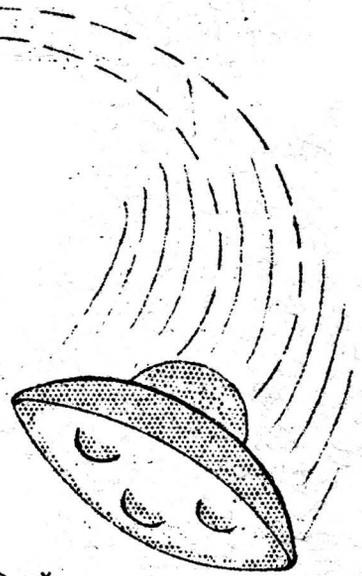


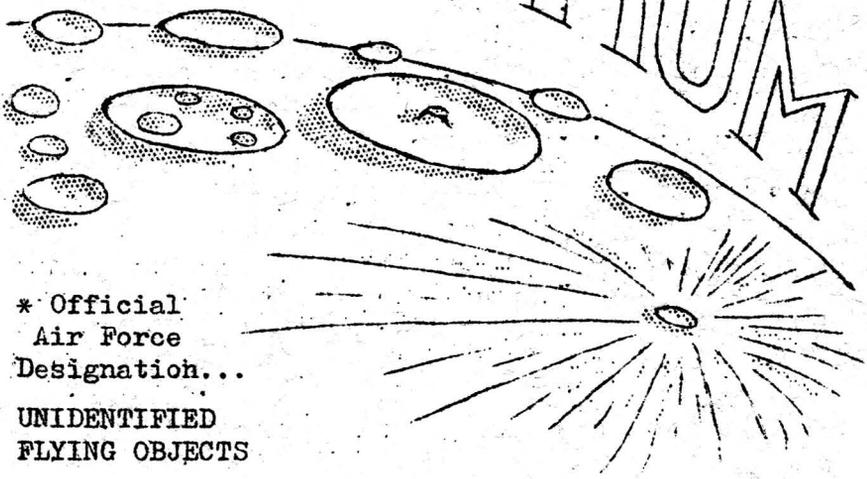
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# UFO<sup>\*</sup>FORUM



\* Official  
Air Force  
Designation...

UNIDENTIFIED  
FLYING OBJECTS

# U-F-O-R-U-M

UForum is published quarterly by the Grand Rapids Flying Saucer Club (a non-profit, educational organization)---Member of the Michigan Flying Saucer Federation and cooperating with the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) and dedicated to the proposition that the earth is being visited by beings from outer space and that it is the prerogative of the people of this planet to be informed about this visitation because only through an informed public will understanding replace fear.

ALL SAUCER SIGHTINGS OR EXPERIENCES ARE WELCOMED

STAFF: Art Gibson - Bob Hillary - Don Plank -  
Darrel Cole and C.L. Myers of Grand Haven....

## SUGGESTED PERIODICAL READINGS

- The UFO INVESTIGATOR - published by N.I.C.A.P. at  
1536 Connecticut Av., Washington 6, DC. - \$7.50 year.
- The VISITOR (Detroit UFO Research Group)  
14315 Haggerty Road, Belleville, Michigan.
- FLYING SAUCER REVIEW - Flying Saucer Service Ltd.,  
1 Doughty St., London WC-1, England.
- FLYING SAUCER - Civilian Saucer Investigation  
Post Office Box 1914, Auckland, New Zealand.
- The FLYING SAUCER - (Flying Discs Research Center)  
C.P.D.V. - P.O. Box 8449, Sao Paulo, Brazil.
- PROCEEDINGS - POBox 419, Yucca Valley, California.
- UFO DIGEST - 6 Holland Court, Saginaw 31, Michigan.
- SPECIAL BULLETIN (Spanish) Comision Observation UFO  
Casilla de Correo 2560, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
- UFO NEWSLETTER - POBox 606, Morristown, New Jersey.
- UFO NEWS REPORT - POBox 18, Isogo P.O.-Yokohama, Japan.
- LITTLE LISTENING POST-4811 Illinois NW, Washington, DC
- Australian SAUCER RECORD - (Ausie Fly. Sau. Res. Soc.)  
22 Northcote St., Kilburn, South Australia.
- UFO CRITICAL BULLETIN - Rua 13 de Maio 1240, Sao Paulo, Brazil

## AFRICAN SAUCER EXPERIENCE

(UFOrum recently received a letter from a Mrs. Gladys Rydon relating a saucer experience she had several years back... we felt that although it is a long letter it should be published in its entirety...Mrs. Rydon lives at Lake Duluti Estate, Arusha, Tanganyika, Africa...)

