explained to us that he was speaking through V.T. from a saucer and would answer any questions. We learned he was in a 300 ft. supply ship, approximately two miles to the south, and 5,620 feet high. He was engaged in the task of transferring supplies to other craft. The saucer maintained its position in the sky by an anchoring system: "Much as you would anchor something to a concrete floor."

A "transitor beam" was used to move objects, transport material--- and PICK UP PEOPLE. Their method of propulsion? Riding beams of light. Knut claimed that with a device called the "Nullifier" they could shut off "everything electrical" on earth and paralyze all communications.

The "Cynthoscan" is an instrument whereby an area of about 200 feet in diameter can be selected and "tuned in" on. All TV, radio and thought waves can then be received and analyzed.

Sometime during the evening an intermission was called. We scrambled out from under the Rock with faces lifted to the skies. It was a beautiful, nippy desert night, with millions of stars---but no Knut, and no saucers. We finally gave up the saucerwatch and went into the little cafe for free coffee and donuts (At no time were we asked for contributions).

After intermission, and under the Rock again, we went through the same procedure as before. This time our contact was "Lupon," who was explained as being "sort of like our president."

We were suddenly interrupted by a loud, coarse and heavily accented voice coming from V.T.'s son-in-law. With body jerking, feet shuffling, and words coming laboriously, he chanted a weird melody in a strange and unknown tongue. The halting voice informed us that a saucer had crashed high in the Himalayas, and the Russians were trying to recover it. He assured us, however, that they would not succeed; that the disk would not fall into the hands of the Reds.

Meanwhile Lupon waited patiently through all this interruption, and then resumed his recital of mining on Pluto. The substance mined was Suffun, a rubber-like material with self-sealing properties. This substance, we were told, had been accidentally deposited on the field of the Kelso, Washington, farmer last year.

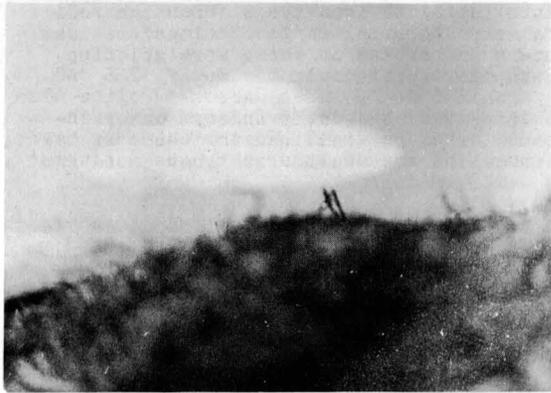
The meeting broke up about 1:00 A.M. after a final message from Lupon who admonished us to "behave yourselves."

V.T. allowed us to camp near the big rock, not far from the house where some of the family lived. We sat around in the cold discussing the night's happenings. Finally, everyone else was asleep and I became conscious of the almost palpable stillness of the desert night. I listened sleepily and imagined I could hear a voice rising and falling in a weird chanted melody. As the voice rose I could make out words, but strange words---sung in a language I had never heard before. Suddenly I was sitting up, wide awake! I knew my imagination was good, but not THAT GOOD!

I finally decided the singing was coming from the direction of the Van Tassel house.

The voice was good, the songs were pretty, and I soon drifted off to sleep. But---human voice?---or saucer voice?---I suppose I will never know!





THE CONISTON
SAUCER

By W. Jolliffe

(Pictured at left is saucer photograph taken by young Stephen Darbishire, Coniston, England. Photo is blurred because of incorrect camera setting. The original shows more detail than the printed reproduction here)

Two saucer stories, and a convincing, if blurred photograph, came out of England. Thirteen-year-old Stephen Darbishire's photograph of a saucer looked quite like the George Adamski photographs and another saucer seen close up by eighteen-year-old Nigel Frapple also gave weight to the much disputed claims by the Mt. Palomar, Calif., author.

It was on the morning of February 15, 1954, that young Stephen, of Coniston, Lancashire, seemed to have an uncontrollable urge to climb a hill behind his home. He and his eight-year-old cousin, Adrian Nyer, went up the hill, taking a small camera along in the hope of taking bird pictures, since bird watching was his principal hobby.

Suddenly Adrian shouted, "Look at that thing!" And there it was, coming from the direction of the sun--a strange silvery round object. It descended to earth about a hundred yards away and disappeared behind some rising ground, came into view again a few seconds later. Then it suddenly tipped up on its side and shot up into the sky with a swishing sound, the only noise it had made during its appearance.

In his excitement, investigation showed Stephen had set his camera on "bulb" instead of the intended 1/25 second, and had taken about a one-second exposure. As a result, the picture was blurred.

"It was a solid metal-like thing with a dome, portholes, and three bumps or landing domes underneath. In the center the underneath was darker and pointed like a cone. At first three portholes were visible, but then it turned slightly and we saw four. There was what looked like a hatch on top of the cabin dome."

Stephen also described the object as 40 feet in diameter and presenting a silvery, glassy appearance, "like metal or plastic which light goes through but which you can't see through" (He likely meant translucent--W.J.). He also said it had a ball-type landing gear.

At first Stephen's father, a doctor, did not believe him, but was convinced after the photograph was developed. Young Stephen was interviewed by newspaper men and saucer investigators, but stuck to his original story.

Although his description of the saucer fitted that allegedly photographed by George Adamski, Stephen's parents confirmed his statement that he had never read the Leslie-Adamski book, FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED, nor had he seen even an abridged account. He did say, however, he had

seen Adamski's photograph in the London Illustrated. Stephen said the saucer had four port-holes, but the photograph he had seen, which had been trimmed down for reproduction, showed only three (the fourth had been cut off).

The Other Saucer

Nigel Frapple was cycling home at 2 A.M. on May 20, near Bruton, when he saw "a terrific light in a field nearby."

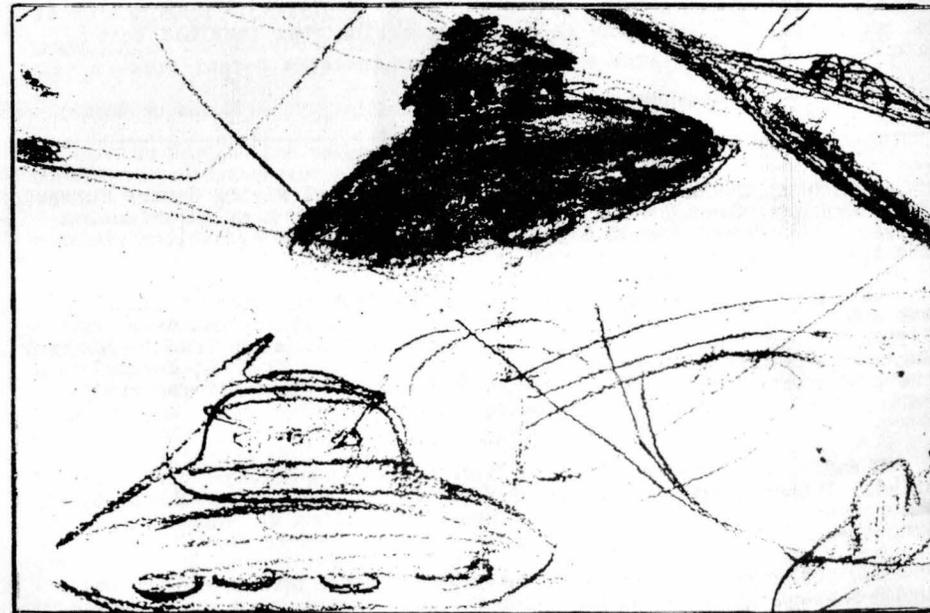
He lay in a hedgerow and watched the saucer four or five minutes, and then went forward to within 25 yards of the thing while it was hovering. Then it made off at great speed, practically silent except for a slight swishing sound.

Capt. E. E. Plunkett, Hon. Sec. of the British Flying Saucer Bureau, interviewed young Nigel:

"We found Nigel Frapple a nice chap, sensible to the point of matter of factness, and quietly he told us what actually happened. We came away some four hours later greatly impressed by the sighting, and find no reason to disbelieve the story."

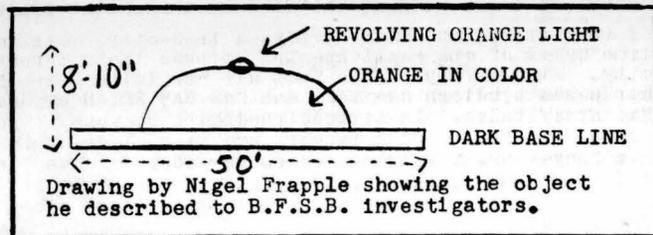
Young Frapple told Capt. Plunkett the saucer had a 50-ft. baseline, a top dome of eight to ten feet on top of which was a revolving vivid orange light, the color of the dome proper being a duller orange. Underneath and to the rear it appeared to have a smaller light, which might or might not have been attached to it.

