

'SAUCERS'

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PURPORTED FLYING SAUCER PHOTOGRAPH supposedly taken through an eight inch telescope by a group of amateur astro omers near the observatory at Mount Palomar on the third Sunday of June, 1953. (Permission of publication granted by Norman Webster of Hollywood.)

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A CASE FOR THE U F M
(UNIDENTIFIED FLYING MEN)

By WILLIAM B. NASH

(EDITOR'S NOTE—William B. Nash is a pilot for one of the country's leading airliners and a junior grade lieutenant in the United States Reserve. He has contributed to such magazines as TRUE, MYSTIC, and MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED. He was one of the first persons to see flying saucers below him—eight of them—while flying an airliner.)

SAUCERS, I BELIEVE, ARE FLOWN BY PEOPLE who are as human in appearance as we are.

Mr. Arthur Louis Joquel presented some interesting arguments to the contrary in his article in the March (Vol. II, No. 1) issue of SAUCERS, but by the reasoning which follows, I disagree that our visitors are not physical duplicates of ourselves. I heartily agree, however, that they are our superiors mentally, socially and spiritually, and even though they do seem to resemble us, they are no doubt physically superior too. Right here on Earth we have a method of curing humans of disease by wave frequency broadcasting, based on the premise that everything vibrates in its own frequency, and the harmful disease vibrations can be destroyed by turning them back upon themselves, but this, of course, is fought by the AMA. I imagine that by now, the saucer people have their organizations all working for the benefit of their people rather than for the benefit of the organizations, and therefore have few health problems.

The major reason that I am so convinced that our friends are of human likeness is that in no single case that has come to my attention where people have been seen in the vicinity of saucers, has anyone attempted to exaggerate the tale by reporting that the creatures wore space suits, bubbles on their heads, carried armament or had antennae sticking out of their ears. The reports have been very much the same regarding their size, clothing and actions. It would seem that if a person intended to perpetrate a hoax he would be more elaborate in his description, but the accounts have been convincingly simple.

Miners Black and Van Allen at Brushcreek had nothing to gain except an undesired throng of people trooping all over their mining claim when they described the simply dressed small man of human appearance near a saucer. Basil Benedict, a reporter who interviewed them, and a friend of mine, Mr. George Wolfer, who lived with them for two weeks after the occurrence are convinced that the men told the truth.

No one doubts Mayor Linke's report of two small human figures dressed in silvery clothes who were examining the ground near a "warning pan with a conning tower" in East Germany. (Linke had never heard the term "flying saucer.") One of the figures had a red light on his chest which flashed on and off at intervals. That strangely coincides with the report of a terrified Negro barge worker who came dashing out of the woods west of Belle Glade, Florida, and babbled about a silvery mechanical man walking around in the brush with a red light flashing on and off on his chest.

(Cont.)

A CASE FOR THE U F M

STRANGER INDEED IS THE SIMILARITY between Ezekiel's report in the Bible and the report of a man and his wife at Steep Rock Lake, Ontario. The man and his wife saw a saucer on the surface of the water with 10 small humanoid figures walking about busying themselves with a green hose. The observers were particularly impressed with the fact that the men did not turn around when they walked off in a new direction. Ezekiel was so impressed with the figures' ("They had the likeness of a man") activity in this respect that he repeats in at least three places that "They turned not when they went."

The green bouncing "monster" case at Flatwoods, West Virginia, has been determined not to have been a hoax. There were too many young witnesses who stuck to the same story under separate interrogation. I have wondered if this "thing" could have been a costume scarecrow held upon a pole (the bouncing movement) by a diminutive space visitor to frighten off observers in order to give themselves time enough to minutely examine a populated portion of our globe.

Of course there have been many stories difficult to verify, of small men found in saucers, X-rays of small men, etc., but there have been no reports of intelligent beings of such appearance as amorphous masses of protoplasm.

I DON'T THINK MR. JOQUEL IS CORRECT in his suggestion that the creatures hypnotize us into believing they are humanoid, because in each case where the creatures have been seen, they have been surprised at their work, and in the Flatwoods "monster" case, it appears that they might have employed a very physical device to discourage our investigation.