One evening in February 1953, I was playing the piano in my sitting-room, when my night-guard called me, and very excitedly told me that a big light had just come from the direction of Kilimanjaro, and was stationary above the house. I hurried down the stairs to the drive and there above the house was the most enormous star. It was four or five times as big as Venus, and intensely bright, the colour of glowing coals; it was pulsating and throwing out very bright beams of light which caused my eyes to water. I kept turning away and asked the boy if he felt his eyes smarting, too. He felt the same way as I.

I watched the star for about twenty minutes, and since at the time, I didn't know much about space ships, I was not as impressed as I would be now, if this star were to return; so I went back to my piano, and told the boy, that if anything changed, to call me at once. A little time after this, the boy called me. He said the star was going away. By the time I was able to reach the drive, from where there was an uninterrupted view, the star had gained altitude, and was a small circle of whitish light. At the same time I experienced a feeling of desolation, as if I had lost something or someone very dear to me. This feeling lasted until the following evening. The star had appeared about ten o'clock, and remained

for about an hour.

As far as I can remember, the only book I had read about "Flying Saucers" was The Flying Saucers are Real by Donald Keyhoe. I thought that the star I had seen was something to do with outer space and now wish I had then realized the significance of the visit.

In October 1953, I was returning from Arusha, the nearest town, at 9 o'clock at night. As I stopped my car, I saw the staff of six boys standing in the drive all staring into the sky. One came running to me and in K'Swahili said, "Quickly, quickly Hemsahib, your star has come!" I hurried from the car and ran down the drive; where the boys were pointing, there was an orange colored disc, shining with a glowing light, just above the horizon. I questioned my boys and they said that they had been watching this object for about eight minutes. My head boy, who is very intelligent had brought a telescope. (I had at that time a 3-inch telescope) I focused on the disc but I was only able to view the object for a few seconds, when it disappeared below the horizon.

My boys told me that the object had come from the East, and moved over my house, when it was bigger and brighter than the full moon. This was confirmed the following day when a friend visited me from another part of the district, to say that his boys had seen the big "moon" pass over the farm and head in the direction of Lake Duluti, where I live.

Lake Duluti is a crater lake  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles in circumference; nearly circular. My house is built on the edge of the crater, 160 feet above the lake. Across forty miles of wooded hills rises Kilimanjaro, the Snow Mountain. The view from my terrace is unique and very lovely. I was told by a friend, in touch with the space people in the United States, that the space people were using the mountain. Whether they are using it as a beacon or are landing on it, I do not know.

From my home we have a wonderful view of the heavens and at night, being so close to the equator, the stars are brilliant.

In November I bought a 12-inch reflector telescope from a friend in Nairobi. He arrived one week-end to set it up, with his wife Paddy. That evening Duncan and I were sitting on the terrace, and he was explaining the constellation of Orion, which was shining brightly in our clear atmosphere. Suddenly he started to breathe heavily, his head dropped forward and I, alarmed, thinking that he was ill, was just about to get his wife, who was changing for dinner, when a deep voice spoke, and told me not to be alarmed. The voice said he was a friend of Duncan and that they had been together in a previous existence on earth. He said he knew I wanted to contact someone from outer space and that he would bring one at once. By this time I knew that Duncan was in a sort of trance, and I knew enough about that sort of condition to know that he must not be disturbed. But I was very nervous. Then a different voice spoke, this one with an accent, and said he had come from Share. He said he knew I had visited America and had met George Adamski. He said that Adamski had spoken truly of his experiences and his books were true. He then told me that I had been chosen to receive communications from them, that their reason for visiting "Shan", as they call our earth, was to teach us to live in peace and harmony, and to stop atomic explosions. He spoke for a few minutes longer, but I was in such a turmoil, I could not concentrate properly on what he was saying. He then said that my "brother" is tired and that he would now leave. Immediately Duncan awoke, bewildered and a bit dazed. I explained what had happened, to the best of my ability. Duncan was astonished. He never imagined such a thing could happen, that a man from outer space could communicate in such a way.