During the course of the investigation, Capt. Plunkett came across another countryman who, wakening in the middle of the same night, saw a huge orange ball "like the setting sun," come down in front of a woodland copse, and then take off again, the same where the boy said he first
(Continued next page)



These sketches, drawn by Stephen Darbishire and reproduced in the London Evening Post, show the Coniston saucer as being almost identical to the one photographed by George Adamski, according to that newspaper. But according to another source of information (a foremost saucerbook author), the sketch was really made by young Stephen, BUT it was a sketch of a photograph in the Leslie-Adamski book, and NOT a sketch of the saucer he had seen and photographed.

--By Rose Murphy--



saw it. A similar object was also seen by Miss Doreen Heffer, of Shobley, near Ringwood, Hampshire, on the same night.

The Comet Crash and Saucers

Donald Keyhoe has been taken to task for suggesting in his latest book that the Comet which crashed in India had fallen afoul of a flying what-not. "Utter balderdash," commented the Ministry of Civil Aviation: "Neither we nor the Air Ministry have suggested that the Comet might have been struck by an unidentified flying body." The news report I quote added there was no sign of collision and the official investigation had showed that the Comet broke up either from severe strain in a storm or loss of control by the pilot.

But here are two earlier statements. J. H. Lett, an investigator of the Ministry of Civil Aviation, said lightning had not struck the Comet, nor had it collided with another plane. There was no evidence, he said, of faulty materials or bad workmanship. But he found it had broken up in the air after striking some heavy and unknown body!

On January 20, 1954, the Royal Aircraft Establishment for Research at Farnborough, where the Comet tests are going on, had this to say: "The Comet did not crash due to lightening or explosion. Examination of the main wings and tailplane gave the impression that they had been torn off by a giant."

Which leaves us where we came in.

BRITISH FLYING SAUCER BUREAU

Following the dissolution of the International Flying Saucer Bureau, of Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A., the British branch of that organization formed a new group, termed The British Flying Saucer Bureau, and held its inaugural meeting in Bristol late last year.

Capt. E. E. Plunkett, who headed the British division of I.F.S.B., was named secretary of the new organization, and since that date the Flying Saucer Club, another British disk organization, headed by Richard Hughes, consolidated with B.F.S.B. The FLYING SAUCER NEWS, formerly the publication of the Flying Saucer Club, is now the official publication for the consolidated organization.

LISTENING POST

THE LITTLE LISTENING POST, published by Mrs. Walton Colcord John, at 4811 Illinois Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., is a two-or-three-page mimeographed bulletin reporting a remarkable volume of saucerdoings and occult phenomena.

The bulletin is informative and will keep the reader briefed on the goings-on in those fields. The project is supported by good-will donations, and we're sure a quarter will bring at least some sample copies your way.



(This is a true story, but Miss Murphy, a teen-ager, does not wish to give the true names of the participants, because their parents object to the publicity. Miss Murphy states that all her letters are read and approved by her parents before sending, and THE SAUCERIAN has no reason to believe this story false. It is published here because it represents one of those rare occurrences when saucers are seen close-up in the procedure of landing---or, this time, crashing--Ed.)

By now I was really getting scared! I still can't describe that awful feeling.

It was, well, like I could sense danger was near, but couldn't see or hear it. A definite feeling in the air that something strange and terrifying was near.

That was on the night of May 21, 1952, and before that memorable evening I always scoffed at flying saucers. To me they were just simply impossible.

Seven friends and I were trail riding that night. The moon was out, not quite full. We were riding a narrow path between a dry creek bed and a dense wood when Hank's horse, leading the group, suddenly reared. The horse had never acted that way before, and the other horses were beginning to act skittish.

One of the party got his mount under reasonable control, looked up and began laughing. He pointed at what he said must be a circus light or airport beacon in the sky. At that point we all should have turned back; we all realize that now.

But we continued riding, although the horses continued snorting and trembling. It was about ten minutes before anything happened. This time my mare reared straight up and pawed the air.

THEN I SAW IT!

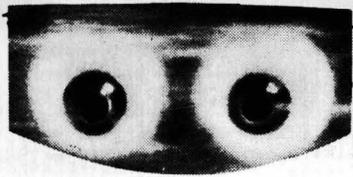
A huge light-blue saucer-shaped object was less than two hundred feet above us and descending rapidly!

I don't know why the horses didn't move, or why we didn't try to make them go. It seemed we were just frozen in our tracks.

As the saucer landed it hit a tree with a resounding crash and an eerie blue light illuminated the entire countryside. Just before it crashed it took on a dull red glow on the underside, as if it might have been trying to avoid hitting the tree. The noise seemed to break the spell that must have been over us, and I heard Ellen, who was behind all of us, turn her horse. I didn't wait. I don't think my mare ever ran so fast. We were supposed to open Lingenfelter's gate when we went back home, but we didn't bother: we went right over it. Since Hank's house was closest we stopped there to talk over the experience. But since Hank had a very respectable post in the city government, we decided against calling the police, being afraid of ridicule.

Next day we went back to the location on foot. We found many trees down, some of them broken neatly in half. The leaves weren't disturbed in the least. We found an enormous indentation in the sand in the creek bed. It was a dark brown, a cocoa brown you might say, but the flood waters from the creek have since washed it away.

I firmly believe the "searchlight" we saw had something to do with the saucer. There was no carnival or circus in the area and we were more than ten miles from the Peoria airport, the nearest location for such a light. Besides the light did not appear to be coming from the ground, but to originate in mid-air, all by itself.



MONSTERS

TERRIFY NICKEL WORKER

-- By Laimon A. Mitris --

On July 2 Mars was the closest it had ever been in many years. As the Red Planet swung near Earth, three denizens of outer space, 13 feet tall and with strange hypnotic powers, visited Ontario and placed Ennio la Sarza under their weird spell.

That was the report LaSarza, a Garson, Ontario, mine employee, related to police and RCAF investigators. The nickel miner claimed he saw the odd looking space ship, with portholes and 25 feet in diameter, come hurtling down near where he was working, and the monsters emerge from it about 5:00 P.M.

The weird entities were terrifying to look upon: Their bodies, greenish-blue in color, seemed to glow, and they had single eyes in the center of what passed for foreheads. Each monster had six sets of hairy legs and arms--arms equipped with crablike claws which opened and closed spasmodically. On each head was a twin antenna--in fact they looked more like overgrown insects than men.

LaSarza started to run when one of the things came after him, but suddenly something froze him in his tracks: some strange hypnotic influence the monsters possessed, thought the witness. Speaking to him by mental telepathy they gave him a mission to perform--a task so terrible La Sarza would not tell anyone, even authorities, what it was. "I couldn't tell even my own mother!"

He also said he would rather die than do the terrible thing the beings ordered.

LaSarza fainted, and when he came to, there was no sign of the monsters nor their ship. Then he reported the incident to authorities.

Police and RCAF investigators visited the spot where LaSarza had seen the space ship, but found no evidence. Loel Racicot, one of the local residents who investigated, said he had found the landing spot, however. "There was a deep depression in the ground and the grass was burned off. The soil had a peculiar white color in the spot where it landed while the rest of the soil just looked like plain dirt."

Sqdn.-Ldr. A. King, of the nearby RCAF station, said his investigation had proved the story fictitious. "It just didn't corroborate with any information we have," he said.

"What information is that?" he was asked.



"I can't say. That's classified information," was the reply.

At the time THE SAUCERIAN went to press, people were still wondering if LaSarza had seen something, and if so, just where the monsters had come from and what they wanted.

The Garson landing report, in my opinion, is a hoax. When the police and RCAF officer asked LaSarza to make a drawing of the "things" he saw, the fellow obliged. But the saucers he created on paper were spitting images of some papier-mache saucers that appeared in the movie, THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, shown not so long ago in Sudbury, near Garson. Police also found other sketches of the same thing near the fence LaSarza was painting at the time. Questioned about these, he explained that he must have drawn them unconsciously, while under the trance induced by the monsters' hypnotic stares.

LaSarza seems to be a fellow addicted to telling big stories. He is an Italian immigrant who came to this country not so long ago and is now employed by the International Nickel Company. He is only 23 and it appeared strange to me that a fellow of that age could have done all the great things he claims to have done. During the last war he was shot in the leg by German soldiers, just before successfully blowing up a Nazi train. At that time he couldn't have been much older than 13 -- possibly less.