It is not too difficult for me to believe that our friends could be of Homo-sapien structure. Scientists have discovered no elements in the Cosmos with which we are unfamiliar, so why shouldn't life develop along similar lines? Theologically, God made man in his likeness, and there would be another explanation. And what about the possibility that these people lived on Earth once before? They might have been an advanced civilization which abandoned this planet when it was about to undergo a violent physical change. We might be descendents of a few survivors of a group that did not leave, and our friends (or relatives, perhaps?) who escaped might be checking the Earth physically to learn when it is safe to return, or checking us to learn when they can safely return!

When we are civilized, perhaps they shall do so.

M I S C E L L A N Y

THE "CUP AND SAUCER NET" is composed of a group of Amateur Radio Operators (commonly known as "hams") who meet every Sunday morning at 10:00 A.M. (PST) on about 3.860 megacycles. Membership is extended to anyone who would like to check in. At present, there are about 50 members who live from San Diego to Santa Barbara, California.

FRANK SCULLY, author of the popular book, "BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS," was elected President of the Desert Springs, California, Chamber of Commerce last January 30th.

MYSTERY CRAFT SPINS WEB*

By GORDON GRANT

A FLUFFY BLANKET, DEAD WHITE, almost ephemeral in its delicacy and apparently electrically charged, may be the San Fernando Valley's first physical contact with visitors from outer space.

It is reported to have streamed like a lacy ribbon from a mysterious craft that sped over the Valley.

It's a weird story, awesome in connotations that accompany all adventures with the unknown, that is told—and backed up with evidence—by resident over a wide area in the vicinity of White Oak Avenue and Haynes Street (San Fernando, California), just west of Birmingham Junior High School.

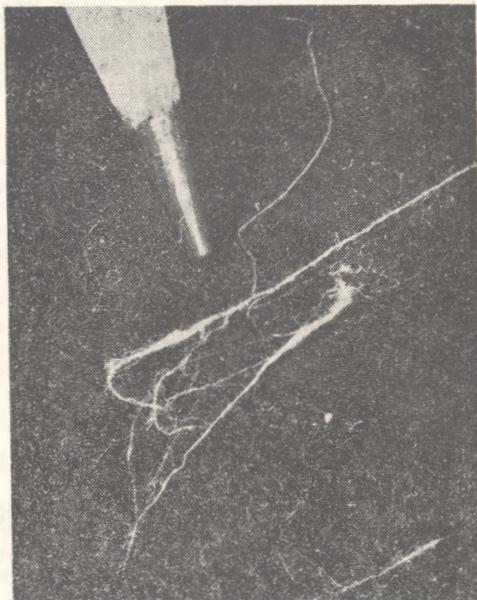
And the story becomes more intriguing, more in the vein of Edgar Allen Poe, when these residents point to trees, telephone wires, fence posts, television aerials that still hold clinging bits of the webby stuff despite the fact that the pale blanket settled over the neighborhood last November.

Could it be nothing more than spider webs? Observers say no. Others, familiar with plant fungi, discount the possibility the mystery substance is mealy bug fluff.

WELL, ON A DAY EARLY LAST NOVEMBER, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dangelo, who live near the corner of White Oak and Haynes, four men who reside on White Oak, a couple of nextdoor neighbors of the Dangelos and a bakery truck driver arriving in the area on his rounds, saw the vaporous blanket settle over the district.

"We were watching three jet planes," Mrs. Dangelo recalls. "Then, behind them, we saw a huge silvery ball. We thought maybe it was a tow-target, or something, connected to one of the jets. But then the jets peeled off and landed. The silvery ball kept flying. It moved up and down, and—even sideways. Finally, a long streamer of white stuff—almost like a vapor trail—spewed out of its back end. It detached itself from the ball and began settling earthward. It spread out, stringy, sort of, like white wool being shredded, and it drooped down all over the neighborhood like cobwebs. Wires running to our homes turned white. They still sparkle at night."