(continued on page 10)

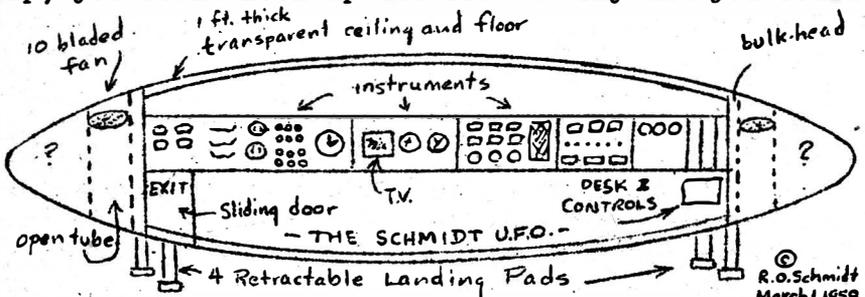
REINHOLD SCHMIDT TELLS HIS STORY at KALAMAZOO

In the last issue of UForum we published an account of the meeting between R. O. Schmidt and the crew of a space ship and his subsequent detention in a mental institution. On February 28th, 1958 Schmidt was in Kalamazoo, Michigan to tell the story in his own words.

Schmidt, a grain buyer who now resides at 1715 Gage St., Bakersfield, California, told of how he stopped to inspect a grain field near Kearney, Nebr. on November 5th, 1957. He suddenly noticed a bright flash about a quarter-mile away, then saw what appeared to be large balloon. He drove closer to the object to investigate, but as he neared it, his motor failed. His ignition would not work. Then a light shot out of the ship and he was paralyzed.

Then some men got out of the object and approached Schmidt and they asked him if he was armed. Schmidt replied, "No."

Schmidt then asked if he could come closer to the ship which looked like a large aluminum balloon. The ship was 100 ft. long, 30 ft. wide and about 14 ft. high. The men in the crew weighed about 165 lbs., and the women weighed about 130 lbs. From inside the ship, you could look up and see the sky and you could



look down and see grass. The men and women crew members were working in front of a large panel which had many dials and a thing that looked like a "TV" screen. The dials had both regular and Roman numerals on them. The crew members seemed to "glide" over the floor as

they moved from one part of the ship to another. Schmidt said he thought that the language of the crew members sounded like "High German", a little of which Schmidt could understand. They also spoke English. The spacemen said that their mission was a friendly one and they meant no harm.

After Schmidt left the ship, he watched as the ship took off. He then saw a flash of light and the ship disappeared at about 150 ft. altitude although the ceiling was actually much higher.

Schmidt noted that several people in tractors, autos and trucks stopped to watch as the light went over.

Schmidt then told the story of his meeting to the sheriff of Kearney and the sheriff accompanied him on a visit to the site of the meeting. There were indications on the ground that a large ship had been sitting on the ground, and they found some oil on the ground which had a sweetish smell to it. The oil was suspected to have come from a can in the trunk of Schmidt's car, but an analysis of the oil proved that it did not come from the same can, Schmidt said.

Schmidt suggested roping off the field so as to preserve the evidence, but the officials thought that there were enough witnesses to verify the sighting so that it wouldn't be necessary to rope off the field. All seven of the witnesses have been coerced into silence, however.

Soon reporters started flying into Kearney. Radio and T.V. put on a nationwide broadcast from Kearney. Then Air Force investigators flew down from Colorado Springs and took a tape recording. They demanded that Schmidt and everyone else connected with the sighting change their stories. And all did with the exception of Reinhold Schmidt, who stuck by his guns throughout. The Air Force held Schmidt incommunicado for three days and during those three days he was not allowed to talk to anyone. They threatened to send him to a mental hospital for a

sanity test. All mental hearings are supposed to be public, but Schmidt's was held behind locked doors. Officials called some of Schmidt's friends and relatives and his wife and informed them that Reinhold was a suicidal risk. Schmidt was then sent to a mental institution where he was held incommunicado for three weeks while they gave him a series of mental tests. He was brought before a panel of 30 doctors and some nurses and asked a lot of questions. Schmidt said that he passed every test that they gave him with flying colors. At one point Schmidt relates, a psychiatrist asked him what he would choose to be if he could be something other than human, and Schmidt said he replied that he would like to be a psychiatrist.