A few days after the report had appeared in the newspapers, Rev. Charles Beck, Buffalo, N. Y. radio minister, who often broadcasts information on the saucer mystery, turned up in Sudbury to interview LaSarza and investigate the matter. He predicted the district is in for big surprises, and claimed the creatures were evil beings, possibly devils. He said the saucer people are in the town of Sudbury, among the workers of the INCO, and that they know every word between the officials. The beings have the ability to change shape, to become invisible, and can even pass through solid walls, according to Rev. Beck. (THE SAUCERIAN thanks Rev. Beck for telephoning us additional information on the LaSarza case--Ed.)

"Project Magnet" Detects First Saucer

On August 8 things were quiet, as usual, at "Project Magnet," Canada's saucer sighting station engineered by Wilbur B. Smith, and reported on in the February issue of THE SAUCERIAN.

For months eyes watched the sensitive gravimeter in vain; when a large aircraft would pass over, the electronically-operated pen would be deflected slightly, and a wavy line would be drawn -- but that was all.

But at 3:01 P.M. of August 8 the gravimeter went crazy! The much-publicized saucer station had detected its first saucer!

Since the station came into existence about ten months ago, nothing has come from behind the veil of secrecy which has seemed to cover "Project Magnet." Before the recent announcement there had been some talk that the results of the investigations made by the station had been classified and hence had never reached the newspapers. During an unusual shower of fireballs around the beginning of this year, statements were made by the station that no meteors will be recorded on the instruments in the little shack. There were some rumors about space stations and artificial satellites connected with the name of Smith, but in general, the public had just about ceased to hear from Canada's No. 1 saucer hunter.

Smith himself was on duty when the gravimeter picked up something unexpected and evidently unexplainable, and activated an alarm bell system. He rushed to the gravimeter and found that the line drawn by the instrument's electronically-operated pen had made a deflection vastly greater and more pronounced than ever before. After watching the instrument a few seconds, Smith ran outside to see what was causing the

excitement, but the overcast was down to 100 feet, and whatever was up there, and activating his instruments, could not be seen,

Later, while making an official statement, Smith was very careful in stating that the object "might" be a flying saucer, but was definitely not a plane. "It could have been a saucer -- and it also could have been a number of other things, including instrument failure. So we're checking," he reported.

During the next weeks the station staff will check and re-check all possible explanations. It will be a process of elimination, Smith said, in arriving at a conclusion. If it is proven that instrument failure cannot be blamed for the sharp deflection in the instrument, then the staff of the station will be faced with a question, an answer to which may give the first clues we have obtained in seven years.

But so far it hasn't been decided just what was in the sky over Ottawa causing such sudden and sharp unbalance in gravitational forces.

As I was writing this, a most interesting clipping arrived. One day after Smith made all those statements about the strange happenings at Shirley's Bay, he was interviewed by Irvin Shulman of the Montreal Star. Smith was talking about "misinformation" and declined to talk in terms of flying saucers.

"All we got was a wiggle on the machine," he said, and that the "something" in the sky or in the machine could have been "101 different things."

He still admitted that the "wiggle" was greater than that recorded by a passing plane. After reading this, one starts to wonder what caused this change in Smith's statements. One day previously he talked about saucers and related what happened in the station but the next day he hated the sound of the word "saucer." If the instruments, such as the gravimeter is registering "101 different things," then what is such an instrument good for, and why does the Canadian government spend all that money on a station which can record only one unimportant "wiggle" in ten months -- and a "wiggle" that can mean 101 different things?

Could it be that Smith was influenced, in regard to his second day's statements, by the same "higher authority" we so often hear about?

And getting back to the LaSanza story for a moment, we wonder about the RCAF investigator's statement about "classified information" with which the Italian immigrant's story didn't fit. Wonder just what "the information we have" could be?

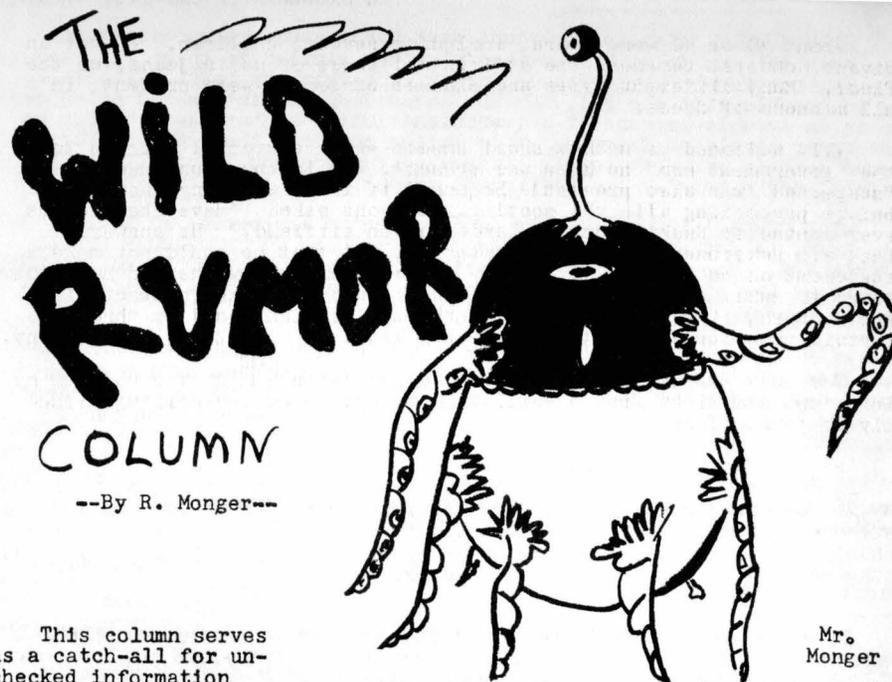
CALLING SCIENCE FICTION FANS

To all readers who are also science fiction fans: If you belong to a fan club, please register the club with Orville W. Mosher, Dir., Project Fan Club, 1728 Mayfair, Emporia, Kansas. If you don't belong to such a club and would like to, Mr. Mosher may be able to give you information about a club near you.

NEW BRITISH SAUCER PUBLICATION

Markham House Press, Ltd., 31 Kings Road, London, S.W. 3, England, will publish an English counterpart of the French saucerzine, OURANUS. The new bi-monthly zine, titled URANUS, is available at \$1.50 for six issues. It will be edited by E. Biddle, 1513 High Road, London, N. 20, England.

THE SAUCERIAN also recommends another British publication, FLYING SAUCER NEWS, now the official publication of the British Flying Saucer Bureau. It is still edited by Richard Hughes, who is addressed at 42 Rothbury Rd., Hove 3, Sussex, England.



Mr. Monger

This column serves as a catch-all for unchecked information arriving almost daily

Though most of these rumors are wild indeed, there are a good chance of some of them being true. And "The Wild Rumor Column" serves as a place to print many things we wouldn't want to print as news--for one reason or another.

In response to many inquiries, let us explain that Mr. Monger, pictured above, was borrowed from colleague Sam Johnson, who edits SFzine, an amateur science fiction publication. Mr. Monger was kicked out of that magazine for rumor mongering. Mr. Johnson has elucidated somewhat on Mr. Monger, explained about his (Mr. Monger's) arms, legs and extra eye which seem to be attached by grippers: "They ARE grippers. He's a symbiote, and those other unsavory members happen to be life forms that he supplies with energy in return for the support, insight, etc. Otherwise he's just two bubbles with an eye and a mouth that floats in the eddy pools on Gherfves, his home planet."

Now that you know more about Mr. Monger, let's let him get on with his column:

WILD RUMOR: That dozens of cans of color film, labeled "Interplanetary--Top Secret," were brought into the Eastman labs for processing--under guard.

WILD RUMOR: That the Lowell Observatory has been taken over by the Air Force to study Mars.

WILD RUMOR: That a dead planet will pass near Earth soon, and shower us with cosmic dust.

WILD RUMOR: That there is a special branch of the Air Force, which works in plain clothes, whose main business is to collect photographs of flying saucers after they appear in newspapers.

(continued next page)

WILD RUMOR: That an important West Coast saucer personality, who has been telling folks he received visitors similar to those reported by the International Flying Saucer Bureau (See February issue editorial), is in trouble with the FBI, but NOT because he was interested in saucers. He is in trouble because of a fraudulent letter he has been showing to his inner circle of friends. This letter confirms that the Air Force found certain saucerphotos in his possession genuine. Actually they didn't, and naturally the Government doesn't like the fake letter.

WILD RUMOR: The saucer (or saucers) under inspection at Edwards Air Base, is not captured, but WAS BROUGHT THERE BY THE SAUCER PEOPLE THEMSELVES. Top scientists have not been able to figure the saucer out. President Ike himself took a look at the thing while on a supposed vacation nearby.

WILD RUMOR: That a small group of about fifty scientists and their families grew tired of civilized living around the time of the First World War, and moved to a remote part of the world. There, unhampered by wars, etc., they have developed a civilization better than ours. Among the devices they have invented are the you-know-whats.