(Cont.)



RESIDUE FROM SPACE SHIP?—Strands of white, fleecy material are photographed against dark cloth background with pencil point to give idea of size. These bits were collected in neighborhood of White Oak avenue and Haynes street, Reseda, where residents say fluffy stuff came from mystery craft.

-Valley Times Photo

THE BAKERY TRUCK DRIVER, Bob Tilt, rolled into the neighborhood about that time.

"I began noticing white stuff, like spider webs. It was everywhere, all over my windshield," he said. "I didn't see any of it in other neighborhoods that day. In fact, I've never seen anything like it before or since."

Although none of the witnesses reported the incident to newspapers at the time, word got around. One family's telephone rang so constantly their two small children couldn't sleep, they said. They had the phone disconnected. For fear of similar reaction now, they asked that their names not be used in this report.

They called Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Burbank (California). In the words of one woman:

"An engineer was sent out to see us. He was young and cocky, and approached us with a very sneering attitude. When he left, with a handful of the white stuff, he was silent and bug-eyed. The next day an engineer came from North American Aviation, and on the third day one from Douglas. They've never told us what they learned, but we've heard the stuff could not be analyzed."

Fathers who came home from work that first day and heard that their wives and children had touched the pallid material feared "radiation." There was a great deal of handwashing.

The material looks like finely shredded wool or spun glass. Held between the fingers for a few moments, it dissolves into nothing. Mrs. Dangelo, describing its static qualities, said it often seemed to "jump" from a bush or tree and cling to one's hair.

Reaction throughout the White Oak-Haynes neighborhood varies. Many residents pay no attention to the phenomenon. Some deride any who show interest in it. Others are convinced it came from a flying saucer, and their best argument is the question:

"Who can say it didn't?"

* Reprinted, by special permission, from the February 15th, 1954, edition of the San Fernando (Calif.) VALLEY TIMES.

ADAMSKI'S DETROIT LECTURES

JOHN OTTO REPORTING — George Adamski, co-author of "FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED," lectured in Detroit, Michigan at the Civic Auditorium, with about 600 attending, March 24th to 26th and to a sell-out audience of approximately 4500 on the 28th at the Masonic Auditorium. Henry Mayday of Ferndale, Michigan was one of the group of interested individuals who promoted the lectures. The audience was attentive, eager, and thirsty for knowledge of flying saucers and all of its aspects.

A highlight of the last evening came when someone asked: "Mr. Adamski—how is it that these visitors don't come out more openly and make themselves known? We are not barbarians. We, the American people, are a kindly and appreciate people." The audience turned toward this man and in unison boomed and generally answered the question themselves.

JOEL, 2:28: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

SAUCERS OR WHAT

By P. B. HUMPHREY

IN THE EARLY MORNING of November 16th, 1953, I had been bothered much of the night with cramping of the muscles and nerves of my lower limbs; mainly below the knees. I had to get up to relieve the cramp two or three times during the early morning. At 2:25 A.M. I had just been up with an attack and had gotten back to bed at about 2:30.

It has been my habit to sleep with my head near the east window of my bedroom. When I get these cramps, I usually look out the window and spend the time viewing the heavens and watching the cats and dogs coming through my yard while they think the owner is sleeping.

I had hardly gotten ready for my hour's watch, when a bright sparkling ball came before my eyes. It seemed to come from the branches of a shade tree standing in my yard about 20 feet from my window and to my left a few feet. It passed in front of me in an almost exact north-south direction and seemed to slightly curve downward.

I had raised my window blind about 20 inches and I was about the same distance from the window. Everything considered, the tree obscuring part of my vision, I judge my vision was near that of a 60 degree angle. Therefore, I estimated the object was in my line of vision about one second and in view about 30 yards. It seemed to pass almost exactly in line with two or three of the larger stars in that portion of the sky I had been seeing most every night; and to me they seemed about the same size—about the size of a large apple, but much brighter than the stars. It was radiating white light and had no red about it. And it was not discharging particles in any way.