Finally after nearly three weeks of being held against his will and being constantly tested and questioned Schmidt's boss arrived upon the scene and when the boss threatened to bring the grain company's lawyers up to Kearney to start court proceedings, Schmidt was given an immediate release.

A few days after his release Schmidt was driving along the highway when his car stopped in the same manner it had before. He got out and met the same crew of the ship he had been in before.

During the course of the conversation, they asked him three questions. These three questions were as follows:

1. "What would the people of earth do if other planets were to start sending sputniks and missiles around the earth which disrupted radio and T.V. ?

2. "What happened to the plane that disintegrated over the Pacific last November, and what was it carrying?

3. "Would the people of earth accept these ships and their crews on friendly terms if a fleet of them were to land on earth?

Schmidt said that while he was in the hospital he lost a lot of farm machinery that he was buying  
(concluded on p. 9.)

## LARGE ORANGE FLYING OBJECT SEEN HERE

On the morning of January 13, 1958, Lucille Pilczuk who lives at 6986 Baumhoff Road, NW ( near Alpine and 8 Mile) opened her kitchen door to let the dog out and when she looked up, she saw a huge glowing, orange ball settling down in the snow covered corn field across the road from her house. At first she thought that the field was afire, but there were no flames. The fiery orange object was rounded on top and the bottom was not visible as it was hidden behind the hill that rises near the road.

She called to her husband, Gene, who was getting dressed to go to work ( the time was 0645 ). When he got to the door, the object had settled down behind the hill so that no part of it was visible, but the whole field and the trees behind the field, a quarter of a mile away, were lit up as though there was a gigantic fluorescent light sitting right in the middle of the field.

Gene watched the field for a few minutes and then went to get his binoculars, but when he returned to the doorway the object or light that had been in the field had gone but Gene did spot a brilliant white light receding into the west. When he brought his field glasses up to take a look at the light, it just blinked out and there was nothing more to be seen.

Mrs. Pilczuk estimated that the object was the size of a silver-dollar, held at arms length. It was between 100 and 200 yards away, and it was brighter than the moon. It made no sound.

REINHOLD SCHMIDT STORY (concluded) - ~~see~~  
on time. The bank feared they would not get their payments, and so foreclosed. An employee of Schmidt's absconded with \$3000. Schmidt thought that the crew might be some Germans working for the Russians, but did not know where they came from. To your editor, Schmidt appeared very lucid and anything but insane.

Later that evening after visitors had gone, Duncan, Paddy and I were in the sitting room, discussing this dramatic visit, of which I was endeavoring to give a clear account, when Duncan who was sitting alongside Paddy on the couch, exclaimed, "Here, take my pipe, Paddy." He immediately went into a trance, and his friend, who, Paddy explained, was Duncan's guide and had often been through to her family, spoke. He said I had not given a good account of that first meeting with the space-man and that he would come again.

This time the visitor greeted us and said, "My name is 'Qel'. It is spelled Q-E-L, but is pronounced 'Kel'. You will find my name in one of your books." ....I have a number of books about space-ships, etc., but I could not recollect this name or reading about anyone called 'Qel'. He said his home was in Saturn, "the golden planet". He was stationed over the "Snow Mountain", which we call Kilimanjaro. He stayed with us for about half-an-hour, explaining how wrong our governments are to experiment with Atomic explosions, and to keep the truth about visits of space craft, from their people.

He said that we are a backward race, which devastates this earth by war. All planets are inhabited, he said. On his planet, Saturn, trees are bigger, and flowers are more vivid, and they live 300 years more or less. Families are regulated on Saturn and the sex of children is known before birth. 'Qel' has two children and his wife is a brilliant pilot. Qel is also a pilot and families keep their occupations. If a man is a food producer, then his children are food producers, too. Qel's children will also be pilots. To be a pilot it is necessary to be a good mathematician. He said that their clothing is uniform and that they do not vie with each other, regarding clothes as the earth people do. There is no class distinction. Altogether he stayed a half-hour. When he left he said he would contact us again.