WILD RUMOR: That a former member of the I.F.S.B. Investigation Dept. was visited by a well-known government agency and told to shut up on saucers. His mail has also been tampered with.

WILD RUMOR: That a prominent saucerbook author is making regular visits to a head doctor.

WILD RUMOR: That a certain saucerenthusiast who received extensive publicity in 1952 now tells his story quite differently than at first, with many additions, etc. This fellow has a psycho background before seeing the saucer. A.F. visited this man for interviews mainly because one of the investigators happened to have a girl friend in the area, and this was used as an excuse to visit the gal and at the same time seep up some sunshine in that exotic clime. This saucerenthusiast referred to above seems to be in good shape physically, despite some claims of strange saucer-induced diseases.

WILD RUMOR: That when seven guided missiles were sent up from a U.S. proving ground in Japan, they failed to come back down.

Saucernews References (See SAUCERNEWS Section)

The Air Force: CRIFO NEWSLETTER 7/2/4; UP story dateline 6/1/4, thanks to Rose Murphy; London Daily Mail 4/25/4, thanks to E. L. Plunkett; Phila. Enq. 3/24/4, 3/23 AP dateline, thanks to Charles Cooney. **Flying Jellyfish** London Evening News 7/1/4, London Times 7/1/4, thanks to Judith Gee; London Daily Mail 7/1 & 7/2/4, thanks to W. Jolliffe; Phila. Enq. 3/23/4, AP dateline 3/22/4, thanks to Charles Cooney. **Baltimore Sun 7/2/4, AP dateline 7/1/4. Saucer Follows Air Force Secretary:** Thanks to Frank Edwards' MBC newscast and CRIFO NEWSLETTER. **Saucer Chases Workmen:** Undated clippings, thanks to Rose Murphy. **Australian Saucers:** Sydney Morning Herald 4/1/4, Sydney Daily Telegraph 4/1/4, thanks to E. R. Jarrold; London Daily Mail 1/25/4, thanks to E. L. Plunkett. **Cobwebs From Space:** The Valley Times, Calif., thanks to Mrs. Glenn Sanders; Toronto Daily Star 3/26/4, thanks to Gerald Stewart. **Russia Solves Saucer Mystery:** St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Reuters dateline 12/28/3 and AP story dateline 1/18/4, thanks to Otis McAllister. **Saucers In Eclipse Pix:** St. Louis Post-Dispatch 7/7/4, UP 7/7 dateline, thanks to Otis McAllister. **Ghost Dept:** St. Louis Post-Dispatch, AP dateline 1/13/4, thanks to Otis McAllister; London Daily Mail, undated May clipping, thanks to Judith Gee; London Daily Mail 3/16/4, thanks to Mary Hyde; London Daily Mail 3/18/4; Undated clipping thanks to E. L. Plunkett. **Monsters:** Denver Post 5/3, 5/5, & 5/6/4, thanks to William C. Lamb; Fairmont Times, UP dateline 1/3/4 & 1/4/4; NY Herald Trib. 2/4/4, AP dateline 2/3/4; London Times 2/6/4, thanks to Judith Gee; London Evening Standard 2/3/4, London Daily Mail 1/4/4, thanks to W. Jolliffe and E. E. Plunkett. **Adamski Back From Venus:** Toronto Daily Star 2/26/4, thanks to P. Howard Lyons. Also thanks to others we may have neglected to mention.

TWO MEN FROM VENUS --By James Moseley--

(When James Moseley, author of a forthcoming saucerbook, visited the West Coast he sent THE SAUCERIAN this report of saucerdoings in that sunny clime. Moseley, now hard at work on his book, also finds time to publish NEXUS, a new saucerzine, and supervise the activities of S.A.U.C.E.R.S. (Saucers and Unexplained Celestial Events Research Society), of which he is president.--Ed.)

One saucer story on the Coast that particularly interested me was what I call the "Two Men From Venus Story." Though there are many versions of this tale going around the country, a composite account would run something like this:

In about April of 1953, two fairly ordinary looking men walked into a California newspaperman's office and announced that they were from Venus. Being a rather cynical fellow, the reporter asked if they could prove this statement. One did, by making a deep gouge in the desk with his thumb nail. The newsman was duly impressed. The Venusians asked if they could get a job with the paper, and were told to come back the next day to find out. The following day one of the two returned. "Where is your friend today?" asked the reporter, to which the Venusian replied that since there was only one job available, only one of them had come back. Surely enough, there was only one job open, but how had he known?

The mystery grew deeper. To further prove his powers, the Venusian put a half-inch deep gouge in a steel bar, which subsequent analysis showed would take 1,700 pounds of pressure to duplicate. The skeptical reporter was thoroughly convinced by now, and gave the spaceman a job at the local missing persons bureau, where during the next couple of weeks, "Venutio," as he was nick-named, did a super-human job of bringing in missing persons. For example, one time a man was arrested, and accused of driving a stolen car. The unfortunate fellow claimed he had only borrowed the car, but all he could remember was that the owner was a man named Joe. Within half an hour Venutio brought Joe in, and the accused man was released. With such feats as this, the Venusian soon proved himself to be the best investigator the bureau had ever had. But after two or three weeks something went wrong. Some say the Venusian feared publicity; others say he was asked too many troublesome questions by his co-workers. In any case, he quit suddenly one day, and has never been seen since.

The actual name the Venusian used during his stay on Earth was Wheeler, though he was known by his nick-name. As far as I could find out, however, there is no record of a man named Wheeler ever having worked at that particular office. In addition, I have been told that the reporter had admitted privately to friends that the incident was a hoax. However, far be it from me to cast doubts on such a fascinating story. I understand the reporter intends to write up the incident for a national magazine, and all I can do is to wish him success in this venture.

The Civilian Saucer Investigation

By far the best saucer investigation group that I came across on the Coast was the Civilian Saucer Investigation, better known as CSI. This group is composed of about a dozen young men, several of whom are technical writers for local aircraft companies. One honorary member is one of the country's half dozen top rocket experts. CSI was conceived as a result of a more or less "average" saucer sighting made in the summer of 1951 by Ed Sullivan, Werner Eichler, and Victor Black. Because of the wide publicity they received as a result of this experience, Sullivan decided to organize a saucer research group. He rented a post office box and invited the public to send their sightings to him. Since

CSI was a non-government organization that promised to treat their sightings with confidence and analyze them in a serious-minded manner, many people wrote in who had for fear of ridicule or publicity refrained from telling the Air Force or the newspapers of their experiences.

Eichler and several others became members of Sullivan's organization. Black, however, claimed that the original sighting that had brought CSI into being had never occurred except in the minds of Sullivan and Eichler; and he eventually wrote an article in AMERICAN MERCURY in which he blasted CSI and all its members to an extreme and excessive degree. This article--if you will excuse an unintentional pun--gave the organization a black eye and for this and other reasons Sullivan is at present no longer soliciting saucer reports. However, my verdict in this controversy would be in favor of Sullivan, for most of Black's charges fail to hold water, and in addition, the MERCURY felt obliged to print a partial retraction of Black's article in a later issue.

But the main reason that CSI is no longer active (though it is not closed down) is that the group has gone as far as it can in analysing the approximately 1200 cases they have received. As a group, CSI now believes that the saucers are from outer space, though they hold that this theory is still unproven. In other words, they reject en masse all reports of contacts with space men via radio, ouija board, or what have you. CSI bases their outer-space conclusion on the fact that if the saucers are solid objects their observed speeds, maneuvers, and shapes are such that it would be entirely unreasonable to assume that they could be a product of this or any other country on earth.

The CSI group now feels they have made their contribution to saucer research, and that there is nothing more they can do until or unless evidence of an entirely different kind becomes available, such as an actual landing by a saucer; i.e., presumably a landing under conditions much less questionable than the alleged landings so far. I feel that it is definitely to their credit that CSI has refused to "go off the deep end" and believe the current crop of men-from-Venus stories; though on the other hand they have not been entirely fair in that they have not even bothered to investigate these stories. I have always felt that we need more scientists interested in saucers, as well as more saucerenthusiasts interested in science. Many saucer researchers become as violently ill at the mere mention of "orthodox science" as at the mention of the name of Donald Menzel. Fortunately, the members of CSI are able to believe in both saucers and science without apparent difficulty.

The Mysterious Saucer Film

One rather humorous case that came to my attention was that of some movie film which allegedly shows a flying saucer low over Hollywood Hills, near Los Angeles. This color film was taken by a Mr. Jerome Welo who is a professional cameraman in Hollywood. He had been fortunate enough to be testing his camera when a saucer flew right into view. No one else, to the best of my knowledge, even saw the saucer, but he got about two minutes of very good film on it. The film was shown at the Flying Saucer Convention in August, 1953, and reportedly offered for sale for \$5000 at that time. Since then it has disappeared from the general scene, and its present status and whereabouts seems to be filled with intrigue.