Again about four o'clock I had another spell and had to get out of bed. When I returned to my position after a few minutes I saw, out of the window, a great ray of fire (it resembled one of the many fence rails I have seen on my father's old farm, with the same roughness all over, but somewhat longer and larger around) broke from the eastern side of the tree top and shot seemingly exactly east. It glowed in redness like a really hot object. I believe I saw only about 10 or 12 feet of it. I might have seen much more, but my line of vision was greatly shortened by its being to my left and did not cross directly in front of my vision.

This ray of fire also had a prong or splinter on its lower right edge about three or four feet long which hung downward making the point 12 to 15 inches away from the body of the ray.

After thinking things over, the surprising thing seems that it gave me no thrill. My feeling was that of ordinary things to expect. I have tried to give the details as accurate as possible. I have said nothing except to Mamie, my wife. It seemed no one could be interested in them except myself. Not one word has come from the neighborhood. I am probably the only one who saw it. Why? Why had I been in the right position at the right time? Why two of them? Why exactly perpendicular each to each? Why had they come at such late hours when few people would see them?—they were unusual hours for myself also.

I may add that I was not surprised. I have been watching for something—I knew not what—and it came in a way I had never looked for.

T H E A G E O F S A U C E R S

By ORFEO ANGELUCCI

A GREAT DEAL OF WATER HAS GONE under the bridge in the past few months. Many pages have been written in the book. And when the Sun rose on the New Year, January 1st, 1954; yes, even on midnight—we were in the real age of Flying Saucers. Many are aware of this. Yet, many remain oblivious to it—even the devoted enthusiasts and sincere believers.

On that day it became a different story. It was now the ones who still frowned on their reality that feel peculiar and seek out one here and one there who still do not believe. They have now become a sort of "underground" unorganized few who do not know what to do. If they would only look up a little bit, they could now become a part of society who share the wonders ahead. We shall not be left in a vacuous place, wondering what to do. Developments will follow.

But, let us see where we stand now. During the months of November and December of 1953, the newspapers throughout the United States were giving us a summary: neatly, subtly, and perhaps unknown even to themselves. The Space Visitors perhaps had a hand in this themselves.

For instance, we clipped out such news as that of the French Air Force General who had such a sighting or experience that he was awakened with finality, and so awakened and solidified the French Air Force to the fact that flying saucers do exist. This parallels the news of our own Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who was involved in so convincing a sighting and/or experience, that he put the reluctant Navy in a position to accept them and to adopt an investigation into the phenomenon—like that of the Air Force.

Another nice bit of news was furnished by the British War Office. They finally recognized flying saucers. And, as though the Space Visitors were writing their flowing signature to the end of this chapter, they furnished a flash-back to a beginning.

Then there is the sighting reported by the Swedish Air Captain and his crew of an unidentified object. This was a repetition of the numerous sightings in that area during World War II. We may remember classifying these as German missiles at the time. Later we attributed them to Russia. The Russians say they are our own war-stirring phantoms. The plain fact is that they are there and will continue to attest their presence more and more. They will graduate into new behaviors according to our progress. Let us speed it up a bit.

The big news of November and December, however, was not in the skies. Canada picked up a feather for the hat. It is their big investigation project and station. Since they have taken these steps, it seems they have been rewarded. For now they are incorporating in it the actual building of a flying disc—of MAGNETIC PROPULSION. The United States has come upon the same findings. Beyond that has now become sudden silence and super-secret works. Thus, any genuine interest and acceptance is rewarded, always—materially, and in some way or other.

Thus, we are now in the Flying Saucer Age. This phase is now the understanding of them through proper interpretation. This job is not for any one individual, government, or institution. It is for all who have arisen to the splendor. It is for you as it is for me. For one and all, and all to one. What do you think?

BOOK REVIEWS

By MAX B. MILLER

"ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER" by Truman Bethurum (DeVorss: \$3.00):

This book contains the fascinating story of an individual who claims to have contacted the people from another planet on eleven different occasions. As you may recall, we were the first to publish Truman Bethurum's account of his contacts in the Volume I, Number 2 issue of SAUCERS.