My friends were very disappointed when I could not remember seeing Qel's name in any of the books I had read. On the book-shelf I had many books about space-ships called "Flying Saucers". The following day, Duncan picked up a book at random from the shelf, and Paddy and I went to the garden where she wanted cuttings from various plants to take back to Nairobi. In about an hour's time Duncan came hurrying towards us, waving a small book. "I've found Qel's name!" he exclaimed. And there it was, on page 28 of George Van Tassel's book, I Rode a Flying Saucer. The message Qel gave Van Tassel was unimportant and had not registered in my memory.

It was about three months after this that my friends came to stay with me again. The afternoon they arrived, I was walking ~~along the terrace~~ with Duncan, on my way to swim in the lake. Suddenly Duncan stopped. He pointed to a small cloud shaped like a horse-shoe. "Watch that cloud disappear." I stood and watched. It disappeared immediately. It had been a woolly cloud and quite substantial. I said nothing but thought to myself, "This is ridiculous! What am I going to imagine next?" Duncan, in the same quiet voice, said, "You did not believe me...watch this cloud." He was pointing to another similar cloud which was in the vicinity of the first one. Again I watched intently. This cloud also disappeared, as dramatically as the first one. Long vapor trails were stretching across the sky as though many jet planes were flying high. But there was no sound of jets. We do not have many jets in East Africa anyway. The trails faded after a short time. After my swim, Duncan said to me that he had been out of his body, standing near by on the lawn when the cloud incident occurred.

That afternoon, just as the sun was setting, the three of us went to the telescope, as Duncan had said he would give me a lesson in focusing on stars and planets. We were sitting on the lawn, not talking

about anything in particular, waiting for the sky to darken sufficiently to use the telescope. Suddenly, in a cloudless sky, appeared what could be likened to eight puffs of cotton-wool. These formed themselves into a swirling cloud. As we watched, fascinated, the cloud mass resolved itself into a large "Q", but the tail of the "Q" was on the left side of the "Q" and not on the right side as we have it. It remained in form for a few seconds and then faded out to form a "G". This letter kept its shape for about five seconds. The cloud then disappeared, leaving the sky clear, with the sunset glow shading the sky with shadows of gold and pink. It was a most unusual happening.

That same evening Duncan was sitting by the Wireless, ~~changing the station when his head dropped forward, and he breathed heavily.~~ Paddy hurried to him, and seated herself beside him. I sat opposite. A voice broke the hushed silence. (I had turned off the wireless.) "Greetings, I am Qel of the 72nd projection, whom you have checked in your book." A smile lit up Duncan's face. "I staged a further demonstration for you. Did you see the "Q"?" With that, Qel held up his (Duncan's) left hand, made a circle of the thumb and first finger, then placed his first finger of the right hand to form the tail of the letter "Q", but it too was pointing to the left; a "Q" similar to that which we had seen late that afternoon. I replied "Yes, I did see the 'Q'," and that we were very impressed. But neither Qel nor I mentioned the "G". "This seat is very hard," Qel complained, "our seats are made of what I can only describe to you as air bubbles. But they are quite solid." (The seat really was very hard, being a wooden seat, with an embossed leather top.)

He then advised me not to travel on a long journey in my Zephyr car, before having the back axle inspected. This surprised me as the car was fairly new and had not given me any trouble and had been inspec-

ted by the garage two days previously. I asked him if it would be dangerous to drive, but he assured me that it was not dangerous, but that I would be much inconvenienced. The following morning I took the car to the garage and asked the foreman to check the back axle. He was busy and did not think that this was necessary as he had seen to the car himself, and had tried it out two days ago. He asked if I had heard any noise, and looked puzzled when I told him that it was apparently going well, but to oblige me, would he please do this checking?. He looked at me as if I were behaving very oddly, but agreed to humor me. I left my driver to wait for the car, and drove home in the Jeep. When the driver returned that evening he handed me a ball-bearing on which half the balls were flat. "The Bwana put a new bearing in," explained the driver. "The car would not have gone very far with that old bearing". The wheel would have wobbled terribly after going any great distance.