I had heard about the existence of this film as soon as I arrived in Los Angeles, but it was only two days before my intended departure that I was eventually able to learn any details. Jim Phalen, a newspaper reporter in Long Beach, told me the film was to be shown to a limited group the following Saturday, and that he thought he could arrange for me to be admitted. I was highly excited by this prospect, for I had heard all along that this film was sensational and also that an expert (whom I cannot name) had given it a better than even chance of being genuine. I knew that if it were genuine, it would beat by far any of the saucer movies that Keyhoe referred to in his new book. So I decided to change my plans and stay over for the private showing.

In the meanwhile I wanted to do a little checking up. I contacted a Mr. Paul Franklin, who was supposed to be the agent for the film. Franklin came to my hotel and showed me a paper proving he was the agent. Yet he had not been told of the showing, and in fact he had been under the impression that the film had been burned up! It developed that he was apparently not the only agent involved. In any case, he wheedled out of me the date and place of the showing, and let me look at a few frames from the film and a blow-up made from one of the frames. I immediately saw that the film was simply too good to be true, for the saucer was either so big or so close that it dwarfed the rest of the scene. When Franklin left, I phoned the expert who had supposedly given the film a good chance of being genuine.

"It's a fake," he told me over the phone. "I have produced 300 feet of the same sort of stuff." My suspicions were definitely growing. Then I phoned a man who until recently had been connected with the Air Force's Project Bluebook (Saucer) in Washington. He had heard of the film, but said the Air Force had never examined it, and asked me to let him know what I found out. This seemed very odd indeed to me, for the Air Force has taken a great interest in all saucer films that have a good chance of being genuine. On the strength of these revelations, I was convinced that I was wasting my time in waiting over to see the film. I therefore contacted Jim Phalen again, and bowed out of the showing. I thanked him for his helpfulness, but said that if I wanted to see an animated cartoon I would prefer to see one of the funny ones. And that was the end of the Wilo Film as far as I was concerned. Somewhere in far-away California people are still fighting and haggling over that film; but I had had enough, so like the Arabs I folded my tent and silently stole away.

Earlier I had run into another saucer movie taken by a man in Hollywood. This one was supposedly made in Alaska, during the shooting of a full-length motion picture. Only two men were present at the time, an actor and a director. A total of 700 feet was taken, but most of this was "borrowed" by the Air Force for examination and never returned.

Approximately 200 feet eventually was returned, though the best footage--of a saucer landing and taking off--was retained. This 200 feet was later incorporated into a theatrical motion picture produced by the same director and actor. I would like to mention the name of the picture and of the men involved in making it, but these gentlemen are bitter about their allegedly confiscated film, and warned me they would sue if I mentioned them in my book. They were friendly enough, however, and I had a very pleasant interview with them--but only after convincing them that I was not a process server, a Russian spy, or a bill collector (Lately this producer has run into hard times--Ed.). It seems that their unfortunate experience with the Government has made them suspicious with everone, even a writer of flying saucer stories. The Air Force has stated again and again that they have never confiscated anyone's pictures, but in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, I am willing to believe tentatively that these gentlemen may really have gotten some sensational saucer film. After all, Alaska, is a lonely and far-away country, and a saucer over Alaska is at least more believable than one over Hollywood Hills in broad daylight, unseen by anyone except a fortunate cameraman.

Interview With Adamski

No discussion of saucer activities on the Coast would be complete without mention of George Adamski, who is currently riding high on a wave of popularity as a result of his recent book, FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED. One of my primary reasons for going to the Coast was to investigate the story he relates in the book. I talked with Adamski at great length, and also with several of the witnesses to his alleged contact with a man from Venus. In addition I talked with as many

people as possible from all walks of life, who knew Adamski personally. I had hoped, after all this investigation, to be able to find out definitely, for my own satisfaction and peace of mind, whether or not his story was true. Unfortunately the evidence I gathered on this subject is inconclusive. I do not feel in a position to write an expose, such as Cahn did on Scully's book--nor would I have the desire to do so even if I had the evidence. On the other hand I am not at all willing to defend the story as true. It all boils down to the simple fact that no one in the world except George Adamski himself knows what really took place. His witnesses were too far away to see enough detail to really substantiate the whole story. Some apparently saw more than others, and there is some disagreement between the witnesses as to how much they actually did see. There is even a good deal of disagreement as to how far away they were from Adamski at the time the contact was made. The distance could be anywhere from half a mile to a mile and a half. At any rate, something must have happened that afternoon on the desert, for all the witnesses are at least agreed on the fact that a large cigar-shaped saucer with peculiar markings was seen in the sky. Beyond this, only Adamski really knows.

As for Adamski himself, he is a very kind, friendly man, and when I talked to him I could not help noting the apparent sincerity in his manner. He is not nearly as learned in "orthodox" science as the men at the 200-inch telescope a few miles away, at the top of Mount Palomar, but at the same time the scientists at Palomar are equally in the dark concerning the details of Adamski's theories, which he has taught for a number of years, long before flying saucers became popular. In fairness to Adamski, I would like to clear up a few false rumors about him. While he is not and never has been a professor at Palomar Observatory, he has never claimed to be. He does not operate a refreshment stand either, as Major Keyhoe claims in his book. Actually, Adamski lives next door to Palomar Gardens, which is a refreshment stand of a sort, and he spends most of his time in the cafe--which is perhaps the reason some people have thought he works there. As far as I know, he does not work at all at any particular job. His activities consist of his astronomical observations, his lectures, and his writings, and now--since he has achieved some degree of fame--much of his time is spent in keeping up with correspondence and talking to saucerenthusiasts, like myself, who treck up to Palomar Gardens to meet him.

Talk With Air Force

Perhaps my most interesting experience in Los Angeles was the evening I had the opportunity to talk for several hours with two former Air Force personnel, both of whom were connected with saucers until leaving the Service recently.

One of these men believed that saucers might well be interplanetary space ships, whereas the other did not. Since both had had access to much the same information, some of it classified, their discussion was extremely interesting to me. One by one they took up the most important saucer cases of the last two or three years. On some of the cases they could agree, but on most of them they disagreed heartily. It all boiled down to a difference of interpretation of the available evidence.

I have found again and again in my recent investigations that differences in interpretation of information about saucers cause as many difference in opinions as does lack of information. If two men who have been on the "inside" in regard to saucers can disagree so completely, how much easier is it for the rest of us to disagree? It is my opinion that neither of these men was in possession of any "deep dark secret" that could solve the saucer mystery, though if such secrets exist, the man with the higher clearance of the two would undoubtedly know about it. I refer, of course, to tangible proof such as captured saucers and/or little men.

All I can say, from my experiences in California and elsewhere,

is that IF tangible proof exists that saucers are from outer space, only a handful of people at the very top know about it, and furthermore this secret (in spite of Scully's book) is one of the best kept in history! It is equally difficult for me to believe that the saucers represent a U.S. weapon or that the Air Force has any evidence that they are from Russia. It is therefore my feeling that the Air Force would very likely be as interested as any individual to find out the real truth about saucers.

Whereas they, as a group, no doubt have an uneasy suspicion that the saucers are interplanetary, there is probably no important or sensational proof in that direction that has not been released to the public. Far be it from me to defend the Air Force, for they have bungled the saucer situation from the beginning. But I cannot believe that they are grossly deceiving the public, or that the frank discussions I have had on the subject with Air Force personnel (such as the one referred to above), would be possible if there were an "iron curtain" beyond which rested the key to the whole mystery.

MORE ON CANADIAN MONSTER

E. S. Schultz, commenting on the Canadian monsters (See REPORT FROM CANADA this issue) in the July-August ROUND ROBIN (B.S.R.A. Publication), presented a new angle to the affair. He thinks he knows, through intuitive reasoning, what the monsters wanted LaSarza to do.

LaSarza, Mr. Schultz pointed out, worked at a nickel mine. Nickel has the atomic number 28, right next on the periodic table of elements to that ole debbil cobalt, which has the atomic number 27. Then he reflects that 26% of nickel ore consists of an isotope, Nickel-60.

Aye, here's the rub: If this Nickel-60 is bombarded with neutrons, the isotope will be transformed into Cobalt-60---and Cobalt-60 is very radioactive.

Now, reasons Mr. Schultz, maybe the monsters have a way of bombarding the Nickel isotope, but needed LaSarza's cooperation in some way. Maybe they wanted him to plant some kind of neutron emitter gimmick in the mine. They themselves wouldn't want to be seen in the mine for obvious reasons, and then such a contraption might kill whoever turned it on. So let LaSarza do it!

Even worse, the B.S.R.A. writer continued, is the possibility that Cobalt-60 may have a critical mass limit; if so it would explode and could wipe out the human race with atmospheric contamination, such as the projected Cobalt Bomb may do.