If you are interested in what Space Visitors have to say about life on other planets, this is the book for you.

* * *

"THE SAUCERS SPEAK!" by George H. Williamson and Alfred C. Bailey (New Age: \$2.00):

After a long awaited period, this volume is now ready for distribution, which is good news to many. It was worth waiting for. The best way to describe it is to use the description on the handsome cover: "A Documentary Report of Interstellar Communication by Radio Telegraphy."

"THE SAUCERS SPEAK!" is interesting and well documented. It claims communication with the flying saucers and other planets. If you do not like the fantastic, this is not the book for you. However, if you are intrigued by this subject's vast potentialities, it is a must for you.

In summing up, let us say that it is an excellent book—wide in scope—and recommended for all flying saucer enthusiasts.

The Following Books May Be Obtained Through This Organization:

* * *

"ABOARD A FLYING SAUCER" by Truman Bethurum (\$3.00)

"THE SAUCERS SPEAK" By George H. Williamson and Alfred C.

Bailey (\$2.00 paper-bound, \$2.75 cloth-bound)

"BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS" by Frank Scully (\$2.95)

"FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE" by Donald E. Keyhoe (\$3.00)

"FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED" by D. Leslie & G. Adamski (\$3.50)

"I RODE A FLYING SAUCER" by George W. Van Tassel (\$1.00)

"THE BOOKS OF CHARLES FORT" (1125 pages—\$6.00)

THE FOLLOWING PUBLICATIONS (listing also in Vol. II, No. 1 SAUCERS) usually contain material in regard to flying saucers. When ordering copies, do not write us, but the address given.

"VALOR," Weekly—\$3.00 per six months, \$5.00 per year: Soulcraft Chapels, P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana.

"INTERPLANETARY NEWS DIGEST"—50¢ each, 5 issues \$2.00:

Genevieve A. Johnston, c/o New Age Publishing Co., 1542 Glendale Blvd, Los Angeles 26, Calif.

"ROUND ROBIN," Bi-monthly—50¢ each, \$5.00 per year: Meade Layne B-S-R-A, 3524 Adams Avenue, San Diego 16, California.

"THE ROUNDHOUSE," Monthly—10¢ each, \$1.00 per year: Neal Kearney, RR #3, Maquoketa, Iowa.

"PROCEEDINGS," Semi-monthly—donation: George W. Van Tassel, College of Universal Wisdom, P. O. Box 419, Yucca Valley, Calif.

CAN YOU BE CONTACTED BY SPACE VISITORS?*

By GEORGE H. WILLIAMSON

MANY PEOPLE HAVE ASKED ME: "Why are some people contacted by the saucer occupants and others not?" This is a good question and one that deserves some attention! First off, I should mention the fact that certain individuals are acting as agents for these Space Visitors, and may very well have volunteered for this duty before taking up their present incarnation!

Also, there are people from other worlds who live and work among us unknown...but what about the inhabitants good old Earth who are being contacted? I remember what a radio operator who made contact via radio-telegraphy said: "Why should spacemen be interested in me...I'm nobody, why don't they contact our great scientists and government heads?" How do we know they haven't been contacted, I retorted!

SPACE FRIENDS HAVE TOLD US that high military rank, material wealth, talent, good looks, etc. are not prerequisites to being contacted by them. They say the important thing is that we stand in that Light, drawing it to us, we desire the LIGHT itself...and as we attract these space friends. They will contact those they know will carry their message to the people of Earth! If you are more desirous of helping suffering humanity than you are of worldly gain, or fame...then you are a good candidate for Space Visitor contact!