Qel stood up. He held the right hand about eight inches above Duncan's head and Duncan seemed suddenly to become very much taller although he was a little over six feet tall. His shoulders appeared to become much wider. I felt rather panicky. "I am taller than my brother", said Qel, "but much thinner." Duncan was not very fat at all, but not as slim as he could have been. He sat down and said, "We are now going North. We will try and persuade the brown men, four of them, to keep the peace." He named them; Saud of Saudi Arabia, Nasser of Egypt, Kuwatly of Syria, and Hussein of Jordan. "If war comes, it will be an atomic war." Qel became very serious..."We are endeavoring to impress upon the heads of the Governments of Shan the futility of war and to abandon the development of nuclear destruction. The people of Shan must learn to live in love and peace. I am leaving now", Qel said very casually, "Did you see the "G" also?" I laughed and said we had indeed.

I had heard on the wireless a few days

after this meeting, that a conference of the four Arab rulers would take place, on the 24th of February (I think it was) and gave the names of the same men that Qel had mentioned. About a week later I went to Nairobi, and when with Duncan, and with Qel again present, I asked what had happened at the Conference. The reply was that, "They were undecided." In TIME Magazine of March 11, 1957, in the foreign news section there was an account of this meeting, headed, "Split Among the Arabs". In the arguments they had, Jordan backed King Saud against Nasser and Kuwatly.

Once he said he would take me to Saturn in his space ship, but I have no recollection of that happening. He said that if he were to appear as I had longed for him to do, the native servants would be frightened. He did not explain why. "We have colored people on Saturn, also, but on Uranus people are snow-white, being so far from the sun, with red-pink lips and mostly brown eyes. They are very beautiful. Our women are prettier than earth women, but not so dainty," related Qel.

I asked Qel if it were good to swim in Lake Duluti? He replied that they used the green water of Lake Duluti, from which they got sustenance. It was beneficial to swim in this water, he said.

*Continued on  
next page*

**MICHIGAN FLYING SAUCER FEDERATION CONVENTION !**

**JUNE 21 and 22, 1958**

**At Kalamazoo County Center Building  
at the Fair Grounds on Lake Street...  
One Mile East of Kalamazoo, Mich.**

**Meetings at 10 am, 1:30 pm and 8 pm Saturday  
and at 10 am and 1:30 pm Sunday**

(I had thought this for some time...Lake Duluti until 1953 was mostly shades of blue, but after that it changed to green as it still is.) Qel went on, "Last night after your lights went out, we landed on your lake and were there for an hour." He then said, "I will come in my physical body. Do not be frightened; speak to me as you are doing now." So far he has not come, but less than a year has passed since I spoke with him, so I continue to hope that he will keep his promise.

My friends returned to Nairobi, and a week after, I also went to Nairobi. On the journey, I was thinking a lot of our space friends, and suddenly I felt an urge to look up into the sky. I slowed down the car and saw clouds appearing and disappearing. Not at all like normal clouds, I thought, if these were my friends, would it be possible for them to send me a signal? At once, it seemed, I felt a most intense pain in the top of my head. I never felt anything like it! Then, I seemed to hear a voice say, "Stop the car!" I did and told the driver to take over. I could see the odd cloud formation, still playing 'hide and seek', and I sent a message that whatever power they had sent me was a bit too strong. Again I seemed to sense a voice which said, "The pain will soon pass." After a few minutes I was all right again. When I saw my friends that evening in Nairobi, I said, "Duncan, I have something to tell you...but later." I felt I had to greet his family first. He laughed and said, "The space people beamed you all the way to Nairobi." I looked astonished, I suppose, but he said he had received this message before I had arrived. I remember once at Duluti, my home, Qel said he always knew what we were doing and saying. "We have put a gadget over the tall lamp, which records everything." I replied that we must be careful what we say! But he answered, "We are friends." Paddy had then asked if the "gadget" was a sort of television? Qel explained that it was not like television, but

it was a 'Vibration', and, he said, it was difficult to convey to us what it was. They had used television 40,000 years ago.

In Nairobi, Qel spoke to us again. He told me not to get dependent...to be patient. When I get impatient, I do not give out harmonious rays. I asked him if there were many space ships stationed over Kilimanjaro. I had seen such odd cloud formations, and recently had watched clouds suddenly forming in a deep blue sky, from which vapor trails led out, some from the top of this cloud - going up; other trails went west and east. Large clouds, genuine ones were travelling east. Then suddenly the odd cloud faded into vapor trails. Another similar type formed, but did not quite make it. It seemed that four objects were trying to form this cloud. It became whisperish and also disappeared. Qel explained that there were many of their ships in our atmosphere, and that they meet at certain strategic points above our earth. I queried why we could not see them at night, as bright lights. The answer was that it would attract too much attention. At present ships are safe from interference. This is one of the places where jets are not ready to scramble for interception.