Mr. Schultz doesn't know why the monsters would want to cause that much trouble, unless it would be to kill off the human race before we can blow up the whole planet. And even though LaSarza wouldn't do their dirty work, maybe there are other persons, at other nickel mines, that will, the writer postulates.

And that, dear reader, ends our little physics lesson for today.

NEW SAUCER PUBLICATION

THE ROUNDHOUSE, published monthly by Neal Kearney, saucer investigator of R.R. 3, Maquoketa, Iowa, is a small, pocket-size zine of around 15 pages. The publication contains sightings and other material relating to the flying saucer mystery, but we understand the publication also will contain news other than saucerstuff if it is of strange or unusual nature. Subscription price is \$2.75 for 12 issues, 25¢ single copy, or three issues may be obtained for 65¢ on a trial offer.

"We hold these truths to be self evident:
That all men shall be cremated equal"



THE NEW SAUCER BOOKS

SAUCERS AND SOAP OPERA

Saucerians who hate soap opera and are quite conversant with other earthly doings, including the exploits of cartoon hero, Bugs Bunny, are the main characters in a new volume of space communication, **THE SAUCERS SPEAK** (By George H. Williamson and Alfred C. Bailey, 127 pages, Published by New Age Publishing Co., 1524 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles 26, Calif. \$2.00).

Contacted by Ouija Board and short wave radio, the saucer men, mainly from Masar (Mars) declare that mankind is in a terrific mess and headed for some dire debacle. Like the hands on the clock depicted on the cover of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, which stand at three minutes to midnight, Earth hovers close the black stroke of cosmic calamity, ready to plunge into the eternal night.

Williamson, Bailey and their wives first received communications from the saucer men by automatic writing, and later by a type of ouija board. Then the mental messages suggested they get in touch with a short wave radio operator, referred to as "Mr. R," and tune them in between 340 and 400 kilocycles. At the appointed time "Mr. R" twirled his dials, then telephoned, "Some crazy guy is sending a series of V's, that's all."

From that time on "Mr. R" and the authors received amazing discourses about life on other planets, although the radio messages, transmitted in Morse Code, were in the main garbled (see reproduction on next page). One spaceman, Regga, of Mars, was a frequent communicant, though all the other planets are inhabited and frequently talked with them, the authors declare. Zo, from Neptune (though he is head of a Mars contact group) told the authors that Pluto is not the cold dreary world astronomers picture, nor is Mercury hot and dry. If our scientists understood magnetism they would know that all planets have almost the same temperature, regardless of distance from the sun.

The communicants were quite mortal, at least in one respect; for at one time they had to break for lunch. The reader will no doubt be somewhat relieved to learn no humans were in the pot: "Sometimes on

"SR AGFA AWA PERI K-4 K-4 PERI AFFA
AGFA ZO PERI. AGFA IS FINISHED. AGFA
IS FINISHED. AGFA IS FINISHED. 110 25 AND
900 HA SO 52 AND 90 30 4 02262102 3 33 1500W
252 THE — ON 1002 06000224 2257902072034."

The radio messages were often garbled, though sometimes came through clearly. Here is one of the garbled ones.

(The New Saucer Books--Continued)

Neptune we eat Macas. They are similar to your cattle, but they do not have horns and they have very big ears."

Earth is thought of by the spacemen as a sordid and degenerate place, and this is reflected by our radio programs. When one of the ladies present said she liked soap opera, Zo's answer was "Pooh!" Then he elaborated that "Earthians don't think. That's why they are in such a mess now."

If the saucer men are presented as friendly people with even a touch of humor now and then, they also voice dire warnings. As is usual in such saucerian shop talk, nothing very specific is predicted, but there are many fearful hints. The Bomb is still a major anathema of the etherians, and it is hinted we will soon wipe ourselves out with one big boom. If that is not enough to worry about, evil beings from the Orion Solar System have their eyes on Earth, and the hour of their coming is at hand. The good saucer men plan to make landings on Earth in 1956, however, are contacting certain earthmen who will cooperate with them. Through mental telepathy they can find out anything happening on Earth, and can read one's mind quicker than you can say George Adamski.

Zo gave a description of himself. Five feet and seven inches tall, he weighs 148 pounds and has red hair. He is what earthmen would call about 25 years old, is married and has seven children.

Although there are worse planets in the Universe, Earth is rather close the bottom of the class. The saucer men grew so concerned during the discussions they even set a date for a personal meeting with the authors. But ill luck beset the eager Earthians, and they lost "Mr. R," whom they were to meet somewhere. (continued next page)

SAUCERIANS GET FOULED UP ON FILM MESSAGE

The editor went to a great deal of trouble to obtain a print of the Warner Bros. Cartoon, "The Hasty Hare," run it off on a rewinder, and read the message referred to in **THE SAUCERS SPEAK**. It is reproduced at the right.

The month and day are correct, but the saucerians inferred the year was 1952. Even though they were fouled up on the year, after all, saucerians must be quite busy and we should give them credit for even knowing about Bugs Bunny.

In the cartoon story, a Martian, in a flying you-know-what, captured the movie rabbit.

MARTIAN HDQS.
9/27/32044

From: General E-MC²
To Commander Flying
Saucer X-2

BRING BACK ONE (1)
LIVE EARTH CREATURE

(Signed)
E=McSquared
Commanding
General



"What's up, Doc?"

That the saucerians keep a close tab on Earthly affairs, even color cartoons at the Bijou, was impressed upon the authors by the spacemen: "You were impressed to go and see a certain motion picture. You did not know that the cartoon was Bugs Bunny in 'The Hasty Hare.' We had our reasons. This cartoon was about a 'flying saucer' and its coming to earth. You saw the letter held in the hand of the saucer pilot and you noticed its date was 9-27. This date is important in 1952. You will see! (See preceding page--Ed.)"

The jacket introduces Williamson as an anthropologist, who served as an instructor in that subject in the U.S. Armed Forces Institute, and was later appointed a Lieutenant in the U.S. Infantry. He attended Cornell College, Eastern New Mexico University, the University of Arizona and the University of Denver. Considered an authority on Indian dances and ceremonial costuming, he spotted his first saucer while working among the Indians of northern Minnesota. Bailey, who is described as a student of philosophy and science, is employed by the Sante Fe Railway Company. Since the beginning of the saucerian communications we understand Williamson is giving much of his time to lecturing about the country on the saucer mystery and is associated with Soulcraft Chapels, of Nobelsville, Ind.

Value of the book will depend mainly upon the reader's attitude about the communications. The authors sound sincere, and even in the event they didn't receive any communications, they probably soundly believe they did. Although use of the Ouija board surely leaves room for the subconscious mind to go to work, the radio communications, if authentic, should strengthen the story.

But to the reader who believes the saucers are running non-sponsored shows on the airwaves, the book will be a volume to be sworn by. The saucermen are pictured as paternal entities out to save Earth from the mess she is in; with H-Bomb production now being measured in megabucks, many need some shiny light of hope, even if it emanates from some dark planet in space.

To the others, who feel that somehow man will be able to work out his own problems, THE SAUCERS SPEAK will be seen in another aspect: rather tedious, but interesting to skip through. The philosopher and the psychologist will have a field day as they ponder the pages and reflect on how religions are born.

Background

SAUCERIAN readers with a memory will recall that Bailey and Williamson are two of George Adamski's six witnesses to the incident he relates in FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED. Upon meeting Bailey and Williamson, a SAUCERIAN investigator found there was some disagreement between the co-authors as to exactly what took place between them and the spacemen of their book. They also told our investigator they didn't get a good look at the long-haired Venusian whom Adamski chatted with--they were just too far away.

Some of the manuscript, mainly a part dealing with catastrophes due to overtake Earth, were eliminated after much argument among the two and their publisher. Another change was made in the manuscript when it was discovered that the call letters of one of the saucers was the same as that of one of our own ships at sea!

Such arguments about the book delayed it for some weeks, and the publisher was almost afraid to roll the presses because of threatening letters and phone calls. The threats seemed to range from mild reproaches to the vicious. The publisher asked our investigator, "You don't suppose they would go so far as to bomb the house, do you?"

The publisher had a pretty good idea where the letters, pasted up from newspapers, came from. They likely were from the radio operator mentioned in the book, who, for some reason, got soured on the whole deal and didn't want the book to be printed. The other suspect was a saucerenthusiast who was much publicized when he and another man disappeared in a plane, presumably hunting for a flying saucer. Before

disappearing he had come into the office talking wildly, saying he would sue if they published the book. He claimed all the material contained in it was HIS. Presumably he had received the messages first, or for some reason considered them his property exclusively. THE SAUCERIAN wonders what connection this person had with the authors or the book, for writings found on the wall of his den were similar to some of the material in THE SAUCERS SPEAK.