They know every man, woman and child on this planet...so don't feel that you've been left out, for eventually all of Earth's people will have an opportunity to meet our visitors. Recently, I received a letter from a very close friend of mine who is in the field of radio broadcasting, and he is at the moment employed by a well-known western radio station. Here is a significant part of that letter:

"I AM DOING A SHIFT SATURDAY AFTERNOONS and nights, and Sunday morning. I naturally open up and I am alone in the studio until about 11 A.M. Well, last Sunday, I signed on at 8:00 A.M. After identification, good morning, etc., we log a program 'Music For Sunday' from 8:05 until 8:29 A.M. After my opening theme on a 78 RPM disk, a short introduction, I faded out the theme and on another turn table faded in a 12" 33 1/3 RPM of Mantovani's Victor Herbert Concert. I still had my head-phones on because I was busy logging meter readings, etc. At about 8:15, over the music faintly, I heard the following: 'All is well, all is well, all is well...soon, soon, soon...all is well, all is well.' Needless to say, I was at first startled. I left the control room and started searching the entire studio to see if there was an open mike or if there was somebody around...checked to see if one of the several radios around the station was feeding back some other program...even went to the door to see if my car radio was playing. Everything checked out, and I returned to the control room and listened to the head-phones and again, faintly, I heard: 'All is well...brother, brother, soon.'

(Cont.)

* Condensed from "Saucer Symposium" by George Hunt Williamson in the February 27th, 1954, issue of VALOR Weekly—published by Soulcraft Chapels, P. O. Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana.

CAN YOU BE CONTACTED BY SPACE VISITORS?

"I THOUGHT MAYBE I WAS CRAZY, so I called several friends on the phone that I knew were listening to their radios and I asked them if they had heard anything unusual along with the music. They all said, "No!" Then I quickly grabbed the tape recorder and set it up in another studio...checked to make sure I had it hooked up O.K....and recorded the following: "I am _____ today is Sunday, Jan. 24, 1954, I am at the studio on duty, Radio Station _____, during the program (see our log) I heard a voice over my head-phone set at approximately 8:15 A.M. and again at 8:21 A.M. It did not go over the air to other listeners. I checked all possible sources for feedbacks and there were none...no other persons within one-half mile of me. I will attempt to record the voice I just heard after station break and the start of the next, a recorded program.

"I then went back to the control room and made the station break, introduced and announced a fifteen-minute news cast, and at 8:45 A.M. started another fifteen-minute transcription which was a musical program. With an extension running from the control board, I took the head-phones to the other studio where I had the recorder set-up. Then I listened to the program with the head-phones. At 8:50 A.M. I could hear the voice very faintly again and I brought the head-phones directly to the mike on the recorder and kept it there until 8:57 A.M.

"The rest of the morning, I heard no more voices over the head-set. At my first opportunity, I played back the tape that I had made...AND I GOT THE WHOLE THING! But, a half hour later when I went to play it again...only my voice was heard! The other voice simply didn't come through...and get this: Neither did the music.

"NOW...BEFORE I LEFT THE STUDIO at 1:30 P.M., I made a tape of a commentary on world events to be played over the air at 3:00 P.M. It's a fifteen-minute commentary, mostly features that come over the AP teletype, which I edit and announce. On this tape, I talked for about five minutes on world affairs and then I related my experiences of that morning with the voices...this took up the next three minutes...then I finished it with Washington news.

"After making this tape, I took it to our auditioning studio and played it back for a check...and it was all there! However, and get this...when the tape came on the air at Three P.M., my own voice came out with the world affairs...then there were about three minutes of absolute silence...followed with my Washington news. The rest of the gang saved that tape for me and I played it again this morning...it was COMPLETE excepting for my full account of Sunday morning's experience with the voices...three minutes, twenty seconds of total silence in the middle of that tape!

"At first, I thought it might be some electronic fluke, that I was maybe picking up some 'ham' or something...but after that series of strange happenings, I am of the firm belief that it was no ham...nor was it coincidence! What do you think it was, old boy?

I HAVE HEARD THAT PEOPLE HAVE CONTACTED through car radios, FM-radios, "ham" sets, and, of course, by ESP. And you can be contacted by visual observation of space craft! Space friends once said to us: "Show us when you are ready to venture." So, show them when YOU ARE READY TO VENTURE...and let us know of your experiences so we may tell others!