Alas, this was the last time that Qel was able to communicate with us. I suppose Qel knew that Duncan would not be with us much longer. He stressed the need for faith and patience. He told me that if I ever needed help to call him. Before he left, he told me he had taken cuttings of plants from my garden and had taken soil and that the plants were growing well. At the time, I did not know why there was such a sense of loss about this last meeting. Duncan was leaving for a holiday in England shortly and as I said good-bye, I fully expected to see him in 3 months time, and of course meet Qel again. However, the day after Duncan arrived in England, he died suddenly, from an attack of thrombosis. It was a very great loss.

(concluded on page 18)

# SPACECRAFT

## Convention

Speeches and Discussions

PICNIC

PROGRAM STARTS 10 A.M. SATURDAY

SPREAD THE WORD

PUBLIC INVITED

COME and bring as many people as possible  
HEAR SPEAKERS WHO HAVE CONTACTED OUR SPACE

BROTHERS!

Do Not Miss...

THIS BIG EVENT

ADMISSION FREE - - - - FREE CAMPING

\* Bring your own tent, house car or camping outfit,  
your own food, water, folding chairs, sleeping bags.

JUNE 28-29, 1958

AT

BUCK'S MOUNTAIN VIEW RANCH

Buck Nelson ...

Route # 1,

MOUNTAIN VIEW,

MISSOURI.

I still see occasionally odd cloud formations and then I know that our friends are watching and guarding this turbulent world. If only we could get the truth to each person on this earth, of the wonderful existence people very much like ourselves have, in worlds not so very different from ours... because they live in peace and harmony!!!

Gladys Rydon  
Lake Duluti Estate  
Box 101 - Arusha  
Tanganyika, Africa.

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OPERATION "BREAKTHROUGH" GAINS MOMENTUM

Major Wayne S. Aho, who spoke to Grand Rapids UFO investigators and Flying Saucer enthusiasts on February 9th, 1958, is continuing to carry on an extensive personal campaign for public release of all information on unidentified flying objects.

Major Aho, the number one saucer lobbyist in the country, urges every person interested in the Flying Saucer phenomena to write their congressmen in an effort to encourage our public officials to press for full release of all the facts concerning the unidentified flying objects.

Aho suggests that you write letters to your congressmen telling them about local interest and sightings of UFO and any activities that are taking place. He also suggests that you write urging a civilian board be appointed to collect this information and release it to the public.

Those in the Grand Rapids area should write  
to:    Honorable Charles Potter or  
      Honorable Patrick J. McNamara  
      United States Senate, Washington 25, D. C.

or    Honorable Gerald R. Ford, Jr.  
      United States House of Representatives  
      Washington 25, D. C.

WRITE NOW !!!!!

MEMBERSHIP      SUBSCRIPTION      APPLICATION  
NATIONAL INVESTIGATIONS COMMITTEE ON  
AERIAL PHENOMENA

1536 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 6, D. C.

To: MAJOR DONALD E. KEYHOE, Director of N.I.C.A.P.

Dear Major Keyhoe:

I understand that NICAP offers memberships and publications which give reports of dramatic, authentic sightings of UFO by veteran pilots and other competent witnesses. I should like to join NICAP in Associate Membership, which I understand entitles me to receive a year's subscription to the NICAP magazine of 32 or more pages, special bulletins as issued from time to time, and other privileges of the organization. Enclosed you will find the Annual fee of \$7.50 for my enrollment.

Fill out and  
send with  
\$7.50 to...

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

N.I.C.A.P.  
1536 Conn. Av., Washington 6, DC.

U F O R U M  
↓  
Urges You to Join NICAP NOW  
Use the Handy Application  
on this page.....

GRAND RAPIDS FLYING SAUCER CLUB'S

UFORUM

BOX # 142 ROUTE # 1  
ADA, MICHIGAN

\*\*\*\*

BULK RATE PERMIT

# 3945



North Jersey UFO Group  
Post Office Box 606  
Morristown, New Jersey