In regard to "Mr. R," the radio man of the book, our investigator writes:

"I asked Williamson point blank, WHY the radio man had changed his mind at the last minute, and had not wished to be associated with the book. He verified rumors (which I think came from him in the first place) that the Government had stopped him. He explained that their methods were different from those of the Gestapo, 'but just as effective.'

"Whether or not they were really interested in future radio contacts with the saucerpeople, or were merely taking an expensive way to squash the book, they set the radio man up in fine style, so the story goes. They supplied him with high-powered equipment and put him on a 'secret project.' Another story had it that the Government had threatened to take away his radio licence if he did not agree with their proposition.

"I can give you the lowdown on who 'Mr. R' is. He is a certain L. S. who lives in Bailey's home town. I met him and Bailey together. 'Mr. R' insisted that he wants his name kept out of Bailey's book, the book I myself plan to write, and all other books, murmuring threats of dire suits if I forgot this fact. His reason was that he has been laughed at so much about his saucer work that he doesn't want any more publicity at all. But I suspect a darker motive--what motive I don't know.

"'Mr. R' stands for 'Mr. Radio.' It all reminds me of an ancient song from the 1920's of which I have a record:

"'Mr. Radio Man,
Tell my Mammy to come back home,
I'm so alone.'"

UNFRIENDLY SAUCERS

FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK, By H. T. Wilkins, 323 pages, Published by Citadel Press, NYC. \$3.50. Readers may order from THE SAUCERIAN (post-paid). (English edition is titled FLYING SAUCERS ON THE MOON, is published by Peter Owen, Ltd., 50 Old Brompton Road, London SW7).

In certain mystical and pseudo-mystical circles the elusive entities of the flying saucers are thought of as benevolent super-beings. But this is a dangerous illusion, according to H. T. Wilkins, in FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK. Some of the saucers, he believes, are out to do mankind some dirt.

It is the cigar-shaped aeroform, held stationary in the center with a rapidly rotating ring, that Wilkins is worried about, as he relates a great many cases where such things have been in the skies at the time of fires and other catastrophes.

There was the case of the Salmon River Bridge, in Oregon, that seemed to be set afire all over at the same time, melting the steel cables (that takes 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit). There was the mysterious ball that hit the top of John E. Ostrom's truck, welding the metal where it struck. New light Wilkins throws on the case of Capt. Thomas F. Mantell, leads one to agree with the author that what he calls the "colossal death ray aeroform" which the pilot was chasing, definitely

exploded his plane. Then Wilkins suspects the rash of British jet aircraft crashes and other catastrophes without apparent causes could be the doings of saucerians of unfriendly character.

The book is difficult to review, for it is crammed full of accounts of mysterious happenings, likely accredited to saucers, and these different cases are of such number it would be impossible to mention them all. What it may suffer from lack of organization and a central theme tying the information together it makes up for in completeness, and represents, if only for a reference work, a book no saucerenthusiast's shelf should be without.

Although similar material has appeared in other saucerbooks, Wilkins' "Flying Saucers of Other Days" chapter brings out some cases not covered previously, and his complete account of the Foo Fighters brings historical saucers up through the Second World War. Other chapters included are, "Have the Saucer-Men Terrestrial Spies?" "The Martian Cat Among the Pigeons," "What On Earth Was It?" "Space Ships: The Moon, Mars and Venus," and "Have the Flying Saucers Ever Landed?"

Along with his mistrust of some of the saucers, Wilkins believes the Moon may not be merely a dead piece of rock which lovers gaze at by night, but that, instead, the first expedition rocket to the Moon may be met by a welcoming committee, "bringing to bear on the earth-ship from old Terra some deadly ray gun, or heat annihilators, housed below in some vast lunar caverns."

Astronomers have long noted queer things about the moon such as the light spot like a star on the dark part of the disk observed by Dr. William Wilkins in 1794. Geometric configurations have also been reported, and the Fortean account of what appeared to be a vast black object, 250 miles long and 150 miles wide, "like a vast crow poised," is another phenomenon the author cannot explain. Wilkins advances the theory "that our moon has been, and still probably will be used as an advanced observation base, in regard to our earth, by mysterious cosmic visitants connected with the flying saucer phenomena."

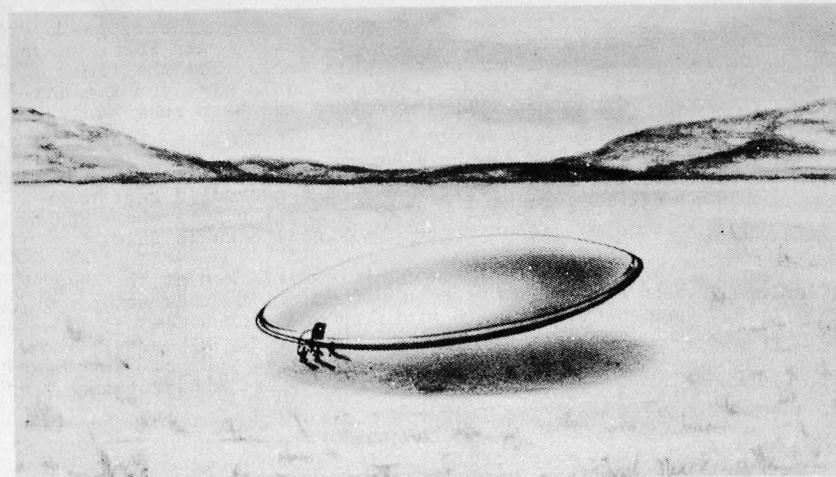
The author brings up one point, and a hope, we had never considered before: at least one type of defense against the saucers, should we need one. This weapon is ordinary radar, which, though hushed up by the U.S. Air Force, has allegedly caused more than one disk to crash. Wilkins quotes a letter from an American flyer he does not name:

"Several crashes have been reported after a radar beam has been put on the flying saucers. But if you suppose that any man in our armed services is going to talk about these things, and to tell you what was found when these crashed saucers were examined, you must expect that such a talkative guy is anxious for a court-martial."

But if Wilkins advances theories, he does not promulgate them at the expense of leaving out other information that might deflate them. The book shows many years of research and the volume is more of an accounting of the cases than a commentary. We doubt if all the information has been checked carefully, but that would be well-nigh impossible, considering the volume of the material. Sandwiched in with the mass of data is a representation of some of the author's sardonic wit, which only someone who has the pleasure of being one of Mr. Wilkins' personal correspondents can properly appreciate.

Had Wilkins sacrificed scholarship to pushing the saucers-are-out-to-get-us theme, the book might enjoy greater sales, but we believe this is a volume that will have quite an effect upon the saucerskeptics and over the years take on a great deal more respect than most of the others in the current rash of saucerbooks.

Wilkins is an Anglo-American author of some 40 years' standing, was a former assistant or sub-editor of a well known London daily newspaper. He has also written for American magazines, including FATE.



Artists' Conception of the saucer reprinted from the book.

TALKTIVE SAUCERWOMAN

ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER, By Truman Bethurum, 192 pages, Published by DeVorss & Co., 520 W. Ninth St., Los Angeles 15, Calif. \$3.00.

If Truman Bethurum's saucerbook may not be universally believed, his account of meeting a desultory female captain of a flying saucer has one of the best plots so far. Even without Mr. Bethurum's assurance that every word of it is true, ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER would be plenty interesting as science fiction alone. In this spirit, and without endorsement either as fact or fiction, THE SAUCERIAN recommends it highly to the sauceraddict.

Bethurum is a 57-year-old construction worker who lives at Redondo Beach, Calif. When the startling events of the book took place, however, he was at Mormon Mesa, Nevada, operating a batch plant for a road construction crew.

That was in 1952, and on July 27th or 28th he first saw the "Admiral's Scow" from the Planet Clarion. Because his wife collected seashells, he had driven a truck out to a location where once had been a prehistoric lake. After looking around a while he fell asleep in the truck, to be awakened by a group of little men from four to five feet tall, who wore black billed caps and jackets like cowboys. He was surprised to learn they spoke English, but even more astounded when he saw what they had arrived in--a mammoth flying saucer, 300 feet in diameter (see illustration). Then he was led up a movable landing step into the thing, where the surprises kept coming:

"That is where my eyes bulged again. I stood before their captain, a beautiful woman."

Dressed in red skirt, black velvet bodice, and a black and red beret, Auhra Rhanes presented a striking picture, and as Bethurum stood there spellbound, she addressed him, "Speak up, my friend; you're not hexed."

That was the beginning of almost a dozen meetings on the desert, during which Bethurum was lectured on various phases of saucerology and was given a description of Miss Rhanes' home planet, Clarion, which, she led him to believe, was behind the Moon. On Clarion there are no

diseases, politicians, criminals, con men, prisons or juvenile delinquency, and although the flowers and animals are of different colors and appearances than ours, Auhra believed Earth people would enjoy them. In fact she invited Bethurum to bring his wife and some of his friends along on a little visit to her home planet.