M A R S C O M M I T T E E

THE INTERNATIONAL MARS COMMITTEE has been recently meeting in Washington, D.C. to set up plans for Mars' closest approach to Earth since 1941. The red planet will be nearest on June 24 of this year—exactly seven years to the day since Kenneth Arnold started the flying saucer mystery. In the words of Charles Maitland, of the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate, the committee hopes to discover: "Is there life on Mars? How clever are the Martians, if any exist? Are they intelligent and inventive enough to launch flying saucers?" Arthur Edson, of Associated Press, says the astronomers will try "to determine, among other things, whether little men could really live there."

Never before has Mars been observed scientifically by so many. Seventeen observatories throughout the world, including the 200 inch Hale telescope at Mount Palomar, will take part in the planet-ary observation. Dr. E. C. Slipher of the Lowell Observatory will head a National Geographic Society expedition to South Africa.

Major Donald E. Keyhoe, author of the best seller, "FLYING SAUCERS FROM OUTER SPACE," and who was a special guest, April 5th, on the Betty White, NBC, television show, stated:

"We expect a tremendous flurry (of flying saucer sightings) this summer when we near Mars... They (The Mars Committee) expect to prove that there is actually life on Mars. I was told by some of them in Washington—one of the officials on the project—that the moment they find out any proof, it will be announced publicly. And I think that the Mars Committee is tied in with the government's plan gradually to tell the public what the saucers really are and where they're from." I think that this summer you're going to hear some headline news.

MYSTERY OBJECT LANDS AT FRENCH AIRPORT — Military authorities are secretly investigating the story of the unidentified flying object observed on January 4th, 1954, at the Marignane Airport in France. During the night, guard M. Chesnaux saw the strange luminous disc land, bound several times—as a plane would do—then stand still on the landing field. Shining in the dark of the night, M. Chesnaux ran inside a hangar close by to call the control tower. While he was phoning, the mysterious object disappeared. The guard was laughed at. But in the morning—when the ground was carefully examined—small scraps of metal were found at the same spot where the object had landed. These iron-like fragments were about 15 inches long, curled up at one end and with a little ball the size of a marble at the other end, which was a dark grey. These are being secretly analyzed by the French Government. (This information was supplied by M. Jimmy Guieu, who has a radio program twice a week—on flying saucers—on Radio Monte-Carlo and whose first book on the subject, "LES SOUCOUPES VOLANTES VIENNET D'UN AUTRE MONDE," was published in April, 1954.)

A P P O I N T M E N T S

BUD PECARO has been appointed Honorary Vice-President of Flying Saucers International.

WILLIAM A. DEVLIN is our newly appointed Director of Research Investigation.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH was taken by Stephen Darbishire of Torver, England, last February at about 2:30 P.M. while he and his cousin, Adrian S. Myers, were at nearby Coniston Old Man to photograph bird life. The object was about 300 yards away and seemed to rise from a valley and circle before it sped off. It made no noise. Dr. S. B. Darbishire described what the object apparently looked like: "It has what looks like a turret on top and there is a roof on top of the turret. There are black marks round the turret which my boy says looked like port-holes. Underneath the saucer there are two bumps. If you hold the negative of print a few feet away it looks perfect."

(Photograph through the courtesy of the Flying Saucer Club of Great Britain.)

L A T E N E W S

THE OHIO NORTHERN UNIVERSITY announced, in late March, 1954, that for the lack of first hand information, "Project A has no alternative than to bring its research to a close," adding: "For the past year this research has been practically at a standstill." Significant statements in their notice of suspension are:

"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. Having concluded that a proportion of the sightings were of material objects, possessing ability to maneuver at extremely high speeds, and (in) climatic conditions.

"An investigation was begun of the relationship of sighting dates of magnetic storms..." Concluding, for the lack of information, "It is therefore impossible for the Project to continue with its study of the relationship of magnetic storms to sightings of phenomena known as flyings saucers.

"We had hoped such a study might be indicative of the possibility of the use of electro-magnet energy as a means of propulsion.