Although Miss Rhane's English was perfect in other ways, it took on a sing-song quality, according to Bethurum, who, on later visits, got over his initial shock and queried the lady captain about many things. She was uncommunicative about the method of propulsion used, though guessed it must be some kind of magnetic force, since two watches he wore on the visits went haywire as if magnetized. When asked if she went up or down when coming to Earth she said, "Up, of course," and as for speed, assured him they could pass any shooting star they cared to.

Of the interplanetary entities interviewed so far by Earthians, we like good old Auhra (she said she was a grandmother) the best. Not too greatly concerned with the Bomb, as have been other saucerians, Auhra just seemed to enjoy a good gab fest. She didn't approve of the mess Earth was in, but she didn't preach lengthily about it. And though on Clarion apparently women could become captains of flying saucers if they wanted to, she was typically female in other ways, including quite ample physical endowments. Her pronouncements included advice to the lovelorn when a waitress Bethurum knew sent Auhra some questions on how to hold her husband. To assure the reader he is on the level, Bethurum relates how the reply was written in French, a language he did not know. This was done on a typewriter Bethurum did not see because it was in another room of the saucer, though he could hear it through the wall. She used a conventional pen to write another note--this time in Chinese:
CHINESE WOMEN HOLD THEIR HUSBANDS WITH LOVE, IF NOT THEY PUT THEM IN CHAINS.

Finally Bethurum was invited to bring five of his friends along on a trip to Clarion. They were to bring one change of clothing and good boots (we assume the terrain must be rough on Clarion), and to leave behind what appears to be a common anathema among saucerians, and a convenient loophole for saucerbookauthors----CAMERAS. However the trip didn't materialize, and the visits also terminated, as abruptly as they had begun.

A Look at the Flaws

Some may point out that colors Bethurum mentioned cannot be distinguished by moonlight; those who consult almanacs may tell you, and correctly, that on every occasion moonlight is specifically mentioned, there was no moon in the sky at all on that night and hour.

Astronomers will also point out that a planet cannot occupy an orbit in such a position behind our satellite, the Moon, and keep itself hidden. And although the book's proselyters may declare Miss Rhane's didn't mean behind the moon, but that Clarion was in the direction of the moon, neither will that hold astronomical water. For even a novice in astronomy knows the Moon does not keep in one direction from Earth out to the stars beyond, but points to every direction of the solar system plane during the month it takes for the moon to circle the Earth.

This is the same kind of technical default committed by George Adamski when he claimed to take a photo through a telescope embracing 7 degrees of an arc while the said telescope takes in only about one degree.

But we may be quite foolish in applying scientific reasoning to saucerexperiences. It may be that saucers represent a science or a type of physics completely above our threshold of experience or ability to theorize, and that Bethurum has reported the thing as he, an Earth man, saw it. Even if we don't believe it, we would be stupid and intolerant to ignore the story without allowing the possibility that it was true.

Ourselves, we believe every word of it. It is as real as the gods and demons that beset us on a dark and lonely road; as the golden phaeton, seen between waking and dreaming on a lazy day, unfolding jeweled wings across purple skies.

There are those who would put demons in bottles for display, actually demand proof of the gold where rainbows touch, or throw radar at dream castles in the air. They are the kind that looks for pixies only in congressional committees.

But those who have bridled the winged horse never worry of oats; they are those close to that wonderful and mysterious land we came from, that world half-remembered in childhood and oft visited in dreams. Some may say it's over the rainbow, and some may say that is what Heaven is.

Some may call it Clarion.

(EDITORIAL--Continued)

When queried as to why the subject was such an anathema to him, all he would indicate on the subject was that it was painful to discuss because of the information he had obtained on the saucers.

E. R. Jarrold, director of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau, who also had a mysterious visit he couldn't talk about, continues to track down saucers, however, and writes he was not offended in the least by the February editorial which attempted to analyze statements made by the two saucer bureau directors.

We now learn from another source that Mr. Jarrold's mysterious visitor was NOT a government man, but a Mr. Gordon Deller, of Melbourne, who claimed extra-sensory powers. As to the information he imparted to Jarrold, we are still in the dark. Bender's phone conversation indicated again his visitors were from the Government, but he still wouldn't say what branch.

Since this information clears up some of the confusion and bears out our belief that the Government isn't out shutting up people, we do hope Mr. Bender will be in a position to bring forward information to clear up the number of wild rumors going around about the closing.

We learn there is some danger that MYSTIC MAGAZINE, published by Ray Palmer, Amherst, Wisc., may fold unless more subscriptions are received. This is a new magazine, and often it is difficult to get such a project going, especially at the present time when magazines aren't selling well at the news stands.

This new magazine contains a great deal about flying saucers, and the current issue contains a long story by Orfeo Angelucci, in which he relates further experiences with the saucerpeople. Whether or not everything in the magazine is believed by everybody, it is still very interesting reading, and THE SAUCERIAN recommends that you subscribe. Price is 12 issues for \$3.00, 24 issues for \$6.00. It will help if you pick up the magazine on news stands, but it will help more if you subscribe.

This is a professional magazine, and not an amateur publication such as THE SAUCERIAN. Palmer is perhaps most familiar to readers for introducing the famous "Shaver Mystery" in AMAZING STORIES some years ago. We understand he intends to reintroduce the mystery in MYSTIC. And if you don't know anything about the "Shaver Mystery," you've missed something indeed!

And that's all we have to say, hoping we hear from you soon. We'd like to know how you liked this issue -- "bad" comments welcomed too!

LAST MINUTE BULLETINS

This page is held open until the last minute before press time for any "hot" news coming through on saucers. We're glad to have such a page, for here is a letter just received from Rose Murphy, who wrote the account, I SAW A SAUCER CRASH!, in this issue. Her letter is a bit frightening, but here it is, just as she wrote it:

Dear Mr. Barker:

Talk about someone being SCARED! I don't know if this has anything to do at all with my saucer experience, but I can't help thinking, MAYBE it HAS!

Last year Lady's filly, 3 months old, died. We thought she had lock jaw. At first she responded to treatment, then, on July 1, she just literally dropped dead. I didn't think anything of it then. But today I received a letter from "Hank." Both Lou's and Coaly's foals were born dead. The foals were not deformed--they looked like perfectly healthy foals--average size, weight, etc.

Here's what scared me. Lady has been bred eight times this year. When she came in heat again yesterday, I took her over to the veterinary. The smear tests, etc., proved today that Lady is sterile. The veterinary can't find any reason for it. A seven-year-old, perfectly healthy, which just went sterile.

You probably think I'm a little "off" for thinking the saucer had anything to do with this. Think what you want, I won't get mad.

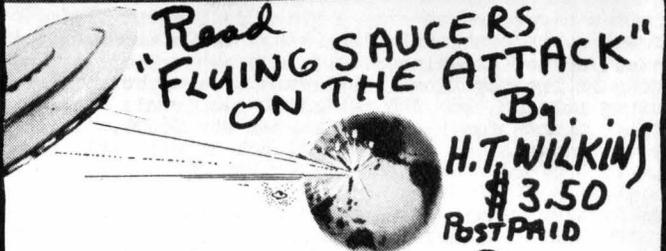
Sincerely,
Rose Murphy

It's all likely a coincidence, Rose, that the horses exposed to the saucer either became sterile or were unable to bear healthy foals. At least we HOPE it is coincidence. At least no one is going to think you're "off"--we'd be worried, too, in such a case, for this reminds us of some stories we've been hearing about Hiroshima. If saucers use some kind of atomic power, maybe they radiate harmful rays. I think the readers will appreciate your keeping us informed, Rose, if you find out anything else we should know. ED.

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FLYING SAUCERS

Did you know that Flying Saucer sightings have been reported for the last three centuries??? Yes, and that is not all! There are numerous occurrences that fall outside the boundaries of arbitrary, tidy human sciences. There are fields of knowledge yet unexplored that cast their shadows into our presence. The strange happenings that these shadows have caused have been investigated and truly reported in detail.

Yes, if you wish to read the books that our government issues to all Project Saucer Investigators as must reading, they are available to you. We have them all! They are the books of Charles Fort:

THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED
WILD TALENTS
NEW LANDS
LO

These books are simply in a class by themselves. There are no others like them. They are available to you in one large, handy volume (1125 pages) containing the complete contents of the original editions at the bargain price of \$6.00.

The following are a few of the recent Saucer books that have been released and can be obtained from us:

FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE
by Donald Keyhoe.....\$3.00
BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS
by Frank Scully.....\$2.95
FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED
by Desmond Leslie & George Adamski.....\$3.50
ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER
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